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# THE WAVE

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# THE WAVE

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CONTENTS

Editorials . . . . . 2-3
The Passing of Abe Warner . . . . . 4
The Czar and the Christ: an address by General Barnes . 5
Things and People; by The Witness . . . . . 6
The Two Funerals: a story from the French . . . . 6
Pax Vobiscum: a poem by Lucius Harwood Foote . . 6
A Park for Christmas . . . . . 7
The Latin Quarter Christmas . . . . . 7
View of Los Angeles' New Park . . . . . 8
Inside an Organ; by Frank Norris . . . . . 9
A Revolt: a story from the French . . . . . 9
A Debutante's Diary . . . . . 10
Meredith Parodied . . . . . 11
Latest Fiction in Review . . . . . 12-13
Harmony in Gowns . . . . . 14

## THE FUTURE OF MAYOR PHELAN.

Within a few days Mr. James D. Phelan, our Mayor-elect, will assume the duties and wisely or unwisely wield the meagre powers vouchsafed by our patchwork Consolidation Act to our municipal chief magistrate. Although it is an achievement of no mean character to be selected to govern the city of one's birth while yet in early manhood, it is reasonable to assume that this young gentleman's ambitions are not limited to the narrow boundaries of municipal political possibilities. To be a governor is a something such a man might well aspire to; indeed, a United States Senatorship is among the possibilities of his future. Unfortunately, perhaps, for Mr. Phelan, he is respectable and is a Democrat. To hold the allegiance of the noisy and unthinking—and one might venture to say the predominating wing of that party in California—something of pyrotechnic politics is a necessity, something of demagogy is demanded and something of hatred toward the rich—the very class to which Mr. Phelan naturally belongs—is expected as a matter of course. It is upon these very rocks and shoals that Mr. Phelan may wreck the political bark in which he hopes to sail to future political fame and honor. To avoid these dangers calls not so much for an exercise of rare sagacity and skill as for a strict adherence to broad principles of right. In his predecessor he may find a most elaborate example of a Mayor who courted and toyed with all the things a decent man in public life should most avoid. The reputation that Mayor Sutro has so industricusly and indelibly fixed upon himself is not one that a sober-minded, self-respecting man would care to carry, or carrying, display with any pride. Among men whose good opinions are to be prized as the reward of intelligence, Mayor Sutro is regarded very largely as a buffoon. The rabble he has pleased, no doubt, and by persistently and malignantly attacking particular interests has succeded in fastening the impression among the unthinking of our community that he is a very honest and very good old man.

Unfortunately for Mr. Phelan too, the journalistic spokesman for his party is a very rabid, very unreasonable and very radical opponent of anything that smacks of conservatism or is flavored with fairness toward our railway institutions. A public man of the character of Mr. Phelan cannot afford to follow the lead or adopt the policies of the likes or dislikes of a party journal such as this. To do so would mean political ruin and a loss of confidence among men whose good opinion he would most prize. Within the scope and jurisdiction of his office he is expected to deal out justice with even and impartial hand to all. If matters pertaining to any of these corporations come properly before him, then in good conscience he may give out his determination for or against the pending measure. But if he steps aside from the line of his sworn duty and casts the support that popularly attaches to one in his high office, even in matters foreign to his jurisdiction, then he establishes a precedent that may lead to political dangers now unseen but not undiscernable.

We are solicitous that Mr. Phelan's administration be successful, for to the type of man he is, or most naturally should be, we look with much hope to the future. Governed by well defined and natural principles he must succeed, but the first rule of his official life should be to negative any proposition that squints toward that character of over-officious zeal that prompts one to descend from official duties to officious intermeddling for the purpose of pandering to a popular whim. Set a contrary precedent and there will come a time when he must refuse to engage in some proposed performance and suffer through the failure more than though he had at first firmly refused similar overtures and stood by the principle that discreetly limits the scope of his public undertakings to the boundaries defined by the law under which he must serve. Rich himself, it seems almost imperative that Mr. Phelan should do something to indicate his lack of sympathy with the "classes" and his sympathy with the "masses." If he has further political ambitions—and we are assured he has—to satisfy the element of society that calls for reprisals on the rich, there is danger that he may get upon the thin ice of demagogy simply to give evidence to the world of the unfettered condition of his mind, and to demonstrate that wealth has not spoiled him. The Wave supported Mr. Phelan for Mayor because it considered him the fittest candidate for the position. We trust his administration may so fortify our judgment as to entitle him to further support for further honors.

## GLADSTONE.

On Tuesday last Gladstone and his friends celebrated at his home the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth, and those who saw him on that day prophesied he would see the incoming of the twentieth century. There is in this man's long life of distinguished public service an appeal to the sentiment of reverential affection of men of all nations. Gladstone is not alone the "Grand Old man" of England, but is as well the "Grand Old Man" of America, the venerated statesman and respected savant of all peoples, no matter whether speaking the English tongue or any other. His public career began in 1832 and has continued without a break to this time. Although he retired three years ago from the leadership of his party, he is yet the animating spirit of the great body of English Liberals. His recent denunciation of the Armenian outrages, his appeal to the humane spirit of the English people, was no doubt the moving cause which brought about the speedy union between England, Russia and France to compel Turkey to stay the hand of wanton murder. Gladstone, more than any other man of this century, represents its progressive spirit. In history he will live not only as the greatest of Chancellors of the Exchequer, the most remarkable parliamentary debater of our time, a political leader of exceptional magnetism, force and adroitness, but pre-eminently will he be remembered as a statesman who as he grew older he kept pace with the progressive spirit of his age and who became more liberal as the years advanced and multiplied. His career has been peculiar in this—from his boyhood he has been a success. In everything he undertook he gained distinction. At Oxford he was graduated double first-class, and at once at the age of twenty-three entered Parliament, in which until his retirement he served continuously with the exception of one year. Coming in after the passage of the great Reform Bill of 1832, he took no part in that important constitutional change, but from that time on his vote in the House was recorded in favor of every successful measure which made for the extension of the suffrage and a more just and equitable representation of the people. More than that, he was the father of and the spokesman for more measures of great governmental reform than any other statesman in English history. To him are due the Revised Tariff of 1842, the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Irish Land Bill of 1870, the modernizing of legal administration, the abolition of the purchase of commissions in the army, the settlement by arbitration of the troubles between the United States and England after the civil war, and the extension of the franchise to large unrepresented classes, besides educational bills, modifications of the Poor Laws and many other measures of a less important character. He entered Parliament as a Tory and soon after attracted national attention by an essay published upon "The Church and the State," which received the honor of a criticism by Macauley and gave to this boy serious standing among the polemical writers of the day. When Sir Robert Peel was converted to the doctrine of Free Trade by the agitation of the Manchester manufacturers led by Cobden and Bright, Gladstone followed his leader out of the Tory party, and from that day has been one of Parliament's brightest ornaments. Twenty-eight years ago he first became Premier, and it may be said that from that day he has been the most distinguished Englishman and shared with Disraeli the concentrated gaze of the English people.

Gladstone's versatility has been greater than that of any man of his distinction in European politics that we can recall. Bismarck is a constructive statesman and diplomatist, a man certainly of the highest genius; yet he has attained distinction in but one line. The Pope, the third of this triumvirate of grand old men in modern Europe, is of scholarly attainment and rare political tact. But neither one nor the other has attempted to excel in so many fields as Gladstone has made his own. In letters he is an authority on Homer and the Grecian classics generally; in theology his works rank with those of the leaders in his school; while as a parliamentary orator, speaker at the hustings, political tactician and general-in-chief of a party, he has had international renown for almost half a century. We have in America no man whose career could compare with him for length of service, or whose parliamentary life could be said to be as important to the nation as is that of Gladstone in England. Henry Clay entered Congress when little more than a boy and remained there with some intervals of absence until overtaken by old age. He too was the personal and magnetic leader of a national party, but in his career he had no such influence upon the history of his nation as Gladstone; for his name now is identified with but one or two measures or acts of historical importance. John Quincy Adams, after his defeat for the Presidency, entered Congress and took a foremost part in the struggle over the slavery question, which finally led to the civil war. Webster in a series of debates and arguments before the Supreme Court made fast in the American mind the true idea of our federal constitution. We have in the Senate now men whose names have been identified with all the important legislation of the last forty years of our history; but withal we have no man whom we can liken to Gladstone in the extent and value of service rendered to his nation. This must not be interpreted to mean that Gladstone is a greater statesman than any we have produced, for Alexander Hamilton can no doubt share with the greatest men in history the glory that goes to creative statesmanship. Nor do we mean that in patriotism Gladstone excels our own men or all of his fellow-countrymen. At times as a parliamentary orator Disraeli has bettered him, and no doubt Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke and Canning, in certain characters of argument or parliamentary appeal have given speeches to the world that will live as long, if they do not outlive, any of Gladstone's. But William Ewart Gladstone was a man of the time, the incarnate essence of the nineteenth century, the embodiment of the growing liberal spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race. He did not need to adapt himself to his environment; he was born to be a leader of the British public. His especial gifts serve even to make him better adapted to reach the British mind and put him in touch with the British character and British ideals. He is commercial, literary, theological, non-humorous and politically sentimental. Take from him any one of these qualities, and he would appeal less to the British heart, he would be less in touch with the spirit of his nation and his time—yet this type of modern Englishman is of full Scotch blood.

## THE TRUE CAUSE OF RECENT BANK FAILURES.

During the campaign it was the fashion of "our friends the enemy" to declare that the plank in the Republican platform advocating international bimetallism was a mere subterfuge intended to mislead the people and beguile them into the belief that the Republican party intended to carry out the pledge made in that plank of the platform. Recent telegraphic dispatches from the East, however, do not confirm the campaign charges made by the followers of Mr. Bryan. The financial dangers which threaten any nation that admits independent bimetallism was made fully apparent to the majority of the people of the United States during the late campaign, and the late dispatches indicate that President-elect McKinley heartily endorses the suggestion of the Senate Committee looking toward an international conference on behalf of international bimetallism. Eminent gentlemen who have given the financial subject deep thought and long study tell us that international bimetallism, even if accomplished, would prove abortive and unavailing to increase the price of silver so as to bring it to a parity with gold at the ratio of sixteen to one. The dangers attending an experiment in this direction under international agreement are many no doubt, but they are slight by comparison with the certain ruin that would follow an independent attempt on the part of the United States to accomplish the same thing. The Republican party through the late campaign was sincere in its provisions in favor of international bimetallism, and it is safe to predict that during the administration of President McKinley he will make strenuous efforts to achieve that end. If he fail, the fault will not be with him; nor will it follow, as Mr. Bryan will doubtless claim, that the only alternative left to America is to try the experiment itself.

Silver men are making much of these recent failures. Mr. Bryan himself has taken the opportunity of criticising his opponents as "false prophets," but these criticisms are unjust. They are based upon the assumption

that by some miracle the adoption of an honest money standard was to make good the false discounts of mismanaged banks, raise real estate values to a former artificial point, and generally bring solvency out of insolvency, credit out of debt, honesty out of dishonesty and capacity out of incapacity. There was to be no such undertaking. It would have been foolish to promise it. No honest man could have held out such a hope; no thinking man could believe in it.

When Chicago bankers speculate in the stocks of suburban street railways, they must expect to reap the natural result of their sowing. It is certainly not to be charged against the policy of a political party that speculative enterprises, based upon the possibility of land booms, fail. If capitalists in St. Paul carry paper which is secured by assets that cannot be realized upon, no power under Heaven can keep them from going to the wall. Bad business methods in periods of inflation often meet with temporary success, but when the day of settlement comes, as it must inevitably, such methods bring disaster. It surely cannot be contended by any silver man of reasonable intelligence that the adoption of a double standard would make it possible for men to engage in risky enterprises without running the danger of loss, or that by adding silver to our gold we would make solvent again business institutions that had been ruined by bad management.

To be sure, some of these banks that have closed were lacking in money, but it will hardly be asserted seriously that the purpose of government is to give spendthrifts all the money that they need to keep them out of bankruptcy. Would these banks have kept their doors open had Bryan been elected? This is the question to put to every silver man who charges upon McKinley's election these recent failures. There is no reason whatever to suppose that a single one of these banks would have lived ten days after the election of Mr. Bryan. They have found it impossible to live under present conditions; how much less would have been their chance when our foreign credit and the confidence of local capital had been destroyed?

Those who have so strenuously objected to the gold standard because they considered it favorable to the banks have certainly no reason to complain if, when the bankers have had their way, they find they are not protected against the financial troubles which they feared. The truth is, and nothing shows it more clearly than the comments of the press on these bank failures, that the American people have not yet outgrown the idea that all good things and all bad things come from the mysterious government. We look to our democratic king for bread and meat just as the peasants of the middle ages looked to their feudal lords for support, guidance and protection. The government fetich is strong in the American mind. We credit and debit to the acts of Congress the results of natural commercial laws. We look to see enterprises made to flourish and men made prosperous by statute, against whom are contending all the active forces of our business life. Because a few banks fail, we think that the federal election must have been the cause, though that election, according to the very word of the silver men themselves, was favorable to these institutions. McKinley's election does not insure prosperity save in this: it allows business to go along undisturbed and unthreatened in its natural course. Those who looked for a sudden boom in values were children ignorant of the forces which make up civilized business life. We do not want a boom; we want a steady and even progress with our laws affecting trade and finance so settled that men of foresight can figure on the future. We may find other institutions to be unfortunate. It is not to be expected that after three years of severity all the banks and business houses will be able to continue, but with the increasing faith of the business world, renewed activity in enterprises, the coming out of hidden capital and the incoming of foreign capital, there is certain assurance that we are to see a period of prosperity. If the failures of the middle west were due to other than purely local causes, such failures would be as many on the Eastern coast and on this coast as in the territory between. Their fewness and their confinement to a certain section shows that no national policy could have been the cause. We of this coast have reason for congratulation in that our banks, especially in this city, show a better statement, more confidence and greater liberality in loans than at any time since the early part of 1893.

## *THE COLLEGE MAN AS A FEATURE OF SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.*

Within the last four or five years a new element has entered into the life and society of San Francisco that was not there before. A new type has appeared—a new type of young man. He is a young man, sometimes a very young man, but he is full of enthusiasm and he makes his presence felt. He is a good sort, too, and the influence he exerts is mainly in the right direction. Before his advent there were several types of young men with which we were all familiar. Most of them were in the offices of uncles and fathers, or enjoyed some vague connection with government positions, or were "reading law" in attorneys' offices, but until the time of the founding of Stanford University and the first intercollegiate football game the college man, such as he is seen in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, was an unknown element in San Francisco. It will not do to say that he existed in the shape and person of those young San Franciscans who went east to Harvard or Yale. Of course there were a number of these, but they spent their vacations away from the city, and as soon as they graduated were caught in the vortex of professional or business life and disappeared from view. The college man is no longer a college man when he has graduated. He changes at once, he loses his enthusiasm and his dash, he steadies himself, he assumes responsibilities, and he talks gravely about finance and economics. The true college man is he who is in his junior or senior year, who still enjoys that priceless and inestimable advantage of having others think for him and relieve him of responsibility and the necessity for taking the initiative in matters of importance.

This type is worth cultivating. He has of late invaded the society circles of this city and you will not be obliged to go far to find him. You will see him at teas and functions—dozens of him—and he is very much in evidence at the dancing clubs. It is really surprising to note how he has taken the place of the other types of men, the insurance clerks and bank accountants. His only drawback is that he is young—but there are worse things than that can be said of a man. Somehow he is popular. If you know him well you are sure to like him. At all events he is better than the Brownie type, the sickly little boy, mature before his time, who has "gone into business" instead of going to college, and whom you will see promenading Kearny and Market streets on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons doing the "cocktail route." For all his youth the collegian is the more manly of the two, and I am sure I would rather hear him talk about the chances of his football team with his excited gestures and deadly earnestness than to listen to the blase youth of the business office drawling about discounts and margins.

There comes a time in the life of every boy when but for college there seems to be no place for him, no niche that he can fill. In all conditions he is tne round man in the square hole or the square man in the round hole. He has finished the high school and is, let us say, anywhere between the ages or seventeen and twenty. He is no longer a boy and he is not yet a man. What are you to do with him? To enter him in business is to pitchfork him into the world with a suddenness and lack of preparation that is disconcerting to most young boys. He goes direct from the companionship of his school fellows into the society of older men and learns many things that are not good for him to discover—so suddenly. As often as not he drinks before he knows how much he can drink, or if he can even drink at all, he comes to regard the cocktail route on Saturday afternoons as "the world," of which he is part.

At college things would be vastly different. I do not say that he would not drink, nor gamble, nor do many other things which are neither meet, right, nor his bounden duty. But he would do these things under any circumstances probably, would almost certainly do them in business life. The difference between "going in for that sort of thing" when he is at college is that he learns little by little to guage himself by other fellows who are his equals in the matter of years and experience.

Better than all, perhaps, he is away from the city and its opportunities. He has found his niche, he is in a world that is made for him. Then the esprit du corps of his alma mater gets into him, and he begins to think about things outside of himself, to strive for that which will benefit, not himself, but the institution with which he is connected, and that unselfishly and without hope or expectation of reward. Surely this is a desirable state of affairs. Can you say as much for the young entry clerk, or accountant? Athletics absorb him; he learns the meaning of the sacrifice of one's pleasures, of the control of appetite, of the discipline of the diamond, the oval and the gridiron. He sees young fellows, poorer than he, with a less exalted social position perhaps, or with none at all, preferred before him and idolized by the entire college, because of energy, coolness and physical strength. He is relegated to his own position, be it high or low, by his fellow collegians, and that with a promptness and decisiveness that admits of no equivocation.

In the four years of his college life his eyes are opened and he gains the knowledge of good and evil, the knowledge that must come to every man sooner or later. The young man who is tossed from the high school to the business office gains this knowledge in a sudden flash that is most like to blind him to that point where he can no longer see the difference between them and knows not upon which path his feet are planted. The college fellow acquires the thing little by little, constantly measuring himself and his moral stamina against the vices of the world of men. If he is the average boy, at the end of his four years he knows himself relatively to the outside world that he then at last must face. He knows himself, knows what he must avoid and where he must draw his line. It is a knowledge that comes to the average entry clerk and accountant only after years of the rudest experience. Sometimes it never comes.

If the collegian never acquired any other knowledge at his alma mater than this knowledge of himself he would have gained inestimably by his four years' course.

For the best things he learns at college are not those things he learns from his text books.

## *THE NUISANCE OF NOISES.*

There is now going on in the larger cities of the East a crusade against noises that we might do well to inaugurate here, for there is neither sense nor reason in permitting the din of drums, the hooting of horns, and all the other disturbing and nerve-destroying nuisances that infest our streets. San Francisco is probably more cursed with this class of municipal pest than any other city in the Union. But a short while ago, within arm's length of the Palace Hotel, a fire alarm station, equipped with a powerful steam whistle, to the great discomfiture of all the vicinity, announced the half-dozen or more fires that took place during all hours of the night and day. One must have lived in its vicinity to appreciate the annoyance of it. Hotel guests were startled out of their repose at midnight by the tooting of this infernal fog-horn under their window announcing a fire perhaps three miles away. To strangers and timid women-folk such a contrivance was calculated to bring consternation. Latterly this nuisance has been abated, but there are other similar fog-horns in operation in other portions of the city which must be quite annoying to their environment. Advertising wagons with bells, drums, triangles, or gongs, are a popular but nerve-destroying method affected by cheap merchants, quack doctors and the like to attract attention to their wares. The percentage of neurasthenic patients is increasing rather than diminishing in the large cities. The Sunday "Times-Herald" of Chicago discusses the question and suggests:

The more the question is discussed the more reasonable appears the suggestion as to the perfect right of the people to protect themselves from the howling mendicants and the screeching peddlers who invade residence districts and fill the day and the night full of nerve-destroying sounds. Physicians claim that it is impossible to treat neurasthenic patients unless they can be placed amid quiet environments, and such a luxury and quietude is hard to find in New York or Chicago.

While nearly every citizen claims the right to be protected from the assaults of the footpad and the highwayman, it is just beginning to dawn upon the residents of the big cities that they have an equal right to have their tympana protected from assault and battery by the man who splits the atmosphere of the night by yelling "Mexican hot tomales!" There is no reason why the howling vegetable venders and the dusky mendicant from Italy who grinds unspeakable confusion of insufferable noises from the "hurdy-gurdy" should be allowed to shatter the nerves and disturb the peaceful repose of a whole community.

While it is perhaps a fact that the dream of a noiseless city will never be realized outside of soothful and reposeful St. Louis, it is also a fact there are a thousand varieties of unnecessary noise in Chicago and New York that might be suppressed without any great damage to their reputations for commercial and industrial thrift, although it might perchance work a hardship upon physicians who wax wealthy by making a specialty of nervous diseases.

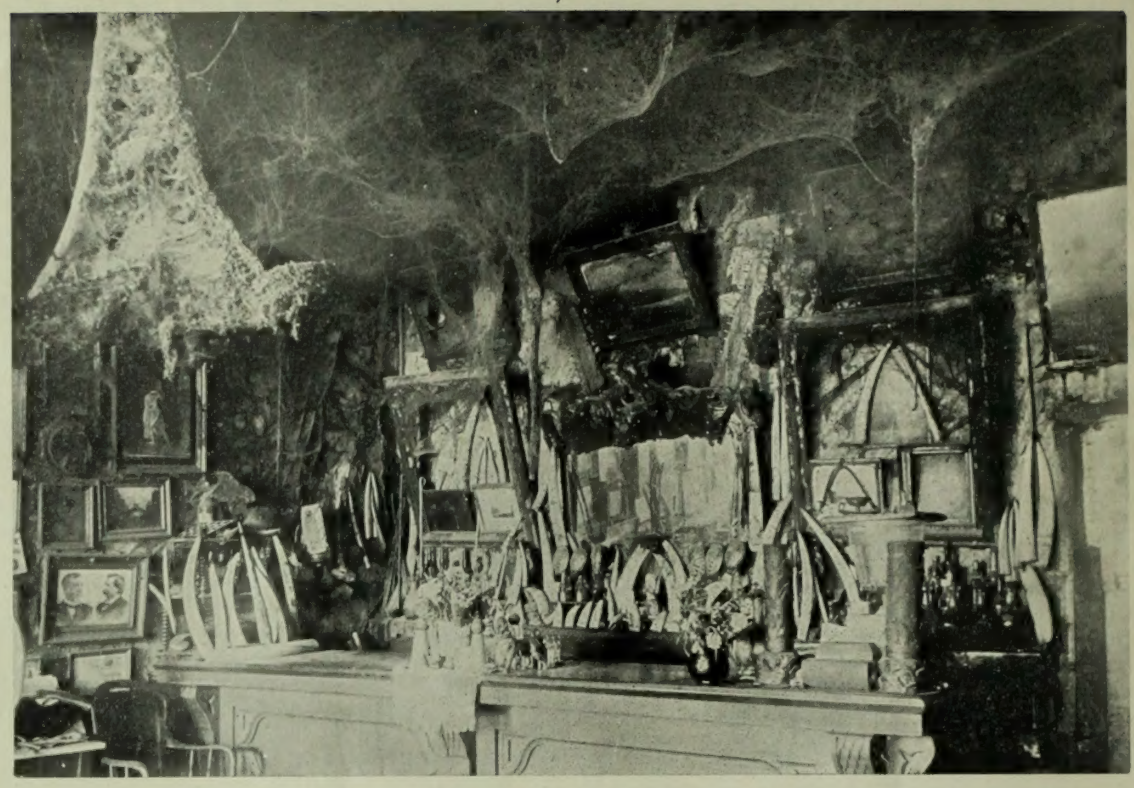
People whose nervous systems are continually at a tension are entitled to consideration. We are not all born with the same character of nerves, and what may only prove a passing annoyance to one brings to another misery of a more lasting nature.

The outward indications of "jayness" are displayed in permitting those village practices to continue to the annoyance of the citizen and disfigurement of the streets.

A circular is going the rounds which purports to be an address issued by "the colored citizens of California" to the State Legislature, and requesting the passage of an act to protect all citizens in their civil and legal rights. On its face the proposition looks simple and appears innocent, but civil laws with a penal attachment are not, generally speaking, in good repute. Section 1 of the act provides that all citizens shall be entitled to full and equal privileges, accommodations, etc., at inns, restaurants, hotels, bath houses and other places of public accommodation and amusement. No violent objection can be offered to such an act, but it is not apparent that there is any disposition anywhere in California to deny to the colored race equal privileges in the respect above mentioned. Under it, of course, the Chinese would take the same rights and enjoy the same privileges, and doubtless there are many people who would see no objection even to this. The joker in the act is contained in the second section, which makes the violation of the first a misdemeanor and gives to the "aggrieved person" a sum not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars as a species of balm for his wounded feelings. It is not difficult to imagine that some "colored gemmen" whose bad luck at craps had depleted his exchequer might seek to recoup his loses by presenting himself at the Palace Hotel or some other place of "public accommodation and amusement" and there invite the steward or person in charge to put him out. Such a law upon our statute books would give rise to a cloud of blackmailing suits, and should be discountenanced by our Legislature.

# THE PASSING OF ABE WARNER

## Memories of a Resort at North Beach Where "Weaving Spiders" Found a Home.



THE BAR OF THE COBWEB PALACE

It is significant of the strange fanciful character of San Francisco people and San Francisco institutions that a saloon could become famous throughout the city simply because of the cobwebs upon its ceilings.

Abe Warner and the "Cobweb Palace" on Meigg's wharf vanished at practically the same time, and their passing is significant of these latter days as was their popularity in a former period. The city is changing, has changed with surprising swiftness in the last five years. The old order of things is passing away. A new period is beginning. Time was when San Francisco was picturesque; it had associations, it had local color, it had background and the like. Things happened here, novelists chose the city as the scene of their plots. English story writers caused their characters "to turn up in San Francisco," or to be "seen in San Francisco," after years of absence and silence. Ventures by sea departed from San Francisco. The name of Montgomery street was seen in the pages of Jules Verne's novels. English speaking people in India or China or South Africa knew about Nob Hill and California street. The Cliff House belonged to this period, and Chinatown and the "What Cheer" House and Woodward's Gardens. We had our street characters as well. Emperor Norton, Father Elphick and that old white-bearded man, very much crippled, who even now—the last of his kind—walks with two canes about Kearny street, who plays a little zither-like affair on the corner, the solitary old mendicant whom everybody notices but nobody speaks of.

How all these places and people have suddenly dropped out of sight and notice. The Cliff House has been burnt, Woodward's Gardens sacrificed for building lots, Chinatown renovated by the health officers, the "What Cheer" House forgotten, and Emperor Norton and Father Elphick and the other old faminar faces about Lotta's Fountain gone.

Abe Warner and his "Bar" belonged to this period. The city may not have grown, but it changed, suddenly, brusquely, like the scene shifting of a play, and in the new mise en scene Abe Warner had no place.

I can remember his "Bar" perfectly well. The first, keenest and about the only impression of it was that of confusion, inextricable, hopeless confusion, worse than any junk shop. Tusks by the hundred, engraved and painted; totem poles, models of ships in glass bottles, pictures that were fearfully and wonderfully made, stuffed fishes, the gigantic figurehead of a ship and arrows and javelins from the Pacific Islands barbed with shark's teeth. Overhead the cobwebs hung thick and grey, like the dense smoke cloud that clings to the ceiling after a flashlight picture has been taken, while here and there in unexpected corners and in wicker latticed flasks lurked wine and whisky and Jamaica rum blinking out from under the shadow of the cobwebs with red and yellow eyes, like cats hidden in attic corners.

Then there were the monkeys whom no one ever thought of chaining up, and the harsh, hoarse parrots, and the marmosets and the cats, and the strange nameless birds in curiously made cages of withes and bamboo, straight from the Fijis or the Marquesas or the Navigators. No wonder the old man died when separated from such surroundings, in the midst of which he had lived for forty years. One can fancy how he must have been attached to the old bar, how he must have loved those mats and curtains of cobwebs that he had watched growing for nearly half a lifetime. Can you wonder that when in the break-up of the old place a certain ivory relic representing the descent from the cross went under the hammer for five dollars, old Warner refused to recognize the sale and tried to take the relic back by main strength? Little by little the old places and people drop out of sight and the city is improved. A "Resort" takes the place of the old Cliff House, rows of "model dwelling houses" replace Woodward's Gardens, mission houses and brick tenements rise in Waverly place and Gamblers' alley. Emperor Norton is but a memory—a picture on the walls of the Bohemian Club—the "Cobweb Palace" is razed, Abe Warner dead, buried and forgotten, and we sit down and thank God for progress and improvement, and the rise in values of "inside realty."

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One of the most influential of the rebels in the Philippine Islands, Juan Luna Noricis, is a painter well known in Madrid, Rome and Paris. He is a Malay by birth and went when a youth to Spain, where he studied art to such purpose that he won a scholarship that enabled him to prosecute his studies in Rome. Unfortunately his Malay blood broke out so violently that he murdered his wife and mother-in-law. He was then lost to view, to reappear as an insurgent leader. The town council of Barcelona has ordered his first picture, which hangs in the town hall, to be draped in crape.

Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has more than his full share of the eccentricities of genius. He is reported to be growing more and more extravagant in dress and manners. His cravats, the cut of his coats, the color of his socks, are continually varied, each being more extraordinary than the last. He is a great believer in the efficacy of charms, and is always getting new ones. One of his crazes is the collection of clocks and watches of all kinds, from an English gold lever to a cheap nickel timekeeper. Three of these watches he always carries with him—one a gold repeater, with his monogram in brilliants, presented by a club of nobles; another a silver watch, the third made of nickel, and three times the ordinary size.

The libel suit of Rev. George Brooks against Henry Labouchere has resulted in a verdict for "Labby" with costs, together with the jury's opinion that "Truth" conferred a benefit upon the public in exposing the "prince of begging letter writers." The press, with the "Times" at its head, has united in a chorus of approval of Mr. Labouchere for his continued exposure of imposters, and it is said to have been developed that he has expended for this purpose over $200,000 in lawyers' fees alone during recent years.

At Mr. Rothschild's house, near Tring, a staff of curators are constantly employed in arranging his superb collection of insects, which is valued at £10,000. The insects are kept in thirty mahogany cabinets, which cost £60 each, and contain forty interchangeable drawers. The very pins which secure the specimens to the cork bottoms are of silver, and cost 7s 6d a thousand.

Queen Victoria has joined the ranks of the temperance party, not as a matter of principle, but on account of her health. She finds that her rheumatic ailments have diminished wonderfully since she has abandoned taking the Scotch whisky and water, which was formerly her favorite tipple, not only before retiring at night, but also at meals.

Lord Mayor Faudel Phillips of London broke down while introducing Ambassador Bayard at a meeting recently owing to the weight of his official robes. He sat down suddenly took the robes off in the presence of the audience, and was brought to with Mrs. Bayard's smelling bottle.

A COSY CORNER BY THE STOVE

THE "MONKEYS AND PARROTS" OF THE ENTRANCE

Courtesy of Nathan Joseph

# THE CZAR AND THE CHRIST

## Christmas Ceremonies and their Origins—A Contrast and a Reminiscensce.

This is the Christmas address which General W. H. L. Barnes delivered at the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club Saturday, December 26th. Of California's orators General Barnes is the most brilliant and eloquent. He unites to the gift of a magnificent voice a rich vocabulary, a vivid imagination, a fine sense of rythm, and of the arts of oratory. The power of swaying an audience he possesses in a marked degree, for he can provoke both mirth and tears. On the gathering of Bohemians the effect of this paper was notable. A burst of applause followed, which lasted five minutes—a most unusual demonstration for the club.

A little more than two years arter Alexander II, Emperor of Russia, had been put to death by the Nihilists on the Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg, Alexander III was, in his turn, crowned in the ancient city of Moscow. Around him stood the great of earthly sovereigns or their representatives; diplomatic delegates from all civilized and many barbarous nations; hosts of bearers of ancient and splendid titles, with showers of decorations and orders of fidelity and glory; wearers of swords and jeweled scimiters; royal and beauteous women robed in the rainbow wonders of all the looms and fretted with diamonds whose galaxy seemed plundered from the sparkling pathways of the stars; legates of His Holiness in purple and scarlet; Archbishops of England in stately dress; lords and archimandrites of the Church of Greece; Persian priests of Zoroaster and fire-worshipers of India, together forming a gorgeous spectacle which defied later description as it then confused the sight and senses of those who witnessed it.

At the moment when the giant Emperor, standing alone, dominating with his huge shoulders the kneeling crowd, took up the ancient diadem of the Czars and placed it on his head, and so became thenceforth the spiritual and temporal master of a nation extending through Ural to Caucasus, from St. Petersburg to the Okhotsk sea—ruler of half of Europe and Asia—four hundred thousand soldiers packed in the great environs of the churches, cathedrals, palaces and towers of the Kremlin sang, "God Save the Czar." In unison with this formidable chorus, hundreds of cannon thundered without intermission; the chimes of churches and convents continuously rang; and the ponderous bells of the Kremlin crashed with a voluminous roar that drowned all other sounds. It was a brave spectacle—this birth of an Emperor—though underneath the woof of all the joy of a submissive and loyal race was woven the dark thread of an agonizing fear that the Nihilists might choose the hour of his glory to deal with him as with his father—send skyward the ancient palace of the Czars and bury Alexander in its ruin.

How different the conditions under which nearly two thousand years before these surpassing magnificences attending the creation of an earthly monarch was born a God! He was declared to be the son of the Most Highest. He was the successor to the throne of David and Solomon—of the stock royal of the poet king and the most wise of Israel. He came not to be the Emperor of the great and hereditary oppressor of the poor, but rather the divine Lord of the lowly; more precious to Lazarus than to Dives. Though born in the city of David, whose heir He was, He came to the world under the cruel domination of the heathen Roman Empire, and from beneath the heart of a woman whose husband was taxed for the glory of Caesar Augustus. He was cradled in a stable under the wondering eyes and sweet breath of ruminating cattle, and from the star-spread night above Him the heavenly hosts chanting the first Christmas carol, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good-will Toward Men," sang for shepherds watching their flocks on the plains about Bethlehem. His diadem was the glorious star whose beckoning flame brought to the manger-throne of the new-born God the wise men of the East with adoration and treasures of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. His reign was to be and is without end. In all lands His humble birth is celebrated by those who bear the name and faith of Christos, with splendid mass or simple service, with grand orchestral music, or artless melody, with smoking incense or the invisible breath of prayer, and His peace and good-will have created for mankind a common ground of sympathy upon which all can assemble with higher and nobler sentiments than those humanity had ever known before His coming.

And so to-night, "Oh! night divine," whether believers or unbelievers, let us sing the carols of the Christmastide, breathe the symbolic fragrance of cedar and holly, look with tenderness in the eyes of those we love, drink to the health of the absent and to the peace of the dead, blot out all record of unkindness or neglect, forgive as we would be forgiven! And though the deceitful vision of Hope's blue mirage—that sea of rainbow dreams on whose bosom have been wrecked so many incoming and outgoing ships of fancy laden with our ambitions and desires—that sea on whose shining shore we stood at the New Year—has vanished, perhaps forever, leaving us to struggle on over arid and burning sands and through the thorny growth of the desert, still let us thank God for this hour of Paradise and echo back the angelic song, "On earth peace, good-will toward men!"

In this simple sentence is the ultimate test of all the creeds. When Cicero in the Second Phillipic against Antony said of the religion of Pagan Rome, "It is everything, or it is nothing," he spoke for and of all religions; from that born of the terrors of the flaming sword of Eden to the music of the sermon on the Mount; of that endless struggle of the human soul to find or create a God, who, when found or created, for the most part has been a God of pain and terror.

The men-made gods have been no better and often worse than the fettered minds which conceived them, and the standards of all the souls which have followed them have been formed to them, whether the divinity has been a filthy, brutal and licentious idol or the sublime Jehovah thundering from Sinai or the crucified of Golgotha. The heathen gods bear fearful testimony of the degradation of man. The deities of the Northmen of Europe, from Tartary to Norway, were numerous; but all were bloodthirsty, revengeful and treacherous. Those of Greek and Roman mythology were characterized, with few exceptions, by gross licentiousness, brutality and vice. Reptiles, beasts and birds were the gods of ancient Egypt. Those of Central Asia were lustful, bloody and cruel. The idols of Africa and the equatorial islands were and are worshiped with cannibalism, terrors and impurity unspeakable. Paganism has never uplifted human life and the longer it has existed the more corrupted and corrupting has it become. Not so with Him whose festal season the Christian and the worshiper of Jehovah equally rejoice to honor. To the one Jesus Christ is a God. By the other he is confessed to be the highest ideal of humanity, a sinless being, supremely wise and infinitely good. Truly no finite intelligence has ever conceived so great a character even when it strove to imagine a God. History, romance and poetry have never foreshadowed such a personality, perfect in all its proportions and illumined with a glory which had no earthly sign or symbol.

Let the story of Jesus Christ be historically true or false, it is the grandest and sweetest tale of all the centuries. No other record will drive it from the hearts of those who have accepted it or supply its place to those who have not. To the end of time it will be the inspirer of those who seek inspiration, the consolor of those who need consolation.

Yet, was the Star of Bethlehem lit in the heavens by the Father for the wonder of the shepherds and the guidance of the wise men of the East to His Son, or was it simply an earlier apparition of the temporary star which nine, twelve and fifteen centuries later sparkled in the bosom of the mother of Andromeda, conspicuous in the sky where Sirius, Procyon, Betelguese and the Twins had been kings, and whose flashing glory astronomers predict may soon again shine as the chief gem of those which to-night glitter in the throne of the Queen of Cepheus?

Like the tale of the Star of Bethlehem may be the history of the birth of the carpenter's Son, His ministry of miracles, His trial, His death, His resurrection and transfiguration. All may be mere human invention and not historical verity; romance and not fact. What if it were? What if the fragrant pine, cedar and shining holly that now testify for Christian church and Christian home that Christmas day is soon to dawn, had long before Christ's coming been pagan decorations, borrowed by the church from the leafy temples of Saturn, stolen from the orgies of Bacchus, reeling and jovial with his ivy crown? What if the blessed Christmas tree with its myriad lights, its silver frosted and gilded ornamentations, its pendent treasures and tokens of parental and childish affection or the passion of lovers, is traceable to the Egyptian twelfth moon celebration of the palm on whose gilded branches Cleopatra may have hung some precious token for her lover whose still distant galley was pointed for the Nile, or whence she plucked his amorous gift of golden bracelets that wearied her slim brown arms as she forever stretched them out toward Rome and Antony? What if long before Christianity had invaded Britain the Druids had softened the grim and uncouth stones which marked the hallowed circle with green everlastings, branches of pine and cypress cut by them with the golden sickle and had borne them with the sacred mistletoe, and its stores of snowy berries marvelous for cure and hostile to evil spirits, to adorn the Yule-tide altars?

GENERAL W. H. L. BARNES
Photo by Marceau

What if our Christmas home-coming of the wanderers from the parental roof, the interchange of all good wishes between friends and neighbors, the overflowing of mighty bowls, the heaping of abundant cheer, the feeding of the poor and the clothing of the destitute, were, one and all, long before Christ, the special characteristics of the Roman celebration of the Saturnalia?

What if all these things have even an origin older than the Egyptian, more venerable than the Roman and Greek, buried in those remote and never to be read records of the world's peoples now unpreserved even in ruin or hieroglyph?

They have accomplished the noblest purposes. If inventions they are the most sublime of all the imaginations of man. They have enriched the poor, humanized the rich and have lifted humanity, wounded in the miserable struggles of this life, to faith in the promise of the peace which shall be his who has kept the faith of religion or honor, and they will continue to bless our [illegible] until the earth's final extinction in the sunless and [illegible]less ether. For whatever else is uncertain, earth's d[illegible] is as sure as the dissolution of the body.

When St. Paul, in his majestic oration to the converts of the Morean city, declared, "I die daily," he might well have intended that each day born out of night, its growth, maturity and decline to twilight and darkness is but the type of a dread anti-type—that perpetual rest which we call death. For so it is. Each day goes to its inevitable grave in the burial places of our years, and there its good or its evil, its peace or its war, its right or its wrong, its holiness or its sin, its virtue or its vice, is buried beyond recall for enjoyment or amendment as completely as if the man had died with it. Over some stand proud and stately monuments gleaming white against the eternal sky, recording success, triumph or glory; over others are only the willow and the tangled weeds which seek to hide weakness and failure.

"I die daily" is the perpetual wail of nature from man to the moth that flutters in the sunbeam. The day god himself is dying. That huge luminary who now holds the planets to perpetual allegiance, who throws his blazing chains from Mercury across three thousand millions of miles to farthest Neptune; that father of the cyclone and progenitor of the hurricane, who coaxes to life the grasses of earth's hillsides and persuades the roses to bloom and emit their mysterious fragrance; who woos toward him the vapors of the seas and throws them back in rain upon the thirsty land, has the shadowy prophecy of death stamped upon his glowing face.

The pencil of the mathematician has halted at the day when his fires shall be extinguished, when darkness and cold treading upon his heels shall take his place in our small universe and overwhelm the intelligent and inanimate nature his rays have so long cherished and nurtured. In that dreadful and everlasting night shall be swallowed up all the earth's cities and palaces, the temples of God and of mammon, its rich and its poor, its toilers and its idlers, all its learning and science, all the teachings of the philosophers, all the histories made by soldiers, statesmen, poets, preachers, orators, judges, scientists, all dogmas taught by priests, all mythologies, from those of Isis and Jupiter to Buddha and Josh, all religions, from those of the Mosaic tables to the sacred story of the Star of Bethlehem, and the crucifixion of our Lord, all, all shall go to oblivion, as though there had never been a God and Christ, His Son, had never lived or died, unless there is somewhere another world-home for those who have lived and achieved in this. Without it, in the long run, the civilized man has no advantage over the savage. Socrates and Plato, Archimedes and Edison, are in the end no better off than the winged ephemeridae, born in the stagnant ditch to live for an hour in the sunlight, without capacity for self-sustenance, created only to propagate and die.

Physicists tell us that matter has always existed and is incapable of being added to, diminished or destroyed; that whatever metamorphosis it undergoes, from the human to the animal, from the cricket to the tiger, from earth to rock, from vegetable growth to the gases that mark the birth or disintegration of the stars, from the sweet odor that drifts out of a bank of violets to the stench of dissolution—all is matter whose infinite molecules always have been and forever will be imperishable and invariable in quantity. If this curious speculation is founded in reason then it is but an easy step to the conclusion that the spiritual and mental molecules whose combination results in all great thought and progress, once set in motion, move on through eternity in this or in some other world, always undying and without diminution of their pristine splendor.

Let us believe, as we hope, that all brave and kindly deeds, all noble thoughts, may be immortal; and though we may justly wonder how and where they shall find their final home; after what excursion into space they shall be gathered together by Him whose fiat commanded them to be, we may yet know that where they are will be heaven and where they are not will be hell!

The Dowager Empress of Germany is one of the wealthiest women in the world. From the Prussian Treasury she receives a large annuity; from the English Treasury $40,000 a year, besides which she has inherited the major part of the great fortune of the Franco-Italian Duchess of Galliera, and an enormous sum, the exact value of which cannot be defined, from her husband, Emperor Frederick. At the time when the latter succeeded to throne there were in the hands of Baron Konn, the private banker of old Emperor William, no less than 54,000,000 marks in cash, which were bequeathed to Emperor Frederick on the understanding that it was to constitute a species of family treasure, controlled by the head of the House of Hohenzollern for the time being, and to be used for the benefit of the family. When Emperor Frederick died at the close of his brief reign of ninety days scarcely any of this money was left. The major portion of it is understood to have been invested abroad by Emperor Frederick's orders in the name of his widow, her uncle, the late reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her cousin, King Leopold of Belgium, being nominated as trustees. It may be remembered that the late Prince Stolberg, who died last week, resigned at the time his office of Minister of the Imperial Household in a fit of anger, declaring that he would be no party to diverting from the German crown a sum of money accumulated by old Emperor William for the specific benefit of the family. But as there was nothing legally to prevent Emperor Frederick from disposing of the money as he wished, nothing could be done to prevent it, and inasmuch as it was invested abroad there could be no question of its recovery after his death. It is this monetary question which goes far to account for the intense animosity and the utter absence of filial consideration which young Emperor William manifested for some time after his succession to the throne to his mother, the widowed Empress Frederick.

A paper bicycle has now invaded the field. One of them, owned by a bicycle agent, is now in use in London. Paper fiber, similar to that sometimes used in the manufacture of railway carriage wheels, is employed for tubing. The bicycle weighs twenty pounds, and is as strong as any one in use. A factory is said to be contemplated for the production of bicycles of this sort.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

What may the wealthy San Franciscan do with his surplus income? Strange as the term "surplus" may seem in these straitened times, there are men who luxuriate in the enjoyment of means beyond their needs. There are but two methods of disposing of his balance—he may loan money on real estate or on local securities, in opposition to sundry banks, or he may purchase and improve real estate—an enterprise in which he will find many competitors. On 'change the speculation is limited. No longer does one find quoted the stock of innumerable manufacturing concerns which in other and better days lent variety to the Bond list. I am, of course, only considering those forms of investment denominated safe. From this connection mining is barred. There are water and gas stocks, street railway and Southern Pacific stocks, and a few other institutions which, founded on public franchises or the immediate necessities of the locality, preserve existence in spite of the assaults of eastern competitors. It would be ridiculous to assume that there is no financial market in San Francisco because trading goes on here throughout the year and the total is not inconsiderable, yet in comparison with the wealth of our banks and the accumulations of individuals the transactions are meager. Against this showing is the fact that the big fortunes are being preserved by the descendants of the original millionaires. One seldom hears of unwonted extravagances or of reckless dissipations. Rumors of certain limited thousands lost over a poker table occasionally reach the outside world, but one hears later how converted the victim has become and how admirably he hangs on to the parental heritage.

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This is the real condition of financial affairs in San Francisco as opposed to the impression the world has that Californians are a nation of spendthrifts and millionaires. The truth is, we are a most conservative set, and have been bitten so often by wild speculations that we hesitate about investments in which there is even a minor percentage of chance. We are content with from three to six per cent for our money and regard with astonishment those reckless Englishmen and Frenchmen who are gobbling up the gold mines of the mother lode. No, indeed, our stirling and cautious capitalists would not dream of investing in mines because there was once a stock excitement on Pine street, and ever since mining is a precarious and hazardous occupation. Of course conservatism is an excellent principle of conduct, but the condition which permits the gold and silver taken out of California rock to pass across the Rockies to the enrichment of our neighbors, cannot be justified on the grounds of economy or business policy. Each week the papers publish some new story of mining interests falling into alien hands and there is a vague impression in our public that the vendors have done admirably for themselves in selling. Alas! it is the old story of a birthright sold for a mess of pottage. It is this same principle of conservatism which is really indolence, that permits our merchants to stand idly by and let some Eastern competitor steal their customers away from them.

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Few newspapermen enjoyed either in or out of journalism the popularity which Ross Jackson had achieved. Not only his own kind cared for him, but likewise the men and women of all the other worlds with whom he came into contact. It was because of an instinctive impression that he wished to be fair and would be true, that he inspired this feeling. He possessed in a rare degree the homely virtue of sincerity; he made few professions, entertained few delusions and never went back on a friend. It may also be said that he was an excellent newspaperman and rarely missed a prize-fight. During his journalistic career Ross Jackson filled many roles. He was a reporter, then a city editor; he became identified with the "Alta" in the days of its decline, but he went over to the "Examiner" and held his own amid the "gang." He could handle men with discretion and get copy out of them no matter how they arrived in the local room and no man who served him ever doubted his loyalty or imagined he deceived him. In the latter days of his career Ross Jackson lived on the income of his father's estate which had descended to him. No man ever retired from journalism with fewer regrets or illusions and more friends.

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The administration of "Boss" Rainey strengthens the impression of those who claimed that Christopher Buckley had twice the intelligence of his ex-partner. It cannot be said Sam shows that cleverness in deferring to the prejudices of the community to which his predecessor owed half his success. Indeed it must be admitted that his methods are "raw" and he is led by the mere joy of supremacy into taking positions and conferring distinctions which augur but poorly either for his discretion or sagacity. In political circles the ambition of Dr. Clinton to be Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Supervisors was known. He is a man of some experience in city affairs and has a good grasp of the necessities of the municipality. The advantages of position and broad acquaintance he also enjoys and very decidedly he is the man for the place. Certain members of the Board tendered him their support, but at the command of Rainey he was deserted and Dr. Rottanzi was slated for the responsibility. Now this young physician is a very jolly, pleasant and bright young man who has a host of friends, but is quite without that political or commercial experience which enables an individual to direct the complicated affairs of a municipality whose expenditures are many millions per annum.

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Apropos of Dr Rottanzi, I cannot resist the temptation of relating the funny story of his bond. The Supervisors-elect are required by law to furnish before a certain specified time, a bond, prior to taking office. It is customary to have one's friends who have the requisite securities go on this bond, or if one wishes to be independent any surety company will furnish it for a consideration. It seems that the young doctor had neglected to arrange this little affair, and at the last moment came to Sam Rainey for assistance.

"Give yourself no trouble," announced the new Boss in a patronizing way, "I'll go on your bond for you."

"That's real good of you, Sam," replied the doctor, much affected by his friend's generosity, "but I must have two sureties it seems."

"Well, now, what's the matter with George Maxwell?" said Mr. Rainey.

Mr. Maxwell is Secretary of the Fire Department, a great friend of Rainey's, and the combination made such an irresistible declaration of political amnities and affiliations that it is astonishing Rainey offered it. Rottanzi did not know this, however. He imagined the complication brilliantly solved. The bond was made out, signed in due form and dispatched to the City Hall. Then the young doctor, escaping from the conference, boasted gleefully of his good fortune until one of his friends who had more experience of politics and conditions promptly explained the predicament in which he had placed himself. The situation dawned at once on the doctor. He rushed to the Pacific Surety Company's office, took out a bond, rushed with it out to the Mayor's office just as His Honor was reading the other document.

"Give me that. It's a mistake, an error. It's all wrong," the doctor breathlessly declared.

With a sardonic smile Sutro handed over the bond, accepted the substitute and the episode ended.

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One cannot but smile over such guilelessness. It gives one reason to believe Dr. Rottanzi, when he comes to understand the conditions of his office and the expectations of the public, will not permit himself to be guided by Rainey, but rather by his judgment and conscience. The evidence of this affiliation may be strong testimony for the prosecution, but I refuse to believe the young supervisor is either corrupt or the obedient tool of a crafty manipulator. He will be told, of course, that no man is a supervisor for fun, that honesty will profit him nothing, that the fool is he who refuses to take advantages of opportunities for plunder and that the community has more regard for a man who fills his pockets than for him who retires into private life poor. The larger experience proves, however, that there is little profit, and no satisfaction in the ill-gotten gains of office. A man who, while a supervisor, is stamped as a member of a "Solid Seven" or "Nine," as the case may be, presents his fellow-citizens with the measure of his personal morality, and he ceases to be a factor. He has been tried and found wanting and for ever his enemies and his children's enemies are entitled to allude contemptuously to his record.

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It is early to hazard prophecies about the Legislature, but I fear the consequences of the session. There is a boldness in planning which promises better for the legislators than for the State. The predictions of the pessimists may be disturbed by good measures, but rumors of cinch bills fill the air. It is said, however, that the fear of the reformer is active in the hearts of both senators and assemblymen and though they all desire to increase the per diem which the law allows, proper precautions will be taken to subdue the impression of their profit. This ambition reminds one of the career in Sacramento of the young gentleman who now fills the distinguished position of County Clerk of San Francisco. Prior to attaining that honor Mr. Curry served as an assemblyman and while representing the city at Sacramento the correspondents were not slow to connect his name with measures of doubtful repute. Indeed a number of things were stated on which Mr. Curry might have profitably based libel suits. However, the impression that the session had proved unduly profitable to the future County Clerk, was dissipated by his mournful manner and funereal solemnity on reaching his native heath. He lost no time in appealing to the head-restauranter of his district—a genial Dutchman who fed all the political push of the environment, strictly at cash figures. "Old man," explained Curry, "these newspapers are doing me dirt. I've not made a cent. In fact I'm broke and I've just come here to ask you to trust me with grub for about two weeks until I get a place. I've been promised an office sure and then I'll pay up."

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There was no gainsaying so touching a profession of poverty. The Dutchman gladly gave the required accomodation and the news of the young assemblyman's poverty soon spread through the district. Indeed, on the strength of those two weeks' credit Curry acquired the reputation that subsequently made him County Clerk.

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A prominent Californian who has recently returned from the East met Mark Hanna in Washington and talked with him over the election.

"I've but one regret," Hanna is alleged to have said. "Only one."

"What is that?" queried the visitor.

"That I did not put $20,000 into McKinley's fight in Nevada and thus left Jones, Stewart and Newlands high and dry. There's not a doubt we could have carried the place for that sum. Not a doubt of it."

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The latest story about that sensational young person, Mr. Will Hearst declares there has occured a division of properties between his mother and himself in accordance with which he received cash and securities to the amount of five millions of dollars. This is quiet an amount of money and ere it is all expended the "Journal" should be producing an income. No one who has the opportunity of seeing that kaleidoscopic sheet can be blind to its costliness. The corps of novelists, painters, humorists, cartoonists and caricaturists employed by the San Franciscan requires a Golconda to keep them going. However it must keep its rivals skipping because every new idea or scheme of sensational advertising that ingenuity can suggest, is utilized. The latest is a Sunday supplement on the lines of the "Ladies' Home Journal." I understand, however that a combination has actually been made in accordance with which the price of the several big dailies in New York has been advanced from one to two cents.

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San Francisco has not yet forgotten Mrs. Norton, that delightful singer and charming woman who gave a series of song recitals in this city some eight years ago, and who sang as only the artist can sing, those old-fashioned melodies that no one else in America ever discovered. It is quite possible, so it is said, that Mrs. Norton may return to us for a short visit and give one or two recitals. Certainly her coming would be a great musical treat to all those who heard her fervid and at the same time intellectual interpretations of Schuman, Schubert and Wagner, as well as songs and ballads of all times and peoples.

## THE TWO FUNERALS

By PAUL ARENE

Saw to-day two funerals. One moved me to pity. The other almost made me laugh. Certain deaths recall to me the story of the court fool who, dying, ordered that his pall should be broidered on one side with tears, with skulls and with crossbones, and on the other, with masks and bells and cock's combs.

The sad funeral:

The court of the Val de Grace, with its monumental chapel. At the foot of the steps an empty bier. Near by, a guard of soldiers with arms reversed, waiting, while an officer in a long cloak paces up and down the flagging of the court in the crevices of which a few blades of grass are growing.

The doors of the chapel open; a coffin appears, a coffin on which are spread a military tunic and a pair of red epaulets. It is the coffin of a simple soldier carried by four comrades.

At the same moment a cab drives past, an open cab carrying a little serving maid, going away with her trunk, one knows not where. The trunk is by the driver on the seat. And the little serving maid crosses herself, very much moved at the sight of the funeral procession, military and sombre, that is to conduct to his last barracks, the little soldier whom one day, perhaps, she may have loved.

The gay funeral:

The heart of a suburban quarter, inhabited by poor devils only. A porte-cochere opening upon the street, hung in black. In the passageway, a coffin, resting on four chairs. An undertaker's assistant, seated on a horse block and tranquilly smoking a pipe.

A collector's messenger in gray uniform, methodical and correct, appears, hesitates, looks about him at the numbers of the houses, and drawing a stamped paper from his portfolio approaches the undertaker's assistant.

The man in gray interrogates the man in black.

The man in black smiles, and jerking his thumb at the coffin says:

"You're a bit too late, old man."

The collector's messenger puts back the paper. The undertaker's assistant consults his watch.

Then both of them, as if amused by this grim coincidence, which they will tell to their families to-night at supper table, go across the street to a wine shop to drink a round to the health of the defunct, dead so opportunely on collection day.—Translated from the French by R. L.

## PAX VOBISCUM

Lucius Harwood Foote has been called the Poet Laureate of the Bohemian Club, at whose Christmas Jinks this poem was read. He is really one of the most distinguished verse-writers of California, but is better known in official life than in literature, having been United States Minister to Corea and Consul to Chili. Unfortunately for his fame, he has preferred to contribute his verse to Californian publications rather than to the Metropolitan magazines.

When the joy-bells ring on this Christmas tide,
For the Crucified Son of Man;
I think of the countless Christs who have died
Since ever the world began.

The Christs of a cause, the Christs of a creed,
The Christs of the sword and pen,
Who, with dauntless courage in word and deed,
Have died for their fellow-men.

Their blood may fall on the senseless clod,
Their dust on the winds be strown;
But the hero-soul is the soul of God—
And ever he finds his own.

And some have borne calmly the cross of life,
And some have drank of the lees,
And some have gone down in the stormy strife,
And some in the cradled seas.

But mated with stars they shine above,
To pilot us on our path;
Theirs is the harvest of labor and love,
While ours is the aftermath.

And onward and upward the trend must be,
Till we find the blameless way;
In the fullness of time, we yet may see
The dawn of a perfect day.

Then fear not to follow, my comrades, when
Our vanguard has gone before;
Peace and good-will to the children of men,
Forever and evermore.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

The only life positions in the civil service of the United States Government, with the exception of the twelve consular clerks, are held by the reporters of the House and Senate. Five men attend to the stenographic business on the floor of the House and get $5,000 each per annum. The positions are considerable desirable, for during half the time, i. e., when Congress is not in session, they are free.

IN THE CHURCH OF STS. PIETRO E PAOLO

IN YGLESIA DE NUESTRA SENORA DE GUADALUPE

TABLEAUX OF THE NATIVITY

## A PARK FOR CHRISTMAS

### Griffith J. Griffith's Munificent Gift to the City of Los Angeles.

In the matter of parks Los Angeles is to have, has now, in fact, the largest public recreation ground in the world. This is literally true. Fairmount Park of Philadelphia, with its 2,800 acres, has hitherto been the largest, but the new Griffith Park of Greater Los Angeles embraces in its enormous extent something over 3,000 acres.

Until presented to the city the park was Los Feliz ranch, the property of Griffith J. Griffith of Los Angeles, a beautiful wooded area watered by the Los Angeles river and valued at something over $300,000. It is one of the most picturesque strips of country in the southern part of the State, situated a fraction over a mile north of the northern city line of Los Angeles. It includes fully two and a half miles of the warm foothills bordering on the Cahuenga Valley, five miles of the Los Angeles river bottom, the lands generally known as the Ostrich Farm and the beautiful little valley called the Press Colony site.

But this is not all. The new park is not merely a pretty stretch of ranch land, unimproved, wild and difficult of reclaiming. With the gift of the land goes a water plant, with tunnels and piping that Mr. Griffith at one time erected at the cost of ten thousand dollars, all of which will be of great benefit in the improvement of the park in the days to come.

Nature has done so much for Los Feliz that it would seem as if any work of man were superfluous. However, the City Council is already considering the advisability of securing the services of that greatest of landscape gardeners, Frederic Olmstead, to draw up some plan or scheme for the guidance of those interested in the future development and beautifying of the tract.

Through the center of the park runs a chain of hills which in any other country but California would be called mountains. From the highest peak—an eminence of eighteen hundred feet—the view of the surrounding country is magnificent. Not even upon the summit of Mount Lowe does such a tremendous extent of land and ocean open to the view. You can look down upon the city of Los Angeles, down upon the Pacific Ocean and far out upon the Catalina Islands.

In short, it is the ideal park—the recreation grounds for a whole city. Here you may pluck the flowers to your heart's content; you may keep on the grass, you may climb the trees, and if the fancy seizes you, you may break the shrubbery. You may picnic, how, when and where you like without fear of the park policeman, and you may bring your dog in here without risk of having him shot. There is no such thing as trespassing in the park. It is made to be trespassed on for the matter of that. It is so large and so naturally beautiful that nothing the visitor can do will in any way mar its attractiveness.

The new park is not without its associations and traditions. Here you may see the very Mexican 'dobe that was at one time the headquarters of Vasquez and his gang. Thousands upon thousands of plundered dollars have been hidden in its attic, together with the bandits themselves, lying there perdu between raids while the officers hunted them through the hills, little thinking that the outlaws would choose their place of concealment so near the town.

Mr. Griffith J. Griffith, the giver of this royal Christmas gift to his city, is a Welshman by birth. He came to America in 1866 with his parents and received an education in the public schools of Pennsylvania. In 1873 he came to California, and was for a time a reporter on the "Alta." It was during his connection with this paper as mining reporter that Mr. Griffith perfected himself in the knowledge of mines and mining, and soon took a prominent position among the mining experts of the Pacific Coast. In 1882 he finally settled in Los Angeles, and from that time until now has been one of its most enthusiastic citizens.

Personally Mr. Griffith impresses one as a jovial, straightforward gentleman, full of life and energy, one of the kind who are glad to be alive. Though a self-made man he has none of that arrogance and obtrusiveness that are generally associated with individuals who owe their success entirely to their own efforts. In conversation with him, it developed how really generous has been his gift to the city of his adoption. For there is gold in the soil of the new park. Mr. Griffith's experience as a mining expert and engineer could not fail but tell him that. As far as he knows the gold is of too low a grade to be profitably worked. But it is there, and it is impossible for any one to say how rich it may be in unexplored portions or how the value of low-grade rock may be changed by the invention and introduction of new machinery. Mr. Griffith, however, says he will take his

GRIFFITH J. GRIFFITH
Photo by Schumacher

chances. If a profitable mine is ultimately discovered in the new park the city will be the gainer, not he. He has given the park away without a single condition. "There are no strings upon it," as he pointedly put it.

The mysterious personage whom Germans are talking about as concealed behind the extraordinary secret police plot against the German Foreign Office might be described as a kind of blend of the three Counts zu Enlenburg, One, Count Philip, who holds post of Ambassador at Vienna, has denied under oath any direct complicity with the intrigue; another, Count Botho, was the Prussian Home Minister who pulled Count Von Caprivi down from the Chancellorship, but could not save himself from falling at the same time. The youngest, Count Albert, is the Kaiser's Hoff Marshal and inseparable companion, and it is against him that Herr Babel's threats of forthcoming disclosures are directed. The Enlenburgs come of an old Prussian official family, and it is said that Prince Bismarck is their source of inspiration. The public servants against whom they conspired are either not Prussians at all or were born outside the charmed Junker circle which hedges the Hohenzollerns round. Count Caprivi is a Prussian by birth but was not noble until the Emperor made him so. The more recent object of attack, Baron Marschall von Beerstein, is a Badener by birth, and was public prosecutor at Carlsruhe before his superior talent attracted notice at Berlin, while, of course, Prince Hohenlohe, who is also a victim, is a Roman Catholic Bavarian.

It has often been declared that Sarah Bernhardt wears a wig. Her hair, it is true, is white, and therefore has to be dyed blonde or chestnut, whichever color she fancies; but it is all her very own, and, like Madame Patti, she invariably dresses it herself.

## LATIN QUARTER CHRISTMAS

### How the Nativity is Represented in the Italian Quarter.

Think of a church—a Catholic church—in this American city where you may see on the walls under the "Stations of The Cross" little placards that read, "Please do not spit on the floor." Think of a quarter of this city where the very parrots talk a foreign tongue; where children are born (in thousands, by the way) and grow and die without ever seeing Kearny street, and where in the notices of public picnics and games—these, too, are written in Italian—it is set forth that the first prize will be a "ton of coal."

Sometimes I am inclined to think that San Francisco is not a city at all, in the strict sense of the word, but is a number of smaller cities, a jumble of them loosely bound together.

I am sure that the Italian and Portuguese store keepers of the neighborhood about Filbert street take themselves just as seriously as do the merchants and brokers of the American quarter about Sansome and Montgomery. There can be no doubt that the worshipers in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, way down there on Dupont street, far beyond the Chinese quarter and the Mexican quarter, regard themselves and their church of as much importance as do the members of Trinity, Grace and St. Ignatius.

A curious custom obtains in this church. At Christmas time in one of the chapels at the left of the sanctuary a little stage effect is erected, a little tableau de theatre, done in all seriousness and solemnity. I suppose it is a relic of the old miracle plays and moralities of the fifteenth century, the graphic representations of sacred history and calculated to inspire a sense of reality and vivid vraisemblance. The priests of St. Peter and St. Paul have built or arranged the scene of the Nativity in this chapel with a simplicity, a naivete that is charming. There is nothing in the least ludicrous about these bisque painted figures and toy lambs. This cotton batting that represents snow, this brown sand paper crumpled to imitate rocks. One should see it all, carefully railed off, the little wicker basket for alms just inside. Against a painted background of a hill city, like those of Perugino's pictures, rises a cave of rocks, with snow in the crevices, which does not prevent some half dozen sheep from grazing upon bunches of gray grass here and there. Two Tyrolean figures—mantelpiece ornaments—of bisque do duty for shepherds, while Joseph and Mary are kneeling figures, highly painted and adorned. Above the whole on a wire is a huge seven-pointed star of gilt paper.

To read about this thing in unemotional black type may cause it to appear absurd. But there is nothing absurd about the sight itself—rather one feels a certain respect for such sincerity, such evident conscientiousness. Can't you imagine the effect of positive awe upon some of the little Italian children of the quarter—some of those, for instance, who have never seen Kearny street? Looking at it, with the tiny red lamps burning about it, there can be little doubt that they feel much the same as you do—at moments—for instance, the other day when Mr. Eddy was playing the "Twelfth Mass" on the great organ of St. Ignatius. You who "have seen Kearny street" and "the world outside" must have a sixty thousand dollar organ and the greatest organist between the oceans before you can rise to the sensation. But a few cheap toys, the manikins of statuette vendors, and crumpled cloth suffice for those little Italians of Dupont and Filbert streets.

And after all, is there so much difference between you?

The record in the present Congress for rapid speaking is held by Johnson of Indiana, who speaks at the rate of 216 words a minute with the utmost clearness of delivery and enunciation. A hundred and fifty words a minute is fast for a Congressman.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has taken to bicycling in a right royal manner. He sits in kingly state in the saddle, and two attendants make the wheels go round. The Ameer had this labor-saving bicycle constructed to his order in London.

*LOS ANGELES NEW PARK*

*THE LOS FELIZ RANCHO PRESENTED BY GRIFFITH J. GRIFFITH AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO LOS ANGELES*

1. The bandstand. 2. Part of the water plant. 3. The drive to the park. 4 Live oaks by the roadside. 5. The old adobe house, former headquarters of the bandit Vasquez. 6-7. General views in the park.

## INSIDE AN ORGAN

### How Mr. Eddy's Playing Sounds in the Swell-Box of the St. Ignatius Organ.

The new organ of the Church of St. Ignatius is what is called an instrument of the first magnitude, having four manuals or keyboards, of sixty-one keys each, and a pedal-board of thirty keys. It contains eighty-five speaking stops, seventeen couplers, fourteen adjustable pistons, fourteen combination pedals, three swell pedals, and over five thousand speaking pipes. It is what is called an electric organ. The great advantage of the use of electricity in connection with organs is that it insures a perfection of touch and an absolute promptness of response. In operation, the depressed key makes a contact and causes the electric current to open a valve, which permits the air from the bellows to sound the pipe. The isolation of the bellows plant is a feature of the organ, being located in one of the towers of the cathedral, above the organ gallery. This position does away with all the noise and creaking of the bellows machinery, so disturbing in the musical performance of the organ itself. Another interesting mechanism of the organ is an arrangement of buttons beneath each keyboard, by pressing upon which any desired combination of stops can be secured instantly. Four swell boxes are used, enclosing all the manual stops. This makes possible an immense crescendo and dimuendo and charming effects of tone color by slowly closing one box while opening another.

Perhaps the new organ of St. Ignatius is the largest organ in the world and perhaps it is not—probably it is not. But at any rate it is so big that the difference in size between it and the really biggest organ of the world is not appreciable. You receive this sensation of size, of enormous power and volume even before you have heard the organ play a single note. It was not until I had seen the St. Ignatius organ that I realized the force of Mr. Sill's remark when in speaking of one of the great organs of Boston he said: "It is music just to look at it." That's it exactly. Even as I sat on the rail of the organ loft, before Mr. Eddy had arrived, and looked and looked at the banks of keys, the array of stops, the pedals and the clusters of enormous pipes, I had the vivid impression of vast musical sound, sound held in reserve as a battery of artillery holds its fire. The great cannon-like pipes were literally loaded with sound, loaded and primed and waiting for the touch of a finger upon the keyboard. And herein is another impressive feature of this great engine of music—a bellow of harmony answers the lightest touch, the weight of a child's finger may unchain a tempest of sound that roars through the church till the windows quiver, but that dies to silence the instant that light pressure is relaxed. It is as though the organ had a life of its own, as if it were some huge, vast monster, many-voiced as the sea, strong, terrible, yet docile and obedient, as great beasts, broken to harness, are docile and obedient.

Were you ever inside of an organ when it was being played—inside of such an organ as this when Mr. Clarence Eddy was playing, for instance? Think of it. Perhaps you remember the effect Christmas afternoon when you sat below in the body of the church and listened to that cataract of melody come roaring down upon you from a distance. But imagine for a moment what it must be to stand up in the swell-box, in the very heart of the organ itself, in the midst of all those myriad of shouting, clamoring pipes.

Mr. Eddy had come for rehearsal Saturday morning, and the cathedral though empty of people was full of sunlight and reverberating echoes. Some few of us were standing about him at the console in the organ loft and he was playing—what, I am sure I don t know, just a succession of wandering pleasant musical sounds. Then the idea occurred to me to go inside while Mr. Eddy played, and I suggested as much to him and he told me to go, and at the same time began playing the opening bars.

With Mr. Woods, who is the representative of the builders, I went around to a little door in the side of the organ's enormous case and, entering, sidled down a narrow passage to a ladder that led upward into some darker space above. We climbed up, Mr. Woods shouting directions to me from under his arm—shouting, I say, for already the noise of the pipes was as the noise of machinery. Through narrow slits that opened mysteriously here and there I could catch glimpses of the interior of the church, the sanctuary and chancel, dropping below by degrees. Up we went, and at last reached a narrow platform and a sliding door. I went in the door and Mr. Woods slid it to behind us and turned on an electric light. I was in the solo box, the center and heart of the organ, its very vitals. Here and there I could see little movements in corners, the little movements the organ makes in its living—an indicator traveling slowly back and forth, or the majestic opening and shutting of the huge blinds of the swell box that regulate the volume of sound, and that in action looks almost like the contraction and expansion of enormous gills—gills with which the organ breathes. A world of pipes was all about, thousands of them, rising out of the floor in gradations from the size of a bean blower not four inches in height to the tremendous amplitude of the thirty-two-foot pipe in the lowest octave of the diapason, as large as a liner's smokestack.

But the sound! It was not music in the general acceptance of the word, for the multitude of notes crowded together in that narrow space fought each other as they struggled to escape. One experienced the same effect upon the ear as would be made upon the eye if one stood too close to a painting. Nor was that "mighty rushing sound" discord, surely not that. It was—I cannot say what it most resembled. It was the vast vague roll of the ocean, or the clamor of a great wind in a forest, or the voices of a multitude shouting together, or the snarling of a thousand trumpets.

There was no "tune" that one could distinguish, nor was there any harshness. It was just sound, sound, sound—waves upon waves of it, sound that you could feel thrilling the air about you, sound that you could almost see streaming up from those thousand upright pipes. As Mr. Eddy played, the volume increased, the clamor became terrific. The drums of one's ears quivered and shrank under the shock of that ocean of sound-waves. The blinds of the swell boxes, opening to their limit, disclosed panel-like vistas of the church far below. To be here, here high up in this tiny swell-box, alone with this thundering monster, struck one with a feeling of awe, of positive, downright fear — the intuitive fear of all things huge.

Suddenly the bourdon began, the open diapason, the vast thunder of that lowest octave of the great pedal-organ. Everything shook, wood, iron, and all quivered as the quaking of the earth. It was the thunder of artillery, the bellowing of a tremendous surge, the prolonged crashing of a Niagara, terrific beyond words.

Then in a moment it began to subside, just as a storm might pass off, the thunder getting further and further below the horizon, the wind dropping away by long puffs. One drew a long breath and looked about one as if recovering from a trance. The bourdon sank to a numb vibration, so low as to be no longer sound, but a mere indefinable tremble in the air that one perceived with some sort of sixth sense. Then it stopped. The chaos of sound resolved itself into a something like tangible harmony. The piece was closing, soon it would be finished.

We went out of the solo box and clambored down the ladder, winding in and out of the tortuous passages once more. It took some time, and we stopped often on the way for discussion and comment. By the time we reached the console again the piece was over. A little girl, a child of twelve, standing at Mr. Eddy's elbow, was singing a little love song in a small, fine baby-like voice. Mr. Eddy was accompanying her on the organ, the same organ that had but a moment before shaken the entire cathedral with its mighty thunder, and now its voice was faint and delicate like the warbling of an oaten pipe, as sweet and clear and small as the tinkling of a guitar. The little girl easily dominated it as she finished with a prolonged note that rose high above the tones of the organ, and Mr. Eddy turned about and thrust back the stops.

"A fine instrument," said he.

FRANK NORRIS.

## A REVOLT

BY ALPHONSE ALLAIS

Sunday evening, about six o'clock.

Now, have you ever noticed this fact? When it is warm of a Sunday evening in Paris, it is warmer than any other evening, even if the thermometer is the same.

You have not noticed this, you say? It is of no importance? You are not an observer; voila tout.

To continue:

Six o'clock! It is the moment when the Parisians, those who have not plenty of money to spend for their dinner, betake themselves to the cafe to imbibe "aperitifs"—bitters—strange and mysterious beverages, horrible to the taste, but royally inimical to the stomach.

When you have absorbed but two of these philtres you are no longer hungry, you are satisfied with half the usual dinner. It is an economical measure, worthy of consideration during financial crises.

I was sitting on the terrace of one of the cafes of the boulevarde before a certain black liquid that surely must have come from the cellars of the Borgias. At a neighboring table, a man and a woman had just seated themselves, evidently husband and wife. The woman asked for Vermouth, the man for absinthe.

The woman asked for her Vermouth in an indifferent manner, as she might have asked for anything. The man asked for his absinthe in a voice of inexpressible lassitude.

"Give me absinthe," he seemed to say, "not to intoxicate me, but to make me forget a little—allow me to escape, if only for a quarter of an hour, from this intolerable fabric of annoyances that is called life."

He was a fine looking man, this absinthe drinker, about thirty years of age, simply but elegantly dressed. He looked intelligent enough. But, oh, how the poor devil seemed to be bored!

I hope that I am much too gallant to say that a woman is plain, or even unattractive; I would prefer to declare that the wife of my absinthe drinker was purely and simply ignoble. Her homeliness was aggravated by a stupid expression of arrogance and general hostility, and ah, she was vilely dressed—such pretension, such unspeakable bad taste!

Yes, I understood the mental depression of the poor husband. Had I been in his place, saddled with such a burden, I would have drank, not one glass of absinthe only, but barrels of absinthe, rivers of absinthe, oceans of absinthe. I could not always overhear their conversation except in phrases, but the aggressive air of the woman and the wearied expression on the part of her husband gave some indication of the little idyll that was drawing to its close.

All at once the man assumed an air of decision. I could see that he had had enough of this little family celebration. At a single gulp he emptied his glass. Then he folded his arms and looked squarely at the woman.

"Aren't you ever going to give me a sou?"

The woman, the plain, uncomely woman, was visibly discountenanced by the suddenness of the attack.

"Yes," said the man, "you get on my nerves with your reproaches and your insinuations."

"My insinuations?"

"Yes, your insinuations. It's your dowry that you're hinting at, isn't it, hey?"

"But, my dear friend——"

"Your dowry! Ah, yes, let's talk about your dowry. It's a daisy, your dowry. Do you know how much it's worth, your dowry?"

"A hundred thousand francs."

Exactly, a hundred thousand francs. Do you know how much income your hundred thousand francs represents, your famous hundred thousand francs?"

"I—I don't know exactly——"

"Eh bien! I'll tell you. Your famous hundred thousand francs represents three thousand francs income, and that don't include costs!"

"But my dear friend——"

"And three thousand francs income. Do you know how much that represents for a day?"

"But my dear friend——"

"That represents nine francs fifty centimes. You understand, nine francs fifty centimes."

"But my dear friend——"

"In round figures let us say ten francs, ten francs a day. Do you know how much that is for an hour?"

"But my dear friend——"

Ten francs a day, that's forty centimes an hour. That's what your dowry amounts to, forty centimes an hour. Frankly, it wasn't worth while."

"You insult me."

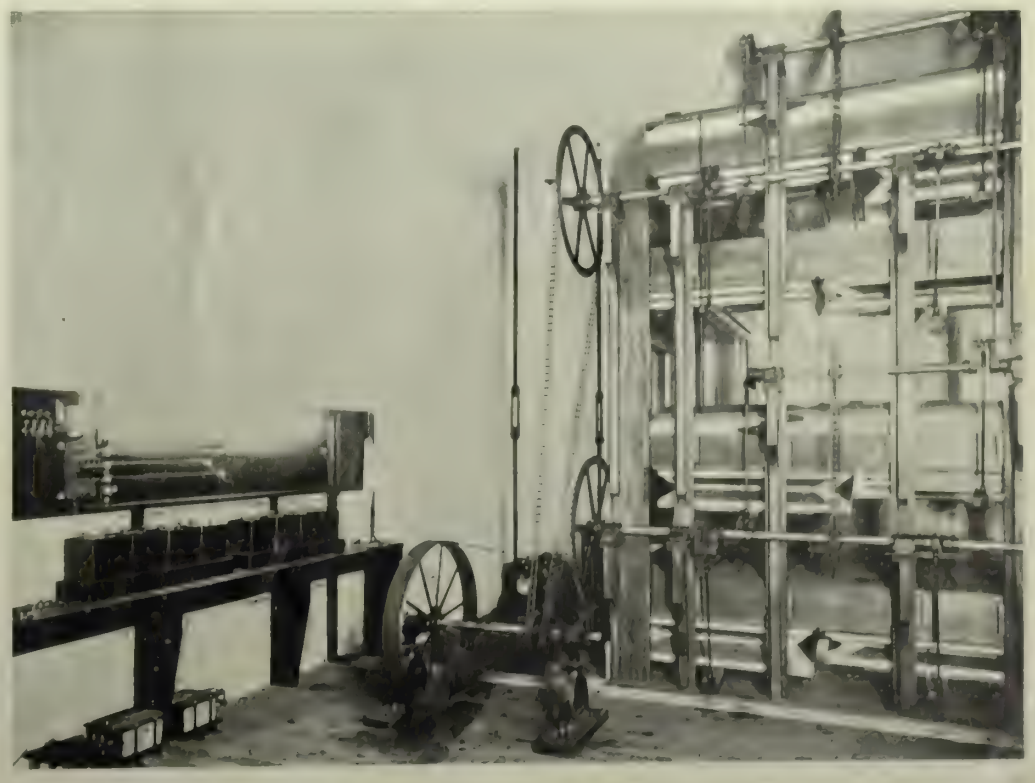
"Look here. There's forty centimes that I give back to you for sixty minutes of liberty I'm going to take. It is half-past six. I'll come back at half-past seven for dinner——"

"You're disgusting."

"And I forewarn you, if the house smells of cooking—oh, the least little bit—and if you're still as sulky as you are now, I'll go dine somewhere else—reimbursing you, of course, a fraction of your dowry, pro rata according to the length of my absence. Au revoir, ma chere." And the man, after paying for the absinthe and Vermouth, went off, leaving the woman starring stupidly at the forty centuries before her.—Translated from the French by F. N.

It is not generally known that there is a strange and striking ceremonial by which the Vatican authorities assure themselves that the Pope is dead. The Cardinal Chamberlain approaches the bed of the dead Pontiff, and bears in his hand a little silver hammer. He prostrates himself before the bed, and calls the dead man three times, not by his name as Pope, but by the name that was given him at his baptism. Then he touches him lightly on the forehead three times with the hammer. The silence which follows this appeal by voice and by touch is final proof that he who makes no answer to it is beyond its reach. After this formality the Cardinal announces to the waiting priests that the Pope has ceased to live.

A Boston man who dines regularly at a prominent hotel was interested to discover the other day that his waiter, whom he has been tipping liberally all along, owns five tenement houses in the Hub, all clear of mortgages, and that his tax bill is considerably larger than his patron's.



THE BELLOWS PLANT OF THE ST. IGNATIUS ORGAN

Here are the electric motors and storage batteries, through whose agency the wind supply is obtained

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Confidential Communications of a Miss in Society.

Dear Diary:—Can it be true that we have already embarked on ninety-seven and I am still unshackled, untrammeled and unengaged? You know I promised myself that I should have at least four scalps to my belt ere half the season had elapsed—and yet here I am as heartwhole as when I made my first bow three months ago, timid as a starling, beneath mamma's capacious wing.

What is the matter with the men that they fail to try the timber of my tones, to test the limit of my attractiveness? Of course I had the usual assortment of boys. My germans are enjoyed two seasons ahead. I never am seated a moment at the cotillion, have partners galore for all the dances—but not a single, genuine eligible has fluttered an eyelid at my approach. And I can't have any real fun with the boys, because papa is so hideously old fashioned. Do you know that he won't permit me even to receive calls unless either mamma or Leila is in the room—and Leila is such a prig. Oh, relations are awful bores—and I might have such fun had I but half a chance.

Last week has been deadly dull. There was Christmas when all the Vanderveldes came to dinner—grandma and grandpa, Uncle John and Aunt Letty, Uncle Martin and Aunt Sybil and the little Vanderveldes who have not yet been launched. Yet I pitied poor mamma. You know how deadly superior Aunt Sybil is. Well, she viewed me through her lorgnettes, ran over my points as if I had been a race horse and said: "Well, Elizabeth, the child might do were she properly built up by an efficient modiste." (I, who pride myself on my willowyness!)

Then, Aunt Letty, who holds the purse strings of the family and for whom I have been named, exclaimed:

"You are quite wrong, Sybil. What does so young a girl need an expensive dressmaker for? Simplicity in my eyes is youth's chief charm."

"Tush! Tush!" was the rejoinder. "That was all very well in your day, Letty, but even in my time"—(Aunt Sybil is well preserved, but I am convinced is Aunt Letty's senior by a half score years)—"girls paid more attention to their toilettes."

The two old ladies were ready to launch into a wordy war when dinner was announced and stopped their comments. Afterwards I went down to the Occidental with Arthur to a dance and had a glorious time. Some of the girls looked just too sweet. Mabel de Noon wore a lovely gown of pink silk and chiffon, and Leila Burton was charming in white. Leila is an awfully nice girl, so simple and unaffected, and is really exceedingly clever and bright, but seemingly unconscious of it. The music was good, and I danced and danced. There were several army fellows there and they always make excellent partners.

I must not forget to tell you, dear Diary, all about the Leap Year dance of the Friday Fortnightly. It took place on Thursday night at Lunt's Hall. You would hardly have recognized the hall, though—that scene of our first triumphs where, when scarcely more than babies, we made our initial effort at the light fantastic. Dear hall, it is as replete with memories as an old beau, but luckily adds silence to its charms. On this occasion it was tricked out of all semblance to its original self. A daintily trimmed tree, laden with trifling trinkets, was in the center, every available cornice or coign of vantage was covered with bright berries and greens and the musicians were completely concealed behind a bower of greens, ferns and palms. There were not nearly so many girls as usual—you will never guess why—but it was a "Leap Year affair," and they were too timid! It sounds ridiculous, but is nevertheless correct.

Genevieve Goad, assisted by Mr. Robbie Eyre, Mr. Milton Latham and Mr. Addison Mizner, led the cotillion. The figures were as usual on the "marching order," the Christmas tree figure being the sole innovation. I wish you could have seen how speedily the trinkets disappeared. Every one wanted a souvenir and it was a case of first come first served. I got a dear little trifle that I have put in my treasure box with Will's violets and my first love letter.

I wish I could dance as well as Susie Blanding. She is by far the most graceful of the girls—skims over the floor and is so light. She looked very sweet. She is fair and of medium height and wore a gown of white chiffon. Miss De Long seemed to me one of the most popular of the girls, and I really don't wonder she is so pretty—is dark, and wore an effective gown of yellow silk trimmed with blue. Annie Voorhies, too, looked radiant in white swiss, with blue ribbons. She is the greatest kind of a favorite with both boys and girls. But the girl I admire most is Ethel Cohen. Were I a boy (but even in my diary mamma won't let me use slang) I should call her a "peach." She dresses so well too, and is such good fun, so jolly and bright. It was great sport seeing which of the boys had the best time and who was the most popular. Arthur and I compared notes and we agreed that Mr. George De Long, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Bob Campbell, Mr. Mort. Gibbons and Mr. Lloyd Baldwin were the most often called out and that Mort. Gibbons and Lieutenant Bent shared the laurels of beaudom. I really think, though, that Mr. Bob Campbell, Mr. Larry Van Winkle and Mr. Harry Scott are the best dancers.

The next cotillion is to be a military affair led by Lieutenants Nolan and Dana Kilburn. Great are the anticipations with regard to the final Fortnightly. It is to be a very smart affair; is to be held in the Maple Hall of the Palace Hotel and we are to have supper in the grill room. The Maple Hall is the place for smart functions now, and I don't wonder, for it is so pretty and so easy to decorate and makes an admirable background for a pretty gown.

I was utterly worn out on Saturday morning, and when Therese opened my blinds and told me it was already 10:30 A. M. I felt that life was too long and wished I could skip a year. However, she brought me in a cup of delicious coffee and I felt somewhat better and by the time I had had my usual massage the sun had commenced to shine. I then decided to go to the Fortnightly, when

MRS. BURNS McDONALD
FORMERLY MISS BESSIE YOUNGER

lo, mamma appeared and said I should not. Of course that made me obstinate, and at 9 sharp I was speeding down to Lunt's Hall in my coupe. The decorations were still fresh and lent a festive air to the scene. The hall was crowded and some lovely gowns were worn. Mr. Howard Adams and Gertrude Bates led the cotillion and introduced some new figures, which were quite complicated, but very pretty. I am always glad when any change is made, as the driving and marching figures follow one another with the regularity of clockwork and are as tiresome as papa's best stories. I never saw Bertha Dolbeer look so pretty . In my eyes she is one of the belles of the debutantes, and I admire her even more than I do Bernie Drown. She wore a very pretty frock of pale blue. Mae Moody, her cousin, also looked very sweet; Gertrude Van Wyck made an effective picture in a pale pink gown; Marie Niesser looked as bright and vivacious as usual in a bright red frock. I wish I had Marie's brain, the boys say she is so intelligent, and I am only piquant and amusing. Well, we can't have everything, I suppose. Ethel Dickson is a handsome girl too, and as jolly as possible. She wore a white China silk gown. Nettie Black also looked fetching in white swiss, with tight red sash and ribbons. Altogether I think I had the time of my life, as I had to divide my dances, and I am so dead that I can hardly see to write. MISS CRICKET.

***

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sahlein gave an "At Home" last Saturday evening from 9 to 11 at their elegant new residence on Jackson street. The Misses Fishes, sisters of Mrs. Sahlein, assisted her in receiving, and the affair was in every way a thorough success. A few intimate friends remained later to dance, and carriages were still rolling in the small hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart gave a very enjoyable dinner Christmas night to a few of their friends.

Mrs. I. C. Moore and Miss Jeannie Moore entertained their friends at a Leap Year Cotillion on Christmas night, at the rooms of the San Franciso Verein. Both the ballroom and the supper-room were profusely decorated with mistletoe boughs tied with cardinal ribbons. The fortunate ones received very handsome favors, but every dancer was presented with a bunch of mistletoe with red satin streamers. It was a veritable Leap Year affair. The hostess' most intimate girl friends assisted her throughout the evening as floor managers, and really seemed to enjoy these new duties. Mrs. William Gerstle looked most beautiful in a white gown, veiled in tulle and trailing with pink roses. Miss Neustadter was in pink with white mousslaine, Miss Greenbaum in white tulle over green satin, Miss Lewis looked very pretty in white, and Miss Hilda Levy in a dainty chiffon gown of white, edged with black.

Miss Beatrice Bachman was among the prettiest as well as the most charmingly gowned of the maidens at Mr. Moore's cotillion. She is small, with clean-cut features, big brown eyes and beautiful teeth. Her gown was of pale blue sun-pleated satin covered with tulle. The bodice was draped in pale blue tulle with one American beauty rose on the shoulder and a broad white satin belt around her waist.

Another stunning gown was worn by Miss Sheideman. It was of deep pink silk covered with pink duchess muslin. A full ruche trimmed the bottom of the skirt. The belt and collar were pale blue satin. The belt was folded and finished with about a dozen tiny bows in the back.

Miss Lippit looked very stylish in canary colored figured satin draped in yellow mousselaine de soie. The skirt was inserted with narrow lace and edging. Around her waist and forming bows on the shoulders soft watermelon pink silk was draped.

A very romantic termination of a trip to the Antipodes is the engagement of Miss Martha W. Shainwald and Mr. Leo M. Myers. The couple met on board the steamer Alameda, upon which the prospective bride was returning home, after a nine months' tour of China, Japan and Australia. Miss Shainwald, who is a sister of Mr. Herman Shainwald, the real estate agent, is one of the cleverest of our San Francisco girls. Mr. Myers, whose home is in Auckland, New Zealand, is a barrister by profession, but has devoted most of his time during the past three years to his mining interests. He is a member of the Johannesburg and of the Auckland Stock Exchange, and represents one of the largest English mining syndicates. Owing to Mr. Myers' very short stay in this city, the wedding will not take place until his return from Auckland in a couple of months.

The wedding of Miss Rose Fechheimer and Mr. Alfred Lilienfeld, which took place last Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, was a very quiet affair, only forty guests being present. Miss Fechheimer looked very beautiful in a gown of white satin veiled in tulle. She was unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Lilienfeld left immediately after the ceremony for a couple of weeks' honeymoon, the destination of which is kept a profound secret. Upon their return they will reside at the Colonial Hotel.

Next Monday afternoon Sorosis will give a reception. Mr. Frank Lincoln will be the guest of honor. Mrs. H. E. Huntington is in charge of the program.

Across the bay the air is simply laden with philosophy, and even the Christmas greetings were interlarded with remarks pertaining to the immortality of the soul and the nature of the Deity. I notice that the more intellectual among the Berkeleyites are endeavoring to cultivate an expression of philosophical calm, as that, according to Professor Howison and Dr. Harris is a proof of great development. In spite of this atmosphere of culture the dining and wining of the two philosophers goes on apace. On Wednesday evening the University Club gave a dinner to Dr. Harris. President James E. Tucke introduced the guest of the evening with some fitting remarks. Among those invited were: Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Professor Howison, Professor Bacon, Mr. John Muir, Professor Gayley, Professor Davidson, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, President Martin Kellogg, Mr. John R. Glascock and Mr. Horace Davis. Dr. Harris was also the guest of honor at a stag dinner given by President Kellogg last week. The guests included the members of the faculty of the University, Mr. George D. Metcalf and Judge Garber.

The engagement of Miss Mollie Hutchinson and Mr. Ernest Peixotto has been recently announced. Miss Hutchinson is a very stylish looking girl and possesses considerable talent as an artist. She has spent several years abroad pursuing her studies. Mr. Piexotto is one of our most talented and successful artists. The wedding is to take place about the middle of February.

Miss Ethel Kittredge gave a very jolly evening to the members of the "Twenty-One Club" on Tuesday evening. The young people played whist and had much fun. Several of the girls play an excellent game. They were all gowned in light chiffons and organdies.

A very pretty luncheon was given by Miss Katherine Chabot as a farewell to Miss Florence Walker, who left for New York on Monday evening. The table looked bright with its decorations of holly and red berries. Among those invited were: Miss Pauline Lohse, Miss Bessie Gage, Miss Jean Howard and Mrs. Chabot.

An interesting home wedding was that of Miss Annie B. Wilber and Mr. William B. Chapin Booth. The ceremony was quietly celebrated at the home of her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Cushing, on Grove street, last Wedneday.

The Unity Club and the members of the First Unitarian Church are to hold a carnival of authors in the latter part of this month. It is quite a new idea and was suggested by Mrs. Charles Wendte. During the carnival characters from Shakespeare, Dumas, Dickens, Scott and Irving will be represented.

The ladies of the Ebell Club are to give a big luncheon on Tuesday next at their new rooms. It is to be a very elaborate affair on the order of the breakfast recently given by Mrs. Lowenberg at the Palace. Toasts are to be given and the presidents of the various San Francisco clubs will be present.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Sousa's Concert Band will visit this city on its tour. The leader received the unusual honor of being asked to conduct the Philharmonic Bias-Orchestra in Berlin to the great satisfaction and pleasure of the crowds who gathered to hear him. His great marches were applauded and cheered, and he was compelled to play them again and again.

It is pleasant to note that the management of Lillian Nordica have arranged to send an especially strong operatic concert company with her to this city. It is now understood that Madame Schalchi will accompany the diva.

"The Brownies," the fays, the disappearing demons, Dragonfel and his followers will all say good-bye at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow, Sunday night, when "Palmer Cox's Brownies" will receive its final interpretation in this city.

"The Old Homestead" will be presented at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. Pictorially it presents four views of American life, two at Homestead Farm in Swanzey, New Hampshire, and two in New York.

Joseph Murphy has achieved a reputation as a legitimate actor of superior qualities, and much of that reputation has been gained by his work in the play "Shaun Rhue." The work alluded to consists of lifelike representations of a clear-headed young Hibernian lad of the north of Ireland type.

There are twenty-three people in the play of "The Prodigal Father," which is booked for the Columbia Theatre, all of whom are clever specialty artists in their line.

Somebody has been investigating the relations of the number 13 with the career of Nansen. Among the facts he presents are the following: The expedition numbered at first twelve men, till a thirteenth was picked up in a port in the way north; no one of the thirteen, however, lost his life. On March 13, 1895, Nansen decided to leave the ship himself and press north with one companion. The Fram struck a southerly current on January 13, 1896, and on August 13th she gained free water and Nansen reached land again. On February 13, 1896, the false report was telegraphed that he had been seen in Siberia. Three times were litters of thirteen pups born in Nansen's pack of Esquimau dogs, though it is rare that more than six appear in a litter. And finally it is said that just thirteen publishers attempted to secure the publication of Nansen's book giving his report of his adventures.

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## MEREDITH PARODIED

### Max Beerbohm's Funny Imitation of the Great Novelists' Style.

Quite the most sprightly of the younger generation of English literateurs is Max Beerbohm. His formal debut was made in the first "Yellow Book," in an essay on Cosmetics, written in a style as full of affectation as the toilette of Beau Brummel. Because the critics insisted on taking his mincing and exagerated manner as earnest, he commenced his controversial career by denouncing their lack of humor. Since then he has written with mock seriousness of Fops and Fads and latterly has joined the staff of the "Saturday Review" to which he contributes smart articles on books, poets and contemporaries in general. In the "Christmas Garland," published in the "Chap Book," he daringly parodies Marie Corelli, Richard Le Gallienne, H. G. Wells and others of the new school, with real skill and humor and winds up the series with this inimitable mockery of the manner of George Meredith.

#### The Victory of Aphasia Gibberish.

In the heart of insular Cosmos, stands Gibberish Park, a house of some pretension, mentioned at Runnymede, with the spreading exception of wings given to it in latter times by Daedalean masters not to be balked of billiards or traps for Terpsichore, and owned for unbroken generations by a healthy line of procreant Gibberishes, to the undoing of collateral branches eager for the birth of a female. Passengers in cushioned chambers flying through space, top-speed or dallying with obscure platforms not alighted at apparently, have had it pointed out to them, as beheld dimly for a privileged instant and then forgotten, for the most part, as they sink back behind crackling barrier of instructive paper, with a "Thank you, Sir," or "Madam," as the case may be. Guide books praise it. Wisdom skips.

It is probable that the goblins of this same Lady Wisdom were all ajostle one Christmas morning between the doors of the house and the village church, which crouches on the outskirt of the Park with something of a lodge in its look, they may have whispered, more than of celestial twinkles, even with Christmas hoarfrost bleaching the grey of it in sunlight, as one sees imaged on seasonable missives for amity in the trays marked "sixpence and upwards," here and there, on the counters of barter. Be sure these goblins made obeisence to Mr. Gasbury Gibberish, as he passed by, starched beacon of squirearchy, wife on arm, son to heel. After them, members of the household, rose-chapped males and females, carrying books of worship. The pack of rogues glance up the drive with nudging elbows and whisperings of "Where is Aphasia? Where is the betrothed of Sir Rhombus?"

Off they scamper for a peep through the windows of the house. They throng the sill of the library, ears acock and eyelids twittering admiration of a prospect. Aphasia was in view of them—essence of her.

Sir Rhombus was at her side. Nothing slips the goblins.

"Nymph in the Heavy Dragons," was Mrs. Cryptic-Sparkler's famous description of her. The County took it for final—an unset stone with a fleck in the heart of it. Aphasia commended the imagery.

She had breadth. Heels that sent ample curves over the grounds she stood on, and hands that could floor you with a clinch of them, were hers. Brown eyes looked down at you from swelling temples that were lost in a ruffling copse of hair. Square chin, cleft centrally, gave her throat the look of a tower witn a gun protrudent at top. Her nose was virginal, with hints of the Iron Duke at most angles. Pink oyster covering pearls must serve for her mouth. She was dressed for church, seemingly, but seemed no slave to Time. Her bonnet was pushed to the back of her head, and she was handling the ribbons. One saw she was a woman. She inspired deference.

"Forefinger for Shepherd's Crook" was Mrs. Cryptic-Sparkler's phrase for St. Rhombus. Let it go at that.

"You have Prayer Book?" he queried.

She nodded. Juno catches the connubial trick.

"Hymns?"

"Ancient and Modern."

"I may share with you?"

"I know them by heart. Parrots sing."

"Philomel carols," he bent to her.

"Complaints spoil a festival." She turned aside. There was a silence as of virgin Dundee or Madeira susceptible of the knify incision.

"Time speeds," said Sir Rhombus, with a jerk at the clock.

"We may dodge the scythe."

"To be choked with the sands?"

She flashed a smile.

"Lady! Your father has started."

"He knows the aphorism. Copy-books instil."

"It would not be well that my Aphasia should enter after the absolution," he pursued.

She cast her eyes to the carpet. He caught them at the rebound.

"It snows," she said, swimming to the window.

"A flake. Not more. The season claims it."

"I have thin boots."

"Another pair!"

"My maid buttons. She is at church."

"My fingers."

"Twelve on each!"

"Five," he corrected.

"Buttons . . ."

"I beg your pardon."

She saw opportunity. She swam to the bell-rope and gasped it for a tinkle. The action spread feminine curves to her lover's eye. He was a man.

Obsequiousness loomed in the doorway. Its mistress flashed an order for Port—two glasses.

Sir Rhombus sprang a pair of eyebrows on her. Suspicion slid down the banister of his mind, trailing a blue ribbon. Inebriates were one of his studies. For a second, she was sunset.

"Medicinal!" she murmured.

"Forgive me, madam! . . . A glass. Certainly. 'Twill warm us for worshipping."

The wine appeared, seemed to blink owlishly through the facets of the decanter, reminding one of a hoary captive brought forth into light from subterraneous dimness, something of querulousness in the sudden liberation of it. Or say that it gleamed benignant from its tray, steady-borne by the hands of reverence, as one has seen Infallibility pass with uplifting jewelled fingers through genuflexions of the Balcony. Port has this in it, that it compels obeisance, master of us; as distinguishable from brother or sister wines, wooing us with a coy flush in the gold of them to a cursory tope or harlequin-leap shimmering up the veins with a sly wink at us through eyelets. Hussey-vintages swim to a cossat. We go to Port, mark you!

Sir Rhombus sipped, with a snap of lips over the rim. He said, "One scents the cobwebs."

"Catches in them!" Aphasia flung at him.

"I take you. Bacchus laughs in the web."

"Unspun, but for Pallas!"

"A lady's jealousy!"

"Forethought, rather!"

"Brewed in the paternal pate. Grant it."

"For a spring in accoutrements."

Sir Rhombus inclined gravely. Port precludes prolongment of riposte. He glanced at his time-piece, whistled. "A smart step will bring us for a second lesson, special lesson. Christmas. The Magi." The wine nudged his memory.

Aphasia motioned him to the decanter. The action switched him. He filled, meditatively; returned to chair.

"The Litany is better," she murmured.

"We must not miss it. Three minutes and we start."

"At gallop."

"I am of a mood for kneeling." He drained his glass with an affectionate twirl at the stem. Aphasia eyed him curiously.

"Laid down by my grandfather," she said. "Cloistral."

He swam to the decanter, unsteadily.

"Queer," he muttered, scrutinizing the stopper. "No date on it. Antediluvian. Sound, though."

"Fill up!"

He filled. "Here's to you!"

She sparkled.

"With your permission!" he said, refilling. "Finish it under table. Genius of Port demands it. . . . Pretty carpet. . . . Revolving pattern."

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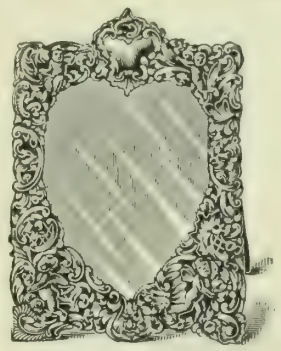

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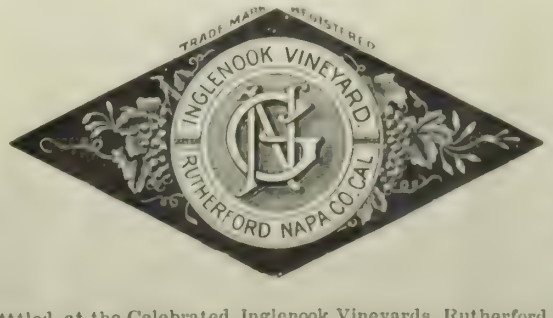


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## VIRTUE AS A PROFESSION

### The Rise of a Clerical Schemer, and the Evolution of a Prig.

The fear of the author lest he should be pursued by the fine frenzy of his friends and acquaintances, spitted on a satiric pen and comfortably roasted to please a hungry world, is the cause why "James, or Virtue Rewarded" (Stone & Kimball, N. Y.) remains anonymous as to its source. It is the history of the rise and fall of a British prig, a sort of Sunday-school story turned the seamy side without. The British prig is of the genus described by Burns as the "unco' guid," not at all the same sort of person as "him who prigs w'at isn't his'n," albeit in this special instance James turns out that way.

There is a good deal about the clergy in the book and of these the most interesting is Rev. Theophilus Fullblaster Ffoulke, Vicar of St. Faiths, who had raised to its highest power a form of ecclesiastical brigandage not wholly unknown in this country. Thus is he described:

The Reverend Theophilus Fullblaster Ffoulke was one of nature's clergymen. No matter in what age he had happened to be born he would still have pontificated. To guide the virtuous leanings of his fellowmen; to be the channel through which their charities flowed, to be the organizer of their strivings after human and humanitarian perfectibility, was as much part of him as his hair, his eyes, his teeth, or his integument. He might have been a Protagoras at Athens, a Crispinus at Rome, conducted the mysteries of Isis at Alexandria, or cut mistletoe with the Druids; he might have persecuted with Bonner, or suffered with Cranmer, but he could not have been anywhere without being a clergyman. Happy he was in that being temporally located in the nineteenth century he was also geographically located in England; in the England of today. Under no other conditions could he have united the push of the demagogue with the saintliness of the apostle, the respectability of the priest with the zeal of the reformer, advanced democratic ideals under the dignified wing of an aristocratic establishment.

St. Faith's was a model parish as worked by the Rev. T. F. Ffoulke—ardent curates came from distant parts of England to see how he organized, and went away determined to do likewise. "The Parish must be all in all," he said, "and everything must be part of the Parish." There were parochial kitchens, parochial bakehouses, parochial teas, parochial excursions, parochial baths, parochial everything, except breweries.

There was no excuse in St. Faith's for spending an evening by one's own fireside; if you were not lecturing, you were being lectured to; had you a taste for acting, there was the Parish Entertainment Club training its youthful Irvings and beardless Toolses; if you could sing, you had to sing, and pretty frequently too; the least accomplished could ,at any rate, manipulate the slides of a magic-lantern. Was your intellect inadequate even for this, you could help on the work in the Parish Cricket Club, the Parish Trap and Ball Association, or the Parish Gymnasium. An energetic curate even got together, and kept in working order for at least a month, a Parish Soap-bubble Society for amusing the little children of the very poor on wet afternoons.

And there was no withstanding the Vicar, he buttonholed you in your shop, in the presence of your employes; he attacked you in tramcars, where there were plenty of people before whom you did not care to appear lukewarm; he suborned the wife of your affections, the daughters of your tenderness; he beguiled you by the most virtuous of your weaknesses, by your parental pride, by your wish to do no worse than your neighbors, by your loyalty to your church and its congregation. It was no use to forbid him your door, some day you would return weary from business to find him chatting with your wife in your nice warm study, and it was all up with you. Once captured you were never released. It was a terrific system of ecclesiastical brigandage; the only way to escape was to pay a heavy ransom in the form of subscriptions.

Mr. Ffoulke's most influential, because most wealthy, parishoner was Mrs. Armbruster Smith, a lady of uncertain religious affiliations who had tried all the churches by turns and none of them long. Under whatever banner she might train for the moment, she was a pillar of that church even although the following week, having migrated to another sanctuary, she might blast her late pastor as a son of Belial or a minion of Antichrist. It was whispered that it was owing to her irrepressable energy that she was a widow. "Well," had said the late Mr. Smith, in discussing the difficulties of his situation with a friend, "if she does not want a holiday I do. Last week I had to attend a charity ball, a bazaar, the infirmary meeting, the dispensary meeting, to ladle soup at three very hot soup kitchens, amuse a Board school's children's picnic in the garden, tea them and show them a magic lantern after dark, then I had to make a fool of myself as a waxwork and entertain a missionary afterwards till 2 o'clock in the morning." From which it will be understood that Mr. Smith had to work out his salvation until he gave up the ghost and went to the reward he had earned so hard. However, that sad event did not prevent the migratory votaress, his wife, from sailing on and at last she brought up under Mr. Ffoulke's pulpit.

"The Vicar of St. Faith's had no sooner clapped eyes upon her than he planned a bazaar, theatricals, Band of Hope, fireworks and a jumble sale all to be brought off at the earliest possible date before the widow should have time to cool," which showed his great ability as an organizer besides his knowledge of human nature.

One person only in the congregation viewed Mrs. Armbruster Smith's advent with mixed feelings and this was the Vicar's wife, who felt her own importance threatened. But as the children of light are wise in their generation Mrs. Ffoulke prudently resolved as to the widow, first of all "to pick her bones, suck out the marrow and then send her packing."

The manner in which the "packing" was finally accomplished is shown by the course of a woman's quarrel between the Vicaress and her parishoner concerning the assistance given to an unwelcome suitor for the hand of Mrs. Smith's daughter.

Mrs. Ffoulke had appointed 3 o'clock in the afternoon to receive Mrs. Armbruster-Smith, and she was sitting at her writing-table sorting tracts for the waifs and strays when she arrived; this occupation gave her the advantage of being seated in a higher chair than her visitor, who, she anticipated, would take a settee; but in this she was disappointed, for the widow, on being ushered into the apartment, did not sit down, she remained standing; the Vicaress looked at her interrogatively and provokingly.

"Madam," said Mrs. Armbruster-Smith, quivering—and her headgear, with all the little shining things, rustled as she spoke—"Madam, I am informed that you have encouraged my daughter to disobey my orders." The Vicaress continued calmly interrogative. "I am told that you invited Mr. Howson to wash up with my daughter Emma; I had forbidden her to speak to him."

"My dear Mrs. Smith! How could I know that?" pleaded the Vicaress in coldly measured tones. "Why, he happened to call the day before the bazaar, when she was having tea with me, and they seemed to be very good friends; besides, I knew that he visited a good deal at your house."

"Mr. Howson visits at my house as many other young men visit, on parish business, for religion knows no distinction of classes, but he is not intimate with my daughters, and, with my consent, never will be, whatever may be the custom at the Vicarage;" replied the widow, waxing defiant beneath the cold scrutiny of Mrs. Ffoulke's gray eyes.

"As to what goes on at the Vicarage," replied that lady deliberately, "nobody has any right to express an opinion except myself; and you will pardon me when I observe that I cannot see any impropriety in Mr. Howson's being intimate with your daughters; he is in a very good position in the town."

"Position!" ejaculated the widow, "why he is only a shop-keeper!"

"We are all shop-keepers in Doddersfield," replied Mrs. Ffoulke, steadily, and cheerfully added: "but I trust none the worse Christians; and I am told, Mrs. Armbruster-Smith, that you are yourself interested in the Imperial Emporium."

"But he is the son of a village carpenter," shuddered the widow.

Mrs. Ffoulke fastened her calm gaze upon her, and said piously and reprovingly: "A carpenter's son! the Founder of Christianity was no more."

"Nonsense!" cried the infuriated widow.

Mrs. Ffoulke started to her feet; she rang the bell. "After the painful irreverence of that remark, madam," she replied, "you can hardly expect me to wish to continue this interview;" and, turning her back upon Mrs. Armbruster-Smith, she proceeded to smooth down her dress in front of the fire.

The widow retired; she went straight home and cried for five hours in her own room, then rang the bell, ordered gruel, and went to bed.

There is some municipal politics likewise in the book, enough to show a curious and interesting family resemblance with the plant of the same tribe which flourishes on this side of the water. (For sale by Doxey).

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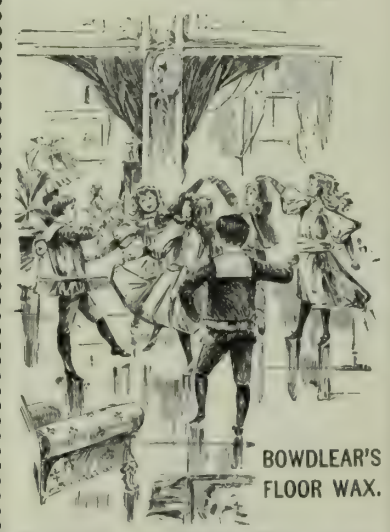


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OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST

## STORIES OF THE NORTH

### Hudson Bay Romances by Gilbert Parker.

The tragedy of life in the ice-locked wastes of the Hudson's Bay territory, those grim, harsh deserts of snow and solitude is realized in a collection of stories by Gilbert Parker entitled from one of the number, "A Romany of the Snows" (Stone & Kimball). Mr. Parker's work is as remorseless in its development as the merciless land of which he writes. Like the dyer's hand his spirit is subdued to what it works in until you almost feel the biting drip of the melting snows from the forlorn trees. His sardonic humor glitters like an ice hummock and has jagged corners that hurt. The spirit of the beautiful hard north finds expression like this:

Even as he spoke a wind came crying round the house, and the parchment windows gave forth a soft booming sound. Outside, Nature was trembling lightly in all her nerves; belated herons, disturbed from the freshly frozen pool, swept away on large wings into the night and to the south; a herd of wolves trooped by the hut, passed from a short, easy trot, to a low, long gallop, devouring, yet fearful. It appeared as though the dumb earth were trying to speak, and the mighty effort gave it pain, from which came awe and terror to living things.

So, inside the house, also, Pierre almost shrank from the unknown sorrow of this man beside him, who was about to disclose the story of his life. The solitary places do not make men glib of tongue; rather, spare of words. They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly, being given the woe of imagination, bring forth inner history as a mother gasps life into the world.

This little story "Commandments in the Vulgar Tongue," perhaps some thirty pages long, is great enough to make a man's name known the round globe over. Parker, like Bret Harte, has discovered a new country in literature and has made it his own. It is not all tragedy, of course, but the best of it is tragic of the awesome lonliness of those "beautiful wide silences." There is among the others a story in which he figures who once was called "the first gentleman in Europe," who surely was no gentleman at all, as one may gather if nothing more were said than this history of the exile of a faithful friend driven to the heart of a Canadian wild by this shabby stuffed figure of a prince. There is a good honest fight or two in the book for those who love bloody noses and cracked crowns and all that these stand for, as for instance:

Pierre was cool. He said: "Remember, I am for the law. I am not one man. You are thieves now; if you fight and kill, you will get the rope, every one. Move from the door, or I'll fire. The girl comes with me." He had heard a door open behind him, now there was an oath and a report, and a bullet grazed his cheek and lodged in the wall beyond. He dared not turn round, for the other men were facing him. He did not move, but the girl did. "Coward!" she said, and raised her pistol at Borotte, standing with her back against Pierre's.

There was a pause, in which no one stirred, and then the girl, slowly walking up to Borotte, her pistol levelled, said: "You low coward—to shoot a man from behind; and you want to be a decent girl's husband! These men that say they're my brothers, are brutes, but you're a sneak. If you stir a step, I'll fire."

The cowardice of Borotte was almost ridiculous. He dared not harm the girl, and her brothers could not prevent her harming him. Here there came a knocking at the front door. The other brothers had come and found it locked. Pierre saw the crisis, and acted instantly. "The girl and I—we will fight you to the end," he said, "and then what's left of you the law will fight to the end. Come," he added, "the old man can't live a week. When's he gone then you can try again. She will have what he owns. Quick, or I'll arrest you all, and then——"

"Let her go," said Borotte; "it ain't no use."

Presently the elder brother broke out laughing. "Damned if I thought the girl had the pluck, an' damned if I thought Borotte was a crawler. Put an eye out of him, Liddy, an' come to your brother's arms. Here," he added to the others, "up with your popguns; this shindy's off; and the girl goes back till the old man tucks up. Have a drink!" he added to Pierre, as he stood his rifle in a corner and came to the table.

Parker's style is, as he might say himself, as much a part of those solemn hills and bitter wastes as the shining glacier.

Ito, Sotomi & Co., the leading Japanese Curio dealers of this city, have succeeded the Japan Curio Trading Company. This combination means a great deal for the curio speculators of San Francisco, for the reason that they will now be in direct contact with the importers. The firm has the shrewdest buyers in Japan, who are constantly sending to this coast rare novelties. The firm has a retail store at 116 Sutter street, where many curios may be seen.

Those who want a fine quality of liquor for medicinal purposes or for home use, will find the Jesse Moore A. A. whiskey superior to any other brand. Sold by all druggists and the principal grocers. Jesse Moore Hunt Co., agents, San Francisco.

Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Munier & Sench, proprietors.

Korn the Hatter, 726 Market street, is the sole agent for Knox Hats.

## NEW BOOKS

### Impressions of the Latest Fiction—Holiday Publications.

The "Wampum Belt," by Hezekiah Butterworth (D. Appleton & Co., publishers), is a semi-historical story of the great treaty between the Indians and the Quakers in Pennsylvania. It is written in a poetical style, which is very attractive. The Indians are described as fierce and warlike, but honest and true and under the peaceable rule of the Quakers they develop the best traits of the civilized man. For sale by Doxey, $1.50.

"The Ring o' Rushes" (Stone & Kimball) is a collection of Irish tales told in the Irish dialect by Shan Bullock. With the exception of two, the sketches are not vitally interesting. The best told and conceived is "His Magnificence," a story of an Irish peasant lad who, having made a fortune in America, returns home to impress his humble friends with his wealth. He is shocked by their surroundings, but does not dream of alleviating them. At last he goes to call on his old love, who had married and expects to cause her heartache by his magnificence. She, a bright Irishwoman, makes him feel his insignificance and small-heartedness. "They Twain," a tale brightly told, describes the curious Irish marriage customs.

"The Sealskin Coat" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Rolf Boldrewood, is a spirited and stirring tale full of dramatic interest. Unlike its predecessors, the scenes of which are laid in Australia, the events of this story occur in England and Egypt. The pictures of Egypt are especially good. The plot is rather impossible, but it is certainly handled with vigor and go.

"My Village" (Chas. Scribner's Sons), is a collection of short French sketches told and illustrated by C. Boyd Smith. To write a good short story is not easy, but these are told in a bright, smart style that catches and rivets the attention. The characterization is especially good, the illustrations very clever and copious and the book is certainly one of the most charming put forth for the holiday season.

"The Sprightly Romance of Marsac" (Chas. Scribner's Sons), by Mollie Elliot Seawell, is the tale of two young French artists who lived with great difficulty by their wits. Their struggles were terrific, till one of them discovered he had an uncle in America. The other, Marsac, decided that the uncle must die and leave a fortune of several million francs. He writes a paragraph to this effect and has it printed in all the papers—and then, presto! everything is changed. Acquaintances become friends, tradesmen servile. Finally (much to their alarm) the uncle actually turns up, the fictitious fortune becomes a real one and all is well. The story is amusing, well told, light and breezy.

"Some Modern Heretics" (Roberts Bros., publishers), by Cora Maynard, is an admixture of Idealism, Socialism and sundry other isms with the usual dramatis personae woven in. The millionaire father, hard, wicked and tyrannical; the maiden aunt with social aspiration; the daughters, one of whom is a veritable angel of delight, the other two heartless and cynical; the son, indolent, dissipated and selfish. The hero of the tale is a wonderful creation in every particular, what Anna B. Shaw would term "the ideal man."

"Curious Punishments of Bygone Days" (H. S. Stone & Co.), by Alice Morse Earle, has figured as a serial in the "Chap Book." The essays contained here are interesting records of the manner in which our forbears punished those who disobeyed the law. The stocks, pillory, branding, whipping-post and scarlet letter are all described and the process of their application defined.

It seems the ducking stool was the most ignominious of all these ancient penalties. Some of us doubtless wish that gagging and branking were still in force, and many authors would still condemn their fellows' work to be burned.

One of the most charming of the holiday books is a collection of old English ballads which the Macmillan Company publishes. It is prefaced by an interesting introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of "The Outlook," and is further enhanced by a drawing from the pen of George Wharten Edwards. Within one finds the familiar ballads of olden days, "Chevy Chase," "Fair Rosamond," "The Twa Corbies," besides "Flodden Fields" and "The Banks o' Yarrow."

"The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" in one volume, prefaced by Augustine Birrell, and illustrated by E. J. Sullivan, is admirably gotten up and makes a book well worth having. There is little new to say about the classical productions of Sheridan, but whatever printing and fine paper can add to text has been achieved in this instance. One cannot but commend its typographical excellence. (Macmillan & Co., publishers).

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

Midst old Diablo's foothills, shut in from the winds and fogs, is Byron Hot Springs. Here invalids come to get away from winter, and bask in sunshine. Only 60 miles—3 hours' ride—from San Francisco; only $3 round trip; only $15, $18 and $21 per week, including physician, attendance, baths, and springs.

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FIFTY MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Average winter temperature 64 degrees. The State statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.
IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.
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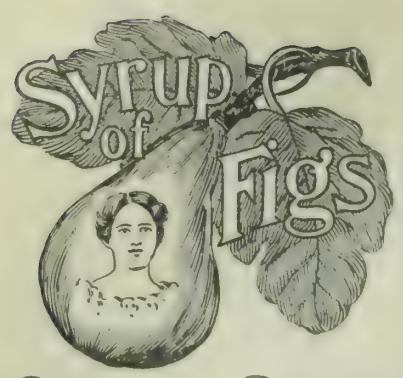
In conjunction with his retail stores at 1212 and 1214 Market Street and 302 Kearny Street.

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With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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## HARMONY IN GOWNS

### The Secret of Being Well-Dressed—Fashions in Ball-Gowns.

You say, dearest Betty, that what you admire in me most is the fact that I am always fittingly gowned. I do not shop in a calling gown or wear a reception dress at a dinner. This, if you can only understand it, is one of the secrets of being well dressed. If you wish to look well buy your clothes with a definite object in view. See that they harmonize. Do not be a "thing of patches." I have noticed so often when shopping that half the women will buy what pleases the eye without giving a moment's consideration as to whether the garment in question will harmonize with the rest of their wardrobe or not. They get a silk waist because it is pretty—that is an awful mistake; it will probably swear at every skirt and hat they possess. Then one ought to acquire a sort of individuality with regard to one's clothes. Find out what scheme of colors is becoming to you and stick to that. Get a particular style of your own. You can modify it according to fashion, improve it as your taste dictates and you will find the great bugbear dress has lost half its terror. One soon gets the smaller details—gloves, veils, parasols, to match, and life is simplified. Buy only what you need; make every garment serve a definite end and have no hybrid dresses. Do not save your clothes. Have a few dresses and wear them out.

You want me to tell of the marvelous costumes worn by the Duchess of Marlborough. You know she is in half-mourning for her grandmother, Mrs. Vanderbilt, but nevertheless she has managed to blend the utmost degree of smartness with the decorous observance of her mourning. One dress, that was really a dream, was a combination of white satin and chinchilla; another was of white velvet with a diamond belt holding in a fall of black chiffon.

The Royal Family of England, I learn with concern, does not care for the bright reds that are now so fashionable and taboo them. The Princess of Wales seems to prefer petunia colored frocks for outdoor wear this winter. Princess Charles of Denmark (Maud of Wales) affects all shades of blue and a certain bright pink for her evening gowns. In the day time she wears bright chestnut brown and furs. Princess Victoria of Wales prefers grey, violet and white. The Czarina of Russia is called "the white Czarina" owing to her predilection for white. She has recently ordered a lovely gown of heliotrope silk with zigzag designs in brown, green and pink. Panels of pleated mousselaine de soie show on either side of the front of the plastron of the skirt, which is edged with Valenciennes lace. A square yoke of mousselaine is also pleated and the bodice gathered on it with a ruche. The sleeves are puffed to the elbow where they are ruffled.

There has been a decided change in ball gowns during the past few years. Formerly the low-necked dress was a necessity and the slim girl with deep saltcellars on her neck was obliged to expose them as daringly as her nicely rounded sister did her plumpness. Today, however, the willowy maiden wears a low-necked gown to be sure, but chiffon is gathered over the shoulders and a jeweled collar conceals her, shall we say, scrawny, neck. Most exquisitely light and graceful in effect are the latest models in ball costumes. White satin usually forms the foundation and is covered with laces, spangled nets, tulles, duchess muslins and flaky gauzes. An especially pretty frock has a skirt of shrimp pink satin with demi-train. The bodice is covered with pink chiffon embroidered in pearls—with an empiecement of lace in the back and a broad belt of satin. The sleeves are of lace and pleated chiffon.

BARBARA.

### Fin de Siecle Champagne.

The aspiration of every champagne shipper in this present advanced and nerve-taxing age of civilization is to produce well-matured and palatable champagnes containing the least possible degree of alcohol. The ripening and developing process requires several years, and the grapes producing the least alcohol are the most expensive in the champagne district. In consequence large investments are necessary, which only the richest houses are able to make. Among the most successful in meeting the modern change of taste is the eminent and large champagne house of Moet & Chandon, who in their White Seal (Grande Cuvee) have accomplished the task of combining maturity, deliciousness of flavor and lightness. The White Seal (Grand Cuvee) is meeting with good success among connoisseurs in Europe New York, and will also soon be appreciated on this coast, where it is now introduced by Messrs. Wm. Wolff & Co., the importers on Market street.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

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The Only Perfect Winter Track in America
Racing from Dec. 28 to Jan. 9, inclusive
Five or More Races Daily, Rain or Shine!
First Race at 2 p.m.
Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend Street depot, leaving at 1 p. m. Fare for the round trip, including admission to the grounds, One Dollar.
Take Mission-Street electric line direct to track.
The Pommery Sec Stakes Tuesday, December 29th.
The California Oaks Thursday, December 31st.
The Shreve & Co. Cup Friday, January 1st.
A. B. SPRECKELS, President.
W. S. LEAKE, Secretary.

**BALDWIN THEATRE** AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.
Sunday Night, January 3d, Last time of Palmer Cox's Brownies
Beginning Monday, January 4th
Denman Thompson's Famous Play
**The • Old • Homestead**
The Original Old Homestead Double Quartette
Select Company of Twenty-three Players
Wonderful Electrical Effects

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One Week, commencing Monday, January 4th, Special Engagement of the Legitimate Irish Comedian
JOSEPH MURPHY
Supported by his New York Stock Company, in the companion drama to "Kerry Gow," entitled
"SHAUN RHUE"
Introducing Mr. Murphy's World-famous song "A Handful of Earth."
Reserved Seats 25c, 50c, 75c, $1. Matinee 25c, 50c, 75c
January 11th "Kerry Gow."

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Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 4
A BRILLIANT OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR
HALLEN & FULLER, Comedy Sketch Artists
THE TWO BOSTONS, Grotesque Comedians
ANNA CALDWELL, Singing Comedienne
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NILSSON'S AERIAL BALLET and
KIRALFY'S GRAND OPERA BALLET
AND A GREAT VAUDEVILLE BILL
Reserved seats 25c; balcony 10c; box seats and opera chairs 50c. Special Matinee New Years Day

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From 30 to 12c inches wide
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Both books are published by the Southern Pacific Company, and will be sent to any address by T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, on receipt of 25 cents postage, or 10 cents for the "Fairy" alone.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. December 26.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, December 5, 10, 15, 20, 26, 30, and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. December 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. December 13, 17, 21, 26, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. December 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. 25th of each month.
The company reserved right to change steamers or sailing date.
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.
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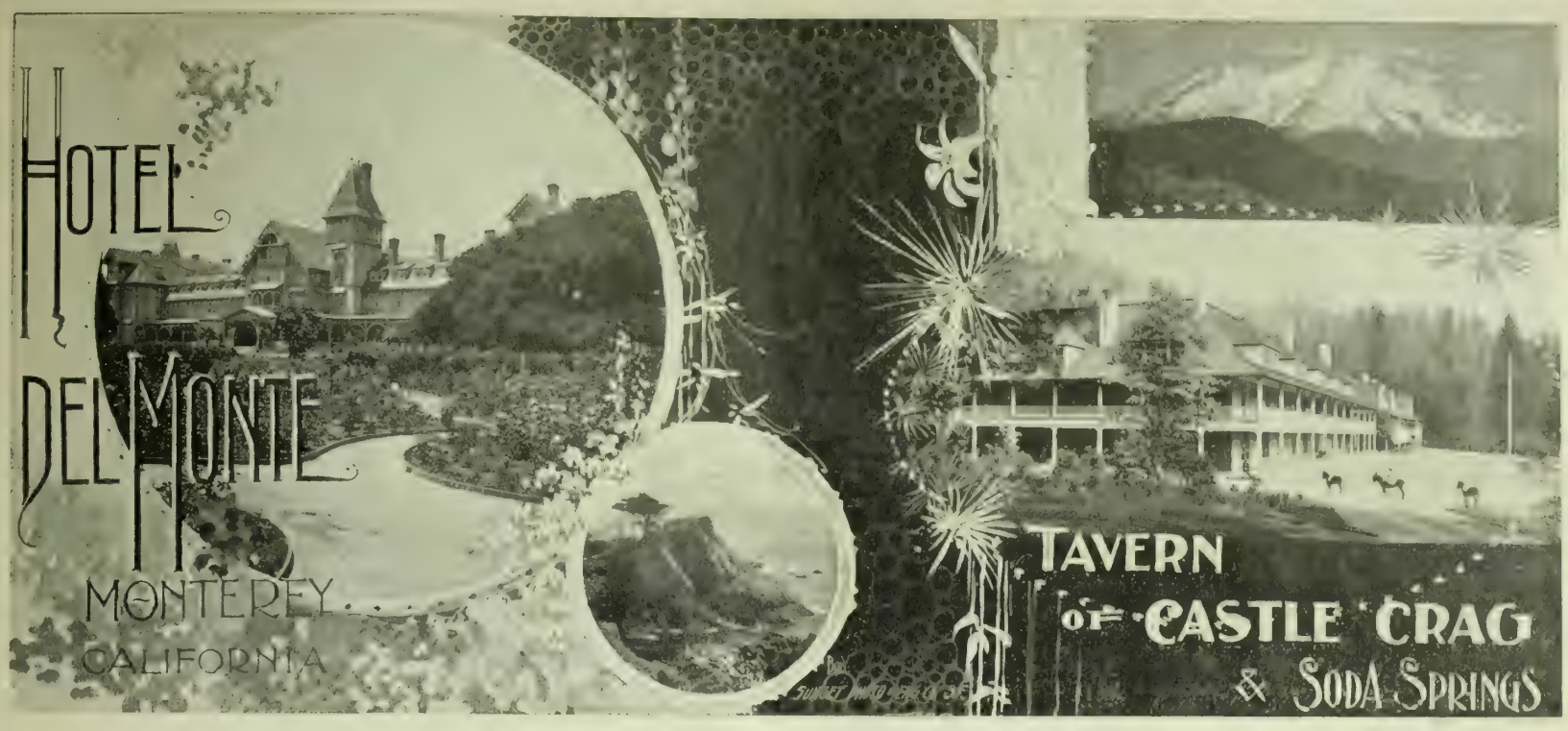


CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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*GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER*

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| | |
|---|---|
| Capital actually paid up in cash - - | $1,000,000 00 |
| Deposits December 31, 1895 - - | 30,727,586 59 |
| Reserve Fund - - - - - - | 750,000 00 |
| Guaranteed Capital - - - - - | 1,200,000 00 |

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Cash Reserve Fund, $25,000

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Some time ago a queer religious imposter invaded the southeastern portion of Ohio and created much excitement among the farmers. Several gave the new "Messiah" all they possessed, and he soon became the center of a large colony of deluded followers. One moonlight night the "Messiah" was sitting on his verandah smoking when a shrewd old farmer came up and saluted him. "Good evening, mister." The "Messiah" raised his hand and said, "I greet you, brother." "You'll excuse me, mister," continued the old farmer, "but my folks are much interested in you, and my wife says she'll stand by you come what may." "Amen," said the "Messiah." "Now, see here," added the farmer. "I am kinder worried about this thing and want to get it straight. Now can you perform miracles—turn water into wine, heal the sick and walk on the water?" "Yea, verily." "Yer ain't jokin' now?" "Nay, brother." "And you can really do it?" "Yea, verily." "Well, I'm mighty glad of that. A lot of them fellers said you couldn't and are coming up here to take you down to that mill pond below and chuck you in to make sure. They will be here in about fifteen minutes, an' I thought I'd tell yer. Glad you can do it, as the water's mighty cold. Good night." The caller bowed and went off. The "Messiah" disappeared and was never heard of again in Ohio. The mystery of his sudden departure was unsolved for a long time, but at last the old farmer told the tale.

A Washington attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer eight dollars for a year or two, and the grocer determined to get it. One day he approached the lawyer and said: "Judge, I have a customer who has owed me a small bill but won't pay it. What would you do?" "Sue him," said the lawyer. "Very well, I will put the account in your hands," and the merchant gave him his own bill. A few days later he received the following note from the lawyer: "In the case of —— against —— I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee is ten dollars, for which amount please send check. Will always be glad to serve you."

There was in Hampstead Road, some years ago, a pavement artist, and as Du Maurier passed that way he frequently dropped a penny into the man's hat. One cold day, the author of "Trilby" told the fellow to go and get a meal and he would take charge of his hat. When he was out of sight Du Maurier proceeded to wipe out his pictures of faithful dogs, etc., and drew instead society ladies and gentlemen made famous by him in "Punch." Passers-by stopped, and he soon attracted a crowd. When the man returned the hat was filled, but with a scornful glance at Du Maurier's work he said: "Well, that may attract some people, but it ain't art."

A distinguished dramatist tells the following story: "I once wrote a melodrama and was advised to sit in the gallery the first night of the play in order to get the most expert criticism of my work. I picked out a bright, intelligent-looking man for a neighbor and found him quite willing to talk. His remarks ran as follows: 'I like 'er (the leading lady), 'er with the yellow 'air. She's very good, mister.' He liked also the heavy man, 'the cove with the biled shirt and di'monds.' 'But, guvner,' he said in a confidential whisper, 'Muvver love me, wot a duffin play.' After that I attended first nights in the stalls."

Benjamin Ward Richardson, the famous English physician, had been in on a visit to one of the few small towns in England where there was no public house. The resident doctor, a young man, was nearly starving. He came to Sir Benjamin for advice. Placing his hand on the youthful medico's shoulder the eminent doctor said: "Take my advice and go away. Those teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but when wounded heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing."

Apropos of Jewish Lord Mayors, the following tale is told of the late Sir David Salomon: Sir David Salomon, the first Jewish Lord Mayor of London, was a very polished gentleman, and the Bishop of London and the late Prince Consort were discussing his election. "Thank goodness, your Royal Highness," said the Bishop, "we have at last got a gentleman in the civic chair. "Yes, my lord," returned the Prince, "but you had to go beyond the pale of Christianity to find him."


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For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

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—OF THE—
# PALACE HOTEL

Has been extended to what was formerly the City Restaurant. This immense room, which has a direct entrance from Market Street is known as - - - -

## "THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM"

NEW DEPARTURE—CHARACTERIZED BY PROMPT SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES

FONTANA & CO'S MAMMOTH CANNING WORKS

The firm is composed of S. L. Goldstein, William Fries and M. J. Fontana. They are the largest packers of canned fruits and vegetables on the coast, and their magificent plant as shown in the above view is situated on the Bay of San Francisco, and at the terminus of Van Ness avenue and Polk street. Offices at 134-136 Market street.

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GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS

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**HAVE REMOVED**

their offices from the Chronicle Building to the

PARROTT EMPORIUM BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR

Rooms 312, 313, 317, 318

Opposite Baldwin Hotel — Telephone South 103


SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery street, Mills Building.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of four and one-fifth (4 1-5) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and one half (3 1-2) per cent per annum, for the half year ending December 31, 1896, will be payable, free of taxes, on and after January 2, 1897.
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK of San Francisco, 33 Post street—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.
GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner Sutter.—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a divided has been declared at the rate of four and two tenths (4 2.10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one half (3½) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1897.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company**
Assessment No. 80
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied December 14, 1896
Delinquent in office January 19, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Feb. 9, 1896
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

**ASSESSMENT NOTICE**
Occidental Consolidated Mining Company
Assessment No. 25
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied November 24, 1896
Delinquent in office December 29, 1896
Day of sale of delinquent stock Jan. 18, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey county, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 8th day of December, 1896, an assessment (No. 110) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the 11th day of January, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of February, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.
R. U. COLLINS, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Stock Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.


## United States Laundry

**Office 1004 Market St.**

*TELEPHONE SOUTH 420*

ORDER YOUR CARRIAGES AND COUPES OF THE
## PACIFIC CARRIAGE CO.

**At Baldwin Hotel**
**200 Sutter Street, corner Kearny**
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**Steamer and Train Service a specialty 'Phone 1950**

The Pasadena Rose Carnival — New Years in the Concordia Club

# THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

VOL XVI. No. 2 — SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1897 — PRICE 10 CTS.

SAN FRANCISCO'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

THE FAMOUS PLACE ON CLAY STREET WHERE CURIOS OF ALL NATIONS ARE STORED

# THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Subscription, $3.00 per year, $1.50 six months, 75 cts. three months. Foreign subscriptions—countries in postal union—$5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 9, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| Scenes from the Midwinter Rose Carnival at Pasadena | 4 |
| Fox-Hunting in California | 5 |
| A Winter Rose Festival | 5 |
| New Years' Eve at the Concordia Club | 5 |
| Things and People; by The Witness | 6 |
| A Western Curiosity Shop | 6 |
| New Year's at San Quentin; by Frank Norris | 8 |
| The Boom Association; by Boswell Jr. | 9 |
| Scenes at the Meet of the San Mateo Hunt Club | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres; by Peg Woffington | 11 |
| The Golden Girl: a Review | 12 |
| The Magazines of the Month | 13 |
| Fashion Review | 14 |


## OUR NEXT SENATOR.

That Senator George C. Perkins will be selected by our Legislature on Tuesday next to succeed himself as United States Senator no man in the possession of the facts and of his senses can for a moment doubt. There is a point where even ambition may be made ridiculous, and the fear is forced upon us that the opponents of Mr. Perkins are doing that much, if not more, for the candidate who is being pushed forward by them in opposition to Mr. Perkins' re-election. It was a matter of common knowledge during the late campaign that the contest for the United States senatorship lay between Mr. Perkins and Thomas V. Cator, the Populist aspirant for that position. The fate of Mr. Cator was determined by the people in no uncertain tone. For a long time, however, it appeared very doubtful whether or not the present Legislature would be Republican. The returns from the election of two years previous indicated that a fusion of Democrats and Populists this year would be most difficult to overcome. If ever a community had an opportunity to deliberate and discuss and determine as to who should be their representative at Washington, that opportunity was given to the people of the State of California during the three months' campaign which has just ended. The "Morning Call," however, is just now loudly demanding time for deliberation and further consideration of candidates for the Senate, just as though the subject had not been a matter of discussion throughout the length and breadth of the State for fully three months. It discusses the senatorial question with a freshness of manner just as though Senator Perkins had not passed through a long campaign and contributed to the victory of the Republican ticket which placed our State in the ranks of respectability. One would think the "Call" had just discovered the senatorial election and was about to "homestead," "pre-empt" or "locate it." If our morning contemporary has any doubts concerning the wishes of the people with respect to their choice in the matter of United States senatorship let it compare the vote cast for the members of the Legislature who announced their allegiance to Senator Perkins and those who did not; let it compare the same votes with the vote cast for presidential electors. The Republican legislative ticket ran several thousand votes ahead of the presidential ticket. If the "Call" has been deluded into a belief that the nonadherence of certain thrifty legislators from San Francisco means the defeat of Perkins it is most sadly mistaken. It must hold legislative honor lightly if it presumes that members who have repeatedly volunteered their support to Mr. Perkins are to be turned aside from their former promises and professions at this late hour and be brought to disregard all the rules of decency and of honor. It is preposterous, and is as well a deliberate insult that will no doubt be promptly and unmistakably answered on Tuesday next. In order at this juncture to oppose Mr. Perkins, the animating spirit of opposition to him must be founded upon a wild belief that it is possible to induce men to break their thrice-pledged faith, to disregard their sacred pledges, ignore and treat with contempt the expressed wishes of their constituents, and deliberately fly in the face of every rule that we have been taught to regard as sacred. We cannot understand it It is difficult to imagine how any one could enter upon such a campaign with a tongue laden with professions of honorable motives and ambitions. Certainly one guilty of such a very questionable performance initiates his campaign by evincing a total disregard for the legislative pledges of others. Honest rivalry in such matters is easy of comprehension. All that was possible and unobjectionable during the late compaign, but it is a dull wit that cannot perceive that the hour of honest rivalry has passed. "The Wave," in common with the people of the entire State, looks ahead with confidence to the vote that will be taken on Tuesday next. We would not insult the Republican majority of the Legislature by questioning for a moment what its action will be.

## THE OLNEY POLICY.

An effort is being made by the New York "Journal" to show that a conspiracy has been entered into between Secretary Olney and the Spanish government to put an end to the Cuban war. The lurid dispatches in which this "awful revelation of perfidy and dishonor" is made come from Mr. James Creelman, special correspondent at Madrid, and bear evidence of being prompted by Mr. Taylor, the American Minister at the Court of Spain. Taking for granted all that these dispatches contain, the alleged conspiracy amounts to this: that our government, being anxious to see an end to the war which is so disastrous to American commerce, and is conducted in so inhuman and barbarous a manner, has threatened intervention. We cannot recognize the Cuban patriots as belligerents because they are not such, being lacking in every condition which the international code establishes as a test of belligerency. We cannot rush in to the direct, armed aid of the Cubans without offending every civilized nation on earth and doing serious violence to our national good name. What then are we to do? The guerilla fight between bushwhackers and fever-stricken soldiers has been going on for two years; millions of property have been destroyed and millions more of American capital are threatened. We must either allow this state of things to continue to its disastrous end or intervene on behalf of humanity and insist upon peace. No government could do more than this and receive international sanction, or come within the rights of nations. We can say to Spain, as England, Russia and France have said to Turkey in the Armenian trouble, "You must stop killing these people of yours, or we shall be forced to interfere in the interest of humanity." We would have no right to say to Spain, "You must lay down your arms and allow the Cubans to take possession of the territory which you now hold."

In making this proposition to Spain Secretary Olney named the condition on which our government will intervene, chief of these conditions being the recognition by Spain of the right of Cuba to self-government and the full establishment of a form of local government as complete as that of Canada. This has been the demand of Cuba which has brought on two revolutions within thirty years and led to the loss of over a hundred thousand lives and a hundred millions of property. Spain has promised it but not fulfilled its promise, so the Cubans could have little faith now in any overtures for peace that Spain might make. But if this pledge is given as the price of peace to the United States, it will be made to us and to us will she be responsible for its fulfillment. In short, the United States wishes to give peace to Cuba and self-government to her people, and to this end has entered into negotiations with the only power that can bring these much to be desired results about. By this means we would be practically taking Cuba under our wing without annexing her. She would still be subject to Spanish dominion, but our national faith would be pledged that Cuba would be freed from the unjust and tyrranneous mastery of the mother country.

This policy is humane and goes to the very limit of our rights and possibly some distance beyond our duty.

## THE SUTTER-STREET OPENING.

In the agitation having for its purpose the opening of Sutter street, the destruction of Laurel Hill Cemetery and the imposition of onerous and at present useless burdens upon the adjacent property holders, the daily press seems to have lost sight of the proposed extension of Post street which years ago was agitated with equal vigor and finally permitted to die. As far back as 1891, upon the petition of numerous property holders in the adjoining district, a commission was appointed by the Supervisors to lay out the street, assess damages and to take all the preliminary steps necessary to bring about its opening. Considerable expense was incurred in this behalf and much labor bestowed upon the preliminary work assigned to the commission. The proposed opening of Post street followed the line of least resistance. It passed through and over lands not given up to cemetery or other valuable uses, and at the same time accomplished for the Richmond District everything that could be accomplished by the opening of Sutter or any other street. It did not plough its relentless way through monuments and mausoleums or destroy the handsomest cemetery in the city, but in the main made its way over barren sand dunes. It is just as well, however, that the reader have some kind of an understanding of the condition of affairs existing in the Western Addition. At Central avenue four streets come to an end—Post, Sutter, Bush and Pine. The only excuse for opening Sutter street through the cemetery is to afford what is known as the Richmond District additional means of ingress and egress to and from the center of the city. The opening of either Sutter, Bush or Pine streets would involve the extension of those thoroughfares through Laurel Hill Cemetery. In the nature of things this would not only be an expensive undertaking, but would also lead to many complications which could not possibly arise from a similar extension through private property put to ordinary uses. The extension of Post street would accomplish all the objects desired by the Richmond District and would be open to none of the objections so strenuously laid against the proposed extension of Sutter street. Even if sentiment is to be ignored, the matter of expense surely should be considered. Cemetery property could scarcely be assessed for benefits accruing to it through the opening of a street between its tombs. On the contrary, damages might well and probably would be awarded to the owners of such property. Prudence, indeed, common sense itself, would urge completing the Post street extension before action be taken on any of the other streets. The reports, plans, schedule of assessments, and all necessary preliminary data for the Post street extension are on file before the Board of Supervisors. The preliminary work in connection with that undertaking has been completed. Unless there be some legal objection in the way that is not now apparent, the opening of this street should receive the early attention of the Supervisors. The proposition to open Sutter street in course of time may become inevitable, but its agitation at this juncture smacks somewhat of jobbery, which is resented even by the property owners whose property it is asserted will be benefited thereby.

## AN IMPERATIVE DUTY.

The fortunes of every stable American interest, industrial or financial, are inseparably linked with the fortunes of the Republican party of this nation. The late campaign demonstrated this fact pretty clearly, if demonstration was necessary. There was a time when the Republican party was yclept the radical party, and the designation was applied to it in a spirit of reproachfulness, yet not because it stood for visionary schemes of government, but because it stood, as it still stands, for the sacredness of human rights; it then stood, as it still stands, for the protection and perpetuation of rights of property. Without property rights human rights are a pretense and a mockery; destroy the one and the other falls beside it. Yet we have come upon a time when rights to property are but lightly regarded, when the citizen and growing youth are taught to regard the possession of property as indubitable evidence that robbery of some sort has been committed in its acquisition; to regard enterprise as being reprehensible, and thrift as an old-fashioned virtue, not at all suited to the new era about to dawn upon human history. Therefore the Republican party has come to be a conservative party, a party which stands for a stable national policy and a prudent administration of affairs, and therefore the fortunes, the maintenance and the prosperity of American interests are, as we have stated, inseparably linked and tied with bands of iron to the fortunes of the Republican party of this nation.

There can be no Republican party except it be the Republican party of the nation. The Republican party of California and of the west must be animated and guided by the same spirit which animates and guides the national party. It must advocate the same principles that are advocated by the Republican party as it exists in the heart of the nation—that region which lies between the Missouri river and the Allegheny mountains, where the seat of national power abides. If we of the west depart from this adherence to national party principles we will be Republican in name only. The change of one thousand Republican votes into popocratic votes would have lost California to the Republicans in 1896, and a similar change of twenty-five thousand such votes in the close States of the west would have cost the Republican party its triumph in the nation, and still left a popular majority in its favor of more than six hundred thousand votes. It is painful to contemplate that such a condition is pos-

sible. Its very possibility accentuates our fear and makes it plain, perfectly plain, that the fortunes of the Republican party of the very nation itself may some day be dependent upon the fortunes of the Republican party in this State. It emphasizes the imperative duty of which we are about to speak; to-wit, the reorganization of the Republican party in California upon a broad, permanent and sound basis. Organization is the essential prerequisite of successful endeavor. In our era of aggregated effort nothing is consummated without organization, highly perfected organization. In it lies the secret of modern success, in every line of endeavor, yet between campaigns in California there is practically no Republican party in the State—only a possible Republican party, nothing more. The first two or three months of each campaign are devoted at vast and avoidable cost to the often hopeless task of evolving out of chaos a more or less efficient political organization. After this has been approximated there follows a month or a fortnight of really effective campaigning against odds (for the sowers of seeds of dissolution are ever at work), and then the organization is again suffered to perish, and nothing remains of the ponderous organization but the odor of stale tobacco smoke about the closed committee rooms.

This hand-to-mouth policy should not be longer continued. It has been foolish in the past. In the future it will be dangerous. Exigencies are not unlikely to arise which will render the existence of a thoroughly well equipped Republican party in California, and in her sister States of the west, essential to national stability and to the stability of industrial and financial enterprises.

We may as well be frank about it, but heretofore the Republican organization in California has been looked upon as the creature of a coterie of San Francisco politicians who are not only responsible for its management, but are as well the chief beneficiaries of its victories. This, if it ever has been true, must not continue to be true. A party which depends for power upon the number of votes it can win to its standard cannot exist independently of the people. The very spirit of Republicanism presumes a full-hearted devotion on the part of the people to Republican principles and policies, and from this day forward the work of expounding Republican principles to the people must be undertaken with intelligence and prosecuted with vigor.

The present party managers, who have achieved such a signal victory against such overwhelming odds and almost insurmountable difficulties, should fall to work to perfect their organization throughout the State. Patriotic Republicans everywhere would doubtless render to them a cheerful and effective assistance. Let them unhesitatingly solicit the co-operation of the people of the State, who really gave the victory, and without whose sympathy and support nothing can be done. Let them not forego their efforts until the Republican party has a representative at work in every voting precinct of the State, and the wisdom and safety of Republican principles are well understood in every household in the commonwealth. Populists and Independent Free Coinagists have campaigned from campaign to campaign; and why should Republicans do otherwise?

## THE CABINET SITUATION.

The appointment of a cabinet officer from the Pacific Coast still remains undetermined. For the sake of avoiding friction, the birth and growth of new animosities and avoidable rivalries, it would indeed have been fortunate if Major McKinley had earlier taken some step to decisively indicate the direction in which his mind is working with regard to his western selection. To imagine that the incoming President does not understand the local situation in California is folly. Rumors coming from the east would indicate that he is thoroughly posted concerning the political affairs of this State and the number and quality of our cabinet possibilities. According to the telegrams the only names being seriously considered are those of Judges McKenna and De Haven, yet neither of these gentlemen has solicited the place or engaged himself in procuring indorsements from committees, delegations or the like. "The Wave" has said and repeats that if we are honored by the incoming President the appointment will go to some citizen who is capable of understanding the extremely bad taste of attempting to "break in" a presidential cabinet.

Mr. Horace Davis, who as we have said is an honorable man, is also a cabinet impossibility. His indorsement by the delegation does not assist him to the slightest extent, but it manifestly has worked something of injury to the man who is popularly credited with being his friend and sponser in the matter. Mr. Davis' position is certainly a delicate one. He must understand that the indorsement tendered him by the congressional committee does not accomplish his appointment. In the nature of things it cannot carry much if any weight with the President. Being here on the field and cognizant of the injury that may come to Senator Perkins through his friendship for him, it would seem as though it were his bounden duty to withdraw, or request the delegation to withdraw the indorsement which it saw fit to tender Should Mr. Davis take such a step, the very magnanimity of it would stamp him as a man of broad mind and unselfish ambition and strengthen rather than weaken the slim chances that are already his.

That Judge Waymire will receive the cabinet appointment we most strongly doubt, and we do not make this statement with any feeling of unfriendliness to that gentleman. Men who admire him most freely express regret that he should have aimed so high. He is entitled to, and will doubtless receive, unless he manage to undo himself, an appointment commensurate with his abilities and in keeping with the undoubted service he has performed for his party and for Major McKinley. It is urged in his behalf that the relations existing between himself and the incoming President and Mark Hanna are of the most intimate and confidential nature. There is every reason to believe from the current rumors that the incoming President and his closest advisor are thoroughly and completely informed as to the character, attainments, limitations and abilities of Judge Waymire. Why then under these circumstances it should be necessary for that gentleman to engage the support of Tom, Dick and Harry for the cabinet is inexplicable. His course is calculated to belittle himself and render him an impossibility. His advisors, whoever they may be, are not only indiscreet, but they are foolhardy as well; for they have led him to pursue a course that, even in the presence of a willingness to appoint him, is calculated to destroy the prestige he has already gained.

In all of the present muddle it might be well for the enemies of Senator Perkins to consider that in charging the selection of Horace Davis to Senator Perkins' influence, they credit that gentleman with two virtues they would be loath to openly concede to him. They credit him with influence enough to bring the members of a not altogether friendly congressional delegation to uniting on his friend for the highest possible political office that will come to this coast, and they also credit him with that rare and admirable virtue of sticking to political friends in the face of adverse criticism that threatens to imperil if not destroy his own chances of political success. These virtues accredited to Mr. Perkins out of the mouths of his enemies should fortify his friends and redouble their zeal in his behalf.

## MISSION OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

American colleges are like volcanoes. They occur with but rare exceptions near to large bodies of water. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and Columbia are on the Atlantic seaboard, Ann Arbor (the biggest of them all) and Rockefeller's University of Chicago are upon the shores of the Great Lakes, while in our own State the U. C. and Stanford University are within striking distance of the Pacific.

One may generalize a bit further. One may say that great colleges go in pairs, located near each other, but conducted along different principles, one conservative, the other progressive. Thus we have conservative Oxford near progressive Cambridge, progressive Yale near conservative Harvard, and in our own State conservative Berkeley near progressive Stanford.

The conservative college is the one nearest the large city, Oxford near London, Harvard near Boston, Berkeley near San Francisco. The conservative college draws largest from the boys of the city near to which it is located. The progressive college calls to itself young men from all over the country. The Londoner is at Oxford, the Bostoner at Harvard, the San Franciscan at the U. C. While on the other hand you will find Americans and Germans at Cambridge, Californians at Yale and Massachusetts boys at Stanford.

With the opening of Stanford University an educational tide set toward the Pacific Coast. Young men from Oregon and Washington, from Illinois, Arizona, New York and Pennsylvania gathered at Palo Alto who would never have thought of going to college if it had been merely a question of the State University. Of course there are many exceptions to every rule and all generalities are more or less false, but roughly speaking it is the country-bred young man whom you will see at Stanford—just as you will see him at Yale and at Cambridge. Now this fact has a certain significance. We will not consider Yale or Cambridge; we will make the application only as it concerns Stanford and the State of California. We believe it can be proven that it is conducive to the building up of a State's population and material prosperity, to a "development of her resources," if one may use the phrase so dear to the hearts of the speakers at the openings of agricultural fairs.

Suppose our young man—"Prep" I believe is the cant collegiate nickname—hails from Kansas, let us say, or any of the middle west States. He is nineteen years old. He passes his entrance ex's, he is matriculated, he enters at Palo Alto and lives there. Never again is he at so impressionable an age. Never is he so apt to take fire with such enthusiasm. He spends his four years (with the exception of short summer vacations) at Stanford. The college graduate who is not enthusiastically devoted to his alma mater has yet to receive a diploma, and the young man from Kansas returns to his State to, unconsciously and unintentionally, "boom" California by the high colored descriptions of his college days there spent. But this is not all. The Stanford collegian forms associations outside of college and friends that generally last a lifetime. There is a girl somewhere—and he's at an impressionable age; his life accustoms itself to run in particular channels. As often as not a business chance is opened to him on leaving college. Take it altogether now, his best friends are in California, and his business opportunity is here—and the girl is here, perhaps. It is on the cards that he settles here. He is an educated, presumably capable man by this time. He has secured a California education, and as likely as not he gets down to work to "develop" those "resources."

How many such cases does Stanford produce yearly? Let us be very conservative, let us say ten. Ten out of a class of four hundred is surely low enough. In ten years this makes a hundred men—a hundred men whose energies would otherwise have been devoted to the interests of Kansas, or Iowa, or Indiana.

And consider and reflect upon one last point. These hundred men are not a hundred nobodies. They are college graduates, they have trained intellects. Their very forte is the "development of resources." They are the lawyers, the statesmen, engineers, editors and the like of the next century.

## AN IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

### GOOD JOURNALISM THAT IS NOT THE NEW JOURNALISM.

Theron C. Crawford, formerly London correspondent of the New York "World," and a good all-around newspaper-man, is writing for the "Cosmopolitan" a series of "modern fables" of singular power and interesting suggestion. In the current number he tells of the making of a great newspaper on a new plan, for a field which one might suppose had already been fully exploited. The idea on which the series is hung is that the President of the Universal Trust, finding himself in danger of nervous prostration, is advised by his physician to give up business and try something wholly new. This new thing is to find somebody with a ruling passion, and to gratify that desire to the full, the amusement to be derived from a philosophic supervision of results. In the present fable he takes a newspaper-man, blessed (or cursed) with a keen desire for political power. Of course money is no object, and it is placed without stint at the service of the person who is made the subject of the experiment. Henry La Farge is the name of the subject, and he, being provided with a fund of three million dollars on which to draw, starts in by selecting for his managing editor an officer of the army, for the reason that he would not be hampered by newspaper tradition. The man selected objects that he has no experience, and the story proceeds:

"The trouble, my dear sir, with the average newspaper is that it differs in no essential degree from any of its predecessors. The public has been educated up to a false standard of what is called news, and so the newspapers have become mere publication machines for the registering of what is called the history of the day. They descend to such petty trivialities, and describe such uninteresting incidents, that the newspaper is thereby made such a mass of so-called information that it is read with neither profit nor amusement. The basis of news-gathering of all newspapers of modern times is found in rival associations. We talk about the skill and professional ability employed in making our newspapers, and yet it is a fact that the great news-gathering associations of the country have been for years in the hands of mere telegraph operators.

"Now I lay it down as a matter of principle that there are a large number of people in the world who are influenced by suggestion. The average man who thinks consecutively for himself, with perfect freedom of judgment and lack of prejudice from outside influences, is exceedingly rare, so that the publication of the evil incidents of the daily history of the world in an exaggerated way has a tendency to send out a wave of criminal suggestion to the impressionable people of the world who might be equally impressed by a wave of moral suggestion, if you please."

After the preliminaries are arranged, the new paper makes its appearance:

The "Gazette" appeared without a word of preliminary advertisement. There was not a single announcement on the walls in New York concerning it Its home was a building well adapted to business purposes, in the upper part of New York, facing Madison Square. The proprietor made a sacrifice by limiting the use of the building to the sole production of the newspaper. It had the elegance and cleanliness of a first-class club. Upon its upper floor was a suite of rooms to be used by the bachelor members of the staff kept at the office by late duties. The club idea was carried still further. A restaurant for the use of the members of the building occupied one of the corners of the top floor. The printers also had their own restaurant, where food was furnished them at cost. Down stairs every writer had a room to himself. These were furnished with elegance and great neatness. It was already one of the absolute requirements for a position on the newspaper that a man should be a gentleman, and every employee was so paid as to enable him to dress in accordance with his station. It was Mr. La Farge's idea that the newspaper should be conducted on the lines which ruled the conduct of a gentleman in private life.

A great sensation was created by the appearance of the first issue. There was nothing in the paper to shock or grotesquely amuse. There was a decided sensation, however, at the discovery that throughout the journal there was a careful classification of the news of the world, leaving out the rubbish and presenting, through the hands of specialists, all the events which really should interest people. It was a notable feature that the financial column was in the hands of a man who had a world-wide reputation in the world of finance. Musical criticisms were written by people who actually understood the art of composition. In the same way, special knowledge and character were prominent features of the paper. There was no very serious tone, but instead a light, good-natured, easy way of treating the events of the day. The light touch was more often exhibited than the heavy one. The illustrations were simple and very correct, and the paper itself was a model of typographical elegance. For once the criminal news was subdued to nonpareil type, in compact articles, undisplayed, and briefly reviewing such incidents from the court records.

In the personal column there was not a single mention of a person who was not prominent. Not a single nobody had his name thrust upon the public. But the great sensation of all was created by an exposure. What New York newspaper could appear without an exposure? This was the result of very strict orders given by the editor, that the city editor should lead off by an exposure of some very prominent New York citizen.

"You have spent nearly all your time exposing crime in New York," explained Mr. La Farge. "Let us expose a little virtue. I want you to go out into the by-ways of New York—where everything can be found if there be a man of intelligence to seek it—and discover for me the most conspicuous correct man in New York, some one who is laboring to accomplish a high aim, and expose to me his extreme virtue. I cannot think of anything that is more likely to attract attention."

This unusual sort of newspaper, violating most of the traditions so dear to the journalistic heart, very soon became a valuable property, carrying tremendous influence, with the results that La Farge is elected Mayor of New York, and then goes to Congress, where he is elected Speaker.

The Prize-Winner of the Pony Class

The Best Phaeton, Ladies' Class

The White Uniformed Americus Club

A Six-in-Hand from the Hotel Green

One of the Winners

First Prize, Double Team

The Largest Float on Record: Sixty Members of the Conservatory of Music

SCENES FROM THE MIDWINTER ROSE CARNIVAL AT PASADENA

## FOX-HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA

### The San Mateo Hunt Club Introduces the Sport.

The sport of riding to hounds promises soon to become a feature of California open-air sports, just as it is in New York and in Kentucky and elsewhere in the United States. The San Mateo Hunt Club has been organized and the hunts are to be conducted according to established usage and custom. The sport is open to all comers, to any one who owns or can hire or borrow a horse. The unreasoned ridicule and caricatures of the daily press notwithstanding, there can be few sports more exciting and exhilerating than a cross country ride after a well-trained pack of fox hounds, and through the generosity of the San Mateo club the sport has been placed within the reach of nearly every horseman—and horsewoman for the matter of that—in San Francisco and the surrounding country.

It is hard to understand why the San Francisco papers should elect to decry every amateur athletic venture undertaken by the people of their own city and State. There is no good and sufficient reason why California gentlemen should not indulge in polo, trap-shooting, pony racing, football, fox hunting and the like. You will not see the press of other cities ridiculing these things. That they are participated in by gentlemen, merely for the love of the game, does not make them "dude sports," as the reporter would have us believe. Football is not the sport of the effeminate, nor is polo—where only the man who is utterly and absolutely reckless of life and limb can expect to be in the game at all—the sport of "dudes." In heaven's name let us have a few "torrowbreds" among us to offset the real "dudes," the Saturday afternoon promenaders of Kearny street, the "Brownies" who go the cocktail route, and whose only fatigue comes of too much dancing.

I take it that the best type of man is he who is "born and raised" a gentleman but who has "sand" and "nerve" and is not afraid of getting hurt; who knows what to do with his hands and feet on the football gridiron as well as in a drawing-room, or who can handle a horse before a five-barred gate as well as he can guide a girl in a crowded ball-room.

It is on the cards that the sport of riding to hounds has come to California to stay. At present the hunts are "drag hunts," where the hounds trail the scent of an aniseed bag. The California fox cannot be hunted on account of his trick of climbing trees, and the club is something averse to importing eastern foxes, to multiply and become a pest. It would not be surprising—a little later when the sport is thoroughly organized—to see the elusive cayote hunted over the ranches of San Mateo county. The thing would be sportsmanlike in every way and typical and characteristic of California, just as the kangaroo hunts are typical of Australia and the boa hunts are of continental Europe. As for the gameness of the little beast in the matter of speed, one has but to remember Mark Twain's description of the "self-respecting dog" and his efforts to pull down the cayote, loping over the ground like "an old hat flopping before the wind." Last Saturday was the initial meet of the club and was successful beyond all expectation. Fifty-eight riders, including eight ladies, started in the hunt. Mr. Hobart's hounds, some twenty couple, were laid on the trail of the bag, and only once, and that but for a moment, lost the scent. The surrounding hills and fields proved to be admirably adapted for cross country riding, and no accidents of any kind occurred. Captain Wainwright laid out a course of about eight miles and the "death" occurred near the Howard residence, just west of San Mateo.

The new year is going to see some changes in electric lighting. That form of lighting is going to be made cheaper. The cheapening will occur in the initial process of producing the current. What has made the electric light cost so much is the fact that we haven't been able to produce it without the intervention of the steam engine. The idea has been all along to make the electric light so cheap that it would supersede gas and all other illuminants and become the one universal light. We'll do away with the steam engine before long and get electricity right from the coal itself. We'll have gas for fuel altogether then.

When snake venom is concentrated by removing the albumen substance and retaining the other two, what is left constitutes the most powerful poison known to toxicology. It has been reckoned that a single thimbleful of it if suitably applied would be enough to kill 25,000 people.

A staff officer in Berlin declares that the Dongola expedition is, on the whole, the most faultless military work done by British officers since the peninsula war.

## A WINTER ROSE FESTIVAL

### How the Advent of the New Year is Celebrated in Pasadena.

A Rose Carnival in the dead of winter. Think of that! A world of flowers, floats, music, horses and streaming bunting. That's what Pasadena was on the first day of the new year, on the occasion of the celebration of the annual Rose Carnival.

The little city was a literal bower of roses, cala lilies and other flowers; the eye ached and tired of the endless kaleidoscope of color that flashed and faded and flashed again from every house and lamp-post, from every overhanging balcony and from every telegraph pole.

Think of a line of march that covered ten miles—ten miles of marching files, ten miles of pageantry, of enormous floats, of military bands, of bicycle clubs, of four-in-hands, "spiders," drags and the like. Probably no larger nor more beautiful procession ever moved in Southern California than this which defiled through Pasadena on the first day of 1897. Even the Fire Department turned out, its engines and hose carts hidden under whole hothouses of cala lilies and roses.

One of the most fetching lines of the whole procession was that of the directors of the association. They made a noble sight in their white and yellow uniforms, mounted on thoroughbred horses and bearing blue banners. The float entered by O. Stuart Taylor was, I think, the biggest thing of its kind I have ever seen. Fancy sixty people gathered upon one float, dressed in Spanish costumes and singing Mexican national airs to mandolin and guitar accompaniment. The Americus Club, all in glistening white uniforms, was as pretty a sight as one would wish to see. They turned out eighty strong, and I believe won the first prize as the best company entry. They shared the honors, however, with the six-in-hand English drag from the Hotel Green. This was a gorgeous affair drawn by six strapping bay horses and almost entirely covered with pink and white carnations.

It was indeed a gala day in the history of the little city and one long to be remembered. Nothing could have been more successful, and it is to be hoped that the Pasadena Rose Carnival will become a fixture among Southern California flower festivals. Remember that all these roses and cala lilies and carnations were abloom on the first day of the new year—in the dead of winter.

*NEW YEARS' EVE AT THE CONCORDIA CLUB*

**It is the custom at the Concordia Club to celebrate the coming of the New Year with a ball. This photo was taken one minute before midnight.**

Flashlight photo by S. G. Williams

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The subject of politics struggles with the elopement of Miss Spreckels for supremacy. The echoes of the marriage at San Jose were hushed by the clamor of Governor Budd's message. Heavens—a whole page of it—even President Cleveland had not more to say for himself, and he discussed the affairs of a nation while Stockton Jim but canvassed the condition of a State. Quantity there was, but of quality who can say? Even the editor of the "Examiner" has not read the thing through, and were it fraught with the wisdom of Solomon, the Governor's reputation has so suffered at his own tongue that his recommendations are discredited in advance. Quite the contrary Mayor Phelan's inaugural. It was a clean, intelligent and well phrased document, punctuated with ideas and abounding in enthusiasm. Though it be true that the courts have stripped the office of its potency, I imagine the cleverness of Mr. Phelan will find loopholes to embarass the associated villains. He will not be the futile and passionate figurehead his predecessor was. Given money and determination, an honest man may be a power even in San Francisco. The resources of a private detective corps and the terrors of San Quentin may impose virtue even on Supervisors obedient to Boss Rainey.

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There are convenances in every calling. You would never imagine what a code of etiquette there is in ballooning, yet encounter a properly balanced aeronaut and you will learn the exalted nature of their expectations. Among the conditions of night ascents—which are difficult and dangerous—they demand the rising balloon be illuminated by a search light so that the artist may know where he is at and be able to tell at what moment to release the parachute. At the Chutes, the night before New Year's, Vosmoer, a daring aeronaut, had agreed to ascend, and amid the cheers of the spectators had departed, hanging on to the trapeze suspended from the bag. The great searchlight revealed him bravely cutting capers as the balloon soared into the night. Suddenly the light was flashed away from him upon the vast throng of spectators below, just for a second, and then back across the sky. It seems Mr. Hastings, the press agent, had constituted himself illuminator in chief for the occasion, and he conceived it would add to the effect if the element of contrast was added to the spectacle. He tried it—for a minute the Chutes were as bright as noon. Then back into space after the aeronaut. But he was not to be found. The great light flashed across the heavens like a comet's tail but without revealing a sight of the bag. Hastings twisted its beams north and south and not a sign of Vosmoer. At last sick at heart he gave up the quest, determined never again to assay contrast for fun. Very early in the morning the unfortunate aeronaut turned up with his parachute, safe in wind and limb, but highly indignant at the treatment of the searchlight.

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The Century Club was entertained the other day with an exhibition of Indian curiosities—baskets, utensils and appliances of various kinds—gathered from the private collections of certain prominent citizens. Before proceeding further it should be stated that the Century Club is the premier feminine organization on the coast, being composed of women who unite social and intellectual prominence, and who pride themselves especially on their respectability and exclusiveness. You may imagine their feelings on noting, stationed in charge of the exhibit, an unmistakable policeman. Not one of your plain clothes detectives, but a simon-pure copper in regimentals. Several of the ladies expostulated with the president over the presence of this legal myrmidon, suggesting it as a reflection on the honesty of all concerned.

"But you know," explained that lady artlessly, "this is a very valuable collection, and it is only right we take every precaution to guard it."

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There is a quaint bit of history in connection with the Thistle mine, the flooding of which has recently made idle one hundred sturdy men in Sierra county. The Thistle was promoted by certain smart Alecks who, having a financial connection in Glasgow, utilized it to sell what they believed was a worthless hole to a handful of respectable but credulous Scotchmen. The representations were admirable of course, but it was only coin the smart Alecks were after. Having obtained a substantial sum they laughed at the buyers, frittered away the capital as it returned to their pockets, and then announced the enterprise a failure. The serious manner in which the news was taken quite upset the promoters, who seemed to think it unnatural the Scotchmen should expect anything else. They reflected sadly on the lack of humor characteristic of the nationality. In the meantime at a meeting of the owners to discuss their predicament, a young fellow named Wingate, who had sunk his patrimony in the enterprise, asked to be sent out to Sierra county to look after the mine. He knew nothing about mining, he admitted, but said that if there was gold to be had he'd find it. As a last resort they let him go. He found himself an object of much amusement in the county, but commenced by discharging the entire force and engaging a new set of men. Then he levied a small assessment and began to dig. He kept his own counsel also. At the end of a year he had found ore enough to defray the cost of further developments. Eight months later the stockholders in Glasgow were horrified to learn that there was a surplus of $100,000 ready to be divided up among them. Since then, for five years past, the Thistle has paid respectable—nay, liberal—dividends, and Wingate, having got the property into fine condition, had just begun to uncover a very rich bed of ore—ore so rich indeed that it meant a big bonus to all the owners. Alas, the final blast dislodged a body of rock which uncovered a spring, and before they realized what had happened the mine began filling with water. The miners barely escaped with their lives. Wingate was not discouraged. He took the first stage for town, bought a big pump and announces he'll pump out that mine and the spring. It is a big job, but you cannot convince any one up in Sierra county that he won't do it.

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Just glance over the New Year's "Chronicle." Really it is a remarkable paper. Such a collection of statistics, of facts, if made by a government official or bureau would elicit the attention of the nation and evoke editorial comment from every newspaper in the land. Yet we take it here as a matter of course. Such a paper obtains its best appreciation among specialists. The produce dealer and the orchardist will read with the deepest interest the figures relative to fruit raising in California; the raisin grower may base his development on the figures collated by the "Chronicle," which show the degree of production throughout the coast. The miner, the beet sugar farmer, the olive rancher—all are deeply interested in the contents of this great paper which really means more to the State than tons of the fluff and flim-flam which makes the contents of ordinary Christmas editions. I don't pretend to have read through this "Chronicle," but I rode home the other night with a man who has several hundreds of thousands in a big fruit cannery.

"I didn't read all of it myself," he said, "but I have all the figures showing the number of fruit trees planted in the State and the statistics about those that come into bearing this year down in my note book, and I'll venture to say every produce dealer in the State has transferred big hunks of that paper to his scrap book. You might tell me, though, how they gather all that information. I can't get it myself and I'm in the fruit business."

As there are more ways of killing a cat than cutting its throat, there are more methods of exploring a mine than digging a shaft. Of this interesting fact I am forcibly reminded by the lawsuit which the astute Alvinza Hayward has projected against the Rawhide. Next to that rich property is a claim called the Rawhide Extension, and to it Hayward holds title. Doubtless it is a valuable property, but its value remains to be exploited, or rather, laid bare, for it is as yet virgin ground. Now, if Alvinza only knew just which way the Rawhide leads ran, then it would be easy to sink a pit and tap them as they entered his ground. But he does not know, and to find out necessitates much exploring and tunneling at a cost per foot to wither the radiance of a Utica dividend. Information that is not available in one way is often reaped in another, and Mr. Hayward has found a way out of his difficulty. He claims the owners of the Rawhide are impinging on his property and are stealing his ore, and in consequence thereof the Superior Court has granted an order permitting plaintiff (Hayward) to survey defendant's mine. In this way the astute Alvinza will discover not only all he desires to learn about his own property, but will be enabled also to diagnose the condition and promise of the Rawhide, a class of information which he has long desired to obtain.

## A WESTERN CURIOSITY SHOP

### How Nathan Joseph Collects.—His Theories of Purchase and Sale.

The little shop down there on Clay street, below Kearny, 641 I believe the number is, where Mr. Joseph and his curios live, is a thing to be seen among the sights of this town. It has ceased to become a mere store, a curiosity shop. It is an institution, one of those features of San Francisco to be spoken of with the Seal Rocks, and Chinatown, and earthquakes and the like. Nathan Joseph has collected, and collected, and collected for twenty-seven years. In the early days of the business he would buy anything, barring only old clothes and live things. You can fancy—even if you haven't seen it—the condition of that store after nearly thirty years of accumulating. The apparent confusion is something beyond all words. Matabele assegais—of the stabbing kind invented by Tschaka—lie side by side with the bone weights the Aleuts use to sink their nets, and daggers from New Guinea made out of human bones are spread out upon the skirt of a court dress of the time of the thirteenth Louis.

Just how these thousands of various articles were brought together is something beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind. Mr. Joseph will tell you that he has correspondents all over the world, from Tasiusak to Buluwayo, but at the same time informs you that these correspondents get their orders as to what to buy from him; that they do not exercise their own judgment in the least. Mr. Joseph says he "keeps track" of the curios the world round; that at one moment he is writing to a missionary in the Marquesas concerning the figureheads set up in the assembly huts, and at another corresponding with deputy port collectors on the Gold Coast in the matter of Senegali gourds. It is a strange life to live when you consider it. You pass the world in review from this little crowded curio shop. By mail, or express or freight messages come to you every morning, direct from the heart of Africa, from Papua, from the Behring Sea, and from the half-forgotten nameless islands of the Indian Ocean. It's one thing to see, let us say, a jade-hilted Hagahn, in a museum, carefully deposited in its case, wired down perhaps, ticketed, labelled and classified, and all that, and it is quite another to see the same weapon in Nathan Joseph's shop, straight from his agent in Teheran, for all I know, where you may handle it and swing it, and wonder who was its last strange, half-civilized owner. Mr. Joseph collects largely for the love of the thing; whether he sells to the casual customer or not is a matter of indifference to him. I saw a pipe in one of his drawers, an Esquimault affair of walrus tusk, etched with scenes from the maker's life, and I fell in love with it—perhaps I would have bought it at a reasonable figure—but Mr. Joseph would not so much as tell me the price.

When you buy a curio in his shop you must not count upon a mere give and exchange transaction, as though it were a matter of a pound of tea, or a hat, or a pair of gloves. You must not expect to secure a war drum from Borneo with as little compunction as a new scarf from your furnishing store. The matter becomes serious, assumes importance; it is not a trade, it is a "negotiation relative to transfer." Nathan Joseph does not care to sell to everybody who comes along. You must know your man. You must be appreciative of the article. You must learn something about it, for, says Mr. Joseph, "a curio without a history is valueless." The whole place is a curio in itself, if you choose so to consider it. Mr. Joseph showed me two places in the ceiling, two white spots of fresh plaster that covered holes made there by burglars at different times. They had rented the rooms immediately above the curiosity shop and had cut through the ceiling during the night and had looted as much as they could. I say as much as they could, for I do not think a dozen men working a dozen hours a day could empty Mr. Nathan's store in less than a week's time. The cellar of the shop is a wierd and gruesome hole, smelling of mold and of earth (suggestive of new-dug graves). In fact, Mr. Joseph does call it his graveyard. Skull-things are here, with rows of teeth, clinched as if in the act of gnashing, and a hideous unwrapped mummy, sitting Buddha-fashion, in a glass case. Then there are cats—black, of course—that look at one over the rows of skulls, and are as wild as panthers. I am sure that if one crept down those cellar steps at about midnight one would find a cat or two gnawing at the skulls or snuffing in the cracks of the mummy case. It's an evil place.

SORTING THE CURIOS: NATHAN JOSEPH IN HIS SANCTUM

The excellent photographs of Griffith Park, Los Angeles, published in the last issue of "The Wave," were made by Stiffler & Gill of 120½ South Spring street, Los Angeles.

Electric March

Jack and the Dairymaids

John J. Raffael as Oberon and Annie Suits as Titania

Miss Anna Schnabel in an Heroic Pose

Hartman and West

Miss Seabrooke as Jack and Anna Schnabel as Princess

Wm. H. Tooker as the Giant and Master Jack Robertson as Puck

SCENES FROM "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" AT THE TIVOLI

Photos by Bushnell

SAN QUENTIN PRISON FROM THE HILL, LOOKING SOUTH

Photo by Taber

## NEW YEAR'S AT SAN QUENTIN

### How the Prisoners Celebrate the Passing of the Old Year.

New Year's Day in a Penitentiary! I wonder what they think of on this day—the "cons"—the murderers, burglars, highwaymen, thieves and the like—the striped army of them down there in the prison yard, with the gatling guns of the watchtowers trained on them!

One would like to suppose that the suggestiveness of the day forced itself upon them. If ever there were occasions for New Year Day resolutions they would exist here in the "yard." I should like to think that the sentenced murderer in the condemned cell—number twenty-four, it is—chose the day to think a bit over a mis-spent life; that he attained to a "might-have-been" mood, or that the twenty-year-men checked off the passing of another year that brought them nearer to liberty, or that the "life-timer" gloomily reflected that the advent of 1897 brought no encouragement or hope to him.

Perhaps there are isolated cases of this kind, but they are few and far between. I went all over the penitentiary of San Quentin on the first day of this year, and though I did not get speech of the men in the yard, I talked to some of the "outsiders"—the trusties—who are the connecting link between the yard and the outside world; who are in touch with the "cons" and know them thoroughly; and this was the impression I gained.

New Year's Day in San Quentin is indeed a period of rejoicing, but the "pen" is a distinct and isolated world of its own, having its own ideals and enjoyments and ambitions, absolutely and radically different from any other community that exists. The "cons" make merry over New Year's Day, not because it is New Year's, but because it brings with it two inestimable blessings—fish dinner and that consummate beatitude of the "con's" existence, the blissful freedom from the detested and execrated half-day's work in the jute mill.

I think this hatred of manual labor among certain of the criminal class is a mild form of dementia—a mania, a blind, unreasoned aversion (only intensified a thousand fold), such as some people have of cats—an aversion that cannot be conquered, or argued with, or outlived. It develops in the children of criminal families, like homicidal manias and the like. You cannot understand this thing—can get no idea of the "con's" horror of it until you have visited the "pen," and have listened to some of the stories there told.

Consider the situation a moment. Suppose you and I were "cons," and that for some reason we were not "outside men," but had to work in the mill. It is a regulation that each man who works in that mill must do his tick of a hundred yards of jute per day. With ordinary industry the "con" can finish it at about half past twelve o'clock. After that he can do what he likes with his time until lock-up. The work is of the easiest description—a child could learn it and perform it without difficulty. You and I, if we were "cons," would fall into the regime without complaint, we would get into the habit of the thing, and I've no doubt would come to do our hundred yards of jute ahead of time for the sake of the extra leisure it would insure. Why, for the matter of that, we might even prefer to work rather than to lounge all day idle about the flagstones of the sunny yard.

Not so the average "con." He rages at his task, goes to it with a furious reluctance that no habit can overcome, blasphemes the prison directors in the din of the clashing shuttles, and leaves his machine with a relief that can only be expressed by long rolls of oaths. He hates it as a victim of the Great Persecution hated the rack and the stake—sees in the loom he daily toils before only an instrument of torture, of oppresion, and injustice—is kept to his work only by guards with guns and the fear of the "hole" and straight-jacket. You will not believe the extremities to which he will go to escape from it. You are shown one man in the hospital ward who is shamming insanity. For fourteen months this man has lain upon his back, speaking to no one, in order to persuade the authorities of the prison that he is crazy and unfit to work in the mill. Fourteen months! Think of that—a year and two months in bed so as not to work for half a dozen hours per day! But this is not the worst. A man who's fingers are missing can do no work in the mill, naturally. One of the "cons" (who, mind you, had only four more months of his sentence to serve), took advantage of this fact, and one day deliberately thrust his thumb between the cogwheels of one of the jute machines and let it be crushed off.

"Now let 'em make me work!"

"Huh!" answered his mates. "You'll work just the same. A man without a thumb can tend the machine all right. Doctor Lawlor won't excuse you from work for that."

"He won't, won't he!" shouts my "con." "I'll fix him!" and in goes the whole hand, to come out again with the four fingers ground away.

Only four months more of work, but he preferred maiming for life rather than undergo it. You can't account for this on the ground of simple dislike of labor. It's dementia—hereditary mental obliquity, taking the form of a horror of work.

One custom obtains on New Year's day, and as far as I can see, but one. We arranged to see, or rather, hear it.

On New Year's eve, just before twelve o'clock, we sat ourselves down upon a flight of steps on terrace above the prison, where we could overlook the yard. The last moments of the old year were passing, and the scene, in the night, looking down into the huge dark prison, with its rows of bolted iron doors that stood for so much of the crime and wickedness and perversity of life, should have been impressive. But there was a jarring note. The female ward was the part of the "pen" nearest us, and through the stillness of that New Year's eve came the monotonous and raucous plaint of a woman's voice, flung across the narrow court to some inmate of an opposite cell, the words as distinct as if spoken in the ear:

"——an' after all I've said an' done fur him, that's the way he treated me" (here a long roll of oaths); "why, he might be a-beggin' on the streets if it hadn't-a-been fur me—beggin' on the streets to-day if it hadn't-a-been fur me, an' that's the way he treated me."

This was the theme, repeated again and again, in different words. What did it stand for? What was the grievance this female "con" was lamenting in these moments when the year was turning as the turning of a tide. Was it a slight of yesterday? Was it a wrong that had wrecked a life? Was it true? Was it a lie? Was she old or young, innocent or guilty, I shall never know. It was a mystery. A voice, from a prison, at midnight. The incident of a moment!

"If it hadn't-a-been fur me—an' that's the way he treated—a-beggin' on the streets, an——"

Suddenly it was the New Year. Very far off at the end of the line of guards came a prolonged cry: "Twelve—o'clock and a—a—all's well," and another nearer cry repeated it. But we lost the sound of the answer. With the call of the first guard the prison of San Quentin thundered with noises. Somewhere near by a chorus of bugles sang together, only to be drowned by a vast clamor that rang from wall to wall of the prison, and that split the silence of the night with the clamor of a splitting berg. At that moment the thirteen hundred prisoners of San Quentin were beating their fists upon the iron doors of their cells. A strange noise—strange for its suddenness—stranger when you consider its suggestiveness. The iron barrier that shuts out from liberty and the pursuit of happiness serving as a clashing cymbal of rejoicing—the door of a prison cell used as a bell to sound the New Year in! Surely no stranger New Year chimes were rung that night the world around.

And with all this vast clangor, this strange, reverberating tumult, not a movement, not a sign of human life. The moonlight and the white glare of electricity flooded the prison yard and the building till the very bolts on the doors were visible, but not a living thing stirred. The enclosure roared with the roar of an army with clashing shields, yet remained deserted, desolate, abandoned of all life.

One thing I remember, however, that compensated—one thing that redeemed the gloom and the wierdness of it all. Just after the first guard had raised his cry of "All's well," and just before the thunder of the thirteen hundred fists upon the doors of the cells, a fraction of a second had intervened—a brief moment of time—st long enough for the female "con," she of the hoarse and raucous voice, to interrupt her monotonous complaint and cry:

"Happy New Year, May!"

FRANK NORRIS.

CRANK ALLEY, SAN QUENTIN PRISON

Photo by Taber

Over thirty cities and towns in Ontario have adopted the provincial curfew law. The corporation of Ottawa has decided to apply it to that city. Children under fourteen, unaccompanied by parents or guardians, must not be in the streets after 9 P. M.

Cardinal Gibbons is a believer in the Kneipp cure. He has been under the care of the Bavarian priest for six months, has taken walks in the grass while it was covered with dew and followed out all Kneipp's directions. He is said to have been much benefitted by it.

## THE BOOM ASSOCIATION

### How Mr. Amos Starling Managed to Work a City.

"The board will come to order."

President Mulligrubs of the Incandescent Mutual Arc Illuminating Company was gloomy. Business had been bad for thrse yeurs without a break and there was always a threat in the air that the Amalgamated Hydrogen and Water Lighting Company might extend it operations.

"Things are looking very dark," said the president to his brother directors.

"We have been compelled, gentlemen," he continued, "to borrow the money to meet the half yearly installment of interest on our bonds. The stock is absolutely unsalable at any price. There isn't any way to get out, and we'll be in the hands of a receiver in three months if things don't take a turn."

It was true. There was "no way to get out," and no soft spot on which to fall, as the president had remarked.

"The business is going to pot," admitted Director Munker, "and the Supervisors milk the company for the last penny they can squeeze out of us on the street lighting contract. It's a shame we can't have an honest government." Director Munker was the gentleman to whom was confided the delicate task of "arranging" for city contracts. This phase of the business had been so costly that President Mulligrubs had once remarked in confidence to one of his colleagues:

"I believe Munker sinks the most of it."

"I've seen this coming," spoke up Director Gilfeather, "and I've got a man outside who has a plan that I think will pull us out of the hole."

"Let's have him in by all means," said the president.

Mr. Gilfeather hastened to introduce to the board his friend, Mr. Amos Starling, late of Kansas City and other towns. Mr. Starling, it appeared, was a bird of passage whose stay in a given locality was usually limited by circumstances over which he had no control, but this matter was not dwelt on with any sort of emphasis. Mr. Starling was introduced. His keen, vulpine chin was clean s ), and he was gifted with a mouth which seemed to bear promise of a fine flow of language.

"It appears to me, gentlemen," said he, fixing a gimlet eye on the president after the introduction, "it appears to me, if I may say so without offense, that you have neglected your opportunities. You have here in this city a very complete organization of district improvement clubs. Why, gentlemen, it's Providence—the Providence, if I may say so without irreverence, that guards the safety of the Incandescent Mutual Arc Illuminating Company. Those clubs are capable of being worked, and I propose to work them with your assistance—for their own good, of course, and incidentally for the advantage of this corporation."

"But how?" interrogated President Mulligrubs.

"The thing is very easy," said Starling. "All we've got to do is to get up a rivalry among these clubs on the matter of illumination of their neighborhood. Get them to calling names and talking about 'silurians' and 'enemies to progress.' That will make the other fellows mad, and if you don't have a boom in street lighting inside of three months it will not be my fault. The newspapers, of course, will fall right in with the scheme. They're all 'friends of progress.' "

"But," objected Director Munker, "how are we going to secure the benefit of this plan for ourselves should we undertake it? You know these things take money to handle. Now, if we work the clubs and pay our good money down we want the full benefit of the outlay. There are plenty of people who have light to sell besides us, and we'd look pretty, wouldn't we, to pay money to fix the ground and then have some other concern step in and reap the dollars?"

"That's easily attended to," replied the airy Starling. "That's part of the scheme, of course. I propose to organize the San Francisco Philanthropic Boom Association. I will be that association. Of course I will get plenty of good names connected with it—no trouble about names. Of course, gentlemen, I will expect your assistance in that part of the work, as I am somewhat of a stranger in these parts. I will appear before the clubs and see the influential members on the side—that may cost a little money—as the representative of the Philanthropic Boom Association, and I will let them know that in the interests of the advancement of the city I have secured from you gentlemen an exclusive contract for lighting

THE DEATH

at reduced rates provided a certain quantity is taken. That will give us the inside. Oh, we'll get the business right enough."

"Seems like a good scheme," said the president. "Anyhow, we've got to do something or bust."

"I move," said Director Gilfeather, "that an appropriation of $500 a month for three months be made for the expenses of the San Francisco Philanthropic Boom Association and that Mr. Starling be authorized to sign receipts for the money."

The motion was adopted.

The ingenuous Mr. Starling lost no time in setting to work. A prospectus of the San Francisco Philanthropic Boom Association, setting forth its noble purposes and generous scope, was printed. It was "the dawn of a new era," the prospectus explained, and the S. F. P. B. A. proposed to take charge of that dawn and keep the era moving. Of course all that was said in much finer language, but it comes to the same thing. These documents were distributed to the offices of the several city editors in town, accompanied by an official note signed by the secretary, Mr. Starling, announcing a meeting of the association for a certain afternoon. Every paper in the city gave generous space, and even added encouraging words. When the day of the first meeting arrived a dozen reporters and three or four artists were in attendance. In fact, there were as many newspaper men in the room as members of the association. That did not matter in the least, because the gentlemen selected by Mr. Mulligrubs and Mr. Munker to appear as "prominent citizens" were likewise distinguished for their eloquence, or at least for that sort of substitute which fills the columns of the daily press. The uninitiated who glanced at the headlines of the reports in the next day's papers might have supposed from the space they filled that here was some tremendous upheaval transcending in importance a foreign war. Besides, as nobody dreamed of reading the interminable rigmarole everybody was prepared to speak respectfully about an institution which the papers had taken for granted and might be something of real value. In fact, the S. F. P. B. A. most resembled the recently discovered monster of the North Pacific, which has fourteen arms and a mouth at the end of every arm.

The standing of the association being thus established in the public eye, Mr. Starling began his inside work. For his first operation he selected Mr. Nathaniel Talkington, the well-known secretary of the Magnolia District Improvement Club, as everybody who has time to read the daily papers knows. Mr. Talkington had made a profession of public spirit. His patriotism was of the most intense character, and it covered exactly one-half mile square. Starling introduced himself and invited his brother to a friendly glass over at Schrecklich's corner.

"Mr. Talkington," he said after a preliminary word or two, "the San Francisco Philanthropic Boom Association, of which you know, of course, is watching with no little pleasure the unselfish endeavors of the Magnolia District Improvement Club to ameliorate the conditions of life in this burg. We desire to lend you a helping hand."

"What you need most in your thriving district, old man," proceeded Starling familiarly, "is good street lights and plenty of 'em. Nothing like illumination to boom business—draws the people you know. You know that."

"Lights? Who's going to pay for lights? The city won't pay for any more than we get. Lights cost money," said Mr. Talkington, as he reflected how hard it now was to collect dues enough to pay him his trifling salary and the rent of the hall.

"You've got to take a large view of these things," explained Mr. Starling. "Money! Of course it costs money. That's just where it is. Now suppose you get the district worked up to the point, who'll handle the money? Why, you, of course. You're secretary and treasurer, ain't you? All right, there will be rebates on the quiet that nobody need know anything about. I can fix all that. Of course we'll have to promise reduced rates on lights all round, but there is margin enough for that and more. I've seen the company and fixed them. They won't make no contracts except through me. Now, are you in on it? I've already seen the officers of the Violet Balm district and they're red-hot for it."

This was not true, but Starling understood very thoroughly that variety of patriotism which feeds on local jealousies. Talkington consented to think it over. He would do what he could. Mr. Starling proceeded then with his work of philanthropy, saw the secretaries of the Violet Balm and the Heavenly Heights districts, and so all along the line, making appeals as he went to patriotism and grease. It was not very long before the newspapers began to blossom out daily with scare heads like this:

"FAKIR STREET WILL BLAZE WITH WHITE LIGHT—PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE CITIZENS OF THIS ENTERPRISING THOROUGHFARE—PIONEERS IN THE LINE OF PROGRESS—INTERVIEWS WITH PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN—CONTRACTS MADE FOR LIGHTING."

Most of the articles read something after this style:

San Francisco has awakened from its long nightmare of silurianism. The spirit of progress is abroad in the land and proposes to turn night into day with a blaze of glory. The enterprising merchants of Fakin street are resolved to be at the head of the procession, and next Saturday night they will hold a grand carnival with fireworks and a brass band to celebrate the illumination of that thriving thoroughfare. Mr. Emile Marker, of the leading dry goods house of Marker, Downley & Co., will be the grand marshal. Mr. Marker is a fine figure of a man, mounted on a white horse, like Napoleon crossing the Alps. One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men, etc., etc., etc.

It seemed in a short time that a fever for illumination was epidemic. Newspaper readers got tired and sick of the slobber over the "enterprising merchants" of this, that or the other hole in the wall. But the coffers of the Incandescent Mutual Arc Illuminating Company were bursting and there were dividends in sight.

Mr. Starling has moved on.

WAITING TO LAY ON THE HOUNDS

THE DRAGS AT THE MEET

SCENES AT THE INAUGURAL MEET OF THE SAN MATEO HUNT CLUB

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Confidential Communications of a Miss in Society.

I fancy that my confidences will be anything but entertaining this week, everything has been so stupid. The Christmas season is really like the beginning of Lent, and, since then, save a few informal teas, lunches and dinners, nothing of any importance has happened. We are all so grieved over the loss which poor Ida Irwin Barnes has sustained. Her husband died as you have heard. She was one of the most popular girls when her father was stationed out here, and afterwards she spent some time with the Dimonds. She has only been married a short time, and Mr. Barnes was such a clever young fellow, by profession a surveyor, and his death was quite unexpected. I can't imagine her in weeds and cap and all that, she was so bright and lively.

All the girls agree this is the deadest winter for eons, and that I was foolish not to have deferred my debut till next year, as so many others have done. I can't get papa to entertain; he says money is too tight. Ugh, it is abominable that a girl in her first winter should have this rammed down her throat a dozen times a day. I am now going to the Riding School on Pacific avenue; quite a number of us go every afternoon at about five and ride in the ring. The Lents, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mrs. Fanny Lent, whom I think the sweetest woman in town, Mrs. Hooper, Miss Hooper, the Foremans, Mrs. Webster Jones, Baron Von Schroeder and a score of others. It is awfully good fun, and papa says when I can ride well he will get me a thoroughbred.

Do you know I don't think we debutantes are getting a fair deal. The girls who came out last year were simply besieged with invitations, were feted at the 'Varsity Club on all occasions and had a brilliant time in general. But with us it has been quite another story. Of course, we all have had a few dinners. Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Crockett have given endless affairs for their girls, but outside of our "coming out" teas we have practically been shelved. Now I think I shall have to become engaged like Julia Crocker and Alice Ames. Do you know Julia has really been engaged four years—just think of it—and very few even suspected. The Crockers are now in their new house and whispers of various small entertainments are going around. She and Mr. Buckbee are most devoted, and we girls are all so pleased. He is so nice and attentive and her ring is too pretty for words. Alice Ames is being entertained by all her friends. Mr. Winfield Jones gave a jolly little luncheon in her honor last week. What a fine looking couple she and Mr. Allen will make. Aileen Goad won't tell us when her wedding is to be, but I think it will take place before Lent. She is busily preparing and is getting dreams of clothes. Jessie Coleman too is engaged preparing for her wedding. She has the loveliest collection of cups, really costly things, almost too pretty to use. I fancy hers will be a June wedding—the lucky month—and Jessie seems especially blessed by the Gods.

Now let me see what I have to say with regard to social happenings. Of course I went to the Younger-McDonald wedding. It seems a long time ago now and yet it is only a week. Bessie made a charming bride, and her gown was beautiful and such a train—fully four yards in length. I thought Dr. Younger looked so handsome as he walked up the aisle with her on his arm. Maud Younger's dress was a poem. I am going to copy it. It was pink, the waist embroidered in greens and browns. Mrs. Duke Baxter looked exceedingly handsome. I think she has improved since she married. Mrs. Younger was gorgeously dressed in brown velvet, with turquoise insertion running up and down the waist. All the bridesmaids looked sweet. It was too bad that Alice Younger was too ill to be there; fancy having a real wedding in the family and to have to remain quietly in bed. I told mamma I should have gone any way if Leila were married, and mamma said "Yes, and a nice little funeral we should have later." Mamma has a disagreeable tendency towards snubbing her favorite child, as I designate myself.

Every one in town was in church. I believe about two thousand invitations had been sent out. The breakfast afterwards at the Palace was the jolliest affair possible.

Every one seemed in excellent spirits, and Bessie was genuinely happy. There were no outsiders invited. Just the real friends—and Dr. and Mrs. Younger make the most charming of hosts. I am glad that at least one of the Younger girls will live here, as they are so popular, and then the Doctor and Mrs. Younger are bound to pay us a visit now and then.

The Monday Evening dancing class met on the fourth. There were not so many there as usual, but that rather enhanced the enjoyment. For my own part I hate a crowd, as some of the "awkward squad" are bound to step on your gown or your toes and you have to bear it with equanimity, which when you have a temper like mine, is very hard. The boys were in the majority. I hope you notice I say "the boys," for there was not one man present. Really, I wish I could persuade some of the older men to go, for except the army and navy officers all the others seem to have tabooed society this season, and it is awfully hard on "we, us and company." Alice Hoffman, I think, was the belle this time. She looked exquisitely pretty. Helen Hopkins was exceedingly handsomely gowned, as was Caro Crockett. Gertie Bates, to my mind, dances more gracefully than the other girls, and although she dresses simply, she always looks sweet. The floor was good and the music inspiring, and I had a perfectly splendid time, but I always do, as I am supposed to be popular. Mamma says I am a greater success than Leila ever was, but papa insists that as Leila's admirers are more substantial he considers her the flower of the family. I wonder shall I cling to the parent stem as fondly as she seems determined to do.

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I had a letter from Madge who lives in San Jose, and she avers that it is even more monotonous in the Garden City than it is here. I think it must be a lively place—two elopements in a week. How I should love to have seen Miss Spreckels and Mr. Watson's marriage. I should love to elope. Of course, one never gets so many wedding presents and can't have bridesmaids, but still I believe I should prefer the excitement. Miss Murphy's elopement was even more interesting, as she had to positively run away in order to get married, and Mr. Chapman is a nice fellow. Madge says that Mrs. Murphy thought Wilhelmina too young. I don't. She is twenty and most of us know our own minds at twenty.

Madge says the Cotillion Club party at the Vendome was the event of the season at San Jose. It was arranged by Mr. Clarence Urmy, who has a positive talent in managing affairs of that kind. Some of the girls looked awfully nice. Lizzie Murphy and Miss Bowman, it seems, are the most popular of the older girls. Miss Murphy wore a stunning gown of pale pink silk. There are some exceedingly pretty girls among the debutantes—Miss Grace Woodrow, Miss Adel Martin, a piquant brunette, who was gowned in pink and white silk, Miss Hannah Wright, whom Madge says has fascinating manners, Miss Wana Miller, who wore a dainty white frock, Miss May Burrell, who is a graceful looking girl and clever conversationalist, and Miss Agnes Carroll, who was also gowned in white. This was Miss Carroll's first formal appearance; she is a niece of Mr. Nicholas Bowden, the well-known lawyer. Of the matrons Mrs. Frasse was the handsomest and was exquisitely dressed, and Mrs. Frank Wright looked very well and wore a most gorgeous diamond necklace. Madge says every one in San Jose has gone in for Christian science. Is not that curious? I have heard of several wonderful cases down there. Mrs. Pearce, who was in the hands of the doctors for months, was cured through Christian science. It must take extraordinary faith though.

MISS CRICKET.

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There was quite a gathering at Burlingame on New Year's Day to witness the steeple-chase and to assist at the inauguration of the Burlingame Hunt Club. The beauty of the day naturally attracted a crowd, and much interest was evinced in the steeple-chase, which was won by Richard Tobin's "Galloping Dick," W. Page riding. It was really quite an exciting race. Subsequently there was a great deal of fun over the hunt, though the start was rather late. No longer will the refrain, "The nearest pack of foxhounds was three thousand miles away," have any bearing, for Hobart's dogs are beauties and are capable of giving the institution a new amusemnt. From all accounts the Country Club is now in excellent condition. It has survived the defections of two years ago. While the surplus has not been very great, still there has been a surplus, and now with Mr. Joseph Grant at the helm it is liable the institution will develop something like real prosperity. Fox-hunting ought to afford a new interest, and polo grows more and more popular.

The Carolans have so long been householders at Burlingame that their new move cannot fail to be of interest. They have purchased five acres between the clubhouse and the cottages and propose erecting there the quaint house that Page Brown designed and hoped to erect for himself. The structure is on the lines of an old French chateau and promises to be an ornament to that region of beautiful houses. The Jarboe cottage is well under way, the foundations being already down, so altogether there is to record a substantial progress at Burlingame.

By the way, I am told that Doctor Harry Tevis, who has gone to Bakersfield, has no intention whatever of practicing his profession there, but that the reason of his presence in the south is to lay out in trees a tract of land on the Tevis property there. Doubtless he will return when this task is completed. Mrs. Will Tevis has stopping with her just now, Miss Bessie Bowie and Miss Friedlander.

Quite a distinguished visitor is being entertained here in the person of Mrs. Brown of Washington, who with Miss Brown, is the guest of the Sidney Smiths at their home on Broadway. Mrs. Brown is very prominent in the society of the National capital, and before her marriage was one of its belles.

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Helen Schweitzer and Mr. Sam Steifel, which took place on Tuesday at the home of the bride's parents. The house was decorated throughout and the ceremony was celebrated in front of an altar covered with pink and red roses and lighted by pink candles. Miss Helen Schweitzer's gown was of white satin completely covered in tulle. The waist was high necked and shirred. Three tulle skirts fell over the satin, the outer one being caught up here and there with sprays of orange blossoms. Around the hem was a wide ruche in which were knotted bunches of orange blossoms. She wore the regulation wreath and veil. Miss Joseph, the maid of honor, wore white mousseline de soie, and the four bridesmaids—Miss Alice Greenbaum, Miss Cora Miller, Miss Bella Gerstle and Miss Agnes Brandenstein—wore pink moire bengaline skirts and pink tulle waists. On their heads they wore black poke bonnets.

The procession was headed by the two little daughters of Mrs. Guggenheim, who were daintily dressed in pink taffeta and wore soft black velvet picture hats. Some very magnificent gowns were worn at the wedding. Mrs. Schweitzer looked very well in emerald green velvet. Mrs. J. J. Mack wore shot green and heliotrope grenadine made over pistache green silk. The waist was made of insertions of black narrow chantilly lace and on the skirt were rows of green and heliotrope embroidery, forming the Greek pattern and running down to the bottom of the skirt. Mrs. M. Schweitzer was gowned in lemon colored crepe trimmed with nile green and royal purple. The waist was finished with a bolero of duchess lace. Mrs. F. Patek wore pistache green silk brocaded in cornflower blue thistles. The waist had insertion of lace covered in spangles. A blue velvet bolero edged with white applique lace and white satin belt and stock completed the toilette. Mrs. M. Brandenstein wore robin blue silk with polka dots of pink, yellow and heliotrope. Her waist was shirred on cords and her belt and collar were of maize colored velvet.

Miss Gerstle was the winner of the bridal ring. Mr. and Mrs. Steigel left for a short honeymoon, but expect to return to San Francisco before they leave for their home in New York.

The New Year's ball of the San Francisco Verein was one of the most agreeable affairs it ever gave. The dance was preceded by a vaudeville performance which lasted almost till midnight. The most striking features were Miss Alice Friedlander's imitation of Loie Fuller and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, who appeared as a music hall songstress. Both were very clever, Miss Friedlander especially. Indeed her performance was much more graceful than La Loie's. Mrs. Gerstle has lots of talent and chic and her number brought down the house. The New Year was ushered in during the supper and, afterwards, the dancing was kept up until milk wagon time. There were any number of pretty girls present, but a scarcity of dancing men. The damsels who especially struck me were Miss Norma Bachman in white tulle with myriads of ruffles, Miss Olga Triest in white tulle over pale blue and Miss Shainwald in white and grey. Of the matrons Mrs. I. N. Walter looked stunning in pink and green brocade.

The event of the year at the Concordia Club is the New Year's ball. This time the social forces gathered as usual. There were innumerable pretty girls in gorgeous gowns, a bevy of debutantes, including Miss Daisy Schweitzer and Miss Edna Blum, the usual showing of the young married set, together with a background of gorgeously attired matrons. There were five dances before supper. A little before midnight the march for the supper-room was formed and a few moments later the guests had seated themselves around the tables. The spacious hall was beautifully decorated. There were flags and streamers and a rich array of foliage, the whole most artistically arranged by F. W. Pratt. A few minutes later, as the chimes began to ring out the old year and announce the birth of the new, the lights were turned down and there came a brilliant glow from an alcove in which Father Time appeared. He was habited a la Santa Claus and bowed the farewells of '96 amid much cheering. As he faded, there arose in his place, amid a glow of white light with very brilliant effect, a charming young woman, who represented '97. The tableaux were very cleverly handled and aroused much applause. Then there were healths and toasts and the usual jubilance proper to such an auspicious occasion.

The attendance was excellent, quite a number of people coming over from the Verein after the vaudeville there, remaining to the end. There were innumerable pretty dresses. Miss Rose Sachs, I am told, looked especially charming in nile green tulle completely covered with spangles, and among the matrons, Mrs. Maurice Rothschild, Mrs. Emanuel Heller and Mrs. H. G. W. Dinkelspiel looked especially well.

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In Oakland every one appears to be resting after the Christmas festivities and social events are practically at a standstill. The prettiest dance of the season was the Leap Year Cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly, which was held in the Ebell Hall on New Year's Eve. The hall was decorated with palms, ferns and Christmas berries and calcium light effects were thrown on the figures. Miss Jean Hush, assisted by Miss Florence Sharon, Miss Florence Hush and Miss Marietta Havens, led the german. Miss Hush did eminently well. She arranged original figures and engineered the young people with great skill. The two prettiest of the figures were "the Christmas tree," in which a decorated tree was dragged in, and the young people danced and pirouetted around it, and the balloon figure. Balloons were hung on pliable sticks and half the set formed an archway beneath which the other half danced. Some of the girls looked particularly well. Miss Jean Hush wore an effective gown of pink silk trimmed with flowers, Miss Florence Hush was in pistache green, Miss Florence Sharon wore pale blue silk, and Miss Havens yellow. Miss Pauline Fore was among the most handsomely gowned of the girls. She wore pink silk trimmed with garnet and bright blue. Miss Marion Randall wore flowered organdie over green, and Miss Mary Randall pale pink taffeta veiled with organdie. The costuming was much more gorgeous than is usual—silk, satin and brocades predominated. There were a number of extra boys who acted as rovers and had much fun. The young people danced the New Year in and then had supper.

There were given a number of informal dinners before the dance. The most important by Miss Grace Gorrill, who entertained Miss Hush and those who participated in the first set. Another dinner was given by Miss Crellin to a dozen young people.

There are a number of disadvantages in connection with the Ebell Hall as a place for large entertainments. In the first place the banquet hall is much too small and at the Cotillion there were three relays at supper. Then the dressing-rooms are inadequate, being small and few in number and the young people have much difficulty in finding their cloaks, shoes, etc.

The custom of keeping "open house" on New Year's day has of late years fallen in abeyance, and Mrs. Orestes Pierce alone of the smart set in Oakland continues to receive her friends on that day. Her pretty home was decorated with holly berries and ferns and a large number of maids and men came to offer their New Year's greetings. Mrs. Pierce has the old-fashioned refreshments, and her eggnog is something to remember. Miss Belle Mhoon in pale blue silk, Miss Amy McKee in a stunning combination of yellow satin and brocaded silk, Miss Mary Dunham in black and white silk, Miss Mary Whitney in perforated grass cloth over blue silk and Miss Janet Watt assisted Mrs. Pierce in receiving. Later, Mrs. Pierce gave a dinner to about a dozen of the young people.

Curate—"How is your husband, Mrs. Ballyhooly?" Mrs. Ballyhooly (tearfully)—"Ochone, sir, the doctthor he says if Pat lives till the morning there'll be some hope; but if he don't we must just give up hope."

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## THE THEATRES

### A Cynical View of the "Old Homestead," with Remarks on "A Serious Tangle."

The Alcazar has shaken off its "hoodoo"—forever let us hope—and is now winning hands down in our holiday crazed theatrical race.

Its present popularity almost makes one believe that the public knows a good thing when it sees one, almost but not quite, for even a clam (a tender, self-respecting one who knew his value) would have tried to wriggle away from the Baldwin or Columbia during the past week and sit down somewhere else.

Of course this may be called an extreme view of the case, for "The Old Homestead" (though a cross between an asthamatical street organ and a dialect character sketch) seemed to please a large portion of Monday night's audience very much. It must be admitted that the two "boys" are very funny (particularly the one who whinnies like a horse) and the double quartet more than endurable in spots and absolutely indefatigable all through. John Barker—when not weeping or over acting—is often amusing, especially when he talks of his old friends and the man who "got tangled up with whisky, politics and a piece of rope and it kinder gave him heart disease." Owing to the superior attractions of "A Serious Tangle" I saw only a fragment of "Shaun Rhue." Murphy is clever in his way and the cast can boast of a slim maiden, yclept Jeanette Farrell, whose speaking voice is as delightful to the ears as the gurgle of water on a warm day. The play itself, judging from the last act, is very like all the other Irish plays I've seen—the hero in fustian, the villains in silk hats and frowns. As I have said, all goes swimmingly at the Alcazar. The ice was pretty well dissipated by the mere announcement of Osbourne's advent; "Niobe" melted it still further, and now "A Serious Tangle" has totally obliterated all signs of the cold frost from which it has suffered so long.

It may be that my incurable liking for Osbourne's methods (which I have in common with many other people) was at the bottom of my pleasure Tuesday night or perhaps a fit of digestion—it has always seemed absurd to me for American pie-eaters to speak of their chronic condition as a fit of indigestion—but however that may be, the fact remains that I sincerely enjoyed this merry little farce—it almost deserves to be called a comedy—and advise every one to see it. Its incidents flash one after the other like the links of a flying chain; the plot opens out like a telescope—easily, coherently, inevitably. The cast is fair, though one cannot avoid wishing that Beatrice Lieb was possessed of more charm of manner, speech and diction and that Hugo Toland would stop laying things on with a shovel. Still they both have their good points. They were more happily cast in "Niobe" than in "A Serious Tangle." Toland as the "wife's brother," the egoist, was rather clever, while Beatrice Lieb was almost satisfactory in the title role. But to return to Sidney Grundy's play. Osbourne was faultless as "Uncle John" and May Buckley very charming as the little maid—who did not take long to learn a thing or two—so charming that I forgave the overdone sweetness of her "Hattie Griffin" and the ineffably sickening tootsey-wootsey voice she sometimes affects. I say sometimes; as a matter of fact, it is getting to be very often, the habit is growing upon her. When I first saw this little woman she made a very winning ingenue with merely a hint of what first became a great defect and now threatens to permanently obscure her natural attractiveness. If she has a friend in the world he should fast and pray with her until she gives up that spurious sweetness of voice and settles down to the real thing, the simple, modulated, inflections of a gentlewoman. She can have it, but at present prefers that of a doll-baby; pray open her eyes somebody. Pretty little Maud Hines slipped through her walking lady role looking like a saucy kitten. She managed her half dozen lines very well, also her prolonged and enforced silence. Next week Osbourne will display his versatility and possibly a tomahawk, as the laconic "Chispa," a part he played twelve years ago, or thereabouts. It will carry some of us back to our days of short dresses, or knickerbockers, when a theatre was a palace of surprises and a play something to enjoy, not to cavil at or breed headachy fancies. PEG WOFFINGTON.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

The second week of "The Old Homestead" commences Monday night at the Baldwin. Some of the musical numbers are very fine, especially the song "Onward," as rendered by the double quartet.

The opening concert by Nordica at the Baldwin will bring out at the conclusion of a miscellaneous concert the third act of "Faust," with Nordica as Marguerite, Scalchi as Siebel, Mme. Andra as Martha, Berthald as Faust and Dempsey as Mephistopheles.

Modjeska and her company are now actively rehearsing for the opening of the great star's limited engagement. The first week will be devoted to "Marie Stuart" and "Madga." In addition to Mrs. Edgerton, who has a local reputation, the company to support the Polish star will include Miss Francis Jolliffe.

The Frawley Company have been playing San Jose, Stockton and Sacramento this week. Next Monday evening they begin a week's engagement at the Marquam Grand Theatre, Portland. This season's tour of the company will close on February 20th, and they will be seen again at the home theatre in May.

Gustav Walter has succeeded in getting one of the greatest musical attractions of the day for his Orpheum Music Hall. It is the Famous Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra. This orchestra was secured by Mr. Walter on his recent trip to the East, and he says that it is undoubtedly the finest collection of Hungarian musicians that he has ever heard. They will appear on the stage at every performance and at matinees as well, and after the night performance they will be heard in the Orpheum Annex. Another novel feature will be Lieutenant Noble, who is beyond doubt the greatest of ventriloquists. Kiralfy has drilled his ballet to do new marches and other stage gyrations, and Mrs. H. Anderson, the Orpheum costumer, has some new surprises in the way of costumes under way.

The late Eugene Field, the "children's poet," as he was called, was fond of the mysteries of the stage, and quite ingenious in his suggestions as to stage illusions, although sa far as known, he never even attempted to write a play. About ten years ago, when Joseph Murphy was filling engagements with "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue" on a western circuit, Mr. Field was visiting the Irish actor in his dressing-room, discussing the many beauties both as to text and scenery, and the thrilling climaxes to be found in "Kerry Gow." He was analyzing the blacksmith shop scene, when he said: 'I don't know how it may have been in Ireland, but in this land you never saw a country blacksmith shop that did not have its small-boy lounger just aching to blow the bellows, and on the alert for stray horse-shoe nails. Put such a boy in the scene, and your play will be perfect." The next day there was a special rehearsal, and in the evening Mr. Field's suggestion was carried out. The new feature was a flat failure, much to the surprise of the famed poet, but he accounted for it by saying: "I think that it was a bit of color just a trifle too dainty for the average eye;" and so it was.

The very excellent photos of the Pasadena Rose Carnival, which are reproduced in this issue, were taken by Hill, the well-known photographer of Pasadena.

MRS. SAMUEL STEIFEL
NEE HELEN SCHWEITZER
Portrait by Thors

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### Removal.

On January first Smith's Cash Store removed from 414-418 Front street, to their new building, Nos. 25 and 27 Market street. They have issued a neat pamphlet describing the benefit buyers may derive in trading with them, and illustrating the methods of handling business in the new premises, many of which are new and not heretofore shown in this city. The store itself is well worth a visit, whether interested in buying or not.

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## THE GOLDEN GIRL

### The Adventures of La Gallienne in Search of a Perfect Woman.

"The Quest of the Golden Girl" (John Lane) undoubtedly suggests an heiress hunt. To the minds of most practical persons a Golden Girl is only a richly dowered maiden, the daughter of some species of millionaire. But Richard La Gallienne is not practical, being given over, in a literary way, to sentiment and romance. So his "Golden Girl" is only the Perfect Woman—the Quite Impossible—She by whom it would be bliss to sit and bliss to touch. In reading the prose of Mr. La Gallienne it is impossible not to assume him the hero of all his own episodes. The point of view is so individual that whatever he permits to happen has the quality of a reminiscence. It would be preposterous to suppose he ever went out into the highways and the byways after a wife as the hero of "The Quest" does, but really had his fancy dictated such an adventure, he would have felt and achieved about what his hero does. But this is taking seriously the thread of a plot which merely serves the writer for the connections of his idylls, reflections and amorous interludes. It does not matter in the slightest whose experiences are embodied in this "Quest," or indeed if they are experiences at all. The fact of their reality would add nothing to the charm of their telling, which is what one looks for in La Gallienne—the sentiment, the poetic expression—pose, if you will. It's the manner and attitude that appeal, and though you may dub the style effeminate and the attitude affected, the charm is undeniable.

However, whether he be Mr. La Gallienne or not, the hero, a lonely bachelor of thirty, whose sister has just married, starts forth into the world after a wife. He is a dilatory seeker and is much taken up, and en route with his thoughts and dreams, discourses liberally on woman kind in general, on their beauty, and decides among other things that the perfection of the Perfect Woman is "nothing more or less than her unique, individual, charming inperfection and that she is simply the woman we love and who is fool enough to love us." All this carries him but a few chapters on the journey. Proceeding further he encounters a wedding and it is the opportunity for some moralizing on the proper methods of getting married. It is La Gallienne himself, I am sure, who says:

Undoubtedly the nicest way to get married is on the sly, and indeed it is at present becoming quite fashionable. Many young couples of my acquaintance, who have had no other reason for concealing the fact beyond their own whim, have thus slipped off without saying a word to anybody, and returned full-blown housekeepers, with "at home" days of their own, and everything else like real married people—for, as said an old lady to me, "one can never be sure of married people nowadays unless you have been at the wedding."

My friend George Muncaster, who does everything charmingly different from any one else, hit upon one of the quaintest plans for his marriage. It was simple, and some may say prosaic enough. His days being spent at a great office in the city, he got leave of absence for a couple of hours, met his wife, went with her to the registrar's, returned to the office, worked the rest of the day as usual, and then went to his new home to find his wife and dinner awaiting him—all just as it was going to be every night for so many happy years. Prosaic, you say! Not your idea of poetry, perhaps, but, after a new and growing fashion in poetry, truly poetic. George Muncaster's marriage is a type of new poetry, the poetry of essentials. The old poetry, as exemplified in the old-fashioned marriage, is a poetry of externals, and certainly it has the advantage of picturesqueness.

When a man adventures out into the highways after a bride he is sure the hedgerows will have messages for him. It is not surprising then that the hero of "The Quest," pursuing further his way, is confronted with a clothes-line as the accompaniment of a rustic cottage. He reflects on the quaint shamelessness with which people expose to public view garments which at other times we are at such bashful pains to conceal and is confronted with a—but let Mr. La Gallienne speak:

However, my business is with the week's washing, which in various shades of white, with occasional patches of scarlet, fluttered fantastically across a space of the garden, thereby giving unmistakable witness to human inhabitants, male and female.

But the clothes-line presented charming evidence of still another occupant; and here, though so far easy to read, came in something of a puzzle. Who in this humble out-of-the-way cottage could afford to wear that exquisite cambric petticoat edged with a fine and very expensive lace? And surely it was on no country legs that those delicately clocked and open-worked silk stockings walked invisible through the world.

Nor was the lace any ordinary expensive English lace, such as any good shop can supply. Indeed, I recognized it as being of a Parisian design as yet little known in England; while on the tops of the stockings I laughingly suspected a border designed by a certain eccentric artist, who devotes his strange gifts to decorating with fascinating miniatures the under-world of woman. I have seen corsets thus made beautiful by him valued at five hundred pounds, and he never paints a pair of garters for less than a hundred. His name is not yet a famous one, as, for obvious reasons, his works are not exhibited at public galleries, though they are occasionally to be seen at private views.

It may be that this is a clue to the "Golden Girl," so the hero investigates with a reckless audacity and emerges the owner of the garment in question which henceforth accompanies his travels. Passing over the frivolous episodes which succeed this whimsical purchase we encounter Nicolette, who is quite the most charming young lady in the book. They meet by a trout stream and discover a literary affinity which lures them into an intimacy. She is adorable, of course, and wayward, being a daughter of the day—and is otherwise the sole and spoiled offspring of a Major-General, who indulges her fancies—said parent, at the moment being off at Wiesbaden. Nothing contents her, but she must essay the role of Rosalind and accompany her Aucassin on his journey. So the necessary outfit is procured and off the train starts

You can readily imagine the excursion is interesting. Naturally they fall in love and Mr. La Gallienne makes love most charmingly.

To picnic by some lonely stream-side on a few sandwiches, a flask of claret, and a pennyworth of apples; to talk about the books we loved; to exchange our hopes and dreams—we asked nothing better than this simple fare.

And so a week went by. But, though so little had seemed to happen, and though our walking record was shamefully modest, yet, imperceptible as the transition had been, we were, quite insensibly indeed, and unacknowledged, in a very different relation to each other than when we had started out from the Morning Star. In fact, to make no more words about it, I was head over heels in love with Nicolette, and I think, without conceit, I may say that Nicolette was rapidly growing rather fond of me. Apart from anything else, we were such excellent chums. We got along together as if indeed we had been two brothers, equable in our tempers and one in our desires.

"Nicolette," I said presently, when I could speak, "it is time for you to be going back home."

"Why?" she asked breathlessly.

"Because," I answered, "I must love you if you stay."

"Would you then bid me go?" she said.

"Nicolette," I said, "don't tempt me. Be a good girl and go home."

"But supposing I don't want to go home," she said; "supposing—oh, supposing I love you too? Would you still bid me go?"

"Yes," I said. "In that case it would be even more imperative."

"Aucassin!"

"It is true, it is true, dear Nicolette."

"Then, Aucassin," she replied, almost sternly, in her great girlish love, "this is true also—I love you. I have never loved, shall never love any man but you!"

"Nicolette!"

"Aucassin!"

There were no more words spoken between us for a full hour that afternoon.

The crowning episode of the encounter reminds one of a tender little story in one of the earliest "Prose Fancies." At the hands of a stronger writer than La Gallienne the little affair at the inn must have emerged a vulgar piece of eroticism, but here it is a delicious bit of sentiment unmarred by a trace of suggestiveness:

The holy angels could not have loved Nicolette with a purer love, a love freer from taint of any earthly thought, than I, a man of thirty, blase, and fed from my youth upon the honeycomb of woman.

It was curious that the first difficulty of our pilgrimage should befall us the very next day. Coming towards nightfall to a small inn in a lonely unpopulated countryside, we found that the only accommodation the inn afforded was one double-bedded room, and there was no other inn for at least ten miles. I think I was more troubled than Nicolette. When, after interviewing the landlady, I came and told her of the dilemma, where she sat in the little parlor, wearied out with the day's walk, she blushed, it is true, but seemed little put about. Indeed, she laughed, and said it was rather fun, "like something out of Sterne,"—of such comfort is a literary reference in all seasons and circumstances—and then she added, with a sweet look that sent the blood rioting about my heart, "It won't matter so much will it, love, now?"

There proved nothing for it but to accept the situation, and we made the arangement that Nicolette was to slip off to bed first, and then put out the light and go to sleep. However, when I followed her, having sat up as long as the landlady's patience would endure, I found that, though she had blown out the candle, she had forgotten to put out the moon, which shone as though it were St. Agnes' Eve across half the room.

I stole in very shyly, kept my eyes sternly from Nicolette's white bed, though, as I couldn't shut my ears, the sound of her breathing came to me with indescribable sweetness. After I had lain among the sheets some five or ten minutes, I was suddenly startled by a little voice within the room saying:

"I'm not asleep."

"Well, you should be, naughty child. Now shut your eyes and go to sleep—and fair dreams and sweet repose," I replied.

"Won't you give me one little good-night kiss?"

"I gave you one downstairs."

"Is it very wicked to want another?"

There was not a foot between our two beds, so I bent over and took her soft white shoulders in my arms and kissed her. All the heaped-up sweetness of the whitest, freshest flowers of the spring seemed in my embrace as I kissed her, so soft, so fragrant, so pure; and as the moonlight was the white fire in our blood. Softly I released her, stroked her brown hair, and turned again to my pillow. Presently the little voice was in the room again:

"Mayn't I hold your hand? Somehow I feel lonely and frightened."

So our hands made a bridge across which our dreams might pass through the night, and after a little while I knew that she slept.

As I lay thus holding her hand, and listening to her quiet breathing, I realized once more what my young Alastor had meant by the purity of high passion. For indeed the moonlight that fell across her bosom was not whiter than my thoughts, nor could any kiss—were it even such a kiss as Venus promised to her betrayer of Psyche—even in its fiercest delirium, be other than dross compared with the wild white peace of those silent hours when we lay thus married and maiden side by side.

Alas for sentiment, however, the Major-General appears a day or two later and takes the tearful Nicolette home. The next episode is the story of Rosalind, who is introduced by virtue of a punctured tire—she is a bicyclist—and affords a most amusing interlude. There is an Orlando, in the background and the raison d'etre of the loneliness of Rosalind is thus explained:

Well, Rosalind and Orlando, as we may as well call them, are two newly married young people who've been married, say, a year, and who find themselves at the end of it loving each other more than at the beginning—for you are to suppose two of the tenderest, most devoted hearts that ever beat as one. However, they are young people of the introspective modern type, with a new theory for everything.

About marriage and the law of happiness in that blessed estate, they boasted the latest philosophical patents. To them, among other matters, the secret of unhappy marriages was as simple as can be. It was in nothing more or less than the excessive "familiarity" of ordinary married life, and the lack of personal freedom allowed both parties to the contract. Thus love grew commonplace, and the unhappy ones to weary of each other by excessive and enforced association. This was obvious enough, and the remedy as obvious—separate bedrooms, and a month's holiday in each year to be spent apart (notoriously all people of quality had separate bedrooms, and see how happy they were!) These and similar other safeguards of individual liberty they had in mock-earnest drawn up and signed on their marriage eve, as a sort of supplemental wedding service.

For further adventures of the hero and Rosalind I refer the reader to Mr. La Gallienne, who has embroidered a graceful series of episodes in which we are introduced to the erring Orlando, who makes a later appearance accompanied by a Miss Sylvia Joy, a danseuse. In this instance the experiment of Rosalind had proved a dire failure. But for the happy rescue of the erring husband. I refer the reader to "The Quest of the Golden Girl" itself. (For sale at Doxey's.)

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## THE MAGAZINES

### Reminiscences in "Harpers" and the "Century."

"Harper's" is interesting this month. There is a delicious bit of dialogue by Howells and a very good paper by George W. Smalley on English society. Mr. Smalley is pedantic at times perhaps, but he writes good wholesome English and speaks with authority on his subject. Among other things he says:

A word must be said, I suppose, upon the effect which the presence of royalty has on English society. To trace it in all its ramifications would carry me too far, and I can imagine that American readers, with their absence of interest in rank or titular distinctions of any kind, might be impatient of any long discussion upon the rank and distinctions which in England are reckoned highest of all. I will keep to the surface, and if you look only at the surface it has to be said that the social influence of royalty is apt to be a little depressing. No matter how animated the conversation, a hush comes over the company when royalty enters. The tone is lowered; a raised voice is not thought respectful. There comes at the same time a certain constraint. Few even of those who live most constantly in these exalted circles escape it. Groups of men and women who a moment before were entirely at ease are, or appear to be, slightly less at ease. Before, everybody was equal; now, a superior is present. Shocking as the word must be to an American, it has to be used. Royalty in England is still a caste apart, and treated as such.

A lady long used to these royal usages once made a remark on them which has the usual feminine acuteness of perception. A dinner party, carefully composed and long planned for a particular purpose, had been broken up by a summons from Marlborough House to some of the chief guests. There was a good deal of comment on the want of consideration shown—and often shown—by the royalties for the convenience of others. Said this lady: "Don't blame them too much; it is about the last of the old royal prerogatives now left to them, and they cling to it. If they had to consider our comfort, where would be the use of being a Prince?" The other side may be seen in the remark of one of the most amiable of the reigning family: "If you knew how we had been brought up, you would wonder we behave as well as we do."

There is also a paper of considerable scientific interest on California fogs by Alexander McArdie, the Signal Service Observer in this city.

The "Century" continues General Porter's personal recollections of Grant's campaigns, which have a historical value and the advantage of superb illustrations. He tells the story of Grant's famous epigrammatic message after the battle of the Wilderness, which was elicited by Congressman Elihu B. Washburne, then visiting the camp. This is the story:

After breakfast the General lighted a cigar, seated himself on a camp-chair in front of his tent, and was joined there by Mr. Washburne and several members of the staff. At half-past eight o'clock the cavalry escort which was to accompany the Congressman was drawn up in the road near by, and all present rose to bid him good-by. Turning to the chief, he said: "General, I shall go to see the President and the Secretary of War as soon as I reach Washington. I can imagine their anxiety to know what you think of the prospects of the campaign, and I know they would be greatly gratified if I could carry a message from you giving what encouragement you can as to the situation."

The General hesitated a moment, and then replied: "We are certainly making fair progress, and all the fighting has been in our favor; but the campaign promises to be a long one, and I am particularly anxious not to say anything just now that might hold out false hopes to the people;" and then, after a pause, added: "However, I will write a letter to Halleck, as I generally communicate through him, giving the general situation, and you can take it with you." He stepped into his tent, sat down at his field-table, and keeping his cigar in his mouth, write a dispatch of about two hundred words. In the middle of the communication occurred the famous words, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

In the same magazine E. L. Godkin has an instructive and suggestive paper on "The Absurdity of War."

"Lippincott's" long story this month is "Stockings Full of Money," by Mary Kyle Dallas, and there is a paper on "Florida Before the Freeze," which should interest the growers of semi-tropical fruits in California.

The "Ladies' Home Journal" has a striking paper by Stephen Fiske, giving the history of the visit of the Prince of Wales to America. This is amusing:

During the tour through Canada I had attributed the strange conduct of the ladies to an excess of loyalty. As soon as the Prince had left a hotel they would rush into his rooms, seize all sorts of articles, from a furniture button to a soiled towel, as souvenirs, and even bottle up the water with which he had just washed his face. But in the United States the women were equally curious and sycophantic. The luggage of the royal party was carried in small leather trunks—a trunk for every suit of clothes—and wherever the train stopped the crowds would beg that some of these trunks might be handed out, and women would fondle and kiss them. I had not seen that the gentlemen were ever too particular as to whose luggage was subjected to this adoration, and I have had the pleasure of seeing my own portmanteau kissed by mistake. Before the Prince arrived at Richmond his room at the Ballard House was offered by the ladies, and the pillow-slips and white coverlet were so soiled by the pressure of hundreds of fingers that they had to be twice changed by the chambermaids. When he attended church on Sunday the whole congregation rose as he departed and climbed upon the seats to get a better view of him. Every day's mail brought hundreds of letters from women, some addressed to "Mr. Prince," "Mr. Wales," Mr. D. Renfrew." These incidents affected the Prince very little; he turned away shyly when the subject was mentioned; but the other members of the party, that now included Lord Lyons and the Hon. Mr. Elliott, son of the Earl of St. Germains, regarded them with mingled amusement and disgust.

The illustrations that go with the text of this article are particularly good.

### Yone Noguchi's Poems.

What can one say of this young Oriental poet, this dreamer of dreams, this shy recluse of the foothills, whose songs, first printed in the "Lark," are now published in book form, to stand or fall upon their merit, rather than by their strangeness? By what standards are we to judge his work, which in both matter and manner is absolutely unclassified in our categories! Were the author an American, one would count him madder than most poets, and with a sigh for this crisis of Decadence, this striving after sensational effects, turn to the next volume, hoping against hope for a touch of sincerity, or if not that, for sanity. Yet, knowing him to be a Japanese, and trusting, perhaps, that the strangeness may be accounted for by his unfamiliarity with our tongue, we may believe such mysticism as this has some logical foundation in the philosophy of the East:

"When the Future shall be the Past, 'I come back to me,' or 'I go on to me,' shall be as one."

and, turning the page, some such line as this may sing to us:

"O, the matchless Mistress Moon in her chamber of unfathomable peace!"

and, held by this surprise, adventure through his fifty monologues to find an hundred other beautiful phrases buried in his incoherent rhapsodies and nocturnes. The whole book is dominated by the minor chord of sadness—the favorite key of the youthful poet—yet here it is no reflection of the "Weltschmertz," but a clear note of the true Pessimism—not the narrow cynicism that the term ordinarily implies, but the logical philosophy of Schopenhauer. This life is but a dream within a dream to Yone Noguchi, and he wonders as much at the beauty as at the mystery of "its myriad changings." He paints with a strong and delicate touch, and with wonderful impressions of atmosphere, all the varying aspects of nature—"at shadeless noon, sunful-eyed"—"in the sober-faced evening"—"wrapped in the warm darkness of the invisible night"—"shrouded in the grey mystery of the mist"—"under the brave upright rains"—"swept by the boneless winds," and "in the audible stillness." Surely Yone Noguchi is no "minor poet," and while one despairs of his meaning at times, there is a sense of power that is impressive when his muse leaves abstractions and enters the visible world. It is by these descriptions that he must find a place in this western civilization, and no doubt a longer fellowship will have a good effect upon his lucidity. And meanwhile, perhaps, to not a few readers, and to psychologists especially, the subjective side of his writings will bind his work together with a strong human interest, for in "Seen and Unseen" this "Homeless Snail" has revealed a unique personality; his songs are his very soul's journal, the record of a young exile, lonely, sad and sensitive—"his way lost in misty doubtfulness."

"Seen and Unseen, or the Monologues of a Homeless Snail," by Yone Noguchi, Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett, San Francisco; $1.25 net.

### The Youth's Companion Calendar.

The "Youth's Companion" Art Calendar for '97 has just made its appearance, and a delightfully original and artistic one it is, too. The "Companion's" yearly calendars promise to become a feature of every well-regulated household in the country. The one for '97 is the most costly one of its kind the "Companion" has ever offered. It is printed in twelve colors, making a true reproduction of the original water-color paintings.

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This beautiful calendar is given free to all new subscribers to the "Companion" for '97, and to all old subscribers who renew and pay their subscriptions for '97. Illustrated Prospectus of Volume for the year 1897 sent free on application. Address The "Youth's Companion," 207 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.


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## FASHION REVIEW

### Some Timely Hints on the Newest Things to Wear.

Yes, Betty dear, accordion pleating is all the rage just now, be it on the thin woollen house dress or the most elaborate evening gown of chiffon or duchess muslin. The sunburst style is especially fashionable for very young girls and is arranged thus: The narrow pleats are apparently tight over the waist and hips, but grow deeper toward the hem and thus give the desirable bouffant effect and yet do away with the clumsy effect of too great a quantity of stuff about the hips that seemed necessary to the old manner of accordion pleating.

A simple frock of grey cashmere has the entire skirt arranged in sunburst pleats with two rows of red, dull blue and gold Russian embroidery encircling it at about six and eight inches above the hem, the trimming of course being included in the pleating. The bodice has a small circular yoke and a high belt of the embroidery. In the drapery of the goods coming from under one arm and extending to the shoulder on the other side is an edging of the embroidery. A ruffle of red velvet edges the drapery and meets the choker of velvet with a large bow on the left side. The sleeves are tucked and are small.

Odd and curious are the new sleeves. One which quite fascinated me had rows of circular cording arranged closely together covering the entire sleeve save on the outside near the shoulder, where the cording escaped and formed a slight drapery. Another odd sleeve was arranged in up and down tucks sewed tight to the lining and slashed on the outside. Modes seem to be arrested for the moment. Sleeves are certainly growing no smaller, and as they are becoming more complicated in structure and more embellished with trimming, they appear more important than they did a few months ago.

You wish to know all about the latest fashion in hair dressing. Well, my dear, the bun is now never even seen among the smart set here, and the leaders among the fashionables wear it almost plain and uncrimped with scarcely a wave or undulation in it. It is dressed on the very top of the head in loops or puffings or twisted round a very high comb frequently jewelled, those set in diamonds and pearls being preferred. Waving and crimping the hair is not only out of date, but is considered bad taste and the greatest number of Parisians wear their hair turned back from the face.

Now about "the violet," you say they are more popular with you than they were last winter and want to know are we also victims of the same mania. Yes, indeed, we combine it with everything and unite it with every color. A red felt hat trimmed with red ribbon has quite an erection of bunches of red and white violets on one side. A beautiful large black velvet hat has a white satin crown strewn with sequirs, and at one side a large group of wings and flowers in tawny chrysanthemum shades from a pinky cream to a warm autumnal brown. Under the brim is tucked a large bunch of violets with vivid green leaves forming a cache peine.

Yes, we, the elect, I might say, mix lace with fur everywhere, and I think the effect thus obtained deliciously chic. Only, my dear, don't fancy you can combine a cheap lace or coarse lace with fur. You must have the most exquisitely fine and delicate. The point d'Alercon, Venice point or Brussels point are the most generally used. A lovely cape of sable I saw recently had a frill of cream lace with knots of violets set here and there. Another beautiful collar had a yoke of red velvet embroiderered in black and cream and gold beads set into skunk.

The fans remain very small, and the extremely smart fan is a bijou the tiniest thing imaginable. Watteau designs are in favor as are also fans painted in rose and bow knot pompadour patterns. The black mother-of-pearl is much used for sticks, even more than tortoise shell and ivory. Some fans are entirely composed of ivory, often richly enamelled or jewelled. Combination of lace figures and designs painted by well-known artists make charming fans. Fans of ostrich feathers are not in general use, but fans of soft grey down with pearl sticks ornamented by gold and jewelled snakes are especially desirable and quite expensive.

Don't overdo the beautifying process, my dear Betty. Too much steam and massage is worse than none at all. The Parisian woman never steams more than once a week and then is very careful not to expose her face to the air for several hours afterwards. The milk treatment is good, but is apt to make the skin tender and delicate. Then do not overmassage, as it enlarges the pores, makes the face flabby and has more evil than good results. For my own part, I am averse to tampering with nature and find that a good sponge bath, a sensible diet and attention to the rules of hygiene is more efficacious in preserving my complexion than all the aids of the most wonderful of beauty doctors. Your last letter was very enjoyable and next time you write I want you to tell me all about your pastimes and pleasures—don't forget. Wishing you the most prosperous of years, believe me to be, ever dear, your loving, BARBARA.

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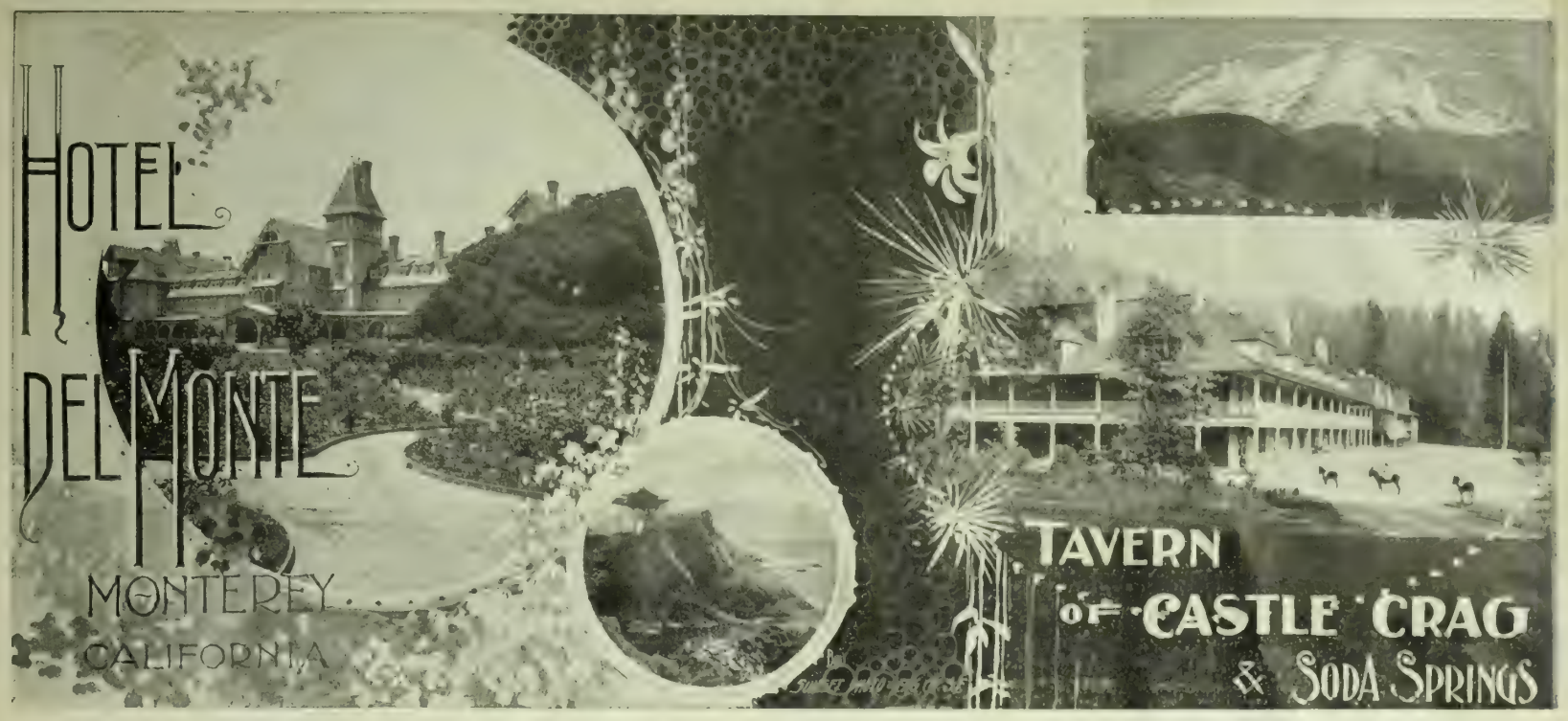


CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

*GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER*

# "A California Fairy"

is the title of an elegant little brochure, relating in charming allegorical language the splendors and delights of

## "Sunset Limited"

(EXQUISITELY ILLUSTRATED)

The popular Sunset Route is also the subject of a finely illustrated publication, entitled

**"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"**

especially interesting to one contemplating a trip over that great Southern route.

Both books are published by the Southern Pacific Company, and will be sent to any address by T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, on receipt of 25 cents postage, or 10 cents for the "Fairy" alone.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. December 26.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, December 5, 10, 15, 20, 26, 30, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. December 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. December 13, 17, 21, 26, 29, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, 11 a.m. December 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. 25th of each month.

The company reserves right to change steamers or sailing date.

Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

**GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.**
General Agents
**No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

## Pacific Towel Co.

Telephone 1780 — No. 9 Lick Place, San Francisco

GEO. E. MOORE, Proprietor

### Through Sleeping-Cars to Chicago.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad runs through from Oakland to Chicago, daily, Pullman Palace Drawing-room, also Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, leaving every afternoon. Annex Cars on sharp connection for Denver and St. Louis. The only line by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached. The canyon is a mammoth opening in the earth two hundred miles long, eighteen miles wide and seven thousand feet deep. It is reached by stage from Flagstaff, Arizona Territory, in one day's ride. Send for beautifully illustrated book descriptive of the Canyon and the Santa Fe Route to the East. Lowest through rates to all points in the United States, Canada, Mexico or Europe. Special rates to regularly ordained ministers of the gospel. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

## OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Australia

6 Days to Honolulu by Steamship "AUSTRALIA"

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only,** Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1896, at 2 p.m. Special party rates.

S. S. "Zealandia," **for Australia,** Thursday, January 7, 1897, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

**Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.**
**Freight Office 327 Market St.**

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

## HIRSCH-KAHN & Co.

MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS
IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL GOODS
PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS & SUPPLIES etc
**333 KEARNY STREET**
**SAN FRANCISCO CAL.**

BAJA CALIFORNIA

## DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

**NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents**
**323-325 Market St., S. F.**

## A. K. DAGGETT

Drawing of Deeds and other Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey county, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 8th day of December, [illegible] an assessment (No. 119) of Twenty-five cents (25c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 3, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the 11th day of January, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 1st day of February, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

R. U. COLLINS, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Stock Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 80
Amount per share, 15 cents
Levied December 14, 1896
Delinquent in office January 19, 1897
Day of sale [illegible]

Office [illegible]

## BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in PAPER
Fine Coated Papers a Specialty
401-403 [illegible]

## COTTON SAIL D[illegible]

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard
ALSO
Heavy Naught, Wagon and Drapery [illegible]
From 30 to 120 inches wide
Monumental and Imperial Ounce [illegible]
Manufactured by **Murphy, Grant & Co.**
**Mount Vernon Company** . . Pacific Coast Sole [illegible]
**Baltimore**

YOU KNOW OUR BUSINESS
X X SO DO WE!
**Stationery, Printing, Bookbinding**
ANYTHING IN THAT LINE
*THE MYSELL-ROLLINS CO.*
*22 CLAY STREET, S. F.*

H. WEKA[illegible] ADOL[illegible]

## Johnson & Company

MERCHANT TAILORS
No. 24 Montgomery Street, [illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO

## P. D. BERNHARD

**Shaving : and : Hairdressing : Saloon**
4 Post St., near Montgom[illegible]
MASONIC TEMPLE SAN FRAN[illegible]

DIVIDEND NOTICE. HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner [illegible] McAllister and Jones streets. At meeting of the Board of Directors [illegible] ciety, held December 30, 1896, a div[illegible] declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months [illegible] December 30, 1896, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1897.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. GERMA[illegible] SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 [illegible] street. For the half year ending Dec[illegible] 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4.26) per cent per annum on term deposits and [illegible] 4.26-100ths 3.55-100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable [illegible], January 2, 1897.

[illegible] TOURNY, Secretary.

No 000 000
Age 35
Amount $ 10,000.

MUTUAL INVESTMENT CONTRACT.
Twenty PAYMENT LIFE.

*In Consideration of the Application for this Policy*

which is made a part of this contract, (a copy of which is hereto annexed), and the sum of Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars and Cents to be paid in advance, and of the annual payment of a like amount on or before the First day of September in every year during the first Twenty years of the continuance of this Policy, HEREBY INSURES

John Smith.

of San Francisco County of San Francisco State of California in the sum of Ten Thousand DOLLARS, for the term of life, the said sum to be paid at the Home Office of said Company in San Francisco, California, upon due notice and satisfactory proof of the death of the said insured, to Mary Jane Smith, Wife of said John Smith

or in the event of her prior death, to the executors, administrators or assigns of John Smith insured aforesaid.

INCONTESTABILITY.—After this Policy shall have remained in force two full years, if it shall become a claim the Company will not contest its payment, provided the conditions of the Policy as to payment of premiums have been observed.

BENEFITS, CONDITIONS AND VALUES.—The benefits, conditions and values on the next page of this Policy are hereby made a part hereof

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA, has, by its President and Secretary signed and delivered this contract at the City of San Francisco this First day of September 1895

Specimen Copy Secretary. Specimen Copy President.

## BENEFITS, CONDITIONS AND VALUES

Referred to on the preceding page of this Policy.

***Payment of Premiums.*** All premiums upon this Policy are due and payable at the Home Office of said Company in the City of San Francisco but may be paid to Agents of said Company producing receipts signed by the President, Vice President Secretary or Assistant Secretary and countersigned by such agents

***Dividends.*** After all premiums herein provided for have been paid, and so long as this Policy remains in full force and effect, it shall share in the annual distribution of surplus funds according to the principles and methods which may be adopted by said Company for such distribution Any paid-up insurance issued in lieu of this Policy before Twenty years' premiums have been paid shall be non-participating

***Assignment.*** No assignment of this Policy will be noticed by said Company until the same or a duplicate thereof is filed at its Home Office in the City of San Francisco, and said Company will in no case assume any responsibility for the validity of any assignment.

***Service in War.*** In case of death from or in consequence of service in war unless permission from the Company in writing to engage voluntarily or by draft in any military or naval service has been previously obtained, only the net reserve (computed according to the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, with interest at four per cent per annum), will be paid

***Error in Age.*** If in the application for this Policy, the age of the insured is understated, the amount of insurance payable shall be such proportion of the amount of the Policy as the premium paid bears to the required premium at the true age

***Alterations.*** No alteration or waiver of the conditions of this Policy shall be valid unless made in writing at the Home Office of the Company, and signed by the President or Vice-President, and Secretary or Assistant Secretary.

***Loans.*** After premiums have been paid upon this Policy for not less than three full years, the party having the right of surrender hereunder may borrow upon it, in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Company, seventy-five per cent. of its cash value at the time the loan is requested. Any indebtedness to the Company, including any unpaid balance of the current year's premium, shall first be deducted in any settlement of this Policy.

***Additions and Values.*** If all the annual dividends declared on this Policy are used for the purchase of additional insurance, then and in that case the values of this Policy shall be not less than stipulated in the schedule below; *Provided*, that this Policy is duly surrendered to the Company while in force, or within three months of its date of lapse

SCHEDULE OF POLICY VALUES

| In event of Death Amount payable after Policy Year indicated | Policy Year | Surrender Value In event of termination at end of Policy Year indicated | | In event of Death. Amount payable after Policy Year indicated | Policy Year | Surrender Value In event of termination at end of Policy Year indicated | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Amount | | In Paid-up Life Insurance Payable at Death | or, In Cash. | Amount | | In Paid-up Life Insurance Payable at Death | or, In Cash. |
| $ 10130 — | 1st. | $ — | $ — | $ 11780 — | 11th. | $ 7280 — | $ 2600 — |
| 10270 — | 2d. | 1270 — | — | 11980 — | 12th | 7980 — | 3000 — |
| 10410 — | 3d. | 1910 — | 280 — | 12190 — | 13th | 8690 — | 3480 — |
| 10560 — | 4th. | 2560 — | 400 — | 12410 — | 14th | 9410 — | 3900 — |
| 10710 — | 5th. | 3260 — | 550 — | 12630 — | 15th | 10130 — | 4350 — |
| 10870 — | 6th. | 3870 — | 750 — | 12860 — | 16th | 10860 — | 4800 — |
| 11040 — | 7th. | 4540 — | 1000 — | 13090 — | 17th. | 11590 — | 5300 — |
| 11210 — | 8th. | 5220 — | 1300 — | 13330 — | 18th | 12330 — | 5800 — |
| 11390 — | 9th. | 5900 — | 1700 — | 13580 — | 19th | 13080 — | 6500 — |
| 11580 — | 10th. | 6580 — | 2200 — | 13830 — | 20th | 13830 — | 7450 — |

If any dividend is withdrawn or used in reduction of premium payment, this Policy will nevertheless be entitled to one of the following values: (1) After payment of premium for three full years if duly surrendered while in force or within three months of its date of lapse, for full paid non-participating life insurance in amount equal to as many Twentieth parts of the principal sum of this Policy as there have been full annual premiums paid hereon, together with all of its existing dividend additions, or (2) If in force and duly surrendered at twenty years from date hereof, or within thirty days thereafter, for cash in amount $ 5270. increased by the reserve value of all its existing dividend additions. All reserves to be computed according to the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, with interest at four per cent. per annum.

***Extension Condition.*** After this Policy has been in force three full years, should it lapse and not be surrendered as provided, it shall nevertheless remain valid for the period specified in the Schedule of Extended Insurance following: *Provided*, that if the insured dies within three years from such lapse, all unpaid premiums, with interest at six per cent. per annum, shall be deducted from the amount insured, and *Provided* further, that should there be any indebtedness against this Policy, the extended insurance term specified shall be correspondingly reduced.

**Schedule of Extended Insurance, Regardless of Policy Dividends.**

| Years from Date of Issue | Extension Period Years | Days | Years from Date of Issue | Extension Period. Years | Days |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | 4 | 118 | 12 | 16 | 39 |
| 4 | 5 | 328 | 13 | 16 | 301 |
| 5 | 7 | 185 | 14 | 17 | 176 |
| 6 | 9 | 32 | 15 | 18 | 16 |
| 7 | 10 | 213 | 16 | 18 | 199 |
| 8 | 11 | 351 | 17 | 19 | |
| 9 | 13 | 73 | 18 | 19 | 156 |
| 10 | 14 | 109 | 19 | 19 | 312 |
| 11 | 15 | 96 | | | |

**Give the above Contract your careful consideration**

**It will be to your advantage**

**No Restrictions! All Guaranties! No Estimates!**

*ISSUED BY THE*

# Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co.

## OF CALIFORNIA

## THE ONLY HOME COMPANY

*ORGANIZED 1868*

# Kilgarif & Beaver, General Agents

**Pacific Mutual Building, S. F.**

Hunting at Burlingame

The Haunts of the Tamale-Maker

# THE WAVE

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

CALIFORNIA STATE

VOL. XVI. No. 3 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 16, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

THE GREEN-ROOM IN THE CHINESE THEATRE ON JACKSON STREET

WHERE THE CELESTIAL ACTORS MAKE UP AND WHENCE THEY EMERGE UPON THE STAGE

From a photographic study by E. W. Jensen

# THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 16, 1897

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 4 |
| The Tolstoi Canard | 4 |
| Utah Women in Politics | 5 |
| A Family Resemblance; by Marcel l'Henreux | 5 |
| A Hospital on a Quagmire; by G. F. Shiels, M.D. | 6 |
| Behind the Sceents | 7 |
| The Alcazar Company in "Chispa" | 7 |
| Scenes at the San Mateo Hunt Club | 8 |
| Where Tamales are Made | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres; by Peg Woffington | 11 |
| The Indian Giver: a Review | 12 |
| Sport; by Benedict | 13 |
| Fashion Review | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |

## IS IT A PUBLIC VICTORY?

The railway funding bill has been defeated and the "people" have scored another "victory." In black-faced type and with manifestations of journalistic delight in the shape of exultant headlines, the daily press announces that the State is forever relieved from the "thraldom of monopoly." "The clutch of the octopus" has been loosened from the throat of the commonwealth, and bon-fires and flags and braying bands should be employed to evidence the unspeakable pleasure and relief with which the people welcome this "breaking of the chains." To speak otherwise than with enthusiastic joy over the recent action of Congress would, in the eyes of the noisy populace, be treason of an unmistakable and unforgivable character. Personal friends solicitous for the welfare of this journal, misled by the noise that passes for public opinion and having a knowledge of our past attitude in respect to this bill, have urged us not at this juncture to attempt the defense of so unpopular a measure. With due respect to their judgment, we must decline to follow their suggestion of silence and cowardice. Such a course would be as reprehensible as that followed by ignorance which gives countenance to the damnable spirit of spite and hatred that has been the moving force in antagonism to funding. With our knowledge of the facts concerning the subject matter we would forfeit our own self-respect should we join the ranks of malicious ex-employes, who once earned their livelihood through the bounty of the corporation they now so malevolently assail. There would come a burning sting of shame if we abandoned fundamental principles of justice and fairness to unite in the clamor raised by the insincere and thrifty professional railroad hater. We unhesitatingly affirm that the welfare of the State and the interests of the national government demand in most emphatic terms that in some way the railroad indebtedness be refunded, and this corporation compelled to pay its obligation dollar for dollar and cent for cent. It seems inexplicable that such an attitude should be regarded as one of friendliness to the corporation and hostility to the people, if the object to be obtained is the payment of the debt. The defeat of the funding measure prevents the accomplishment of the very thing the government should be clamoring to obtain. It does not insure payment, but on the contrary it does prevent it. It does not solve the problem that is vexing our State, but it does increase its embarrassments and perplexities. We trust that the reader, no matter how he may be inclined to view the funding bill, will in the future bear in mind that notwithstanding the noisy sentiment to the contrary The Wave emphatically denies the wisdom or good policy of opposing the refunding, and that we emphatically and positively assert that to oppose it was a blunder, to defeat it a mistake, and venture to prophesy that its consequences are more than likely to be disappointing and diametrically opposite to the end sought to be obtained.

There were two ways to treat with this railroad debt. One demanded calm and dispassionate deliberation and a settlement upon a purely business basis; the other was to throw deliberation and calmness to the winds, give license to unreason and permit bias to enter into our judgment. The latter course is the one which seems to have obtained adherence in this State. That we will suffer by it, must inevitably follow.

Taking the vote in the House of Representatives as decisively ending the struggle before Congress this may be a good time to examine the future, measure the importance of the "triumph" and take some satisfaction to ourselves over the "conquest." The "victory" consists in this very simple thing: Congress has declared that it will not take additional security and extend the time for the payment of its second mortgage upon the Pacific railroads, the present security for which is confessedly not equal to the face of the indebtedness. Under ordinary circumstances a man having insufficient security for a debt overdue would resist any effort to compel him to take the security in lieu of the debt, and if the debtor proffered additional security for his indebtedness in consideration of an extension of the time for payment, under all the ordinary rules governing monetary transactions the proposition would be received with favor and promptly accepted. A banker who would struggle to bring about such a condition as that which the "Examiner" claims to have brought about on behalf of the people would be a fit subject for a ward in some lunatic asylum. While there was some hope that a deficiency judgment might lie against the stockholders of the Pacific railways; while it was possible that the government might proceed against the private fortunes of the individual stockholders for the loss sustained under foreclosure of the mortgage, there might have been some excuse for the policy that urged immediate and complete foreclosure. But like the other claims of the railroad hater, this hope has been dissipated into thin air, and the highest tribunal in the land has declared that the government has no recourse against the stockholders and must look to its security alone for the satisfaction of its debt.

Of course, the next contest must be legal in its nature and long years of litigation may ensue. Here popular prejudice will be unavailing, and cold principles of law alone will determine the rights and equities involved. The defendants in the action will be the railway companies, who as may be expected will take advantage of every legal right and every equitable defense within their reach, and they are not few. It is possible, indeed it seems almost inevitable as The Wave has before now indicated, that the courts will refuse the claim for equitable relief sought by the government, without making due allowance for the equities of the corporation. It may be that eventually the Pacific railroads will fall into the same hands that now control their destiny and at a cost fully fifty if not seventy-five per cent less than the sum they now offer to pay to the government. It is one thing in public print to dismiss in a contemptuous and offhand manner the equities and contentions that may be urged on behalf of and in defense of the railroad companies, but it is still another to overcome these obstructions in a court of equity where a spade is called a spade and where a breach of faith on the part of the government may estop it from demanding its pound of flesh. The statement has been made, but somehow it has always been received with an incredulous smile, that the Central Pacific railroad company has complied fully with every provision of the United States statutes affecting it; that it has performed not only every obligation to the government but to its private creditors as well. On the other hand, it has been charged and proved that the government has not kept its obligations to the corporations, but has openly and notoriously violated the provisions of the contract between it and the railroads. In a series of articles treating upon this subject The Wave has from time to time directed attention to the delinquincies of the government with respect to these railways and what the consequences might be if the existing differences were brought for adjudication before a court of equity.

In looking back over the past it is apparent that if this whole question could have been referred to a commission consisting we will say of the Treasurer and the Attorney-General of the United States with three Senators and members of Congress, it would have been better for the people and for the government. The temper of the public mind in California, however, would not have permitted a discussion along such lines. The spirit animating the opposition to the funding bill was determined upon achieving a "people's victory," and nothing short of a complete and uncompromising defeat of the funding measure would have satisfied the desires of its opponents.

It is an open secret that opposition to funding in California has not arisen out of any desire to see the national government collect its debt or to compel the corporations to pay. The idea has been to obstruct all measures that squinted toward a settlement and so compel the government to foreclose and sell the property no matter what its loss might be, in the hope that the road would go to other hands and be operated as a competing line of railway, so bringing about a reduction in overland rates.

We have already passed through several periods of low transcontinental freight rates, the effect of which upon the manufacturing enterprises of California has been almost fatal. We are not prepared to say that this community would not be better off with a competing line of railroad, but this we do affirm without fear of contradiction: The inevitable result of low freight rates on manufactured articles from the East would be to close entirely every manufacturing enterprise in the State of California, not in some way peculiarly connected with the products of our soil. Wages, fuel and the other fixed expenses of manufacturing in California are higher than those prevailing elsewhere in the East. Every reduction in transcontinental freight rates is practically a reduction in the price of Eastern made goods. There is no way for a local factory to meet this new condition except to cut wages. The first result would be the closing of our mills; the next would be the resumption of work upon the Eastern scale of prices. A long series of labor contentions will inevitably follow, and in the end the scale of wages paid in this State must fall to the level of the scale paid in the East. Whether or not we will be better off under these circumstances, is a question which we ask the "Examiner" and the labor leaders of the Pacific Coast to answer. The Wave ventures to prophesy that a short while hence the "Examiner" and the people who are so noisily opposing the funding bill, and who now claim to have secured its defeat, will then declare all the efforts of the railway company to secure its passage to have been insincere and merely a trick of the corporation to mislead. We do not hesitate to predict that this will be the attitude of the "Examiner," and the public will come to regard their "people's victory" as a defeat and sorely regret that they did not at this time advocate the passage of a bill which would have compelled the companies to pay one hundred cents on the dollar even though such payment did extend over a period of a hundred years.

## SENATOR PERKINS.

There never was any occasion for doubting that the Legislature would re-elect George C. Perkins to the United States Senate. The alleged contest was no contest at all. The supposed opposition of the railroad was nowhere in evidence. True a few political parasites who make cheap reputations through the espousal of wild thories of government and impractical political maneuverings, and who are also credited with employment with the railroad in other conections, did attempt to create an impression that their antagonism to Senator Perkins was inspired by the company that employs them in capacities other than political, but the whole proceeding was a farce of the broadest type. The ordinary politician is not apt to attach the proper significance to the victory achieved by Senator Perkins. The contest for the Senatorship took place during the late campaign before the people and was determined at the polls in November last. Practically the proceedings before the Legislature amounted to the recording of a verdict already rendered by the people. Its action was as certain and as much of a foregone conclusion as will be the recording of the vote of Major McKinley by the National Electoral College. If any ambitious soul should at this juncture attempt to influence the vote of the Presidential electors for some candidate other than Major McKinley, the execrations of the American people would fall heavily upon the unfortunate individual prompting such a course. It was quite as bad taste to invite members of the Legislature to disregard their pledges to their constituents with respect to Senator Perkins, and it is to be regretted that such an attempt was for a moment seriously considered by any one.

Politics in its narrow sense was nowhere visible in Senator Perkins' campaign. That gentleman has demonstrated that the interior of the State may be successful in a political way against the wishes and in the face of the objections of the local San Francisco bosses if it will but unite for decency. This is a something worthy of note by interests and individuals possessed of the idea that political bosses are the necessary adjuncts to political success. The laurels of this contest belong to Senator Perkins—to no one else. He outlined his own campaign and directed the manner and the method of it. He took the people into his confidence and they rewarded him. No political boss was his sponsor or assistant. It was Perkins' individual popularity that brought him success nothing else. As usual The Wave is to be congratulated, for it was the only Republican journal in the city that stood steadfastly by Senator Perkins.

## THE NEW INTERNATIONAL COURT.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain is one of the notable events of the nineteenth century. No other act of the present administration will live so long in the popular memory or in the records of history. It is the first recognition by the two chief nations of the earth that law and not force, reason and not arms, should govern between nations. Men of the Anglo-Saxon race have long been out of the barbaric state and yet during all these centuries of civilization it has been regarded as necessary that whenever difficulties arose between two governments they should be settled by trial of battle, by strength of arm and armament, rather than by that rational process of legal procedure which obtains between individuals and is made compulsory by the government upon its subjects. Just as the law of personal rights and property has evolved from the will of the original chief of the tribe to the present body of certain determined and authoritative statutes, so can we see the evolution of the international code from the early days of unchecked piracy to the Cleveland-Salisbury treaty of 1897.

We have come to look upon war as the only proper way of settling troubles between nations, but on reflection how ridiculous this method seems, just as foolish and unreasonable in fact as the old-time trial by fire to which the prisoner was subjected as a test of his honesty or innocence. We now can hardly understand how men of the slightest mind could believe that such a trial was any test of a man's guilt, yet for centuries this primitive method of doing justice obtained. After it came the trial by battle in which men having grievances against each other, which in our days would be a matter for the investigation of some court, were brought face to face sword in hand and he adjudged innocent, or awarded the property, as the case might be, who overthrew his fellow. War between nations is just this on a big scale, nothing more. We grew out of these old methods through an increased intelligence of the people. We now subject our lives and our property to the disposition of courts of law acting within statutes with which we are familiar. By their treaty of arbitration the United States and Great Britain have recognized that governments made up of thinking men should adopt rational and modern means rather than the ancient methods of their ancestors. We are to have the first international court known in the history of the world. The leading jurists of both countries are to sit upon that bench, and before them the causes of international interest are to be pleaded. No judicial body so dignified has ever been set up, and the men who sit upon that bench will doubtless be the fathers of a system of international law which will be as solid and well recognized as the codes which now govern in our several States. It will be fitting that Lord Chief Justice Russell, who made so eloquent a plea for arbitration before the National Bar Association, should have a seat in that most august tribunal.

The setting up of this court gives much encouragement to those who hold that notwithstanding local contemporary phases of our in some respects unhappy civilization we are making steadily in the course of wisdom and of justice, the only way that leads to a happy life for governments as well as individuals. Sometimes we are excited and cry out against the spirit of our time and almost believe in our hearts that things are not working toward a higher civilization. We see misery among the poor, bitterness among the unfortunate, riots and struggles among our laborers, cruel oppression and unjust disregard of human rights by wealthy employers, the law defied by trusts and other combinations of capital so great that we have not yet learned how to handle them by law, men in public life without patriotism and false to everything but their pockets, great nations disposed to tyrannize over the smaller and rob them as ruthlessly as the highwayman his victim, but no mature reflection we perceive that the world is making for the better even if its progress is slow, and as Emerson has said:

> Deep love lieth under these pictures of time,
> That fade in the light of their meaning sublime.

Men may be selfish, cruel and shortsighted, but we know no serious consideration that man is growing more and more subject to reason, and with intelligence these evils pass away. The adoption of such a treaty as that here considered has never been possible before in the history of the world because the prejudices and the passions of men were too strong to allow of its adoption. Remark the picture: A body of men set up as it were in the air between two great countries, both rich in men and money and mind, to determine for them finally questions of difference arising out of their international relations. Eighty million Americans will bow before the decrees of that court as the ancient Hebrews prostrated themselves before the law that came down from Sinai. Two hundred million and more subjects of the British crown, men whose nature it is to fight, will accept the decrees of this tribunal as if they had come from their own self-chosen parliament. It is not as if two rulers had imposed some system or code upon their peoples which they had nothing to do but accept. Our position is that of the intelligent man who believes in the control of right and reason under all circumstances, who has seen enough of men to know that courts can be formed to which men need have no fear of subjecting so great an interest as that involved in their country's welfare. Could anything stronger be said, any other fact be adduced going to show the high point of civilization, of confidence in man's judgment, of willingness to be made subject to the law of reason than the establishment of this international court?

Do not misunderstand. War is not done for. War may yet be between the United States and Great Britain, and it is constantly threatened between the most enlightened nations of Europe. Law has not abolished the appeal to arms between men, and so long as human nature is as it is we cannot expect that international law will abolish international appeals to arms. But we will reduce the pretexts; by a public sentiment, we will make it impossible for wars to be indulged in upon the slight excuses that have hitherto obtained. When men have once got into the habit of thinking that questions can be settled in court justly and promptly, they do not frequently appeal to their fists or to the sword; so when nations set up courts to determine differences they will soon grow out of the habit of letting their hands drop upon their pistol pockets on every provocation. The way has been pointed out by which recourse to international strife may be made less frequent, and gradually the whole civilized world will come to see that war between nations is as unjustifiable as the duello.

## NATIONAL DIVORCE LAW.

The New York papers are again agitating the question of a national divorce law. The present excitement is due to the decision handed down by Justice Russell, in which he holds that a woman married in New York who goes to North Dakota and there acquires a residence and procures a divorce and again marries, is subject to be divorced from her husband resident in New York on the ground of adultery. Justice Russell in his opinion says:

"Henry McGown and Mary Emma McGown were husband and wife. Neither of them could voluntarily free himself or herself from those obligations. It could not be done by mutual consent. It could not, under the laws of this State, be done by evasive action designed to circumvent the public policy of the State of New York in respect to what is regarded the sacred obligations of marriage."

The Judge then said that for the purpose of obtaining a divorce, "and for that purpose alone, she leaves the State of New York and goes to the State of North Dakota, where a divorce may be obtained upon a residence of ninety days, and where no inquiry seems to be made upon the subject as to whether that residence was acquired for the purpose of obtaining a divorce or for the purpose of obtaining a permanent residence.

"By the laws of North Dakota, therefore, she is the lawful wife in that State of Mr. Bell. By the laws of the State of New York she is the lawful wife of Mr. McGown. Now, that inconsistent relation is something that is very difficult to obviate, but I know of no way, except by adhering first to the ancient rule of the State of New York that the marital tie cannot be dissolved by such actions on the part of either person to that contract, no matter what the consequences are; therefore, I say that under the laws of this State, under the decisions of this State in the highest courts, this lady is yet the lawful wife of the plaintiff in this action.

"Therefore, if she has lived in the marital relation with another man, she has violated that obligation, which gives just cause to her husband for a divorce. Now, that divorce obtained, what follows? The marital tie is dissolved, not only in the State of North Dakota, but also in the State of New York, and all that remains is the usual prohibition against the party marrying again.

"The instant the decree of divorce is obtained in this State, so far as I can discover, there is no State in the Union where these parties must not be regarded as divorced from each other. How far that prohibition will extend in the State of New York to anything like questions of property I do not undertake to say; nor is it necessary.

"I have no doubt that under the present laws a divorce obtained in the State of New York, obtained by the husband, without collusion, for a just cause, the marital tie being dissolved, hereafter this lady, having obtained a divorce in South Dakota and there married, under the policy of that State, any issue of that second marriage would be legitimate anywhere."

The foundation of Justice Russell's opinion is that the courts of Dakota did not have jurisdiction over the defendant, McGown, in New York. He not having been served with summons could not have subjected himself to the jurisdiction of the Dakota court. This seems to have long been the accepted law in New York. Thus the ridiculous situation is brought about that Mrs. McGown is the wife of one man in New York and of another in North Dakota. Another New York decision which shows the necessity for a national divorce law is known as the Baker decision. A man named Frank M. Baker and his wife lived in New York. He wished a divorce, but was unable to secure one on the only ground which is recognized for absolute divorce in New York State; so he took up his residence in Connecticut, and there successfully sued for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Soon after Baker remarried and returned to New York, where he was found guilty of bigamy and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. The opinion of the Court of Appeals was written by Judge Folger and concurred in by all but one of the Justices.

New York society is said to be greatly excited over this recent decision of Justice Russell because it is supposed and was announced by the foolish newspapers that it imperils the decrees of divorces granted by courts outside of New York State to various very swell women. It is pointed out that Madame de Steurs, who procured a divorce from her husband in Dakota and later married the dashing Elliott Zborowski, Mrs. Floyd-Jones, Mrs. James G. Blaine junior (now Mrs. William T. Bull), the Countess Zichy and others among the Four Hundred are liable to be arrested for bigamy; but the daily papers overlook the fact that in these cases either service was made within Dakota, where the divorce was procured, or the husband entered an appearance, so the question of jurisdiction does not arise, and the divorces, although not procurable in New York, must be recognized by the courts of that State out of comity between the States.

The agitation of this matter of a national divorce law, although given rise to a good deal of silly talk by our unlearned daily contemporaries, is useful in showing the necessity for several lines of legislation which were not appreciated at the time our constitution was drafted. It has been decided, for instance, by our own Supreme Court that while a court may obtain jurisdiction of the person by the publication of summons, neither the property of that person nor the children in his charge are subject to the order of the court, so that if one flees from the State carrying with him his children, his wife may procure a divorce without his appearance, yet she cannot get alimony nor the custody of her children. Sooner or later there will be an arrangement between the States to obviate these manifest evils, if a federal law cannot be drafted to meet the difficulty of the situation. Our commercial relations are so intimate and the division between the States, in all matters outside of those purely local, is so unimportant that we are coming more and more to see the necessity of national legislation affecting the statutes of persons and certain rights of preperty. The agitation for a national bankruptcy law is still continuing and but for the narrowness of our recent Congress the bill bringing about the reform in this regard would have been passed. It has also been suggested that a uniform statute of limitation should be adopted because of the intimacy of the relations between the people of the different States, and we are fast coming to recognize the unwisdom of continuing the limitation upon the federal legislative in many other particulars.

## TWO BENEFICENT MEASURES.

There are two measures that will come up before the pending Legislature which, if they receive intelligent and affirmative action, will have a broad, permanent and beneficial effect upon the administration of public affairs and the purification of politics in the State of California. Civil service it is conceded is a prerequisite to faithful and intelligent public service. There is neither sense nor reason in turning out a faithful and intelligent public servant simply because his political opponents have scored a victory over his party. No private concern in Christendom would be guilty of such a thing, and generally speaking there is no good reason why the rule should obtain in the public service. It answers no good purpose, but it does give birth to a brood of office seekers who barter and trade their votes, who stuff ballot boxes and perform innumerable other questionable political services for the fat offices and slim duties that go with them. To this class of tax-eating parasites we owe much of our political evils. Banish their opportunity to profit by their perfidy and you remove the temptation and destroy the hope that leads them to take to crime as the avenue which most surely leads to public office.

The other measure, which is most important to the State, is the proposed new primary law. Two years ago, through inadvertence, the law adopted providing for a new system of primary elections was defective and led our court to stamp it as unconstitutional. If the spirit of reform lives in this Legislature as it did with the last the civil service measure and a new primary law will go upon our statute books, to the great credit of the State and its Legislature. If either of these laws is to be preferred to the other it is that which looks toward a better primary system.

Quite a notable lawsuit, involving a curious point of professional ethics, was decided recently in a London court. A certain physician thought that his brother's case had been grossly mismanaged by another doctor and commented on it sharply. Physician No. 2 brought suit for libel and won after a prolonged struggle, receiving $75 damages. The obvious moral is that doctors should not talk too much about professional ignorance.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

In these days when the newspapers pursue the unhappy citizen like the Devil on Two Sticks, lifting the roof and laying bare his home it might not seem that there are many mute, inglorious millionaires at large in a town so exhaustively bepapered as San Francisco. Nevertheless there are some wealthy men in this neighborhood who by the simple process of minding their own business have escaped the curious eye of Peeping Tom o' the Press. For instance, there is a certain well-found sailorman—Kitterman by name—who having sworn off the sea has been quietly putting together bit by bit a more than comfortable share of terra firma of the sort that counts. He came from England before the mast some years ago and lives at North Beach. He started a furniture store and lived within his income. He is just a plain, ordinary German of simple habits and small economies. His spare money he has invested in houses until now he owns 106 flats, which give him an income of something like $1500 a month. His single ambition is to acquire more flats.

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The romance of mining is of endless and infinite variety. You have all heard the story of the Santa Rosalie mine in Mexico, from which John Daggett and his fortunate friends are drawing so much money, but there comes another story from that neighborhood which has far more of the elements of the unexpected. About forty miles from the spot where the Santa Rosalie mine is located a promising lead was discovered some years ago by a Californian prospector. He was a Bostonian of good family and, returning home contrived to interest some of his young millionaire friends in the enterprise. They put up something like a million dollars to develop the prospect and bought all kinds of machinery with all sorts of money. The plant was shipped to Hermosillo on the Mexican coast and started for the mine. The people in charge knew nothing of the difficulties to be overcome in a half-savage country. They began to build a road, but the money and enthusiasm gave out before the road arrived. To this day that expensive machinery may be seen scattered along the line bleaching and rusting under a tropic sun. The company lived on, rather as a parliamentary entity than as an industrial enterprise. It was solemnly called to order at stated periods, but it did no work. Meantime an old Italian was left in charge of the mine. He dug in that mine and said nothing. And he never neglected to send his bill at regular intervals and as regularly it was received and placed on file. When this had run for five years he asked for a settlement. The directors had no money to pay bills. They voted to be rid of the whole thing by giving it away. This solution commended itself to them as a neat and easy way out. Whereupon by a succeeding mail the patient Italian received a quit claim deed to the property and by return post the company had a receipt. Nothing more. This was about eight years ago. Now this old silent man is in a way to become one of the great Mexican millionaires. While the directors had been reading the minutes in Boston he had found a ledge of rock which paid him about $800 to the ton. He got out the rock with his own pick and powder and so got money enough for further development. He is already rich and will be richer, for speech is silvern and silence is golden.

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Artistic work in whatever field when honest and sincere will very generally bring results expressed in dollars, always of course on the condition that there is some touch of the divine fire about it. W. K. Vickery told me the other day of the profitable and encouraging success of certain young ladies, the Misses Palache, residing, I believe on the other side of the bay. As much for amusement as anything they had made a series of platinotypes of cloud effects on the Golden Gate. These were placed in his hands early in December and had a large sale during the holidays, to that extent that he was able to turn over to the young photographers $750 as their share of the proceeds. Moreover he sent on some of the pictures to a photographic exhibition in London, where they were awarded first prize against the world. Now all this is no reason why every young woman in the country should join the army of the kodak. You may make photographs till the heavens fall and all is blue and never earn a dollar for the output unless you have an eye for artistic effect—a not uncommon gift—and above all, the initiative force which leaves the grooves. To imitate is human, to invent divine.

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My sorrowful predictions anent the Supervisors are being shared by the community. It seems we have but stepped from the frying pan into the fire. I envy the "Examiner" its task when called on to explain why it so loudly endorsed certain individuals whose reputations are already clouded. Certain of its friends whom it recommended to the Non-Partisan convention and to the city have already shown the cloven foot. However, in comparison with the Board of Education our citizens have given us, the Supervisors will surely prove angels. President Barrington, a man of intelligence and integrity, has a desire to do well for the city, but his colleagues I fear have souls only for their opportunities. On the second day after election, when it became evident that the Rainey Board of Supervisors had obtained the suffrage of San Francisco, the newly crowned Boss visited the private offices of certain of the corporations, by way, I suppose, of establishing direct communication at the earliest possible moment. He found his reception much less cordial than he thought due his new pretensions, and was told that several of his clients had preceeded him—in other words, that three members of the new board had already laid their necessities at the feet of Power.

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The evolution of morals, or that which passes for morals, in relation to feminine dress and undress, more particularly on the stage, finds illustration in the Seeley episode in New York, where the virtue of that highly moral metropolis asserted itself through the police because certain graceless youngsters of the gilded sort were pleased to be entertained at Sherry's by ladies of the almost altogether. This, one is constrained to admit, is painful evidence of the degeneracy of the gilded youth treading the primrose path that leads to the brimstone pit, but it serves to recall how many things have happened since the pulpits thundered and the world stood aghast peeping between its fingers at the Black Crook in skirts. Perhaps you remember the performance of the Santley troupe of burlesquers at the old California. These well-fed and comfortable young women if placed on a contemporary stage, would seem overdressed to the educated eye. Nevertheless the moral sense of San Francisco was wounded in its dearest place by what the town was pleased to regard as the undrapery of the Santley girls. As in New York, so did the virtue of San Francisco find expression in the action of the police who arrested the whole house one night. Naturally that included a large slice of the gilded youth. Then there was scuttling for cover. Many of the young men were engaged to be married or on the way to that goal. Immediately they had business in Tulare or Siskiyou or the Lord knows where. They hid, to put it plainly, until the storm blew over. For a week the papers were full of the trial. That virtuous jurist Bob Ferrall was on the bench, and the case made a highly moral circus free for all. It was pretended that the court insisted on an exhibition on the witness stand, but one supposes that this was merely Mr. Ferrall's funny way or journalistic wit. The same troupe in the same dresses might come and go to-day and nothing said. In Kansas crusading committees parade the towns scratching theatrical posters off the billboards and, as the philosophic Frenchman remarked, all that is purely a matter of geography.

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The crop of litigation of the sort that pays fat fees is short this season, therefore the large number of contests for seats in the Legislature. These are mostly frivolous and are instituted with the pleasing sense that, win or lose, there is money in them for everybody concerned. Such contests are usually grounded on some trifling non-compliance with technical provisions of the law and they rarely carry weight so long as the intention of the voters is not defeated. But it has been the practice of the Legislature to appropriate money to pay the costs of contestants no matter how the case may result. So the enterprising and industrious young lawyer hunts up a defeated candidate—any candidate will do—and it is a poor lawyer who, with the help of our confused election laws, cannot devise some sort of technical plea on which to base a fight. The people pay for all, but what is one to do when there are some 3000 lawyers in town and only one big case in the courts? The Fair estate is fat, but not fat enough to go round, and in fact the men who get into these big cases are not of the sort which foments litigation.

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There is much loud woe over the distribution of the patronage by the Democratic bosses, Rainey and Lanigan. The combination of which Lanigan appears to be very much the controlling spirit at present, does not believe in a hereafter so long as there is anything in sight that may be seized, and neither discretion nor intelligence has been shown in the dispensation. As an instance, Professor Healey Davis, who performs messenger service for Lanigan, has been given four places and a fifth for himself in the Sheriff's office. Joseph E. O'Donnell, who is one of Rainey's men, is made secretary of the Board of Education at $150 a month. Rainey had Daggett insist that the Governor give O'Donnell's brother a place in the Jute mill at San Quentin, paying $110 a month. O'Donnell's father, by a trade of patronage, has been put in Collector Wise's office at $110 a month. Dr Ragan's sisters and cousins and aunts pervade the City Hall. John McGovern, who has hung around Rainey's stables until his shadow is impressed on the wall like a political fresco, has been given a place for his family. The Governor, at the request of Rainey and Daggett, donated to Mr. Donovan a place in the Board of Health. His brother is in the street department and his son under John H. Wise. Some 140 places have thus been disposed of, yet there is not one German in the hall. Secretary Maxwell of the Fire Department, having been given an assistant and having placed all his relatives, now asks for an increase of salary, no doubt because there is less work to be done. It is a grand and glorious time for the political family of the bosses who appear to be better provided with valor than discretion.

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Time was when the Fire Brigade's horses were the finest in the land. But three years ago the steeds that tore over the cobbles when the bells rang out were the strongest and proudest in the city. At the recent Horse Show the poorest nags in the collection were those of the Department. Wherefore this degeneracy? It cannot be the poor judgment of Chief Sullivan, who is an excellent Chief as well as a sagacious business man. The responsibility for this unfortunate condition of affairs rests with Chris Dunker, who operated the Fire Department of the late Board of Supervisors. I am told he was the purchaser of the Brigade's horseflesh, and comparing prices and purchases one cannot but believe Mr. Dunker was swindled habitualy by those with whom he had dealings. This, at least, is the charitable assumption. I am in hopes, however, that the Rottanzi Board will handle department affairs with a better sense of the necessities of the fire service.

BOSWELL JR.

M. Puvis de Chavannes, the greatest figure in the world of French art to-day, lives in Montmartre. His palace consists of a studio, a bedroom and a dressing-room; his furniture, a big table, a few arm-chairs and a sofa. His working studio is at Neuilly, outside Paris, a bare room, vast enough for his great canvases. Here he works alone on a ladder every day from 9 in the morning until evening, ceasing only for a light repast at noon. His is a life of incessant labor and severe simplicity.

# THE TOLSTOI CANARD

## How the Novelist Gained Favor With the Emperor.

The thrill that went around the world when it was announced that Count Tolstoi had at last been brought under the ban of the Russian Church and was to be formally excommunicated has given an additional impetus to the popularity and fame of the author of the "greatest modern novel."

Excommunication in Russia in the present day implies much the same thing as it did in Europe in the thirteenth century, confiscation of property, outlawry, imprisonment and, according to Russian custom, ultimate banishment to the lead mines of Siberia. The dispatch announcing the punishment of Tolstoi was, however, badly garbled by the American press, and it has since been learned that it is not Lyoff Tolstoi, but his distant relative Nikola who has incurred the displeasure of the heads of the Russian Church.

Popular belief to the contrary, the author of "Anna Karenina" is well liked in the official and court circles of the Russian empire and enjoys the protection and friendship of the Czar himself. So great is the Emperor's esteem for the author that on one occasion his Majesty sternly silenced a procurator of the Holy Synod who demanded that Tolstoi be called upon to show cause why he should not be punished by the Church for heresy and dangerous socialism.

The novelist's favor at court dates from the time of his interview with Alexander III., who sent for the Count—then in the first days of his success—and in a personal interview requested him to discontinue his attacks upon society and the existing orders. Tolstoi replied:

"Will your Majesty doff for an instant your imperial mantle and judge my writings not as a King but as an ordinary man? If a single word of my books is not consistent with sound common sense and human reason I will cut off my right hand."

COUNT LYOFF TOLSTOI

The Czar was thoughtful a moment and took leave of Tolstoi cordially, but without giving him an answer. Yet from that day to this, the Count has enjoyed the imperial patronage and protection. Even if the report of Tolstoi's excommunication and consequent banishment had been true, it is doubtful if (in so far as his physical, exterior life is concerned) he would have suffered by the change. Confiscation of property would mean nothing to him, for he has long ago made over his entire estate to his wife and children, and for the rest it is well known that he leads the life of the laborer, sometimes working at the plough, sometimes making shoes. Not long ago Tolstoi's shop could be seen in the village where he made his home. From the door of the shop projected the sign reading, "Count Lyoff Tolstoi, Shoemaker." The sign can still be seen, but through the influence of the Emperor Tolstoi has consented to have the word "Count" painted out.

Chaldren used to be taught that yawning was a breach of good behavior; but now, if certain medical testimony may be credited, it is incumbent upon parents to see that the youthful members of their flock not only yawn when nature so disposes them, but even practice what may be called the art of yawning. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck.

Both Emile Zola and Henri Becque have been defeated in their efforts to become members of the Academy. It is easily seen why the "Immortals" will have none of M. Emile Zola. Old spite and the contempt so long manifested toward the academical institution can explain that. M. Becque is one of the most prominent dramatic authors of the last quarter of a century and has established himself in the most original manner as the author of the "Corbeaux" and of the "Parisienne."

## UTAH WOMEN IN POLITICS

### The Balance of Power Held by the Fair Sex in the New State.

I remember a Harvard professor who used to interrupt his lectures to us on French literature to rail at woman's suffrage (it was a pet theme of his), To make his point he invariably asked us to imagine to what pass equal suffrage might bring society, as, for instance, a wife running against her husband for the same office. We always used to laugh heartily at this, as though we had not heard it a thousand times before, but at the same time we appreciated the extravagant humor of the thing, and considered it a pretty good satire, even if it was far-fetched. What a joke if it should happen some day, sometime in the far-distant, undefinable future of the next century, when we should all be old men!

MRS. LILLIE R. PARDEE
Salt Lake City, Secretary of State Senate 1896
Secretary Republican State Committee 1896
Thomas, photo

But already at this time of writing the very fancy of my extravagant French professor has been made fact—is indeed a fact so old that it has almost ceased to be news. It happened many months ago in Utah, when Mrs. Cannon, the "plural" wife of Angus M. Cannon, was nominated as Democratic State Senator from a certain district. The Republicans nominated her husband, and not only did Mrs. Cannon run against her better-

MRS. MARTHA HUGHES CANNON
State Senator-elect Utah Legislature 1897.
Marceau, photo

half, but she actually beat him out in the electoral race, and secured the office.

There can be no doubt that women are to play a most important part in the future of Utah politics. Even now the balance of political power is controlled by them. They are forty thousand strong, nearly every one of them voters. And in passing it will be well to reflect as to what will be the issue when these forty thousand votes are cast by a class, seventy per cent of whom are under the influence of the Mormon Church. But the women of Utah have not succeeded in making for themselves this position—unique, I believe, throughout the world—without a struggle. For thirty years, and with all sorts of discouragements—in the face of all manner of obstacles—they have been working out their own salvation and enfranchisement. Even when the battle was at last won in 1870 (when the Territorial legislature accorded females the right to vote), it had to be begun all over again, for Congress by the Edmunds-Tucker act, in 1882, annulled the Territorial law, and the women of Utah were disfranchised.

MRS. SARAH E. ANDERSON
Member Utah Legislature from Ogden, 1897
Thomas, photo

It is interesting to note that most of the women prominent in the suffrage movement of Utah are not old maids, but are married and the mothers of families. There are such women as Mrs. Emeline Wells, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. McVickar, Mrs. Isaac Trumbo, and Mrs. Cannon. Indeed, I have yet to hear of an unmarried woman of Utah who has come to the front as a suffrage champion. Rather curious this, and a good answer to certain unfeeling males who declare that the strong-minded women, and those anxious for political privilege, are the old maids—those who are debarred from the delights of motherlove and home.

R. T.

MRS. EMILY S. RICHARDS
Salt Lake City, Chairman Democratic Woman's State Committee
Stevens, photo, Chicago

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M. Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister, less than a dozen years ago was lecturing on history at a salary of £6 a month to a small class of four or five in the Sorbonne, Paris. The task over, he generally took his way to the office of the "Republique Francaise," Gambetta's paper, which printed some of his literary and historical contributions. Here it was he met one evening Spuller and Jules Ferry, who gave him a helping hand, for he had already begun to climb the official ladder, being employed in the department of archives at the Foreign Office. The rapidity of his promotion was marvellous. Before the end of 1885 he had been appointed Counsellor to the Embassy at Constantinople and the next year he secured a seat in the Chamber, and at this moment his position is unique.

MRS. EMELINE B. WELLS
Salt Lake City, President Woman's Republican League, Utah; Republican Nominee for State Senate 1895; Republican Nominee for Legislature 1897.
Savage, photo

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Alexander Salvini came to America in 1881 with Rossi, the great Italian actor, his father's friend and rival. His object was to become an engineer under the tutleage of a railroad official in Baltimore, to whom he had letters. These he never presented, but traveled over the country with Rossi, studying the great actor's methods until Rossi became so jealous that he advised his manager to dispense with the assistance of Salvini. The young Italian went to H. M. Palmer in 1882 and was asked to recite something. However, he did not speak English enough to satisfy the manager, and was so informed. Not disheartened, he rushed home and in two hours knew Hamlet's soliloquy perfectly. He had learned the words, knew what they meant and pronounced them correctly. but his intonation was so hopelessly Italian as to render him unintelligible. But Salvini was a mighty name, and he secured the engagement sought.

MRS. EURETHA LA BARTHE
Salt Lake City, Member Democratic State Committee
Gillingham, photo, Colorado Springs

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Governor Black of New York is a self-made man and a remarkably frank one. When congratulated upon his election he remarked: "I have been elected Governor and shall do my best, but I presume that I shall not succeed very well. The trouble with me is I have never been at any one thing long enough to give it a good trial. I taught school once, but soon left that for newspaper work. Then I went into law, then to Congress, and now I leave Congress at the beginning of my second term to be Governor. Possibly I ought to abandon these last duties before I begin them." The fact is that Governor Black was a leader at the bar in Troy, and was elected by a greater majority than Grover Cleveland had in 1882.

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Mr. Nikola Tesla, the electrical expert, recently suggested the possibility of employing electricity as a fertiling agent for the soil. The currents produced by perfected electrical oscillators, he says, are capable of causing the chemical combination of the nitrogen with the oxygen of the atmosphere. If this combination were carried on upon an industrial scale, which he thinks is possible, then the product could be used as a fertilizer, and in his opinion the benefits to humanity would be incalculable.

MRS. ISAAC TRUMBO
Salt Lake City
Bushnell, photo

## A FAMILY RESEMBLANCE

BY MARCELLE HENREIN

SHE—So you didn't recognize me at first?

HE—How could I have known you at the first glance, Eddy? The last time I saw you, don't you know, you were only a child, and now, all at once, you are a young lady; you are taller, you are more graceful, your eyes are just as blue as ever, but you smile in a different way. You didn't use to smile like that, Eddy.

SHE—My sisters did.

HE—Your sisters, Eddy? What charming girls they were, so pretty, so fresh, so good-natured. Just to talk with them made one glad to be alive. Do you know you look like them, Eddy, yes, very much like them. The same eyes, the same little mouth, the same manner of walking and of carrying your sunshade and—yes—the same way of flirting. Only you are smaller than they.

SHE—Is it because I look like them that you have made up your mind to walk with me?

HE—Yes and no. That is to say, not altogether because you look like them—the sentiment is complicated. For me you are all three of them in a single person.

SHE—A trinity—is that it?

HE—Yes, a trinity, that's it. I love you all three. When I think of one I think of the other two at the same time.

SHE—You're a strange boy. You say things to me with a sincerity that's—exasperating.

HE—Exasperating! How can sincerity be exasperating? (A pause.)

SHE—Now see here, Jack, listen to me. I'm going to make you remember things—things that happened seven years ago, when I was a little girl. Not so little though but what I had my eyes open and thought about what I saw. Well, do you remember how you were at our house all the time, calling on my sisters? At that time I know you had a preference for Florence.

HE (very innocently)—For Florence? Now, Eddy, whatever made you think that?

SHE—One day, or rather one evening, after dinner, there was only me in the parlor—but you never bothered about me—you drew Florence over into the bay window, and oh! you kissed her, and you swore you adored her and all that, and you said: "Shall we be married some day, Florence?"

HE—Really, did I say that to Florence?

SHE—You said those very words, Jack, and Florence said, "I love you very much, Jack, oh, with all my heart, but you know very well that I am engaged to George Henley and that I can't marry you."

HE—Yes, she said that, and I remember how cut up I was over it.

SHE—You really and truly loved Florence, did you?

HE—Why, of course—didn't I ask her to marry me?

SHE—Yes, but that's not all, Jack. Two years later you began coming to the house again, and you were still calling on my sisters, but now it was Grace you were flirting with. Oh, how you did love Grace, and one morning—it was a morning this time—in the garden you two were walking together. I was right behind you—but you never minded me. You put your arm around Grace, you did, and I heard you say, "Grace dear, let me be your husband"—just like that. And Grace said: "Dearest Jack, you know how much I love you, but what you ask can never be. You know, of course, I am engaged to my cousin, William Hartford."

HE (gloomily)—Yes, yes, that's all true. I never had any luck.

SHE—And you loved Grace seriously when you proposed to her?

HE—Seriously? Of course I did, Eddy. I hoped to marry Grace, just as I had hoped to marry Florence.

SHE—I would never have believed it.

(Another pause.)

HE—You don't believe in anything then, Eddy? And your own heart—did you never know what it meant to have your own heart beat, oh, as though it were near to bursting? (Suddenly) And what if I should tell you that it is you alone that I love.

SHE—Which one of us are you speaking to now? Is it Florence in the bay window, or Grace in the garden? It can't be to me, who have no other attraction beyond resembling my older sisters.

HE—Now you are angry, Eddy. I believe you are really jealous of your sisters.

SHE—I jealous! That would be downright stupid.

HE—Well, you are angry.

SHE—That would be still more stupid. Oh, no, it makes no difference to me. Tenez! I've had a nice walk, you have spoken to me of my sisters only. I know very well that you loved them once, and they certainly did seem to be in love with you. And you never thought about me at all in those days. But let me tell you that to-day my sisters and I are—well, it's no longer the same thing. They are older than I, my sisters, and then besides they are married, they don't count. Tenez (tears come suddenly to her eyes) vous etes un mechant.

HE—Eddy, my dear little Eddy! For heaven's sake don't cry!

SHE—Ah, yes, much difference it makes to you.

HE—But I won't have you cry. Listen, I love you. Oh, so truly, so sincerely! (In a low voice, after looking about him to see that they are unobserved) Oh, dearest Eddy, how happy it would make me if you would consent to be my wife.

SHE—Oh, Jack, I do love you, you must have felt it But our marriage is impossible, for, you know, I am engaged to my cousin, Harry Drysdale.

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Queen Victoria is in miserable health, both physically and mentally. Her guests at Windsor see very little of her, being led up after dinner in groups of four to where she is seated and exchanging a few brief remarks on conventional subjects. It is thought she cannot last another year.

## A HOSPITAL ON A QUAGMIRE

### The Condition of the City and County Hospital a Menace to Health.

San Francisco has long been conspicuous for the absence of civic pride. Nowhere in the United States, perhaps in the world, is there a city where this failing is so perceptible. It is evident in the condition of our streets, our public buildings, the management of our public offices and the conduct of our city affairs generally. All these things, however, touch upon the comfort and convenience of our citizens, but though grave and serious they pale before the greater importance of conditions which bear upon the health of the community.

Would an intelligent citizen believe it, were he told that not far from the center of the city there existed an hospital conducted by the city for its sick poor which is founded on a morass of sewage soaked soil? That at the very entrance to the institution there exists an open trench, at the bottom of which flows a brook of noisome,

An example of what the late Board of Supervisors considered good plumbing.

foul-smelling, health-destroying, germ-infected water? That on skirting this trench and entering a small gate at the side of the main entrance one has to foot it carefully to avoid falling into a similar trench within the gates? That resting upon the edge of this open cesspool is a pavilion full of sick and suffering humanity? That, near the main buildings, there are still two more such trenches and finally that skirting the buildings at their very foundations are open ditches exposing leaking and foul-smelling drains?

I do not hesitate to say that no sane man could believe in the existence of such conditions without some actual evidence. Glance at the accompanying photographs taken on Tuesday last and such doubt must give way and a sense of horrified and surprised belief must take its place.

Yes, the City and County Hospital is in a condition which for danger to life approaches that of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

This state of affairs has existed for several weeks now. It is the evidence of work begun but left unfinished "for want of funds." Such is the reason given by the Hospital Committee of the late Board of Supervisors, which had for its Chairman one King, who cannot be better described than by the words "Professional Politician." At no time has this city had so highly honorable, so unselfish, so learned and so untrammeled a Board of Health, but its members have been handicapped by a parsimonious and grasping Board of Supervisors, who have made it impossible for them to use their energies to their full value. Let it be said of this Board of Health that in spite of opposition it has accomplished much, and let us hope that, under the new Board of Supervisors, with Dr. Washington Dodge as Chairman of the Hospital Committee, and an intelligent, educated and vigorous body of men to back his suggestions, there will be an immediate and marked improvement in the unsanitary conditions surrounding us on all sides.

I am glad to be able to write that improvement has already begun at the City and County Hospital. The work which for weeks has been neglected has again been taken up, and this morning, on entering the hospital to make my rounds, I noticed a large force of two men lazily shoveling in one of the trenches, and on leaving an hour later this force had been added to by a third. Can we hope that there will be an hourly addition until the number will be one hundred and their orders be to pull down and burn this eye sore, pavilion by pavilion, replacing them by modern and hygienic hospital buildings?

I cannot leave the subject of the Hospital without calling attention to the condition of the interior of this institution. It may be summed up as antiquated, dirty, poorly ventilated, poorly heated, poorly lighted, poorly equipped and poorly managed, while the patients are poorly fed and poorly clothed.

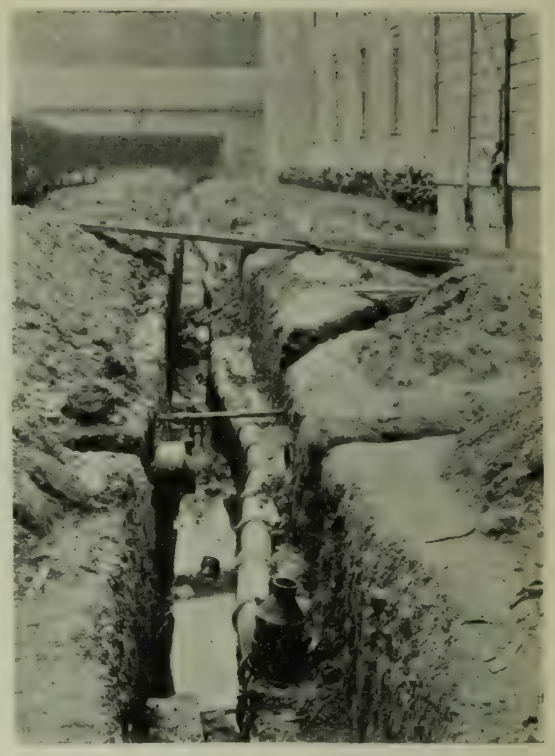
One example can be taken as fair evidence in support of what I have said. Let us take a bed—a few iron slats thrown together, upon which rests a sack of ticking filled with straw, a pillow of the same nature, coarse sheets, the worse for wear and, to finish the picture, a dowdy multi-colored spread. Such are the conveniences of our City and County Hospital.

Were it not for the willing work and co-operation of the Board of Health, the attending physicians and surgeons, the internes and the nursing staff, handicapped though they are by parsimonious politicians, God knows what would become of the sick poor of San Francisco, for let it be well understood that outside of this hospital there is not a single charity hospital in this city or county.

GEORGE FRANKLIN SHIELS, M. D., F. R. C., S. E., etc., Professor of Surgery, Post Graduate Medical Department, University of California.

A brook of sewage just within the gate

The trench just outside the entrance



Representing the hygienic conditions at the base of the Pavilion

Li Hung Chang's recent deprivations and degradations are said to be due to the Emperor's jealousy of the Empress Dowager, and the fact that Li Hung Chang should have called upon her first was not to be endured. He has become restive, and wants to be more than a figurehead. The punishment is, after all, merely nominal. A year ago Li lost his "yellow jacket," but he continued to wear it just the same. The vital question is one of influence and power, and it is being fought out on other lines than these.

Cremation as a method of disposing of dead bodies increases in popularity with succeeding years. At first the prejudice against it was almost universal and it was only after indorsements had been procured from ministers, saying that there was nothing unscriptural in disposing of the dead by means of fire that the masses began to contemplate it. Incineration is very much less expensive than ordinary burial. In the first place the charge for reducing the body to ashes is but thirty-five dollars. The maximum cost of incineration, including the purchase of an urn, the lease of a niche to receive the urn, the door of the niche, and all expenses, need not exceed one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Curious are the methods employed by the secret police service. Every government in Europe finds it necessary to employ special agents in addition to the regular detective service. They are usually paid by the Prime Minister of the country ,who has a regular fund for this purpose. In England the more important of these agents report directly to the heads of the division of the Home Department in London. Although English people are, as a rule, regarded as inferior to the Russian, German or Latin races in the peculiar qualities considered indispensable to the "mouchard," yet they succeed in performing their work with a minimum of publicity, whereas at St. Petersburg, Germany and Paris unsavory scandals frequently occur. Lord Cowley, British Ambassador to Paris, while discussing the secret police service with its chief, M. Pietri, and bantering him about the ubiquity of his agents, said there was one place they could never penetrate, namely, his embassy, as Lady Cowley was renowned for her exclusiveness. Pietri smiled and said: "The Countess gave a dinner last night, followed by a small reception." "Yes. But what do you mean?" said the Ambassador. "It was a very small affair. No one was present with whom we are not on terms of intimacy." "Tell me, my lord," said Pietri, "did you not say thus and so?" Lord Cowley was compelled to admit he did. But not even the closest examination of Lady Cowley's visiting list enabled him ever to discover the spy.

Li Hung Chang is still the most powerful personage in the Celestial Empire, and although he lost prestige over the defeat of China, still when Li went to Peking for audience ere starting on his Japanese mission, such was magic of his prestige that an army was assembled round the palace to prevent this one man from seizing the throne. Efforts were made to assassinate him, but certain Princes who learned about it interfered. The Emperor has heard that while traveling abroad it was a case of "Ego et mon Roi," and like Henry VIII and Wolsely he has resented it.

Doctor Thomas Conaty, the successor of Bishop Keane as Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, is only forty years old. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, came to America in his earliest youth, and was educated by the Jesuits at Troy Seminary. In church politics he is conservative, and is widely known as a temperance lecturer. He is said to possess a pleasing and magnetic personality.

Maud Hines as Florence

George Osbourne as Injun Joe

May Buckley as Chispa

John Armstrong as Doc Jones

Hugo Toland as Zeke Stevens

*THE ALCAZAR COMPANY IN "CHISPA"*

Photo by Thors

## BEHIND THE SCENES

### A Celestial Green-Room, Where the Actors Dress and Make Up.

The Chinese New Year is approaching and all good and true Celestials in San Francisco are preparing to celebrate its advent with the same fervor if not with the same magnificence as their brethren in the Flowery Kingdom. Along the edge of the crowded sidewalks and in the gutters of the streets can be constantly seen of late, the remnants of some family's sacred rites, charred bits of punk, strips of red paper and the ashes of fires, while after nightfall it is no unusual occurrence to surprise the Mongol in the very midst of the performance of his incantations.

Inside the houses, from the second story windows, can be heard at every hour the squealing of fifes, the twanging of stringed instruments and the clashing of cymbols. At the theatre "special holiday attractions" in the form of an entirely new troupe of actors, and "specialty song and dance artists," with all the latest "gags," we presume, from Hongkong and Pekin will "play to crowded houses."

The scene in the Green Room of the Chinese Theatre at 5 o'clock is curious indeed. The actors are all boys, none of them over nineteen and most of them under seventeen. It is here they attire themselves. They are attired in the gorgeous costumes demanded by the play, while those who represent the legendary gods and demigods paint their faces horribly in addition.

A new play is to be put on about the first of February, which promises to be quite an affair, as the costumes are to be imported direct from China and are to surpass anything of the kind previously seen. We are told that they are fairly stiff with gold thread and silver embroidery.

It is not generally known, I believe, that the troupe of the Jackson-street Theatre tour the State regularly, showing in the theatres of the various "Chinatowns" of the California cities.

Wire glass is said to be an effective barrier against fire. It consists simply of a mesh-work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by the flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces and it also resists the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing.

## ABOUT PERSONAGES

John Morley, the English statesman, is a strange creature with a lean, dried-up figure, a bleak face, and an aridly logical mind, no temperament discernible in him anywhere. The practice of politics seems to have blunted his mind and to have settled him finally in the comfortable superstition that what is obvious is true, and the whole truth. Thus saith the "Saturday Review."

President Roosevelt thus throws some light on the savage abuse heaped upon his views on the civil service question by one of the New York dailies: "Just before Thanksgiving a representative of the paper in question came to me and said he was interviewing prominent men as to what they were thankful for. I told him I was thankful I did not read his paper."

M. Meline's protective tariff has almost ruined the toymakers of Paris. One of them is quoted as saying that all of the 300 manufacturers in the city believe high duties are damaging their trade, and that 20,000 workmen rue the day this system was adopted. A Parisian toy exporter, when questioned on the subject, said: "The French have lost their trade in cheap dolls, and only retain that in the most expensive sorts."

The eccentric Earl of Dysart, who lived the life of a recluse in a gloomy house in Norfolk street, off the Strand, would not have a woman near him. So much did he hate the sex that he constructed an apparatus in the wall of his shabby apartment, through which his meals might be passed without giving any view of the interior. His estate, after his death, was found to be worth close on two millions sterling.

No one knows where the Sultan will spend any portion of the day or evening. Every movement he makes is kept a profound secret. He has more than fifty bedrooms, and no one can tell in wnich he means to sleep. These apartments are separated from the rest of the building by iron doors, and are furnished with locks of extraordinary and ingenious construction. It is even said that in the walls and ceilings of these rooms there are secret hiding-places. Two noble St. Bernard dogs lie outside the door of the room in which Abdul may be sleeping.

The Chinese Government has made great strides since the recent war with Japan. The newly appointed Minister to the United States, Wu Ting Fang, is a Cantonese by birth, about fifty years of age, of fine appearance, and speaks English fluently. He has resided in England, studied law and been admitted to practice before the English court in Hongkong. He is a patriotic, progressive man, a pupil of Li Hung Chang, and his appointment abroad will be of great service to his country. The Ministers to Germany and England are also well educated and progressive men.

Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, now bears, in addition to his other titles, the name of "Clear Sky." He has been made a chief of the Seneca tribe of the Six Nations. His initiation took place at the recent fair of these Indians on their reservation. On either side of the Governor-General in the council house were chiefs of the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras and Delawares. The new civilization was everywhere apparent. There was a band, composed of Indians, who played the national anthem. A bicycle was seen at an Indian house. The red man of Cooper is a thing of the past.

## THE WOOING OF THE ROSE

A white rose bloomed in a garden close,
On a tristful autumn day;
Sad was the heart of the fair white rose,
As the summer slipped away.

She had been wooed by the singing bird,
The bee, and the butterfly;
But never a chord of her heart was stirred,
Till she heard the west wind sigh.

She leaned on the trellis, fair and sweet,
With the laughing leaves above,
As he glided in with his noiseless feet
And whispered his tales of love.

A rollicking, restless rover he—
The waif of the salt-sea brine,
And only a white, white rose was she,
The last of her royal line.

He kissed the lips of the Rose in bloom,
And alas, a-lack a-day!
She was despoiled of her rare perfume,
For the wind will have its way.

—LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

A CORNER OF THE KENNEL YARD

MR. HOBART AS MASTER OF THE SAN MATEO HOUNDS

A "MEET" WITH THE SAN MATEO HOUNDS

## SCENES AT THE SAN MATEO HUNT CLUB

See page 13

INTERIOR OF THE "FACTORY

CUTTING UP CHICKEN: IT IS CHICKEN, NOT SEA-GULL

*THE MAKING OF TAMALES*

## WHERE TAMALES ARE MADE

It so chanced that I came upon the "Tamale place" entirely unawares while loafing about "Little Mexico" and "Little China" in that strange unknown country beyond the Barbary Coast. I came, I saw, I made a discovery, and can now make deposition under oath and over my hand and seal that the chicken in a tamale, is chicken and not sea gull, so that for at least one person, the time-worn, time-honored joke of the local humorous editor has lost its savor. The "Tamale place" is up a bit of narrow lane behind the county jail, a little brick house, shouldered by a huge gray plastered building that is full of gay colored Spanish "filles de Joie" who hang out the windows and make remarks as you go past.

A man by the name of H. Palmer owns and runs the place, and I think is the only American within a radius of four blocks. Twelve men, Spaniards, Greeks and negroes—to say nothing of seven setter puppies—are working under him and they rest not from morn to eve, making the 800 tamales the factory's daily output.

Here you may see the tamale in its details, and you may follow the process from the preparation of the husks with "massa" to the finished article, hot and steaming neatly rolled and tied and stowed in a basket ready for the peddler. In one corner are huge barrels of Spanish olives, which you are told come direct from Spain; in another place are pans three feet in diameter, full of red hot chili, ground to a sort of pulp by sausage machines, and in a sort of store house in the back of the shop are corn husks by the ton, bales upon bales of them, carefully selected, cut to their proper length and packed there ready for use; standing about on the floor are enormous tins of corn (it looks as though it had been soaked) out of which the corn meal is ground. I find that the proper name for this corn meal—the thin coating between the leaves of the tamale is "massa," and is a mixture of corn meal and of—heaven save the mark—melted lard. A few figures now, just to give one an idea of the amount of tamales consumed last year. Fourteen tons of corn leaves were used in the manufacture of tamales in this city, 10,000 pounds of chili peppers, 67,000 pounds of corn and 1200 dozen chickens, while rough estimate places the number of tamales consumed weekly by San Francisco at 25,500, or about one to every eleven inhabitants.

But there is one feature of the tamale industry that will forever be shrouded in mystery. Why is it that it remains a nocturnal article, never making an appearance until after 11 and 12 o'clock at night, eaten oftenest in the small hours of early dawn?

There seems to be no good and sufficient answer to the question.

A VIEW OF "LITTLE MEXICO"

A VISTA IN THE QUARTER

*THE HOME OF THE TAMALE-MAKER TELEGRAPH HILL*

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Confidential Communications of a Miss in Society.

There has been more of the sparkle and glitter of life this week, dearest Diary, and the dreary dullness of the holidays is somewhat dissipated. But at best, this Winter is like a gray day, and one welcomes with avidity even the stray glimmers of sunlight. On Thursday evening I went to the Whittier dinner, a very swell affair, where we all discussed the prospective weddings. They are now things of the moment, and both Mattie and Lizzie Carroll are deep in the mysteries of trousseaux. I shall be really sorry when Mattie marries, as she will live in New York. She says, however, that she will in all probability spend much time in Californina. I wonder who will be Lizzie Carroll's bridesmaids? They say Gertie Carroll, Evelyn Murphy, Romie Wallace, Beatrice Tobin, and possibly Birdie Fair. Nothing, however, is absolutely certain, save the date of the wedding, which has been set for February 27th, I am told.

What do you think of the new engagements? There are two recently announced. The first is that of Miss Teenie Goodall, only daughter of Captain Charles Goodall, of Goodall, Perkins & Co. She is a tall, handsome, Juno-like girl, very fair, and quite of the Saxon type. Mr. Kiel is Vice-President of Goldberg, Bowen & Co., and a very clever and promising business man. The wedding is to be celebrated in the near future. A second engagement is that of Mabel Estee and Mr. Leonard Everett. Mabel is a bright, jolly girl and very popular. She is the daughter of Mr. Morris Estee. Mr. Everett is a splendid fellow, is in insurance, and papa says he is a real good business man. I like him immensely; he dances well, and is so nice looking. He and Mabel make a handsome couple. He is fair; she, quite a brunette.

On Friday I went to the german and had a perfectly glorious time, contrary to my expectations. There were only fifty couples on the floor, but that rather added to our enjoyment. It did not look so swell as usual, for the hall viewed from the end looked very empty. I wonder what is the matter with the matrons this year, so few of them go anywhere. I remember when Leila went out mamma said it was difficult to find a seat, yet last Friday there were only twenty of the chaperone guard present. It is a shame, as they added much to the spectacular effect; for as mamma says, it is the dowagers who really dress handsomely, the girls, as a rule, do not. This year the lack of new gowns has been most obvious. Some of the maidens look positively bedraggled. You know how stringy and horrible chiffon becomes after you have worn it a few times. Mae Moody was easily the most handsomely gowned girl in the room. She wore a costume of pompadour silk, very stunningly made, with a stiff ruff arranged around the shoulders, that added to its effectiveness. Caro Crockett looked sweet in pale blue chiffon over pale blue silk. Helen Wagner wore her lovely bride's gown of pink dotted crepon, the waist all tucked and edged with lace, the skirt seamed with applique bow knots of lace. Of the debutantees I must say that Alice Hoffman was the most popular. She was called out every time. I had a deal of fun, as I knew all the men, but some of the buds met with a "cold frost," as Arthur terms it. Certain of last year's girls had ever so much more fun, and the belles of two season's had a walk-over. Daisy Van Ness looked very pretty in pink satin. I feel so sorry for the Van Ness family. You know they went to their ranch near Calistoga, and were comfortably settled there, when a defective flue put an end to all their plans. They lost everything, all their clothtes and bedding. In fact, with the exception of some of the sitting and dining-room furniture, nothing was saved. Of the other girls who looked especially well, I should tell you of Jessie Glascock in a yellow brocade, and Rose Hooper in pink satin covered with chiffon. The music was not good. I thought it was altogether too fast. I don't know what has got into Huber lately, but he always plays too quickly to suit me. The Deux Temps girls in Oakland are making a similar complaint. I wish some one would tell him.

The chief topic of conversation in the dressing-room was the disappearance of Lieutenant Carson's mustache. Why has he shaved it off? We girls are simply furious about it, as it was eminently becoming.

On Saturday I went to the football game with a lot of the 'Varsity Club fellows, and was horribly disappointed that we were so badly beaten. I am always sorry when the military chaps win because, strange to say, I am not fascinated by the glitter of gold braid. Leila used to be what I call an "Army and Navy" girl, and she lived to regret it. You see they are rather a fickle set and apt to rush you; then, when they are ordered off, you are left to mourn. There is a rivalry between the army fellows and the civilians, and if you are constantly surrounded by the one, the others will have none of you, and I prefer brooks to butterflies.

Carrie went to Mrs. L. L. Baker's dinner on Friday night. I was asked, but mamma said if I went there I could not go to the Saturday Fortnightly, so I refused. Carrie said it was an awfully jolly affair. Mrs. Baker gave it in honor of her niece, Florence Stone. Mrs. Baker is really giving Florence a lovely time. I wish Aunt Sybil would follow in her wake, but she is so dreadfulyl stingy, the old horror!

On Saturday Arthur, Leila and I went to the Fortnightly, and simply made things hum. There were dozens of pretty girls, and we all had to be as bewitching as possible. You see we have not only to cross swords with the popular older girls, like Laura Bates and last year debutantes, but there are several of next season's debutantes who make quite formidable rivals. Let me see, who were the prettiest of the maidens—I fancy there were about a dozen in all. Miss Mollie Hind, who led with Mr. Douglas McBride, looked exceedingly well; May Weldon, a dark girl of medium height, who is quite handsome, wore a pretty white frock, brightened with red ribbons. Gertie Bates wore a simple little blue organdie frock. Gertrude Van Wyck looked charming in blue and white chiffon. Edith Stubbs was in pale pink moire poplin—a lovely gown and exceedingly becoming—the Stubbs girls always dress well. Marie Oge wore white silk, trimmed with red. Lucy Jackson, a tall blonde, looked stunning in pale blue flowered silk; she and Bernie Drown were the belles, I think. They are quite a contrast—one so dark, the other such a perfect blonde. Jeannette Black wore flowered organdie with rose-colored ribbons. Charlotte Field, Anna Lawlor and Mollie Hind were the most popular of the girls.

We were all dreadfully worried about Alice Younger last week. She was so dreadfully ill with typhoid fever. However, I am assured now that she is out of danger. She contracted the fever in New York, through drinking the water which the city furnishes, I believe. Moral: Don't drink water.

The next affair of great moment to which we are all looking forward is the big Presidio dance on the 19th. I was rather surprised at the form of the invitation, which reads "The officers of the Presidio request, etc." How about the ladies? I fancy there is some breach of etiquette here. Surely the "ladies" should appear on the card of invitation, and the army is such a stickler for propriety. I should never have noticed the deficiency, but papa, who was at one time in the army, drew mamma's attention to the lapse. However, it is to be one of the events of the season. Cards of admission are to be presented at the door, and all that. I am going to have a new gown—a stunner—orange and white; my first colored gown.

I went over to Oakland to the "Wednesday Night." It was quite the prettiest party you could imagine, and all we city girls danced in the first set. There were quite a number of us—Daisy Van Ness, who wore a white satin gown; Fannie Baldwin in yellow; Kate Salisbury in pink satin, and Helen Wagner in pink. The hall was exquisitely decorated in pink, green and white, and the scheme of decoration was continued in the tarleton used in the "Maypole Figure." Think of it—nine hundred yards were bound round the pole and made streamers. The figure was so effective, and they turned different colored calcium light effects on. Mrs. Tom Magee, in a stunning gown of pink and green, led, assisted by her husband. The figures outsideof the "Maypole" were of the usual marching order.

Mrs. Myra Prather looked better than I have ever seen her. She was stunningly gowned. Mrs. Miller gave her a lovely "La France" pink satin for a Christmas gift, and one of her future sisters-in-law gave her some gorgeous rose point applique lace, with which it was trimmed. Idabelle Palmer wore bright pink taffeta covered in tulle. Belle Mhoon was sweetly gowned in a fluffy white organdie over pink, delightfully cloudlike in effect. Florence Selby wore white satin, and Jessie Glascock, pink satin broche with orange flowers and trimmed with accordion pleated chiffon. Miss Wall wore yellow silk covered in tulle. Some of the matrons were stunningly gowned; among them Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Magee.

I think these are all my doings this week, dear Diary. I am going to Mrs. Fred Coles' tea on Saturday, and the "Deux Temps Saturday Fortnightly" and several informal teas. Till then, yours, MISS CRICKET.

MISS TEENIE GOODALL
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO HUGO KEIL HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED
Taber, photo

The wedding of Miss Mary Crittenden Scott and Mr. Neville H. Castle is to be quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's family on the evening of February 4th. Miss Scott is the oldest daughter of the late H. H. Scott and a niece of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury. She is a vivacious and decidedly pretty girl. Mr. Castle is a son of the late Mr. Michael Castle and is practicing law in San Jose. The ceremony will be an exceedingly quiet one owing to the recent death of Mr. Michael Castle. I believe that only the immediate relatives have been invited.

Visiting days continue to be announced. Mrs. Hager and her daughter are to be "at home" on the second and fourth Wednesdays; Mrs. Southard Hoffmann, Miss Hoffmann and Miss Alice Hoffmann are at home the Wednesdays in January, and Mrs. Maynard and Miss May Belle Gwin.

The practice of giving dinner dances that is so fashionable in New York has never met with any degree of success here. Few hostesses care to take the trouble to engineer so elaborate a festivity, but it is nevertheless the most enjoyable form of entertainment. Last Saturday evening Miss Agnes Brandenstein invited about forty young people to a dinner dance. The guests were seated at seven round tables, each one differently decorated. Afterwards the young people danced till the wee sma' hours. A smart little dinner was given by Mrs. Abe Mertief on Thursday evening last in honor of Miss Erhmann of Mission San Jose and Mr. Frank.

A very elaborate affair was the girls' luncheon given on Thursday last by Mrs. Daniel Friesleben in honor of her daughter, Miss Ruth Friesleben, one of the season's debutantes. Miss Henrietta Rothchild gave a girls' tea on Wednesday afternoon. The house was prettily decorated and quite a large number of maidens called during the afternoon.

There is quite a formidable catalogue of weddings for the latter part this month. The first is that of Miss Mattie Ehrmann and Mr. Albert Frank, which will be celebrated at the San Franeisco Verein. Miss Agnes Brandenstein is to be maid of honor and the bridesmaids are Miss Olga Sutro, Miss Grace Hecht, Miss Martha Triest and Miss Ida Son. Then Miss Martha Shainwald and Mr. Leo Myers are to be married at the Colonial Hotel on January 27th at 9 o'clock in the evening. Only the relatives have been bidden to the ceremony, but a large reception is to follow in the parlors of the hotel. Very elaborate indeed is to be the wedding of Dr. J. Graham Sharp and Miss Martha Eppinger, which is to take place at the bride's home on the evening of January 27th.

Of the weddings of the week, quite the prettiest was that of Miss Clemence Reiss and Mr. Adolph Nordman, who were married at the Concordia Club on the evening of January 12th. The ceremony was performed in the ballroom, which was charmingly decorated with gauze and ferns. The bride wore a gown of white satin covered in tulle, caught up with sprays of orange blossoms. Miss Flora Reiss, the maid of honor, wore an effective gown of white tulle over pink taffeta. The bridesmaids, Miss Helen Blum, Miss Bessie Nordman, Miss Wanda Galland, Miss Julie Reiss and Miss Nannette Reiss, were daintily gowned in white tulle over white taffeta and carried bouquets of white hyacinths and pink roses. After the ceremony a swell supper was served, after which dancing was kept up until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Nordman went south for their honeymoon, and on their return will occupy their new home which Mr. Reiss purchased and furnished for his daughter, on the corner of Octavia and O'Farrel streets.

Quite an interesting ceremony will be the wedding of Miss Bertha J. Hart and Mr. I. W. Cohen, which will be celebrated on Sunday next. Only the families of the contracting parties will be present at the ceremony.

MRS. ADOLPH NORDMAN
NEE CLEMENCE REISS
Taber, photo

Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a jolly cotillion last Friday evening in honor of Miss Marion Smith and the members of the Oak Leaf Club. The house looked exceedingly pretty in its decorations of palms and ferns, and the young people had a splendid time. The german was led by Miss Ruth Dunham and Mr. Stanley Moore.

A young people's dinner was given by Mrs. Horatio Livermore at Rockridge Park last week in honor of Miss Mattie Livermore. Miss Livermore is one of the most attractive of the debutantes and is a general favorite. A smart little dinner was given on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Wetherbee of Fruitvale in honor of the Rev. Cecil Haskett Smith of England.

Two interesting card parties were given in Oakland last week; the first by Mrs. Cornwall to the Alpha Whist Club—a decidedly smart affair; the other by Mrs. T. C. Coogan in honor of the "Neighborhood Whist Club." During the evening a series of "Living Pictures" under the management of Mr. Oliver were given. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Cope, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Letts Oliver and Mr. Wallace Everson.

Miss Maud Wilkinson gave a large tea on Tuesday afternoon for Miss Ruth Loring, who has recently returned from a year's visit to Japan. Miss Loring looked remarkably well and gave an interesting account of her trip to the "land of the chrysanthemum." The Wilkinson home was prettily decorated and a number of men as well as maids bade Miss Loring welcome.

Among the coming events is a big tea to be given on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. John W. Phillips (formerly Mrs. Henry Martin) and Mrs. Irving C. Lewis. Over a thousand invitations have been issued.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

**Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion**

Maybe you've forgotten how good tea can be.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

## THE THEATRES

### "Chispa" at the Alcazar and the Rest Nowhere.

Doubtless there are people aplenty who can put Sevres and earthenware on the same table and never feel a pang, for have you not seen women combine imitation Astrakhan and real lace in the same costume, and others visit Kearny street madly attired in a silk skirt and a tailor-made coat? Yea, verily, this and worse, or at least as bad.

Most of us, however, have some trifling sense of congruity and are saved from such clear demonstrations of our incomplete and semi-barbarous condition. Not so that unhappy animal called a theatrical manager, incited by necessity and directed by a nebulous intention to please that hydra-headed monster the public. He picks up the wise and the unwise, the blatant ass, the discriminating artist and the mincing ninny until he has a motley crowd, as incongruous as a cross between an old junk-shop and a connoisseur's collection of articles de vertu.

This is about the aspect of the Alcazar's company at present. It reminds me of my cook's quilt—made, so she says, of scraps given her by the "leddys I've lived wid." In the center of this creation is a circular piece of beautiful old golden velvet, (representing a setting sun I'm told) fine silky, exquisite alike to touch and eye it lies there—with, I fancy, a touch of aloofness,—surrounded by cheap silk, vulgar plush and dirty shoddy, its only worthy companions being two or three honest pieces of blue jeans and two tiny scraps of dimity. The two pieces of dimity behaved very nicely in "Chispa." Maud Hines, as usual, had a walking lady part, and stood about looking like a crisp white bud; while the little Buckley struggled to be a child of nature. Her work was quite good in some spots, and very very bad in others, but throughout it had one good point—she was never vulgar. Many persons would have made Chispa "tough," with her "gee!" and "oh, say!" and doing so, would have done wrong, for the little cowboy was merely untutored and rough.

Hugo Toland was very good, though he could improve on the tieing up of the villain—that villainous villain—while Foster and Armstrong were both excellent in their blue jean roles. Osbourne's Injun Joe is an inimitable creation; every gesture and movement is exactly right, from the carriage of his feet and his peculiar trot (like an Indian on a trail) to the look he threw behind him as he left the stage in the last act, with that expressive "huh!" What a volume of feeling he put into the little ejaculation, how surcharged it was with suppressed fierceness. It is well that the company can boast of this one really good actor, for the rest of them (bar two or three) are so deliriously, painfully bad, that the spectator blushes and looks the other way, as one does when a man cries—or eats with his knife.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Mr. Hugo Herold, who has returned from London recently, will give a song recital at Golden Gate hall January 29th.

The Heine Trio announce three recitals at Golden Gate hall—the first on the afternoon of Saturday, January 23. Herbert E. Medley will assist.

"Adrienne Lecouvreure" will be given but one representation during Modjeska's engagement at the Baldwin theater, and that on the Friday night of the second week.

An event of social and distinctly artistic import was the musicale given by pupils of Mrs. Carmichael Carr at the rooms of the Sorosis Club last Monday afternoon. Among the participants were Miss Wade, Miss Hush, Mrs. Thomas, Miss Anderson, Miss Lilienthal, Robert Bien, Miss Moulton and Miss Edith Bien.

Among the many new features offered by Charles H. Yale's "Forever Devil's Auction," which is to appear at the Columbia theater next week, is a new absurdity entitled "The Bashful Maidens," a pantomime produced under the sobriquet of "Weary Willie." Another of this season's "hits" is a burlesque on "The Bicycle Craze."

The visit of Nordica has really created a feeling of deep interest in San Francisco. She is the first great vocal artist we have had here in years, and there is something verging on excitement among the musicians thereat. The company that appears with her contains one name familiar to us, that of Madame Scalchi, the famous contralto, who was here before with Adelina Patti. Altogether, the Baldwin is sure of big audiences this forthcoming week, at least.

Among the new acts at the Orpheum next week is that of the celebrated Frantz family. The three men and two women who comprise the team appear in evening dress and perform the most difficult acrobatic feats. Binns and Binns, "The Two Noblemen" in a musical turn, Wilson and Warring, as the tramp and dancing girl, and the Aerial Ballet are other features. Kiralfy's Grand Opera Ballet will be seen in new marches and new dances, including a sailor dance that is said to be very pretty. The Hungarian Orchestra will appear in a change of programme nightly.

Notwithstanding the success of "Chispa" at the Alcazar, it will give place on Monday evening next to the war play, "A Fair Rebel," by Harry Mawson, which was seen in this city some years ago. It will be lavishly mounted and there will be a number of realistic effects, including the laying of the field telegraph line by a corps of linemen, and the receiving and sending of dispatches. One hundred men of Company L, First Regiment, National Guard of California, will take part in the play, and the first three nights of the week will be set aside as benefit nights for "the boys in blue," who each evening will mount a guard of honor in the lobby of the theatre.

### The Orpheum Menu.

Abachi and Masard open the bill at the Orpheum this week with a remarkably clever acrobatic act, and are followed by the Two Bostons, who continue the regime of the trained animal with a collection of educated canines, who give a capital performance. Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller put a life into their work that is noticeably absent from that of most sketch artists. There are "eccentriques" and "comiques" ad libitum, but Charles Wayne is a premier among them all, and his funny acts and funnier sayings cause a great amount of amusement.

There is a soul in the music of Hungary that cannot be found in that of any other country, and why the Hungarian Orchestra does not confine itself altogether to it, is a mystery. But what it does play, it does excellently well. Lieutenant Noble is novel in his ventriloquial act, and since he is so he differs from his predecessors, and his act merits the applause it receives. The performance concludes with the Kiralfy dances and the flying ballet, which is increasing in charm and popularity.

### San Francisco Symphony Society.

It is announced that at last a permanent society for the promotion of good music has been formed in this city by the organization of a symphony orchestra, under the management of W. T. Greenbaum. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs has been chosen conductor and will begin a series of symphony concerts at the Columbia Theater on alternate Thursday afternoons, beginning February 4. The orchestra will consist of fifty-five excellent musicians under the direction of Sigmund Biel, who will be concert master. At the first concert the soloist is to be Mrs. Kathrine Flemming Hinrichs, the leading contralto at the Academy season in Philadelphia last year.

It rests with the public to do its share by subscribing for seats and attending the concerts. The founders of the society should receive every encouragement in their undertaking, so that the orchestra can be maintained without loss to the guarantors, and become both a source of enjoyment and instruction.

*MADAME NELLIE MELBA*

*THE BRILLIANT AUSTRALIAN SOPRANO WHO IS NOW SINGING AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK*

## STORYETTES

Commodore Vanderbilt had a poor opinion of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt and one day told him he ought to get a living by himself and that when he was in trouble he could look toward his support. Some time afterward the Commodore asked his son how he was getting progressing. "Poorly," was the reply. "The crop is not good and the farm needs fertilizing." "Well," said his father, "there is a lot of horse refuse in my stables. I will give you one load—only one," and he wrote out an order for one load. The next day when the Commodore went to his stable the manure had all gone. "Where has that gone?" he asked a stable hand. "William H. took it." "But he had only an order for one load." "That's all he took." "Why, what did he have?" "A flat boat." The old man chuckled and walked off.

Herrman, the magician, was invited to perform for the benefit of some uptown club at the Standard Theatre, New York. After the entertainment some of the club men invited him to a supper and informed him he would be presented with a ring. Herrman felt sure he would be the owner of another diamond before he went to bed. Toward the end of the supper one of the members made a speech and asked Herrman would he accept the ring which would be presented as soon as the speech was finished. The applause which followed was the signal for Herrman's own colored boy to enter the room carrying a big brass gong.

Challemel Lacour, the French statesman, had an appointment with Schopenhauer, the German philosopher and pessimist, one day at a Frankfort hotel. He found the philosopher seated at the table d' hote finishing his dinner. Several officers were at the same table, and before Schopenhauer lay a gold piece. As he arose he said to the Frenchman: "I have had this gold piece on this table every evening for a month, having made up my mind to give it to the poor the first time these officers spoke on any topic besides promotion, women or horses. I still have the money."

On the first night of George Alexander's production of "As You Like It" at St. James' Theatre there was immense enthusiasm. Above the din rose the cry of "Author! Author!" Mr. Alexander was equal to the occasion; he appeared before the curtain and lamented that the author was not in the house. "But," he continued, "should it be my good luck in another world to meet the distinguished Mr. Shakespeare I will convey to him the message of approbation and good will you have given me to-night."

A grocer at the Mission displayed a sign which read, "Eggs guaranteed 20 cents a dozen." A customer finding them unfit for use came back to expostulate. "Well," remarked the proprietor, "We guarantee dem to be eggs. Dat's all. What more do you vant, eh?"

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

### New Ideas in Spring Stationery.

Among the new papers for fashionable correspondence this season is the "English Violet," which is being brought out by Cooper & Co., the Market-street stationers. There are also a number of pretty effects in die stamping, and some of the new designs being shown by this firm excel all previous efforts.

### Important Announcement.

Prior to departure from business Armand Cailleau, at 40 Geary street, is selling his entire stock of fine cloaks, valued at $125,000, at prices below any ever seen in San Francisco.

**Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste**

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1. Because it is absolutely pure.
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## "THE INDIAN GIVER"

### A Scene from W. D. Howells' Piquant Comedy.

One has seen nothing better in the comedy of the closet—which is not at all the comedy of the stage, but much finer—than that which Howells has entitled "Indian Giver" in the current "Harper's." It is an exquisite picture of the universal and various feminine, the expressive She. It sparkles everywhere and tells the story of the lovemaking of two dazzling women and one unimportant man. Now this, for instance:

Mrs. Ingleheart: "My dear! I will not hear another word. He is yours. The idea of making such a fuss about a little thing like the gift of a young man!"

Miss Lawrence: "It's only that I was afraid you might want him yourself, Mrs. Ingleheart. It would make me unhappy if I thought you had deprived yourself of a cousin you might regret. They don't grow on every bush, I believe."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Such as Jim don't, I'll admit. But I hope I know the duties of a hostess, and the first of them is to get a young lady visitor engaged if possible. You've never seen Jim, have you?"

Miss Lawrence: "Never. What's he like?"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Are you very fond of tall men?"

Miss Lawrence: "Is he tall?"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Not so very. I should say he had more breadth and thickness than length."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, I like them broad and thick."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Do you?" She speaks with a certain intonation of misgiving, and then she has the effect of pulling herself together: "Do you like them brown-complexioned and dark-eyed?"

Miss Lawrence: "Is he brown-complexioned and dark-eyed?"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "He's brown-complexioned and blue-eyed."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh, that sort of contradiction is adorable. The blue eyes always have such a funny look in the dark face. I shall like him, I know. When's he coming?"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Any moment, now."

Miss Lawrence: "Oh!" She jumps to her feet. Mrs. Ingleheart remains seated, but leans forward to look in through the door at the clock in the hall, from the veranda where, with a pretence of sewing, in her lap, she is talking with her guest. To the right of this hall the windows of a wide drawing-room open to the floor, and people come and go through them as if they were doors. From the veranda, which extends around three sides of the house, broad steps descend to a driveway curving in front of it. Beyond the road green lawns, wept over by drooping white birches, slope to the red rocks that keep Mrs. Ingleheart's place from the sea.

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Or not moment, exactly. He promised to be here by the half past four, but he probably won't come till the five-ten; it's only four, now."

Miss Lawrence: "Time enough to prink, then." She sinks back into her chair, provisionally. "Is Mr. Fairford punctilious about prinking?"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "I see you would dread that."

Miss Lawrence: "I don't know that I should. They have to have some fault."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "And you think that is a fault?"

Miss Lawrence: "I can't say that I do. Do you?"

Mrs. Ingleheart, with an air of great candor: "To tell you the truth, I don't believe Jim cares about women's dress."

Miss Lawrence: "Then he is the most dangerous kind. He'll not see anything, but he'll feel everything. I shall have to dress at his nerves."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "It's clear that you've made your observations, my dear."

Miss Lawrence: "By twenty-six, one has."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "I should never have dreamt twenty-six."

Miss Lawrence: "I haven't dreamt it, myself. In my dreams I'm still sixteen. It's only in my waking moments that I'm twenty-six."

Mrs. Ingleheart, thoughtfully: "You have courage."

Miss Lawrence: "I have conviction. It's best to be honest—unless the man prefers lies."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Don't they all?"

Miss Lawrence: "Nearly all. But if Mr. Fairford should happen to be the exception that doesn't, will you please tell him I owned to twenty-six, but you don't know how much older I really am?"

Mrs. Ingleheart, with open admiration and covert alarm: "You're a strange girl."

Miss Lawrence: "Will that scare him? Should you advise me to be less strange?"

Mrs. Ingleheart, with a sigh: "No, he will like you so."

Miss Lawrence, laughing: "What despair! Poor Mrs. Ingleheart! You're sorry already you gave him to me! Well, you may have him back."

Mrs. Ingleheart, with noble constancy: "No, no; you're the very one for him."

Miss Lawrence: "Then our only hope is that he isn't the one for me."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "You think I'm not in earnest. Well, then, the only thing left is to convince you by practical—"

Miss Lawrence: "Demonstration? I don't see how it can be done. You can't pass this young man along to me without consulting his inclinations. Has he very decided inclinations?"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Yes, he has. That was the trouble, I suppose."

Miss Lawrence: "So there was trouble?" She smiles intelligently."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "It was a great while ago. It was before I was—there was any—Mrs. Ingleheart. And there would be the same trouble again, if I were not—there were not any—Mrs. Ingleheart. So it's best to have it over before it begins."

Miss Lawrence: "I see what you mean. He's one of those terrible creatures who know their own minds; or think they do; and—may I be a little critical of your gift? I know it seems ungracious!"

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Not the least. People change their wedding presents even."

Miss Lawrence: "I shouldn't wish to change the present; only the name: Jim! If it were only Jack, now, I should know what to do. The Jacks are all alike. They smoke, they flirt desperately, but they are very warm-hearted, and conceal a great deal of sentiment under the mask of cynicism—like Thackeray's men. They would do anything for you—at least any little thing like jumping overboard from a yacht to fish your hat up, or marrying a girl that you've found out is in love with them, and think they ought, though you're dying for them yourself. You can twist them round your fingers; but it must be different with Jims. Jim! It suggests something rather grim; perhaps it's because it rhymes with it. Jim! I should say one's little arts, one's little airs and graces, would be thrown away on Jim. He sounds like a person of convictions; he sounds like a person of opinions, too, and very stiff ones. I suspect that Jim is serious, and he likes seriousness in women. He has ideas of home and a wife, and of being master in his own house. All that could be easily taken out of him if he were Jack, of course; but being Jim, it couldn't. He's masterful; I feel that he's masterful. He has all sorts of preconceived notions. He would be very domestic, and intellectual; and he would rather read to you than talk to you. He would want to respect you, and if you wouldn't let him, he would—make it hot for you. Yes, I know the type; adoring, domineering, devoted, and utterly intolerable."

Mrs. Ingleheart, who has been leaning forward more and more, and edging almost out of her chair, in her intentness: "You've met him! You know him! You've been letting me give myself away!"

Miss Lawrence: "Mr. Fairford? You? I? You've given him away, but not yourself, at least to me, Mrs. Ingleheart. I never saw Mr. Fairford in my life. I never heard of him till I came here."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "Then I don't know but it's worse, for you've guessed him. How you must dread the idea of him!"

Miss Lawrence, thoughtfully: "I don't know. I rather like the notion of grappling with such a —problem. It would be fun to get the better of it."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "And if you got the worse?"

Miss Lawrence: "I don't believe I should get the worse. But now, really, hadn't I better go and prink, Mrs. Ingleheart? I don't believe Jim would like to find me unprepared."

Mrs. Ingleheart: "No. Go and prink."

Of course, when Mrs. Ingleheart, gay young widow, gives Fairford away so liberally and without consulting him, she does not mean it in the least, and Miss Lawrence is not at all deceived. Fairford arrives in time and meets Mrs. Ingleheart on the stoop. Miss Lawrence is upstairs "prinking." She is not aware of Fairford's arrival and speaks to Mrs. Ingleheart from her open window, asking advice as to what sort of dress she shall wear to make a crashing effect on the expected one. Of course, Fairford hears it all, and Mrs. Ingleheart does not tell her friend that he is with her. She explains that he must save her from the appearance of a breach of faith and persuades him, good, easy man, to go away around the corner and return, pretending that he had just arrived. But Miss Lawrence suspects and amuses herself over the situation after their introduction.

Fairford, backing upon a chair, with his bag in his hand and his overcoat on his arm: "Thank you." He falls into the chair, and stares helplessly at her.

Miss Lawrence: "Was your train late, or did you take a later one? You see the fame of your promptness has preceded you, and you were expected at half past four."

Fairford: "The train wasn't late; I'm late. I've been walking."

Miss Lawrence, politely: "From the station?"

Fairford, with a deep breath of relief: "Yes—I walked—from the station, yes."

Miss Lawrence: "Then that accounts for it. And it must take some time for the wayfarer who isn't personally conducted to find his way around to the entrance of Mrs. Ingleheart's house. A house naturally fronts before, but if it has the sea behind it, there's a certain temptation to front in the rear, and Mrs. Ingleheart's house has yielded to the temptation. Don't you think it's like her? So full of unexpectedness!"

Fairford: "Yes; very singular. Very puzzling—if you've never been here before."

Miss Lawrence, keenly: "And is this the first time you've been here?"

Fairford: "I—" Desperately: "I've never been here before to-day."

Miss Lawrence: "Do you mean, never before to-day, or never to-day before?"

Fairford: "I mean, never before to-day; not to-day before."

Miss Lawrence: "Then there is a difference! I'm so glad; I thought there wasn't when I asked." She muses aloud: "Let me see! He has never been here before to-day; but he may have been here to-day before. Is that sense? Let me try it the other way! He has been here to-day before, but he has never been here before to-day." Fairford gazes uneasily at her. "I can't make it out; but I'll ask Mrs. Ingleheart when she comes; she'll know. I'll put it as a conundrum: If a gentleman has never been here before to-day, and yet has been here to-day before, when has the gentleman been here before?" Fairford listens with signs of increasing terror, which culminate in a violent start when she turns suddenly upon him: "Mr. Fairford, I'm tempted to make you a confidence! Oh—ha, ha, ha! Don't be frightened. It's only something psychical. But I have had such a strange impression in regard to you."

Fairford, in alarm: "Me?"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes. I wonder if I may venture to speak of it; but with your frankness—oh, all your virtues have anticipated you; every one was here promptly at half past four!—I'm sure you'll answer me. As you came up the veranda steps, just now, I had that weird sense of its all having happened before. You have had it; every one has; but at this instant it is so vivid with me that it seems as if you must share it with me." Laughingly: "Do you have a been-here-before feeling, too?"

Fairford: "I can't say—I— May I ask what you mean?"

Miss Lawrence: "I don't wonder you're surprised. But I'm so curious to know whether two persons could have that weird seizure at the same moment in regard to the same thing. Of course it's impossible, and I ought really to beg your pardon, but as you came up the veranda steps, just now, it flashed upon me, 'He feels as if he had been here before.' Perhaps it was a strange look—Excuse me; I'm odiously personal. Will you please to make a remark?"

Fairford: "I! A remark?"

Miss Lawrence: "Yes, anything—anything to turn the conversation. I've made all the remarks up to this point. I see you don't like psychical confidences."

Fairford: "Yes—I like them very much. But I wish to say—I ought to tell you—I don't know how to—" He stops and stares at her.

Miss Lawrence, looking down at her dress on either side of her, and twitching it: "Is there something on my gown? A bug? A caterpillar? No?" Laughing: "A woman always thinks something's wrong with her dress when people stare. But perhaps it's only the color? It's a very peculiar shade of gray; I've been told by flatterers that I look like a wraith in it, and you look—excuse me, really, Mr. Fairford! you look as if I did look like a wraith!"

Fairford: "Not at all, I assure you. But I—in regard to your psychical experience, I wish—I feel bound to say—"

Miss Lawrence: "Then you like that kind of thing! Do let me tell you another! It's apropos of this gown, which I wish you to notice particularly, so that you can corroborate me when I tell Mrs. Ingleheart." She rises and puts it in evidence by slowly turning in front of her chair; Fairford starts up, and backs away in a vague alarm. "Should you have thought I put it on for you?"

Fairford, gasping: "For me?"

Miss Lawrence: "No? Didn't you know it?" She fixes him with a piercing glance, and then sinks into her chair again, laughing, while he remains standing, aghast. "It can't be the first time that you've been dressed at by a young lady; it's something that's always happening when men are expected in houses where girls are. Don't you know that?"

The affair ends happily and with a laugh all round, or, at least, so far as the women are concerned, for it is not certain that Fairford ever ascertains the full reality of the queer entanglement in which he had been meshed.

The dialogue is so good all through that it is not too much to place it an easy first among the magazine work of the month.

***

The "Atlantic" does not appear to have touched its usual high level this month, although good in places. There is something too much of the mutual admiration business of advertising literary friends and there is a story by Paul Leicester Ford which is not up to his best work. That is to say there is too much writing for a very little story. It gives promise of improvement, however, in succeeding installments. T. W. Higgenson continues his pleasant reminiscences, which should interest all good Bostonians. He has this to say of the intellectual equipment of a college graduate in 1841:

It is well to state with just what outfit I left college in 1841. I had rather shallow reading knowledge of six languages—English, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin and Greek—and had been brought in contact with classic books in each of thes tongues. I may here add that I picked up at a later period German, Portuguese and Hebrew, with a little Swedish; and that I hope to live long enough to learn at least the alphabet in Russian. Then I had acquired enough of the higher mathematics to have a pupil or two in that branch; something of the forms of logic and of Locke's philosophy with the criticisms of the French eclectics upon it; a smattering of history and political economy; some crude acquaintance with field natural history; some practice in writing and debating; a passion for poetry and imaginative literature; a voracious desire for all knowledge and all action; and an amount of self-confidence which has now, after more than half a century, sadly diminished. It will be seen that this was an outfit more varied than graduates of the present day are apt to possess, but more superficial; their knowledge of what they know being often far more advanced as well as more solidly grounded than was mine. No matter.

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## SPORT

### Horses and Horse-Racing, Together with Notes on Fox-Hunting.

The alternate twelve-day meetings at Ingleside and Emeryville seem to run on the whole pretty smoothly, and the authorities at both tracks are entitled to every credit for the care and attention which they devote to their duties. It is beyond question that each and all of them have a big contract on hand, of which, doubtless, no one is more conscious than themselves. No pains are spared to meet the public convenience, and if the transportation arrangements could only be elevated to a somewhat higher plane, the most determined grumbler would be without cause for complaint as regards race-going comfort. This evil, however, seems to beset the racing man everywhere, and no experienced sportsman looks for anything different than a good-natured crowd and lots of it, with at times a pressure that must overtax the best passenger-carrying system in the world.

The clerk of the weather has shown a little favoritism to the P. C. J. C. so far this season, and with their track in more complete condition than the C. J. C. at Emeryville, visitors to Ingleside have gained a point. There has, furthermore, been some advantage on the whole in the more consistent form shown by the horses, and many of the general public, who only put in an appearance at holiday seasons, and are prone to go by the book, reaped substantial benefit thereby. Trainers and jockeys, however, have been pretty well hustled, and in some instances mere suspicion has left nasty marks. This is, perhaps, unavoidable where judges have to concern themselves with the movements of the betting ring and regard certain indications as prima facie evidence of fraudulent intent on the part of persons connected with the horses affected. The gambling public are pretty well able to take care of themselves, and in their protection the rights of owners and their employees should not be forgotten. When a job is discovered, everyone concerned should be dealt with mercilessly, but until then none should be condemned. A little more rope will undoubtedly catch the sharks in the end. It is wonderful how a losing bet sharpens a man's wit in detecting a job. Only last State Fair I was made aware of the foulest insult to an owner who never bets a cent by a gambler who had backed the the former's horse when it got beaten. The latter has since come to an untimely end, that proved the worth of his aspersions of a better man, whose honor is still safe.

The improvement in the way that horses are ridden, and the condition in which they are sent to the post, has been wonderful during the past two or three years. But if some more generally intelligent understanding could be had as to where to put the saddle on a horse's back and, on the part of the boys, how to sit and hold a horse together in his gallop, much would be gained. No horse can extend himself with a lad perched on the top of the withers, sticking his toes alongside the animal's nose.

With the turn of the year comes another breeding season. For every class of horse, from the thorough bred to the draft, the first consideration should be the merit of the mare to be bred. Without make, shape, quality and action of the right sort, and without a due proportion of power, no animal should be allowed to become a producer—no matter for what purpose the foal is to be used. It is useless to breed and raise anything but the best horses, for which there is a never-failing demand. A good mare is a fortune, and whenever put to a good horse, seldom fails to throw a valuable foal. Inferior stock spells poverty.

The establishment of a pack of hounds in the State is a step in the right direction, and Mr. Walter S. Hobart's venture will be watched with much interest, not only locally, but by sportsmen everywhere. How it would wake us all up if we had a pack of hounds in every county in the State, at any rate wherever conditions were favorable! For the present, of course, a live quarry must be foregone, and the drag substituted. Still many a good cross-country rider has been graduated from the hunting of a red herring fortified by aniseed, and if, by and by, a few fox-earth's can be located and a stock of the little red varmints be put together, who knows but that the time may come when San Mateo county will be spoken of in the same breath as the Genessee Valley or Meadowbrook? Here we are always sure of open weather, the opposite of which is the bane of the hunting-man's existence in other places, where the sport is kept going for the enjoyment of all and sundry, men and women, old and young, rich and poor. In Leicestershire the butcher boy is as welcome at the meet as a duke or any millionaire, and no one is more gladly greeted at the covert-side than the man who farms for a living and can show the way, as he so often does, over a stiff piece of country. To be sure, there are the hidden mysteries of scent, and all the interesting details of hound management in field and in kennel, to be studied and mastered in California; but, with heart in the work and a fair stock of patience, the necessary knowledge and experience can be gained. At all events, this is as promising a field, considering climate and other conditions, for the development of a genuine hunt as Melbourne in Australia, where really good sport has been shown for years. Every living creature needs some sort of excitement to give a zest to life, and no more healthy form of it can be found than riding to hounds. It affords the greatest possible exhilaration, and, at the same time, subdues that overstrength which in this buoyant atmosphere too often leads to the various forms of "painting the town." Hunting the fox, if it be practicable, but otherwise the drag, is distinctly to be encouraged, and it is to be hoped that the sport is going to thrive in our midst.

The stockholders of the Horse Show Association held their annual meeting this week and, after a review of the situation and some discussion, the feeling seemed to be in favor of making an effort to secure more general support from those who are engaged in breeding and raising horses, as distinguished from those who keep valuable animals for use as a matter of pleasure. This is as it ought to be, and shows that the lessons which have been derived from the three annual shows already held at the Mechanics' Pavilion are having due weight. In a horse-breeding country like California, properly conducted horse shows, at stated intervals, are an absolute necessity to those who follow the business of breeding and preparing horses for sale, if they expect to keep pace with the times and conduct their operations to advantage. Strangely enough the most extraordinary misconception exists in the minds of many as to the object of the shows held here, and this seems to have been in a great measure propogated by those who are expected to know better. Because the majority of exhibitors have deemed it essential to turn out their exhibits in the most complete and effective style possible, it is laid to their charge that they are un-American and toadies of foreign fashions, while the management is charged with organizing a show that is English in character, and consequently utterly unsuited to the conditions and requirements of California. It is evident that those who make this assertion are wholly unacquainted with what a show in England is like. At no show in that country or in Ireland is the equipment taken into consideration; in judging the animal alone is the subject. Owners do not exhibit their turn-outs for prizes, and I cannot call to mind ever having seen a servant in livery showing a horse at Islington, where all the leading exhibitions are held, though I have seen innumerable shows of all kinds there. The horse is the question first, last, and all the time; anything beyond that in a show ring is characterized as "American," and I cannot for the life of me see why people in San Francisco should be reviled because they model their exhibitions after the pattern successfully adopted by older communities in their own country.

The Horse Show in the last three years has done as much as anything to enliven this young metropolis, and those who promote and support it with their time, money and labor are not fairly chargeable with doing harm to the community or any section of it. Any person who fails to see the benefit it confers on the public generally, and those interested in horses particularly, is wilfully blind and prejudiced. Horse business of every kind has been down in the dumps since the Show was first started. Most people are pushed for ready money, especially owners of stock, and the enlightenment afforded by the first Show discouraged many who had been in a deep rut too long; consequently, the enthusiasm visible at the beginning has not lasted. If the breeders will put their shoulders to the wheel, the Horse Show will furnish the grease, and they can soon get out of the rut into which they have fallen, not necessarily through any fault of their own, but because of changed and changing conditions, which in a measure their circumstances have not permitted them to meet. When breeders like the Hamlins of New York State and Mr. Dunham of Illinois find it answers their purpose to support the New York Show extensively, it is folly to argue that a similar show in San Francisco is a foolish proceeding. How one looks at such matters is merely a question of the point of view, and the knowledge and experience available to be drawn upon for the purpose of forming a correct judgment. It cannot be denied that the Show is capable of improvement. Every right-minded person should be patriotic enough to lend a hand in that direction, or prove conclusively the uselessness of such undertakings. In the meantime, most people who have studied the question rightly and fairly will be found on the side of those who consider Horse Shows a good thing—and, therefore, in the language of the day, to be "pushed along."

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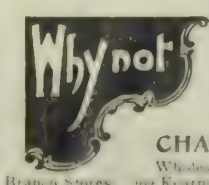


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## GOWNS IN REVIEW

### Up-to-Date Ideas for the Fashionable World.

Now, dear Betty, that the holiday season is over the shopkeepers are beginning to display the spring and summer novelties. Undoubtedly the most popular fabric will be the silk warp barege, the pride and delight of our grandmother's summer wardrobe. We all know that the texture is that of a closely woven Brussels net, and the beauty of the old-time material has not been destroyed by modern designs. The prettiest pieces displayed are those with dark grounds, strewn with quaint patterns in the real old broche colorings. Some dainty pieces have light grounds, flowered in soft greens and pinks. Muslins, lawns and batistes are made over color or white, as one prefers. The bodices are tight fitting and hook in the back. The fronts are made with tucks across, in groups of three each. Below each group is a ruffle of yellow Valenciennes lace. The neck is finished with a collar edged with lace, that simulates a tiny yoke and extends over the top of the shoulder to form epaulettes. The sleeves are either tucked horizontally or else shirred from the wrist to the middle of the arm, where they are puffed. Little ruffles of Valenciennes are introduced among the puffs. Large loops of ribbons are frequently used on the bodices. They begin at the left side of the corsage, about on a level with the bust, and cover the arm seams to the shoulders; two loops falling down, and two standing up—with one end. Shirred ribbons are used as trimmings on all the diaphonous materials. The ribbons are generally of a plain ground, brocaded with flowers and green leaves. The skirts are frequently trimmed with flounces of the gauzy material around the hem and the ribbons are put above these in patterns—ovals, or diamonds, or battlements. Mousseline de l'Inde, a new fabric, with a soft mesh that does not crush, is bound to be popular.

The latest novelty in boleros is of heavy Russian lace, edged with a narrow passementerie of glittering threads and paillettes. Over each shoulder is fastened a series of accordion-pleated chiffon ruffles. A white satin collar and ruche of chiffon completes this dainty accessory.

The continued popularity of velvet for gowns and wraps is a feature of this season's fashions. The latest velvet gown shows an added extra bayance in the trimmed skirt; one example being covereed from the hem to the knee with rows of silk braid set on a few inches apart. Ribbed velvets and velveteens, with a watered finish, are one of the season's novelties. Then there is the new moire poplin, which makes a stunning gown when trimmed with rich lace.

Flower decoration grows daily in popularity. Ruches of thin material trim the skirts, and small clusters of baby pink roses, violets or lilies of the valley are caught into them at intervals. The new artificial flowers are delicately perfumed, which adds much to their charm.

The woman of fashion must possess quantities of real lace, for it has become a necessity this season. Lace vests, boleros and jabots are the principal feature of gowns in general, whether they be of cloth, silk, or velvet, and lace berthas have come in again for evening dresses. A frill of velevet is added underneath the lace to give the shoulders a broad effect. Small bunches of flowers are tucked in here and there. Some of the new evening gowns have a sash, which is simply two long ends without bow or loop. Old-time buckles are being revived with the advent of 1897, and happy is the maid or matron who possesses any real old-fashioned buckles. The square shoe buckle of the Puritan is eagerly sought, and some are willing to pay any price for a genuine one. Then there is the cut silver Dutch buckle, that is both pretty and sensible looking. Buckles are worn on the neck stock, or collarette, the belt, and are frequently introduced into the sleeve puff. Cairngorm buckles are the latest fad for golf stockings.

Bloomers are now considered a necessary adjunct to the wardrobe, and every woman should possess at least one pair. Satin is found to be the best material for these garments, as it is lighter than tweed and less bulky than corduroy. The fashionable bloomer is made of black satin, lined with gay-colored silk or Canton flannel.

It is difficult to say which is the correct slipper just now, so bewitching is the variety. They come in satin, kid, patent leather, and are especially chic when beaded to the toe. Sometimes one, two or three straps are worn. Buckles are seen either with or without bows. The edict has gone forth that the slipper must match the color of the gown exactly. Black slippers are only worn with black frocks, and white shoes with white gowns. And now, Betty, dear, I must bid you a fond farewell. Believe me, dear, ever your loving BARBARA.

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## LATE VERSE

### The Scientific Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the scientist, hear him explain;
"Don't get up too soon, it is bad for the brain;
The mind it unhinges," he ruthlessly said;
"If you rise in the morning too soon from your bed."

"Go early to bed and be early to rise,
And so you'll be healthy and wealthy and wise;"
But how about those agricultural hands,
Who do all the year round what the proverb commands?

I passed by his garden quite early one morn,
And saw him uprooting the thistle and thorn;
His limbs are rheumatic, his energy flags,
And as for his trousers and shirt, they are rags.

I spoke to the yokel, still hoping to find
That rising so early was good for his mind
He doddered and drivelled, alas, it was plain
The worthy bucolic was three parts insane.

Said I in my heart: Here's a lesson for me,
That man is a picture of what I might be
Then thanks be to Science, for teaching so clearly,
It's quite a delusion to get up too early.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Lord God of Battles, Hear!

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath;
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path!
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now:
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone;
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came;
Let not Thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein—
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

Rudyard Kipling in "The Seven Seas."

### The Song of the Christmas Gift.

Oh, I am the Christmas gift—
I'm a multifarious thing;
To some I bring joy,
And to others annoy,
And often a hidden sting.
At times the result of thrift,
Then "cheap" is the word that I bear;
But when every cent
In a full purse is spent
On me, I'm beyond compare!

And often—too often—I'm giv'n
In a purely reciprocal whim;
My giver sends me
For another which he
Expects to be given to him.
And then the enjoyment is riv'n,
Of which I possessed a full store;
For I haven't the art
To dispense or impart
What is lost to return no more.

But, oh, when a true love is brought
To bear on my destined end,
I'm transported, you know,
With affectionate glow,
Transferred to the lover or friend.
'Tis then I am really upwrought
With a feeling that nothing is lost;
On my mission I move
As a signal of love,
And I care not a rap what I cost!
—Journal.

### The Burnt Dog.

He never cared for painting,
Nor the decorative art,
Nor any kind of drawing—
Fresco, print, or even chart.
He simply loathed an etching,
An engraving or pastel;
He thought an art museum
Was really worse than hell.
And I'll tell you why his tastes
In that direction never ran;
He'd had a surfeit of it—
He was a tattooed man.
B. N. THORNTON.

### Ideal Champagne.

With due deference to the well-known fastidious proclivities of California champagne consumers, Messrs. Moet & Chandon, who, as is well known, are the largest vineyard owners in the Champagne, have concluded to ship henceforth their renowned White Seal (Grande Cuvee) to this Coast. This brand is celebrated as a great favorite among the select circles in London and other large cities in Europe, it being a clean and deliciously dry wine, and the White Seal (Grande Cuvee) is also bound to become popular here with people of a discriminating palate.

## BOOK NOTES

"Friendly Letters to Girl Friends" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, like "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" and other of Mrs. Whitney's works is a wholesome and useful series of chats with girls on all subjects. The letters appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal."

"Under Three Flags" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), a story of mystery, received the third prize in the 'Chicago Record" out of eight hundred and sixteen competing. Later it was issued by the "Examiner" with the last chapter missing, a prize being offered for the solution. It is very exciting, and sensational enough to suit even a reader of "penny dreadfuls."

"A Rebellious Heroine" (Harper and Brothers), by John Kendrick Bangs, is a most aggravating story and does not possess the piquant attraction that makes "The Idiot," "Coffee and Repartee," and all the other of Mr. Bangs' books so popular. The idea is a good one, the heroine sufficiently rebellious, but the plot is too absurd to be entertaining and hardly extravagant enough to be amusing.

The Critic Company of New York announce the publication of a literary magazine to be called "The Month," in Literature, Art and Life. It is to be edited by Joseph B. Gilder and Jeanette L. Gilder of the "Critic." "The Month" is to contain about 100 pages of reading matter and illustrations; and will be made up in part of matter that has appeared in the "Critic."

Two notable pamphlets soon to be issued by William Doxey from his Market-street publishing house are as follows: "Interest and Character as Educational Motives," by Prof. G. W. Howison, U. C., a lecture delivered at San Jose in December, '96, before the California Teachers' Association, and "The Rational Interpretation of Christianity," by W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education and Prof. Howison. The last mentioned is the report of a discussion at a December meeting of Presbyterian ministers, that awakened considerable interest and controversy, which has increased rather than abated. Mr. Doxey will also have ready at Eastertime a volume of Clarence Urmy's poems. It will be an attractive book, according to Mr. Doxey's method, and its welcome is assured.

"I wish all these people wouldn't come to the show, said Miss Dresser; "I want to see the horses."
"Why don't you look at them, then?"
"But then how would I know what everybody was going to wear this winter?"—Harper's Bazar.

"I don't quite see why you call Mr. Biggs lantern-jawed."
"Why, because his face lights up so when he talks."—Brooklyn Life.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF F. M. L. PETERS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Martha E. Peters, administratrix of the estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARTHA E. PETERS,
Administratrix of the Estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 14, 1897.
Gavin McNab, Att'y for Administratrix.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held December 30, 1896, a dividend was declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 30, 1896, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1897.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street—For the half year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The following incident occurred a few days ago at a ball in Berlin. A colonel advanced toward a young lieutenant, who bore on his breast a large badge richly set with diamonds. "Tell me, young man," he said, "what is that thing you have got there?" "It is an order, my colonel," replied the lieutenant. "An order?" exclaimed the colonel. "It is not Prussian then, for I don't know it." "It is an English order, my colonel," replied the juvenile officer. "Ah, indeed!" said his superior; "who for goodness sake could have given you such an order?" "My grandmother, colonel," was the reply. "Your grandmother!" ejaculated the colonel, bursting out laughing; "what is her name?" "Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of England," answered the young lieutenant, who was none other than Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. The colonel suddenly disappeared.

At one time the United States District Attorney of Chicago was a lawyer of some ability but was chiefly distinguished for his fearful pomposity. He would permit no familiarity, and would brook no contradiction. At one time he was trying a case before a court and jury and was anxious to have the court rule with him on a certain point. The court was equally determined not to. "It is a question of fact," said the judge. "It is properly a matter for the jury to decide." The lawyer tried to get the ruling in another form. He failed. Again he tried with the same result. "It is a matter for the jury," repeated the court. The lawyer leaped to his feet and thundered, "Does this court mean to imply that I am a fool?" "That also is a question of fact for the jury," said the wise man on the bench, and the lawyer subsided.

George Bardsley, one time Sheriff of Ellis county, Texas, had a most original fashion of appointing his deputies. One night he was called to a saloon where a desperado, "Texas Frank," was shooting out the place, firing his gun at every one in sight. Sheriff Bardsley grabbed a weapon, proceeded to the saloon and ordered "Frank" to throw up his hands. The response was a bullet. Then the Sheriff let off both barrels and the desperado fell, riddled with shot. He was not killed and on his recovery was seen serving papers and making arrests. Some one approached Bardsley and said: "Is Texas Frank your deputy?" "Yep," was the reply. "How is that?" was the next inquiry. "Well, most sheriffs like to appoint their deputies, but I like to shoot mine."

When the corner-stone of the Jefferson Davis monument was laid, in the midst of the speech-making an old negro pushed his way through the crowd and approaching the Governor said: "Please, Governor, will you show me whar Missus Davis are standin'. Point her out to me." The Governor complied with his request. "Thank'e Gov'nor, thank'e. I ain't see my ole Missus sence Massa died way down in Mississippi. I done heerd she'd be here to-day." The old slave tottered towards where Mrs. Davis and her daughter were standing. As soon as the lady saw her servant her voice broke into a glad cry of recognition. The old darkey knelt and kissed her hands while tears streamed down his cheeks. All were much affected by the incident.

A politician of considerable reputation but of low instincts was eated between two clergymen at a public dinner. During the meal he tried to make them uncomfortable, and when he got up to speak he ridiculed them. One of the clergymen had spoken humorously and eloquently. The politician followed, beginning with an appeal for sympathy at being sandwiched between two sanctimonious sinners and ending with several obscene stories of ministers. Then the second clergyman stood up. "The speech to which we have just listened," he remarked, "I would describe as a bit of foul tongue sandwiched between two clean pieces of bread." He sat down and with an abrupt "Good night" he left the room.

George IV of England on being told that a certain peer was his most polite subject, answered: "I will test him," and showed Lord Blank to the royal carriage, holding the door for him to enter first. The peer stepped in and the king remarked, "You are right; a lesser man would have troubled me with ceremony."


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Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 230-235 Temple Court, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 30, 1897

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| The End of a Feud | 4 |
| "Wolf;" by Pompon | 5 |
| The Plague in India; by Sarah D. Hamlin | 5 |
| Life of a London Exquisite | 5 |
| One Kind of New Woman; by R. Allen | 6 |
| Passing of Little Pete; by F. Norris | 7 |
| Things and People; by Boswell, Jr. | 7 |
| The Plague Districts of Central India | 8 |
| The Entre Nous Club—a Flashlight | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres; by Peg Woffington | 11 |
| The Greatness of Hugo; a Review | 12 |
| In Bookdom | 13 |
| As Seen in Paris | 14 |

## THE ANTAGONISTIC SOUTH.

A recent visit in the southern counties of the State has revealed to the writer a most curious condition of affairs. There has grown up in this "sun land" of ours an intense jealousy of the North and an irrepressible and mean spirit of slanderous animosity that is simply intolerable and scarcely conceivable. While our Los Angeles neighbors and the feeling here spoken of is nowhere so marked as in that county—were working off their boomtown lots and orange groves upon t..e eastern tourists who came to their country in quest of a mid-winter sun, we of this Northern community regarded the extravagant falsehoods of the land speculator, attributing arctic conditions to this portion of the State, with something of amusement and unconcern. We then believed these romantic achievements would be of an ephemeral character and soon die away, but, bless you, the ready lie of the real estate dealer has developed into an accepted and incontrovertible fact. A haphazard story of sleighriding along Kearny street has settled down to be a something .nat may be readily fortified by affidavits of prominent and reputable citizens, and the general impression of this country that any stranger would receive from the lips of the South would be that our winters are more severe than those of Canada, and our country covered with snow during the greater portion of the season. .he writer tested the sentiment of tion of the season. The writer tested the sentiments of the South land people but a short while ago, and from the lips of those who ordinarily come in contact with the incoming strangers learned much of this climate that was hitherto unknown. The party consisted of visiting strangers from the snow-bound East. For a time the writer pretended to be a tourist seeking information. Of all the Southern citizens — speaking of Los Angeles county now—who drove our party around to view the sights, of all the fruiterers and druggists and tradesmen, not one had a kind word, or for that matter a truthful word, to say of any other portion of the State. There was one honest-hearted soul who must be excepted from this list, and who emphatically proclaimed that he had "rather live in San Jose than in any other city in the State, but that his wife, who was an invalid, preferred Pasadena." One gentleman — we did not attempt to verify his statement — advised us srongly "not to go North unless we were prepared for cold weather, for he had read," so he stated, "in a Pasadena paper that San Francisco had experienced a heavy snowfall, and that coasting was good up there, as the city was almost all hills, anyhow." The official reports show that on the day of the "snow" the weather was clear and warm, with a westerly breeze, and of course no indication of snow. The deliberate, studied method of the lie was irritating; the persistent manner in which it was repeated was appalling.

The beauties, the advancement, the growth and the prosperity of the Southern counties were to the writer as much a matter of State pride as they could possibly have been to one born in that environment, but appreciation of these things was marred by the manifest spite which had a rich growth in harmony with the semi-tropic verdure displayed on every hand.

Recent dispatches to the daily press record the fact that our spiteful little neighboring community has been visited by snowstorm—not such a visitation as would deserve that name in the East, but still in such a climate as this a snowstorm, nevertheless. One can readily imagine, should this freak of nature have taken place with us, how our narrow friends would have pounced upon it and enlarged upon it, until the falling of a few flakes of snow had been magnified into a storm beside which the blizzards of the Northwest would be as a balmy nothing. The truth is that if in the South the climate is more evenly temperate than it is here, it is equally true that during the summer months it grows inexpressibly and intolerably warm as well. A great deal of stress is laid upon the fact that the South country is also a citrus country, but the increase in the orange acreage in the North threatens soon to exceed that of the South. For years it was supposed that the raising of oranges could not be carried on as an industry outside of a limited portion of the State, but this fallacy has long ago been exploded. Some years ago they had a Northern and Central California Citrus Fair. The South attempted to spread the report that all of the oranges there displayed were grown in Los Angeles county. For years this fruit had only been grown for ornament north of Tehachapi, but within the past twelve years thousands of acres have been set, and thousands of acres have annually come into competition with the acres of the South. This fruit is now successfully produced in more than three-fourths of the counties of the State, and the development of this industry promises to be greater in the North, for here irrigation is not necessary and the fruit ripens and is marketable at a somewhat earlier date.

At Santa Barbara none of this spirit of rivalry was noticeable; at least, it did not take the form of abusive declarations concerning other portions of the State. The Santa Barbara native has found it possible to be proud of his county and its wonderful productiveness, but refuses to run to smaller meannesses in his characterization of his neighbors. If Los Angeles keeps up this system of abuse, it may be necessary for the other counties of the State to establish there a Bureau of Information, which shall show to visiting tourists, free of charge, the true conditions as they here exist and explode one by one of the falsehoods of the Los Angeleno, who is not an angel, by the way!

## THE SAN PEDRO HARBOR INVESTIGATION AND ITS DISCOVERIES.

Now that the dailies have abandoned all reference to San Pedro and Port Los Angeles harbors and the United States Commissioners ahve returned East, and the sensational quality of the discussion has been worn threadbare by the sensational press, perhaps it might be as well to pick up the subject where the dailies left off and calmly review the controversy which has been productive of so much noise and so much ill-feeling in the South. To some extent San Francisco is interested in this affair, and we certainly should be anxious to get at the truth of it. Language can scarcely convey even a faint idea of the willful and deliberate falsehoods published concerning this harbor controversy. The press, with the diligence of a paid advocate, concealed the defects and magnified the advantages of San Pedro, and quite as industriously ignored the merits of Port Los Angeles, and distorted out of all semblance to the truth the advantages claimed for and the defects charged up against that port. So deliberate, so persistent and so manifestly intentional and systematic was this misrepresentation that even a casual observer must conclude that its instigators had an eye cunning to the future. As the investigation proceeded it was soon discovered that the drift of the testimony was running strongly in favor of Port Los Angeles. To conceal this fact from the Commissioners was impossible, but it was possible to conceal it from the public and so distort the press reports as to excite a strong public sentiment in favor of one harbor and against the other. The purpose of the misrepresentation could not have been to deceive the Commissioners, but it was intended to and did deceive the public mind to such an extent that, should the Commissioners render their verdict in favor of Port Los Angeles, there is little doubt but that "mass meetings" may be easily convened to protest before Congress against the "unfair" and "unjust" report of its Commissioners. Such a protest might be honestly supported by a public which had no light upon the subject other than that afforded by the newspapers.

The truth of this matter is that all the hubbub which has been kicked up originated with the Los Angeles Terminal Company, a corporation which enjoys some exclusive wharf privileges at San Pedro. Very adroitly, and very successfully, too, these men have "worked" public opinion to such an extent as to lead the people to believe that theirs is the "people's" harbor. They are using public opinion as a catspaw to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and yet have been cunning enough to hide their own individuality in the controversy. For years Wilmington, or San Pedro harbor, afforded the only entrance-way by water to Los Angeles, but it was then and is still impossible for large coasting steamers to dock in that harbor. Passengers and freight must be transferred to lighters and towed into the port of Wilmington, which is, in fact, little more than a shallow estuary. Some three years ago the growing necessities of trade in Southern California demanded better facilities. A wharf was constructed at Port Los Angeles to accommodate this trade, and since that time the large coasting steamers have wholly abandoned San Pedro to the light draft vessels. This in itself is evidence as to the respective merits of the two ports.

The question to be determined is not, as is popularly believed, whether a harbor shall be created at Port Los Angeles, but whether the existing harbor shall be further improved. Naturally, the Los Angeles Terminal Company, having something of a monopoly at San Pedro, viewed with alarm the efforts to improve any harbor except the one in which it is interested. Hence the hubbub. The Terminal Company is not in a strict sense a bona fide undertaking. The property is for sale and could be purchased by Mr. Huntington if he chose to accede to its demands, which up to this time he has refused to do.

The evidence put in on behalf of Port Los Angeles, its availability and its safety, seems to be almost unanswerable. It is cheering to know that a complete report of the proceedings before the Harbor Commissioners is to be made available to the misled citizens of Southern California within a very short time, when they may have an opportunity of testing the accuracy of the newspaper reports beside the certified proceedings as they actually took place. In no sense can it be claimed that either Mr. Huntington or the Southern Pacific Company has a monopoly of interest at Port Los Angeles. It was shown upon the hearing that 75 per cent of the land abutting on the proposed protected harbor is in the ownership of individuals in no wise and in no manner connected with the railroad corporation. But in addition to all this the very act of Congress making the appropriation compels the Southern Pacific Company, before any governmental expenditure can be made, to execute and file with the Secretary of War an agreement giving the use of its tracks and approaches on equal terms to any other corporation that may choose to enter there. And more than this, in case of a dispute arising between such corporations, the Secretary of War is made final arbiter in the matter. No such concession is demanded of the Terminal Railway at San Pedro, and the senseless cry that to create a harbor at Port Los Angeles would be to create a monopoly, falls to the ground in the face of this statutory provision, and would, indeed, be more applicable to the "People's" at San Pedro than to the other.

## THE MURDER IN CHINATOWN.

The murder of Little Pete has revealed a condition of things within this city which is almost without parallel in the civilized world. We have a Chinese population of approximately thirty thousand, which is nominally subject to our laws, yet is, in fact, controlled within itself by a few autocratic leaders. Little Pete, through his superior intelligence and knowledge of the ways of the white boss, had come to be Director-General of the Sam Yups. His methods were those of the forceful, unscrupulous man of money, and his policy, so far as can be learned, was one which would have centered in the merchant class of Chinatown controlling power in the direction of that little world's affairs. He had done American politics with Mr. Christopher Buckley, knew the art of pulling wires and of bringing pressure to bear, was not nice as to methods, realized the potency of money, and played for high stakes in business, on the turf and in Chinese politics—in short, he modeled himself so far as possible after the type of the American political boss. To succeed, he had perforce to make enemies. He came to be regarded by the poorer classes of Chinese as the representative of wealth and authority. He stood for those influences, the possession of which makes a man envied and arouses hatred, whether among Chinese or Christians, Turks, Tartars or Californians.

The murder of Little Pete is the expression among the Chinese of the same spirit that develops Nihilists in Russia and Anarchists in America. No doubt, if we could know the truth, we would find some individual rival of Little Pete to be the instigator of his murder; possibly not by direct offer of money as a reward for the crime, though this is the generally accepted theory, but quite certainly by an appeal to the prejudices and

hatreds of the poor and powerless. If there was a Little Pete to intrigue and scheme himself into power by the aid of wealth, there was, we may be sure, some Mongolian demagogue, some bequeued Cator, who made the murderers feel that their crime would result in blessing the Chinese people, or that it was a common wish to which few were bold enough to give expression by act.

We do not idealize the Chinese nature. The murderer of Little Pete is not a Brutus or a half-crazed Booth. Neither can we believe that he is nothing more than an ordinary thug hired to kill. If the reports given by the daily press can be relied upon, the fued which has been going on between the Sam Yups, or wealthy, and the See Yups, or poor, is but a manifestation of the greater struggle going on throughout our civilized world between the many and the few, and the murder of Little Pete is but the Chinese expression of those feelings which animate the more or less unfortunate million. There is a kind—the Little Pete kind—of man in America, who has no scruples in business, no honor in politics, no consideration for his fellows, no regard for anything but his own success, and this character of man is bringing trouble upon all men with money. We hear much talk of revolution. Sober-minded, sensible men fear that their sons are to see a period of blood and bitterness. The mob talkers on the street corners hardly attempt to veil the promise that if things are not righted by the ballot they will be by the bullet. There is talk current, as there was before the Civil War, of an irrepressible conflict; this time between the House of Have and the House of Want.

But this is no country for revolutions. Our territory is too big, our cities too many, our population too generally contented, our wealth too widely distributed, our political power always with the people, and theirs always the blame if there is misgovernment. The curses that are called down upon the heads of our men of distinguished wealth come not from the injustice and cruelty of our economic or political systems, but rise from the bold and unscrupulous acts of a few, who, without conscience and without tact, without honor and without consideration for public opinion, make their wealth and power a standing insult and a cause for the hatred of men more honorable but less clever. There is no reason why there should be a feeling of antagonism toward wealth in the United States, and there would be none were it not for our queueless Little Petes.

## *THE DECLINE OF THE MAGAZINE SHORT STORY.*

Is it possible that the short story—the American short story—is on the decline? And if so is it because the authors have ceased to produce work of a high standard, or because the public—that particular circle of the public for whom the magazines cater—have ceased to demand it?

Four years ago the name of Richard Harding Davis was in everybody's mouth. Now he is writing syndicate articles for the daily press on "special topics," and Gallegher Travers and Cortlandt Van Bibber are fast fading from the public's memory. Is Mr. Davis a type? Has he reached the limit of his productive capacity, or have the magazine editors—who feel the tastes of their public as a skillful rider feels his horse's mouth—dropped him as as an author who has lost popular favor? In either event the result remains the same; Mr. Davis' stories have ceased to appear in the magazines. But on the other hand, one would expect to see his place filled by a new popular favorite. According to immemorial custom this should be the case, yet somehow a successor has failed to appear. Owen Wister claimed attention for some dozen or so issues, but now he too is dropped, is out of the race, is a back number. Kipling is never seen in the three big magazines, and but rarely in McClure's. Now why should this thing be? Why is it that the best magazines should fail to publish the best class of stories? Why are not the names of Kipling and of Arthur Morrison and Stephen Crane seen in "Harper's" and in the "Century" and in "Scribner's" as often as those old, old familiar standbys, the veterans, the "steadies," Brander Matthews, Octave Thanet, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Janvier, Ruth McEnery Stuart and so many other "magazinists"? Do you remember how Caliban spoke of Setebos, how that some day he might "doze, doze, doze, as good as die?" That expresses it exactly. These good people, these professional magazinists write, and write, and write; to all ends and purposes they died long ago. Can there be anything staler than Brander Matthews' stories of New York life? anything flatter than Min Stuart's dialect stories? anything more unprofitable than the foolish maunderings of Thomas Janvier, with his "out of the way hotels," his foreigner, his new-married couple? The three more important magazines have snoveled this tasteless, vapid sort of thing at one so long and so persistently that one has at last come to accept it without a great deal of comment; one takes it is a whole, much the same as one would shrimps.

To put it tersely, the stuff is absolutely stupid. We have met the same characters, witnessed the same scenes, gone through the same worn, hackneyed, hashed-up situations again and again and yet again. The short stories of "Harper's," "Scribner's" and the "Century" have become deadly dull. There is in them no freshness, no originality, no vitality, no close, keen grip on life or nature. They are mere empty forms, out of which the substance has long since vanished, and one accepts them only because of the reputation of the magazines in which they are published. We ourselves have read stories in recent issues of the "Century Magazine" which, had they been sent anonymously to this paper, would have been decisively and promptly rejected with a distinct understanding that their "unavailability" did most certainly "imply a lack of literary merit."

The great merit of the stories of these "magazinists"—the one quality which endears them to the editors, is that they are, what in editorial slang is called "safe." They are safe, it is true, safe as a grave yard, decorous as a church, as devoid of immorality as an epitaph. They have not the vigor or decisiveness to offend the most invertebrate taste. They adorn the center table. They do not "call a blush to the cheek of the young." They can be placed—Oh crowning virtue, Oh supreme enconium—they can be "safely" placed in the hands of any young girl the country over.

It is the "young girl" and the family center table that determine the standard of the American short story.

## *LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.*

The "Examiner" is dabbling in the law again, and is, as usual, making a sorry mess of it. It is impossible to dovetail legal principles with wild schemes of confiscation, but our ingenious contemporary may lay claim to having "tried its hand" at the thing. This time water and gas rates, and the laws bearing upon their regulation, are the things which tempt to absurdities our morning contemporary, and it very naturally indicates its contempt for the law by endeavoring to demonstrate that the decisions of our Supreme Court sanction and justify the wildest extremes of radicalism in rate regulations. In common decency there should be a point somewhere for this kind of hysterical and unseemly agitation to stop, for it is costly, unprofitable and ineffective, except for harm. There must come a time wheu the public officer, the taxpayer and the finer spirit that lives with our great general public will rebel against it, and refuse to be blindly ledin to turmoils of litigation and spite, to gratify the animosities or to fill the purses of a little knot of mischievous marplots. We, in common with many others, have grown sick, tired and disgusted with the whole performance—sick of this everlasting churning up of hatreds, and tired and disgusted with the extravagant demands, the insincsre suggestions, made ostensibly in the public welfare, that emanate from an ill-balanced and disordered journalistic mind, which refuses to learn anything save only to be more indecent. These never ending agitations breed an unwholesome fever of unrest, and plant in the minds of ignorance a yearning for something that is impossible of achievement, and repugnant to the spirit of American institutions.

We have come now to a point where resistance to such teachings is a duty. The State has only just passed through a useless and expensive bit of litigation in the matter of regulating freight rates. The experience is still fresh in mind. Led by the same influences, it attempted to do a thing in the teeth of the law. The result has been our inglorious defeat, and an enormous bill of expense. The attorneys' fees in this litigation have amounted to more than thirty thousand dollars, and, curiously enough, one of the gentleman laying claim to the reward is likewise the attorney of the "Examiner," which was the leading spirit of the agitation. The State has nothing to show for its vast expenditures of money except Experience. Experience is worth something, but to be worth anything we must profit by it and avoid the course of error. This municipality would be something more than foolhardy, its legislative body something more than over-zealous in its duty, if it does not take wisdom from the experience of the State, and flatly refuse to loosen the strings of our depleted municipal purse that the greedy hands of the "Examiner's" attorneys may dip into our dollars.

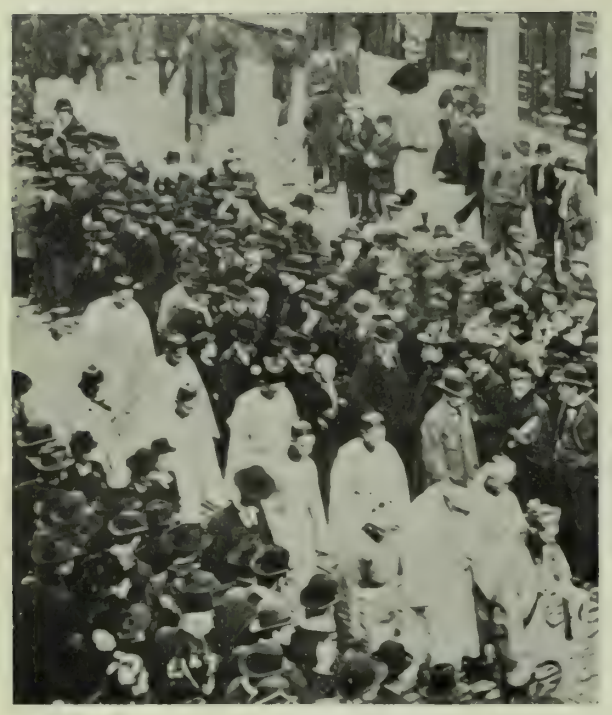
Mayor Phelan, it is reported, is drafting a message to the Board of Supervisors concerning gas and water rates. The sensational end of the daily press is busily at work attempting to urge both the executive and the legislative branches of our municipal government to a course of action similar to that followed by the State, and which, if followed, will certainly result in similar disaster to our municipality. The law bearing upon the regulation of rates is plain and unmistakable. There is no excuse for overstepping its bounds or attempting to distend to bursting point the powers of regulation lodged with our Supervisors. Mayor Phelan certainly does care for his reputation, and caring for it, he should exercisela watchful vigilance, and refuse to be led into the ways of demagogy. Even the influences that strongest urge him to course of action repugnant to his conscience will hold him in higher esteem if he adheres strictly to the course of dececy and reason. There is a well defined and unmistakable limit beyond which Supervisorial interference may not with impunity go. The thinking public would be justified in believing that our Mayor was concerned in gathering to himself a cheap political fame, rather than in serving the public welfare, if he avoids touching upon the limitations which the State has just learned to respect at great expense to itself. The Supervisors would be justified in the belief that the Mayor was purposely shirking his duty and shifting the burden of all this controversy upon their shoulders, if his message recommends reductions, without at the same time referring to the wel settled principles of law governing their action. Tabulated statements of rates, all the world knows, do not constitute a fair basis for comparison or for regulation.

The young man who writes ignorantly of the law upon the "Examiner" takes no profit from the decision in the Railroad Commissioners' case. He leaps over the line of Federal decisions that sustained the doctrine laid down by Judge McKenna, and grasps at a decision of our Supreme Court made years ago, which, in the light of subsequent rulings by the Federal Courts, cannot stand as authority. In such legal proceedings as would follow an attempt at unjust regulation, the Supreme Court of our State would not, if it adhered to the decision quoted by the "Examiner," constitute a court of last resort. The defendant would have a clear right to prosecute his appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court has held time and again that the imposition of an unjust and unfair regulation operates to deprive a citizen of his property wihout due process of law, and is therefore in violation of the Federal Constitution. This ruling makes its jurisdiction in such cases clear and unmistakable. To acquire an understanding, then, as to the ultimate result of such litigation, and the probable action of that Court one needs only to consult its rulings in similar cases.

The judicial history of the power of the State to regulate charges of quasi-public corporations begins in 1876, and is therefore but twenty years old. At first the power of the State to regulate at all was seriously questioned. Then followed a stubborn contest as to the right of the State to delegate that power to subordinate bodies or branches of the government. In both of these contentions, which extended over a series of years, the power of the State was finally sustained, and the governing principles of law clearly and defininitely settled. The next series of questions that arose involved the settling and determining of the limits or extent of this power which should govern the State in its attempts at regulation. It was early claimed, and not without some justification, that the action of the legislative branch of the State could not be reviewed by the judicial branch; that even though the rate fixed by the regulating power was found to be unjust and unreasonable, the courts were powerless to to interfere for the protection of the aggrieved. The enormity of such a doctrine soon became all too apparent. The power vested in the State is a reasonable, not an unreasonable power, and what we said in "The Wave" some weeks ago while criticising the opinion of Judge McKenna is equally applicable here, and will bear reproduction.

Reasonableness is the essence of the power. Unreasonable rates are the very things that bring into operation the machinery of the law. Its purpose is to check the rapacity of corporations, and to prevent unjust, unequal and exorbitant rates. It is the perpetration of injustice that gives birth to the necessity for State regulation, but in exercising this power the State is impotent to perpetrate another injustice, or exact a rate which would be unreasonably low. To contend otherwise would be outrageous. A State regulation which would limit the earning capacity of a corporation to an extent sufficient to prevent it from paying its operating expenses would be an injustice on its face, for manifestly it would be destructive of the thing itself. Likewise, any State regulation which compels a corporation to collect rates sufficient only to defray its operating expenses, and makes no allowance for the payment of the interest or the principal of its debt, would be an injustice and destructive to the corporation itself. The power abiding with the State is not to destroy, it is not even to punish; it is simply to regulate transportation charges upon lines fair and equitable to both the people and the transportation company. The stockholder of a corporation is not a brigand or an outlaw. He is entitled to a fair profit upon his investment, and any regulation which makes toward denial of his right to profit is legislation in contravention of the principle of law applied by Judge McKenna in the Railroad Commissioners' case. So often has this phase of of the law been discussed, so thoroughly is it woven into the spirit of all our codes and of all our constitutions that it is absurd to consider it as a debatable point.

These views are applicable to the case in point, and it is idle folly to butt our heads up against a principle so well defined and so clearly established. The Mayor and the Supervisors should "look before they leap."



The Priests and Chief Mourners

Burning Sandalwood at the Chinese Cemetery

The Head of the Cortege on Grant Avenue

The Procession Forming in Front of "Pete's" House

The Family Carryall, in which Mrs. Pete Followed the Hearse

## THE END OF A FEUD

*BURIAL CEREMONIES OF "LITTLE PETE," MURDERED BY THE SEE YUP TONG OF THIS CITY ON SATURDAY LAST*

## "WOLF!"

By POMPON

I am "out" with Lady Darlington, and a great pity it is, for my habits and mode of living will be at sixes and sevens for the rest of the winter. This was the manner of it. I called last Thursday, and while I was sipping tea with her in a cozy corner of the drawing room I said:

"Do you know that you are not to see me next week. I go a hunting in the Vosges for three or four days with Fontmartin."

I confess I expected—well, if not reproaches—at least a little show of petulance, of vexation—something that would have flattered my masculine vanity. But my dearest Anglaise fetched an adorable smile and said, "Charming! There are wolves in the Vosges, hein?"

"Wolves, sometimes," said I imprudently (but I thought the declaration would add a certain "allure" to my hegira.)

"Eh, bien, bring me back a wolf skin to put alongside my bed."

"But wouldn't you rather have a boar, anice, pretty little boar, a—"

"No, no. You don't understand 'cherie.' Do you think I intend to put my feet down on the bristles of a boar-skin when I get out of bed in the morning. No. I must have a wolf-skin."

Next day I set forth for the Vosges. Fontmartin is a great crony of mine and boasts a splendid preserve three leagues distant from Epinal. It has only one drawback. The voyage by train lasts—I shudder to think of it—nine and a half hours from Paris, and one must change cars three times en route. Enfin. I arrive in time for dinner, am presented by Fontmartin to the family. It is quite a ceremony,—so serious is the family Fontmartin—Fontmartin's wife, very tall, and dried up like a hop pole in November, and Fontmartin's mother-in-law, with her thick nose and assortment of chins, looks like a bad bust of Louis XVIII—sit on either side of me throughout the meal. I endeavor to keep the conversation to the subject of wolves, even going so far as to quote the famous letter of Louis XIII to Anne of Austria. You remember the line in Hugo's Ruy Blas.

"Madame. The wind is high and I have killed six wolves."

But Fontmartin was daft upon gossip of Paris, would have details of the boulevards, the latest marriages and scandals and I don't know what else. Only when we foregathered in the smoking room did I have the chance to tell him of my promise to Lady Darlington. He fell a laughing immoderately upon the instant.

"Wolves," he exclaimed. "Do you imagine you will find a wolf hereabouts as easily as you would a hare or a pheasant?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Que veux tu," says I. "I've promised."

"And you address yourself to me to satisfy the caprices of—of—of Lady Darlington, enfin?"

"Well, we can only try our luck. After all it's not so impossible. I remember I killed a wolf here two years ago, at the edge of the woods down by the brick-kiln. Let's go down to-night at any rate."

So Fontmartin called up the old beater Prenoie and gave him instructions to get a lamb from the farm and tie it to a stake near the brick-kiln. He loaded me down with a rifle—it must have weighed thirty pounds at least—a double barreled Express, one barrel loaded with a huge cartridge, the other with buckshot.

The night was clear, the sky had a steely look and it was unusually cold. Fontmartin was furred to the ears as if for a polar expedition. On the way to the kiln I hazarded a pleasantry on his accoutrement.

"Shut up," he muttered authoritatively. "We're not here for fun. Throw away your cigar."

"Can't I smoke?"

"No."

"Nor even talk?"

"No. Shut up."

This was gay.

Have you ever remarked the fact that the most amiable and good natured fellows become sour and irritable and assume a great pose of mystery the moment they become involved in the sacred rites of hunting? The least little slip will bring upon you a sarcasm or cutting observation; a real blunder entails abuse and personal vilification.

I kept silence and thought of my nose that was growing red and my eyes that wept beneath the gusts of the icy wind. At length, by long detours over glacial paths we arrived. Fontmartin posted me against the trunk of a tree, and ambushed himself some twenty metres away. Before us the poor lamb circled about its stake uttering the most doleful lamentations I have ever listened to.

An hour passed and no wolf. It grew colder than ever. I declare I was numb from head to foot. Every now and then my teeth rattled like castanets. Here was a pleasure party for you. The line from "Ruy Blas" occurred to me. "The wind was high," and that was true enough, but at least Louis XIII had killed six wolves while I—I—! The veterans of Napoleon must have felt precisely as I did during their retreat from Moscow, numb and freezing and maddened with an insane desire to accomplish something, no matter what, in order to relieve the monotony—to move—to cry out—to shoot—anything, in fact.

Every now and then I glanced over at Fontmartin and executed a despairing pantomime with my arms and hands. He only scowled and muttered. At length I could contain myself no longer. The strain was too intense. For an hour I had watched that miserable mutton turning and turning about his stake, always with the same lamentable cry; a certain absession grew upon me. I felt that if I did not fire I should certainly fall sick; how it happened I don't know. My rifle came up to my shoulder, apparently of its own accord. I sighted, pulled the trigger—and piff—paff—the lamb dropped dead.

"Ah, very well," remarked Fontmartin with great deliberation as he came out of his hiding place, "we can now return home and go to bed calmly, for after your admirable exploit, it is hardly probably that the wolf will pay us a visit to-night. It is scarcely worth while to put yourself to so much trouble in order to bring back a roast of mutton to Lady Darlington."

I excused myself as best I could on the pretext of some sort of nocturnal hallucination, and we went home, Fortmartin in execrable temper.

The next day of course I was riddled with all manner of gibes and jokes. The family and guests were never done with their allusions to the hunter from Paris, the mountaineer from the Boulevard des Italiens, the bloodthirsty killer of lambs. I suppose it was very funny, but wearied with posing as a butt for the wit of these provincials. I suddenly returned to Paris—and to Lady Darlington.

Her welcome seemed a little cold, but curiously enough she had nothing to say about the hunting of wolves.

Instead she showed me a magnificent white bear-skin, that had been given to her in my absence, together with a superb Russian gentleman, captain in a regiment of Preobiazinski, whom it seemed had come from the same country as the bear-skin.

He had a self-satisfied air, this captain, as of one who had gone forth in search of—wolves let us say—and had not returned empty handed. But these English ladies are so original.

## THE PLAGUE IN INDIA

### Conditions of Life Among the Natives The Burning Ghats.

It is partly the way the Hindoos live, and partly their religious customs, that make the plague so terrible. Added to this is the famine, prevalent in many parts of the country, and the fact that so many millions of the natives are always on the verge of starvation, rendering them ready victims to any disease. It is not so much that their abodes, whether house or hovel, are so crowded with human beings, as the utter absence of all sanitary arrangements, and the inmates' utter indifference to them. If their ancestors thus lived without them, so, they, reason why should they wish anything better?

The houses of any pretensions are built around courts, on each of the four sides of which may be seen an open ditch, carrying away the refuse water, and throwing its unhealthful odors into the air. Even the streets of the native quarter of Bombay have these open sewers. In the villages mud-huts with thatched roofs abound, which soaks up all offensive things, but which do not thus vanish. In both places the only disinfectant is the cow-dung, applied freely on floor and wall, sacred as well well as cleansing. Vermin abound. India is the Paradise of rats, for the orthodox Hindoo will not take the life of any animal. The ant is ubiquitous. The Englishman is obliged to sleep with the posts of his bed resting in jars of water. It is these rats and ants that are said to be disseminating the plague to an alarming degree.

In the dry season the men sleep anywhere, under the trees, on the house-top, and even in the dust of the highway. It is a sight to remember to see a village arise in the morning and literally shake off the dust of slumber. Their first operation is to clean their teeth, calling upon the god Ram. They crowd to the wells and bathe by pouring water over their bodies. If a sacred tank is convenient they bathe in it, descending into the pool and partly immersing. The more filthy the water the greater its religious purity. One may see hundreds in the dirty waters of the Hooghly, at Calcutta, any morning of the year. All rivers which flow into the sea are sacred, and are much used for bathing and for cremation. No place in the world has, however, such sanctity as Benares, and no waters are so sacred or so filthy as those which lave this sacred city. Here are half a million idols and thousands of temples; here are princely mansions and squalid hovels. The streets are narrow and crooked and almost impassable. One jostles against the sacred bulls, which have everywhere the right of way; the holy monkeys bound overhead, and the holy crows snatch at some article of wearing apparel. The passer-by slips in the slime of the Ganges brought to be poured over the idols; he breathes the noisome air reeking with the odors of decaying fruit and flowers. The people are incongruous, painful to behold, and the temple courts are thronged with devotees from all parts of India.

They come to Benares to die, assured that thus all their sins will be blotted out, even those who have committed the deadly sin of eating beef. So they come in health to take their chances, they come in sickness with that joyous faith that is better than health. Tney are going to Benares in multitudes at this time of the Black Death. They are brought thither in death, that the smoke of their funeral pyres may mingle with the winds that blow from the River Ganges, and their ashes be mingled with its waters. While thousands are bathing hundreds are burning, and the sick are lying on their charpoys, their feet in the river, waiting death.

The spectacles at the burning ghats are curious. Some of the dead are partly immersed in the Ganges, awaiting their turn to be cremated; others, entirely disrobed on the pyre, await the simple funeral rites and the touch of the funeral torch. Down the steps and through the winding lanes come the bearers of the dead, sometimes preceded by grotesque dancers and sometimes in stately, solemn procession. The dead are in all stages of cremation, while over the dying ashes of wood and humanity linger the relatives to collect the now sacred remains. Above, on a large platform, are crowds of spectators, friends and relatives of the dead, sitting on their heels or squatting in Oriental fashion, while as a background are gray buildings of palace and temple.

The river banks are thronged with devotees, some shivering in the cold waves, (for in winter the water is cold even in India), others dipping it with their hands, drinking it, throwing it over their bodies, and praying with a loud voice. The air is filled with dissonant clamors, ejaculations, and prayers in all the dialects of India. Under huge umbrellas sit the gurus or teachers, listlessly droning to attentive hearers passages from the holy books, while brightly-clad women trip down the steps with silver or golden or brazen trays piled high with fragrant flowers or sweets, which they offer to the goddess Gunga.

SARAH D. HAMLIN.

Edison, the well known inventor, has sent a quantity of war supplies to Cuba for which his company has not been paid. His impression of the veracity of the Cubans is not a lofty one.

## LIFE OF A LONDON "EXQUISITE"

### Scented Newspapers and Marvelous Broughams of London's Curled Darlings.

In the matter of how the young swells of London live, I have been told some things, have read others, and have seen a little myself from the outside, of course. Recalling the general impression received from these various sources, it seemed to me that here was a chance for the publication of a little handbook under such a title as "How to Spend Money," or "The Science of Extravagant Living," or "The Art of Being Rich."

I think that I may safely say that the wealthy young men of the Western hemisphere have not as yet mastered even the rudiments of this "Science" or "Art," or whatever it is. People of the United States have their own convictions in regard to male millionaires. They must possess and they must do certain things, and generally the millionaire lives up to the popular ideal. With us of America great wealth is always associated with yachts—steam and otherwise—horses, town and county clubs, packs of foxhounds, polo ponies, brownstone fronts in New York and such things. If you will pause and consider you will see that most of the things in which the rich young American delights are of an athletic or sporting nature.

Now behold how the Londoner of the same type and class orders his life; reflect upon the delicacy of it, the refinement of it—refinement as Mr. Kipling would say—to six places decimals. I knew a London boy once—three years out of Oxford—who caused his morning papers to be scented with the perfume of iris. It is hard to believe this, perhaps, but it is literally true nevertheless. He went even further than this, did my Oxford lad. Observe: I was talking with him one morning about this very subject of the daily press, and he said, pressing an electric button with his foot:

"I'll show you now how to read the papers."

His valet brought the papers, scented with iris, as I said, but ironed stiff and crinkly. The advertisements had been cut out, and the sporting articles marked in blue pencil. We started off with this as a beginning, and he told me how he lived. Says he:

"In the matter of tobacco, now, I prefer the cigarette to anything else. I get mine from Constantinople twice a week, and by the way, my cigarettes are scented with Haschis,—very difficult to obtain, believe me—medical order absolutely necessary, and all that. There are very few dealers, however, who can be trusted to mix it with the tobacco so as to produce the maximum enjoyment with the minimum of harm. Here," he continued, "is my bedroom." We went in. "Bed," he remarked, laconically, stabbing his index finger toward the huge piece of furniture; "Nothing extraordinary, only the sheets, pillow-cases and night gown are silk—silk's a bit heavy, too," he observed, running his finger over it, "Change 'em every night and have 'em sent to France, South of France, to be laundried, quite the thing with us chaps now-a-days to send linen and things to France. Let's go see my blooming tailor."

We rode to his blooming tailor's in his blooming brougham, and he called my attention en route to the devices and appliances of the affair. Pneumatic tires, electric lamps—on the inside, mark you—electric foot warmers, a row of a dozen ivory knobs, like the stops on the consol of an organ, by which he communicated with the coachman, a small dressing-case, cigar box, card case, mirror, flask and the like.

As we alighted at the tailor's—I suppose it was in Bond street somewhere—he said:

"We," that is his class, you understand, "visit our tailor's daily—great institution the London tailor. See now," he piloted me about the great institution, "separate departments for the trousers, waistcoat and coat. Coatman never makes trousers, waistcoat-man never dreams of making coat, and see here, model of my figure, life size, so as I can judge effect myself."

Coming from the tailor's we went to lunch at his dining club, which he and his "set" maintain. For the pair of us—and we had nothing lavish, either—the check was four pounds ($20). He told me the butter, even the cooking butter, came from Paris, and that the asparagus, (we were in October) was the same description and had been procured by the same methods as that eaten by the Czar during his Paris visit in October last.

For the first time in several years Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is occupying her home in Washington, and is a conspicuous figure in society. She has grown stouter during her residence on the other side of the water, and her hair, always her chief beauty, is thickly sprinkled with white, but she seems to have lost none of her vivacity, and is as gay and enthusiastic as she was at the beginning of her successful career twenty years ago. Her play, "A Lady of Quality," is quite ready, but she has locked horns with Mr. Frohman over its production, all on account of the leading lady. Mrs. Burnet has chosen for the principal role Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a young and beautiful woman, if only a mediocre actress, and one of Mrs. Burnet's intimate friends. Mr. Frohman has selected Miss Olga Nethersole to fill the role, and won't have any one else.

Madame Calve, the Metropolitan prima donna, lives on the top floor of the Plaza Hotel and is the most difficult of all the great singers to see. Her manner is a combination of ingenuousness and of very obvious acting, and she has a way of welcoming her guests with extravagant histrionic dignity which is quite amusing. She announces her intention of going to Germany next year for the purpose of learning German in order to sing Wagnerian opera.

Herbert Barnum Seeley, whose dinner has made him an international notoriety, is a grandson of the great P. T. Barnum. His mother was the showman's favorite daughter, and when she was young she sang in vaudeville and assisted in gathering certain of the parental dollars. Young Seeley inherited nearly half a million from the Barnum estate, the income of which went to pay for the recent revel.

## ONE KIND OF "NEW WOMAN"

### A Girl of Twenty Who Has the Frame of a Sandow.

I don't remember now exactly what I expected to see. A huge red-faced woman, no doubt, with a trumpeting voice and calloused hands, bull-necked and aggressive. I surely thought she would be big, very tall and broad—especially broad—and I imagined she would have the condescension, the vaguely contemptuous manner that goes with great physical strength. A "female Sandow" should have such attributes. You would fancy yourself defrauded if she didn't.

So with this and that and the other I was taken all aback with the sight of Alcide Capitaine. She is positively small—you would call her a "little" woman—and, ignorant of who she was, you might even yourself assume the certain condescension of manner that men—some men—display when talking to the "weaker" sex. You would do this until Alcide (or whatever her real name may be) allowed you to make the attempt to clasp her upper arm—at first with one hand, then, failing in this, with two—the web of flesh between thumb and index stretched to its utmost. A man must have large hands to do the thing, for the bicep measurement is fifteen and a half inches. Think of fifteen and a half inches of pure muscle, tough and hard as sole-leather!

I asked Alcide Capitaine how she came to choose the profession of a gymnast. I knew what her answer would be. Invariably they tell me the same thing:

"My father was in the profession before me," says she, "and I began to exercise and practice when I was three years old."

It's always like this with acrobats and gymnasts and wire-walkers and the like. Their fathers or families were "in the business" before them, and they took to it naturally. You wonder how their fathers came to do the thing. There must have been An Original Acrobat somewhere, some man—it couldn't have been a woman—who arose one morning and said:

"Go to; I likewise will be a gymnast" (or acrobat, or high-wire man, as the case might be), and forthwith was one, and begat a family to follow his profession.

"I commenced," said Miss Capitaine (or perhaps one should say Mlle. Capitaine) "by imitating my father, just as an ordinary child might imitate anything it saw its parents do. I slept in a curtained bed, I remember, with tassels at the end of long cords, and I would try to do the things I had seen my father do at the theatre, tumbling and balancing and all that."

"And he saw that you were clever at it and encouraged you," I suggested.

Apparently not. Capitaine Senior was not particularly anxious that she should elect such a profession as his.

"My people didn't like the idea," said she, in reply. "It was all very well when I was little, but when I grew older they tried to talk me out of it, but I liked it and kept at it, till they let me have my way—and here I am."

It is not easy to talk to the female Sandow, or rather it is not easy to get her to talk. It is not only from a physical point of view that she is puzzling. I have talked to plenty of actresses of approved fame and personal reputation who were a deal more at their ease than this girl who has spent the nineteen years of her life in the performance of muscular feats. The fact of the matter is that Capitaine is a quiet, retiring sort of little body. She has received the education of a gymnast, and developed certain sets of muscles to a wonderful extent, but otherwise she hardly differs from the average Italian girl of twenty or thereabouts.

Another point. Capitaine, though small, is marvelously well-proportioned. I managed to suggest as much to her.

"That's from my dancing."

"Dancing?"

"I dance every morning just to develop my leg muscles.

"Waltz?" (Imagine waltzing with a woman with such a waist and back and arms!)

"No; skirt dancing and that sort."

I fancy she must dance admirably. At least she knows all about skirt dancing. A day later I saw her in the wings of the Orpheum, where she had come to supervise the arrangement of her trapeze, etc., and she permitted herself to indulge in more than one sarcasm as to the dancing of one of Mr. Kiralfy's girls, who was practicing a new step.

"There is one thing that I am rather proud of," said Capitaine to me on this same occasion.

I became attentive.

"See now," (she was in trapeze costume) "when I let my arm fall naturally, there is nothing extraordinary about it, is there?"

I have seen stouter arms at many an evening function; plenty, even, that were not so smooth.

"But when I muscle up," she went on, "as now, for instance——"

Really it took one's breath away. Tom Sharkey himself would be proud of that arm.

It is the same with Capitaine's back and shoulders. The muscles do not show when she stands "at ease." But when she straightens up, and bends up her arms and throws back her shoulders, the flesh dimples deep, with sudden hollows and ridges, and the knotted muscles go rippling and sliding down over the hard, firm bones, till you wonder and wonder how this thing came to be—this superb, marvelous anatomy—this frame of a pugilist in the person of a girl not yet out of her teens.

MUSCLES OF THE BACK AND SHOULDERS
Photo by Marceau

MISS ALCIDE CAPITAINE
The Graceful Gymnast Who is Now Appearing at the Orpheum

SHOWING THE BICEPS AND CHEST MEASURE
Photo by Marceau

## WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY OF HER

Capitaine, the wonderful little athlete of the Orpheum, is far more a "perfect woman" than Sandow was a "perfect man." She is more graceful, more trim and lithe and finely proportioned. Besides which a thorough medical examiantion by Dr. Franklin Shiels of heart and lungs proves those organs to be absolutely sound. As much could not be said of Sandow, whose heart was notoriously weak. The following are some of the results of Dr. Sheil's examination.

Capitaine has spent nineteen years in her profession, constantly undergoing the most violent physical exercise, such as lifting weights, tumbling and gymnastic exhibitions of all kinds; yet as far as can be seen there is no evidence of any over straining or undue exertion. She has never missed a performance on account of ill health, fatigue or accident, which is rather a remarkable record. The normal condition of the heart, so rare with weight lifters is explained by the fact that Capitaine is not only very regular in her habits, but also takes two months' complete rest every summer, as a precaution against an exhaustion of reserve energy.

Her measurements are: Height five feet three inches, neck thirteen inches in circumference, waist twenty-two, chest forty——which is a taper enough surely—hips thirty-nine, biceps fifteen and a half, forearm ten—only—calf thirteen and a half, thigh nineteen and a half. One interesting feature of these measurements is the extreme smallness of the waist and forearm when compared to the size of the biceps and the upper arm.

The framework upon which this enormous tissue of muscle is stretched is thoroughly and distinctly feminine, the bones small and delicate. It is this peculiarity combined with the perfect symmetry in the construction of the muscular tissue that renders Capitaine so graceful. There is not the slightest danger that she will ever become muscle-bound. The muscles are not bunchy but are evenly and proportionately developed throughout the whole extent, and lay close to the bone.

Dr. Shiels finds that the most powerful of Capitaine's muscles are the trapezius, the right and left deltoids, the pectoral muscles and all those muscles arising from the force and acting upon the arms. There is no adipose tissue, Capitaine is made of bone and muscular fibre and of very little else. The hands and feet are noticeably small, the skin of the face clear and healthy as a child's.

A LOVE SONG.

The gay lark loves the lilting time
That comes with dawn of day;
The sunlight loves the murmuring stream
That runs in woodland way;
The bluebell loves the ferny brake,
The lily loves the limpid lake,
The white star loves the pale moon's wake,
And I love thee.

As long as rippling streamlets run
From mountains to the sea,
As long as whispering breezes blow
In sighing symphony;
As long as skies are overhead,
Until the days and years are fled—
Aye, when the moon and stars are dead—
Shall I love thee.

—HENRY SEBASTIAN KIRK.

General de Boisdeffre enjoys to a great degree the confidence of the government and political element. He has been sent on two occasions as special Ambassador to St. Petersburg and may be said to owe much of his eminence to his intimacy with the Russian Imperial court. His chances of gaining supreme command of the French army depend very much on the relations existing between Paris and St. Petersburg. He entertains a high opinion and regard for the Emperor of Germany—a sentiment based on personal acquaintance. On the occasion of the visit of the Emperor William to the Czar of Russia, General de Boisdeffre made his acquaintance and they entered into the most friendly relations. They discussed all military matters, and now keep up a correspondence on the subject of war tactics, etc.

R. ALLEN.

A GLADIATORIAL POSE
Photo by Marceau

## PASSING OF "LITTLE PETE"

### The Funeral Rites Held Over a Famous Chinaman.

When a man is vulgar he is vulgar according to fixed standards. He conforms to a certain common type of vulgarity; but every woman is vulgar in her own way. There is the brutally vulgar woman, the meanly vulgar, the self-consciously vulgar, the brazenly vulgar, and the modestly vulgar. There is the vulgar woman who knows that she allows herself to be vulgar and is ashamed of it, and there is the woman who is proud of her vulgarity, and calls it liberty and equality and fraternity and democracy and independence and I don't know what, and who trumpets her vulgarity to the four winds of heaven, and is only ashamed when men fail to take notice.

That is the kind of women who was most in evidence at the funeral ceremonies of a certain wealthy man, known by the name of L. F. Peters, who was shot to death this month of January, 1896.

Perhaps I have seen a more disgusting spectacle than that which took place at "Little Pete's" funeral ceremonies, but I cannot recall it now. A reckless, conscienceless mob of about two thousand, mostly women, crowded into the Chinese cemetery. There was but one policeman to control them, and they took advantage of the fact. The women thronged about the raised platform and looted everything they could lay their hands on; China bowls, punk, tisue paper ornaments, even the cooked chickens and bottles of gin. This, mind you, before the procession had as much as arrived.

The procession itself was rather disappointing—from a picturesque point of view. Perhaps one expected too much. There might possibly have been a greater display of color and a greater number of bands. Nor were there any of the street ceremonies in front of Pete's Chinatown residence that you had been told to look for. The company of chief mourners, in blue and white cambric, was too suggestive of a campaign club to be very impressive, and the members of the carriage orchestras refused to take themselves very seriously, seeming more interested in the crowd of spectators than in the funeral cortege.

At the cemetery, however, things were different. There was a certain attempt here at rites and observances and customs that would have been picturesque and striking had it not been for the shameless, the unspeakable shamelessness of the civilized women of the crowd.

A few mandarins came first, heads no doubt of the Sam Yup, one of them in particular, with all the dignity and imposing carriage of a senator. He was really grand, this mandarin, calm, austere, unmoved amidst this red-faced, scrambling mob. A band of women followed, the female relatives of the deceased.

"Here comes his wife!" screamed half a dozen white women in chorus.

Pete's widow was wrapped from head to foot in what might have been the sackcloth of the Bible stories; certainly it had the look of jute. A vast hood of the stuff covered her whole face, and was tied about the neck. Two other women, similarly dressed, but without the hood, were supporting her. A mat was unrolled, and after the white women had been driven back from the platform by the main strength of two or three men, not yet lost to the sense of decency, the mourners kneeled upon it, forehead to the ground, and began a chant, or rather a series of lamentable cries and plaints. "Ai yah, ai-yah-yah."

A gong beat. A priest in robes and octagon cap persistently jingled a little bell and droned under his breath. There was a smell of punk and sandal wood in the air. The crouching women, mere bundles of clothes, rocked to and fro and wailed louder and louder.

Suddenly the coffin arrived, brought up by staggering hack-drivers and assistants, a magnificent affair, heavy black cloth and heavy silver appointments. The white women of the crowd made the discovery that Little Pete's powder-marked face could be seen. They surged forward in the instant. The droning priest was hustled sharply; he dropped his little bell, which was promptly stolen. The mourners on the mat, almost under foot, were jostled and pushed from their place, or bundled themselves out of the way hurriedly to escape trampling. Just what followed after this I do not know. A mob of red-faced, pushing women thronged about the coffin and interrupted everything that went on. There was confusion and cries in Cantonese and English; a mounted policeman appeared and was railed at. There can be no doubt that more ceremonies were to follow, but that those in charge preferred to cut short the revolting scene. The coffin was carried back to the hearse, a passage at length being forced through the crowd, and the Chinese returned to the city. Then the civilized Americans, some thousand of them, descended upon the raised platform, where the funeral meats were placed—pigs and sheep roasted whole, and chickens and bowls of gin and rice. Four men seized a roast pig by either leg and made off with it; were pursued by the mounted police and made to return the loot. Then the crowd found amusement in throwing bowlfuls of gin at each other. The roast chickens were hurled back and forth in the air. The women scrambled for the China bowls for souvenirs of the occasion, as though the occasion were something to be remembered.

The single mounted police, red-faced and over-worked, rode his horse into the crowd and after long effort at last succeeded in thrusting it back from the plundered altar and in keeping it at a distance. But still it remained upon the spot; this throng, this crowd, this shameless mob, that was mostly of women. There was nothing more to happen, the ceremony was over, but still these people stayed and looked.

This was the last impression one received of Little Pete's funeral—a crowd of two thousand men and women, standing in a huge circle, stupidly staring at the remains of a roasted pig.

FRANK NORRIS.

"LITTLE PETE" IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

Major Delaney of the Supervisors is impressed with himself and his high office. He is a born figurehead and as proud as a wooden Indian on wheels. He is docile as a sheep to the hoot of the herder, and from that sheep there hangs a tale, told by Dr. Clinton, inviting a guffaw.

Drs. Rottanzi and Clinton both wanted to be chairman of the Finance Committee. Clinton and Delaney were friends. On the afternoon before the caucus Clinton called on Delaney to ask for his support against Rottanzi. "Do you be thinkin' they'd be after appintin' that crazy Dago chairman of the Finance Commitay?" protested the polite major. "Why, sir," he continued, "it 'ud be an insult to the community." Clinton was pleased. "I'll tell you what we must have," he suggested. "We must have an open ballot and let every man announce his vote." Delaney was pleased. "The very thing," he said. "Sure we must show the boss upu an' not let that crazy Dago get away wid us." That night the third man called in the caucus was Delaney, and his vote was for Rottanzi, his "crazy Dago."

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Another story about Delaney. Colonel O'Conner of the ————regiment got his young men to vote for Delaney, who is something of a military hero himself, albeit only a major. After election O'Connor said: "Now, Delaney, I have only one request to make. You can even up that little score with me if you will see that the horses of the Patrol are stabled at Hirst's place on Mission street."

"Oh, sure, that'll be all right," protested the major. In due course Delaney was made chairman of the Health and Police Committees. The very first night he sent the horses to Hirst's stables. Next morning early Hirst was rung up and the wire was tremulous and resonant with the Delaney brogue. "Is that you, Misther Hirst, sor? Will you sind thim horses back to St. George's stables widout delay?" "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Hirst, who did not like that way of doing business. "Something's the matter that I can't tell you be telephone" came in troubled waves over the wire. Later Colonel O'Connor called on Delaney and asked him to explain. "Colonel, dear, I'm a good friend of yours, as good as ever, and that's no lie," pleaded the major, "but," he went on, "there do be things in politics a man can't explain."

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The guild of Arts and Crafts is dead— that is, all but dead. One lonely member survives to carry all the burden of the imposing name. The hardy survivor is W. D. Armes of the State University, recently the protagonist of the Oakland library trustees in controversy with Father Yorke. The guild was or might have been a good thing in proper hands, but as might have been expected, the usual tribe of poseurs and fakirs got possession and wanted to run things. Very soon one of our fine old-fashioned California squabbles developed, and clique met clique in slanderous strife. Latterly the guild was little more than an organized row. Louis Lisser, a musician who had been elected president, doubtless to promote harmony, resigned. Soon afterwards Willis Polk sent in his regrets; others followed suit, until at last Armes, unterrified, is left like the elderly naval man who swallowed in detail the crew of the Nancy brig. There is, it might seem, a place for such an institution in San Francisco if the poseurs who like to fasten themselves like a blister on anything that promises advertising, can be squelched.

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Rupert Schmid is the one sculptor in California and John Stanton is his prophet. If by chance you have never heard of Mr. Schmid, that is your misfortune, and probably your fault besides. If, peradventure again, you have been laboring under the delusion that there are others, it is time to consider and purge your bosom of such perilous stuff. There is, as you must be aware, a comfortable fund provided for the erection of a fountain on the corner of Market and Battery streets to commemorate the virtues of the late Mervyn Donahue, after the fashion of other eminent persons whose good deeds are writ in water and cast in iron so that their memory may not perish from the earth unless, for example, they experience the fate of the effigy of good Dr. Coggswell, tumbled from its pedestal by an infuriated people. There will, of course, be no objection to the surrender of space on the leading thoroughfare for monumental purposes, the cemeteries being already uncomfortably crowded, and if there are corners enough to go round—assuming that corners can go round—let the municipality hasten to invite the prominent citizen to choose. There was a time when St. Paul's cathedral in London was devoted to this pious purpose, and one may still see on the walls of that fane the effigy of that distinguished Mayor Threebottles, or words to that effect, ascending to heaven seated on a stone cloud. Imagine, for instance, the noble artistic possibilities of an image of Nick Luning sailing heavenward on the wings of an ironclad mortgage.

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In pursuance of this devout purpose Mr. Stanton has turned over to Mr. Schmid the work of making the designs for the Donahue memorial fountain. As Mr. Stanton knows that Mr. Schmid is the only sculptor in California, he did not think it worth while to ask for designs or ideas from Douglas Tilden or Marion Wells, or, in fact, anybody but Schmid. The only Schmid may be congratulated on the judgment of Stanton, which is not expressed in fancy, but in good red gold.

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Nevertheless and notwithstanding the decisive Stanton, who dispenses indifferent justice with a light heart, Douglas Tilden is doing some particularly good work on the Native Sons' monument, for which James Phelan foots the bills. The work shows genius, and will be an ornament to the town. But he is not Schmid.

***

Possibly you may have heard of old Donald Davidsonu, one of the eccentric characters of old Tuolumne, but shrewd withal for his eccentricities, usually turned up on the right side of the ledger. He owned the thing like two million dollars before it was shut down. There was a strong rivilry in the early days between the owners of the Grizzly and the Soulby mines. Both were paying properties and once the president of the Grizzly bantered old Davidson for a bet on the output. Davidson was game and the figure was $10,000 on the production for a single month. The time was named and both mines were worked for all they were worth. At the end of that time the Soulby cleaned uup $40,000 and the Grizzly $28,000. Davidson pocketed his $10,000 bonus on the month.

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Now it seems that the Soulby is to be re-opened after a long quiescence. It was thought to have been exhausted, but certain Scotch capitalists believe otherwise and are backing their opinion liberally. John Sharswood is the man who induced the money to come here and he was assisted in his argument by the success of the Jniper mine, which likewise has been developed by Glasgow coin. Sharswood pushed down further on the lead and showed something very good in sight. He has moreover taken hold of the Grizzly with excellent prospects.

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It must be obvious that all this recent mining development of which we hear so much from the Sierra, means a great deal more than the immediate dollar dug out of the ground. It means for one thing, the exploitation of the tremendous waste water power of the magnificent tumbling rivers of the mountains which, converted into electricity, will supply power and heat capable of transmission to future manufacturing centres. For instance, the California Exploration Company is now constructing an electric plant on the mother lode with a capacity of six thousand horse-power. There is waste power enough in the Sierra to supply a dozen big manufacturing cities.

Hill People of Central India, whom the Plague Most Affects

A Starving Indian
From "The Sketch"

Street Scene in the Native Quarter

Burning Dead Corpses of the Plague at the Ghat, Benares

The Burning Ghat: Cremating a Plague Victim

*IN THE PLAGUE DISTRICTS OF CENTRAL INDIA*

*A COTILLION OF THE ENTRE NOUS CLUB IN THE MAPLE HALL OF THE PALACE HOTEL*

From a flashlight photograph by The Elite

## IN SOCIETY.

### Entertainments and Happenings in Town and Out.

Mrs. Stanford's reception in honor of Bishop Newman brought out the oldest set, and was very imposing socially. So few of the first generation of San Franciscans survive that it is seldom one sees the people who gathered at her invitation. It seems a pity that the Stanford mansion is not oftener opened for hospitality, for it is inimitably adapted for entertaining. Those magnificent apartments, opening into one another in a splendid series of spacious parlors, accommodate an immense gathering. The guests wandered from room to room examining the treasures of bijouterie and the fine canvases which adorn the richly decorated walls—canvases which are rarely on view. The floral decorations for the occasion were magnificent. Mrs. Stanford received in a rich black brocade trimmed with black lace. She wore some magnificent diamonds from her collection of jewels, which, I am told, is the best on the coast. Mrs. Newman made a most picturesque figure in black velvet and Duchesse lace. She is an impressive-looking lady, whose snow white hair, arranged pompadour style, gives her the aspect of a matron of the age of Louis Quatorze.

The wretched weather of the past few weeks has precipitated a luxuriant crop of colds. I hear of innumerable attacks of la grippe, besides aches and ailments of all other varieties. Mrs. Jimmie Robinson is ill with typhoid fever. I regret to learn Mrs. Tallant's child succumbed to an attack of diphtheria, and that the Von Schroeders' little boy is also quite ill. Miss Helen Wagner is quite sick. Mrs. Julius Kruttsnicht sent out invitations for a luncheon the other ady, but she was so ill that she had to ask a friend to receive for her. Then there was Miss Frances Curry's tea last Saturday afternoon. Though Miss Curry is a very popular girl, the affair was not nearly so well at-

MRS. LEO F MEYERS
NEE MISS MARTHA SHAINWALD

tended as I had anticipated, owing to the number of girls who are confined to their rooms with the prevailing malady.

The last meeting of the Saturday Evening Class was the most successful it has had this winter. There was a big gathering of young people and quite a delegation of young matrons. Mr. James Bishop and Miss Van Vlack led, and introduced one new figure, a football formation, which was rather more novel than successful. The football appeared minus its original decorations of blue and gold ribbons. It seems that an enterprising Stanford boy robbed it of these adornments on the ground of undue preference. The question of who the belle was is one of individual preference, but to my mind Miss Bertha Dolbeer, who was attired in yellow satin, looked particularly stunning, and rather carried off the honors. The Misses Moody, Miss Pratt of Fort Mason, and Miss Ethel Dickens were all notably well gowned, and the recipients, also, of much attention. There is considerable complaint about the music. It seems to be a bit fast for the taste of most people.

Miss Salisbury has quite recovered from her attack of fever and was entertained at a luncheon of the University Club Wednesday noon by Miss Mary Eyre. There is much relief among the members of the Friday Fortnightly over the abandonment of the domino mask idea. Masks under the most favorable circumstances are not comfortable. Lieutenant Bent and Miss Ida Gibbons led the dance.

Little has been said about the performance of "Cast" which is to be given some time in February at the Bush Street Theater by certain ambitious amateurs. The performance is in aid of the Children's Hospital and the Armitage Orphanage for Boys. A good deal of interest is centered in the performance. Miss Leila Burton, Miss Rose Hooper, and Messrs. Frank Mathieu, Frank Norris, and Charles Dickman are to have the leading roles.

Among the important coming events is the marriage of Miss McKenna and Mr. Peter Martin, which has been delayed by the illness of Mr. Martin, who is now taking the rest cure. If he is sufficiently recovered the marriage will be celebrated before Lent, but will be a very quiet affair, in consequence of the recent death of Mrs. Peter Donahue.

The week has been notable for the number and luxury of its weddings. On Monday Mr. Hugo Keil and Miss Teenie Goodall were married at the Goodall mansion, on McAllister street. It was a very quiet wedding, the families alone being represented. After their honeymoon the happy pair are to reside at Mr. Keil's villa at Belvedere, which, in the meantime, Willis Polk is rearranging for the comfort of the bride.

It was an orange blossom wedding, the ceremony which united Miss Lizzie Carroll and Mr. William Whittier. The happy pair were made one underneath the boughs of an orange tree sent up from Southern California by Mr. Cal Byrne. The odor of orange was in the air, a bit oppressive perhaps, but thoroughly characteristic of Hymen. Every one was deliciously happy, bride and bridegroom, parents on both sides, friends, relatives, and bridesmaids. The latter rejoiced in the possession of lovely little pearl pins from Miss Carroll, while Milton Latham, the best man, sported a fleur de lis diamond pin, the gift of Mr. Whittier. General Patricio Murphy did the honors with the air of a Spanish grandee, and altogether the affair was solemnized with tremendous eclat. Miss Carroll made a very pretty bride and her gown was charming. As for presents, they are worth an additional chapter. They are really magnificent. From Whittier pere came a great chest of silver, made in New York, with forks and spoons of gold. Miss Mattie Whittier, herself soon to become a bride, donated a silver tea and coffee set of the latest style. From General Patricio Murphy came a beautiful diamond and emerald ring, and from Mrs. Carroll a diamond crescent.

The Hotel Colonial was the scene of a very interesting wedding on Wednesday night—that of Miss Martha Shainwald and Mr. Leo Myers of Auckland, New Zealand. The ceremony was performed in the apartments of the bride, the happy pair standing under a Sabbath lamp which has been in the Shainwald family for nearly three hundred years. Only the very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, but afterwards there was a reception in the parlors of the hotel. The young couple stood under a bower of pink almond blossoms and received the felicitations of their friends. These congratulations were generous and emphatic, as Miss Shainwald has been one of the most helpful and is one of the most popular girls in her set, and everyone in her circle is happy at her happiness. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Jack Shainwald and the Misses Alice and Florence Greenbaum. Her gown was of white satin with two skirts of tulle, caught on one side with a bunch of orange blossoms. The high corsage was also of tulle made into a mass of tiny ruffles with a huge white satin bow and orange blossoms at the sleeves. In the assemblage I noticed Mrs. William Gerstle looking very charming in white taffeta and tulle, topped off with a large picture hat; Mrs. I. N. Walter, in tan cloth trimmed with white satin; Miss Alice Adler, in white cerise velvet; Mrs. R. Shainwald, in white and black chiffon, and Mrs Mertief, in Prussian blue velvet and silver. Mr. and Mrs. Myers are to spend their honeymoon at Del Monte, and will leave for Auckland on the Monowai February 4th.

There was a great deal of interest in the nuptials of Miss Ehrmann and Mr. Frank, who were married Thursday evening in the rooms of the San Francisco Verein. The affair was so very distinctly a love match, though in that particular it did not differ any from the others which I have mentioned. It was a very happy pair, however, that joined hands under the usual bell of floral blossoms. The bride was magnificently gowned. Her dress was of cream satin covered with cream Brussels net and a full skirt ornamented with orange blossoms. Miss Agnes Brandenstein, Miss Ida Son, Miss Grace Hecht, and Miss Olga Sutro were the bridesmaids, and wore gowns of white organdie trimmed with pink ribbon and long streamers behind. After the ceremony there was dancing until supper.

Quite a round of dinners and receptions is offered this week for record. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Steifel had a theater party Friday evening last for their bridesmaids and ushers. On Monday evening Mrs. Morris Greenbaum entertained a number of friends at dinner and later took them to the Baldwin, where they occupied three stage boxes. Miss Sussman had a dinner Saturday night last, at which she entertained some thirty young people. On the previous Friday evening Mrs. Max Levy had a dinner in honor of Miss Shainwald and Mr. Myers. Miss Alice Greenbaum had eighteen of her girl friends to luncheon on Wednesday, and on Tuesday night, at Beethoven Hall, the Laurel Hill Club gave a dance in honor of Mrs. I. Lowenberg, one of its most prominent members.

The budget of the week's gossip from Oakland presents the usual arrangement

MRS WILLIAM WHITTIER
NEE MISS LIZZIE CARROLL

of old names—the names that occur with such emphatic regularity. There are no special features, but one marks general activity. In Oakland some one is continually doing something, although no one tries very hard to do anything in particular, and the average of activity is far ahead of that on this side of the bay. There is to record the Deux Temps Club's dance at Ebell Hall Tuesday night. The usual crowd of young people gathered in their usual splendor. As leaders there were Mr. Al. Moore and Miss Bernice Landers, one of the debutantes and a decidedly striking looking maiden, at that. Already her popularity is quite marked, and I presume her favor will grow more general as the months elapse. Among the prettiest of the girls present were Miss Nellie De Fremery, Miss Mary Whitney, Miss Lillian Strong, and Miss Carr.

Though it cannot be said that heiresses are a drug in the Oakland market, it must be admitted they don't get more than their share of attention. There are a dozen damsels highly available from a monetary point of view whose survival in the realm of singleblessedness is rather a reflection on the financial acumen of their partners, though, incidentally, a flattering testimony to their highmindedness. The entrance of a new heiress into the swim, however, will always constitute an event, so the coming-out dinner of Miss Ermina Smith at Claremont on Saturday evening last is entitled to figure among prominent events. Miss Smith is tall and dark and decidedly good looking, vivacious and quick-witted. As is proper for a debutante, she wore white silk. Her mother, Mrs. Smith, wore violet velvet. California violets formed the table decorations, and there were sixteen people of the younger set present.

The Friday Fortnightly was a great success. Mr. Paul Selby and Miss Pauline Fore led, assisted by Miss Hattie Kittridge. There is generally lots of swing to this club's dances, and the last affair was no exception. Miss Fore wore a pale-pink silk waist covered with spangled blue chiffon. Of the assemblage, I particularly noticed Miss Kate Chabot, a tall, striking-looking girl, who wore a pale-blue silk gown very effectively cut. Among the most noticeable of the maidens at the gathering were Miss Gertrude Allen, in white organdie, Misses Florence and Jean Hush, in pink and white silk, Miss Grace Gorrill, in white with pink ribbons, and Miss Etta Havens, in pink silk trimmed with black, an especially effective combination.

There was a pleasant mingling of society and the literati at Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff's matinee tea on Saturday last. Miss Rickoff has recently shifted her Lares and Penates from Bancroft avenue to a comfortable villa on Channing Way. The house was prettily decorated with violets and greens. There were men and maidens innumerable, quite a number of them from this side of the bay.

"Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," an operatic spectacular in four acts, written by R. C. White, the author of "She," "Little Cinderella," and other successful works, with music arranged and adapted by Max Hirshfield and Carl Martens, will be presented ta the Tivoli Opera House next Saturday evening. Careful preparations, in regard to scenery, costumes and accessories, were being made for this production during the run of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Guille, the tenor, who sang with Patti here some years ago, has been brought from France by the Orpheum management and will sing for the first time Monday night. Alcide Capitaine, who has more than proved her right to the title of "the perfect woman," and Bessie Clayton, will continue their exposition of unusual female accomplishments.

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## THE THEATRES

### Modjeska as "Magda"---The German Parent vs. a New Woman.

It is almost impossible to speak of "Madga" and not moralize, for the pivot of it (this question of two standards of morals, a masculine one for men and a feminine one for women) presses very heavily upon the hearts of most upright women, gives the "Sarah Grands" matter for their hysterical farragoes and most men a sour smile and—even sourer thoughts. The gallery, which seems always to have the courage of its convictions, and an earnest desire to make a noise, declares emphatically for an impartial application (to both sexes) of a common standard. It applauds Magda's "new-woman" remarks as loudly as it does "the man who lays his hand upon a woman in aught save kindness," etc. If we put aside this question, which is much too big to be figured out by any one except Time, there is little left to discuss in the story of Magda. It is the history of the disasters brought about by an honorable but tyrannical old formalist, whose

*MISS JOLLIFFE*
*A SAN FRANCISCO GIRL WHO HAS MADE HER DEBUT WITH MODJESKA AT THE BALDWIN THEATER.*
Photo by Thors

uncompromising and dominant nature drove his daughter from her home to the world, where her voice brought her fame (much to papa's disgust) and her suffering development. The chief defect of this deeply interesting though gloomy play is in the time given to explaining its construction. It takes about half an hour for the existing circumstances to be shown—half an hour to tell us that Magda, world-famous, is singing in the town where she was born, that she loves and is loved by by her younger sister, and constantly drives past her old home. Perhaps all this would be less tiresome if the step-mother, "Marie," and the old aunt were made more human and natural than they are at present. However, the first four scenes through with, the story develops coherently and naturally; it grows and is not made, as so often happens. It would be difficult, as every one knows, to put the title role in more skillful hands than Modjeska's. Her work is at once subtle and strong, finished yet vigorous; it is always boldly conceived and delicately carried out, and she can express special emotion, not merely emotion unlabeled, as so many actresses do. There was a striking example of this in the last act, during Magda's terrible scene with her father. In this scene, while threatened with death and facing the pistol, her voice and manner expressed mere grief and terror, but changed when her father fell, apparently lifeless, to the most poignant accents of horror, remorse, and despair. There is a wide range of emotion in this act, and she ran the gamut most discriminatingly. I have been seldom so moved as by the cry she gave as she turned from the rector's confession of love. It was only a little inarticulate sound of suffering and regret, but you felt she was thinking of what might have been, that a vision of what she had lost was pressing upon her poor, distracted brain.

When you come right down to the facts of the case, I don't believe we could screw up a single tear for Magda's loss of Lonergan's "Dr. Weber, rector." In one or two spots he was very good, indeed (as over the table, in the second act), but the whole was rather lacking in charm and warmth. However, the rector is a superhuman, cloyingly good sort of a person, so we will hope that Mr. Lonergan has better things in store for us.

It distressed me so to see our dear Osbourne in such a revolting role that my powers of observation were blunted, but I've a notion that he was not up to his usual form, and I'm very sure that no villain, however callous and cowardly, could look more unattractive than he did in that dreadful wig and beard. They made his fine head look like that of a Dutch comedian at the Orpheum.

Haworth's "Major Schubert" is, I'm told, a very excellent piece of acting. It must be admitted that it has its merits, nevertheless he fails to arouse in me one atom of sympathy for the Major's attitude, though it is one with which I am not unfamiliar and have always considered somewhat justifiable if not agreeable. Miss Jolliffe looked very handsome in her pretty frocks, and, barring a tendency to be artificial and use a "foix celeste stop," did fairly well, though she seemed to be under the impression that "Mar-r-gda" was a long-lost sweetheart instead of a newly found sister. On the other hand, she looked well—and never at the audience, a fact to be proud of, as so many of her acquaintances were present.

Perhaps the most charming pictures to be seen in "Magda," as given by this company, are the ones made by Miss Perkins (I don't know whether her name is Polly or not, but that she's pretty I do declare) in her German peasant's dress. Her face, with its fringe of fair hair and its clear eyes, looks as innocent as a lullaby and suggests a pastoral idyl.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

"Maritana" is on at the Tivoli this week to fill in time preparatory to the new burlesque "Aladdin." It is sung no better nor much worse than the general run of Tivoli performances, the orchestra, probably, being the best feature. Rhys Thomas sings the part of Don Caesar well, but there is a great deal of room for improvement in his acting. J. J. Raffael as Don Jose gave "In Happy Moments" with an effect that was more pleasing than anything else in the whole performance.

We are to have "The Prodigal Father" at the Columbia next week. It is now a farce comedy, with specialties, and has a number of clever people ,who will do amusing things. The play itself briefly tells the story of a scientist who starts out to explore Africa, but, meeting a serio-comic vocalist, he gives up his journey to chase after the actress. When he comes home he tells his family all about his trip to Africa, and then his troubles begin.

On Monday night next the Modjeska Company gives us "Macbeth," with Madame as Lady Macbeth, and Joseph Haworth as her unfortunate partner. This play goes on Tuesday and Saturday nights, and on Thursday "Adrienne Lecouvreure." To-night, and Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinee of next week, "Mary Stuart." It will be seen that Madame Modjeska is here given an opportunity for being very unhappy in several

*MADAME MODJESKA*
Photo by Aime Dupont

important roles. However, one forgives this, because her sorrow is excellent of its type. Thus far the engagement is quite the most brilliant the Polish actress has played here in many a moon.

"All the Comforts of a Home" has drawn large houses to the Alcazar Theater all the week, and the comedy has gone in a manner comendable to the company. It will be played for the last time at the matinees to-day and to-morrow and at the evening performances. Next Monday Gillette's famous comedy-drama, "A Legal Wreck," will be presented.

## HORSES

### Racing, Breeding, Horse Shows, Drag Hunting

Added interest has now been given to racing by the appearance of the new year's two-year-olds It is needless to say that, for the most part, they have exhibited much greenness, and no youngster has so far made any great impression. The first two-year-old event of the season was brought off last Saturday, and went to the credit of Tennessee by the prowess of Queen Blazes, by Blazes, a son of imp. St. Blaise, and the property of Burns & Waterhouse, the filly just beating Flacon, by imp. Rayon d'Or, another ultra-State bred one. On Gua Nita and Duke of York II have since made their mark, winning first and second, the positions being reversed on each occasion in two races. The honors of the track of late, however, have fallen to the share of the three-year-olds, conspicuous among them being Caspar (imp. St. Andrew—Cuisine), who, by his running last Wednesday, taking a line through David, proved himself about the equal of that good five-year-old, Libertine, at even weights. Another three-year-old son of imp. St. Andrew, The Sinner, made small potatoes of his field on Tuesday last and showed that this coast is fortunate in possessing so good a scion of the great St. Simon, who, with his relatives in the old country, is doing so much to prove the value of the Blacklock strain. St. Andrew in himself is a remarkably stout-looking little horse, and, with the notable success attending his first days of stud life at Rancho del Paso, we may be sure that he will now be well cared for in selecting suitable mates for him during this and following seasons. As it is there has seemingly been the best of judgment shown already in this respect.

The card on Wednesday last was a striking one: Four races of one mile, one 1 1-16 miles, one 1½ miles, all on the flat; besides a hurdle race of 1⅛ miles. Notwithstanding unfavorable weather, there was a big crowd at Ingleside and the track record was improved slightly in the long race, which was run by Morte Fonso, 106 lbs., in 2:38½. The popularity of long-distance racing is unquestionable, and the Ingleside management has shown the right sort of enterprise in making a noticeable departure towards its encouragement. Depend upon it, the public will respond to its attractions, while as to the benefit it must work in raising the class of horses engaged in racing there can be no doubt. The really valuable thoroughbred must have bottom as well as speed, and California will add another wreath to her brow if this feature should become marked in her racing campaign. The State would soon become noted as a field for horses, not only swift, but stout of make and strong of heart. The blood is here and it only remains to develop its most valuable qualities from a horse-breeding point of view.

Looking on at the series of races over a fair distance of ground and at the end of the day taking count of the manner in which they were run last Wednesday, one could not but be struck by the indifferent way in which they were rated by the riders on the whole. A little more practice, and the experience which the boys will derive therefrom, must alter this, so that we should have an improvement, not only in the class of horses racing, but in jockeyship also, if the long-distance movement goes on and prospers.

Salvation, 5 years, has confirmed his right to be considered the best of Salvator's get to date by winning with top weight, 115 lbs., his first time out this winter. He is at present rather on the big side, and if his understandings hold out in front, he will, no doubt, show himself capable of winning again before long. He is a remarkably bloodlike looking horse and is stamped, as are all of his sire's progeny, with the beauty of forehand, for which the old horse is so remarkable.

The future of racing, as controlled by the law of the State, has become a question before the Legislature, and the doings at Sacramento should be watched by all interested in the sport. As long as the interests of true sport are studied, no one can have cause for complaint; but there must always be a fear that the faddists, who can see nothing in racing but the inevitable gambling adjunct and its evils, will work mischief to one of the greatest enjoyments man possesses. They are not fair-minded, and therefore dangerous, if they get power.

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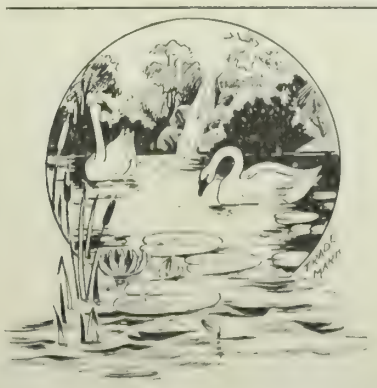

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## GREATNESS OF HUGO

### A New Biography of the Eminent Frenchman.

How very important a figure in the literary history of France the author of "Les Miserables" succeeded in being, one learns from "A Memorial History of Victor Hugo" (Estes & Lauriat). His was a superb genius; he was great merely by the exercise of his splendid faculties. It was not the extraordinary capacity for taking pains that converted his poems, novels, and dramas into masterpieces; it was not for the polishing that his phrases shone. No; it was because they were the expressions of a great brain. Literature that revolutionizes an art is rare, but rarer still is the book or play which upturns both art and politics. We are told in the biography the story of the evolution of "Hernani" and Marion Delorme.

As soon as Hugo renounced the hope of having "Cromwell" acted, he began "Marion Delorme." The first line of this drama in rhymed verse was penned on June 1, 1829; on the 24th the piece was completed. The fourth act had been written between sunrise and sunrise. The title at first was "Un duel sous Richelieu." The author read it in the presence of an assembly which included Balzac, Delacroix, Musset, Dumas, Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, and Merimee. The reading of the play at the Comedie Francaise was as great a success as it had been at the poet's home; but the report of censors recommended its prohibition. Hugo pleaded his cause before the Minister, M. de Martignac, and finally, before the King himself. M. de Martignac reminded him that "Le Mariage de Figaro" had been fatal to the old monarchy, and Charles X., in an interview which forms the subject of a poem in "Rayons et Ombres," objected that there was "one terrible act" in the drama. The King, however, caused the Minister to offer the poet a pecuniary indemnity, which was at once refused. "Marion Delorme" having been prohibited, the Comedie Francaise needed a new creation without any delay. Accordingly, "Hernani" was begun on August 29, 1829, and finished on September 25th.

It will be noticed that almost all of Victor Hugo's plays were written each in less than a month. The battle which took place in the theatre between the classicists and the romanticists on the production of this drama has been repeatedly described. It is well known that the tremendous success gained by Hugo on this occasion was a literary revolution—the forerunner of a political revolution. The fourth act was irresistible, and the sixth proved "a complete intoxication." Toward the close of the fourth act a publisher hurried the author out of the theatre and into a tobacconist's shop, and, for the sum of ten thousand francs that he had with him, obtained the right to publish the drama in book form. This is the piece of which, when it was read at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of the Ministry said, "It's stupid." The dispute concerning the merits of "Hernani" provoked many a duel in France, and, in Toulouse, a young man lost his life. After the fall of Charles X. "Marion Delorme" was brought out at the Porte Saint Martin. Again there was a battle in the theatre, and again the poet won a brilliant victory, but this time the romanticists were divided and there was a riot in the streets.

The history and the gossip of history that bears on "Les Miserables" takes interest from the splendor of the work, for, despite its frequent perilous wobble on the line between the sublime and the ridiculous, it is nevertheless one of the great prose epics of the century.

"Les Miserables" was to have been published somewhere about 1848. The original title was "Les Miseres," and the first part was called "The Bishop's Manuscript." Years passed. The book received considerable development. "The entire work," wrote the author, in August, 1861, "revolves around one central character. It is a kind of planetary system circling around a giant soul, which is an incarnation of all the social misery of the times." The last pages were finished in Hauteville House, Guernsey, at the beginning of 1862. The first part, "Fantine," appeared on the same day at Brussels, Paris, London, Leipsic, Madrid, Rotterdam, Lisbon, Budapest, Warsaw, and Rio de Janeiro. The Paris edition of twelve thousand copies was sold in twenty-four hours. The novel was quickly translated into the language of every people that reads. A French traveler came across a Russian version in the depths of Tartar Muscovy. Several editions were published in Japanese. During the civil war in the United States, Victor Hugo's romance formed one of the staple sources of intellectual nourishment to the combatants. A special edition was printed for them—"The Volunteer's Edition." In the Netherlands a Dutch translation of "Les Miserables" was read by the pastors in the pulpit in presence of the assembled faithful.

"Les Miserables" was violently criticised. Lamartine denounced it as an epic of the vices. Goethe said it was stupid. Lamartine's words are written from the point of view of the man who believes it the first duty of the artist to point a moral before he attempts to adorn a tale. He is a near relative of the man who condemns "Paradise Lost" because Milton has made Satan his hero.

Nobody is so bold a mark for hostile criticism as Hugo, largely because of the lack of the saving sense of humor which might have protected him from the not infrequent lapses into absurd bathos in his later writings, characterized by a hard, sardonic humor wholly irreconcilable with the occasional tawdry sentimentality of his old age.

## THE LITTLE REGIMENT

### Stephen Crane's Latest Pen-Pictures of War.

There is a certain breathlessness about Stephen Crane's style that is admirably suited to the character of the events he narrates—rapid, swift-changing impressions, most like the shifting pictures of a kinetoscope running slowly and out of order. Mr. Crane is not a writer so much as a picture maker. He makes one picture and then another, puts them side by side and offers them to view. The relation between these pictures is what creates the interest on the part of the reader. The stories contained in the "Little Regiment" (D. Appleton & Co.) are told in this fashion, especially the initial tale of the two brothers, that gives the name to the volume.

When I read this story it was impossible for me to feel any sense of narration in it. There is hardly any beginning, and it was quite impossible to foresee just when it was going to end. It might have ended anywhere, with any paragraph, after the sixth chapter, and have lost none of its interest

It would be unfair to judge the pen-pictures of the "Little Regiment" as stories in the generally accepted sense of the term. "Studies" is perhaps an insufficient word, but it will serve for want of a better. In each one of these "studies," then, there seems to be two rather distinct elements—the picturesque and the metaphysical. On one side we have the sharp, incisive strokes that hit off the pictures of battle and of sudden death, the bayonet charges, the skirmishes and the killings of the war, while on the other is the painfully minute and detailed dissection of emotion, motive and purpose of the minds of the men involved. As, for instance, this from the "Little Regiment" where the two elements occur in juxtaposition. Dan has just shot a Confederate soldier.

"The man, smitten, lurched forward, while his exploding rifle made a slanting crimson streak in the air, and the slouch hat fell before the body. 'You got that feller, sure enough,' said a comrade to Dan. Dan looked at him absent-mindedly."

The best "study" in the book, from a picturesque point of view, is the last, where we meet Flemming again. The thing is admirably true, with its drunken Swede, its "strangled, tangled" cattle of the burning barn, and its little boy with his shattered idol in the person of the old soldier who confessed to having run. From the analytical, metaphysical standpoint the first "study," the "Little Regiment," is far the best, though one is apt to doubt whether Dan could, or, rather, would have remained so imperturbable in the closing scene. And I am not sure but that Crane has taken up too much space merely to show that in spite of externals the two brothers did care for each other, after all.


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## IN BOOKDOM

### The Reconstructed "Chap Book," with a Note on New Fiction.

The "Chap Book" comes out in enlarged form, twenty-three pages of double columns and two of illustration. This step should go far to place the "Chap Book" in the ranks of the greater periodicals of the country. As a miniature magazine it would have been difficult, even for Mr. Stone, to have made of the little pamphlet anything more than a petite revue pour rire. The larger size lends a certain appearance of seriousness and earnestness to its articles that was apt to be lacking hitherto. The contents of the new "Chap Book" are readable and interesting as ever. One of the most fascinating articles is by Tudor Jenks, who sets out in a rambling way to write an essay without a subject. Mr. Jenks starts with a diatribe on the restrictions imposed by a title, and wanders on through "star clusters" and dice, has something to say as to the greatness of great men as seen by their contemporaries, and winds up with remarks on clothes. It is the kind of drollery that has been called clever fooling, and does very well—for three columns. Other articles are "What Maisie Knew" (Nos. I, II, and III), by Henry James, a charming little sketch of child life, "Pa's Head," a fairly strong story by Katherine Bates, and an essay on essays by Mabie.

A dainty little volume of collected fiction has been published by Herbert Stone. It is made up of some dozen stories that have appeared from time to time in the "Chap-book." The title of the volume is "Chap-book Stories," and such authors as Octave Thanet, Grace Ellery Channing, Maria Louise Pool, and Clinton Ross are represented. Nevertheless, the reader feels that in each of these stories there is something lacking. In "The Appeal to Anne" and "In a Garden" there is a great deal lacking. The stories fail in that quality so essential to all fiction—there is no life in them. They seem to have been written from the closet; their authors biting their pens for their imagination, instead of standing at the window to watch the world go by, recording impressions thereafter.

"The Relation of Literature to Life" (Harper & Brothers) by Charles Dudley Warner is an admirable series of talks on timely matters written down in Mr. Warner's perspicuous style. In the title essay Taine's theory that the literature of a people is the mental history of that people, is considered in another way. Mr. Warner combats Taine's idea throughout many pages of extremely interesting matter and brings up several good arguments to substantiate his statements. In the essay on "Equality" the author points out the evils which have followed the common error of regarding the word as a synonym of "uniformity." In "Simplicity" Mr. Warner's theme is that if literature is to endure it must be born of that which will appeal to the heart. He has something to say on the facts and faiths of later-day writers, as distinct from the real literature that lasts. "Mannerisms, of course, will not deceive us," says Mr Warner, "nor extravagances, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and prodigality in adjectives. But style! Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer's own and charbook is less an essay than a charming description of a night spent in the Tuilleries garden.

In "Daphne," Marguerite Meringt n takes one to the land of Phyllis and Corydon in a delightfully nonsensical way. "Daphne," or "The Pipes of Arcadia," is a comic opera, or as Miss Merington herself is pleased to call it, "Three Acts of Singing Nonsense." Nonsense it is almost entirely, but it is nonsense of a pleasing kind, and as for merit it had enough to be awarded a prize by the National Conservatory of Music some years ago in a competition which had among its judges such men as Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Eugene Field. Some of the lyrics possess a charm that is truly pastoral, and need only the music that might have blown through the reeds of Arcady to make them doubly delightful. The prologue, which is to be sung with oboe accompaniment before the curtain rises, is in particular, prettily written; it contains both grace and feleing and is probably the most pleasing thing in the whole book. The humor of the piece reminds one very much of Gilbert, and the characters cover ground and the scenes change with a rapidity that may be found only in the land of comic opera. The work is prettily bound in green and gold and is cleverly illustrated by F. T. Richards. (The Century Co., publishers).

## THE ENTRE NOUS CLUB

### A Successful and Old-Established Social Organization.

The fancy dress ball given last night by the Entre Nous Club draws general attention to a social institution which has been in existence longer than any of its contemporaries. It was organized in the winter of 1890, and is composed of fifty girls and sixty-five men. Since then it has given every year six assemblies and cotillions at the Palace, its parties latterly taking place in the beautiful Maple Room, which is really the handsomest assembly hall on the Pacific Coast.

During all these years the Entre Nous Club has had Sanford G. Lewald as its leader, and a most painstaking and industrious manager he has proved. He is assisted this year by a committee composed of Robt. F. Haight, Herman H. Herzer and Charles W. Spalding. The initial assembly of the club each winter is quite a notable affair, inasmuch as a number of buds always make their debut there, and the institution is is therefore their social sponsor. In the membership are any number of very pretty girls—as may be seen from the full page picture on page 9, taken on the night of December 18th, in the Maple Room.

The Fancy Dress last night was quite a brilliant affair. It was led by S. G. Lewald and Miss Beatrice Hughes. There were some very handsome costumes worn, and the affair went off with great eclat. Following is a list of the club's members:

Wallace Alexander, Lewis Byington, J. Edward Bigelow, Edward J. Banning, Wm. E. Brodersen, A. A. Borlini, Edward G. Carrera, Dr. Herbert Clement, Geo. W. Craig, Geo. A. Christenson, H. E. Carter, J. J. De Haven, Charles Drury, Dr. T. J. Frazer, W. W. Funge, Jr., J. R. Forest, J. Monroe Goewey, Jr., O. H. Hoag, Jr., Fred G. Gantner, J. Oscar Gantner, Egbert Georges, C. A. Groezinger, Herman H. Herzer, Robert F. Haight, Wm. F. Hook, O. M. Howard, Chas. L. Hildebrecht, Geo. W. Haas, Adolph Helk, Chester A. Judah, Robin Jones, Wm. Kelly, Frank H. Kerrigan, John A. Klein, Jas. Korbel, Jas. T. Ludlow, Louis W. Lovey, Walter S. Lyon, W. Y. Loaiza, Arthur H. Meussdorfer, Fred. T. Martens, Jas. W. Merrill, Robert G. Nunan, Ernest R. Pearce, Gaston Roussy, Merritt D. Robinson, Chas. W. Spalding, Wm. E. Smith, J. M. Salazar, Dr. Mark V. Stone, J. J. Van Nostrand, Jas. Proctor Whitney, Henry A. Whitley, J. H. Wheeler, Marshall Woodworth, Fred A. Wieland, Jesse Whited, H. C. Warwick, Wm. Westerfeld, Walter J. Wiley, Robt. Tittel, Clarence E. Musto, R. C. Thompson, Emile Wieland, Henry de la Vega, Wm. G. Barr.

Misses M. T. Alexander, Kate J. Byington, Clara Byington, Marie Babin, Sarah Boyle, Frances Burton, Annie Barrington, Lottie Barrere, Lillian Bowman, Elinor M. Croudace, Mae Folsom, Maud Folsom, Romilda Frapolli, Mizpah Friederich, Charlotte Fricke, Charlotte Gruenhagen, Albertia Gruenhagen, Annie W. Hayes, Sadie Gardner, Jullette Greninger, Emily Herzer, Emma Hoesch, Beatrice Hughes, Lizzie Heyer, Maud Haas, Louise Heppner, Mabel Hollis, Felice Kingsford, Martha Korbel, Jessie B. Lyon, Mae B. Ludlow, Mabel MacFadden, Edna O'Brien, Emma Prosek, Emma Redmond, Carrie Strehl, Marcelle Green, Rosa Sweeney, Olga Westerfeld, Leah S. Young, Mrs. Louis W. Lovey, Mrs. Jas. P. Whitney, Hattie Clifford, Lottie Musto, Maud Bonney, Fannie M. Bonney, Etta Gehrels, Elsie Warren, Lita Woodworth, Nelye Giusti, Anna Papp, Lizetta Papp.

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## AS SEEN IN PARIS

### What the Gay Parisiennes are Wearing These Winter Days.

You ask, dearest Betty, do I never tire of the ceaseless whirl of Parisian life—the everlasting rushing hither and thither in search of the latest novelty, the newest sensation. No, I fancy not. I am a good deal like the alchemist who ever sees the philosopher's stone within his grasp and then finds it merely a mirage. After all, I am becoming a philosopher, and my castles of Spain are now built at my dressmaker's. I attain happiness with a becoming toilette. You will arrive at the conclusion that I am sacrificing my ambition on the altar of fashion. And why not? Is not "Beau Brummel" as familiar a figure as "Charley Fox"? Is not the creator of a new fashion as famous as the inventor of a phonograph, the discoverer of a germ destroyer? Really, dear, you have no idea of the piquant exhilaration afforded by seeking the new sensations in toilettes. Such schemes of color as one sees on the Bois; such combinations of materials! Even a Fortunatus' purse would cease to yield to my demands upon it after a while were I to allow my fancy full play on these delightful days, where fur, feathers and frivols play the biggest part in life.

Have you seen the new "Poster" stocking, the latest extravagance of the fin de siecle maiden? It is of black silk, of sufficiently firm texture to serve as a canvas for the wonderful figures that are painted upon it. From top to toe it is a bewildering succession of Medusa-headed girls, strangely clad dancers executing impossible steps, and weird landscapes in every color that the palette of the decadent artist has ever revealed. It will, of course, be seen that the "Poster" stocking is only to be worn on fitting occasions. It is the accompaniment of the Kimono, and the maiden who invites her girl friends to a "boudoir" tea now selects her most gaudy Japanese gown, a slipper that merely consists of a toe, and the stocking! Some of these cost $50 a pair, so the "poster" fiend lives in the pleasurable certainty that they can never become common.

Another of the latest eccentricities of fashion is the ruffle of fur to be worn around the neck. A ruffle, my dear, not ruff or collar, but a genuine, real ruffle, coming up high over the ears! Then one sees every day the most curious conceptions in fancy jackets. One I saw recently was of black and white striped velvet, pleated from the shoulders to within about two inches from the lower edge; this arrangement forming a flounce which was edged with black ostrich tips. The neck band is formed of tips and smart bows of cerise ribbon. Feather bands become more prominent on evening toques, and would you reach the acme of eccentricity, you have your sealskin coat trimmed with gray and white feathers.

Fluffy bodice arrangements are worn with all the new evening waists. White mousseline de soie collars, fashioned with innumerable ruffles on the shoulders, are very becoming to the long-waisted, willowy maidens. By the way, Betty, I saw one which I shall send you. It is of white moussseline appliqued with renaissance and finished with spangles of shaded green sequins. You wish me to tell of the sealskin Harry gave me for Christmas. Well, it has wide revers, collar and pointed cuffs of brown kid, beautifully perforated and embroidered. Two or three jeweled buttons, fastening a loose, double-breasted sacque, and you have it, my dear, the most effective garment I have ever seen. Was he not a dear to think of it, and I only bought him a set of curious old studs I found in an old shop across the river.

---

The gowns for Miss Carrol's wedding are exquisite in tneir simplicity and beauty. The bride wore a gown of white satin, with two overskirts of white Bussel's net with a ruffle of the net at bottom; handsome wreathes of orange blossoms were festooned over the skirt. The waist was of white shirred tulle with very small sleeves and a belt of wide pleated satin. Miss Carrol wore a tulle veil, and has the honor of inaugurating a new custom, for she was married with a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair instead of the spray which has been in vogue for so long. Her trosseau is very handsome. Among the most noticeable costumes in her trosseau is a dinner gown of blue brocaded satin, outlined in silver pearls, with small tulle sleeves caught up with roses; the skirt is of the brocade. A calling gown is of dark robin-blue covert cloth, a bolero brocaded in tubular braid and small buttons, made over a white cloth blouse embroidered in gold stars. The bolero closes on one side and is finished with a jabot of cream lace. The collar is of torquoise-blue velvet. The sleeve is very small and is tucked almost to waist; the cuff is of white cloth; belt of black satin.

At the wedding Mrs. Carrol wore an elegant black velvet gown, the waist made with bands of insertion crosswise of lavender pearl beads and a jabot of Duchessed point lace. Mrs. Argues wore white silk covered with black Chantilly lace. Miss Gertie Carrol wore a white mousseline de soie skirt, one mass of ruffles of the mousseline de soie fluted and edged with Valencienne lace, a broad white satin belt completing the costume.

The other bridesmaids, Misses Remie Wallace and Julia Crocker, wore yellow tulle gowns made over pale yellow silk shirred waists, with peau de soie satin belts and ribbons.

Mrs. Shainwald's wedding gown was of white satin, with a double overskirt of white tulle festooned with orange blossoms.

BARBARA.

---

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Julia Con. Mining Company**

Assessment No 28
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied January 21, 1897
Delinquent in office, February 26, 1897
Day of sale of Delinquent stock, March 19, 1897
J. STADTFELD, JR., Secretary
Office, Room 56, Nevada Block, San Francisco.


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*GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER*

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF F. M. L. PETERS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Martha E. Peters, administratrix of the estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARTHA E. PETERS,
Administratrix of the Estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 14, 1897.
Gavin McNab, Att'y for Administratrix.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 9—Probate.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given, that Thursday, the 11th day of February, A.D. 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Sarah Smith, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. R. Felter for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the said will annexed.

Dated January 20th, A.D. 1897.

CHAS. F. CURRY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. F. Northrop, Dep. Clerk.
F. P. KELLY, Attorney for Petitioner.

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ASSESSMEMT NOTICE—BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 49) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of February, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 11th day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, S. F.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—BEST AND BELCHER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 26th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 61) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on 2d day of March, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the 23d day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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**CHAS. A. McLANE,** Agency Director for Pacific Coast.

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VOL XVI. No. 6 — SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897 — PRICE 10 CTS.

JUDGE JOSEPH M'KENNA

OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF CALIFORNIA

President-Elect McKinley has selected Judge McKenna to be Secretary of the Department of the Interior in his Cabinet.

Photo by Thors

# THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| The U. C. Track Team: by F. N. | 4 |
| Guilbert, the Misunderstood | 5 |
| Between Dances: a story by Drysdale | 5 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| Theatrical Stars in Transit | 8 |
| A California Artist; by Frank Norris | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres; by Peg Woffington | 11 |
| "Urban Dialogues". a Review | 12 |
| Horses: by Benedict | 13 |
| As the World Wags | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## AN EXTRAORDINARY TARIFF SCHEME.

The American speculators who dig nickel out of the face of nature over in Canada are a resourceful and ingenious lot, to say the least. They have treated the student of economy and the national legislature to the most startling and novel tariff proposition ever devised by a foreign industry to escape the operation of our tariff laws. Wise men may differ as to the solution of the broad economic problem, but no wise man or prudent legislator, be he Democrat or Republican, Free-Trader or Protectionist, can for a moment countenance the absurd and dangerous doctrine advanced by these gentlemen. They appeared before the Ways and Means Committee of the House recently, and contended seriously and vigorously, plaintively and insistently, that no duty should be placed upon nickel ores and matte, because, forsooth, the stockholders in the Canadian mining company were with one exception American citizens. They did not openly assail the doctrine of protection, they do not claim that the mining of nickel is not an American industry, they do not deny that the American nickel miner will suffer through their gain; they simply advance the bald, naked claim that "the character of the ownership" should influence Congress, and exempt the product of their foreign mines from a reasonable duty.

Certainly this is a most novel and extraordinary plea. If such a shallow excuse lead Congress to exempt their product from duty, then by the same token a multitude of other foreign products might seek shelter under a similar device. As everyone knows, the adventurous American has not been limited in his speculations or his operations to the boundaries and limits of this nation. He owns coal and lead and copper mines in British North America and in Mexico, and he ships in large quantities the products of these mines to our markets. Large tracts of timber land in British Columbia are in the hands of Americans whose lumber enters into competition with the product of our mills. Other American citizens own and control miles of Mexican territory, over which graze vast herds of cattle intended for American consumption. Recently American capital, attracted by the low wages of Japan and China, has gone thitherwards for investment in industrial pursuits. Mills and looms that once gave employment to American labor have been dismantled, taken apart, and the machinery transported across the broad Pacific to Japan and China, where the docile coolie will weave and work at a scale of wages that would mean starvation in America. Soon the itinerant manufacturer will be knocking loudly at our doors with the fabrics of his looms, and the handiwork of his coolie craftsman, demanding in the name of his American citizenship that Congress admit his merchandise free of duty.

The claim is outrageous and insolent, and so long as it rests upon its present untenable and dangerous ground, even the Free Trade Democrat, who is such from principle alone, should not hesitate to administer to this impudence the rebuke it merits. To accede to their demands would be to encourage the American to transfer his capital to the development of foreign industries, permitting the undeveloped resources of our country to lie inert, untouched, and dead. It would set a premium on disloyalty and strike a blow at American enterprise at home. If nickel ore and matte is to be admitted free of duty because of "the character of its ownership" the door is thrown open to every product from every country that has been invaded by the adventurous American manufacturer. A doctrine more mischievous to a nation was never seriously advanced by a nation's subject. So far as the American people are concerned their desire, with respect to tariff legislation, was expressed at the election last November. Protection to American labor and American industries was one of the shibboleths of the campaign. There are large deposits of nickel on the Pacific coast. It is a matter of common knowledge that the mines from which this ore may be taken now lie idle because it is impossible to compete with the cheaper products of their Canadian competitors. A duty of ten cents per pound upon nickel ore and matte would put new life into these great properties and furnish employment to hundreds of our citizens. Such a duty would enable our local miners to overcome the cost of transportation to the Atlantic seaboard, and place their products in the markets of the world in competition with the products of the world.

The duty upon nickel once ranged from twenty to thirty cents per pound. This high tariff permitted the refiner Wharton, who was then the owner of mines in Pennsylvania, to compete with the product of New Caledonia. Nickel was then worth from three to eight times more than its present value. Under this kindly legislation Mr. Wharton was enabled to amass something of a fortune in the mining of a very low grade nickel ore, but now by the irony of Fate the individuals who so long enjoyed the full benefit of the protection of this industry, have acquired the ownership of Canadian mines, and now strenuously and selfishly oppose the protection of the industry in America. If there ever was a reason for placing a duty upon nickel ore and matte, there now exists a greater reason. The nickel industry at the time of the tariff mentioned could scarcely have been called an industry at all. Recent discoveries, however, have developed large bodies of this ore situated at a long distance from market, which cannot be successfully worked if the Canadian ore is admitted free of charge. The price of this metal has fallen from two dollars to twenty-two cents per pound, and if nickel mining is to survive in America it must receive kindly consideration at the hands of Congress.

One of the arguments offered by the Canadian miners to secure entrance for their products duty free is based upon the assertion that the United States Government is a large consumer of that metal in the manufacture of armor-plates, and that such a duty would only operate to increase its cost to the Government. But as these gentlemen also asserted that the mines of America could not compete with the Canadian product even though the duty were levied, it is manifest to the most casual observer that the increased cost would be apparent, not real. The Government could not possibly be the loser, for the amount paid as duty would operate as a setoff to the increased price, if increased price should be the result.

## DR. JORDAN ON THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN RELIGION AND INTOXICATION.

Long ago the poet Byron observed and put down the observation in his profane rhymes, that there is a marked similarity between the exaltation that is due to rum and the emotional result of "true religion." Dr. David Starr Jordan, the man of science, is naturally more explicit than Byron, the poet with a license. The Doctor sees an identity between the species of intoxication produced by the two stimulants referred to by the poet, and goes farther to say that drunkenness from one source is just as little entitled to respect as that from the other, the mania in both cases being but a temporary insanity. On last Sunday Dr. Jordan delivered, before an audience composing a religious society in Berkeley, one of those lay sermons which he seems to be willing to deliver at odd times, and which will add to his fame and his influence, already great in this community, so long as he continues to preach them. In this discourse the Doctor, according to the reports, said:

"Stimulants produce temporary insanity. Whisky, cocaine and alcohol bring temporary insanity, and so does a revival of religion, one of those religious revivals in which men lose all their reason and self-control. This is simply a form of drunkenness, no more worthy of respect than the drunkenness which lies in gutters. * * * * There is merely fictitious happiness in any kind of mania. The crazy saints who are continually looking up toward heaven and doing nothing, are incapable of doing anything."

Now there is a ring of common sense about those words which will surely commend them, and the man who spoke them, to any commonly sensible person. They deliver no assault on religion, and any pious man or woman whose piety is coupled with intelligence can read them without offense. Whoever disagrees with the Doctor's plain statement must by his disagreement go far toward implicating himself in a belief in the virtues of hysterics as a means of grace, and a reliance on the toxic effect of revivalists' exhortations as an index of the workings of salvation. But the application of common sense to any question or matter touching upon the subject of religion seems invariably to secure the prompt and vigorous resentment of those who are most prominently, not to say clamorously, religious; and Doctor Jordan's words had hardly reached the public before the expression of the revivalists' resentment began to resound. It is not at all probable that Doctor Jordan has been disturbed in his sleep or in his labors by this echo of dissent from common sense.

The Rev. Dwight L. Moody is probably the foremost leader among the professional revivalists. When Doctor Jordan's words were reported to him he found nothing better to say than to repeat some rubbish about the presumption of a man of science who undertakes to deal with a question of religion; that Doctor Jordan had erected a man of stray, which he—the Reverend Moody—was under no obligation to overthrow; and, finally, that the Doctor's discourse was unworthy of serious consideration, anyway. Another protagonist of theory that truth is evidenced by neurotic phenomena is the Rev. Mr. Munhall, a professional revivalist now operating in the white fields of Oakland. On Monday evening the Rev. Munhall, in the approving presence of a corps of evangelical clergymen, delivered in a crowded church a strange "reply" to Doctor Jordan's statements. The reverend gentleman called the roll of those who are reported in the Scriptures to have been miraculously raised from the dead, citing these as instances of the happy effect of "revivals," but modern instances, due to the labors of himself and his fellow evangelists, were strangely lacking. He quoted the vision and conversion of St. Paul as another result of revivalism, though the presence of any professional revivalist, manifestly necessary to make that incident parallel with more recent exhibitions of what is called spiritual awakening, is not set forth in the Scriptural account of the miracle. He further rebuked as "carping, cavilling Pharisees" those—and be it remembered that many of them are stanch churchmen and firm believers—who are bold enough to criticize or to disapprove, in silence, the methods of himself and his co-workers, who believe that the outward evidence of inward spiritual enlightenment is identical with the appearance of one who is "drunken with new wine." Finally the preacher rebuked the "learned and scholarly man," Doctor Jordan, presumably—who, without previous spiritual enlightenment, as by a neurotic convulsion, assumes to be able to know anything about theology—theology, in the vocabulary of the Rev. Munhall and his kind, being, apparently, synonymous with religion, or, even more narrowly, with Christianity.

It is to be observed that Doctor Munhall and the other apologists of revivalism have nothing whatever to say as to the effect of an appeal to the nerves, in lieu of the reason in cases where their own brand of "theology" is not in question. Surely they might, with profit to their audiences, explain wherein their methods really differ from those of the howling and whirling dervishes of Islam, or those of the inspiring medicine man of the Sioux who wrought a very satisfactory revival among his flock, which, being short in his vocabulary, he called a ghost-dance. It might be well also to show how much real spiritual regeneration of the permanent kind, is effected by the temporary mania brought on by the disturbances which are characteristic of the noisy cohorts of General Booth, not counting what is due to the attention which the Salvationists, wiser in this than any of their fellow revivalists, bestow on the material welfare of the brands which they pluck from the burning. When these things have been done the reverend gentlemen will be in a much better position than they now occupy to "reply" to Doctor Jordan. And if the man of science feels a liking for the subject he might find some philosophic satisfaction for himself and do the public a further service by showing how the methods of revivalism, when applied to politics, were found most effective in recruiting the cohorts of that body of crazy political heretics who go by the name of the Populist party. And if he will do this it needs not the spirit of prophecy to foresee that from every prairie cross-roads in Kansas there will rise up some believer in temporary insanity as an evidence of truth to assure us that, no matter how wise and learned Doctor Jordan may be otherwise, he cannot understand the mysteries of Populism until he has become somewhat demented himself

and thereby politically enlightened. It is not probable that Doctor Jordan will care to pursue this subject further, but in speaking plainly, as he has spoken, on a subject which a man of smaller stature in this community might well fear to approach, he has done a good service to all the people, and most of all to those who have at heart the real interests of religion as a guide of life.

## SECRETARY M'KENNA.

At last California is to receive national recognition at the hands of the President of the United States. It has been definitely announced that incoming President McKinley has selected Judge Joseph McKenna to serve as Secretary of the Department of the Interior. No one will envy Judge McKenna his promotion nor deny his fitness for the place, for besides being a man of exceptional ability he also enjoys a wide popularity. Judge McKenna is still in the prime of life. He was born in Philadelphia August 10th, 1843. As a mere lad at the age of twelve he came to California, and since his early manhood has been active in public life and efficient in public service.

The first official position held by Judge McKenna was that of District Attorney of the County of Solano. His faithful service there was rewarded by his party and his people with a seat in the State Legislature. He entered upon his legislative career with a love for it, was untiring in his labors, positive and courageous, yet kindly and popular. These qualities and attributes followed him into Congress. Four times he was elected to represent his district at Washington, where he soon acquired a high place in the national legislature. Just as his last Congressional term was about to expire he was appointed by President Harrison to the United States Circuit Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Lorenzo Sawyer. Upon the performance of his official duties he entered with great zeal. His intimates have always declared that he would achieve still greater distinction, and prophesied that ultimately he would sit upon the Federal Supreme Bench.

The whole State must congratulate Judge McKenna and itself as well upon his and its good fortune.

## JUDGE M'KENNA'S SUCCESSOR.

The selection of the successor of Judge McKenna has been the topic of general discussion among lawyers and laymen ever since it was definitely announced that the present Judge of the Circuit Court would be appointed to a place in President McKinley's cabinet. The office that will be made vacant by his resignation is the most important Federal judicial office in the State, and it is a matter of grave importance to the State and to its bar that the place be filled by some man of high and unimpeachable integrity as well as deep learning in the law. It would be scarcely proper at this juncture to review the good, bad and indifferent names which have been suggested as possibilities for the vacant judgeship. Indiscreet friends have affected to be engaged in promoting the candidacy of some of the gentlemen who at present adorn our Supreme and Superior benches. Doubtless in many instances the names of these gentlemen have been used without their knowledge, and therefore in advance of a definite announcement from them it would be unfair to discuss their merits and demerits.

Among the leading lawyers of this city whose good opinion we value and whose learning we respect, the judgment has been almost unanimous that the place most naturally should go to ex-Justice J. J. De Haven, and in this selection we heartily concur. Judge De Haven needs no certificate at our hands. His integrity has never been so much as questioned. His ability is known wherever the decisions of our Supreme Court are quoted as authority. He is modest and retiring almost to the point of indiscretion, but notwithstanding his aversion to the ways of the political judge, he is more than popular, he is respected and held in honor by the people. His appointment to the Circuit judgeship would be followed by an almost popular demonstration of approval. The press and the bar of the State, Democratic and Republican alike, should join in endorsing for this position a man whose past official record has been one of such unswerving honor and fidelity. His ability none will deny, his honor no man will question, and in his case we would say that it is only necessary to indicate to the President that his appointment would meet with an approving response at the hands of the people of the State for the appointment to follow.

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

A "Wave" reader, who fondly imagines the Board of Supervisors "have a cinch on gas and water rates," asks: "How is it possible to get away from the decision of our Supreme Court which declares that 'after the Supervisors have fairly investigated and fixed what they believe to be reasonable rates, the courts cannot set aside and nullify their action because upon a similar investigation it has come to a different conclusion as to the reasonableness of the rates fixed."

The discussion of legal problems is not ordinarily a thing of public interest, but every taxpayer and every ratepayer in this municipality is or should be interested in the fair determination of this question, and, as it promises to be a thing of public discussion for a long while to come, "Wave" readers should have some definite and correct information as to the fundamental principles that must govern the action of the Supervisors in the exercise of that very elastic power known to the law as the police power of the State.

The decision referred to by our correspondent was rendered in January of 1890, over seven years ago. The doctrine quoted by our correspondent as being there laid down (which, by the way, was obiter, as will be shown), was upheld, so far as it was upheld by Federal authority at all, by the case of Munn against Illinois. In the Illinois case it was decided practically by the United States Supreme Court that property used in a manner calculated to affect the community at large became, through its use, clothed with a public interest; and that States had, in their legislative capacity, the inherent right to regulate charges thereon. The court also intimated that while this power might be abused, this was no argument against its existence, and the aggrieved complainant was told to "look to the ballot" and not to the courts for protection against legislative abuses.

This decision was rendered twenty years ago, but no court in America to-day would have the temerity to elaborate that doctrine or give it application. Immediately following this decision, all over the Union where cupidity or hatred or malice could creep into the councils of the State, the iron hand of regulation fell heavily and mercilessly upon the unfortunate citizen whose investments, coming under the blight of this most comprehensive definition, were subject to this most despotic power. The very extremes that malice prompted and legislative cupidity devised, the flagrant and outrageous abuses of this unrestricted license that immediately followed, accentuated the possibilities of wrong under such a ruling, and gave birth to its remedy. Slowly but surely, within the past twenty years, the law governing State regulation has been taking on a form more definite and more harmonious with the spirit of American institutions. The almost barbarous demand, "Go to the ballot for relief," no longer thunders in the ears of the outraged, alarmed and bewildered citizen whose property is threatened with legislative destruction. The radical views which once were regarded as the spirit of this decision, but never accepted as the true and final solution of the problem involved, has now been deeply and forever buried by the kindly hand of Reason. The despotic doctrine, "unrestricted and untrammeled State regulation," has been mercifully blotted out of existence by more rational and more reasonable adjudications. That the law upon this subject has reached its ultimate form, no lawyer familiar with this line of cases will admit.

Here in this State we have progressed, but as litigation of this character is infrequent, we are not abreast of the prevailing judicial current. The portion of the case quoted by our correspondent was doubtless the law seven years ago. The case of Munn against Illinois was the law twenty years ago. They are forceful no longer. To-day they serve merely as milestones that mark the progress of a nation's jurisprudence. They form a part of history rather than of legal precedent. Since the rendition of these opinions great strides have been made toward a clearer and better solution of the problem of State regulation. The unchecked, unlimited and unreviewable action, the untrammeled power to cripple, harass and destroy, under the guise of regulation, once claimed for the State, can now, under the recent decision, only be exercised in a just, a fair and an equitable manner, after a just, fair and impartial hearing. The quality of reasonableness must underlie the regulation, else it will fall purposeless and unavailing.

The Constitution of the United States places express inhibitions and restrictions on the power of the State with respect to property and to persons. To-day the trend of decisions runs to the effect that the power to regulate cannot exceed the scope of these constitutional limitations. It would be most curious and absurd if the legislative power to regulate was not subordinate to the Federal inhibitions and restrictions wisely placed upon the State. It would be idle for our Constitution to prohibit the State from making aggressions upon the property of its citizens, and, at the same time, breathe life into an irresponsible body that might in hatred and with malice, in obedence to the passing popular whims, destroy the thing our Constitution holds so sacred and takes such infinite pains to protect. It is conceivable that under the lash of a sensational press and popular excitement a Board of Supervisors might be induced to promulgate a schedule of rates that would in effect be just as far reaching and just as destructive to the regulated thing as though the possession and title to the property itself were wrested from its rightful owner. But a doctrine that would uphold such an infamous proceeding would be a travesty upon justice, repugnant to the spirit of our laws and absolutely intolerable as well.

Had the decision rendered by our Supreme Court been withheld a twelvemonth, the portion of it quoted by our correspondent would never have been written. That case was decided by our Supreme Court January 1st, 1890. The complaint alleged that in fixing water rates the Supervisors had acted without making an investigation or exercising any judgment whatever in the matter. In other words, the corporation asserted that the rates so fixed were mere guesswork and plainly arbitrary. As the demurrer to the complaint admitted these facts, the court refused to uphold the action of the Board, and promptly set aside their order. Whatever was said in that opinion as to what would be the probable effect of an order made after the investigation and consideration by the Board of Supervisors, was manifestly aside from the question presented for determination in that case. It was mere obiter, which every student of the law understands is not controlling as a decision. Within three months after this opinion was rendered, the Supreme Court of the United States, in a similar case arising in Minnesota, held squarely that the courts would in all cases investigate and determine as to the reasonableness of a rate or charge fixed by the regulative agency of the State. The language of that opinion is clear, concise and decisive of this point. It says:

"If the company is deprived of the power of charging reasonable rates for the use of its property, and such deprivation takes place in the absence of an investigation by judicial machinery, it is deprived of the lawful use of its property, and thus, in substance and effect, of the property itself, without due process of law, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States; and in so far as it is thus deprived, while other persons are permitted to receive reasonable profits upon their invested capital, the company is deprived of the equal protection of the laws."

The Supreme Court of the United States has therefore held that no matter how much investigation or procedure may be indulged in by the regulative authority before fixing rates, it cannot hide a malicious intent or an exorbitant rate beneath the cloak of an apparently thorough investigation. If the rates to be fixed by the Board of Supervisors are challenged by the gas and water companies, it becomes the duty of the court under this decision and those following it to investigate as to the reasonableness of the rates so fixed, and if they are found to be unreasonable it becomes likewise their duty to set aside the regulation in question. This doctrine has been emphasized in what is known as the Reagan case, and in the argument made on behalf of the Railroad Commission before Judge McKenna it was not even contended by counsel for the Commission that the language used by the Supreme Court of California in the Spring Valley case was the law. On the contrary it was conceded by all counsel that if in any case the rates were found upon investigation by the court to be unreasonable the regulation must be set aside. That our Supreme Court will follow this line of decisions there can be no doubt, but even should it fail to do so, a writ of error would take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the law has been clearly and definitely settled as we state it. Hence we repeat our advice of last week to the Supervisors, "Look before you leap."

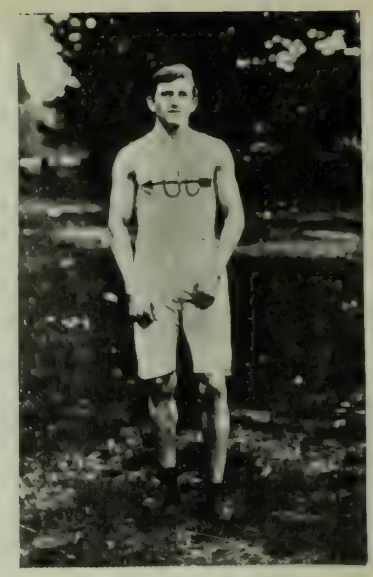
The statement of President Jordan of Stanford to the effect that the university property is annually assessed and compelled to pay thirty thousand dollars for State and county taxes must have been a surprise to the Legislature and to the people of the State. Certainly, the mere statement of the case is sufficient to put an end to this apparent unfairness. The Stanford endowment was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, ever made to an educational institution in the world. Its munificence has attracted universal attention and admiration, but the astonishment evoked by the munificence of the gift will give place to a similar surprise that we should have taxed the interest and the income of this noble donation. Of course, the State is not to be blamed in this matter, for in assessing and taxing the property assessors have only followed the general rule in respect to taxation; but now that the matter has been brought to public attention the remedy will doubtless be applied at once. As a State we cannot afford to have it go out to the world that we accept the generosity of our citizens and then diminish the value and impair the efficacy of their gifts by levying a tax upon benevolence. The legislature will probably act promptly in this matter, and when the people come to vote upon it they will give to that action their unanimous and hearty approval.

Doctor Herman Knapp, the most prominent of New York's oculists, is credited with an annual income in fees of $250,000. Joseph H. Choate earns a similar sum and Colonel Ingersoll's fees are supposed to be at least $200,000 a year.

T. L. BARNES
220-yard dash, 22 4-5 seconds

H. E HUMPHREY
440-yard dash, 52 1-2 seconds

MELVILLE DOZIER
Broad jump, 20 ft. 9 in.; high jump, 5 ft. 7 in.



RALPH LLOYD
16-lb. shot-put 41 ft. 6 in.; pole vault 10 ft. 9 1-2 in.

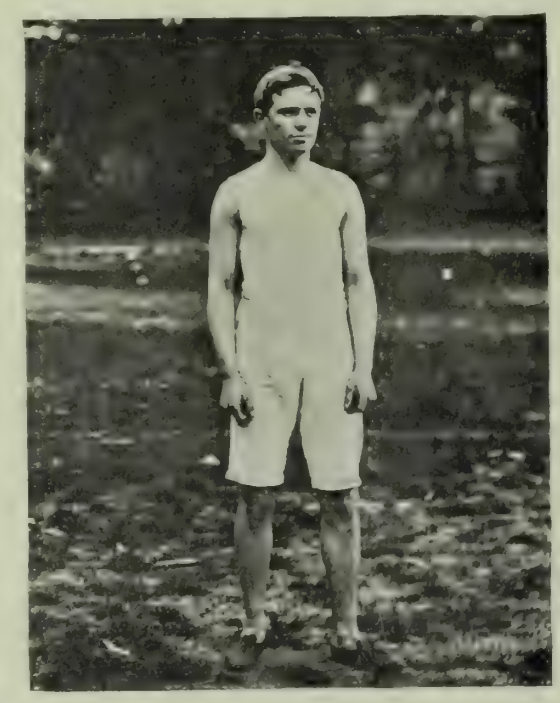
## THE U. C. TRACK TEAM

### Developing the Material for the Inter-Collegiate Games.

Captain Everett Brown and Al. Lean, the former trainer of the Reliance team, have settled down to the serious work of bringing the U. C. cinder-path athletes into championship form. The team was worked rather severely over the track just previous to Christmas, but since then the practice has been lighter. Both Brown and Al. Lean have a very wholesome fear of falling into the error so frequently committed by the football coachers—that of sending the team up to the match hopelessly overtrained. It is safe to assume that (with the possible exception of the eleven coached by Gill) every football team turned out by the U. C. has been practically stale from overwork. Such, however, has never been the case with the track teams from Berkeley, working under the direction of home coachers, and it is quite possible that to this more than to anything else is due the U. C.'s phenomenal record in track events. The team has never been beaten on this coast, while its really wonderful performances in the east are still fresh in the memory. It should be no difficult task to maintain this prestige and win out handily from Stanford in the 'varsity games. Brown seems to be going about the matter of training and exercise with a very commendable caution. Most captains have the mistaken notion that in order to show their energy and capability they must work their teams hard. Brown, however, laid off his entire force for nearly a month during midwinter, and only set to work again about two weeks ago. The present scheme of training, as laid out by the coachers, does not include actual work on the track; this will come later, when the men begin to specialize in their particular events. At present the practice is of a general character, calculated to develop wind and stamina, and to loosen the leg and chest muscles.

There are fifty men in training (a good showing when it is remembered that there are but a dozen first places to be filled). Captain Brown assembles these men in the gymnasium every afternoon and puts them through a half hour's grind on the chest weights, after which they are put on the indoors running-track of the gymnasium for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The coachers have decided upon varying the work as much as possible. This is an admirable idea, for it may be said, speaking in a general way, that in preliminary training four quarters of an hour, spent in four different kinds of exercise, is far more beneficial than one hour's work at one particular exercise. Consequently Al. Lean frequently lines up his athletes for a game of basket ball, twenty on a side, or leads them a zig-zag chase over the lower floor of the gymnasium. The afternoon's work closes with a bath and a rubdown. Brown has his men well under control, and new men, or those who are slightly injured, are given the lightest kind of work.

In general the policy of the coachers is not to get the men into condition early in the season, and to spend a precious amount of energy in keeping them in good form, but rather to train them slowly and gradually, bringing them into championship shape only a day or two before the meet, in order that the runners, jumpers, weight-putters and the like may be, as nearly as possible, in the very pink of condition when they shall compete with their cardinal rivals.



E. J. BROWN
TRACK CAPTAIN OF THE U. C. TEAM
One mile run, 4:38 1-2

One of the best men of the lot is Everett J. Brown himself, the captain. He is a long-distance man, and the college looks to him to capture the mile run. He was chosen for the eastern trip, but at the last moment was unable to go. He now holds the U. C. record for the mile run.

Harry Humphrey is one of those "all-round" athletes who could be trained to excel in almost any event. He will make a specialty of the 440-yard run, in which he has never been beaten. In '94 he won the quarter-mile run and also a place in the high jump.

Melville Dozier was the bicycle rider and broad jumper of the Eastern team. At Denver in '95 he entered his first high-jumping contest, and won at five feet eight. Dozier will not go in for bicycling this year, but will devote himself to high and broad jumping. Great things are expected of him in these events. In his Freshman year he broad-jumped 21 feet 11¾ inches.

Barnes is the U. C.'s crack sprinter. He was a member of the Eastern team and on the trip did the hundred in 10 1-5 seconds and the two-twenty in 22 2-5 seconds. There is no telling how fast Barnes may run, as he has continued to improve steadily during the last two years.

Ralph Lloyd is another "all-round man," with remarkable records in half a dozen different events. In practice he has put the shot 42 feet. He broad-jumps over 20 feet, and high-jumps 5 feet 5 inches. He holds the pole-vaulting record for the P. C. A. A., at 10 feet 9½ inches. Owing to a bad knee Lloyd was unable to finish the pole-vaulting contest with Stanford in the last inter-collegiate meet, but gave it to Dole when the cross-bar had reached an altitude of 10 feet 10½ inches.

F. N.

"SET!" Humphrey and Barnes starting for the two-twenty; Brown, starter

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has forbidden any priest in his diocese to leave his home without wearing his cassock, and threatens suspension to any clerical appearing at a theatre or even a matinee. They may go to the circus, however. "Figaro" suggests that priests may wear a short cassock and cover it with a great coat, but this is an unworthy subterfuge.

Count Muravieff, who sucuceeded the late Prince Lebanoff as Minister of Foreign Affairs, has represented Russia in the Danish court. He is an able, calm and gracious diplomat, and as Secretary of the Russian Embassy at Berlin was the one man who estimated at its true political value Bismarck's professions of friendship for Russia. It is said he is especially trusted by the ladies of the several empires related to Russia, and his selection is a proof of the saying that in Russian diplomacy Copenhagen is in the direct route to high promotion.

The young queen of Holland is a brisk, bright damsel, and is determined not to be treated as a child. Quite recently she entered the Council Chamber and addressed the president very gravely. "I think it very strange, Monsieur le Ministre," she said, "that the postage stamps still have my likeness as when I was six years old. I wish them altered." Between the young queen and her governess the bicycle has proved a source of trouble. The governess condemns the exercise as indecorous, while Her Majesty is insistent. She loves her wheel and rides it at every opportunity.

Washington society numbers among its members four oriental women, the wives of the Chinese, Japanese and Corean ministers and Mrs. Morighian, who, in the absence of the wife of the Turkish minister, presides at the Sultan's legation. Most conspicuous of the set is Mrs. Pom Ye of Corea, a little broad woman with almond-shaped eyes and a typical Chinese cast of countenance. She enters into the social life of the capital with great enthusiasm and her gowns which are richly embroidered silks, and satins, are generally admired. Mrs. Hoski, the wife of the Japanese minister, dresses in European style and entertains generously.

The story of William Fransioli, who has recently been made general manager of the Manhattan Elevated Roads, has a moral in it for young men. Mr. Fransioli is thirty years old now and has a salary of $12,000 a year. Some years ago he was very poor and was glad to get a place as ticket seller in the Elevated, where he had to be at his post at 4 A. M. He went to night school, and his brightness and intelligence recommended itself to his employers. He was taken into the general office and soon became Superintendent Hain's confidential man. So efficient did he prove that after Hain's death George Gould gave him the position.

## [G]UILBERT, THE MISUNDERSTOOD

### The Great Artist as She Is Away From the Footlights.

Yvette Guilbert is what no one could possibly be, no one but a Frenchwoman, one Frenchwoman, and that one Yvette herself.

To see her behind the footlights in her simple gown, her long black gauntleted arms hanging idly beside her, a lot of carelessly arranged copper-colored hair fringing a calm, mobile face, lit up with large round eyes, to hear her drone out in a strange, yet musical voice, the story of "La Soularde" is one thing, and to see her away from the illusion of the stage, to know her as she is in her every day home life, is decidedly another. In fact the two phases of the life of the chanteuse are so much unlike each other as to be paradoxical.

She stands before her audience in her long plain gown and her long black gloves, and she sings, or rather half chants, with hardly a gesture, with expression nowhere save in her face, the story of "La Soularde." She tells of the horrible existence of the woman drunkard. It is terribly real—it makes one shudder it is all so terribly real. She sings of the gutters of Paris, of the misery and shame of wretched lives, and how she sings! Her wonderful eyes open large with terror, her face becomes transformed into that of "La Soularde" herself; it makes one's flesh creep; it is hideously repellant, and yet it draws one to it, for it is so terribly true. It is true, but it is fearful; the shame and degradation of it makes one almost sick; and how Guilbert sings it! And then, when it is all over, she washes the paint from her sad, calm face, goes back to her hotel, and sleeps the sleep of an infant.

The singer of the cafe is a vivacious creature behind the footlights. She sings and she smiles, and she dances a little, if she can, and she is gay; and when she leaves the stage we think her gayety continues. We always associate her with late suppers, and popping corks, and a misguided little "Johnnie," and all that sort of thing, but as for Yvette—she will have none of it, none of it whatever. But in her home she is gay, she is volatile, she is interesting; she has the thousand and one little gestures that only a Frenchwoman has, and a thousand and one more that belong only to Yvette. She is at the Savoy, and occupies the very apartments that were those of Princess Eulalie. And such apartments—such a drawing room, all daintiness and delight; but one forgets it all when Yvette is there.

"Bon jour, monsieur," and she rushed raptuously towards me. "Je suis charme de vous voir," and taking both my hands, she shook them as though I were truly a friend of many days. "O, I am well," she said, "very well, merci. I am well and happy, very happy; why should I not be, when I have everything to make me so? With such a boudoir," and she looked around the dainty room, "and such remembrances," and up from a little gilded table came a huge bunch of exquisite violets, "such remembrances, and such friends," and half of the violets fell upon the floor before me.

I was indeed gratified.

"Do I like America?

"Oui, monsieur, why not?" and her eyebrows almost touch the roots of her hair. "Do I love America and all of the people? Certainement! They are so good and so kind, and they give me so much applause. O, oui, I love the people of America, all of them."

"Including Mr. Moody," I put in.

"Monsieur Moody," and she laughed. "Monsieur Moody. Vraiment—and why not? He is a good man, un bon homme. He says we must love everybody, and if I did not love him I would not be a good woman. Certainment, I love Monsieur Moody too."

The hum of the city came up buzzingly from below. Yvette looked out of the window silently, and after a pause she looked out enthusiastically.

"O monsieur, but it is a great country, a great country—everything is so grand," and she almost made a circle of the room. "And your houses, they are high, so high, almost to heaven," and up went her arms to the painted ceiling. "Soon we will be able to go to the clouds in an elevator," and she laughed like a child, and I laughed too. "But, monsieur, to be serious. I sing and I sing, and I tell people about 'La Soularde' and 'La Pierreuse,' but I am getting tired of it. Je suis bien fatigue," and she drew her chair a trifle nearer to me, and leaned over as though in confidence. "I am tired of it; I want to be more than I am; the people think me not deep, they think me—oh, what you call it en anglais?" and her hands beat the air.

"Frivolous," I suggested.

"Oui, oui," she answered, much relieved, "that is it, but I am not, croyez moi, I am not. I am the premiere of the cafe, but I would be more—I would be premiere, I would be une grande artiste of the comedie."

I started a little in surprise. "It is true," she continued, "it is very true. Croyez vous I would do well?"

YVETTE GUILBERT
THE SINGING-ACTRESS IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

and she assumed a tragic pose that was not half bad.

I assured her that I thought she would, but I ventured to ask as I rose to leave, if she did not think the Parisians might refuse to take her seriously, at least at first, considering that she had been a chanteuse for so long, and the difference between the two was so great.

O oui, monsieur, the difference is a great one, I know, I know it well—but I shall make it, I shall make it all. I shall be une grande artiste some day, you wait and see. The Comedie is not the only theatre in Paris, there are others, what you call it on the beach? O oui, pebbles, n'est ce pas? Oui, that is it."

The Prince of Wales has been nominated—the twelfth time in succession—for the office of Grand Master of the English Mark Masons.

## BETWEEN DANCES

BY DRYSDALE

"Let's go outside," he said bending towards her. "It's a heavenly night."

"The people talk so" she said at last weakly.

"Oh! nonsense, what a lot of old ganders they must be why at West Point—"

"Well, get your cape," she said at last recklessly, "and bring it around to the other door; I'll wait there for you."

She looked with something of pride at his tall, straight figure buttoned up in the full-dress uniform. He was by far the most distinguished man in the room, except—her eyes wandered shyly to a tall, slight civilian bending over a little frivolous thing, gowned in pink. He was laughing gaily, and playing with her fan. The girl shut her teeth on the inside of her lips, and a strange hurt feeling crept over her heart. What did it all matter, what was the laughter, the gaiety, the music—what was anything in the world?

"Now, isn't this better?" he said, as they came out into the cool of the night. He drew her hand in his under the folds of the cape, "aren't you glad you came?"

She nodded her head.

"Very glad."

"Let's walk down by the corral," he said, "I know of a seat there, and I'll show you how we fix these capes at West Point."

His hand slipped up and rested on hers.

"Are you prudish?" he said, half jokingly.

"That depends upon what you call prudish."

He coughed.

"Do you object to the little pleasantries of life?"

"What do you call pleasantries?" she murmured, pulling her roses to pieces.

"This for instance."

They had reached the end of the board walk, and he was pointing to a tiny seat wedged in between two bushes, almost entirely in shadow. She looked into his merry eyes, and saying not a word, let him draw her down on the bench.

His arm slipped around her waist, his face was very near; she put up her hands warningly.

"Where do the pleasantries end?" she said severely.

He looked down. "We might go one step further."

"You mean—?" she questioned abruptly. Then added: I have never allowed a man to kiss me."

"Oh! come now,' he laughed.

She put her hand on his chest. "And you think a girl don't lose anything by it?" she questioned.

"Oh, you mustn't dissect everything, it's an experience."

The word struck her fancy. An experience, yes, it was an experience, she thought recklessly. Why not try? Why not let as many men as asked kiss her, just to do something novel. She was tired of the old way, tired of everything that night. The strong arm drew her nearer; he bent his head and kissed her cheek once.

"Leslie," he w "supposing I said —"

"I wonder who that is?" It was a woman's voice. She jumped up. "Oh! we must go in," she said, "the dance must be over."

She went out with three other men during the evening. She heard a woman say that she had lost her head. She did not care, it was almost the end, and she hated the music and dancing and happiness around her.

At last HE came up to claim his dance at the end. He had left the girl in the pink dress, almost reluctantly it seemed, and said as he reached her side: "Shall we sit it out?"

She nodded.

"Outside? It is a splendid night, and I see you have

SAN FRANCISCO'S FUTURE POSTOFFICE
AITKEN'S DESIGN FOR THE BUILDING ON MISSION AND SEVENTH STREETS

been taking advantage of it." She looked up in his strong face; he was smiling a little bitterly.

"Is there anything in going out?" she asked.

"Nothing, except that you have always refused before this."

She shook her head gaily.

"Well, I have changed for to-night," she cried. "I find it much pleasanter to be outside than in this close old room. I don't believe goodness pays." She found time to wonder at her recklessness.

He did not answer her, but a little frown settled on his brow as he led the way to the side door.

"Where shall ge wo?" he said as he fastened the clasp at her throat, "to the bench by the corral or on the chapel steps?" She smiled to herself.

"Certainly not to the carrol."

"Let's walk, then."

He looked down curiously at her face in the shadowy light. "How changed you are to-night," he said, 'you are altogether different; I would hardly know you."

"Simply because I have walked outside a little?"

"Oh! no, not that, but your whole air is different. I don t know—"

"You don't know what?"

"I don't know that I like you as well," he finished banteringly.

It was in jest, but it cut her deep. How little he cared. She was nothing to him but a little girl, who was pretty enough to spend idle moments with, while he—

"And so you don't like the change," she said at last looking up into his face. "It is rather hard to please you. I believe my old manner found little favor."

He did not notice the hurt tone in her voice; neither did he see the piteous, hungry look in her great, childish eyes. He pressed her hand warmly.

"I always thought you the prettiest little thing in the world," he said lightly:

"Do you think a man could fall in love with a woman just for her looks?" Her tone was doubtful.

He squeezed her hand under the friendly cape.

"I don't know about that, but I know ONE man who could come pretty near doing anything for a pair of big brown eyes."

The eyes in question dropped under his.

He grew restless.

"Come here," he said persuasively.

They were opposite the little chapel, and he held her flimsy skirts away from the wet grass as they walked up the path. She sat down on the steps, and he leaned toward her. The loose tendrills of ivy clinging to the stone threw their flickering patches of shadow on the dainty face—she was very beautiful. He drew nearer—after all he might do worse than to fall in love with her. She was a dear, innocent little creature, and he was tired of the world, and all the weary worn women of it. He took her hand from where it lay in her lap, and looked at it.

"Let me take your glove off," he said at last caressingly, "your hands look much prettier without them." She shee her head.

"No they don't. I have been biting my fingernails."

"Why do you do such things: don't you know it ruins your hand?"

"Yes, but I didn't care, I don't care for anything tonight."

There was a note in her voice that made him look sharply at her averted face. A thought flashed across him—she was too easy; he had always been fascinated before by something out of reach, elusive, about her.

He unbuttoned her glove, and, drawing it off her arm, looked at the small fingers ruefully. They were not pretty, as she said. He bent his head and kissed the pink of her arms; she made no resistance, her manner was almost listless.

"Supposing I said," he whispered slipping his arm around her, "supposing I said, Leslie—"

She bent her head quickly.

"You mean?" she said.

"Don't you know?"

"You want to kiss me," she said, curtly, bluntly.

He dropped his arms.

The speech offended him more than anything else she could have said to him. It seemed almost coarse. It was out of keeping with the situation. Then he looked at her fresh, lovely face, and he kissed the small, bare hand passionately. "And if I said I did—"

She laughed.

"Do you know," she cried, "that I have determined to let every man who asked kiss me to-night, just for the experience?"

He started; he did not understand girls, after all, especially this one. Well, he was rather glad—if she wanted experience. His lips curled in the dark.

"I can tell you a better plan than that," he said in a low voice, looking straight into her face with his strange, magnetic eyes.

"What is it?" her voice was a whisper.

"Let the one man who wants to above all others kiss you." He clasped his arm about her waist; she could not move.

"But how can I know the man?"

"Wouldn't instinct tell you?" He bent nearer.

She trembled in his arms.

"Don't, don't," she said faintly, but he had bent his head, until their shadows blended into one.

"And to think that just as we are beginning to know each other, I must leave," he said at last regretfully.

"You must leave?"

"Yes, you know I have been out here a long time."

She ran her fingers up and down her arm mechanically.

"Yes, a long time," she repeated.

"You won't quite forget me when I go, and let all these other fellows cut me out?"

She shook her head.

"There are no other fellows." They were still for some time. He looked at her regretfully; he was sorry that she had turned out this way; he was sorry that he could not care for fruit that dropped into his hand; he was sorry for it all.

She got up and drew her skirts tightly around her.

"I think I hear the next waltz," she said brightly.

They walked along in silence; he tried to press her hand once in the shadow, but she snatched it quickly away from him. At the door she hesitated and shivered in the warm light.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

She turned her great eyes upon him for a moment, and he looked full in her face.

"Yes, I am cold," she said slowly, something choking in her throat, "so cold that I don't think I ever will get warm again."

## THE BUBONIC PLAGUE

### History of the Terrible Disease That is Ravaging India.

Much has been said and written about the plague which is now raging in India. Photographs depicting its horrors have been published, and whole volumes of descriptive literature have found place in the columns of the daily press. We have been told tnat it is a new and all-destroying disease, and that the whole world must guard itself against its ravages, and be constantly on the alert to prevent its spread.

This being the fact, it behooves us to make a logical investigation of its nature, based on science, and to acquaint ourselves with the best means of preventing its introduction among us, always provided that such means are necessary.

Having begun our investigation, each book, each pamphlet, each paper that we read, plus the personal investigation of Dr. Donald Gedge (who has kindly supplied me with valuable information, acquired while he was in China) show that this supposedly new epidemic is nothing more than that ancient scourge, the Bubonic plague, with its many aliases—black death, the pest, Asiatic plague, etc.

The disease originated in Egypt, the cradle of humanity, and according to Rufus (A. D. 98-117) it was eudemic and epidemic in Egypt and Syria 2,000 B. C. Its earliest appearance in Europe was during the reign of the Emperor Justinian, A. D. 527-565, where its ravages were most horrible, and extended over the entire limits of the then known world, marked by a mortality of awful dimensions. It then remained a permanent resident of Europe, with occasional epidemics for the next 1,200 years. From this time on it apparently disappeared from Europe and was confined to the far East, no doubt on account of the increase in hygienic and preventive measures. In the interval between this great European outbreak and recent reappearance as an epidemic in China and Japan, and subsequently in India, it occasionally was known in individual cases.

Workers in the field of scientific medicine had not overlooked the existence of this monster, and we owe it to the investigations of that able Japanese bacteriologist, Dr. Kitasats, who discovered the germ of the disease, that we now possess a definite knowledge of its nature. From what he tells us, added to the contributions of Dr. Wilson of Hong Kong, Dr. Lawson and Dr. Aogama, we may be certain that it is identical with the ancient plague which devastated Europe.

Recent popular journalistic literature leaves little to be said or depicted of its frightful nature, and for once they have not exaggerated.

Let us picture a laborer, sound in body and limb, engaged in his daily work. Suddenly he is attacked with a violent fever and is soon prostrated; his face is pinched and anxious, his eyes clear but sunken; rapidly his features become blue and dusky, and his eyes congested and staring; the lips are dry and parched, the tongue becomes swollen and black, the glands in different regions become enlarged and filled with matter, then comes complete collapse, and finally death. Now and then a chance recovery brings out in bolder relief the terrible mortality of the disease, but more often the victim dies before the symptoms described have had a chance to develop.

Under the most favorable circumstances the mortality has always been over eighty per cent.

This disease, like all other contagious maladies, develops and thrives where filth, poverty, over population, and ignorance exist. The more marked these surroundings the more dangerous and vicious the disease, not only this disease, but all other germ diseases.

Happily we are to a greater or less extent free from these conditions, and epidemics are rare among us, but having knowledge, and knowing commerce is the means of spreading infection, it behooves us not to sleep when we should be awake, and to impress upon our quarantine officials that they should be doubly watchful.

It might not be amiss to say in closing that the first great step in prevention of disease is to know the cause. Pasteur and his followers have taught us that most of the dangerous and contageous diseases are due to low forms of vegetable life known as germs. The best soil for the growth of these germs is where we find filth, over-crowding, ignorance and poverty.

Therefore let our watchwords be cleanliness, intelligence, and sanitation.

GEORGE FRANKLIN SHIELS,

The net amount cleared by the Sugar Trust during the past year is estimated at fully $10,000,000, out of which dividends of $7,023,120 were paid to holders of preferred and common stock. The Trust is to move for a slight increase in the sugar tariff to exclude the beet sugar of Germany. Last year sixty-five million tons of German sugar was sold in America.

The Paris correspondent of "The London Times" says that the widow of Baron Maurice Hirsch, of Vienna, has resolved to present 2,000,000 francs to the Pasteur Institute as a memorial of her husband. This will make it possible to enlarge the building by chemical and biological laboratories, which, it is estimated, will cost 800,000 francs. Some of the professors, moreover, at present receive little or no salary.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

A good deal of interest has developed anent the identity of the Bradley-Martins, whose big fancy dress ball is to be the event of the social season in New York. Bradley-Martin is the son of a wealthy and prominent banker of Albany, and comes of one of the best of the old New York families. The money, however, is from the estate of Isaac Sherman, father of Mrs. Bradley-Martin. The death of the shrewd old speculator brought to hand one of those rarest of all rare occurrences—an estate whose value had been under-estimated. The old man was believed to be a millionaire, but the will disclosed a fortune of twelve millions salted down in excellent property, that has since increased to such an enormous value that the Bradley-Martins may call themselves one of the richest families in New York. Miss Sherman was a pretty young girl, a blonde, slender and graceful, and I believe that she met her husband at a West Point dance; at all events, they have always occupied an enviable social position, and it is hard to understand why certain disaffected journals should decry the ball. Their motives cannot be the same as those which prompted the Vanderbilt entertainment, when that family lanuched itself into the social swim of Manhattan. The daughter of the Bradley-Martins is married to the Earl of Craven, and they spend most of the year in Europe. Their country seat in Scotland is a magnificent estate, and they entertain visiting Americans lavishly.

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A few years ago, just after the marriage of their daughter, the Bradley-Martins paid a visit to this city, and were for a time guests at the Palace. Their rooms were on the third floor, just over the suite occupied by Mr. De Forrest Grant, well known in the exclusive circles of New York society. The young couple stopped at Monterey, and on announcing their intention of coming to town, Mrs. Martin mere wrote to De Forrest Grant asking if he would give up his rooms to her daughter. The gentleman's answer was prompt, if somewhat startling: "Dear Madam," so ran the note, "does your daughter drink?" Mrs. Martin, assuming that a leader of exclusive Manhattan could not be guilty of an attempted rudeness, responded quietly and politely in the negative, and asked the wherefore of the inquiry. "As your daughter does not drink," wrote Mr. De Forrest Grant in reply, "it will be easier for her to get to the third floor than it is for me to get to the second."

That closed the incident.

A story on Judge Garber comes to light. Many, many years ago, when the Judge was suffering from an acute attack of ambition only to be allayed by his election as District Attorney, he found himself opposed at the polls by a certain shrewd Yankee by the name of Stearns, who was languishing from the same complaint. In one of the logging camps in the mountains were some fifty Virginians whom the Judge considered so safe that he did not think it necessary to stump the environment. Stearns, however, went to the camp, and representing himself as an F. F. V. won the hearts of the Virginians, and ultimately their votes. The result was that Stearns was elected. Garber investigated, found in what part of the fence the nigger lay perdu, went to Stearns and expostulated.

"You are no F. F. V." cried the Judge. "You are a Yankee. In what way, sir, do you justify such duplicity?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," retorted Stearns, "I have deceived no one. I said I was a descendant of the F. F. V.'s, and my people, sir, are one of the first families of Vermont."

***

The troubles of a lawyer with a ranch furnish many a text for dissertation on the vanity of worldly possession. Assemblyman Caminetti, recently returned to his practice in Amador county, is the happy (?) owner of a fine, large tract of land, quite the prize farm of the region. The farm, however, is to be included under the category of things luxurious, since, though it is fertile and admirably situated, it costs much more to keep than it can be made to produce. The gentleman from Amador has built him a charming villa in the most desirable nook of the property, but as the drive from Jackson is quite lengthy it will be seen that he is often compelled to leave his office too early and arrive too late to have much time for the transaction of office work between whiles. It may be added that there are other luxuries, in the shape of mortgages, and truthfulness compels the statement that the happy owner has already paid in interest more money than the place is worth. Yet what is a lawyer without a ranch? Some time ago, when Mr. Caminetti represented his district in Congress, the United States Government was seriously considering the location of an Indian reservation upon the property and its environment; negotiations were entered upon, and it was found that Uncle Sam would be disposed to be liberal. A committee from Washington visited the property and reported favorably. The bargain was about to be closed, and great was the rejoicing in the family Caminetti. Just at this juncture some unfortunate busybody resuscitated a long-forgotten statute forbidding the Government to have financial dealings with Congressmen. Negotiations were immediately broken off with the gentleman from Amador, but a little later the Government purchased a tract of land imbmediately adjoining the Rancho Caminetti, and located thereon some three hundred Indians, who now make it a point of honor that the Congressman shall grow neither crops nor fruit. Mr. Caminetti still enjoys the luxury of his ranch.

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Few women have come into the world with such an endowment of native ability as the late Mrs. James C. Flood possessed. She had that rare quality—correct taste—together with a degree of tact which made her a charming hostess. To speak of her social qualities, however, is to be reminiscent, for she has never entertained since the death of her husband. Hers was a reserved, a

reticent nature. She was a devoted wife and mother, and aroused in her children a reciprocal feeling. It may be said Mrs. Flood never really recovered from the death of her husband, to whom she was indeed a helpmate. She retired from the world, and her daughter kept her company, refusing all temptations to desert her. In later years they have lived most of the year at Menlo Park, occupying their California street mansion but a month or more every winter. They saw only a few intimate friends of olden days, and went nowhere. Mrs. Flood was, of course, a very wealthy woman. The ex-

SENATOR THOMAS H. FLINT
OF SAN JUAN
President pro tem of the Senate of the California Legislature
Photo by Hodson

tent of her fortune is hard to estimate, but the revenues that have accrued since the unfortunate wheat deal have undoubtedly repaired the ravages caused by that disastrous speculation. Besides, her son, Mr. J. L. Flood, in whom is vested the control of the family property, has shown great intelligence and judgment in its administration. His investments have proved remarkably successful, and have added to the total of millions which the Bonanza King left.

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I have alluded to the correctness of Mrs. Flood's taste. It is exhibited in the two splendid mansions, which were built under her direction. The great brownstone palace on California street is one of the most magnificently furnished residences in America. The details are all thoroughly artistic, and the collection of pictures is easily the best on the coast. Indeed, it is one of the best in the country. As for the Menlo Park mansion, it has long been a show place, surrounded as it is by magnificent gardens and tropical foliage. She showed this same admirable discrimination in the selection of bric-a-brac and in the arrangement of her treasures. There was never an error, never a note out of harmony. The funeral ceremonies were conducted with the utmost privacy, both Mr. and Miss Flood being determined that the rule of their mother's life should not be violated at her death. There was absolutely no ostentation, and only the few people intimately concerned were present. Since the sad event Miss Flood has been very ill. She will probably, it is said by those who know her well, devote herself to certain charities in which she has a deep interest.

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It may not have been the ideal life that the late Tom Madden led, but within its limits I believe he was satisfied with it, if not happy. Of course happiness is a compromise, and is largely the condition of not needing anything that you cannot obtain. Tom Madden took a room in the Occidental Hotel when that caravansary was first opened for business over a quarter of a century ago, and he lived there ever since. He was one of its institutions; he had his own table, his own waiter and his ways were respected from the attic to the basement. Indeed, there were many good reasons why he should have been respected, for not only was he upright, honorable, intelligent, but he possessed a remarkably keen wit and a faculty of epigrammatic retort which made him a dangerous antagonist in an argument. Though he had nearly attained the fullness of three score and ten years, his manner was absolutely vivacious. He was to the end full of liveliness, sympathy and intelligence. Indeed, there were few of the girls among the Occidental's guests who would not sacrifice for a few minutes with Tom Madden the society of their best young man. This was due, I suppose, to the fact that he was ever ready to appreciate and to advise. For he was very much of a philosopher, was Tom Madden; he had enough to live comfortably on, and declined to make more money than he needed; he did the things he preferred, ate what he wanted, said what he thought, went to the theater whenever there was a new play, and never permitted any one to bore him. He never married, for a reason, of course. He had loved in his early manhood a beautiful and ambitious girl. Then he was poor, too poor to marry. He had prospects, but the girl was impatient. The affair was broken off, and she married another. But Tom Madden remained single to the end of his days.

***

So a scion of the Heydenfeldt family has opened a saloon. Not one of the contesting Heydenfeldts, indeed, but a legitimate offspring of the old Judge who left at his death over half a million dollars. A saloon, of all things —the very last resort, one might think, of a Heydenfeldt. Unfortunately the Judge made his own will, together with deeds and other devices which his deep legal learning and experience suggested, to render sure and safe the property he had to bequeath. Yes, and the heirs and the lawyers have made hay of the fortune. There have been twenty-five suits in the Superior Court and twenty appeals to the Supreme Court. The papers in the various causes would make a library, and between decisions and compromises not a shred of the testator's intentions have survived. So much for the lawyer who has a fool for a client. And yet Heydenfeldt had a fine legal mind, had been a Supreme Judge in the ante-bellum days and really was a great man. It all came of the number and variety of his descendents, for he left two full-fledged families, and others who claimed paternity. Such a litigious crew was never seen. One by one the progeny have been segregated under their rightful heads, but in the process the estate has dwindled and dwindled until what was once a competency is now a mere pittance.

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Half a dozen English and Eastern syndicates have men in the field with the single purpose of looking for the good things that California has to offer in a mining way. Among local capitalists Lane and Hayward keep two experts constantly examining claims and suggesting new outlets for the Utica's surplus earnings. Recently one of these agents reported to Lane that the Griffith mine at Bryan Point, Shingle Springs, was likely to prove very good. Lane has the final word for the syndicate and he went to the Grizzly to examine the lead. He liked the prospect but thought it rather too small an affair for the firm. In fact the owner offered a two years' bond for $15,000. Then E. R. Stent, who developed the Juniper mine, took hold of the claim, and after seven months' work had an offer of $200,000 for the property the other day.

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The beautiful dining room of the Lick House took on something of its old time gaiety last Saturday night. The Veteran Fireman gave a banquet there and indulged in songs and speeches besides. A full orchestra played throughout the evening, and the fire-laddies of ancient days gave themselves over to the enjoyment of the hour. Colonel Andrews presided as toastmaster and chairman for the evening with the grace that belongs peculiarly to the Colonel. Henry Highton, Judge Robert Ferrall, Colonel Stonehill and others responded to toasts, and Auditor Broderick, after a neat little speech, sang "Alice, Ben Bolt," for the boys. The old time fire songs were revived for the evening, and many a graybeard who had not raised his voice in many a year joined in the chorus of "Our Engine is Housed on the Hill." Much of the success of the evening is due to Colonel Andrews, who was indefatigable in his labors to make the evening go off with eclat.

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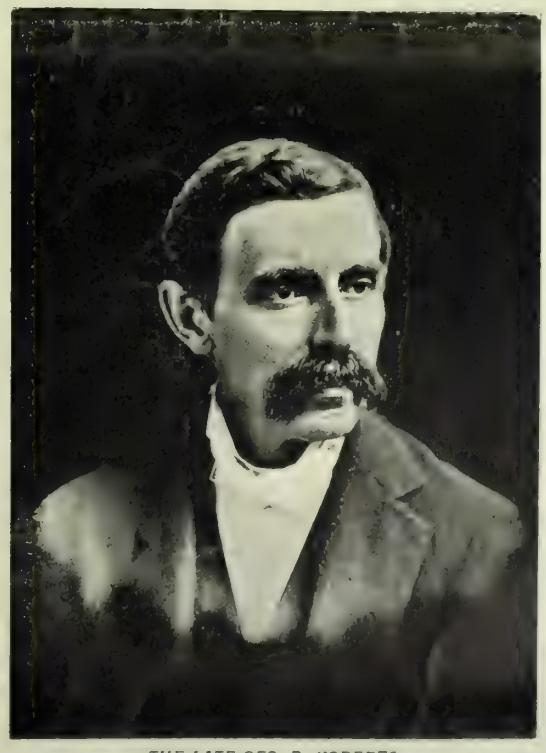
The State of Pennsylvania is mourning the death of a railroad president. George D. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad passed into the other world last



THE LATE GEO. D. ROBERTS
President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company

week, and men of high and low degree, men in private and in public life, hasten to do him honor and to give evidence of their great respect and affection for him. The press throughout his State is lavish in its demonstrations, and has nothing but words of praise to say of the dead magnate. The people of the State of Pennsylvania are proud of the Pennsylvania railroad, and are as deeply interested in its welfare and advancement almost as the owners themselves. Its system covers several thousand miles of railway, and wherever the line penetrates in the State of Pennsylvania, there the corporation may lay claim to the affection and support of the people.

Mr. Roberts began service with the Pennsylvania railroad as a rodman in its engineering corps. Although his promotion with this company was rapid, his services attracted the attention of another corporation, in whose employ he remained for a short while. His ability and his knowledge of the affairs of the Pennsylvania railroad were so marked that in a few years he was induced to return to that company. Early in the sixties he was appointed assistant to the president, and in 1869 became fourth vice-president. Five years later he was elected first vice-president, and in 1880 became the president of the road. To Mr. Roberts' ability and far-sightedness much of the present popularity of the Pennsylvania railroad is due. The employees of that company owe much to him, for he founded the system of civil service that prevails with that institution, and ties the interest of the lowest employee to the interest of the corporation with bonds of iron and clasps of steel.

The portrait of Mr. Roberts, presented in another column, is the best to be had on this coast. A careless observer would fail to note in his face the man's strength of character, but though quiet and deliberative, he was a man of rare force and ability.

SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD OLNEY

## THE NEW POSTOFFICE

### A Melange of An Apartment House and the Madison Square Gardens.

Architecture in our day is something about which every citizen has an opinion that he does not hesitate to express. The architect, tutored or untutored, may devote much or little consideration to a design, and it will make no difference in the verdict of his critics. Acting on this principle, the officials of the Treasury Department ignored the protest of the American Institute of Architects as a body and as individuals. The eminent standing of the late Richard M. Hunt availed nothing towards correcting the abuse of the abortive system of grinding out postoffice designs in the Government plan factory at Washington.

The San Francisco postoffice design is but another production of the system. In looking at the drawing, on page 5, one must remember that it is a drawing, and a cleverly rendered one. It looks neat. It is neat. So make allowances accordingly. Mark the monotony of the facade; that was intended for simplicity. Observe the pediment in the center; it was intended to be interesting. Note the treatment of the ends. They detract from the repose of the whole. Singly they would serve admirably as elevations for theaters. The decorated arches at the entrances were borrowed bodily from a well-known Spanish Hotel de Ville. The intervening plain arches are supposedly a concession to our early Spanish history. The towers are like the traditional mule—without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, and, unlike the mule, in that they are useless. There is one characteristic touch to the design which renders it suitable to our conditions. It is the two Chinamen strolling across Seventh street. Quite a concession from Mr. Carlisle's Treasury Department.

But these are not criticisms of architecture? No, of course not; they merely show how close in touch with our needs the Treasury Department is. To any but a layman its whole method is plainly discernible in this elevation. Its faculties are imitative, not creative. This design with its affectation of the Spinach Reminiscence, is a weak solution of Madison Square Garden, a few apartment houses and any old thing. It belongs to the Ironical Order of Architecture.

Does it express anything?

Does it suggest a postoffice?

Who can say whether our citizens will view with alarm or point with pride to our new postoffice? That will depend upon their point of view. It matters not that the American Institute of Architects as a body declare that architecture is deserving of more respect than the officials of the Treasury Department accord it. It matters not that architecture as a study is receiving greater attention each year at the important schools of the world, or that young men occupying advantageous positions in the world and possessing more than ordinary wealth, are turning to it as a career. It remains that the public, tutored and untutored, reserve their right to pass judgment upon works of art. Architecture, you know, is merely a matter of taste. It is either good taste or bad taste. However, that is another story.

If it will not be considered beyond the rights of a citizen to express an opinion of the postoffice privately, any one curious to know mine may have it with pleasure.

WILLIS POLK.

MISS PERKINS
A pretty ingenue in the Modjeska Company

CHARLES H. HOPPER
As "Chimmie Fadden"

MARIE BATES
As Mrs. Murphy in "Chimmie Fadden"

MR LOUIS JAMES
Who appears as "Spartacus" at the Baldwin next week

MLLE. ANTOINETTE TREBELLI
Who appears at the California on the evening of February 9th

CHIMMIE AND THE KIDS

ALMA KRUGER
Leading Lady of the Louis James Company

THEATRICAL STARS IN TRANSIT

BRIC-A-BRAC IN THE HALLWAY

PETERS' HILL-TOP HOUSE AND STUDIO, MONTEREY

# A CALIFORNIA ARTIST

## Charles Rollo Peters and His Pictures of Monterey Moonlights.

Peters met us at the gate, standing on the steps that were the vertebrae of a whale. He was booted to the knee, and wore a sweater and a sombrero, and looked just as picturesque as I had hoped and expected an artist should look. I suppose one is always on the lookout for pictures and scenes about an artist's habitat, and would persist in seeing them whether they existed or not. But at any rate I was rather impressed with all this, because it was unique and characteristic of a California artist. In Brittany he would have worn sabots and a beret, and perhaps a "blouse." In England it would have been a velvet jacket, but in Monterey, mark you, the artist wears a sombrero and high boots, and stands on steps that are the joints of a whale's spine. Where else would you see an artist with such attributes? We went into the studio.

Redwood, unfinished, and a huge north light, a couch or two, a black dog, lots of sunshine, and an odor of good tobacco. On every one of the four walls, pictures, pictures, and pictures. Mostly moonlights, painted very broad and flat, as though with Brobdignag brushes. And in one corner a huge panel-like painting very striking, a sheer cliff, tremendously high, overlooking a moonlit ocean. On the edge—but the very uttermost edge, you understand—a man standing, wearing a cocked hat and a great coat. There was nothing more, not a single detail, and the man was standing with his back turned, yet it was Bonaparte and St. Helena, beyond all shadow of doubt. Clever, you say? Enormously so, I say. A single huge broad "note," as it were, simple, strong, conveying but a single impression, direct as a blow.

Peters told me he was "going in" for moonlights. That's a good hearing for his style, as the art critic would say; is "admirably adapted" for those effects where all detail is lost in enormous flat masses of shadow. Just the effect to be seen on a moonlight night.

"You would be surprised," says Peters, "to see how many different kinds of moons there are." He illustrated what he said by indicating one and another of the sketches. "There is the red moon, when she's very low, and the yellow moon of the afternoon, and the pure white moon of midnight, and the blurred, pink moon of a misty evening, and the vary-tinted moon of the drawing. She's never the same. Here are two "ebauches," made on succeeding days, at the same time, and from the same place. Yet observe the difference." There was, indeed, a tremendous difference. I became interested. "It's the specialists," Peters continued, "that 'arrive' now-a-days, whether they specialize on diseases of the ear, or on the intricacies of the law of patients, or on Persian coins of the 14th century."

"Or on pictures of moonlight," said I.

"Precisely; that's my specialty."

Peters lives in Monterey on a hill-top, and paints from dawn to dark. After dark he goes out and looks at the moon, and the land and the shore in her light, and at the great cypresses. He don't paint there. Just looks and looks, and takes mental photographs, as it were—impressions he remembers and paints the next day. Singularly enough Peters, though going in for moonlights, does not paint them en plein air—how could he, for the matter of that, without any light to see by—but he does take a sort of combination note and sketch book along with him. He showed this to me. Here and there were mazes of pencil scratching, and the pages are almost unintelligible to any one but Peters himself, and written over them and in them were such words as "blue," "carmine and cobalt," "warm gray," "sienna," "bitumen" and "red," etc.—notes merely to help along in the more finished picture.

Peters thinks Monterey should be a great place for artists. He has sketched nearly everywhere, and maintains that there is more artistic "stuff" right down there in the old town than there is in Barbizon, even, or in the artist towns of Brittany. A few artists, in fact, have already "discovered" the place—artists that who since have been "Medailles" and have acquired greatness. Harrison himself, that Alexander the Great of marine painters, was here for a time, and Julian Rix, and Tavermeir and others, but none of whom have studied, really studied—in a careful, almost scientific fashion—the moonlight effects of the place as has Peters. There are two ways of painting a moonlight sky—one as I have seen it done by scores of artists hitherto, who paint in the sky a sort of indeterminate dark gray or very "warm" black. The other way is as Peters does it. Night skies are blue—deep, deep blue. Look into the sky the next time you are out at night. May be you thought the sky was black at night. Look at it. Blue! of course it's blue—bluer than the bluest thing you ever saw. But I never noticed the fact until Peters' pictures called my attention to it.

The interior of Peters' house, by the way—not his studio, but his house—is a picture in itself. He has a wonderful collection of arms, furniture, carpets, china, stuffs and the like—something really extraordinary. There in old Delft mugs, and a chair of brocade silk that Josephine once used as Mal Maison, and a ship-model of ivory presented to Bonaparte by the city of Toulon, original editions of Buffon, worth more than their weight in silver, and an old bed—one of the boxed-in kind, with sliding doors—from Brittany, that the guest still sleeps in—a marvel of carving, with the genuine Breton bird and worm design upon it, that stamps it at once as the rarest of curios.

I was wondering how large must have been the sum that Peters was obliged to pay for the wonder, when by one of those extraordinary coincidences that are all the time happening, he said: "I gave the fellow twenty-five dollars for that bed."

FRANK NORRIS.

A CORNER OF THE EMPIRE ROOM: EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S CHAIR

PETERS IN HIS STUDIO

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Of course there is considerable gossip over the $50 assessment announced by the directors of the Burlingame Club. Considering the circumstances and the load of debt which the institution has carried all these years, the wonder is that this action was deferred so long. Since its inception, the club has been in debt. Nor is this extraordinary. It came into the world full grown, so to speak, with beautiful grounds, a clubhouse handsomely furnished, stables and innumerable other facilities, of which the expense, though partially borne by the Sharon estate, had to be met in considerable measure by the institution. So it began its career with a floating debt of $16,000, of which some $6,000 was for permanent improvements. In the course of time this indebtedness was reduced to its present figures—a little over $10,000, which the assessment will partially wipe out.

Otherwise the club is in good shape. It is owed nearly $4,000 from current dues, every cent of which will be collected sooner or later. This is after making due allowance for bad debts. So when all these various claims are paid in, when the 125 members have paid their assessment—which they will all do sooner or later—the institution will be on a cash basis and its maintenance will be possible at a much more economical figure than is now the rule. The development of interest in the specialties of the club renders this new appeal to its members safe. Of course there will be objections, but the dissatisfied element has been well weeded out, and those who remain are satisfied with what they obtain for their dues.

MRS. WALTER HART CASTLE
NEE MISS MARY CRITTENDEN SCOTT
Elite, photo

A new organization has recently been called into existence at Burlingame—the San Mateo Hunt Club. Walter Hobart is M. F. H., of course, and there are already fifty-five members, from whom dues of $2.50 per month are exacted to pay the expenses of broken fences and damaged garden plots.

The inclement weather and the epidemic of colds has proved a discouragement to society. There is movement, but only the movement which indicates existence rather than life. This season it is the unimportant alone that happens. No one has given a big ball, and there are no indications of big receptions or dances in prospect. The attendance at the Friday night cotillions is so slender as to warrant Mr. Greenway in expressing an intention of abandoning this organization. The fact seems to be that depression in business has extended into society proper, and that is why everything is as dim and dull as a funeral. We have complained of the paucity of events in other years, but last winter it was wildly and hilariously gay in comparison with January, 1897. Only dancing clubs give evidence of vitality. The last week of the Friday Fortnightly was quite brilliant, and the attendance was greater than ever before. The young people were, as usual, to the fore, and the occasion was signalized by the appearance of Miss Helen Thomas, a '98 debutante, who was in white swiss, and Miss Sawyer, a pretty brunette, who wore figured silk. Among the girls who looked particularly well were Miss Caro Crockett in white chiffon, and Miss Idabelle Palmer in pale green chiffon. The german was cleverly led by Lieutenant Bent, assisted by Lieutenants Davis and Kilborn. It seems a pity that the Fortnightly fails to recognize the thirt which the ceremonies of Terpsichore induces. On this occasion not even lemonade was provided for the dancers. Of course, economy is a virtue to be exalted, but the denial of refreshments is liable to make men go far after liquid.

Among the incidents of the week was a tea at Preston's on Saturday last. Invitations are out for a large tea at the home of Mrs. Carr on Washington street on the 13th inst. Mrs. Carr is president of the Sorosis, and she will have Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Rose Hooper, and Miss Lottie Wsod to assist her.

Lent is close at hand, and it is proper that some organization on the lines of the Fortnightly be instituted to relieve the tedium of that period of fast and abstinence. I am told of a new dramatic club which is in process of creation, evolved out of different material, however, from the old Fortnightly. The Hagers, the Moores, and the Hoffmans are primarily interested, and it is understood that the club is for the delectation only of its own members, and that no outsiders or visitors are to be admitted to its gatherings. It is a positive rule that every one shall participate in its entertainments, which is, of course, the fairest way all around.

There is much interest in the production of "Caste," the rehearsals of which are proceeding apace. The Shiels estate has kindly loaned the Bush-Street Theatre for the preparatory performances, though the play itself will be given at the California.

Though Miss Eloise Davis has been retired from active participation in the gaieties of the season since the sad accident she sustained last year, she has not been deserted by her friends. On Wednesday last she had a luncheon party, at which a number of the girls who had entered society with her were gathered. Unfortunately the young invalid is not yet allowed out of bed, but her couch was made the center of the feast and the tables of the guests were set around it.

Miss Mary Crittenden Scott and Mr. Walter Hart Castle were married at the bride's home, 1036 Vallejo street, on Thursday evening last. It was a very quiet affair, the guests being members of the contracting families. Misses Laura and Katherine Scott were bridesmaids, and Mr. John Casselly was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Castle are to make the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, their domicile for the time being.

At the Saturday night dancing class the young people always gather in numbers, and one sees there innumerable pretty girls and the brightest and most enthusiastic youths. Last Saturday's affair was no exception to the rule. Howard Adams led with Miss Edna Van Wyck for his partner. The figures were of the marching order, and every one had a good time. I noticed some very effective costumes—Miss Gertie Bates in grey silk, Miss Margaret Cole in white mull over blue silk, Miss Jeanette Black in green organdie over green silk, Miss Gertie Van Wyck in blue silk, Miss Ethel Dickson in yellow, and Miss Eda Van Wyck in pink organdie over pink silk.

There has happened so much in Jewish society this season that it would be invidious to pronounce any one affair the event of the winter. Still the Joseph ball on Saturday night last was a very brilliant affair. The Maple Hall at the Palace is an ideal place for a dance, inasmuch as there is ample floor space, together with reception rooms and cozy corners for those for whom Terpsichore has no temptations. The scheme of decoration was clear—New Zealand flax blades intertwined with pink ribbon, together with bamboo intertwined with huckleberry vines. There were pretty souvenirs in the shape of satin ribbon beautifully painted. A fine supper was served at midnight at tete-a-tete tables, in the big dining-room, and after that came dancing until very early in the morn.

The debutante, Miss Nellie Joseph, was gowned in rich white satin, and Mrs. Joseph wore yellow brocade, with a corsage of chiffon of the same shade. They received their guests under a trellis of almond blossoms. The usual set of girls who go the social rounds were all there—some of them in new gowns. Miss May Slessinger wore one the handsomest costumes in the room. The skirt was of green moire bengaline, and the waist of tulle of the same shade. Miss Agnes Brandenstein wore an exquisite pink brocade, trimmed with pink tulle and violets. Miss Alice Greenebaum was in white frosted silk, with a bodice of white tulle set off with a large bunch of American beauty roses on one shoulder. Miss Norma Bachman wore a dainty creation of pink chiffon, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Mrs. David Nuestadter's gown was a Louis XV. costume, with a white satin skirt and pink brocaded coat. Point lace was used in trimming.

Otherwise, the week has been very gay. The festivities in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sheifel, who left for New York last Thursday, terminated with a reception given in their honor Sunday evening by Miss Carrie Sachs. Miss Henrietta Rothchild gave a dinner party Tuesday evening, and on the previous Saturday Mrs. Moses Heller gave the second of her series of dinners. The guests were all of the younger married set.

The future is full of promise. Miss Rosa Sachs has sent out forcy invitations for a theater party to the Baldwin Monday night next. The entertainment committee of the Concordia Club is preparing a burlesque of the "Prisoner of Zenda," to be given February 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Roos propose to celebrate elaborately the anniversary of their silver wedding February 14th. They will entertain a hundred of their most intimate friends at dinner at the Palace Hotel. Later there will be a dance, to which a large number of invitations have been sent out.

The wedding of the week was that of Miss Sadie Hyman and Mr. William Mack, which was celebrated at the San Francisco Verein at noon on Wednesday last. Both are well known in society. Miss Hyman is a daughter of the pioneer merchant, Hyman, who died some years ago at the Occidental Hotel. Since then she has traveled extensively in Europe with her mother and sister, and recently has been domiciled at the Richelieu. Mr. Mack is a young man of excellent business ability, who has a future. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Voorsanger; the bride wore a beautiful gown of white satin tulle. She was attended by her sister, Miss Agnes Hyman. Though by no means a large affair it was a very happy and enjoyable wedding.

MRS FRANCES EDGERTON
Who enacts the role of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary Stuart" at the Baldwin
Photo by Taber

On Wednesday evening next, February 10th, the "Doctor's Daughters" of Dr. McKenzie's church will give a musicale at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Norris, 1822 Sacramento street. Every member of the organization has taken an enthusiastic interest in this affair and no pains are to be spared to make it one of the most attractive concerts of the season. Tickets, seventy-five cents—including refreshments—may be had from any of the "Doctor's Daughters." The proceeds of the entertaioment will be devoted to the furtherance of the many charitable schemes that this organization has in hand. Among other local talent, the Mandolin and Guitar Club of the University of California and the Press Club Quartette have volunteered their services.

#### Across the Bay.

Alameda is as enthusiastic over card-playing as Oakland, and a perfect passion for picture pasteboards reigns over there. Certain of the ladies are capable players, and on last Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. George Tyson's some very pretty plays were made. The Hazletts, McMahons, Haights, Mrs. Lucy Hays and Mrs. Louis

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

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Monteagle were among the guests. The first prize was carried off by Mrs. Monteagle.

In Oakland luncheons and dinners succeed one another with fine promptness, and the matrons vie with the maidens in the series of entertainment. There is quite a degree of rivalry as to excellence of menu and originality of the decoration, and the Oaklanders bid fair to become epicures en route.

Quite a catalogue of married ladies' luncheons is offered to record for last week, notably Mrs. F. M. Smith's, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Thompson. Covers were laid for sixteen; the table decorations were exotics and pink begonias. On the list is the violet luncheon given by Mrs. E. B. Jerome, also a married ladies' affair. Then Mrs. Captain Watson gave a jolly little luncheon to some half dozen of her friends on Thursday. It was quite an informal affair.

Of the young people's dinners the most important was that given by Mrs. Orestes Pierce, in honor of Miss Belle Mhoon, her niece, on Thursday evening. There were eighteen young people at table. The decorations were really charming—consisting of Marie Louise violets artistically arranged.

There have been any number of receptions of a greater or lesser degree of magnitude. Mrs. Shepherd's affair on last Thursday evening was exceedingly jolly. It was not a large party, owing to the epidemic of colds and inclemency of the weather. The guests of honor were young Mr. and Mrs. Cross. The house was gorgeously decorated with pinks and greens. The girls were all prettily gowned. An informal German was arranged. Mrs. Henry Butters gave a big reception on Saturday last at her Piedmont home to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, who have recently returned from South Africa. The house was decked in yellow acacia blossoms. All Oakland was in attendance.

Mrs. Wellman gave a reception in Fruitvale Thursday in honor of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who leave shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Mary Hinckley entertained a house party last week.

Entertainments for the "21" Club continue in order. This week the members were entertained by Miss Sarah Dunn. They played cards, and Miss Grace Holt carried off the prize.

An interesting party was given last Friday to the members of the Friday Fortnightly by Miss Mary Randall, of Piedmont. It was a progressive fib party, and was most amusing. Later in the evening the young people danced. Among those who looked especially well were Miss Luita Booth in grey and pink, Miss Carmen Moore and Miss Marion Randall.

The gaiety at Berkeley is never exaggerated and is rarely varied by the entrance of new people. Society there bears an intellectual aspect, and those who go find it necessary also to read. Much is expected of the University Cotillion Club, whose first party is to occur in the third week in February. The Harmon Gymnasium affords ample floor space for terpsichorean enjoyment, though its pretensions as a background have all the effect of a barn. The patronesses of the new club are Mrs. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. F. N. Watson, Mrs. J. R. Glascock, and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Among the anticipated events is the dinner to fifty young people to be given by Mr. Ira Boss at the Chi Phi Fraternity house in Berkeley, on Thursday evening. Mrs. Homer King and Mrs. Pringle are to chaperone the young people.

Mr. B. Reeder—"I'm told you'd like to purchase a stylish riding-horse, Miss Standish Now I have a green hunter I'd like to show you."

Miss Standish—"Oh, that would be lovely! He'd go so well with my new billiard-cloth habit!"

"I wonder what was the matter with the Swellbys. They bought a box at the horse show, and then never went."

"It's plain enough. After they'd paid for the box they didn't have money left for clothes."

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

J. W. CARMANY, 25 Kearny street, for a complete line of Spring shirtings and neckwear.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

The Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Munier & Ieuch, proprietors.

## THE THEATRES

### Lady Macbeth With an Accent—A Successful Tramp at the Columbia.

San Francisco cherishes its respect for Modjeska, it turns is head away from her failure. It declines to look at her Lady Macbeth, and the most captious must admit that for once, at least, San Francisco is right. Modjeska cannot marry herself to the role of this frigidly flaming Scottish woman; she gives only the vaguest notion of her conception of Lady Macbeth; she plots murder and assumes remorse, but there is no sense of individuality felt withal; you are not conscious of any personality. The outlines are blurred and dim, as nearly nebulous as the words of the part permit.

Look as I may I cannot find the ability with which Haworth is credited. To me he seems utterly uninspired and mechanical. If I liked his "Major Schubert" little, I like his Macbeth less.

Once and only once did he make the little thrill which is born of the thing well done. This was when he and Macduff came from the murdered King's chamber —"Had I but died an hour before this chance," and

"— renown and grace are dead;
The wine of life is drawn and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of!"

This was stirringly rendered. It was touched by the "real thing." Then he fell down, down, down, past even mediocrity in "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious." There was no suggestion of Macbeth's mixed emotions, nothing which would warrant Lady Macbeth in stopping his words with a timely faint. In the famous "Is this a dagger I see before me, the handle toward my hand?" the motions of his out-stretched hands were suggestive of a monkey catching fleas. The whole scene was lacking in the blooming horror with which it can be permeated.

Without doubt Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth are the most dilatory pair of murderers ever imagined. Fancy two genuine desperadoes hanging around the scene of their massacre (in iminent danger of detection) long enough to spout five hundred words or so. Stage murderers always have a great dea. to say about their dark deeds, and, singularly enough, invariably select the bloody time and place to enlarge on their feelings, but, even remembering this and also making due allowance for the exigencies of the drama I still think that the Macbeths are too long-winded and foolhardy for any use —even stage use.

Of course, one can't be quite sure how murderers acted in Shakespeare's time, but a friend of mine, an up-to-date cutthroat, tells me that they says "let's git," and they got.

To cap the deficiencies of this performance comes Modjeska's accent. She gets along tolerably well with what children tied to spelling books call long, hard words, but the simple one's trip her; life is "leaf," and business becomes something strange called "becenes." There is little in this company's rendering of Macbeth, which one cares to remember. You come away filled with irritation for the management which gives us three minutes of Osbourne and an hour of Lonergan—Lonergan who bellowed and slopped through Macduff's lines with the discrimination of a freshman.

The witches, though assisted by stage settings and an alarming amount of black paint, did not produce any very creepy effects. In fact, they reminded me of the mild sheet and pillow-case parties in which boarding school misses are indulged on Halloween.

There is a very funny tramp at the Columbia. He is naturaly funny and naturally dirty—at least that's what his appearance indicates. He is as full of old jokes as an almanac, but springs them with a dexterity which rejuvenates them. He says, among other things, that it is all a mistake to suppose that our old-fashioned petticoated Mary "had a little lamb;" she had a little calf—that's the reason she didn't wear bloomers. He is supplemented by one Halpin, a good dancer, and, so the play bill says, "a lively liar," inserted in a jersey and a red blanket this attenuated youch makes the most revolting caricature of a woman that even the diseased imagination of a decadent could conjure up. He is inexpressibly loathsome. During one of their uncalled for choruses he sidled up to the star of the combination and nestled his head against hers. I expected to see the girl fall down in a spasm of disgust; that she did not testifies as few things could to the hardships and endurance of a woman on the variety stage. I believe now that this girl could eat tacks and handle toads. You could never tell by looking at her that she ever comes in contact with the like. She looks as dainty as a flower in her abbreviated pink skirt and white-neck arrangements. She sings, by the way agreeably and very differently from the usual strident fashion of the average variety show songsters.

Gillette's comedy, "A Legal Wreck," is on at the Alcazar. Hugo Toland is the wreck, and about the best they have in the show, though his voice is still hoarse. The little play is amusing, and the cast adequate, Mr. Polk doing good work as the old Captain. Next week they give another play by Gillette, which should draw well, as he always manges to leaven his work with humor. P. W.

* * *

The six little tailors with their funny long coats, and their funny little caps, sing their little song and dance their little dance in "Aladdin," and the dainty little housemaids with their shining new tins, and the scrub ladies with their buckets and their brooms, and the ancient maidens (for there were such in Tartary), with their caps and their curls, all do likewise, and with music and with song and with jest, all is merry at the Tivoli this week; as merry as a marriage bell, or as one is supposed to be.

"Aladdin" is good; it is quite good, in fact it is better than most pieces they have been having at the Tivoli. It is a success, probably because of the new ditties and the dancing, and, after all, there is more dancing than anything else in "Aladdin," and it is all good, from Hartman's aerial flights to the "toeing" of Zanett, who is down on the program as the "Turkish Wonder." Wonder or not, Zanett looks well, dresses well and dances well; and what more could one want—aye, what more could one have?

"We're very sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it,
We're very sorry to hear it,
And how is she to-day?"

Dear old Jennie O' Jones it seemed like going back centuries to hear the old tune again, and Ferris Hartman sings it and prances up and down as though he never did anything else but visit the ailing Jennie. At any rate he must have done so "full many a time and oft." Of course he has—so have we all. It is to be hoped that the new Supervisors will take no offense at Ferris' rather direct allusion to them, but it is quite certain we all hope "Little Jimmie" Phelan could have Coodove's little club. If he had it, it is to be thought he would use it with rather striking effect.

Miss Seabrooke, you are good as Aladdin, indeed, you are quite good, as much so as you ever been in our memory. You look very nice, indeed, and we cannot blame the pretty little princess for loving you. The pretty little princess! Sweet Anna Schnabel, don't dye your hair; don't stain your face any more than you can help. Keep your natural little ways, and we shall love you for ever and for aye.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Louis James is next on the Baldwin list, following the Polish Countess. He gives us "Spartacus"—in which certain eminent high lights of bygone days made much name and fame. Mr. James's emotions have lost nothing of their physical violence. We are assured that "standing room only" is the rule throughout the country, at every theater he plays. Indeed, the farther from civilization you see Mr. James the greater he appears. He would be a Booth in the heart of Africa. The second week of his stay "Spartacus" retires for his new play, "My Lord and Some Ladies." This sounds like John Oliver Hobbes, but we are assured it as an adaption from Scribe. The invariable "powerful company" surrounds Mr. James. Guy Lindsley and Alma Kruger play second roles.

The second series of the Bacon-Minetti ensemble will commence on Saturday afternoon, February 6th, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Miss Daisy Cohn will be the vocalist. Two choral concerts will be given by the Apollo Society and the Stanford Choral Association, one at the Stanford University and one in San Francico. The Stanford Association numbers about one hundred and fifty voices, while the Apollo Society has about one hundred. The latter organization especially desires to obtain new members, and invites all singers to join its ranks. The regular rehearsals take place on Monday evening at the Kohler & Chase Hall, 26 O'Farrell street.

On next Monday evening at the Columbia "Chimmie Fadden" will regale us with the dialect Ned Townsend has made famous. We shall have "Chimmie" and the "Duchess" and "Mrs. Murphy" and them all, and judging from the success the play has had in the East, we shall have a treat. Mr Charles Hoyt, the "Chimmie" of the original production, heads the company, an excellent one, which includes Marie Bates, whose "Mrs. Murphy" is considered one of the best character bits of late years.

Bessie Clayton still continues to glorify herself into popular favor at the Orpheum, while the equilibrists Zeno and Mann have lost none of their power of attracting large audiences. An echo of grand opera reaches the Orpheum in the person of Guille, the tenor, erstwhile of the Patti troupe, who next week will sing Gounod's "Ave Maria" to the violin accompaniment of Miss Nina de St. Hubert, a most accomplished young violinist. The Kiralfy ballet and the really wonderful Fraatz family are also to be seen for the last time.

The "Legal Wreck" is the play at the Alcazar, this week, and is drawing good houses. The last performance will be given to-day and to-morrow in the afternoon and evening. On Monday Gillette's famous comedy, "The Professor," will be the bill. An extra treat is promised in "The Professor," in the shape of a bevy of pretty girls, to whom the eccentric savant jurist is losing his heart.

Titenia, the celebrated toe dancer, who was for a time a sensation at Koster & Bial's in New York, made a successful appearance on Monday evening at the Columbia with "The Prodigal Father."

"Aladdin" holds the boards at the Tivoli next week, and should have a good run. The new extravaganza seems to give pleasure to this theater's patrons.

## NEW VERSE

### THE BRADLEY-MARTIN BALL

With apologies to the Shade of Burns

Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, denounced the extravagance of the Bradley-Martin ball in the face of the poverty and desolation prevailing throughout the country. He suggested to his congregation that they abstain from attending.

Is there, for suff'ring poverty
For want, distress and a' that
A fule wha feels some sympathy,
We'll frown him doon for a' that;
For a' that and a' that
We'll lauch and dance for a' that;
The bal masque we're bound to hae
Wi' costumes braw and a' that

What though some ken na where to dine,
Wear tattered duds and a' that,
As lang as we wear dresses fine,
We're people nice for a' that,
For a' that and a' that;
The rest are swine and a' that;
The wealthy rogue wha has the plack
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see you birkie, ca'd Rainsford
Wha flytes and storms and a' that,
Though hundreds listen to his word,
It's clavers clean for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
His feelings fine and a' that;
The man of independent means
Can sneer and lauch a' that.

The Lord may damn the vulgar wight,
The pauper, tramp and a' that,
But weel-bred folk like us are right,
Spite of faux pas and a' that,
For a' that and a' that
The elite's th' elect for a' that;
And he'll think twice, I'm sure, before
He turns us doon and a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may
And come in time for a' that,
My dress frae Worth, this side the earth
To bear the gree and a' that,
For a' that and a' that
To take the cake and a' that;
That New York swell, society belle
Will all come too, for a' that.

### Adieu d'Amour.

Faithful in every fibre of thy heart,
And all as beautiful as thou art true,
Yet must it be thy will that we must part
Grief shall not triumph as we say
"Adieu."
The love that glowed so warmly in thy breast,
Having grown cold, shall we let it die?
Yes, if it be thy will, Dame Love must rest
My heart shall grieve it as I weep "Good-by."
Good-by." Ah, No! then cannot God break
The chain,
Fetters were forged in passion's cruelest
And while my life have life, thou shalt remain.
My captive, though thy soul may sigh
"Let me!"

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Oh Truth! thou goddess from on high,
Thou trumpet tone of angel's choir,
How oft thy beauties have been sung,
How burns for thee poetic fire.
Upon thine altars incense smokes,
Thy shrines are hung with fragrant bay,
Thy robes are gemmed with precious thoughts,
Unto thy spirit heroes pray!
But yet—the Oracles are dumb,
But yet—Americanus Sum,
Thy soul doth not my muse inspire,
I sing the simple Campaign Liar.

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## "URBAN DIALOGUES"

### Some Skits on New York in Hope's Style.

The sayings and doings of the polite people of New York's smart set have furnished Louise Shipman with the material for some dozen little sketches. It would seem that Mr. Anthony Hope has introduced a new form of short story, namely the dialogue, and that Louise Shipman has followed the lead set by the "Dolly Dialogues." The idea of "Urban Dialogues" (Stone & Kimball) has evidently been suggested by Mr. Hope's charming stories. One may go so far as to say that the ideas of some of the stories themselves are "reminiscent" of the English writer, but for all that "Urban Dialogues" is very entertaining. It is an example of one of those rare literary achievements that are imitated from another man's work, but that are successful none the less. The wit and humor are all Hope's, but just original enough to be "carry," while now and then the author rises to the dignity of a real situation. It should be borne in mind that this delicate sort of work is very difficult to do. It is not so hard for an author of even ordinary ability to write a story around a well-defined, vigorous subject, once the subject is found, but it requires no little literary skill to spin cobwebs about so slight a motif as that of the dialogue called "Culture," that is herewith appended:

I didn't quite catch her name when old Shaw presented me to her, and I must have shown it by staring rather blankly, for as we passed into the dining room he leaned back and whispered something, but it was lost in the buzz of hungry conversation, and I sat down to dinner without the faintest idea as to who she was, and I doubted if she knew me. But not for long. She began:

"How do you like the Ibsen performances?" With that my heart fell. She didn't know me, and I was in for it.

"Oh," said I, rather nonchalantly, but full of trepidation, for I wasn't sure whether Ibsen was a new acrobat or a pianist, or what. You can never tell where these Boston women are going to break out next, anyhow. "Oh, I didn't care for him. A little too much, don't you think?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, "he is very strong."

I thought it was an acrobat. Ever since Sandow was in Boston they've been crazy over 'em.

"Too much muscle on his neck," said I at a venture.

"What a queer way to put it. Tell me, is that a new expression?" She took a little tablet with a gold pencil attached from somewhere, and prepared to write.

"You see," she said, "I am making a list of unusual idioms, colloquialisms, and bits of slang. I intend, some day, to trace their growth, development, and passage into general use. 'Too much muscle on his neck.' I think that most expressive and full of connotation. It might be applied with equal appropriateness to parts of Browning, and I think it describes Sudermann perfectly."

As she proceeded with this I could feel my appetite slipping from me. I gulped at a glass of wine, and was dimly conscious that there was no escape. She went on: "It has just flashed on my mind; I think I've traced the origin of it already."

"The origin of what?" said I, a little wildly.

"The expression 'Too much muscle on his neck.' It must be derived from a conjunction of the two very common phrases, 'To have a thing on the brain,' and 'To get it in the neck.'"

"'Yes," rejoined I, feebly, "that seems very plausible." I made mental note of the fact that the one was especially applicable to her and the other to me. She evidently had something on the brain, and I was getting it in the neck. When I emerged from the maziness of this thought, she was holding an animated conversation, as she thought, with me, but in reality with herself.

"Do you know," she was saying, "this is quite the most interesting expression I've run across in some time; its perfectly evident connection with the two I've mentioned, added to the elusiveness of that connection, makes it, in many respects, the most important and interesting on my list."

"I am very glad to have been able to give it to you," said I, with a ghastly attempt at looking pleasant.

"But tell me," she went on, having put away her tablet, "which do you really think he is best in, 'The Pillars of Society' or 'The Master Builder'?"

"Who?" said I, absently. I had forgotten all about the acrobat.

"Why, Ibsen."

"Oh, yes, Ibsen," I laughed nervously. "Why, I think he was better in 'The Master Builder.' That is a much better test of pure strength. The 'Pillars of Society' is a mere trick. Salvini did the same thing in 'Samson,' and he was nothing but a big, soft Italian."

"I quite agree with you regarding the strength in 'The Master Builder,' but I don't quite understand your other comparison," she said.

I didn't understand it myself, and I didn't see how she expected to. I supposed, of course, the "Pillars of Society" and "The Master Builder" were the names of acrobatic acts, and I simply bluffed about Salvini in "Samson," as the "Pillars of Society" sounded about like the scene where he pulls the temple down about him. It was time to change the subject. That was plain. So with cool irrelevance I asked:

"Have you read 'Chimmie Fadden'?" It was an immense relief to find that she followed the diversion.

"No," she replied, "I have little or no chance to read ordinary biography. I am engaged this winter almost entirely on the history of slang, and what time I have aside from that, is devoted to the Browning and Walt Whitman clubs and the Christian Science Circle; besides I take two courses at the Harvard Annex—one on Dante, the other on the town tax during the Middle Ages; so you see I have little time for outside reading."

"Yes," gasped I, "I see."

An hour later I was reviving, with the aid of one of old Shaw's cigars and a glass of cognac. "Tell me," said I, "that Miss—a—a—what's-her-name. She's some sort of a new woman, isn't she?"

"I guess not," said old Shaw. "We've had that kind in Boston ever since I can remember."

"Indeed?" I remarked vaguely.

## ONE MONTH'S LITERATURE

### Fact and Fiction in the February Magazines.

The "Cosmopolitan's" leading article in this month's number is by Frederic Remington, with the author's illustrations, and is called "Vagabonding With the Tenth Horse." Remington is improving rapidly in the art of story-telling, and it will not be long before his pictures will not be called upon to excuse the article that they commonly accompany. "Vagabonding With the Tenth" is a sketch of the marching of a colore- cavalry regiment in the neighborhood of Fort Assiniboine, and is full of good description and character study. Other articles are "The American Ostrich," by W. M. Gray: "Winter Days in Florence," by Edgar Fawcett, and a capital description of the lottery system in Germany, under the title of "A Fool's Paradise," by Wolf Von Shierbrand. Four chapters of Conan Doyle's exciting serial, "Uncle Bernac," appear in this number.

Lippincott's novelette for this month is an extremely interesting story, somewhat on the Jules Verne order is "Under the Pacific," by Clarence Hubert New. Mr. New's hero is a young New Yorker by the name of Harry Stevens, who attempts by means of diving bells to penetrate to the hold of a sunken treasure galleon. The tale is really thrilling, and Stevens' exploits are backed up by that array of data, facts and figures so dear to the readers of the "scientific novel." "Marrying in the Fifteenth Century," by Emma Bailey Stone, is a charming little sketch of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages. The poems of the number are from Clarence Urmy, Julian Hawthorne, and Jean Wright. The contribution of the last named author, "Death an Epicurean," is a particularly strong bit of verse.

Though a little late in appearance, Harding Davis' description of the coronation of the Czar, in the February Harper's, is the last and best work on what may be considered the most brilliant event of the end of the century. It is recounted in Mr. Davis' best style, simple, straightforward, and original in its point of view. Mr. Davis had exceptional advantages for viewing the coronation, as he was one of only six Americans who gained admittance to the cathedral, while such a man as Sir Edwin Arnold and Frederick Villiers were denied. Mr. Davis represented Harper's Monthly and the New York "Journal" on this occasion, and his description of the trials and tribulations of the correspondent is amusing in the extreme.

Poultney Bigelow still continues to write of "White Man's Africa," and treats intelligently of the President of the Orange Free State. The fifth number of Du Maurier's Marlian also appears, and will doubtless attract more attention than any other of the contributions. The short stories by John a'Becket, Octave Thanet and Sara Beaumont Kennedy are the least interesting features of the issue, sadly lacking as they are in originality or force.

The war in its various phases, the characters of the men involved, and the reasons for the collapse of the Confederacy furnish The Century with the material for the leading articles of this month. "Why The Confederacy Failed" is the title under which are grouped a half dozen papers by prominent Southern Generals. The papers are extremely interesting and cast many a new side-light upon the Lost Cause. Stephen Crane has at last made his appearnace in this magazine. He makes his debut upon this new stage with a story—joined with a capital illustration by Remington—called "A Man and Some Others." It is a splendid tale, perhaps one of the best Mr. Crane has written, even though there is a somewhat strong suggestion of Owen Wister throughout. It is merely the incident of the murder of a sheepherder by Mexicans, but is related in a graphic, pungent style that gives it all the dignity of a tragedy. An article on Monotypes by W. A. Coffin is an interesting paper in the revival of an old art. One o fthe best contributions is from the pen of Talbot Kelly, illustrated by himself, in which he describes the desert life of the Bedouins. Mr. Kelly lived with the nomads for a season, and speaks as one having authority.

The Bookman congratulates itself on its existence in this number, and says it is not because of complaisant vanity it does so, but merely out of gratitude for favors received. It announces the possession of a large circulation, the degree and variety of which is not attested. Much the best feature of The Bookman is the department of paragraphs in which is detailed news of authors and general comment on books. Editor Peck's gossip is both biographical and social. We learn of the marrying and giving in marriage of his subjects, and he is also at pains to deny rumors of engagements which appear to him erroneous. In the February number he devotes himself to a critical consideration of William Dean Howells, whose "Lady of the Aroostook" he pronounces the most perfect story that American literature has yet produced. Editor Peck is described as one of those industrious geniuses who sometimes devote themselves to literature and journalism, instead of manufacturing or commerce. It is said he writes everything his magazine contains but the correspondence and the poetry. The names signed to the articles are but noms des plume to conceal his personal identity. Doubtless this is a fiction instigated by some successful rival.

There are thirty portraits of George Washington in the February McClure's, which is a mighty interesting publication. "Captain Courageous" is easily first among the magazine serials, and the current installment is magnificent work. An admirable passage is the discription of the fog on the banks through which the Atlantic liner, running twenty knots an hour, looms out. Only Kipling could render, as it is given here, the life of the fishermen, their jokes and badinage. Indeed, they are splendid and living pictures armed with the atmosphere of the sea. In the number is a short story by William Allen White, who wrote the editorial in the Emporia Gazette, "What's the Matter With Kansas?" It is "The Home Coming of Colonel Hucks," and there is real feeling and a fine flavor in it. Colonel Hucks is not necessarily a Kansas man; he is a Westerner, and the emotion which fills him and his wife is the universal sentiment of the colonist returned home. It is beautifully rendered here.

Professor Max Muller, in the current 'Cosmopolis," prints some recollections of the historian Froude, who was one of his dearest friends. Froude was always a storm center in England, and he had more enemies than anybody. Some account of him from the hand of an intimate, himself a man of the first intellectual rank, will be appreciated. Stories cluster around the publication of Froude's first book, which so wildly fluttered the dovecotes of clerical England. Professor Muller tells one:

His favorite pursuits lay in natural science. He knew every flower, every bird, every fish, and every insect in his neighborhood, and he had imbibed a belief in the laws of nature, which represented to him indirectly the thoughts of God. When, therefore, after a long continuance of drought, the bishop of his diocese ordered him to have a special prayer for rain he simply declined. He would pray for the good gifts of Heaven, offer thanks to God for all that He was pleased to send in His wisdom, but he would not put our small human wisdom against the Divine wisdom; he would not specify what he thought was good for us, for God knew best. He had no difficulty in persuading his farmers and laborers that if they had any trust in God, and any reverence for the Divine wisdom that rules the world, they would place all their troubles and cares before Him in prayer, but they would not beg for anything which, in His wisdom, He withheld from them. "Thy will be done;" that was his prayer for rain. There was a great commotion in ecclesiastical dove-cotes, most of all in Episcopal palaces. All sorts of punishments were threatened, but Kingsley remained throughout most respectful, but most determined. He would not degrade his sacred office to that of a rain-maker or medicine-man, and he carried his point. "In America we manage these things better!" said an American friend of Kingsley's. "A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our States would pray for rain. The rain came, and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring State caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain again after that."

That was true. He had stirred the fire. A hot discussion followed all over the kingdom. Froude was treated as a rebel. He was driven from his fellowship in Oxford. For a long time his enemies kept him poor, but the reading public came at last to recognize the value of his luminous, splendid prose, despite the hatred envy of the chorus of reviewers, perhaps because of that chorus.

Charles Kingsley, as well as Froude, was one of Max Muller's intimates, and like Froude, Kingsley was poor in his younger days. The professor tells this story of Kingsley's uncompromising attachment to principle:

I knew him through all his phases. I knew him first when he was still a fellow of Exeter College. I was at that time often with him in his rooms in High street, opposite to Saint Mary's Church, when he was busy writing novels, and I well remember passing an evening with him and trying to find a name for the novel which afterwards appeared under the title of "Nemesis of Faith." I saw him almost daily while his persecution at Oxford was going on, gaining strength every day. He had to give up his fellowship, on which he chiefly depended. I will not repeat the old story that his novel was publicly burnt in the quadrangle of Exeter College. The story is interesting as showing how quickly a myth can spring up, even in our own time, if only there is some likelihood in it, and something that pleases the popular taste. What really happened was as I was informed at the time by Froude himself, no more than that one of the tutors (Dr. Sewell) spoke about the book at the end of one of his college lectures. He warned the young men against the book, and asked whether anybody had read it. One of the undergraduates produced a copy which belonged to him. Dr. Sewell continued his sermonette, and, warming with his subject, he finished by throwing the book, which did not belong to him, into the fire, at the same time stirring the coals to make them burn. Of what followed there are two versions. Dr. Sewell, when he had finished, asked his class, "Now, what have I done?" "You have burned my copy," the owner of the book said, in a sad voice, "and I shall have to buy a new one. The other version of the reply was, "You have stirred the fire, sir."

The last is curious, instructive. It is an example of the English practice of accepting as true the effort of some graceless American joker who has been amusing himself by what he would call "stuffing a Britisher." There is no particular objection to such acceptance from this side if there is none from the other.

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## HORSES

### Racers and Racing of the Week -- Comment on the "Sport of Kings."

Wet and sormy weather has made race-going of late more a pain than a pleasure. As a consequence form shown by the horses engaged has for the most part been variable, and scratchings from the daily card abundant.

The performances of the new crop of two-year-olds have not displayed any striking excellence, and probably the best of that division have yet to sport silk. Locally bred ones have failed so far to earn their share of glory, though in numbers, it is almost needless to say, they are in the majority. Amongst the lot nothing has pleased the talent better than Outlay, a remarkably nice looking chestnut colt by Owas, out of Viola, dam of The Sinner. The youngster ran a good second to Free Lady (Free Knight—Fauna III), on Monday last, giving the filly eight pounds and, with the worst of the start, showing evidences of speed and courage. This colt made top price ($750) at the late Haggin sale in this city, and bids fair to prove that Eugene Leigh made no mistake in his purchase.

Of the three-year-olds imp. Sain (St. Serf—The Task) has shown that he is running into form, and, if it be right to conclude from his appearance to the eye, that he is still short of being thoroughly fit, we have yet to see how good a colt he really is. Like all of the St. Simon strain he seems to take kindly to the distance of ground, judged by the comfortable manner in which he went out and galloped over his field in the mile and a quarter race on Tuesday last. On that occasion the useful Greyhurst, who was giving him seven pounds, made several attempts to take his measure, but was each time shaken off in a manner that showed the St. Serf colt to be good, honest metal. With a slight let-up now and careful placing, he should be worth following hereafter. It must be borne in mind, however, that the time for this race was not fast, even allowing for the going being a bit heavy. Greyhurst, who has done his full share of late, was running perhaps beyond his distance, and after the race looked a size small. The smooth work of imp. Sain alongside the action of the former was an object lesson in race horse moevment.

It was painful to see poor old Senator Grady, who in his day has been stripped for the fray with such cattle as Henry of Navarre and Domino, and earned honors, pulled out for a $350 purse, and with only one sound leg to his credit, having to sink his flag to such an one as Monita. The old gelding is still good to look at for one who enjoys seeing a good type.

Not often does an uncertificated stranger give us a surprise here on his first appearance at the post, but on Monday King William, the four-year-old son of Spendthrift and imp. Kapanga, turned the trick cleverly. As a youngster he was highly thought of, but had to be laid on the shelf on account of a defective hoof. He will now bear watching.

---

A convention has been formally entered into between the representatives of the two local jockey clubs, providing for the close of this season's racing in May, the California Jockey Club to wind up on the 1st, and the Pacific Coast Jockey Club on the 15th of that month. It has been further agreed that racing shall open at Ingleside next season on the 1st of November for two weeks, when the California Jockey Club shall follow on at Emery Villa, fortnightly meetings alternating at each track for an entire period of six months, and the same arrangement to be maintained for two years from November next. The tracks are not to be used during the recess for running races, but may be enlisted, if desired, for trotting meetings. This announcement has been well received, and it is to be hoped the scheme will be found to work well.

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The drying-out properties of the Ingleside track during the recent almost continuous rains have been the subject of generally favorable comment, and have shown that a good winter track is simply a question of sense and skill in building, and not merely a matter of meteorological sufferance. Would that the road cobblers would take a lesson therefrom.

The Ingleside authorities, having resolved to decline entries for horses known to be troublesome at the post, owners will more than ever see the necessity of taking steps to avert or remedy this failon the part of their various properties, which will otherwise become practically valueless, so far as racing here is concerned. In nine cases out of ten the mischief is caused in the first instance by neglect to mouth the young things properly when breaking, and aggravated by uneducated jockeyship; and, therefore, can be obviated by the exercise of proper care and sense on the part of those interested.

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Extended meetings in Montana, Oregon and British Columbia are on the tapis for the coming summer, all of which will no doubt present inducements to stables operating here this winter, whose resources are adapted for or necessities likely to be served by a perennial campaign in the West. At any rate, this development of racing enterprise must tend to reassure owners of blood stock on this side of the continent, where values are apt to be uncertain, more especially when the game lacks scope and spirit in the Eastern and Middle States, as it did so sorely last season. It is only fair to say, however, that in the case of the latter sections of the country prospects for the immediate future show improvement.

---

A movement is on foot to present a petition to the Commissioners for a bridle path or two in Golden Gate Park. In a small way the necessity for such was formerly recognized, but nothing of the kind now exists. It is thought that if the matter be properly brought before the Commissioners they may be induced to provide a bridle road, say from the new bridge out to the beach between the main roadway to the Cliff House and the northern boundary of the Park. An inspection of the ground has shown that it would be a very simple and inexpensive matter to cut out, say a sixteen-foot bridle road, which would be sufficient width for two riders abreast going in opposite directions, and if the road were allowed to wind gracefully at the existing grades of the land, it would make a most enjoyable place for a canter. At present riders on horseback have to run the gauntlet of the rapidly driven vehicles and bicycles which monopolize the roadway, and their horses, moreover, suffer in legs and feet from being confined to the hard roads. Public parks of the kind elsewhere invariably provide such accommodation as is here alluded to, and it is to be hoped the suggestion may be adopted.

---

It is very satisfactory to be able to note that at their recent annual meeting the Pacific Coast Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association adopted a resolution vouchsafing their hearty support to the Horse Show, the Board of Directors being instructed to appoint a committee to render assistance to the Horse Show Association in securing support from breeders and owners of light harness horses in particular. Union is strength, and in such action, spontaneous and broad-minded, there is discernible a spirit becoming to horse-buyers, and which, where they are met together, is seldom found wanting, though there may be individual likes and dislikes of breeds and styles. A man's fancy is pretty much the result of his education and experience, and the person who devotes himself to the thoroughbred, the hackney, or any other type, has no more reason for regarding another, who bestows his favors on the trotting horse, as not worth thinking about, than the man who plays the piano has to scorn one who prefers the violin for the exercise of his skill. Horsemen should be catholic in their instincts, however special may be their tastes, and, in show matters especially, realize that in the present circumstances of this State any horse show, to be successful, needs the support of every one interested in the important industry affected. In these days the modern horse show has usurped the place of the old-time fair, with improved conditions and attractions, and anything that can be done to accentuate this fact here will secure for the local event a sound basis and a series of fixtures that will exercise the best possible influence in horse matters in this part of the world. It is only right to say that the Horse Show management has made every effort hitherto to obtain the support of trotting-horse breeders and owners, and this recognition by their leading society must be most acceptable.

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## AS THE WORLD WAGS

### Gossip of the Bradley-Martin Ball—Gertrude Atherton's New Book.

The Bradley-Martin ball is proving a fertile text for the New York papers. The space given the affair is amusingly out of proportion to its real importance. We are told the function is to be the ball of the century, eclipsing in magnificence the famous event which ushered the Vanderbilt clan into New York society. One hears of champagne to be served in fountains, of an outfit of silk stockings for the servitors to cost $1,400, of continuous suppers and of innumerable other extravagances. A Dr. Rainsford, pastor of St. George's, a fashionable Episcopal Church, joins with Russell Sage, a well known New York miser, in denouncing the entertainment as unpardonably extravagant. The "Journal," which has achieved a pitch of vulgarity the "World" hardly eclipses, goes into daily ecstacies over the costumes and the cost, and presents yards of fake information about the costumes and the arrangements. Another fertile writer points out that though the affair is the Bradley-Martin ball, but little has been heard of the head of that house and much about its mistress. It is understood that the role of Mr. B. M. is the background. The ball is to be opened with four quadrilles—one a Pompadour, another the Du Barry, each under the direction of a society leader. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Elisha Dyer and the hostess are the quartette of leaders. Mrs. Whitney, we are told, is to be Madame de Sillery, Mrs. Astor Marie Antoinette. The prohibition of all hackneyed costumes, such as peasants, flower girls, shepherdesses, and the like, while it will greatly enhance the beauty and distinction of the ball, will probably produce a uniformity in the appearance of the guests which will make the dance more of a bal poudre than a fancy-dress affair. For there is nothing easier for a woman than to get up a marquise's dress of the Louis Seize period. With a grandmother's trunk, a quantity of old lace, jewels ad libitum, and a small face, graceful head, with an artistic colorist, a woman who has never posed for a beauty will fall in love with the first glimpse she gets of herself in the mirror. Mrs. Martin has limited her guests only to certain periods of time, and left them all the countries of the world to choose from.

Violet does not seem to have decreased in popularity this season, in spite of its having been the rage last winter. It is the most prominent color at all fashionable functions, and its general use is especially noticeable to any one who will stand at the back of a well-filled audience room. Waists and costumes, stocks and garnitures, of violet are seen on at least one-third of the women present, and the flower itself is everywhere in evidence, worn as a corsage bouquet, embowered with black feathers on a "picture hat," or with other flowers upon a dress bonnet, tucked in the belt, pinned on the shoulder, carried in the hand, while the breath of violet perfume makes the air unpleasantly heavy at times—at least this is what Harper's Bazar says.

The admirable and most marvelous New York paper, for which Will Hearst is responsible, tells us that tattooing is the latest fad in the English metropolis. The Earl of Craven's back has been decorated with his coat of arms, the Duke of York has a neat design on his left shoulder blade. The practitioner who is decorating the nobility in London is Dr. Macdonald, who does effects in blue, green, brown and red. His studio is on Jermyn street, and is decorated in most artistic style. The patient reclines on soft couches and is treated with morphine to remove sensibility of pain. Steel and ivory needles are used to produce the proper effect, and we are assured that the achievement of an elaborate design requires several months.

A certain Otton von Boyesi-Loifling—a Viennese nobleman, a journalist by profession, put up at the Waldorf recently, and was advertised as an heiress hunter by the new journalism. He wrote subsequently to the "Journal," detailing his experiences. As soon as his rank was mouthed around, he received invitations right and left, was offered countless introductions to millionaires. He tabulated this, the results of his exhibition:

Capital stock: Title, 200 years old, with enough money to enable me to take this short vacation and then return to my profession of journalism in Vienna. Result, after two weeks at the Waldorf:

Opportunities of marriage: Ladies worth from $100,000 to $250,000, five; ladies worth from $250,000 to $500,000 two; ladies worth from $250,000 to $500,000, three; ladies worth from $500,000 to $750,000, two; ladies worth over $750,000, two.

Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "Patience Sparhawk," has much to say of the New York woman:

The New York girl has the face of the American aftermath, and a skin like tinted jade, but she has no figure to speak of; a long-legged creature with a whole tiger inside of her. * * * Or she is of the snub-nosed marble statue order, which is another type of the swagger New York set. She moves her thin limbs with dexterity, but can hardly be called graceful, and she snorts in a gentle, lady-like way. She's a whole rattlesnake and no mistake, yet she rarely hits hard, and merely spits occasionally. * * * Bright-eyed and splendidly groomed, she divides her time between smoking cigarettes, talking scandal, reading French novels and manicuring her nails.

There are lots of married women privately known as "friskies" that the straight-laced matron would shudder to think of excluding from her visiting list. There are just about as many good women as bad. * * * Half the women in society are good wives and devoted mothers. The other half, girls and married women, old and young, are no better than your Rosita. Sometimes their motives are no higher. Usually, though, it's craving for excitement. I don't blame those much myself. The most fascinating woman I know is larky. The relative sinlessness of these women must be conceded, but their purity is uninteresting because it is that of the people mentally limited and possessed of the fad of the unintellectual. Moreover, they have their erotism, the oddest, most unreal and harmless erotism the world has known in the last two thousand years; and, after all, quite incidental. Every keen eye had long since observed that the old maids are far more religious than the married women, that the girls cool perceptibly to the great abstraction as soon as a concrete candidate is approved.

The costly bathroom which was to adorn the private suite of Mrs. Spreckels-Watson in the brown-stone Spreckels mansion on Van Ness avenue is generously described in the NewYork "Herald." One is accustomed to note that each new bathroom a newspaper describes is the finest in America. The tiles, it seems, were designed by Miss Spreckels herself, and cost $2,000. The room is small, the floor inlaid with mosaic tiles in neutral tints. Over the bathtub is a decorated panel composed of six-inch tiles, representing in rich colors two women bathing, one assisting a little youngster to swim. The tub is decorated in the same spirit as the tiling, the figures modeled on it representing a group of very proper looking nereids on a coral reef. The frieze shows a collection of sportive cupids. The washstand is a combination of gold and onyx with ivory tiling. The table is of onyx, the hot and cold water faucets of gold, and the rods supporting the table and washstand are of the same metal. A stained-glass window furnishes illumination. The door is of solid oak, an electric chandelier hangs from the ceiling, and the general effect is simply magnificent. I am inclined to think, however, that the apartment hardly compares with the splendid bathroom in the Huntington house in New York.

There is a "soft answer" which does not by any means "turn away wrath." On the contrary, it excites an impotent rage that is all the more intense because it cannot be expressed. "How very quiet and dull this winter has been!" said Mrs. Highflyer, from Chicago, who had, in her own estimation, successfully conquered New York society. "Oh, you won't find it dull or quiet when you really know people," answered her friend and rival, sweetly. "You have got a new gown," said the wife of one partner to the helpmeet of another, whose smart friends gave the former enemy a secret pang of envy. "Oh, no," exclaimed the latter, who did not wish to seem extravagant. "I have had it all winter." "But I have never seen you wear it," said the other, incredulously. "I dare say not, dear," replied her friend, goaded at length into the "soft answer," "I have only worn it at the A.'s and the M.'s."

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Speaking of champagnes, the Moet & Chandon brand appears now to be the favorite among swelldom. Unaided by the influence of caterers or leaders so frequently employed, Moet & Chandon has captured New York cultured society. The brand was much in evidence at the Patriarchs' ball, was served exclusively at the Washington Gridiron Club banquet (of international epicurean repute), and also at the New Year party of O. H. P. Belmont.—Hotel Gazette.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

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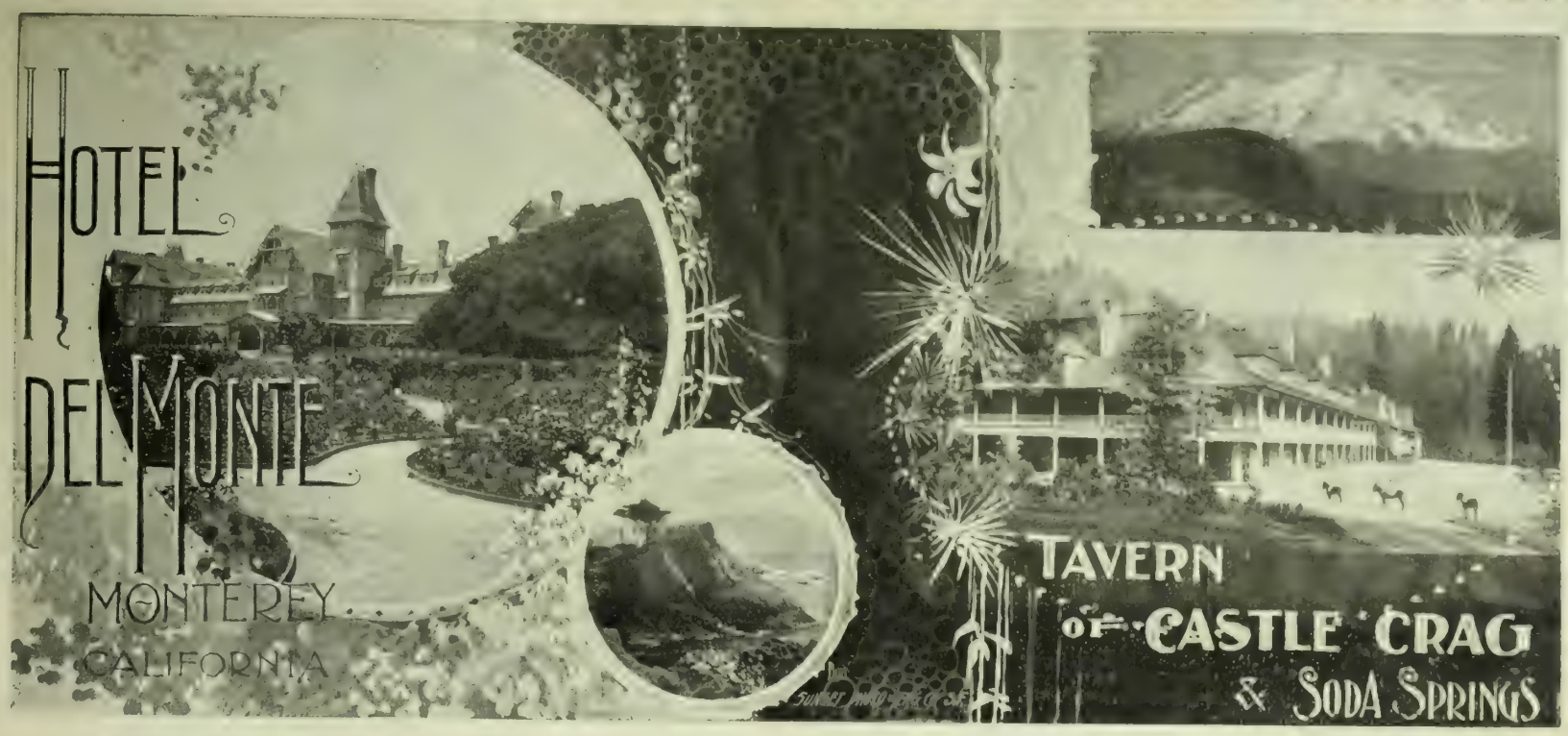


CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, MANAGER

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—Department No. 3.

Hannah Anglin, Plaintiff, vs. Maurice Anglin, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Maurice Anglin, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion and abandonment of plaintiff for upwards of six years next prior to the commencement of this action, and for a judgment and decree awarding to this plaintiff the sole custody and control of Mary Catherine Anglin, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six (1896).

[Seal] C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.
Lane & Lane, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF F. M. L. PETERS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Martha E. Peters, administratrix of the estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARTHA E. PETERS,
Administratrix of the Estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 14, 1897.
Gavin McNab, Att'y for Administratrix.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 9—Probate.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given, that Thursday, the 11th day of February, A.D. 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Sarah Smith, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. R. Felter for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration with the said will annexed.

Dated January 20th, A.D. 1897.

CHAS. F. CURRY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. F. Northrop, Dep. Clerk.
F. P. KELLY, Attorney for Petitioner.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Julia Consolidated Mining Company**

Assessment No. 28
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied January 21, 1897
Delinquent in office January 26, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, March 19, 1397

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.
Office, room 56, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMEMT NOTICE—BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 49) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of February, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 11th day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, S. F.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE—BEST AND BELCHER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 26th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 61) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on 2d day of March, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the 23d day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California

## The Wave's Clubbing List

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

"Black Jack" Percival, who was a naval captain before the war, once brought a cargo of Spanish jacks home in a man-of-war. He was in Spanish waters when the jacks were given to the United States by Spain, and was ordered to bring them out in his ship. It made him very angry, but he got the beasts aboard and sailed for New York. When he came through the Narrows, the guns had been rolled back, and out of every port there stuck a jack's head. Thus decked out and without a salute he came to his anchorage. The admiral commanding sent post haste to demand why Captain Percival had not saluted. "I didn't salute," was the doughty captain's answer, "because I couldn't. I had two men twisting every jack's tail, but not a damned one of them would bray."

M. Thiers, the great French statesman, once fought a duel over a girl of Aix, whose father had come to the conclusion that young Thiers, then a student, ought to marry her. "I deemed it wiser," Thiers says, "to spend a few minutes with a weapon about which I knew nothing than to spend a lifetime with a woman about whom I knew a great deal too much." And so the meeting came off, the opponents standing at twenty paces. Thiers' bullet went nobody knows where; that of the irate parent passed through his hat, an inch above his head. Referring to the circumstance, "Cham," in the "Petite Presse," afterwards remarked: "If Thiers had not been so little, he would never have become so great."

One of the Rothschilds, anxious to wipe out the stigma of cautious peacefulness under which his race labors, gave notice in the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war that he would present a handsome sum of money to any Hebrew soldier in the German army who might capture a French flag. Such capture was made, and in due course the Jewish warrior came up for the promised reward. After he had received it the delighted donor invited the recipient into his private room and begged him to recount the glorious episode. "Well, my lord, it was in this way," said the hero: "the French soldier who carried the Eagle was also one of the Race, so we did it on joint account."

Joseph Chamberlain is noted for his facility in silencing opponents. During the "Home Rule" agitation he was charged with treachery for deserting Mr. Gladstone. He spoke before an audience in Bermingham. They appeared unfriendly, and in the middle of one of his sentences he was interrupted by a shrill outcry of "Judas! Judas! Judas!" Chamberlain did not pause to finish his sentence. He smiled, glanced up at the gallery, and replied instantly: "Not Judas, but Joseph betrayed by his brethren." The quick retort delighted the audience and he was allowed to finish his speech.

At the last Drawing Room held by the Queen, Lord Carrington, in announcing the names of the ladies presented, according to his duty as Lord Chamberlain, got mixed, and announced a certain Mrs. M. as "Lady M." Thereupon the Queen bent forward to greet her with the kiss on the cheek that is always given to wives and daughters of Peers. As she bent, Lord Carrington found out his mistake, turned extremely pale, and gasped out: "Don't kiss her, ma'am, don't kiss her; she's not a lady at all!"

At a confirmation service in a Scottish country church, the rector was catechising the children. "What is your name?" he asked a strapping girl of thirteen, the only daughter of the village boniface. He received no reply. "What is your name?" said the minister, in a more peremptory way. "Nin o' yer fun, parson; ye kna ma neame verra weel. Duon't ye say, whon ye're at our house on a neet: 'Bet, bring me a pint o' yell'?" The congregation, in spite of the sacredness of the place, was on a broad grin.

Two Irishmen were quarreling over political and national differences. O'Grady said to Daly: "You are a renegade and a turncoat!" "Indade and I'm not," said Daly. "Shure I know me own mind, and can't I follow me convictions?" "Convictions! Shure phat do you know about convictions? You call yourself Daly, and everyone knows when you struck this country first you had an 'O' on your name big enough for a life-preserver!"

Bonnat, the artist, sitting next to M. Maspero at a great dinner one night, said to him: "Maspero, you who are so near-sighted, tell me how does M. ——, away down there at the foot of the table, appear to you?" "Well," replied M. Maspero, "I see a white spot, which I know is his shirt front, and a flesh-colored spot, which I know is his face." "Ah," cried Bonnat. "how I wish my pupils could see things in that way!"

The Emperor of Austria is not a witty man, but one of the few smart things he ever uttered was about the desirability of making the best of a matrimonial bad bargain. "As you make your bed you must lie on it," he is credited with having said to his son shortly before the tragedy of Meyerling. "True," was the answer; "but you need not lie together on it."

On a recent Sunday the clergyman of a parish church in Kent was reading the notices for the week, and concluded by saying: "There will be christening next Sunday at ten-thirty." He then slowly walked to the pulpit. Suddenly turning toward the congregation, he remarked in severe tones: "Remember, Mrs. Tomlinson, I said ten-thirty. A year ago you were late, I believe."

Roswell Horr was making a strong protection speech in Providence one night, when there was a hoarse cry from a freetrader in the gallery: "Where does the wool come from?" "Out west where I was brought up," replied Mr. Horr. "We got it mostly by shearing the sheep's back!"


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The Controversy on the Architecture of the New Postoffice Building

# THE WAVE

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VOL XVI. No. 7 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

CASTING A STATUE

THE LAST STEP IN THE PROCESS OF CASTING THE MAIN FIGURE OF THE NATIVE SONS' MONUMENT PRESENTED TO THE CITY BY JAMES D. PHELAN

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CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| The Controversy on the Architecture of the New Post-office; by J. P. Irish, A. C. Schweinfurth and Willis Polk | 3 |
| The Situation in Chinatown | 4 |
| The Making of a Statue | 4 |
| The Property Woman: a story by Francois Coppee | 5 |
| About Personages | 5 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| The Monterey Fisheries | 7 |
| Views of a Chinese Fishing Village on Monterey Bay | 8 |
| Strange Gods in Town | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres; by Peg Woffington | 11 |
| Ormonde Himself Again; by Benedict | 12 |
| "The Triumph of Death": a Review | 13 |
| As the World Wags | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## OUR MILITARY POLICY.

Recent dispatches from Washington indicate great activity in the ranks of the military lobby at the Capital. The science of lobbying is not generally understood to be included in a military education, but the art itself seems to be cultivated and, in some degree, successfully practiced by some gentlemen of the profession of arms. If the military proficients in the gentle art of influencing legislation could be trusted to exert their skill in support of measures really designed for the good of the military service, there would be no reason whatever for commenting adversely on their activity; but we find that the lobbyist is still a lobbyist, even when he wears a uniform—or, rather, when he is presumed to have a uniform, which he does not wear. For your military lobbyist has a wholesome fear of your populist legislator, and he goes not a-field in shining blue and glittering gold and brass. But, just as craftily as his civilian brother, he knows how to put on a mighty zeal for the public welfare as a cloak for the private and personal advantage which are the real ends he seeks. For instance, the Military Committee of the Senate has been favored recently with some information relating to a pending bill for the reorganization of the line of the army. This measure contemplates an enlargement of the artillery force by increasing the number of regiments by two, while reducing the number of officers in each regiment, an arrangement supposed to be made necessary by our rapidly developing system of coast defenses. We have had occasion to refer briefly to this programme for the artillery in some comments which we have made recently on the amazing pranks played by the highest military authorities with the artillery garrison of this harbor, and we shall resume the discussion of this interesting subject in a future number. Sufficient to the day are those provisions of this amazing "reorganization" bill which affect the infantry regiments of the army.

Briefly, then, we have now twenty-five regiments of infantry of ten companies each. Each regiment is provided with a Colonel, a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Major; each company is officered by a Captain and two Lieutenants. It is a strong regiment of our infantry which can turn out with 500 men present for duty under arms. And now it is gravely proposed by this preposterous bill to turn this handful of soldiers into a three-battalion regiment of the European model. How? By adding a thousand or more men to the 500 in the ranks? That would make the proportion of officers to enlisted men come nearer to the European ratio, but there is nothing in such a result that commends it to the military lobbyist, whose admiration for the European model has its limits, as well as its uses. No, the feat of turning one slender battalion of 500 men into three "battalions" is to be accomplished by adding to the organization two Majors, two Captains, and four Lieutenants, eight additional officers, and not a single additional soldier. If "battalions" are what we need, and if they can be had in this fashion, surely they are cheap enough. As civilians we look to our military sages for guidance in military matters, and generally we are quite ready to accept their dicta as to the details of their profession; but this proposition is too difficult for the civilian mind, and long consideration of it leads only to deeper darkening of counsel. It is plain that what the people want in the military service is a force of fighting men so organized as to give a maximum of military efficiency in the number enrolled. Now, if by merely adding a few officers to a battalion, that battalion becomes, by act of Congress, three battalions, with a corresponding increase in fighting efficiency, why, in the name of plain civilian common sense, can we not tack on a few more officers and so convert our one lean battalion into a glorious line of six, or ten, or twenty battalions? Officers are moderately expensive, to be sure, but so are enlisted soldiers, and if by the addition of only 200 officers we can multiply by three the military weight of our infantry without adding to it a single man carrying a musket, we may well think that we have found a military bargain-counter.

Some of the reasons vehemently advanced in support of the bill are as remarkable as the bill itself. The General commanding the army assures the Senate that the bill ought to be made into a law immediately; that any delay is fraught with peril to our national safety and our national honor; and that the only nations other than our own that still retain the ten-company regiment are the Chinese and the Persians. We have had occasion to remark recently that there are other Mongolian peculiarities of our military service which might with advantage be dispensed with, and for the elimination of which no appropriation of money is necessary; and at a time no more remote than the date of his last annual report it appears that the commanding General had quite a different and higher opinion of the despised ten-company regiment. Perhaps he was not then informed that the Chinese were his models in that particular as well as in others. Is it possible that our most exalted military leaders can suggest no better reason for a momentous and expensive change in our military administration than that we are behind the military fashions of Europe? Is the ancient art of war reduced in these days to a mere following and copying of such military fashion-plates as may from time to time be issued by the general staff at Berlin, or from the war department in Paris, or the Horse Guards in London? If so, we might, with advantage to good order and military discipline, dispense with some of our costly Generals and substitute for them a few military milliners, who, by the way, could be readily recruited from the military lobby at Washington.

We believe that this so-called reorganization bill is a dishonest measure, and that the reasons publicly pleaded for it are not honest reasons. The real reason for which this absurd proposition is advanced, the reason which is sedulously concealed, and which would doubtless be indignantly denied by the military log-rolling lobby, is found in the consideration that the enactment of the proposed law would result in the immediate promotion of fifty Captains to the rank of Major, fifty Lieutenants to the rank of Captain, fifty sub-lieutenants to the higher grade, leaving 200 vacancies at the bottom of the rosters to be scrambled for by genteel youth who have a uniform but abhor work as a means of subsistence. What a plum for the dispensers of military patronage! All this would add not less than $500,000 to the annual expense of the military establishment, without adding an ounce to the fighting weight of our army. Verily, if it is a Chinese condition that confronts us, the theory by which we are asked to seek relief is so silly that a coolie corporal would scoff at it—unless he found himself in the line of promotion. The skill of the military lobbyist is well exhibited in the statement made by the chairman of the Military Committee of the House in reporting the bill—a statement taken almost bodily from a document furnished by the sages of the War department—in which the flood of promotions which would be caused by the passage of the bill is referred to as "merely incidental," a sort of necessary evil, perhaps, which the virtuous military lobbyist would be glad to avoid if he could. Well, there is a method by which this "merely incidental" evil could be avoided. If the three-battalion regiment is what the military reformers really want, let the chairman of the Military Committees propose a bill to bring about this result, not by splitting up one thin battalion into three squads to be called battalions, but by consolidating three one-battalion regiments into one three-battalion organization, with a provision for the retirement or mustering out of the officers who would thereby be rendered superfluous. Every advantage claimed for the European regimental organization would thereby be attained, and the reduction in the number of commissioned officers would be "merely incidental" to the improvement so much desired. Do the guileless legislators believe that the zeal of the military lobby would be exerted in support of such a bill, or that the "merely incidental" argument would not be fiercely resented by the heroes aspiring for higher rank and more pay and allowances?

We do not seriously offer this proposition as a contribution to our military policy, but solely as a test by which the Spartan quality of the military virtue of honesty may be triumphantly demonstrated. Let it be understood that we are not holding a brief for either side in this controversy, if controversy there is. No sound military argument can be made against the three-battalion organization as such, so far as we are informed. It is probably a better organization than our present one-battalion regiment. It is undeniable that a three-battalion regiment is three battalions—three honest battalions—and to attempt to hoodwink a lot of civilian legislators into the belief that the advantages of such an organization can be obtained, without the necessary battalions, and by merely adding a handful of officers to the present organization is a disreputable maneuver of which any honest officer should be ashamed. The fact is, the reorganization of the European infantry was adopted for the purpose of economizing officers, and each battalion of such a regiment carries more muskets than one of our slender regiments can muster. The European battalion was expanded to the full limit of the ability of one field officer to command in action. Should our present infantry regiments be split up into three battalions each, the command of one of our field officers would not be equal to the strength of a European company. When our military leaders and advisers boldly cite the European regiments in support of their mock scheme for reorganization, without making any reference to the relative strength of our regiments and those of the continental armies, they amply demonstrate either their professional incapacity, or their lack of what has always been reagrded as the fundamental virtue of the soldierly character. When our military lobby shall find time and courage to propose a "three-battalion bill" containing a provision for three battalions, with the necessary complement of officers, and shall support the measure with honest argument on grounds of honest military policy, every effort that we can make shall be put forth to aid in their success.

But the truth is that we, as a people, have no military policy. The reasons for this are many, no doubt, but not the least potent among them is and long has been the pernicious activity of the military lobby at Washington. It is an old and bitter cry at the Capital that it is almost impossible to secure legislation on military subjects, and this cry comes loudest from those commissioned lobbyists who are, perhaps, really unaware that they, by persistently seeking private advantage under the specious plea of a zeal for the "good of the service," have aroused in the minds of legislators an instinctive suspicion of every proposed measure which they favor with their advocacy, and generally damn by the same means. If, by any means these gentlemen can be induced to abandon the disreputable tricks of the lobby and the equally disreputable practice of log-rolling for their personal advancement, and to become what they ought to be, the real and reliable professional advisers of the Legislature in matters relating to the efficiency of their branch of the public service, it will not be long before the infantry regiments will have not a three-battalion organization but three battalions as well; and the efficiency of the entire army may be improved in many points in which improvement is loudly demanded—but not by the military lobby.

## TO SUCCEED PROFESSOR SLACK.

Judge Slack having resigned his chair in the Hastings College of the Law, it is incumbent on the trustees of that institution to name his successor, and "The Wave" takes the liberty of nominating Professor John Henry Wigmore, now of the Law Department of the Northwestern University in Chicago. Some man trained to the work of teaching law should be given this important professorate. There are scores of able and erudite lawyers at our bar, who are no more fitted to lecture and instruct in a law school than they are to play polo at Burlingame; no better adapted to captain a law school than they are to captain an ocean liner. Other things than knowledge go to make the teacher. And to no worse use could this institution be put than to make it a place of refuge for owl-eyed gentlemen, who think with their memories and interlard their lectures with reproaches on the world for its hard treatment of their worthy selves. Of this latter kind the Hastings College has seen one or two to its disadvantage.

Judge Slack's successor should be in many respects a man like himself, young, studious and up to date. He should, if possible, have knowledge of other colleges and be able to introduce modern methods of teaching. He should be of reputation for his original work. And

above all else, he should be a man of magnetism and enthusiasm, able to inspire the young men under him with a love for the law and a sense of the respectability and dignity of the profession.

All these qualifications Professor Wigmore enjoys. Although he was born in San Francisco and lived here during boyhood, his reputation is less at home than abroad. After graduating from Harvard he returned to this city for a time, and at once made himself felt among the young men of his class as a leader in the work of municipal reform. He returned to Boston, and there began the practice of the law, and wrote one or two brochures which brought to him much attention. He was the foremost advocate of the Australian ballot law, the Massachusetts law being drafted largely by him, and following this he wrote a pamphlet which was the gospel for all advocates of the system. The government of Japan sent a representative to this country several years ago to secure an American to give a two years' series of lectures on American law in the University of Tokio, and on the recommendation of the law faculty at Harvard Mr. Wigmore was offered the post and accepted. On returning to this country he was met with an offer from the Chicago College, with which he now is and for which he has contributed to the law reviews a series of valuable papers on the newer developments in our laws.

This very brief and modest review of Professor Wigmore's career serves but to show the progressive character of the man and the high opinion in which he is held by those who have known him as a law lecturer. We do not know that he could be induced to come to this city and leave the wider field of the East, but if it is possible to secure him it certainly would be the most beneficial thing that has happened to the Hastings College for many years.

In this connection it is with much approval that we notice the movement toward a higher standard of general as well as legal education that is now in evidence in this State. The trustees of Hastings College have decided to make the standard necessary for entrance practically a bachelor's degree. This keeps the institution on a level with the best of the Eastern colleges, and insures the legal profession against being flooded with a horde of law college lawyers of much keenness but of little intellectual culture. Degradation of profession must follow on this being filled with men who regard their profession as a trade and who serve by their conversation and general tone to make their work to be of no more serious or dignified a character in the public mind than that of roasting peanuts or sailing a fishing smack. There is a bill, too, before the present Legislature which would institute, if made law, a new system for the selecting of lawyers outside of law colleges. Roughly, we understand the scheme to be that those intending to study law shall pass an examination as to general education and moral character before a board of local attorneys specially selected by the bar for such purpose, and that those who are permitted to enter on the roll of students shall for the four following years take yearly oral and written examinations, showing their progress in the studies prescribed. This plan is in general conformity with that obtaining in many of the older States, being modeled somewhat after the procedure in New Jersey, a State in which the high character of the bar is proverbial. Some system certainly is needed by which the profession of the law—we may, in fact, include all the professions—will be relieved of the pressure from below of the great mass of unworth and ignorance semi-yearly introduced into the profession by loose and unsystematic instruction and examination.

The measure now pending before the Legislature, providing for an increase of the judiciary of this city and county has, it would seem, excited some opposition. It appears that more litigations are begun than can be properly handled by the departments. This is in a measure corroborated by the fact that during the year ending June 30, 1895, the total number of actions commenced was 7745. Of this number only 2234 could be disposed of. This left some 5,000 cases pending, which surplus must be added to 38,250 cases yet to be tried. It is true that many of these cases are "dead," but for all that they are liable to be resurrected at any moment. Yet, admitting that all of the pending cases are 'dead," it will, nevertheless, overtask the capacity of the departments to handle the vast amount of actions that are continually being commenced. If the yearly influx of 7,745 cases were equally divided among the several judges, it would give 643 cases to each judge to attend to in one year. It must be borne in mind, however, that there are but 208 trial days in the year, so that, even supposing the judges took no vacation—each judge is called upon to finish three cases each trial day. This is utterly impossible to do. As time goes on matters will become worse rather than better for the department, since the statistics show that the number of cases commenced each year is steadily increasing.

## AN ARCHITECTURAL CONTROVERSY

Last week THE WAVE published a picture of the new Postoffice, with comments upon the design by Willis Polk. Mr. Polk's opinion of the building has resulted in the following correspondence, which questions his judgment. It is obviously a question of more than local importance, and purely one of architectural taste.

### COLONEL IRISH IN DEFENSE.

Editor "Wave": Your reproduction of the side elevation of the new public building in this city, as it will appear from Seventh street, is a revelation to the readers of the daily press, who have seen the caricatures of the same building printed in their columns. The law which authorizes this building provides that it shall be for a postoffice, courtrooms and other federal offices—pension, land, surveyor-general, coast and geodetic survey, hydrographic office, and others not immediately connected with the revenue establishment, to which the present postoffice and appraisers' buildings will be entirely surrendered.

I have read in your columns the criticism by Mr. Willis Polk, and have heard of certain adverse comments on the plan in the columns of "The American Architect." Men who are not architects, but who have to do business or live in structures planned by members of the profession, have long wondered why it is that as soon as a member of the American institute, or chapter, or whatever it is, of architects, is appointed supervising architect of the Treasury, the members of that profession and its organ, "The American Architect," proceed to prove that he is ignorant of architecture and his plans are nondescript. The unprofessional eye sees in the side elevation of the public building for this city a pleasing exterior, the superior line broken by a pediment, the entrances arched and the arches with a garniture that is not permitted to cloy, but is agreeable by contrast with the simple arches that intervene. The building has a double front, on Mission street and on Stevenson. Over each rises a tower. As the structure covers three acres and is built around a court, its proportions require the emphasis of a tower, which could not be central on account of the court, and as a tower at one end would give the impression of a locomotive with a smokestack, each face elevation receives a tower. From a side view the effect is harmonious and each facade is appropriately accented.

Mr. Willis Polk, abstaining from suggestion of his views of what the plan ought to be, sustains California's bad eminence for attacking and destroying, and gluts his architectural rage by denouncing the facade which is not shown in the picture. To him the ensemble is "a melange of an apartment house and Madison Square Garden." He is embittered against the "monotony" of the side elevation, but in the next few lines is enraged by the ornamented arches, by which the monotony is relieved.

What would Mr. Polk have, the arches all plain or all ornamented? Would he have his face all eyebrows, all chin, or what?

Finally he asks: "Does it suggest a postoffice?" It is evident, then, that he demands that the exterior of a three-acre building shall suggest the use to which its interior is put. He wishes a building that shall cry out in the night, "I am a postoffice." He demands architecture of such an order that when people come to town they shall see it and say one to another, "That is a postoffice." But this building is for the courts, the navy pay office, etc.; why mislead the wayfarer by giving it a tongue of stone to tell that it is a postoffice? How will Mr. Polk make it "suggest" a postoffice, subtreasury and courtrooms. Will he give it a frieze representing Justice buying a postage stamp of Mercury, and Neptune taking a steam beer and a schnitzel with Pluto? But how will he "suggest" the land office, the surveyor-general's office, and the coast survey?

A straight postal pedigree may be easily "suggested," but after so many crosses how will Mr. Polk "suggest" the architectural mule that will result?

It is unfortunate that the daily press and some of our local architects have dealt in caricature and hypercriticism of this much-needed building. Their course has led to abuse of the Treasury department in the matter by correspondents of more or less ability as blackguards, and San Francisco is made a sorry show. Would it not be well to practice a little decency in the matter? Tell a little truth, and treat officers charged with these responsibilities with the common politeness and respect due to gentlemen. Then, perhaps, the building would proceed, and the few millions it will cost would go to pay the wages of labor and to purchase material.

JOHN P. IRISH.

### MR. SCHWEINFURTH CONTRIBUTES.

San Francisco, February 8, 1897.

To the Editor—Sir: In your issue of Saturday last a contributor attacks Mr. William Martin Aiken's design for the new postoffice in a manner which appears to be prompted more by ignorant motive than by refined critical instinct.

For the benefit of your contributor I would like to let him know that Mr. Aiken is the first supervising architect in many administrations who was not appointed "for political reasons." He is a Southern gentleman of education and refinement, has studied in the best school of achitecture this country affords (the Massachusetts Institute of Technology), has traveled, and had, previous to practicing for himself, served long and with great credit with the leading men of the profession in his day, H. H. Richardson and William R. Emerson, of Brooklyn and Boston, respectively.

While in California Mr. Aiken became impressed with the architectural traditions of the place, and his design is reminiscent of neither Madison Square Garden, or the other things your contributor mentions but probably has not seen save in photographs.

It is often easy to make a thing appear absurd by comparing it to something ridiculous—but in this instance the effect fails, as must appear to every one acquainted with the designs in question.

The new postoffice may fall short of Kansas and Missouri standards, but should we be fortunate enough to have Mr. Aiken's design executed, we will have for once a refined, scholarly and practical building from the hands of the Federal Government. Yours truly,

A. C. SCHWEINFURTH.

### WILLIS POLK'S REJOINDER.

Architecture being, for the sake of argument, a mere matter of taste, about which every citizen feels competent to express an opinion, there are doubtless many thoughtless citizens who will rush to the defense of Colonel Irish in his endeavor to talk good architecture into the design for the new postoffice. It is a sad thing to see as brilliant a pen as that wielded by Colonel Irish floundering in the intricacies of architectural criticism. It is also a difficult thing to match facts with his wit, to present logic to his argument, or to meet him on his own ground, chin to chin, and retain a single ounce of valor for the support of the outer works of the contention.

The wondrous visions that appear to the unprofessional eye were never dreamt of in the philosophy of Phidias or Michael Angelo. Our postoffice design may present a pleasing appearance to the unprofessional eye, as interpreted by Colonel Irish, and Colonel Irish may found a new theory of architecture, but until his followers develop the strength of a school, we will be compelled to content ourselves with accepted standards. As an aid to beginners, a few simple rules, according to Irish, might be laid down as follows:

A tower at one end of a three-acre building being suggestive of a locomotive with a smokestack—put on another smokestack.

A pleasing exterior having a superior line—break it with a pediment.

In garnishing an arch, do not permit the garniture to cloy.

If a facade is monotonous, do not despair—relieve the monotony by ornamental arches.

Do not adhere to a single motif—it is difficult.

Do not allow a building to suggest its use. A postoffice may resemble any old thing.

Do not give a building a tongue of stone by which it may proclaim its intent and use to the wayfarer. It would not then be easy to avoid jails.

Seriously, the enthusiasm of Colonel Irish is worthy a better cause. Text books on architecture are too numerous to justify a new one. They are helpful to students, and are sometimes consulted by architects. An architect's library consists of the "sermons in stone" that arise ocassionally in the world. It is not probable that the new postoffice will ever rise to the dignity of a sermon.

William Martin Aiken, the present supervising architect of the Treasury department, accepted that position after its refusal by Mr. John M. Carrere. It might be interesting to know that Mr. Carrere refused the appointment on the grounds that a serious man could not acquit himself creditably of the multitudinous duties imposed by the office. He declined double the salary which Mr. Aiken receives, and urged the adoption of the reform proposed by the American Institute of Architects.

It is unfortunate that a local discussion of the demerits of the design for our proposed postoffice should be clessed with the California predilection for detraction and abuse. The subject of the postoffice is of national importance, and postoffice designs have been under discussion for many years by the thoughtful professional men of the country. The Government building at the World's Fair afforded even those who run an opportunity to observe the effect of the methods in vogue at Washington, in comparison to the achievements of private practitioners.

When a country possesses an architectural tradition of as charming and simple a character as our pastoral missions afford, is it not a pity to note the growing tendency toward its misuse upon our city streets. With sincerest regard for Colonel Irish, and regret for a professional brother arrayed against the higher aims of his profession,

WILLIS POLK.

An important case of interest, alike to lawyers and the public, has just been decided by the Supreme Court of San Francisco. The case was brought by John Sievers, the florist, against the city to recover damages done his gardens, situated on Van Ness avenue, between Chestnut and Lombard streets. Mr. Seivers claimed that on account of the grading of Van Ness avenue above what was the official "line and grade," the accumulated storm water from the adjacent hills—deprived of its accustomed drainage because of the raising of the grade—flooded and destroyed his hothouses, gardens, etc., to the tune of $10,000. The Superintendent of Streets, though a mistake as to what was the official grade, permitted the contractor to raise the level eight feet too high. The point to be decided was whether the Superintendent of Streets or the city should be held responsible for the consequences of the mistake. The court held that the Superintendent alone was responsible. By this decision it has become law that the Superintendent of Streets, when supervising the grade of a street (under the provisions of the street law), is not a servant of the city, but a servant of the public, and the city is not responsible for his negligence, but when engaged in the construction or maintenance of a sewer he is the servant of the city and the city is responsible for his negligence. Much credit in the solution of this difficult legal problem is due to Rhodes Borden, the Assistant City Attorney, who urged the distinction upon the attention of the court with great insight and legal acumen.

They are discussing in England the idea of inviting, in the name of the Queen, the Premiers of the different self-governing colonies, to London, as imperial guests during the coming jubilee celebrations. The project has been received with much enthusiasm by the British people, and if it is carried the colonial ministers and their wives, for the wives come too, are likely to be highly edified, feasted, and honored. It is thought that Joseph Chamberlain, in whose brain the idea originated, will not go unwreathed—a dukedom probably will be none too good for him.

## THE SITUATION IN CHINATOWN

### How the Celestials Carry On a Civil War in an American City.

Wnat is practically a small civil war, full of battle and murder and sudden death, is being waged to-day in San Francisco. The war has grown out of a boycott which has grown out of a family feud which grew out of heaven knows what, for probably not one-fifth of the fighters themselves know whereof they are fighting.

The war in the Chinatown of San Francisco is a war between rival houses. It is a family feud, like that carried on by the F. F. V.'s, the Carters, the Shepardsons, and the Grangerfords, of the ante-bellum days.

On one side are the rich and the powerful Sam Yups, many of them belonging to the Mandarin class and happy possessors of small-feet women, and on the other the See Yups, somewhat poorer, working men largely, but more numerous than the Sam Yups and consequently nearly as powerful. Just what may be the meaning of the terms "Sam Yup" and "See Yup" it would be difficult to say. "Sam" in Cantonese means "three," and "See" "Four." Yup is, no doubt, a family appellation.

Both the Sam Yups and the See Yups are well organized. Each has its president, secretary, treasurer, and the like, together with an advisory board which may counsel the president, but may not in any way govern or influence his actions.

The head of the Sam Yups is especially powerful. His rule is practically despotic, and disobedient and recalcitrant members are "suppressed" with a swiftness and certainty that would do credit to an organization of Nihilists.

One curious feature of the feud is that a Sam Yup or See Yup Chinaman can go among a crowd of his countymen and at an instant's glance pick out the Sam Yups and See Yups. How they can be distinguished is a mystery that the police have not yet solved. As far as can be known, the rivals do not wear any outward symbol of their organization, nor can any system of signals or passwords be observed. The distinguishing feature is perhaps some vague family resemblance only visible to a Chinaman.

In a very rough way the Chinese quarter is divided between these two organizations. The Sam Yup quarter is along Dupont street for some four blocks below Clay. The See Yups have chosen for their stamping-ground the neighborhood centering about Clay and Waverly Place, and are also to be found on Jackson street above Dupont; and on Stockton street, between Washington and Jackson.

It is from these centers that the feud is carried on, the murders planned, the prescription lists made out, and the boycotts organized. It is also these localities that are most closely watched by the police, and it is no unusual thing, during the period of an outbreak, to see patrol wagons standing at the street corners ready for any emergency. The last "unpleasantness" between the rival families which terminated in Little Pete's killing was the outcome of a boycott put upon the Sam Yup stores by the members of the See Yups, and carried on so vigorously that many of the smaller Sam Yup traders were on the point of closing their business. Whenever a See Yup was found entering a Sam Yup store, or seen in the audience of the Sam Yup theater on Jackson street, he was, when it was feasible to do so, seized and taken to the rooms over the saloon on the northwest corner of Clay street and Waverly Place, and there mulcted $1, by peaceable means if possible, and, these failing, by applied chair backs and table legs.

So, taking the situation by and large the Chinese New Year season—now in full swing—has acquired an added interest, and visitors to Chinatown can never tell when the explosions of firecrackers may be superseded by the reports of revolvers, or the sizzling of fireworks be interrupted by the cracking of burning houses.

A BANQUET HALL DESERTED

A CORNER IN THE RESTAURANT WHERE THE SEE YUPS MEET

Were you to meet Costaki Anthopoulo Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James', strolling down Bond street, you might easily take him for a Yorkshire squire up in London for a holiday. A man approaching 60 years, he has spent the busiest of lives in the service of Turkey; but though born in Constantinople, he is not a Turk, but a Greek and a Christian. In him the diplomatist is hidden behind a most genial bonhomie. He is a man of enormous industry. The very first night he arrived in London he sat down to his desk and wrote dispatches till 4 o'clock in the morning. He can work all night without even feeling weary. He will have guests at his house till far beyond midnight, and then, ringing for coffee and cigarettes, he will work till daylight.

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Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, the Boston society woman, who recently led a lion about the Hub at the end of a ribbon, is the daughter of a New York candy maker named Stewart, from whom she inherited a fortune, the income of which amounts to about $40,000 a year, all of which she manages to get rid of quite easily. Mrs. Gardner is well along in the 40's; she is not pretty, but possessess a splendid figure and great individual charm of manner. One of her oddities is her refusal to be photographed, but there is a wonderful impressionist picture of her, made by Zorn, the Swedish etcher, and also a painting by Sargent, for which he received $5000. This portrait now hangs in the library of Mrs. "Jack's" husband, who, by the way, is a millionaire several times over.

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According to a British jury a man may consume in one day two and a half bottles of wine in addition to some glasses of spirits, and at the end of it be in possession of a "sound, disposing mind;" sound and disposing enough to make a will equally "sound and disposing." This decision was made in England a short time ago, when a young woman—an itinerant florist, made a successful fight for a legacy left her by the man she had been engaged to marry.

## THE MAKING OF A STATUE

### How the Native Sons' Group is Moulded and Cast.

When Mr. Douglass Tilden had finished the clay model for the Native Sons' monument, and it became a question as to where the bronze should be cast, the donor, Mr. Phelan, said:

"Have it done in San Francisco, no matter what the cost."

So it is being done in San Francisco now, and it is costing about one dollar for every pound of metal cast, and the modeling sand has to be brought from France, and one of the workmen as well.

The casting of a bronze statue is not without a certain amount of interest, especially when one takes into consideration the amount of labor and pains and scrupulous care that is involved. At present the monument is in a rather confused condition. One part of it is still in Mr. Tilden's hands, hardly more than a rough lump of clay; another part—a pair of legs and a belted waist—is being covered with molding sand by the imported Frenchman spoken of, and a third portion is bronze already, complete and ready for mounting as soon as it has been retouched by the "chaser."

The casting of a bronze statue is after this fashion: The moulders receive from the hands of the artist the clay model of a certain portion of the statue or group. This is carefully covered with a kind of moist sand that is found at its best in France. More time is spent, perhaps, over this part of the process than over any other. It is this work that the Frenchman was brought over to do. The clay—or, rather, the plaster of paris model that is taken from the clay—is covered with three layers of sand packed and patted down by hand and tamped solidly afterward with little rammers. However, the sand that is to cover the faces of the figures is sifted very finely to obviate all the little irregularities and pits that would be made by pebbles and hard lumps of foreign earths. This sand is next baked for over two days, until it is as hard, nearly, as a brick, and is broken off the clay model and put together in sections.

A cast could be made from the mould as it is now, but it would be solid, and the resultant statue would be as unwieldly as a brownstone house and almost as expensive; so what is called a "core" is made, a third rougher moulding of sand inside of it some fraction of an inch smaller than the outer mould. This is the French method as used by Whyte and De Rome, and seems to be a great improvement on the American method, which involves no "core" and is enormously expensive.

The next step in the process is the melting and pouring of the metal. This is qiute an affair, a ceremony at which the sculptor and the head of the firm and the subject himself assist, and to which they invite their friends. It is picturesque enough, for the molten bronze is of a lambent whiteness, spitting little green flames. Four huge crucibles, holding, let us say, three or four gallons apiece (if one can speak of metal by the gallon), contain the casting metal, white hot, and as liquid as milk. Six men staggering under the weight of it bring the crucible up and affix it to an enormous hook depending from a crane. The crane picks it up, swings it leisurely to the lip of the mould and cants it over, pouring out the dazzling white-hot bronze in a dense cloud of steam and a grand spattering and spluttering of red-hot drops as big as marbles. And straightway down in the depths of the mould, that looks most like a discarded packing box, the figure of a man is born—in this case the supplementary figure of a plainsman—the figure of a man in enduring bronze that shall look out over the city and its streets for countless years to come, shall speak an intelligible word to the men of the next century and to the century after that, and for a thousand years to come, for all you and I can tell, when you and all the rest of us shall have disintegrated into dust and clay—moulding clay, perhaps. FRANK NORRIS.

## THE PROPERTY WOMAN

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE

At the Odeon that evening they played the "Depit Amoureux" as a curtain-raiser, and pretty little Sophie Cherubin, who took the role of Marinette, was still on the stage when Fabrec—you remember Fabrec, the deputy with the great golden beard, who looks so young in spite of his forty years, and whom one always sees at "first nights"—half-opened the door of her dressing-room, crying:

"Coucou!"

The rascal had hoped to surprise the comedienne at the moment of a change of costume, in the most delicious disorder, as he sometimes had the chance to do. The scene of feigned indignation that Sophie played on these occasions always amused Fabrec enormously. "Shame on you—don't you dare to look—ah, did one ever see the like—these horrible men!" and it generally ended with a little kiss of reconciliation.

But this particular evening Fabrec was disappointed to find the dressing-room empty.

However, Constance, the old property woman, came from behind a screen in the corner of the room, saying: "If you will give yourself the trouble to be seated, monsieur, madame will come off in about five minutes."

Fabrec dropped into an armchair, crossed his legs, and while idly tapping his boot with his cane slipped into a train of reflections, while the old woman shuffled about the room, putting the toilet table to rights.

After all, why did he come to see Sophie Cherubin? Not for love of her surely; he hardly experienced so much as a desire. One day, a long time before, apropos de rien, she had said to him: "Fabrec, you are a nice man, but I have forty thousand francs of debts. It's all very fine to have you come here and talk to me, and I like to have you come as often as you like, but we're jolly good friends, you know—and nothing more." Frankly the little woman was right, and Fabrec acknowledged as much to himself. However, a certain attraction brought him back to her dressing-room every now and then, an attraction almost disinterested, for, content to obtain what our ancestors used to call the "menus suffrages," he found a certain pleasure in the company of this comedienne, who was so pretty and so gay and laughed so often at his foolish witticisms, and then, after all, one has to kill time.

Unconsciously Fabrec found himself looking at the property woman, and brusquely he was aroused from his reverie by her face reflected in the mirror. What a ruin! What hideous, almost pathetic, ugliness! Dry as a stick, wrinkled as a shriveled apple, with hair the color of ashes and one tooth, long and yellow, overlaying her lower lip—she actually inspired a sentiment of fear. And to think, to think that this wreck had once been a woman, had once, perhaps, known what it meant to be loved. She was perhaps seventy-five years old. And Fabrec, who was by no means bad-hearted, felt compassion for this lamentable old woman working out the end of her life here behind the scenes of a theater.

Suddenly the door opened and Sophie Cherubin appeared, a rose over her ear, in her stunning costume of Marinette. She was fresh as a bouquet, and she was radiant with beauty, with cosmetics and adorable effronterie.

"Ah! Fabrec," she cried gayly, "it is you. Eh, bien, you arrive very apropos, mon cher. We'll have a little talk, eh? and a glass of wine? There's a party coming after me in a little while, and we are all going in our costumes to play at a benefit at the Gayety."

The property woman had already passed behind the screen. They talked for a time together, and Sophie, according to her custom, began to chaff Fabrec on the subject of his numerous little affaires de coeur. Come, now, was such and such a rumor true, that had linked his name with that of a little divette at the Nouveautes? But Fabrec was discreet. He answered only by pleasantries, without committing himself. Little by little she became more animated, more irritated at his obstinacy. Would she never succeed in dragging from him the story of a single one of his bonnes fortunes de coulisses, not a single one?

"Eh, bien, ma chere," said Fabrec at length, "since you are so set on knowing I'll tell you of my first, my very first passion."

"An actress?"

"Yes, only I forewarn you that the action does not happen at the Comedie-Francaise. I was nineteen years old, naif and timid beyond belief. One evening I was at the Gobelins, where the Berline de l'Emmigre was playing, and there I fell in love with the young lady who was acting in the leading role and who was called Blanche Lilas. Ah! That moment of her first entry! How young she was, how divinely pretty! To-day I know that the beauty of an actress disappears after long use of grease paints and that usually soubrettes of eighteen have grown up sons of twenty-five and thirty, but at that time, Mademoiselle Blanche Lilas seemed to me the most adorable of women. I only lived to dream of her. I followed her about from place to place (for the troupe traveled), and one by one I sold my books and bibelots on the Quays in order to be present at every performance in which she appeared. She was the only woman to whom I ever wrote verses. Execrable verse, no doubt, but sincere, and never, of course, did I find courage to send them to her. Well vacation came, and I was obliged to return home to my people. I passed the summer in counting the hours, and on the very evening I arrived in Paris again I rushed to the Gobelins, then to the Montparnasse, then to the Grenelle. But the name of my idol did not appear on any of the posters. The frightful anxiety that seized upon me gave me the courage to question the concierge of the theater, and I learned that the management had not renewed its contract with Blanche Lilas, and no one knew what had become of her. Well, my dear, you may believe me or not, just as you choose, but at that moment I received the keenest, the bitterest disappointment of my life, and it was many a long month before I recovered from it." Fabrec paused.

"And that's all?" asked the comedienne.

"That's all."

"Fabrec, you delight in mystifying me, and I haven't the least faith in your souvenirs de Jeunesse."

But all at once the call boy outside the door exclaimed:

"Madame, madame, the carriage is here for you, you are waited for."

Sophie snatched up a fur-lined cloak, and with a hurried "Au revoir, Fabrec," disappeared.

Fabrec himself was about to go, when old Constance approached, and raising her miserable face to his murmured a timid—

"Monsieur—"

"Hein! quoi ma bonne?"

"I've a great favor to ask of you, sir; it's this: I'm quite worn out; my health is gone; I can scarcely do my work. So I have made application to one of our hospitals."

"Very well, very well," answered Fabrec absently, "the next time I'm here write me out a little note."

But the property woman had not finished.

"And there's another thing, sir, that will perhaps interest you in me a little. I heard you just now talking with madame. Eh, bien! I am Blanche Lilas."

Farbec started and uttered a sharp exclamation. Blanche Lilas! Blanche Lilas—this pauper in tatters! "But," he cried, "how old are you?"

The old woman smiled pitifully.

"Not as old as I look, it is true, but I have had so much trouble," she whimpered. "I am sixty-two, and at the time you saw me play I was already forty-one. You said just now that an actress' age is not always apparent to the audience. For all that I lost my position the very same year in which you first saw me. The management concluded I was too old, and dimissed me. Poverty came upon the instant. Three months after leaving the theater, monsieur, I was doing housework. And it was only after a long time that an old friend of mine, who is now a scene shifter here, got me this place as property woman. But I am at the end of my strength. There's nothing but the hospital for me now. Perhaps you can help me. I've made my application already, but with some one to recommend me—" She hesitated a moment. "I make bold to ask," she continued shamefacedly, "since at one time you were interested in me—"

She pased, interrupting herself as if she feared to displease him by insisting on this souvenir of his student days. But Fabrec cried:

"I will go. I will see about it to-morrow, believe me, I will. I shall attend to the matter personally, and if for the moment you are in need of something—" his hands went to his pockets.

But she refused with a little pathetic attempt at dignity.

"Merci, monsieur. No, all I want is to go to the hospital. There, with my little pension from the Society of Artists, I will be perfectly happy."

With an impulse of cordiality, before leaving her, Fabrec seized her hand.

But when he felt it within his own, dry, skinny and withered, he could not conquer a little shudder, as he thought that twenty years sooner he would have wept with joy if he could have imprinted on that same hand his first timid kiss of adolescence.

And as he went away down the corridors of the theater he marveled in spite of his experience at this strange life of Paris, wherein he, almost a young man as yet, could have the chance to procure a bed in an Old People's Home for the woman who had inspired him with his first boyish love.

## ABOUT PERSONAGES

Herbert Spencer is not so ill as the newspapers would have us believe. He has recently undertaken the task of recasting his principal work on Sociology and is interesting himself in the biological theories of recent years, such as the division of the nucleus in the vital cells of living organisms.

Edison says it is impossible to telephone across the Atlantic ocean. The difficulty of telephoning, he says, increases according to the square root of the distance. The difficulty is the leakage, the overcoming of resistance, and the impossibility of getting rid of the current at the moment the voice ceases.

Rosa Bonheur says that her only guide in her work is the desire to reach truth and simplicity as closely as possible. The great artist never tires of work nor of study; they are, in fact, her greatest happiness. Assiduous work, she claims, is the only thing that will bring one near the solution of the problem of ever-changing nature.

The ill health of Czar Nicholas has been ascribed by the imperial physicians to the scrupulous ideas the young Emperor has had regarding his duties as a sovereign. He has taken upon himself the cares of state very seriously, too much so, and as a result he is now almost on the verge of mental collapse, and rest rather than medicine is needed as a restorative.

Frau Cosimar Wagner, though blind, attempted to direct the opera at Baireuth, and found fault with the rendering of "Brunhilde," which Frau Lehman gave at the last cycle. The great prima donna says the performances are no longer up to their old standard. The interest in them is not very great. Although they draw large sums of money, the expenses are tremenduous, and the profits small.

Feresa Carreno, the Venezuelan pianiste, made her reappearance in New York last month after an absence of some time, and was given an enthusiastic welcome. Madame Carreno visited San Francisco some years ago, and will be remembered by those who heard her, not only for her brilliant playing, but also for her gracious manners and vivacious beauty. She is the most married of pianistes, and but recently divorced D'Albert.

The hereditary crown prince of Japan is a fortunate young man. He is educated in company with a bevy of pretty Japanese maidens whose duty it is to assist him. He is now learning to write and some of the damsels dissolve the tablets of ink in frail porcelain saucers while others smooth out the camel's hair brushes. The teacher is condemned to absolute silence during the whole lesson, and on entering his mouth is covered with a silken scarf so that his breath may not sully the imperial countenance.

For the first time in history the Prince of Wales dined at the American Embassy. Ambassador Bayard's recent dinner was attended by some of the most distinguished men in the Kingdom, including Lord Salisbury, the Lord High Chancellor and Cardinal Vaughan. Ambassador Bayard has been censured now and then by the American press, but at any rate he is a great man in London, greater, perhaps, than most of his predecessors, and his successor will have to fight carefully for prestige, if he wishes to have any.

DOUGLAS TILDEN SUPERVISING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A MOULD

SCENE FROM "MY LORD AND SOME LADIES" AT THE BALDWIN

MR. LOUIS JAMES AS LORD BOLINGBROOKE IN "MY LORD AND SOME LADIES"

Photos by Marceau

## THE MONTEREY FISHERIES

### Salmon by the Ton and Mackerel by the Thousand.

It would not be surprising if another summer should witness the establishment of a salmon cannery at Monterey — a cannery that would calculate on handling as high as twenty thousand pounds of fish per day. There is no doubt that this is an astonishing figure. Few people are there who spend a summer vacation at the Hotel Del Monte — few even of those who are enthusiastic fisher-folk — who realize that every day of June, July, August, and September, there are a thousand and more twenty-pound salmon in Monterey bay waiting to be caught—caught, you understand, not with the seine, but with the hook, in true sportsmanlike style. The Portuguese, Italian, and Chinese inhabitants of the old town have suddenly become alive to the fact. For that matter, the Chinamen have long been aware of it. Last summer fully two hundred fishermen toiled daily from dawn to dark just off the shore, and never a boat returned that was not laden with salmon — big, solid, sturdy twenty, twenty-five and even forty-pound fish; none of them under twelve pounds, some of them as high as fifty, all caught with hand lines. Moreover, these sea salmon are a superior fish to those caught in the rivers—fatter, cleaner and gamier, for the salmon as a rule feeds in the sea, only going up the rivers out of season to spawn.

The salmon come into Monterey bay with the sardines (they are called sardines, but they are herring), running in schools, a school of salmon following a school of sardines. Sailing or rowing over the bay, or standing on the tail of the wharf, and looking out over the waters, you will sometimes see it, in a certain spot, roughen and become troubled, then suddenly a thousand tiny flashes glint into the air, and the sound of a thousand tiny splashes makes a noise like wind in a pine tree, then you may know, if you are experienced, that the sardines are in the bay, and that the salmon are hunting them, driving them out of the very water in their eagerness to escape. The boats go out then and the killing begins, and is carried on until the run is over. There is nothing backward about the salmon. You must coax a trout for hours and perhaps days, you must take the bass off his guard, and the pickerel when he is hungry, but when the salmon bites he bites early and often, without stopping to ask questions, or to entertain suspicions. He will bite sometimes at the bare hook, if it happens to be shiny, and sometimes he will bite and be caught with two or more sardines still in his mouth.

He is fished for by trolling through the schools of sardines or over his feeding-grounds with some eight fathoms of line trailing astern—the bait, a good sized sardine. There is only one feature of the business that is undesirable, and that is the drag-line. The Monterey fishermen do not use poles, but pull in the fish hand over hand by main strength. There seems to be no good and sufficient argument against the use of the rod in the bay. A fairly clever fisherman could kill a twenty-pound fish on a split bamboo without running much danger of snapping it, while a duplicating reel could take in the line much faster and steadier than could be done by the hand-over-hand style, which is after all a series of jerks that is very liable to tear the barb out of the mouth of a slightly-hooked fish.

The mackerel run with the salmon as a rule in the bay, though singularly enough they are running now and are being caught in quantities. Their running is somewhat irregular. Sometimes they will be caught day after day for weeks and then disappear entirely for perhaps a whole month. Nor do they come in such large numbers as the salmon. Three or four thousand is a good day's catch for the whole force of the Monterey fishermen, but the price received for the fish is good, going up as high as twelve and fifteen cents a pound.

But the possibilities of killing game fish in the bay of Monterey is not limited to salmon and mackerel. In the summer the giant sea bass and jew fish are in these waters, and can be brought to hand by any one plucky enough to try to handle four hundred pounds of fighting fish. Then there is the strange fish called the tuny, caught nowhere else but in the Mediterranean, another monster weighing as high as six hundred pounds, and most excellent eating to boot. Besides these are the yellow tail and baracuda of San Diego and Santa Barbara—little fellows these—mere small fry of twelve and fourteen pounds.

Altogether there are (at least so the local fishermen would have you believe) forty different kinds of fish that run in Monterey bay that are good for the table. Besides the fish already named are the smelt, herring and anchovy, and (if these can be included) huge crabs and lobsters. It would seem that there is a future in store for the sleepy old town—an industry something better than the painting of abalones, the gathering of pretty shells, and the exploiting of summer tourists.

The Chinese are ahead of the whites in matters piscatorial. They comprise the largest portion of the fishing community, and fish for anything from the healthy, wholesome daylight fishing for salmon, flounders and sardines, to the strange, uncanny night-work, for squid and shrimps, that is carried on during moonless nights by aid of weird torchlights and eerie pine flares. They have a fishing village all to themselves, have the celestials, that is quite a sight. It puts one in mind of one's idea of native fishing villages on the coasts of Labrador and Greenland. It is a crazy jumble of unpainted weather-beaten houses on the edge of a down, lined up on either side of a tortuous, filthy street. The rear abutments of the houses on one side overhang the water, boosted up by a dizzying system of braces and piles. It is bleak and foul and somewhat picturesque, with its pile of queer boats at one end of the street and its fenced-in cemetery at the other. There is a smell of fish in the air that grapples you by the throat the moment you set foot in the precincts — a smell that sticks with a more than brotherly closeness; that gets into your mouth and windpipe, and that seems to persist for days after in everything you eat. But the cats! It is the paradise of the feline—cats by the score and hundred and thousand live down in here and fatten and batten on fish in the daytime, and for all I know, on each other at night.

Alonzo De Quesada, who is in charge of the Cuban legation at Washington, is a brilliant and wealthy young man who graduated in law from the University of New York in 1891. Last summer, he traveled through the South, making eighty-two speeches in two weeks, and raising $50,000 for the cause of the rebellion.

Florence Marryatt, the well known novelist, has started a school of literary art in which she proposes to train young gentlemen and young ladies in the gentle art of novel writing. It is to be hoped Miss Marryatt will not select her own books as models of the art.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

A very pretty and charming story is to be read between the lines of the will of Mr. Madden, wherein he has left to Miss Davis a fortune valued at $100,000. It is a sudden revelation of Mr. Madden's character, and is as picturesque as it is unexpected. Madden, it seems, was a cynical old fellow, whose conversation was laregly made up of sarcasms and biting inuendos. He had lost faith—or professed that he had—in a great many things and people, and chose to believe that disinterested friendship was a fiction. Madden, however, did not include in his sweeping generalization his relations with Miss Davis. He has been her friend for years, and just before his death spoke of their friendship as the most delicate and disinterested intimacy he had ever known. The story has been circulated that Miss Davis was Madden's daughter, but it is known to be absolutely untrue. Madden and Miss Davis' father were great chums during all the latter's life, and when the little daughter was born Madden acted as her godfather. Subsequently Mr. Davis died, leaving his family in rather straightened circumstances, which the daughter endeavored to cope with by teaching. Matters continued thus for many years, during which time Madden acted as the little household's good angel. Never, however, did they suspect that he intended to leave Miss Davis any money, nor did he ever offer to aid her pecuniarily during the years of her struggles. The explanation of this came at last, however, when on the day before his death the old man wrote to his god-daughter, informing her that he had often wished to tell her that he had provided for her in his testament, but that he could not bear to bring the question of pecuniary gain into the most unselfish and charming relationship he had ever known. The story is a very pretty one, and ends happily for all concerned, even for the old man who died—perhaps even happier for him than for the rest—since he knew that the affection his god-daughter bore him was one absolutely untouched and uninfluenced by thought or hope of ultimate benefit.

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Thus far nothing has been done with the new Pacific-Union scheme. The opposing directors are satisfied to obstruct proceedings by remaining passive, and are doing nothing toward executing the will of the institution. There is some talk about organizing a new down-town club, and the project is mooted by such men as Colonel Fred Crocker, Henry Scott, Ed. Hopkins, Joe Crockett and their contingent, who undoubtedly represent the leading clique in society here. I am inclined to think we have rather more clubs than the town can support now. It is certain, however, that the Pacific-Union must make a move in some direction or it is doomed.

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What beat the funding bill? It is rather an interesting question, but in Washington they will tell you it was Congressman Grove Johnson. From the California representation the House looked for a temperate statement of the Pacific Railway situation—a lucid and business-like explanation of the debt and the various advantages which the funding proposition offered, including the new securities which strengthened the government's position. Instead, they were treated to an intemperate harangue. Had Mr. Johnson utilized his powers of ex-

Miss May Roberson
Green, photo

Frank Norris
Callegaris, photo

C. J. Dickman
Imperial, photo

Frank Mathieu
Bushnell, photo

Sheldon Hooper
Taber, photo

Miss Rose Hooper
Taber, photo

MEMBERS OF THE CHARITY COMPANY WHO WILL PERFORM IN "CASTE" AT THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE NEXT MONTH

planation the bill might have had a chance, for a large number of members had promised it their support. These men, ignorant of the conditions prevailing here, could not appreciate Johnson's rancor, and found his harangue inexcusable. He disappointed his friends and delighted his enemies. But he was only restored to grace by Congressman Maguire, who transgressed all the written and unwritten laws of Congressional etiquette and procedure by utilizing the privilege of his position to transfer to the records an unspoken and undelivered personal attack on a fellow member. This was generally accepted as undiluted treachery, and it has seriously injured Maguire's standing in Washington.

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Senator George F. Turner, who has been elected to the United States Senate by the Washington Legislature, is a lawyer of great capacity and intellectual force. His powerful personality will surely make him a figure at Washington, and there is litle doubt that he will be heard for sound reason and common sense in Congress. He began the practice of his profession in Spokane some fifteen years ago, and developed a profitable mining clientele. When the Cour d'Alene district was opened he gathered in stocks and bonds in return for professional services, and soon had money enough to invest largely in the Trail Creek region, when that district was discovered. The recent sale of the War Eagle, one of his properties, to a Canadian syndicate, gave him a million in cash, and he still holds the Le Roi gold mines, wherein is one of the largest bodies of high-grade ore yet discovered. Turner is a fine speaker, an able lawyer and his honesty has never been disputed.

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It is a sad and incontrovertible fact that San Francisco is, as a rule, represented in the State Legislature by men whom no respectable merchant would trust with a minor clerkship. No one knows who they are, their names never are heard of, except in connection with some ridiculous faux pas or unsavory scandal. Yet these men, of whom the best that can be said is that they are commonplace and ignorant, are permitted to make the laws for the people of the State. They are more fortunate in their selections in Alameda. Senator Stratton, for instance, affords a notable contrast to the San Francisco delegation. He has made himself felt as a leader on more than one occasion, obtains an attentive hearing from the Senate and generally obtains the passage of the bills he advocates. A few more such men as Stratton of Alameda, Bulla of Los Angeles, Smith of Kern and Withington of San Diego—rari nantes in gurgite vasto—would lend a prestige to the Sacramento Legislature that has of late been sadly lacking.

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Now that the Republicans have secured a majority in both houses and have gathered the reins of power into their hands it behooves their leaders to have an eye for pitfalls and crossings—to keep a sharp lookout for "the cars when the bell rings and the whistle sounds." Thus far progress has been sure if slow, only five bills, three of which were for appropriations, having been passed. Major McLaughlin, chairman of the State Central Committee, takes himself and his position with the seriousness that both deserve. I understand he is installed permanently in Sacramento, and is up till the small hours of every night in conference with the legislators on matters of business. This is excellent policy, which should afford the party a clear record with which to go before the people.

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Los Angeles is metropolitan, and has the civilization and sins of a metropolis. But the country south of Tehachipi is different. It is not California. It is a little bit of Iowa and Kansas transplanted. When you cross the range it is like finding a new country, the populations are so different. The rural Southerner is narrow-minded and intolerant. He dines at noon and eats large quantities of pie with a knife. You can buy veal sweetbreads for ten cents apiece and sometimes fat little pompano for about the same price. There is an absence of that broad spirit of liberality and tolerance which one calls Bohemian for the want of a better term such as prevail in California proper, our inheritance from the days when gold was found in every gulch. It is true that the country people of Southern California are more virtuous than we are, but they are likewise more tiresome. In faith they are a weariful generation and stiff-necked.

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Assemblyman Tracy has been of late contributing to "the gayety of nations." Mr. Tracy has had an experience. He has been banqueted by a Chamber of Commerce. Hitherto Mr. Tracy has looked upon eating merely as a device for satisfying hunger, and the Tracy appetite has been consequently appeased at the rate of "three hot dishes for twenty-five cents." Tracy is a small street contractor, and his ideas of culinary delicacy have been limited by the bill of fare of the cheap restaurants, hectographically printed; celery of the limp and yellow variety was a luxury, mince pie a revel, fried oysters a bacchanalian orgie, fit only for a decadant and exhausted palate. Fancy, then, the feelings of Mr. Tracy—street contractor—when he sat down to that banquet tendered him and his associates by the Chamber of Comerce of the city of Los Angeles. He is never tired of telling it, is the impressionable Mr. Tracy.

"We ate and ate and ate," he says, "till we were full up to the neck; oysters first, then soup and fish and then kickshaws and veal cutlets with white paper pantalets on 'em, and then—what do you think?—toads' hind legs, or maybe they were frogs', never had such a feed. Must have cost a dollar a plate, at the very least."

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This time next year the subject of Governor will have rather more than an anticipatory interest. What prospects the Democracy may have twenty months hence is hard to foretell at this juncture, but there are in training to succeed the incumbent a number of eminent personages, whose friends are busily engaged working up their aspirations. J. H. Budd, whose health is wretched, declares he will not again be a candidate, but he is unhappy under the prospect of a successor. Maguire looms up strong. He has let slip no opportunity of demagogic display, and will have both tne "Populists" and the "Examiner" behind him. Another statesman with desires is Mr. Larue, who is developing honesty at the expense of the railroad. Frank Gould's opportunities are minimized by location. It is almost impossible that the office should go twice to the same town, however capable the individual aspirants, and there is no question as to Mr. Gould's abilty. I am inclined to think James D. Phelan will be in the race, though it may require some years longer to make him known to the country. He promises to be an excellent official, however, and cannot fail to acquire the reputation as time goes by to give him the chance he desires. I am sorry to see certain of his friends show a tendency toward coquetting with the Rainey party. Alliance in that direction is impossible. Rainey has made such hay of his opportunities to succeed himself at the end of his regime that we may be certain of having him back for good at Warm Springs two years hence.

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The connection between politics and the stable has been terminated by Sam Rainey establishing himself in an office beside that of Dr. Ragen in the Donohoe block. This is a concession to the dignity of the role of Boss which the community will doubtless appreciate. The work of converting the school department into a feeding ground for Rainey heelers proceeds apace. Female janitors are giving way to politicians throughout the department, a condition which will doubtless add to the efficiency of this service while benefiting the Rainey machine. So good a cause has its drawbacks, for Sam is a chivalrous person, who would never dispossess a woman under ordinary circumstances. Apropos of appointments it is astonishing the new boss is so regardless of the amenities. His effort to establish the disreputable vagrant, who is known as "The Banjo-Eyed Kid," as janitor of the Street Department was an outrage. It was too much for Supervisor Sheehan, who had been inadvertently led into proposing his name. Certainly it speaks badly for the dignity of such men as Delaney, Haskins, Britt, Rottanzi and Rivers, who, after the identity of this disgusting person had been revealed, still insisted on voting for his appointment.

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There comes to hand a diverting little yarn in connection with the transfer of a certain fine mining property known as the Crystalline group, 1,800 feet, located on the mother lode near Jamestown. A promoter by the name of Webber Parker was out here some time ago, and negotiated a bond for the purchase of the mines with a certain Mr. Rapp, who claimed to represent the owner, C. E. Schaffer. The price agreed upon was $150,000. Schaffer, however, when he heard that a bargain had been made at that figure, declared that Rapp did not represent him to the extent of closing the transaction ,repudiated the whole business and offered the mine to a Glasgow syndicate, through the Jumper corporation, with the result of catching a good deal more money for his claim.

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Curiously enough Parker had offered the Crystalline group to the same syndicate, and as his offer was lower it was promptly accepted. Parker now comes back upon Rapp, suing him for a specific performance of his contract. The matter has resulted in a legal tangle, and no one can say just how it will end. Yet the affair is not without its humorous side. Parker is naturally eager to complete the transaction, and the other day loaded a wagon with ten thousand gold twenties, and, in company with a lawyer, pursued Rapp all about town striving to make him take the coin. Rapp, who enjoys the unique distinction of being chased by a cartload of money and of fleeing from the same, was at some pains to dodge the precious metal, but was at length caught and cornered by the energetic and resourceful Mr. Parker. Mr. Rapp was, however, in no position to accept the sum—even admitting that his pockets were rather deep—and Mr. Webber Parker sorrowfully drove back to the Anglo-California Bank and returned the money.

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The Boston and Montana Mining Company has recently sold out its properties at Coulterville, near the lower end of the Mother Lode, to a combine of Montana and Eastern capitalists. The new corporation has already extracted considerable ore. Not much mining has been done at this end of the Mother Lode, but experts have pronounced the region as a fertile place for exploitation, the mines being capable of development to almost any depth. The Kennedy, which is on the Mother Lode, is now down to the twenty-three hundred foot level, and next to a certain Brazilian mine, is the deepest gold mine in the world.

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The owner of the largest prune ranch in the country, the wealthy son of wealthy parents, the capable electrician and inventor, Frank G. Hume, of Los Gatos, died Monday afternoon last, after a six months' illness. Though only 25 at the time of his death, Mr. Hume had already proven himself a man of extraordinary buisness capacity, managing his 700 acres of prune land with the skill of a veteran grower. Just before his sickness Mr. Hume had perfected the details of an electric plant, which is now supplying Los Gatos and vicinity with light. He leaves a wife—formerly Miss Una Hendy—and a child of 2.

BOSWELL JR.

Joris Karl Husymans, the distinguished French writer, has given up his career as a man of letters for that of a monk of La Trappe, and in doing so has thrown the literary world of Paris into a state of amazement. It is difficult to realize the difference between the two conditions: As a man of the world Husymans was termed "King of the Decadents," and the ruling nature of his intellectual life was the search for sensation. He became disgusted with it all, however, and in his last book, "En Route," tells in an autobiographical way of how he became converted to the Roman Catholic faith. He has given up his former life, and has now assumed that of a Trappist monk at the most rigorous and the most secluded of any in the religious orders of the Catholic Church.

Photography in natural colors is again declared to be a fact, this time by no less distinguished a person than Sir Henry Wood, Secretary of the London Society of Arts, who has tested the new process, and has proclaimed it genuine. The inventor is M. Villedieu Chassagne, of Paris. A photograph taken of a wood shows the trees, the flowers, the grass and the sky in all their natural shades to a remarkable degree, and in a portrait the flesh tints and every color in the costume came out vividly.

C. H. Lehmann, the famous English oarsman, who has been engaged in coaching the Harvard crew, is very popular with the college men. He looks every inch a sportsman, and is quite boyish in appearance, except that there are a few touches of gray on his temples. The most striking thing about his stroke is the amount of power he manages to put into it.

By his contract with the Frohmans John Drew is paid a thousand dollars a week throughout the season. He appears about forty weeks a year and in addition to this snug sum here totaled, he has a small percentage of the receipts.

A Vista of the Village

A Day's Catch: Drying Squid

A Village Shrine

A Cemetery on the Outskirts

A Bit of the Village Toward the Sea

The Boat-Landing

*A CHINESE FISHING VILLAGE ON MONTEREY BAY*

The God of the Pacific: Chinese

Vishnu, one of the Indian Trinity

A God from Guatemala

The God Gita, of the Hindus

# STRANGE GODS IN TOWN

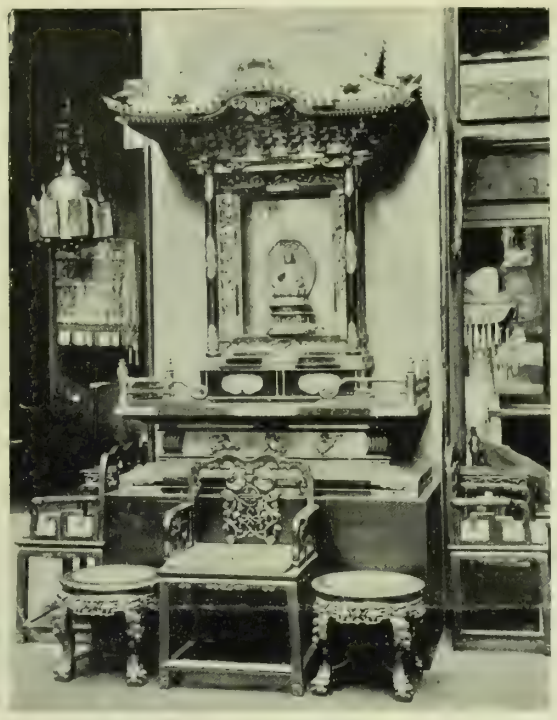
## What They Are, Where They Come From, and Who Worship Them.

Although San Francisco has been called, and very probably is, the wickedest city this side of Port Said, it can, no doubt, boast a representation in a greater number of religions than any city in the United States. An army of strange gods have little by little accumulated in the various quarters, coming from Alaska and Canton, from India and the Marquesas, from Arizona and Nagasaki, from the land of the Skaptar Jokul and the country of Chimborazo. Gods of ice and gods of rain, gods of heat and gods of thunder, war gods and peace gods, hideous, mal-formed horrors, squat and grisly, from the man-eating tribes of the South Pacific atols, and gorgeous jeweled figures, beautifully carven from Delhi and Burmah.

These gods are not all museum freaks, labeled and ticketed and stowed under glass cases. Many of them are still worshipped devoutly and believed in utterly, and are the Penates of households, to be feared and propitiated and sacrificed to.

Of course the Chinese gods are in the majority. Every good Chinaman, it would appear, has two sets of gods; one set that he worships in common with his whole nation and another which are his own especial gods that he sets up to suit himself. The god worshipped most in Chinatown, as well as elsewhere, is the god of wealth. His name is Tu-Ti-Kung, and his appearance is that of a kindly, pot-bellied old party, seated cross-legged and holding a bar of gold in his hand. When next you go into the purlieus of Chinatown and see posted on the walls of certain interiors a slip of red paper some thirteen inches long, you may know that it stands for the outward and visible sign of Tu-Ti-Kung, the master of the house being too poor to buy an image of this god of wealth.

Tsau Kuin is the Chinaman's household god, he who keeps a reckoning throughout the year, and makes annual reports at headquarters to the great god, Yuh-Kwang. During the month of February Tsau Kuin is the recipient of much honor and of many roasted pigs and bowls of rice, for it is New Year's time, and he is about to turn over his books to be experted; hence the popping of firecrackers and the smouldering of punks and sandal-wood, the flags and tissue paper and baked meats, which are for the most part designed to conciliate the household deity and bribe him into good humor.



A Shrine of Buddha

Vishnu, one of the Hindoo Trinity, is also to be found in San Francisco. He is the four-armed deity, who wears the crown not unlike the papal tiara. Originally he comes from the caves of Elephanta, where he is represented in company with Brahma and Siva. According to the Vedas, there arose at one time a dispute among the wise men as to which was the greatest, Siva, Brahma or Vishnu. The matter was tested by a holy fakir, who intentionally omitted making reverence to Brahma and to Siva. The two gods, offended at his insolence, menaced him with death, and were with difficulty appeased. Vishnu the fakir found asleep, and boldly kicked him into sudden consciousness. Vishnu arose and craved pardon of the holy man for sleeping at the time of his arrival, declared himself honored by the fakir's blow and made tender enquiries as to his welfare. "This," said the fakir, "is the mightiest god, since he overpowers by the most potent of all weapons, kindness."

The statues of Vishnu that one can see in this city are of marble and of brass. The marble figures are from the temples, those of brass are little household idols that their worshipers treat with much reverence, washing them every morning, making offerings to them thrice during the day and putting them to bed over night on soft cushions.

The abiding-places of San Francisco's strange gods are as varied and curious as the gods themselves. The Joss Houses of Chinatown claim, no doubt, the greater number of them, sombre, dark-faced, and bearded, sitting in the deep shadow of their shrines, almost lost in a world of lacquer and gilding and ebony, with incense smouldering before them in brass burners that are worth small fortunes. Others grace the walls of the Academy of Science building and the Park museum, ranked in silent files in company with cases of arrowheads and troglodite things and war drums. A few, more fortunate, are in the hands of collectors, and, idols of a different cult, are reverenced as objects d'art, as much as once they were venerated as cloud-compelling deities. Still others, perhaps the greater number, have sunk to the level of the curiosity shop, the hotel des invalides for strange gods, and are bartered for and haggled over, or traded for bicycles of last-years model. Or, worse than all, they are shelved and forgotten, become corrupted by moth and rust, accumulate dust, where once they were washed and tended and feared and loved presences in the household to be propitiated and worshipped as weavers of destinies and arbiters of fate.

Alaskan Indians Have Faith in Him

A Popular Divinity: The Chinese God of Wealth
Photo by Taber

A Wrathful Deity of Japan

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Lent is close at hand, but there is still an interval to be bridged—an interval with possibilities of gaiety in it. The opportunity of festivity is offered, but it is decidedly a question whether it will be taken advantage of. Somehow the season has been a failure. The prospects for entertainments in millionaire homes are but slim. The mansions on California street and on Pacific avenue have remained dark the season through. Mrs. Henry Scott alone has given a dance. In prospect we have the Mardi Gras ball at Hopkins house, and there is also the French opera company from New Orleans. The contracts have not yet been signed, but it is safe to believe we will have the troupe at the California during Lent. Even if its members are not the greatest singers in the world—at least they are competent and clever artists who will amuse and interest us as Judic and Theo used in by-gone days.

There are to record quite a number of teas, rather informal for the most part. Chiefest among them were those of Miss Edith McBean and Miss Caro Crockett on Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal gave a large dinner Sunday evening in honor of Baron Marx, who is touring the world, and is on his way to Australia. Misses Helen and Mary Stubbs had a big euchre party on Tuesday

MISS LULA BURTON
Who will play the leading role of "Caste"
Taber, photo

last, at which some fifty young people were entertained. The guests were of the Friday Fortnightly crowd, and they enjoyed a jolly time.

The last cotillion of the Friday Night Club was rather better attended than its immediate predecessors, but the gathering was hardly large enough to persuade Mr. Greenway of the advisability of reorganizing the club next year. There is no doubt that the Fortnightlies and the Saturday Nights, and all the other dancing clubs, have seriously interfered with the parent institution. They have the advantage of being cheaper, which is, in these days, a distinct superiority, so they accommodate the terpsichorean longings of the younger sets at a low rate of expense. Still it was a thoroughly enjoyable cotillion, and those who were there admit they never enjoyed themselves more. Mr. Greenway led with Miss Della Davidson, a pretty and popular debutante.

The ball at Mrs. Henry Scott's on Thursday night was a unique affair, it being the only important dance given in a private house this winter. It was in honor of Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Helen Hopkins and Miss Cunningham, a niece of Mrs. Scott. The other guests for the most part were of the married set who comprise the Scott coterie.

Apropos of cotillions, there is great jubilation among the members of the Fortnightly over the condition of their treasury. Actually it contains a surplus, and it is proposed to expend it all at a final ball, to be given in one of the larger halls, possibly the Maple Hall, which is easily the best for dancing purposes in town. There will be a good supper, decorations and all the other accessories. The cotillion last night went off very well

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

though there is a good deal of complaint by the leader of the habit of certain men and girls of sneaking out of the figures, thereby marring the success of the movements.

The Goads have gone East, to be away some months, but Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell and Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle are on their way home, and will be here next week. The De Youngs are expected back very soon, also.

Consul and Mrs. John Simpson opened their new home at 2520 Vallejo street on Saturday last. It is a beautiful house, the interior most tastefully decorated, and is equipped with a spacious ballroom, with an admirable floor. Indeed, the whole house is thoroughly fitted for entertaining in. Besides being a housewarming, the affair was also to celebrate the debut of Miss Simpson, who is an exceedingly pretty and very charming young lady. Quite a large gathering of friends called during the afternoon. In the evening there was a dinner and later a dance. Miss Simpson will doubtless entertain frequently during the season.

Miss Della Mills had a luncheon and musicale in honor of Miss Lever of New Orleans.

Quite the jolliest party of the week was that given by Miss Katherine Dillon in honor of Miss Alice Jordan, of Santa Clara, on Monday night last. There were card games for valuable prizes, followed by an amusing "turn" by a ventriloquist, and a clever exhibition of magic by a local prestidigitator. An excellent supper terminated the entertainment. Miss Dillon wore a very pretty gown of pale green silk, covered with chiffon and trimmed with orchids and rhinestones. Miss Jordan was in white organdie trimmed with lace. Miss Marie Voorhies in brocaded satin, Miss Ethel Moore was in pale blue and cream chiffon.

The subject of weddings is naturally an engrossing one. Of coming events quite the most interesting are the prospective nupitals of Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry Knowles, which is set for the first week in June. Miss Coleman is preparing an elaborate trousseau. Miss Myra Prather is also engaged upon her trousseau, but thus far she has not named the wedding day—some time in June it is presumed by the knowing.

Among coming events is a tea at Miss Gerstle's Friday afternoon, February 20th, to be followed by a dinner. Mrs. David Bixler will give an entertainment on Sunday in honor of Mr. Beel, who is to leave on Monday next for Europe. Mr. Beel will be much missed

The Doctor's Daughters of Rev. Dr. Mackenzie's church gave a musicale at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Norris on Wednesday night of this week. The "Daughters" are among the most popular and entertaining charitable organizations of this city, and their "functions" given from time to time for sweet charity's sake are invariably well attended. This, their latest musicale, was made the occasion of a most delightful gathering. The mandolin and guitar clubs of the University of California, as well as the Press Club quartette, and other talent, were called upon to furnish the entertainment, and did much toward making the affair one of the most successful of its kind this season.

At the last meet of the Saturday Night dancing class, the cotillion was led by Mr. Donald Smith. The affair was as successful as its predecessors, and went off in excellent shape. The figures were of the invariable marching order, and were given with plenty of eclat. Among the maidens who appeared specially attractive, I noticed Miss Gertie Van Wyck in white muslin de soie; Miss Bessie Ames in pale pink. This was her first appearance since returning from Europe. Miss Mattie Wellington wore white organdie and looked very sweet and pretty. Miss Bertie Bruce, who is one of the best dancers in the younger set, wore white swiss. Miss May, a little cousin of the Landers family, wore pink. The Saturday Nights are to have, on the 23d of April, a big cotillion in Native Sons' Hall. Some 250 invitations will be issued, and there will be a big supper to adorn the occasion.

The Nathaniel Gray Free Kindergarten will be benefited on Tuesday, February 23, by a Lady Washington tea, to be held at the residence of Mrs. Will E. Fisher, 1210 Sutter street. The affair promises to be as delightful as it will be timely, and the kindergarten will be benefited accordingly. Tickets for the tea can be obtained from Mrs. M. R. Higgins, president, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. George Easton, and from the other ladies on the Board of Managers.

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The Wednesday Night Club gave its closing party on February 10th. It was quite the jolliest meet the organization

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has yet had. The cotillion was led by Mr. Alf. Williams, assisted by Miss Florence Dunham and Miss Jessie Glascock, who got up original figures for the occasion. They were chiefly on the marching order, but were more complicated and interesting that those usually presented. In honor of the occasion, it being the last evening, the girls wore new and pretty gowns. Miss Florence Dunham wore pure white satin, which was rather severely cut and brightened with American beauty roses and violets. Miss Carrie Havens looked exceedingly picturesque in a sheer white organdie frock, made over white satin. It had big ruffled sleeves, and around the shoulders was draped a chiffon kerchief. Miss Myra Prather looked very sweet in cerise satin trimmed with roses and white lace. Miss Jessie Glascock wore pink satin veiled with white chiffon. The hall was very prettily decorated with palms, greens, etc., and the music was excellent, the orchestra having been increased by two extra pieces for the occasion. The supper, too, was excellent, and altogether the cotillion was easily the most successful the Wednesday Nights have had. It is safe to believe that the organization will be continued next year. Now that the event has gone so well quite a number of men and girls are claiming to have originated it. However, this is a dark question, and will doubtless remain so. Nor does any one know who the girls were whose participation have made the dances go so well. Just before the affair

NINA CH DE ST HUBERT
The clever young violinist who is playing with M. Guille at the Orpheum
Thors, photo

Mrs. Folger gave a big dinner to a number of the debutantes.

It is proper nowadays to vary the characteristics of one's dinners. Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a smart dinner and dance, and to provide variety for their guests they instituted a novel interchange of partners between courses. It was a series of grand right and left, the ladies moving to the right and the gentlemen to the left. It was thus possible for one man to talk the same subject with every girl. Originally the choosing of partners was arranged by matching flowers. The affair was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Phillips, formerly Mrs. Henry Martin. The decorations were really very beautiful. In the center of the table from end to end was a pond filled with water lilies and ferns. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. White, Captain and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. and Mrs. John L. Howard. Another jolly little dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Will McGee to a party of young married people Friday evening. The decorations were American beauty roses, and it was noticed that the gowning of the ladies was quite distinctly elaborate.

Quite the event of the season among University people in Berkeley was the dinner given last Thursday evening at the Chi Phi house by Mr. Ira Boss, the eldest scion of the Boss family. Being quite a young man he had a very young crowd. Mr. Perry Hayne and Mr. Laurie Adams being the oldest men present. However, about fifty guests were invited, but only about forty-two were present. Three tables decorated with pink carnations and roses accomodated them, and at each place was a big bunch of pink roses tied with pink satin ribbon. The girls present were of the Berkeley set, and most of them wore pink, among them Miss Idabelle Palmer, Miss Martha Hutchinson, Miss Jessie Glasscock, Miss Fannie Baldwin, Miss Florence Dunham. Mrs. Homer King and Mrs. Pringle chaperoned the party. Huber's orchestra played during the dinner. The affair created a good deal of comment among University people, on account of the generosity of the menu, and the age and variety of the wines served. There were brands for each course, as well as Moet and Chandon with the roast. Indeed it was decidedly a costly meal, and in Oakland they call it the Bartin-Bradley effort. It is almost an unheard of thing in Berkeley for any wine to be served at dinner, as temperance rules at all social gatherings. The people who have entertained the University boys have never given them any, but the Chi Phi's have frequently departed from this rule and are consequently the subject of much gossip.

On Tuesday Mrs. Horatio Livermore gave a luncheon to Mrs. Harry Cross who has recently come here from Rhode Island. Mrs. Cross is a bride, is fascinating, tall, dark and very graceful. She has charming manners. Her husband is coaching the baseball team at the University, and is studying law in the Hastings Law College. They have taken the Eell's cottage on the Shepard's place in Oakland, and Mrs. Cross has made quite a hit. The table decorations were simple and beautiful, being quince blossoms and foliage. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs.

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Over in Berkeley last week the Davenports gave a euchre party, which was decidedly unique and original. The interior of the house was made to represent the "Sunset Limited," college boys acting as porters and conductors, the guests being the passengers, all of whom whiled away the journey with cards. At a given time twenty minutes for lunch was announced and a scramble for sandwiches and the like ensued, which was truly drummer-like. Lunch over, the guests resumed their journey and their cards, and by the time the affair was over all had concluded that there was something new under the sun, and they had had it.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

For many years New Orleans has supported an annual season of French opera sung by artists of established reputation, and it is said that the season just ended has been the most brilliant the Crescent City has enjoyed for twenty years. This is welcome news for San Franciscans, for the very company that has been delighting the opera goers of New Orleans will open a season at the California theater early in March. There are in all over 125 people in the company, thoroughly capable of presenting in the most satisfactory manner operas ranging all the way from the light and airy conceit, "Miss Helyett," to the tragic and heavy opera, "La Juive."

The wonderful Frantz family is more popular than anything else at the Orpheum this week; the way these people turn and tumble and jump about is almost marvelous. Ara, Zebra and Vora are unfortunate in coming after the Frantzs. If they were before them on the bill they would be received with more favor. There is a "pretty" man in the performance. His name is Gleason. He sings a little, and dances a little, and poses almost entirely through it all; in fact, if his singing and dancing were as good as his studied grace, his act would be much more acceptable. Guille sings Verdi's "Grand Air de Jerusalem," and for a recall Gounod's "Ave Maria," with a violin obligato by Mlle. Nina de St. Hubert. Gounod's "Ave Maria" at the Orpheum—what a place for such a song! Mlle. de St. Hubert would have pleased the audience had she done nothing else but stand before it, but as she played with grace and feeling the effect was doubly agreeable.

With "My Lord and Some Ladies," Louis James will open the second week of his engagement at the Baldwin on next Monday evening. The piece is an adaptation from the French of Scribe, and "my lord" is the famous wit Bolingbroke. "The ladies" include Queen Anne and no less a personage than the celebrated Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, ancestress of our own Consuelo's ducal husband. The name of the adaptor of the piece is not on the bills, probably a good thing for the dramatist. However, we shall soon have the opportunity of judging for ourselves—at any rate, the play has met with success from the very beginning, and since it has, there must be merit in it.

The very name "Shore Acres" makes one think of stretches of shining sands and of sounding seas, of deep green woods and of whispering winds, and the play itself is said to conjure up a thousand thoughts equally delightful. "Shore Acres" is sweet and peaceful from beginning to end; it is an idyl of New England life, a story of homely, happy, everyday existence, as it really is among the simple folk who live along the rocky shores of Maine and Massachusetts, where the swelling sea and the sighing pine sing out in harmony. James A. Herne, the author of the play, accompanies the production and assumes the principal part. "Hearts of Oak" has been one of Mr. Herne's greatest successes, but its popularity is certain to be wonderfully outdistanced by that of "Shore Acres."

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## THE THEATRES

### In "Chimmie Fadden," Besides Mrs. Bates, There Are Others.

Hear ye, hear ye, all you unfortunates who have not yet seen "Chimmie Fadden" There is something else in Mr. Townsend's play beside Mrs. Marie Bates-Murphy! You are incredulous of course; who would not be in the face of the advance notices which our various dailies have published? Some of them have contented themselves by merely intimating that "Chimmie" is a tallow candle beside the electric light of Mrs. Bates-Murphy. Others have gone so far as to say he is totally obscured by Mrs. B., and the rest of the company—nowhere. I have read that Mrs. Murphy did not figure in the book and again that she did; it has been whispered that Mr. Townsend is chagrined at this minor note's prominence; that he is delighted; that he feels ten contradictory emotions—in fine, Mrs. Bates-Murphy assumed mammoth proportions in my eyes. I expected to come away from "Chimmie" with but one thought, and that one of Mrs. Marie Bates-Murphy.

Imagine my surprise at finding Her Highness artistically unobtrusive and nailed securely to her proper subordinate place! Once or twice, it is true, she broke away for an instant, and took up more than her share of the middle of the stage, but on the whole it must be said—greatly to her credit—that she could not have obtruded herself less if she had been the worst or even the best actress in the world. Marie Bates' creation is delightfully comical, exceedingly clever, made out of nothing and well finished. There are no loose ends, but it is folly to say she is the piece de resistance, for though we enjoy her immensely when she is on the stage, we do not miss her when she is off.

As a matter of lines the interest is very evenly distributed between "Chimmie," "The Duchess," "Small Bottles" and "Miss Fanny." Mr. Townsend has given them all a fair show, and they all, except Berenice Wheeler ("Miss Fanny") make the most of their opportunities. Beth Franklin ("The Duchess") and George Nash ("Small Bottles") are particularly satisfactory. Miss Franklyn's voice is too shrill, especially in the first act, but she makes an enchanting little French maid. Her accent and acting are capital, her figure and personality captivating. Mr. Nash fills the trying, actionless role of "Small Bottles" with considerable discrimination and deftness. He plays it, my dear young ladies, quite as cleverly as your darling Drew could, has much handsomer eyes, quite as irreproachable collars and more magnetism. His little scenes with Miss Wheeler are as good as she permits.

It is a pity that such a bright-eyed, pretty, plump little woman should be so immobile; Miss Wheeler refuses Paul with as little gentleness and delicacy as the average maid turns an "agent" from the door, and even her manner to Chimmie is far from what her lines suggest. Mrs. Fadden is satisfactorily done by Mrs. Denham-Rouse. Her look of maternal pride and affection as she sat watching Chimmie play could not have been done better, though other bits in the same act need attention. For instance, the way in which she recived the news of Chimmie's getting "hurted." However, anything would seem poor when contrasted with Marie Bates' inimitable "it is a pr-roud day." Even Charles Hopper himself can't come up to some of Mrs. Bates' touches, good though he is.

By the way, why does he always come on the stage at full trot? And why that preposterous speech at the end of the last act, in which he states that he likes his "mutter" and "The Duchess," but they are nothing compared to "Miss Fanny"? My statement that the sentiment is one which he would never have expressed before "The Duchess" may, of course, be disputed, but it is impossible to deny that the diction is unnatural in the extreme. Mr. Hopper manages to give it a suggestion of realness by his unaffected intonations, but he cannot hide the fact that this "speech" is a blunder, the chief one in Chimmie Fadden's lines.

***

"Spartacus!" Guy Lindsley! Alma Kruger! Any of them, all of them! To think that a man who once had the experience and honor of acting with Jefferson and Mrs. Drew should come to this wild-eyed nonsense and these frenzied mummers, should come to it and them with glee, apparently, and avail himself of every inch of absurdity in Spartacus himself and his company. May the shade of his jester in "Francesca de Rimini" arise and whisper wisdom to him. Forget all of James' good points, multiply his defects fifty fold and you will have some idea of what he is as Spartacus. In the first act he roars, beats his breast, struts and strikes heroic attitudes; in the second he does all this and snorts in addition, while Crassus and the "Great Roman amphitheater" wait amiably for him and his brother to plot the upsetting of Rome. The rest of the time we see him gloated with gore and thirsting for more. Throughout, he is a magnificent heroic figure wallowing in absurdity. Not once does he walk—he strides, struts and cavorts, but walk! Never. Not once is he human and natural, but always monstrous, magniloquent and meaningless.

Though it is rather like discussing ancient history, I cannot forbear speaking of George Osbourne's capital work as Michonnet, and the agreeable surprise Mr. Lonergan gave me as the young officer in "Adrienne Lecouvrier." Though unsatisfactory in the last act, Lonergan was very charming in the first and second, so charming that I forgave him his Macduff on the spot.

He looked at "Adrienne" just as a man ought, and so seldom does look, at the woman he loves. His eyes were tender, joyous, admiring—beaming with the happiness and excitement of a successful lover. Oh, he was a very pleasant picture, that young man, with his clear, undaunted, kindly eyes.

Modjeska was not so attractive as usual in "Adrienne Lecouvrier." She cannot assume the expressions and voice of young love. The result of her efforts was artificiality. Her reading of these lines was entirely lacking in the simplicity and directness of real feeling; the pseudo sweetness and tenderness was plainly stamped—counterfeit. Still she was, as always, intelligent and tactful. She did not, however, use her best judgment in choosing her gowns. Though magnificent and admirably worn and made, they were not becoming. The white satin creation made her look ten years older than she did in Magda's flowing garments. Mr. Osbourne as Michonnet was the star of the performance. By some unusual and doubtless heaven-sent inspiration the audience—gallery and all—recognized the fact that they were looking at a good thing, and gave him almost as much applause as he deserved. Much to my surprise, pretty little Polly Perkins was not pretty at all in her fine lady clothes. Get you back to your blonde hair and Germen peasant dress, Polly, or, that failing, try muslin and ribbons—puffs and patches don't suit your style any better than white satin suits Modjeska.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

MISS MAY BUCKLEY

Who makes her re appearance at the Alcazar in "A Scrap of Paper," after her recent illness
Marceau, photo

The bill at the Orpheum next week will contain many new features. There will be "turns" of all sorts and descriptions, from tank swimmers and aerial artists to demon twisters and grand opera. The new people will be Professor J. Finney, champion all-round swimmer of the world, and Miss Marie Finney, who is down on the bills as "The Heroine of London Bridge." The Renfos, aerial artists; the Pantzeo trio, funny demons, introducing a wonderful exhibition of twisting and bending; Hayes, Lytton and Hayes in a new comedy, "A French Marriage," and the Grand Opera Quartette, consisting of A. L. Guille, tenor; Miss Julia Cotte, soprano; Miss Dora Busch, contralto, and Signor Abramoff, basso.

### Moet & Chandon Chosen.

At the Bradley-Martin dress ball, surpassing anything of the kind before attempted in this country, the cost of which was not less than $300,000, competition among the champagne importers was so strong that it was decided to submit to the most noted epicures of the four hundred unmarked samples of all the leading champagnes, and thus it came about that those who, by their taste and experience are the qualified judges of that which is best, selected the brand of Moet & Chandon, which was the only champagne served at this event.

San Francisco Chronicle.

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Imp. Ormonde. From a photograph taken in the spring of 1894

Imp. Ormonde. From a photograph taken in January, 1897

## ORMONDE HIMSELF AGAIN

### The Horse of the Century as He Is and Was.

Two photographs reproduced in these pages to-day represent the great horse Imp. Ormonde, taken at different periods of his sojourn at his present home, Menlo Stock Farm, Menlo Park, California. It will be observed that the later picture, dated quite recently, shows him minus much of the superfluous flesh which he put on after being established at Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough's farm. So much has been said and written in disparagement of Ormonde's foal-getting ability that it may be well to give the public an authentic statement of what he has accomplished since coming into his present owner's hands. The following list shows the progeny born in California in each year:

1894—Orestes, bay colt, out of Imp. Kissing Crust by Brown Bread. This colt is still the property of Mr. Macdonough, and at present in the East, where he will be trained for his engagements during the coming summer.

1895—Rosormonde, bay filly, out of Imp. Fairy Rose by Kisber. This filly is the property of the Stanford estate, and for racing has been leased to Mr. J. Nagle Burke, of San Jose.

1896—Bay colt out of Imp. Countess Langden by Kingcraft. Brown colt out of Jongleuse by Alarm. Brown filly out of Dizzy Blonde by Chilicothe. Bay filly out of Marilee by Glengarry.

1897—Chestnut filly out of Muta by Wildidle. Chestnut filly out of Bud by Glenmore. In addition to which seven more mares are expected to foal to him within the next two or three months.

During the present year the horse will be put to about fifteen mares, the property of his owner, and, if a few good outside matrons were offered, his services would probably be available for them also.

A perusal of the foregoing statement will be sufficient to satisfy the reader that the reports of Ormonde's impotence, which were so freely and ungenerously set agoing a couple of years ago, were not in keeping with the exact truth, and that, while no doubt his reputation as a stud horse was necessarily prejudiced by his failure to produce during periods when he was subjected to ocean voyages, climatic changes and other disabilities, there is now good reason to hope that a settled life and proper management have restored him to his rightful position as a potent sire. That a horse of his unequaled caliber should cease at an early age to be a factor in the current work of breeding would be a severe loss to the whole world, more especially after his proved ability to get such scions as Orme and Imp. Goldfinch, the latter the sire of Chelandry, the best two-year-old filly in England last season, and now a lord of the harem at Rancho del Paso in this State.

When Mr. Macdonough engaged James McDonnell, formerly in charge of the stallions at Rancho del Paso, to superintend his stud-farm and the handling of Ormonde in particular, he made an excellent selection, and there cannot be a doubt that to McDonnell's experienced care the change already brought about is mainly due. The horse is no longer coddled and stuffed like a prize ox, but is given feed and exercise, each in rational and suitable quantities, with the result that he is as fit and well as he can be, not gross, but clean and lusty, as a stallion needs to be to do himself full justice. Ormonde is now fourteen years of age, and therefore, if all goes well with him, he still has a moiety of his natural life before him. His own brother, Orelio, is expected to face the starter for the three-year-old classic races in England this year, and, if he should distinguish himself, it will reflect favorably on his great relative in California. It has been my good fortune never to have lost sight of Ormonde since I saw him win the Derby at Epsom, save for the short time which he spent in South America; and, if the enthusiasm which his own individuality compels in me, sustained by personal acquaintance with his sire, Bend Or, his peerless dam Agnes, and his famous sons Orme and Goldfinch, should in the near future be enhanced by one or more of his get, born and raced within my view in this beautiful State, there will for me have been more than reward for my studies and experience of the thoroughbred horse as existing in our times.

Nothing comes easier in speaking and writing than the use of clap-trap, but when the subject of these remarks was by universal consent styled "the horse of the century" my firm conviction is that the public were right, as they usually are in these matters, and I pray that their judgment may be upheld to the end. In racing and breeding separately or combined, we have so few certainties to depend upon that it would be hard, indeed, if evil luck should rob us of one of the best chances ever seen of pulling off the double event and so having constituted for us a champion, both of the turf and the stud, whose ultimate merit shall have been beyond our means of measurement.

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## HORSES

### Racers and Racing of the Week — Comment on the "Sport of Kings."

The Ingleside meeting was brought to a close on Saturday, 8th instant, with a nice break of sunshine after many days of weather about which nothing favorable can be said, except that it is "good for the country." With the change of the moon things open more auspiciously for the two weeks' campaign at Emeryville.

The two-year-old division still appear, but moderate. Sir William (Fitzjames-Ysabel) has earned brackets in the last two of his three races. This youngster was bought for $375 at the Rancho del Paso sale after the Horse Show, and has already landed first money in purses aggregating $750. In shape and make better ones can be found, but no doubt the drop of good blood he gets from his sire's dam, old Electra, is of service to him. He was perhaps a bit lucky on Saturday in the pretty short cut which brought out fourteen runners, all that were on the card, and but three not bred in the State, as Outlay, to whom he was giving three pounds, was taken very wide, and, to make up lost ground, driven at a terrible lick, which evidently told at the last pinch. The latter colt caused quite a buzz of admiration in the paddock, and during the preliminary by his elegant appearance, and it is to be hoped he will do justice to the good care Mr. P. Dunne is sure to give him. He has speed of a high order, and apparently lots of grit.

Geyser keeps his place in the three-year-old company, though his near fore leg can be no joy to his trainer. However, he had considerable advantage of Imp. Sain in conditon, when they met at even weights in the mile race on Saturday, and were but noses apart for decision. The latter is not by any means in racing trim, and that in a punishing finish he should have shown the superb courage he did confirms the good opinion expressed about him in these columns after his last success. But no horse will stand the jamming he has had just lately when only partially fit, and run up to the best form of which he is capable.

The Hobart Stakes, a handicap at one and a sixteenth miles, with a field of eight out of seventy-seven original entries, was the event of the Ingleside meeting, and showed us P. Dunne's Damien, 100 pounds, in renewed form, and a handy winner, with Salvation, 106 pounds, second a couple of lengths behind and Schiller, 110 pounds, third at about the same interval, the last two ridden out. The trio looked strong and fit as they filed out of the paddock. With Lucky Dog, 110 pounds, the tactics which are best suited to his complaint were put in force by Doggett, but when about half the distance had been negotiated he dropped back into the ruck, and eventually joined the tail end of the procession, along with Sweet Favordale, Argentina and Marcel. His stable companion, St. Lee, could not go the pace. The Baldwin mare introduced the crack jockey, W. Simms, to the California public, and, judging by her behavior at the post, didn't seem to relish the job. It was observed that the Eastern celebrity had taken a hint from his English experience and dropped his knees and thighs to the position in the saddle where their power can be utilized. He was formerly a striking example of the opposite style, which is so mistaken and unsightly.

While referring to this race it may be noted that the handicapper allotted about half the horses entered less than 100 pounds, but only one of the lot, Marcel, 90 pounds, came to the post, finishing absolutely last, thirty lengths behind the winner. Readers can draw their own conclusions, but certainly one must be that it is poor business, on the one hand, to own, and on the other to have to plan races for inferior animals.

The opening card at Emeryville was above the average, though somewhat spoiled by scratchings, the San Leandro Stakes, value $1,000, dwindling down to four runners, and resulting in an easy victory for the 3-year-old Estaca, who held the lead throughout. Caspar found little trouble in picking up one more purse at eleven-sixteenths of a mile, giving George Rose's pretty filly Tea Rose, who has lately been resting, five pounds, and leaving the rest of his field well strung out. Tuesday's racing was chiefly remarkable for the successful riding of Thorpe, who secured the judges' verdict in four out of the six races in which he rode, and seeming in more than one instance to get every possible ounce out of his mount. Morte Fonso, who lately passed from Harry Griffin into the hands of P. Dunne, showed that he can be consistent in any color, and assisted by Thorpe's judicious perseverance, took the green jacket to the front after a rattling set-to with Cabrillo, who had two pounds the worst of the weights in the mile race. With the Fonso horse, Damien and Benamela in his stable Mr. Dunne should not have much difficulty in getting a line on most of our local performers and ascertaining the exact ability of anything in his own string, which for its numbers holds the premier position in point of winning form this winter. The horses are not only well placed and trained, but usually have the advantage of the best jockeyship available, and are therefore good to follow.

The conditions have been published for two stakes, value $1,500 each, and eight of $1,000 each, to be run at the Montana summer meetings, entries closing April 1st, by which time most of the stables here at present should be able to determine whether their resources are suited to a campaign in the northern country. With racing at our two big tracks closing on May 15, there will be a nice interval to recruit before the first saddling bell rings at Anaconda on June 26. After four weeks' work at the Copper City the scene will be changed to Butte for a similar period.

BENEDICT.

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## THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

### Gabriele D'Annunzio's Revolting Tale of a Diseased Love.

The love of a degenerate and an epileptic—that, in brief, is the motive of Gabrielle D'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death" (G. H. Richmond & Co.). A profoundly revolting book, but, also, a work of real genius. Inevitably it raises the old question—the question which Mlle. de Maupin and Mme. Bovary and Anna Karanina and Esther Waters raised—how circumstantial may a novelist be in rendering the details of life as it is lived by men and women. It may as well be said that D'Annunzio has gone further than his predecessors. He seems to have gone to the very limit, but it is pathology rather than romance. Yes, the book is but the report of a diseased passion. The details are prurient, it is true, but the impression is not of an appeal to licentiousness, but rather of the statement of the facts of the case. You might call it a medical treatise by a genius—the doctor who writes is a great literary artist, whose descriptions are as powerful as Zola's or Hugo's, whose eyes are soul-piercing, who is both savant and poet. Yet the power of the novel must not blind one to the distinction between works of science and of art. The first have for their readers specialists, and "The Triumph of Death" is for general reading. One thinks with a shudder of this terrible story falling into the hands of a young girl, and yet its first appearance was made as a serial in the columns of the "Mattino" of Naples.

As I have said, this is not a story. There is no complication, but only the development of the theme. We start with George Aurispa, the eldest son of a noble Italian family, and Hippolyte Sanzio, a beautiful and fascinating young Roman woman, whom he loves and by whom he is loved. Hippolyte is separated from her husband, and is an epileptic. George's passion has the violence of a mania, and he suffers from an intense jealousy, a jealousy which includes the thoughts and feelings of his mistress. He suffers the most poignant distress because he cannot see her soul, because the laws of life decree they shall remain separate entities. The impression given of him is that of a slender, delicate, morbid sensualist, whose mind preys upon itself, who inherits vice from his father modified by the refinement of an aenemic mother. It is at once a powerful and repelling picture, that of the Aurispa family at home in Guardiagrele. One is made to realize the fatal taint in its blood by the strenuous pictures of the father and mother, against whom George is contrasted. But passing from this portion of the book to the life of the lovers in their Hermitage at San Vito, one finds passages of such consummate power and penetration that the horror excited by their subject is drowned in the admiration excited by the marvelous demonstration of skill, intuition and literary force. Intermingled with the brutal transcription of pure physical sensation are descriptions of scenery drawn with the pen of a poet. The scene of the final episodes of this strange passion is Italy—the shores of the Adriatic—an ancient villa built on a plateau half way up the cliffs, in a grove of orange and olive trees. Here are gracious intervals—renderings of moonlight and dawn full of color and loveliness, but the most idyllic passages are but settings for the pervading sensualism of the narrative. The end of these most unhappy lovers is indeed destruction, for George, under the stress of his malady, throws himself and Hippolyte over the cliffs into the Adriatic.

Quite the most powerful and impressive chapters in "The Triumph of Death" are those devoted to describing the pilgrimage to the Church of the Madonna of Casalbordino. One is reminded of Zola's "Lourdes," but the power here is more intense, the horrors even more vividly transcribed. Almost four centuries before, an old septuagenarian, in a plain devastated by the hail, thought he perceived the Virgin of Mercy in the tops of a tree, and since then each year on the anniversary of the apparition all the peoples of the mountains and the coast had gone on a pilgrimage to the holy place to beseech mercy for their sufferings. George and Hippolyte follow with the procession of invalids to the church. Here follow some of the most striking passages:

It was a marvelous and terrible spectacle, unheard of, without resemblance to any conglomeration ever seen before, whether of men or things; a pell-mell so strange, so violent and incongruous, that it exceeded the most troubled dreams of nightmare. All the ugliness of the eternal islet, all the shameful vices, all the stupors; all the spasms and all the deformities of the baptised flesh, all the tears of repentance, all the mockery of the debauchee, insanity, cupidity, cunning, lewdness, stupidity, fear, mortal fatigue, stony indifference, silent despair; sacred choirs, demoniacal shrieks, acrobatic performances, the chiming of bells, the blasts of trumpets, discordant cries, roars, sighs; the crackling of fires beneath cauldrons, heaps of fruits and sugared delicacies, shop windows full of utensils, draperies, arms, jewels, rosaries; the obscene contortions of dancing girls, the convulsions of epileptics, the blows exchanged in angry brawls, the flight of the hunted thief through the surging mob; the scene of the worst corruptions vomited from out the filthy alleys of distant towns and cast upon an ignorant and amazed multitude; clouds of parasites, like gadflies about cattle, falling upon the compact crowd, incapable of self-defense; every base temptation for the brutal appetite, every fraud, every immodesty was exhibited in broad daylight—a pell-mell of everything was there, seething and fermenting around the House of the Virgin.

George and Hippolyte succeed in eluding the crowd and make their way into the church.

They entered by a side door into a sort of sacristy, from which could be seen, through a bluish smoke, the walls entirely covered by votive offerings of wax suspended there in proof of the miracles accomplished by the Virgin. Limbs, arms, hands, feet, breasts, shapeless pieces representing tumors, gangrenes, and ulcers, horrid representations of monstrous maladies, pictures of violet and crimson sores which cried out from the pallor of the wax—all these objects, motionless on the four high walls, had a mortuary appearance, horrifying and frightful, evoking the image of a charnel-house where are piled up all the limbs amputated in a hospital. Heaps of human bodies encumbered the pavement, inert; and in the heap appeared livid faces, bleeding mouths, dusty faces, bald heads, white hair.

"Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!"

A thousand arms were stretched towards the altar with savage frenzy. The women dragged themselves along on their knees, sobbing, tearing out their hair, striking their hips, bruising their foreheads on the stones, twisting as if in convulsions or possessed. Many, on all fours, sustaining the entire weight of their horizontal bodies on their elbows and naked toes, advanced gradually towards the altar. They crawled along like reptiles, they gathered themselves together, springing on their toes, with progressive propulsions, and beneath their petticoats could be seen their callous yellow soles, the projecting and pointed ankle-bones of their feet. At times the hands seconded the efforts of the elbows, trembling around the mouth which kissed the dust, near the tongue which traced in this dust the sign of the cross, with a saliva mixed with blood. And the crawling bodies passed over these bloody tracings without effacing them, whilst, before each head, a man erect struck the pavement with the tip of a stick in order to indicate the right way to the altar.

"Madonna! Madonna! Madonna!"

Another wave of fanatics arrived, took their places, spread out along the entire length of the railing. Tumultuous cries and violent gestures alternated with their offerings. Inside the railing which intercepted the access to the large altar, priests received in their fat and white hands the moneys and trinkets. In the act of tendering the right or left hand, on either side, they balanced themselves like caged beasts in a menagerie. Behind them, the clerks held large metal plates on which the offerings jinglingly accumulated. On one side, near the door of the sacristy, other priests were stooping over a table: they were counting the money and examining the jewels, while one of them, bony and brownish, made entries with a quill pen in a large ledger. They each performed this task in turn, and then left it to officiate. From time to time the bell sounded, and the censer was elevated amidst a cloud of smoke. Long, bluish waves rolled around the tonsured heads and dispersed on the other side of the railing. The sacred perfume mingled with the human stench.

Passing from this monstrous scene we have a chapter devoted to describing the mysterious habits of the Italian peasantry, faint reminiscences of the festivals of Dionysius, which Pater painted so admirably in one of his Greek studies.

On the things exhausted by the heat hovered the limpid and sweet hour that was about to gather in its crystalline sphere the impalpable ashes of the consumed day.

The field was laid out in a parallelogram, on a tableland girt with gigantic olive-trees, through the branches of which were glimpses of the blue band of the Adriatic, mysterious as the velum perceived in the temple behind the silver palms. The haystacks were erected at intervals in the form of cones, massive, and opulent with the richness heaped up by the arms of men, celebrated by the songs of women. When the toil was ended, the band of haymakers made a circle around its chief in the center of the field. They were robust, sunburnt men, dressed in linen. On their arms, on their legs, on their bare feet, they had deformities which the long and slow endurance of manual labor imprints on limbs that toil. In the fist of each man shone a scythe, curved and thin as the moon in its first quarter. From time to time, with a simple gesture of their disengaged hand, they wiped the sweat from their brows, and with it sprinkled the ground where the straw was shining under the oblique rays of the setting sun.

(For sale at A. M. Robertson's.)

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Returning, trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOS. H. WILLIAMS JR., Pres.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

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Monday, Tuesday and Friday and Saturday Matinee first time here, **My Lord and Some Ladies**
Wednesday and Sunday, **Othello.** Thursday, **Hamlet**
Saturday, **Spartacus**
February 22d: Lucky A Holcombe in "Shore Acres"

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Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 13
**The Finneys,** Champion Swimmers of the World
**The Renfos,** Novelty Aerial Artists
**Pantzer Trio,** the Demon Twisters
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Second Symphony Concert!

**Next Thursday at 3:30 sharp**

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Magnificent Programme!

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 26
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied February 10, 1897
Delinquent in office, March 16, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 6, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary,
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

## AS THE WORLD WAGS

### An Englishwoman's Frankness in Discussing Financial Affairs.

The frankness of the English woman as opposed to her American sister is amusingly instanced by a writer in the New York Tribune. "An English woman has no diffidence in expressing her poverty, whereas the Amrican tries to conceal her makeshifts. "I know we are paupers, Ella," said a British attache, who had married for love on nothing, "but I do think we might have clean antimacassars." This was before a number of smart people, who had been asked informally to partake of a "leg of mutton." "Why, my dear boy," she answered, composedly, "how can I keep them clean, when cook and nurse are obliged to do all the washing, and you will use hair oil?" With an American couple in like position such a complaint and rejoinder would be impossible.

The way the members of an English family discuss each other's failings and failures with strangers is incomprehensible to our country people, who, whatever might be their private opinion, would be prevented by pride, if not by loyalty, from exposing their relatives to adverse criticism. "I have four sisters," said a newly-arrived Englishman at a dinner, "and although the mater has tried her level best, she has not succeeded in getting one of them off." "Have you any brothers?" asked his neighbor. "One," he answered promptly, "but he's gone to the bad; he's a regular sponge, too, and I'd advise you to look out for him if he comes to this country, for he never pays up." "How can you speak that way of your own brother?" exclaimed the young lady, quite horrified. "Why shouldn't I," he answered, quite mystified, "it is true?"

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Tipping has been looked upon by most people as the very bane of traveling, but in reality it is not. The porter of a Pullman and the steward of a steamer are paid to do just so much, and no more. Of course, they are supposed to be courteous and attentive and all that, but there are many little courtesies that are not part of their duties, and these are exactly the little attentions that the traveler wants most, and if he does not pay for them he will not get them. This is the virtue of tipping from a purely selfish view; there is another phase of it, a more kindly and considerate one. There are many people employed upon trains and in hotels whose wages consist almost entirely of the tips given them by travelers. This is the case particularly in Europe, where the overcrowded condition of the cities makes such gratuitous labor a necessity.

---

And now fashionable London, too, is stepping to the "Washington Post March." This is guaranteed to be the very latest and absolutely true, and since it is, New York will, of course, follow suit, and San Francisco will do likewise in all due time. We had hoped to have heard the last of this whilom favorite, as it has been organed and whistled and played to death many times over, but now, it seems, it is to be revived again, but since London approves, why so must we.

MR. HERMANN SCHWARZE (known as Herman, at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hairdressing Parlors at 225 Powell street. Telephone Main 5820.

Unique and tasty invitations are out for a sketch review at the offices of Wilder & Co., Easterbrook building, 20 to 24 Geary street, on next Friday and Saturday, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. and 7:30 and 10 p. m. This exhibition will include original drawings and reproductions of advertising sketches, representing a small portion of the work of Wilder & Co. for the past year, and is for the purpose of making the business world generally better acquainted with what can be done in illustrated advertising.

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The Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Munier & Ieuch, proprietors.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

## THEATRE NOTES

Trebelli is here. The young soprano, upon whose slender shoulders has fallen the mantle of Trebelli mere, called the "greatest contralto." Madame Trebelli is dead, but her voice still lives in her daughter.

Singularly enough Trebelli eschews the operatic stage, that brilliant Mecca of singers and classes now known as the greatest among concert singers. This bizarre resolution of hers is not because she has been refused opportunity, for the late Augustus Harris again and again attempts to induce her to star in operatic roles. Trebelli is, at this moment, on a singing tour of the world, and her voice has been heard in places so remote as Zanzibar and Natal, and in Tasmania and New Zealand.

From the time of her earliest childhood Trebelli has lived in an atmosphere of song, her father, Allesandro Bellini having won a national reputation as tenor of a very high order. She has not, however, been obliged to go to out of the way corners of the world, where talent is rare, to win a reputation. Some of her greatest triumphs have been achieved in Russia and in Paris, while Scotland, England and Ireland have alike appreciated and applauded. Rubenstein really discovered Trebelli, and it was through his advice and efforts that the young cantatrice was educated for the profession. When quite a little girl she made her debut at St. James' Hall in London, after a careful period of preparation under Stanly and Martel the great maestros. Her success was immediate in an instant. The world was aware that a new star had arisen over the musical horizon.

Fanny Rice, the big little comedienne, is to make mirth at the Columbia after the departure of "Chimmie." Fanny Rice is one of the jolliest soubrettes along the line, and is bound to make a hit, especially as she arrives surrounded by kindred actors and actresses hardly less magnetic and fetching than herself. During the engagement two operas will be sung, "A Flower Girl of Paris" and the singing comedy, "At the French Ball."

Sigmund Beel, who leaves this week for Europe, is to be replaced by John Marquardt as concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony Society. The second concert of the society is to take place at the Columbia Theater next Thursday afternoon at 3:30 sharp. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs has displayed excellent judgment in the matter of arrangement of programme, and the pieces to be heard next Thursday are bound to appeal to a very large class of music lovers.

"A Scrap of Paper," the play that made the Kendals famous, is to be the next bill at the Alcazar, and will no doubt draw the same large audience that as usual fills this popular theater. It is understood that Miss Joliffe, who made her debut with Modjeska and who is now with her company in the southern part of the State, will be seen at the Alcazar in a couple of weeks. This is quite a card for the theater, as Miss Joliffe has a host of friends who are ever ready to turn out to do her honor.

At the Tivoli "Aladdin's Lamp" still continues to shine with undiminished lustre, in company with such other lights as Ferris Hartman, Annie Suits and Miss Seabrooke. The Danse des Fleurs Electriques, with its 500 miniature bulbs, is quite a dazzling affair by itself, and alone is said to have cost the Tivoli close to $2,000. "Patience," Gilbert and Sullivan's masterpiece, is to go on shortly, to be followed later on by Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor.

Chimmie Fadden, buttons, small bots, plunkers and all, is at the Columbia, and is raisin' de laugh all right—all right. Mr. Hopper's dramatization of the title role is all that author or audience could desire, and his support is exceptionally good, being well selected and evenly balanced. Chimmie was a new type in literature, and came to stay. He deserves equal success "upon the boards," and has got it, thus far. Marie Bates as Mrs. Murphy is as good a character make-up as we have seen here in some time, while George Mash, Irene Viancourt and Beth Franklyn are quite above the average standard.

There will be plenty of music and song and any amount of spectacular effect in "Cinderella," which will be put on at the California next week by a company of clever little people, including Nina Cook, Daisy Gergan and Rosina D'Ennery. The famous aerial artists, The Zanfrellos, who created a sensation at the Orpheum some time ago, have been engaged for the production, and there are many other interesting features that will assist in making the performance thoroughly enjoyable.

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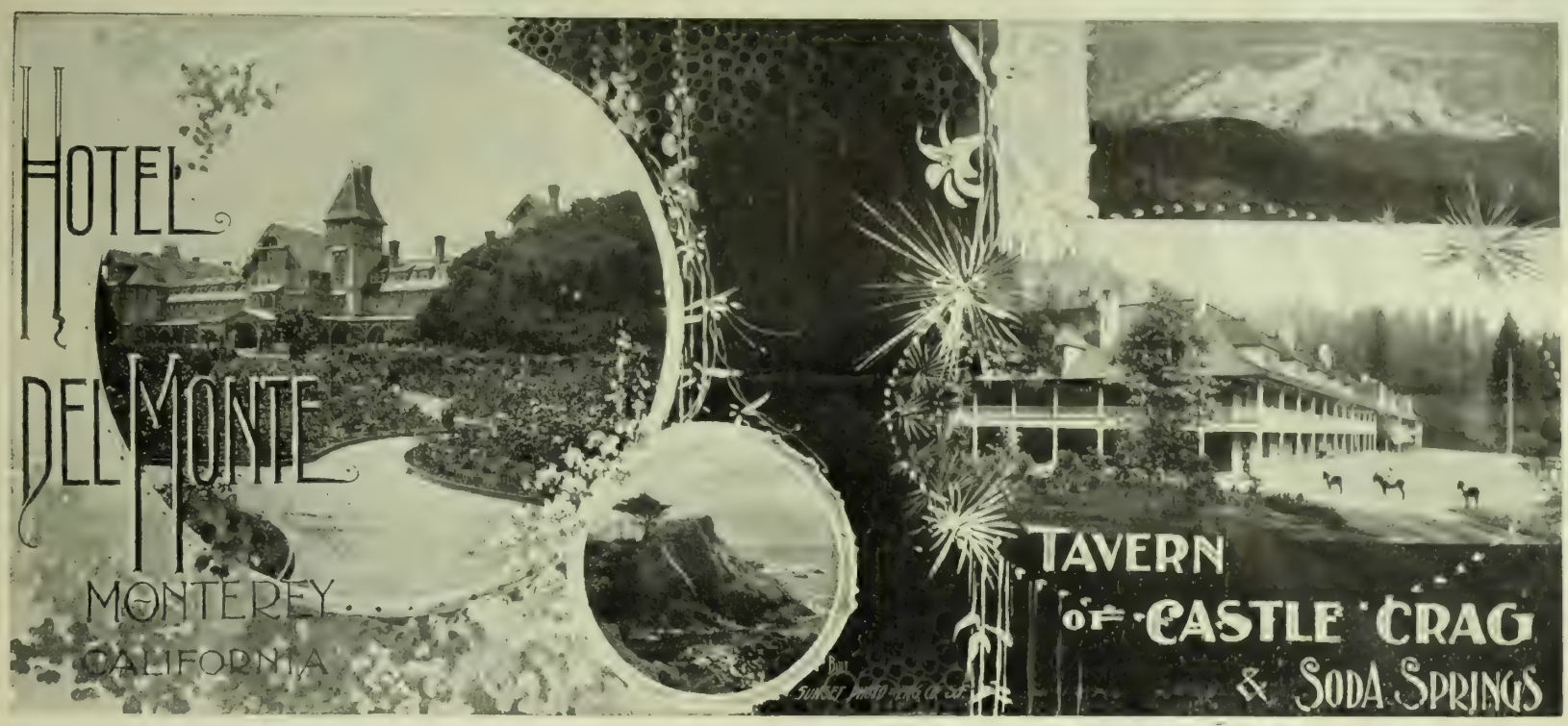
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over. Address GEO. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

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ASSESSMEMT NOTICE — BULLION MINING COMPANY — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 49) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of February, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 11th day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, S. F.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE — BEST AND BELCHER MINING COMPANY — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 26th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 61) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on 2d day of March, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the 23d day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF F. M. L. PETERS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Martha E. Peters, administratrix of the estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., her attorney, 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARTHA E. PETERS,
Administratrix of the Estate of F. M. L. Peters, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 14, 1897.
Gavin McNab, Att'y for Administratrix.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Julia Consolidated Mining Company**

Assessment No. 28
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied January 21, 1897
Delinquent in office January 26, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, March 19, 1397

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.
Office, room 56, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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Captain B. was a strict disciplinarian, and his crew respected him beyond measure. Not one of them would have dreamed of interpreting a command otherwise than according to the strict letter of the law; things must be done "shipshape" under his rule. One day, while the ship was in a certain port, the captain gave a dinner to some town friends, and, the resources of the ship not being extensive, some of the sailors were deputed to reinforce the insufficient number of stewards by waiting at table. As these men were not used to such work, each one was told exactly what service would fall to his share. The hour came, and the dinner went on merrily. Presently, however, one of the ladies wanted a piece of bread. There was none very near her, and the finely-disciplined stewards seemed to be oblivious of her need. She turned her head and spoke very softly to the man at her elbow. "Bread please," she said. The man looked regretfully at the bread and then at her. It was evident that he would fain have helped her if it had been in his power. Saluting in fine naval style, he said, "Can't do it, ma'am; I'm told off for taters."

In one of the plays dealing with Napoleon which were all the rage in Paris a year ago, there was in one scene an episode in which the birth of the Prince of Rome is announced to the public by the means of the firing of a cannon. In the event of the expected child being a girl a single shot was to be fired, but if a boy, his arrival was to be heralded by a volley of twenty-one guns. The dialogue is, as may be readily imagined, interrupted at a critical moment by the firing of a shot. A long pause ensues, a moment of anxiety for all the characters in the play, and the Empress Josephine, thinking the exceeding silence means that only one shot is to be fired, exclaims, "It is a girl!" Immediately a second shot is heard, and one of the ladies of the court exclaims, "It is a boy!" A second later a third shot is heard, and on the first night of the play, a small boy up in the gallery shouted, "Great Scot! it's triplets."

In the leading hotel at Houston, Texas, there is a clerk noted for his readiness at answering his most abstruse queries. A party of drummers were seated one night round the stove discussing the official's quickness. "I'll bet you the drinks," said one of them, "that if you open that newspaper you have in your hand, select the first phrase that meets your eye, and then walk over to the clerk and say it over to him, he will respond in some way without a moment's hesitation. The drummer opened the paper by chance at a political article, and the first words he saw were "the greatest good to the greatest number." He walked over to the clerk's desk, leaned his elbow upon it, and said seriously, "The greatest good to the greatest number." The clerk smiled pleasantly, touched a bell, and said to the bell boy, "Take a bottle of whiskey up to room 200.

The ability of some people to convince themselves that whatever they wish to do is right is illustrated by Mr. Francis H. Hardy in the "Fortnightly Review," as follows: "I had a friend who once chanced to take by mistake a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill. We, his friends, all commiserated with him over his loss, and when, to soothe his wounded pride, he pointed out what a splendid counterfeit it was, and how well calculated to deceive, we all agreed with him. One day I asked him to show his celebrated counterfeit to another friend. To my surprise he answered that he had passed it. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'Passed as good money a counterfeit bill!' 'Well,' he answered, 'it was like this. That note was so well got up that, while on some days I knew it was bad, on other days I thought it must be good; and one of the days I thought it was good, why, I passed it!"

On one of his campaign tours, Garfield, who was noted for the extreme quickness and adaptability of his intelligence, was accompanied by a certain Senator, who relates this reminiscence of the tour: "What's this next place noted for?" Mr. Garfield asked, just before we reached a small town. "Butter," answered some one in the car. "On that oily foundation he delivered one of the most eloquent speeches I ever listened to. It was at the time oleomargarine first came into use, which he likened to the Democratic party, masquerading for what it was not. Butter—pure butter—made from cream, and wearing no disguises, was, of course, the Republican party, and between his subject and what he said about it there was more enthusiasm created in that small town than it had witnessed for many a day."

A pretty story is told in the French press about the Kaiser. Recently His Majesty went to the Berlin barracks alone. The corporal on guard recognized the Kaiser immediately, and saluted him. The Kaiser was pleased, and, approaching the soldier, said: "Why do you look so sad, corporal?" The corporal did not reply. The Emperor then asked if he was disappointed in love. At this the corporal found his tongue, and replied that he wished to marry Marguerite, the daughter of his sergeant-major, but that her father would not give his consent until he became a sergeant. "And do you love her very much?" asked the Kaiser. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Then," said the Emperor, "go and tell your future father-in-law that William II makes you a sergeant."

A costermonger, while trundling his apple-laden cart down a London street, was run into by a coaching-party. The coster's cart got the worst of it, losing a wheel, and its ruddy freight being scattered all over the street. The driver of the coach came back to settle for the damage, and expected to come in for a volley of strong language. But the coster looked at his cart, looked at his apples, looked at the coach, and finally gasped out, "Guv'ner, dere eyen't no word fer it!"


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Evolution of a Sky-Scraper

A South-Sea Colonization Expedition

# THE WAVE

VOL XVI. No. 8 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| Evolution of a Sky-Scraper | 4 |
| Two Amateur Tramps | 5 |
| Misadventures En Route: by L. Leroy | 5 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| Actors in the Cretan Drama | 7 |
| A Noble Gift | 7 |
| A South-Sea Expedition: by Frank Norris | 8 |
| The Latest Fad in Logging | 9 |
| The Successor of Lobanoff | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Rothschilds at Home: a Review | 12 |
| The Sport of Kings: by Benedict | 13 |
| As the World Wags | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE ANTAGONISTIC SOUTH.

The Los Angeles "Times," with a rare sagacity and excessive shrewdness that long and, perhaps, costly experience alone can cultivate, attempted to reply to our recent editorial on "The Antagonistic South." In that article we mildly asserted that the people in this "sunland" of ours had been industriously nourishing a stock of phylloxera proof falsehoods concerning the quality of weather that prevails north of Tehachapi. We also stated that these misguided people deliberately, persistently, and systematically lied to visiting Eastern tourists, and ascribed to this warm northern citrus belt snowstorms, icepacks, glaciers and a multitude of other uninviting and altogether frigid attributes. The "Times" admits the truth of our statement, because it does not deny it. Neither does it seem to find anything reprehensible in this practice.

A letter received from Los Angeles, which is published in this issue, entirely misapprehends the attitude of "The Wave" in this matter. We have no quarrel with the south because it has grown, nor have we any quarrel with it in that its people are inclined to be boastful or to exaggerate the manifold resources and possibilities of their environment. They have much to boast of in the south and more to hope for. What we quarrel with is the mean, spiteful, inexcusable misrepresentation concerning other portions of the State, which seems to be a part of the religion of the south.

Another and a later communication upon this subject has reached this office from Mr. Albert E. Gray of Oroville, in which that gentleman thanks this journal for directing public attention to the abusive custom prevailing in the south. Mr. Gray has suffered direct pecuniary loss through the systematic misrepresentation of our "sunland romancers," and he exhibits some warmth of feeling in commenting upon their practices. He says:

"Of course, I do not allude in such harsh terms to the methods of Southern California in regard to any isolated statement, however injurious or preposterous, but scarcely a day or a week goes by without evidence of a similar character, and the whole State suffers in consequence."

He then suggests that some organization be formed to counteract the influences of what he is pleased to term "an organized bureau of lying," which lives down south. There is necessity for such a bureau, and a San Franciscan needs but assume the role of an Eastern tourist for a day in Los Anegles to learn how very badly such a thing is required. Since the publication of our first article upon this subject Mr. Harry Sherwood, a member of one of our leading firms, has directed the attention of the Chamber of Commerce to this intolerable condition of affairs, and to the imperative necessity of establishing a bureau of information in Los Angeles to correctly inform Eastern visitors as to the climate and possibilities of other portions of the State. The practice of which Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Gray complain is not a trivial thing; it is a shameful and damnable outrage. If misrepresentation in the south grows out of a genuine lack of information, then all the more necessity for supplying the people with the truth; if it proceeds from a plain and deliberate intent to deceive and so work injury to other portions of the State, then we should choke the lie down the throat of the slanderer, and see to it that the man in quest of information does not go hungry for the truth, or have his appetite for information glutted by our very adroit and very unscrupulous brothers of the south.

Our strictures upon the people of the south do not proceed from any hearsay evidence; the writer personally tested the thing for himself, and was astonished to hear the most astounding falsehoods fall from the lips of apparently honest citizens with all the glibness of familiarity and truth. We do not pretend that the practice of which we complain is universal, but we do assert that among the creatures with whom the tourist is most likely to come in contact the lie stands tiptoe on the tongue ready to slip off at the slightest provocation.

That the "Times" does not find this practice reprehensible, and does not inveigh against it with that vigor for which it is well known, is somewhat surprising. Perhaps our southern contemporary doubts that fruiterers, druggists, hackmen and the like do indulge in these weird tales of San Francisco snowstorms. If it does and demands proof, it may have proof, if it promises to reprimand its neighbors for their lack of veracity.

## GREECE TO THE RESCUE.

The spirit of Marathon seems to be still alive in the people of Greece. They have dared that which the great powers have feared to do. The Mohammedan Sultan has gone on massacring the Christians of Armenia while Christian nations have looked on with indifference, but when it was known that with the Sultan's tacit approval the Christian Greeks of Crete were to be offered as a sacrifice to the religious prejudice of Mohammedan Turkey little Greece was courageous enough to declare to all the powers that this iniquity must be ended. A bolder and more heroic position has not been taken by any petty power of Europe since Denmark defied the allied German states in the maintenance of her Schleswig-Holstein rights. It appeals to the sentiment of mankind, and if war should result we may feel sure that the people of Europe will not allow this small nation of heroes to be worsted by the one semi-barbarous power yet remaining upon the European continent.

No doubt there is truth in the telegraphed report that Greece has not undertaken this step without the knowledge and approval of Russia. It is not so long since the ruling Czar and the Crown Prince of Greece were comrades in a tour around the world, in the course of which the latter by his bravery saved the life of the ruler of Russia. Beside this relationship and the intimacy which springs from common interests and experiences, the tie of blood binds these two young men, and as cousins they take naturally a lively interest in the welfare and progress of their nations. If we assume that Russia stands behind Greece with drawn sword ready to compel the Turk's submission, it nevertheless should be humiliating to the Christian powers of Europe that the governments which have dared to raise their hands against the brutal atrocities, the barbaric cruelties, the middle-age inhumanities of the Turks, are not those which we speak of as the civilized powers. England has warships in the Mediterranean to see that English stockholders in the Suez canal and English holders of Egyptian securities are protected in their property rights; France and Italy send armies into the deserts of Africa to compel the wild men of these sandy wastes to do honor and pay tribute to the French and Italian flags; Spain despoils herself in men and in money that she may put down justifiable rebellion in two distant colonies; Germany sends expedition after expedition through the swamps and forests of Central Africa to bring that territory under her tricolor. But Russia, Tartar Russia, Russia that but a century ago was a land unknown even to the geographers of Western Europe, the Russia whose ruler stands before the world as a symbol of barbaric absolutism, the Russia in which there is neither freedom of speech nor a press, in which independent thought and humanitarian sympathy are rewarded with a stone hut in the wilds of Siberia—this is the government that has had the temerity and the conscience to protect the world against the scimiter of the Turk. In this there is basis for another of those sonnets of William Watson, the true poet laureate of England, poems which have spoken to the conscience of Christian mankind.

The world will watch with interest the progress of affairs in this little island in the Mediterranean, not because of the value of the island itself, nor out of any sympathy with anything this island has ever contributed to civilization, but because the fate of Crete will be a forecast of the history of Europe for years to come. If Greece is allowed to establish a protectorate over the island, it would indicate that the powers of Western Europe are afraid to grapple with Russia. If these powers insist that the Hellenes withdraw from Crete without imposing terms upon the Turk, and Russia submits, we may fairly infer that Russia is not yet prepared to bring about that continental war which has for years seemed inevitable. No matter from what standpoint we regard this situation in the most remote corner of Europe, it is apparent that the position as there taken is indicative of readiness for war. The excuse is sufficient to justify any appeal to arms which the powers may choose to make. By landing troops on Crete and capturing a fortress, the Greeks have virtually declared war against Turkey. Turkey is practically under the protectorate of the Western powers. Here then is a defiance by Eastern Europe of Western Europe.

The last great war that Europe saw was that between France and Germany. It was not so long ago but that those who read but little history will remember the minor occasion which served as the excuse for precipitating it. The Emperor of the French, realizing that he had been made a catspaw of by Bismarck in his negotiations preliminary to the war with Austria, was anxious to regain his prestige as the first diplomat of Europe. He learned that a proposition had been made to the Spanish Cortes that the prince of the house of Hohenzollern should be placed upon the Spanish throne. At once he sent a protest to Berlin. Berlin answered with a denial. An interview between the French ambassador and the German Emperor followed, and Bismarck, through an inspired press and agents in Paris, made it appear in Germany that the Prussian King had been insulted by the French ambassador, and in France that the French ambassador had been insulted by the Prussian King. Paris clamored for war to revenge the insult. The King of Prussia was fooled with a forged telegram, and so war resulted. This incident serves as an illustration of the ease with which nations go to war when they are ready. If no war follows from the Cretan incident the world will conclude that the nations of Europe stand shaking their fists at each other like a crowd of bullies threatening, but afraid to execute.

## THE REAL NECESSITIES OF THE ARMY.

All prospect of the passage at this session of Congress of what is called the Lamont bill, a measure providing for the reorganization of the line of the army, seems to have vanished. Some of the provisions of the bill were discussed here last week, and it may seem now to be useless to make any further reference to the moribund measure. But if there is a real need of reorganization in the line of the army the necessity will continue to exist after the final disappearance of the Lamont bill with the dissolution of the present Congress. That reorganization is necessary, or, at least, is highly desirable in the interest of the efficiency of the service, there seems to be no reasonable doubt. The session of Congress now about to expire afforded, at best, but a poor prospect of the successful carrying through of such a sweeping and important measure as the Lamont bill. When the Speaker of the House took pains to impress on his colleagues the fact that the national revenue was running behind the national expenditure at the rate of more than $60,000,000 a year, it was obvious that the time was not suitable for any measure which, in the absence of an immediate and pressing necessity for such additional burden, proposed to increase by about $2,000,000 the annual cost of the military peace establishment. We hope to see the effort to effect some desirable reforms in the organization of our army resumed before the next Congress, and to see the effort made with greater energy, more discretion and with better reasons urged in support of the measures proposed.

So far as the proposed legislation was designed to affect the artillery force of the army it is not open to the serious objections that were urged against the scheme for the remodeling of the infantry regiments. There was, in fact, this radical difference, that while it was proposed to increase the number of officers in the infantry regiment without any corresponding increase of its enlisted strength, it was proposed to diminish the number of artillery officers in each regiment and to increase by two the number of regiments, thereby absorbing all the officers displaced from the old regiments and leaving only a score of vacancies in the lowest grade to be filled by new appointments. Of course, the promotions resulting from the contemplated changes were "merely incidental," in the language of the supporters of the measure, but it is quite safe to say that if there had been no resulting promotions, incidental or accidental, a good deal of the zeal with which the bill was supported by the military representation at Washington would have been conspicuously lacking. It is

when the actions of the military authorities who support the proposed legislation are contrasted with the reasons which are advanced by the same authorities that the element of weakness which the military sages contribute to the cause of the military reform becomes conspicuous. The commander of our army has assured the legislators that an adequate increase of the artillery force is needed to keep pace with the advance in the preparation of our system of seaboard defenses. As a matter of fact our coast defenses are not at present so far advanced as to furnish occupation, or even means of instruction, to a third of our batteries of heavy artillery, and at the rate at which those defenses are progressing it will be a long time before there will be guns and mortars in position in sufficient numbers to give occupation to the artillery troops who are now vegetating at posts where they have nothing to do but the routine duties of an infantry garrison, and where they have no facilities for learning even the rudiments of their duties as defenders of the coast. The Commanding General, at the very time when he was, doubtless, preparing to make the statement to Congress that our artillery force was inadequate to the demands of our growing defenses, was taking the artillerymen from the guns at the Presidio—the only guns on this coast—and sending them to Angel Island, where, with all due deference to his opinions about Gibraltars and "important artillery stations," there is not a single gun, and where no artillery station will ever be established by a sane and competent soldier. How can it be reasonably expected that the Congress will listen with respect to the demand for more artillery soldiers for the guns that are to be, when that demand is voiced by one who has just displaced from their guns the only artillery garrison on this coast, and replaced them by an infantry command under an infantry commander? The committees of Congress are generally too busy to be willing to investigate matters which are not brought forcibly to their attention, but it would be well worth the time of any member of either of the military committees, when this question of an increase in the artillery comes up again for consideration, to ask the commanding General of the army to explain why, with the pressing necessity existing for such increase, he has felt impelled to banish the artillery headquarters of this harbor to the gunless slopes of Angel Island. A straightforward answer to such a question might be a revelation of military wisdom—or of something quite different.

We need more artillery, just as we need more infantry and more cavalry. We need them, not because of any promotions that may be incident to an expansion of the army, but because, in spite of all the arbitration treaties that we may make, we may find use for them at any time, and when the time comes it will be impossible to improvise a sufficient force. When it was demonstrated that there was need of a new navy the Congress met the demand, and the people supported the legislature in the new policy. When it shall have been demonstrated, by honest military reasons advanced by honest military men, that there is need of a new army, or of a remodeling of the existing force, the Congress will act as promptly and as effectively as it did in the case of the navy. Grabs for "incidental" promotion, under the plea of zeal for the improvement of the service have never succeeded, and it is not probable that they can ever succeed.

Let our military advisers show a military necessity for infantry regiments of three battalions—three bona fide battalions—and the battalions will come. Let the danger be demonstrated that will result from any impairment of our present admirable force of cavalry and no military committee will ever lay destroying hands on that arm of the service. Let the artillery officers show that seven regiments or more of artillery are needed to ensure the safety of our coasts, and the necessary legislation will not be long delayed. But let them also ask for a competent officer to be placed at their head; one who will give honest advice when asked for it by Congress, and who will be responsible to his superiors and to the public that his force will be employed for the purposes for which it is maintained and for which it is now asked, and not tucked away in some fake Gibraltar.

## *THE WAR ON CHARTERED CAPITAL.*

The wing of Democracy that substitutes noise for wisdom, clamor for argument, hyprocrisy for honesty, will scarcely take profit from the note of warning sounded by Senator David B. Hill in the February "Forum." He denounces the agrarian and socialistic tendencies that developed in the recent campaign, and solemnly warns his party that the growth of this spirit in that organization must be promptly checked and forcibly disavowed, or successive defeats will inevitably follow. With peculiar emphasis a sermon might be preached to-day from the text which follows. He says:

"It is neither good politics nor is it honest to teach the people to expect the Government to provide a living for them; nor to lead them to believe that all the ills to which the body-politic is naturally subject can be cured by legislation; nor to attack vested rights, to discriminately assail the possessors of property, to denounce wealth and exalt poverty, to inspire disrespect for courts, to rail at those in authority, to openly or covertly resist established laws, to oppose or regard as 'wrongs' and 'oppressions' the necessary regulations ordained for the control of public affairs; nor to encourage a warfare upon chartered capital and fixed incomes, nor to array classes against classes, and endeavor to sow the seeds of discontent everywhere."

Municipal reform does not lie in the direction of attacks on vested rights or warfare on chartered capital. What Senator Hill declares to be bad in a national party in national politics is equally bad in a municipal party in municipal politics. There is abroad in America a mischievous spirit of discontent and distrust that is being wet-nursed by a sensational press for the subscribers there are in it, and encouraged and cuddled by the demagogue for the votes there are in it. Probably so long as boards of supervisors are by law directed to regulate water, gas and other rates, there will come an annual demand from one source or another for a reduction in these rates. Existing charges need not be high or even unsatisfactory to bring about the agitation. The temptation to advocate that which will reduce the expenses of one hundred thousand consumers and visit harm only upon the shareholders of a few corporations is too great for the press or the politician to resist. The way is plainly indicated for the adventurer who is playing for subscribers or for votes.

The evils of these annually recurring agitations do not end with the assailed corporations, but extend clear and away beyond them. So far as we are concerned, rates may be cut into halves and quarters and then into eighths and sixteenths, so long as the reduction is fair and reasonable and within the law. If there was only some place where this thing might end, one might feel encouraged to advocate it, but in the nature of things it seems impossible under present arrangements to find the end and keep within the law. Municipal ownership is offered as the cureall. "Th Wave" is opposed to municipal ownership so long as the boss continues in power, and bossism will no doubt continue until an adequate civil service law adorns our statute books. Municipal ownership would put an end to all of these mischievous agitations as we know them, but we fear it would give place to something infinitely worse. The power of the political boss proceeds from the patronage at his command. If we increase the possibilities of patronage by public ownership, we simply work to increase his power. If we could be sure of civil serivce and honest public administration and sane management—things now woefully lacking—our inclination, and the inclination of all sensible men, would be to remove temptation from the press and from the demagogue, but until the dawn of that better governmental era, municipal ownership would be foolhardy. Meanwhile we must keep within the law.

A bill has just passed the Senate, and is now before the Assembly, authorizing the employment of a "Specialist in Sociological Education," at a salary of $4,000 a year, in cities where the daily attendance of pupils at the public schools exceeds 25,000, or where the inmates of jails, prisons, etc., exceed 1,000. The "Specialist" is to be appointed to his office by the Superintendent of Schools, the Sheriff and the Recorder.

The "Wave" has no particular objection to the creation of the new office, but we do strenuously object to appointing such a Specialist for life. The bill creating the office provides that the appointee's term "shall continue for the same period of time as that of the regular class teachers of the primary and grammar schools now employed in the city or city and county." If this means anything it means a perpetual tenure. The language smacks of a cunning desire to conceal the real intent from view. Class teachers are appointed for life, so far as appears. Neither State law nor municipal ordinance limits the term of teachers' employment, and therefore our very clever "Specialist," if appointed for the same term, holds office for life. It is curious that the Senate did not uncover this little joker that lies in hiding in the seventh clause of the bill, and we respectfully direct the attention of the Assembly to the vice of it, so that it may be remedied.

If we are to have a "Specialist," let his term of office be clearly defined. Otherwise, the city and county may look ahead to unnecessary litigation, should it ever become dissatisfied with its first selection. The fathers of the bill, if honest, cannot object to the change, and if dishonest, their objections should not prevail. We favor civil service, but not in spots, and isolated cases.

## *COMMUNICATION.*

The following communication was received during the week from Los Angeles. According to our custom we publish the same for what it is worth. Reference to it will be found in another column:

Los Angeles, February 8, 1897.

"Editor "The Wave": In the Los Angeles "Times" of yesterday appeared an editorial in reply to an article on the southern counties that recently appeared in "The Wave." The article in "The Wave" did not hit it hard enough. Los Angeles and Southern California, but Los Angeles in particular, afford a curious study. There is here a strip of country, say 200 miles long, and as to the part that is good for anything seventy-five miles wide. If you go more than seventy-five miles from the ocean you strike desert. It has been built up by climate, oranges and tenderfeet. The climate won't give you a living, the oranges do not yield the profit they once did, and the tenderfeet are like the eels that made the London fishwife swear—they won't lie still and be skinned. But I question if there are people anywhere who are so egotistical and so absolutely wild and harebrained as to the supposed future of the country they live in as the people here. As a Chicago porkpacker put it, "Their heads are full of sunshine," and that is all. For instance, an editor of some little sheet published between here and the desert gravely argued in his paper a while ago that Southern California would have from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 people in ten years, which estimate is so far from any possibility that comment is unnecessary.

Of course, the rich are all right anywhere, but never in my life have I been anywhere, and I have been all over the United States, or nearly so, where the average people were so hard up. Business of all kinds is overrun to an extent that beggars description. Day by day there fall by the business wayside those who cannot stand the pressure. The papers say nothing, even the mercantile agencies keep it as quiet as possible, but down they go. You see a store to-day well stocked and apparently prosperous. To-morrow it is closed, room vacant, people gone, nobody knows where. There are, I don't know how many, fly-by-nights here now, provided they can't sell to a sucker and so save themselves.

There is nothing in the agricultural or horticultural part of the country—except for the commission man. Yet they keep on flooding the East with the same old rot about ten acres giving a man a living and twenty being enough to furnish a competence. Take Riverside, their crack district. There are too many groves there which are mortgaged at the rate of $800 an acre which the mortgagees would sell quick for $200 per acre. There is not a paper south of Tehachapi dare tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about the country. They will make a partial statement, and leave out the gist, or lie outright. Every once in a while they come out with a glowing report of what John Doe got for his orange crop. They never tell what it cost him, and so give a chance to know the net amount. Not much; they are not here for that purpose. So it goes all the way through, about everything. It is an outrage to fool people into coming out here as they do. It is, however, the best illustration in the United States of what Barnum said: "The people like to be humbugged." People and papers alike are filled with the most bitter hatred, and in many cases with the most dense ignorance of anything east of the desert or north of the mountains. For them the sun rises and sets in Southern California. To hear them talk one would imagine the rest of the world was not fit to live in. Their physical condition is miserable. When a rain or a fog comes on they put on hip rubber boots, and if the sun goes behind a cloud they want an overcoat and the steam turned on. I should like to see what would become of these weak imitation men and women in a storm worth the name. They would dissolve and blow away.

C. P. MORTON.

The Cuban question is to be settled. Jubilate! In the next few days we shall know whether Cuba is to be "libre" or not, for San Francisco has—think of it—San Francisco has appointed a committee on the matter. No more shall Butcher Weyler shock the world with new "atrocities," no more shall Spain's treasury be depleted and her citizens sacrificed on alien shores, no more shall the bold insurgents, machete in hand, raid posts and forts and trochas defended by bayonets and barbed wire and enlist the sympathies of Jingo Americans. Chain up the dogs of war, beat into pruning hooks the swords and into ploughshares the spears, recall the hostile cruiser and quench the incendiary torch—for the San Francisco committee is in convention assembled. Let all stout-hearted patriots give it the support it demands. Above all, let there not be a single demand upon the members of that committee for monetary contributions to further "the cause," unless we wish to see said committee promptly adjourn sine die, disappear with the rapidity of a conjurer's rabbit, make itself air and become one of those things that are not

Among the artists, and, indeed, among that section of the general public given to reading the newspapers, there is a natural interest in the "Chronicle's" Art Exhibition. It opens at Partington's school, 424 Pine street, on Wednesday next, and will be the most extensive collection of journalistic drawings ever gathered in the country. The big New York and Chicago papers all contribute specimens of their work, and we will all have a capital chance to judge where the cleverest work is done and to what degree a drawing suffers in reproduction.

Sims Reeves, the celebrated English tenor, who has made more money by singing than any other artist of the day, with the exception of Patti, and has earned as much as $3,000 per night, has recently been declared a bankrupt. The singer has been brought to this by his easygoing notions and extravagance in entertaining his friends. Mr. Reeves has been before the public for over half a century, having celebrated his jubilee in 1895, when he made his first farewell to the musical world. It was only a "first," for since then he has been making them at the rate of two a year, and just now has returned from a tour of Australia.

Word comes from Buda-Pesth that Munkacsy, the celebrated artist, who some time ago was stricken with paralysis, has lost his mind, and it has become necessary to place him in an asylum.

## EVOLUTION OF A SKY-SCRAPER

### How the Claus Spreckels' Building is Being Put Together—Aerial Photography.

The new Spreckels building on the corner of Third and Market streets, is perhaps not the greatest and most ornate office or newspaper building between the two oceans, but it is the first building erected in the city of San Francisco that can be compared with some of the vast and beautiful sky-scrapers of New York and Chicago and lose nothing by the process. It has all the tremendous size demanded of the modern business block, but adds to it the certain delicate grace and airiness of a Florentine clock tower or campanile. It is a really beautiful piece of architecture, a fair type of the office building of the end of the century.

Considering that the extreme height of three hundred and ten feet has already been reached, and that some two thousand six hundred tons of steel have been put into place and riveted, the building has gone up with surprising alacrity. The architects (Reid Bros.) contemplate having the offices ready for occupation by the first of July. This means less than a year's work in the actual construction of a building which a quarter of a century ago would have demanded nearly four or five. This speed of construction is of course due to the use of steel girders and pillars, etc., forming the skeleton over which the masonry is laid. These steel girders are made at the foundry of the Pacific Rolling Mills, and are there numbered and lettered so that on their arrival at the building the contractor in charge may tell at a glance for just what part of the construction they are destined. So cleverly are the hoisting appliances arranged that the girder or pillar or whatever it may be, can be set directly into its appointed place in one handling. A huge swinging boom operated by a donkey engine, projects from each front, and by means of this the section of steel is not only raised from the street, but swung up or down, in or out, to just whatever point is desired. Once in its place the section is rivetted in amongst the rest of the framework by bolts heated red-hot, in order that the shrinkage of the metal in cooling may help in the firmness and solidity of the joining. The building is absolutely fire and earthquake proof. The fact is generally overlooked that steel is by no means fire-proof. No extraordinary heat, however, is necessary to twist cast steel out of all shape, and there is woodwork enough in the appointments of any steel building to produce this effect in case of a conflagration. To guard against this contingency the steel of the Spreckels building has been covered with terra cotta tiling, impervtous to almost any degree of heat.

In order to make the tall structure earthquake-proof and to prevent even that slight oscillation caused by a high wind—which would be quite perceptible on the upper floors—the structure has "anchored" to a foundation that was laid with unusual precaution. The foundation of the Spreckels building is of solid concrete, twelve and one-half feet broader in area than the extent occupied by the building itself. Deeply imbedded in this concrete are the enormous steel pillars called the "anchors," to which the pillars of the building proper are rivetted.

These pillars themselves are of what is called the Z-bar type, a style which combines an economy of material with the greatest strength and solidity. A peculiarity worthy of note in connection with these pillars is that at the point where one pillar is superposed upon another the joining is made in a vertical and not as usual, in a horizontal sense. Hitherto it has been the custom to rivet the base of one column upon top of the one immediately below it, but instead of this the contractors and architects have been persuaded that a greater stability was to be obtained by clamping the two pillars together by means of a plate of steel laid along their faces and covering the point of joining exactly as a fish plate holds two rails together. Imagine two rails of a railroad clamped thus together and set up on end and you will have a fairly good idea of this

The Claus Spreckels Building from the Chronicle Tower

peculiarity of construction devised by the "Call" building architects.

One can experience quite a thrill by climbing to the summit of the "Call" building as it now is, a thrill induced by the fact that the hard stone pavement of the city is some three hundred feet below, and that, though the iron and steel girders of the building are as firm and solid as hot rivetting can make them, the floors have nevertheless not been put in.

It is a slimb of nineteen stories to the base of the huge dome that looks so small from the street. Nineteen stories averaging eighteen feet in height. Stairways as well as floors are lacking, and the ascent must be made by means of temporary wooden ladders.

Of course, one can be swung up into the air by the boom that is now hoisting up the blocks of stone, but, of course, one feels that he would not care to enjoy the experience. However, the view from the top is well worth the climb. The city assumes at once the appearance of a relief map. Alcatraz Island is a little green dot on a blue platter, people below in the streets are so far distant that they seem to glide rather than to walk. The wind is the high, pure air straight from the ocean, while on a clear day one can make out—over Valencia street—the ocean itself, a faint white shimmer on the horizon.

The Golden Rose, the celebrated jewel annually bestowed by the Pope upon some Catholic princess, is this year to go to Maria Theresa, wife of Duke Philip of Wurtemburg. This royal lady was an Austrian Archduchess, daughter of the Archduke Charles, brother of Emperor Francis Joseph's grandfather. The Golden Rose is a most coveted possession among Catholic princeses, as it is a distinctive mark of the Pope's favor, a recognition of merit that is not awarded after any order of procedure, nor from any motives of policy whatever.

Ex-Premier Crispi of Italy has the reputation of being a good hater, and whenever he is in power does all that is possible to settle scores with his enemies, real or imaginary. Now, it seems the latter are having an inning. By their energies they have ruined the statesman's political influence, and also his private fortune. They have driven the son of the ex-premier into dishonorable exile, and have dragged his daughter's honor in the mire, and now they intend to cite Mme. Lina Crispi before the examining justices to make clear certain transactions she has had with the Bank of Como.

It will be interesting to ordinary mortals to know that the "crowned heads of Europe" and their related imperial and royal highnesses eat pretty much the same things that may be found upon the tables of less favored folk, the only difference probably being in the serving of it. Queen Victoria is simple in her tastes, but in them is very precise. Every morning the menu of the day is submitted to her, and the dish that does not suit the royal palate is stricken out and one that does substituted. She is very fond of a certain oatmeal soup, with which she takes some old white sherry in a golden cup once belonging to Queen Anne, and with roast beef, in which she takes particular delight, pickled cucumbers are frequently served. Emperor William is partial to dishes of German preparation, although it is said he deigns to praise, out of courtesy, of course, the English plates served to him at Osborne. The Kaiser invariably begins his day with a cup of coffee made by the Empress herself, who rises at six to prepare it. The Empress of Austria and the Empress Frederick of Germany have retained through all their years of trouble and trial the "sweet tooth" of childhood, for both these imperial ladies are much given to the discussion of cream and pastries. Raw salmon which has been preserved in earth is the somewhat barbaric delicacy that King Oscar of Sweden affects, good brain food, by the way, for the Arbitrator of Nations. The most simple eater of all the great ones of Europe is the Pope, his most pretentious meal, taken at midday, consisting of soup, plain meat, pastry and fried vegetables and one glass of Burgundy.

The Great Crane Raising a Five-ton Girder from the Street and Swinging it Into Position

The Apex of the Dome

THE SUMMIT OF THE CLAUS SPRECKELS BUILDING

Photos by E. W. Jensen

## MISADVENTURES EN ROUTE

### "Oh! Then I Beg Your Pardon!"

By L. LEROY

"Ah! Then I beg your pardon."

During nearly every day of seven or eight months while we filled the role of globe-trotters, sharing our sous together, we had the ineffable joy of hearing that phrase pronounced. Let us rummage in our notes and briefly recall some of the characters and circumstances in which these words were addressed to us. Let us commence, at the time we left Marseilles, some days after our strange departure from Paris. We had dined in a very fashionable restaurant in company with the famous Canneviere. At the end of the repast came the quart d'heure de Rabelais, and the waiter presented us with a formidable bill. We cried out:

"This is an overcharge for only two plates! Look here, waiter! You have certainly committed a mistake. You have taken us for traveling nabobs, while on the contrary we are modest tourists. We are the two journalists who left Paris without a sou in order to make a tour of the world, and of whom the papers speak so much at this very moment."

"Indeed!" cried the astonished waiter (we hardly know yet why); "Indeed! Then you must be Messieurs Papillaud and Leroy."

"Exactly."

"Ah! Then I ask your pardon," and the waiter disappeared at once, coming back in a few minutes with an amended bill, surprisingly moderate.

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At Genoa certain acquaintances, met the day before, friends of the hour, offered us "bocks" at the Cafe de Rome. While we were drinking our beer one of the jolly fellows expressed a desire to have his silhouette drawn by Leroy, whom the Parisian papers had jokingly called the artist of the expedition, simply because Leroy had earned the first two francs of our double budget by sketching a very poor portrait of Papillaud for the famous concert-hall singer, Paulus.

It was not necessary to ask Leroy twice. He drew back from the table, and, assuming the attitude of one of those strolling artists of the village fairs, set to work, and in a few moments had satisfied the desires of all those who wished to secure a sample of his artistic talent. Another comrade joined the group, and seeing Leroy thus employed was likewise seized with an ambition to possess a sketch of himself done by the eccentric journalist.

Encouraged by his growing popularity, Leroy dashed off a silhouette of the new-comer, execrably drawn, but which satisfied him none the less. A gentleman who was standing up, but whom we did not know, began to smile. He fumbled in his vest pocket and drew out a franc, which he was about to present to Leroy, when, fortunately for our self-respect, one of his friends whispered in his ear: "They are the two French journalists who have left Paris without a sou, etc., etc."

"Ah! Then I ask your pardon," and the gentleman suddenly a prey to an unwonted generosity replaced the coin in his pocket and drew out several bank notes, which Leroy was at no little pains to refuse.

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In the ancient capital of Italy an old Florentine, as witty as he is worldly, takes us one sunny afternoon to the Promenade Cascine. There we perceive deliciously installed in an elegant victoria a charming little actress —a sight that at once disturbs our Parisian hearts. "I will present you to 'Trianon' this afternoon," says our guide. And that we may pass the interval in patience he takes us to dinner at a restaurant, which, curiously enough, was called the "Trianon," entertaining us the while with praises of the exquisite lady of the Promenade Cascine, an adorable young woman, he informed us, but hopelessly practical. But while he was talking the pretty actress herself comes in. At once our guide addressed himself to her.

"Ma chere," said he, "permit me to present to you the two French gentlemen of whom I spoke to you in my note asking you to join us here, Monsieur Leroy and Monsieur Papillaud, the two," etc., etc.

"Delighted to know you, Messieurs," cried the little woman amiably, "you are the two journalists, n'est ce pas, who are going around the world and who left Paris without a sou. Without a sou, you say? Without a single sou? Is that true?" We bowed.

"Ah! Then I ask your pardon," says she immediately, "for I have a pressing engagement at——" etc., and the rest of the phrase was lost in the rustle of tne lady's skirts, for she disappeared with indescribable rapidity.

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Still another "Ah!-I-beg-your-pardon" from a public fnnctionary, but something more severe in style than the preceding. At Rome Vio de Tritone at four o'clock of another superb afternoon. Numerous carriages pass going toward the Barberini Square. Leroy, the bicyclist of our expedition, is steering his machine amongst the file of equipages, climbing the grade of the street and lahoring furiously over his pedals. All at once he is caught by his coat collar. He is hauled from his seat, while his captor, a Sergeant de Ville, gasps breathlessly, "Contra contravenzione!" "Why contravenzione?" asks Leroy. "Because," answers the officer, still gasping, "bicyclists are forbidden to ride on the Via de Tritone. You know that very well." "No, indeed," Leroy confesses frankly, "no, indeed; I am one of the two journalists who—"

At this the brave functionary exclaims, "Who are going around the world? Ah! Then I beg your pardon."

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At Messina, after having been arrested as spies and hustled about from pillar to post by impolite carabinieres, we wind up by being submitted to an examination by an officer of engineers, who begins at once a study of the documents of which we are known to be the bearers. He scrutinizes them carefully, goes through them from beginning to end, turns them about and about in his hands, and then returns them to us with the command that we read aloud certain passages which he is unable to decipher for himself. Luckily the papers that he sees give evidence of the sympathy and good will that we have hitherto met with in every part of Italy, and a certain note which puzzles him more than anything else, speaks particularly of the welcome accorded to us by a certain well-meaning mayor of a little Sicilian town.

"You are free!" he cries, all at once, holding out his hands. Pursing up his lips, he adds, "Ah! I beg your pardon."

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A new occupation for the insane has been discovered in Paris. It is the pursuit of art. This is a strange idea, but nevertheless it has proven to be very successful. In the asylum of Ville-Evrard over sixty-three per cent. of the entire number of lunatics have been for some time actively engaged in artistic work, makers of pictures of all kinds, painters of glass and of porcelain, and there is one man, an engraver on brass, who executes chandeliers, cups and vases of more than ordinary beauty without the aid of any model whatever. This is all very strange, nevertheless it is true, but the oddest part of it all is that many of the insane artists who have developed considerable talent, never in their lives handled a brush before their confinement in the asylum. Dr. Montyele, head of the men's department, is delighted with the results of the new departure. He claims that the patients have improved chances of recovery, as they completely lose sight of their mania in the pursuit of their work.

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The cause of the long existing quarrel between Bjoernson and Ibsen, the "Norwegian Meredith" and the "Norwegian Shakespeare," has just come to the surface. It seems that Bjoernson claims that in Ibsen's recent play, "John Gabriel Borkman," he is made the mark of disagreeable personalities, and in consequence thereof the "Norwegian Meredith" has risen in mighty wrath and threatens vengeance in some literary manner. Bjoernson and Ibsen are two of the most promiment litterateurs of Norway, and the differences between them have been the cause of much discussion all over Europe. The two men, by the way, are fathers-in-law, the daughter of one having married the son of the other.

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In answer to the question, "Suppose the earth were to be cooled to the temperature of space, what would be the depth of the ocean of liquid air to which the present atmosphere would be reduced," Professor Dewar, after experimenting, made the following reply: "When the earth freezes and all forms of life disappear, there will float above the present ocean of water, long since changed to ice, an ocean of liquid air thirty-three feet deep on the average."

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Certain of the big office buildings in New York are being reconstructed. Bath rooms have been constructed in several structures hitherto devoted strictly to business, and now they are adding bed rooms. It is a question as to what will come next. In the Bowling Green building, in Lower Broadway, all this has been done, and on the roof they are going to have a restaurant, so a man may eat, work and sleep within the four walls, and never stir from them unless he so desires.

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When Secretary of War Lamont steps out of office he will do so with much pleasure and relief. He proposes returning to New York, where he will actively re-enter into business life. Politically he will be entirely at the service of the Democratic party. Secretary of State Olney intends to resume his law practice in Boston immediately after the inauguration and to leave politics, at least for four years, severely alone.

LEROY AND PAPILLAUD TAKE TO 'RIKSHAS

## TWO AMATEUR TRAMPS

### French Journalists Circling the Globe on a Wager and Publishing a Paper En Route.

It is not often that one sees the true bred-in-the-bone Parisian—the Boulvardier—away from Paris. The Parisian, as a rule, does not travel; living in a city which the world goes to see, he has no need to leave it in order to go and see the world. He sits at one of the little zinc tables of the Café American, and sips a consomation and watches le monde qui passe.

Two notable exceptions to this rule are now in this city. They are what their compatriots would call des originales. Their names are Leroy and Papilland, and this is their story:

The two were (are now, in fact) well known journalists in Paris. Leroy has even written songs for Judic and Paulus and Yvette Guilbert. He is a man of resources and ideas, is Leroy, and in course of time it seemed good to him to see a bit of the outside world, without waiting for it to come to Paris. He would leave Paris and go—well, say to Marseilles first of all, and he would meet as much as he could of his expenses by writing for the journals en route. Then this led him to believe that perhaps if he was content to live and travel cheaply he could defray all of his expenses that way. With that he tapped his forehead suddenly. An Idea! He would leave Paris without a sou and travel around the whole world, paying his expenses by means of his pen. It was an inspiration. He communicated the Idea to Papillaud, a brother journalist, who was likewise inspired. Enthusiasm! Bravo! En avant! A Berlin! Vive la Republique!

M. LEROY
Marceau, photo

Thus the great Idea was conceived.

It is properly advertised—le tout Paris speaks of the pair. Meanwhile the "drôles" are at work earning the first money that will carry them out of Paris. One evening Leroy and Papillaud are behind the scenes of Paulus' theatre, and Paulus asks for a sketch of himself by Leroy before the latter leaves. In five minutes the sketch (it is execrable) is finished and sold for two fracs. Another gentleman standing by is sketched (encore deux francs), then a third for one franc. Five francs already! Ca marche! Allons! En route! And with the five francs thus earned the pair buy a third class ticket to Melun.

Thus they are launched. They work [illegible] by similar means down to Marseilles, then at length to Nice, where they arive in the height of the racing season. Here Leroy, "fertile in resources," has the "coup de genie" that raises the Idea from a mere drollery to a veritable enterprise. Not content with an article or two about the races (Leroy has been a sporting editor in his time) he now publishes a little paper on the subject. It catches on—sells and sells—three thousand francs is the sum of the net earnings. Three thousand fracs! Who ever made sketches at two francs for concert-hall singers? Pooh! From now on Leroy and Papillaud cease to be contributors—they become editors—"redacteurs en chef"—they will publish the "En Route"! They will have subscribers in every important town they reach and send back to them copies of the paper as it is published in the various cities of their round-the-world trip. There are plenty of people only too glad to have the complete edition (some twenty copies) of a paper published under these conditions.

M. PAPILLAUD
Marceau, photo

The trip has proved an immense success. Leroy and Papillaud no longer travel second class. The "Sunset Limited" is none too expensive for them now. They have finally reached San Francisco, traveling via Constantinople and Yokohama, so that one can affirm that their venture will be a financial success.

The little paper "En Route" has a character quite its own. It is not a news journal—one would not expect that. It is something on the order of a weekly (illustrated by the way)—just notes and comments and descriptive articles, but written with the true Parisian dash and verve and chic—a capital paper, original amongst all others of the world, published, as one might say, "on the run."

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The married life of the Emperor and Empress of Russia is said to be idyllic. This is not surprising, as the imperial marriage, as is well known, was the result of genuine affection, and not from motives of policy.

Both these distinguished people possess an abundance of amiability, the Czarina inheriting much of her kindly dispositon from her mother, who was Princess Alice of England. The Empress is the life of St. Petersburg society, and by her cheerful, whole-souled nature has changed Russian court life from all that was stately and dreary into the very opposite. One of her accomplishments is caricaturing, and not a little amusement has she given the Czar and a few intimate friends by her cleverly drawn sketches.

King George of Greece, who bids defiance to the unspeakable Turk

"The Sick Man of Europe," Abdul Hamed, Sultan of Turkey

The White Czar

## ACTORS IN THE CRETAN DRAMA

### Personalites of the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Greece.

Though politically one of the feeblest of European sovereigns, Abdul Hamed, Sultan of Turkey, is perhaps the most prominent figure of continental diplomacy, since he is the center around which are gathering those complications that at any moment may break out into disastrous war.

It is he who has brought about the Cretan crisis, which may be regarded as one of the signs of the times as indicative of graver situations yet to be dealt with in the solution of the "Turkish question."

Abdul Hamed, called the "Sultan of Sultans and the Shadow of God," is a short, bent man of fifty-three, of exhausted vitality and a languid temperament sometimes broken in upon by spells of furious nervous activity. His ears, nose and hands are large and prominent, while those who have obtained a near view of his face describe it as having the appearance of creased parchment.

By birth he is, curiously enough, an Armenian, and among his subjects is openly spoken of as no legitimate descendant of his royal family, but the offspring of an Armenian slave and a gardener of the previous Sultan. He lives, it is said, in constant fear of assassination, never sleeps two consecutive nights in the same room, and prefers, to all others, one particular bed chamber of his palace of Yildiz, to which access can only be had by means of a ladder.

Contrary to popular belief, Adbul Hamed is no great admirer of women, and has never evinced any desire to increase the number of his wives beyond four—the customary allotment of the Ottoman. He is temperate in matters of eating and drinking, according to Turkish custom, partakes of no wine, but causes his drinking water to be brought from a great distance—for fear of poisoning, and delivered at the palace in sealed casks.

The Sultan is very fond of playing upon the piano, and is, it seems, no mean performer. It is no unusual occurrence for him to spend an entire evening at the instrument. Belated pedestrians passing by in the vicinity of the Yildiz Palace are often afforded the opportunity of hearing potpourries of the latest French operas played upon the piano by the "Sick Man of Europe."

Opposed to "The Shadow of God" in the Cretan crisis is George, King of Greece. King George as well is an invalid, though not in the same sense as the Sultan. He is a sufferer from Bright's disease, and, according to popular report, seems to have aged ten years within as many months.

King George is not over-popular with his subjects. In the first place he is a foreigner (being second son of Christian IX. of Denmark), and in the second, it is intimated, and broadly, too, that George's love for his adopted subjects is more than counterbalanced by his greed for money. His ambition is to make money, and he is, in fact, a daring and confirmed speculator. He is seldom at fault in his judgment, and during the summer of 1877, by a shrewd deal in American wheat, he cleared what was really an immense fortune.

However, King George is better known as the father of his son, Prince George of Greece, and this in spite of the fact that he has for sister no less a person than the Czarina and for brother the Prince of Wales. Prince George, now in command of the Grecian flotilla just sent to Crete, would shine in the rush line of an American college football team, since he is six feet three inches in height, broad in proportion and tips the scales at 200 pounds. On the occasion of the present Czar's visit to Japan Prince George, as is now well known, had occasion to test his strength and agility in defending the Russian Emperor's life against the attack of a fanatical student. Prince George threw the would-be assassin to the ground and clubbed him into insensibility with a walking stick.

Olga, Queen of Greece, Prince George's mother, is a daughter of the Russian Duke Constantin, and enjoys that popularity among her subjects that is not always accorded to her husband. It has been largely through

*THE CRETAN TRIUMVIRATE*

her influence and energy that many of the old Grecian ruins have been preserved, and the ancient Attic style of architecture employed in the construction of some of the modern public buildings. She was an enthusiastic supporter of the Olympic games, and never failed to preside at every one of the famous "days."

## A NOBLE GIFT

### The Stanford Residence on California Street Given to the University.

How many of the world's wealthy could there be found who would give away, cheerfully and irrevocably, two

MRS. JANE LATHROP STANFORD
Taber, photo

million three hundred thousand dollars? or how many people are there in the world who would count it a pleasure to part with their home? — the homestead, the rooftree, where their lives had been lived out, where their children have been born, and where those nearest them have died. It is like giving away something of one's self — something very sacred and revered.

It would be perhaps different and much easier if these gifts were made to some one particular person, very dear to the giver, but to make the gift, to enact the sacrifice, for a cause, for an idea — a mere abstraction—that is the difficult thing, the test of veritable nobility. It is just this however that Mrs. Stanford did when without reserve or condition she made over her home and all its articles of bric-a-brac and furniture, all its paintings and statuary, its endless array of curios and trifles of inestimable intrinsic worth, results of a lifetime of collecting, and surrounded by a world of association and reminiscence, to the Leland Stanford University. The house is one of the landmarks of the city, and one of a group of buildings famous the world round as a "Mansion of a Forty-niner"— something to be shown the European tourist, in just such spirit as he would show you the Tower and Lambeth Palace—a thing associated with the city's early history.

Many palaces of Continental princes are smaller than the Stanford house, many "royal gardens" are more circumscribed in extent than the lot with which it is surrounded—two hundred and six feet is the frontage on Pine street, an equal extent measures the frontage on California street, while that on Powell is two hundred and seventy-five. It is Mrs. Stanford's wish that the house shall ultimately fill the place of an affiliated college-building in connection with the Stanford University or be used as a library which shall be accessible not only to the students of the Leland Stanford University, but also to the public at large. By the terms of the gift it is to be devoted to any purpose that may subserve the interests of the University, so only that it is not converted into a boarding house, a club house, or a place of undignified amusement.

The people of this city and State may well be proud of their two great colleges (Stanford and the University of California—the Harvard and Yale of the Pacific), and it is a fortunate coincidence that the Hopkins house and the Stanford mansion, both given over to the interests of public education, stand side by side on the summit of the city's highest hill.

Success in San Francisco means advertising. The community demands the heralding flourish of trumpets, the bass drum of the advance agent and the unpaid-for column of the daily press. No matter how brilliant may be the genius or how great the fame of the star, he, or she, can never be assured that they will not perform to a "beggarly array of empty boxes" unless they have been previously "boomed" up and down the city streets. Consider Madame Trebelli, for instance. There are few sopranos in the world who have a sweeter, purer voice, whose rendering has such drama, such grace and such magnetism, yet Trebelli—advertised but fairly well—sings to vacant orchestra stalls. Her advent in a San Francisco theater is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," whereas Nordica, admittedly an inferior artist and appearing with a wretched support, who nevertheless pretends to come here as a compliment, trills to "ears polite" at the rate of four dollars per seat and crowds the house at that. Madame Trebelli is a charming woman and an exquisite artist, and it is to be hoped that her next concert will attract the large audience that it deserves.

THE STANFORD RESIDENCE Taber photo

*JAMES A. HERNE*
As Nathaniel Berry in "Shore Acress" at the Baldwin
Photo by Stevens, Chicago

*GEORGE OSBOURNE*
Who will appear at the Alcazar next week in "Saints and Sinners
Elite, photo

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

It is not extraordinary that internal dissensions have broken out in the Emporium. Indeed, the curious feature of the situation is that peace has so long been preserved. The various components of this big institution are discovering the weak points of the plan of organization. A scheme which looks well on paper is not always practicable, any more than the reading of a play is the test of its adaptability for successful production on the stage. Manager Feist's conception is undoubtedly ingenious, and it has proved fairly successful, but no enterprise of this character can be managed save under a supreme authority. The Emporium is a great department store, with the head of every department owning his own stock and having a voice in the management of the institution. There is a governing Board of Directors, but it has proved ineffective to reconcile the bickerings of the various tenants. Innumerable complications have arisen between the central office and the subsidiary firms. One man is opposed to advertising, and he objects to being taxed a percentage of his receipts for the benefit of, say, the clothing or the drug departments, which sell all their goods through the newspapers. There is no sense of mutual dependence, nor any realization of the fact that the success of one dealer naturally involves the prosperity of the others. Throughout the institution there rules the good old California spirit of every man for himself. The consequences are inevitable.

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There has recently been formed within the Emporium a tenants' association, which proposes to do away with the original leesees, the Emporium Company, of which Mr. Feist is the head. This organization is possessed of the idea that the expenses of management are excessive. It has concluded, for instance, that the amount exacted by the Morton Express for the delivery—$2,000 per month—is more than the service is worth. There are many other conditions to which objection is taken, and the intention is to dispossess the company and deal direct with Mrs. Parrott. There might then be profits, after rents and expenses had been collected. That, at least, is the assumption. It seems the company's agreement with the Parrotts involved mutual obligations in the direction of percentages, which compelled the transaction of a business of at least two and a half million dollars per annum. Though the receipts have been very large—larger than the prophets prognosticated—they have fallen below the required sum, and the report goes that the company is in arrears to the estate, and can be made to abrogate its contract. It is entirely improbable, however, that the Parrotts will attempt to cope with the administration of an institution which requires for success the genius and the practical experience of a Wanamaker or an A. T. Stewart. Though it has not realized the too bountiful expectations of its creators, the Emporium has done excellently, and under better auspices can be made a splendid investment. This will be achieved by some one with capital enough to purchase the interests of the innumerable tenants, and reduce them to their proper roles as mere heads of departments. Thus far the best men on the original Board have resigned rather than cope with the difficulties of their position—Mr. Dohrman retired long ago; so did Charles Cole, both of whom were satisfied of the inadequacy of the plan.

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Mrs. Atherton in her San Francisco stories elects to use the local color in a manner peculiarly her own. She lays it on not with brushes but with shovels, and that not in the sense of implying strength or broadness of effect. It is clumsy slobbering of the crudest novice—a boarding school "Miss" handling a hod of mortar. Her latest indiscretion appears in "Vanity Fair," and relates the misadventures of a young Englishman, a visitor in this city, who pretends to be a lord and falls foul of Chinatown. He is the hero of the story, and is quite a type of Mrs. Atherton's "men." Mrs. Atherton's ideals are rather low in this respect; she evidently can conceive of nothing better in the way of a hero than a dirty little cad, a sort of cross between a costermonger and a blackleg, whom a self-respecting Turkish bath would refuse to employ as a rubber; a "tout" not quite up to the standard of the sneak thief and "porch-climber." This gentleman, Reggie by name, descends upon American society, and is introduced by Mr. Greenway (thinly disguised as Christopher Candy), to a golden-haired girl of supposedly good sense, who consents to marry him in the end. The whole story is too ridiculous for words, is told in a shallow, unskilled manner and ends in a climax as theatrical as it is commonplace. Mrs. Atherton has evidently gone into pot-boiling on a large scale, even descending to "booming" in her story the Magazine in which it appears. She has been known to do good work on occasion, but whatever real reputation she has acquired will be sadly compromised by her latest contribution to "Vanity Fair."

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Not only does the "American public love to be fooled," but they love to fool themselves. The latest instance of the kind occurs in connection with the Cooney trial. Every one knows of the really wonderful reformation wrought upon Carroll Cook by Professor Kennedy of hypnotic fame. It is generally assumed, however, by a very large class of good people, who regard mesmerism with a sacred and religious awe as some mysterious "God from the machine," that once the "subject" has been brought under the complete control of the "professor" he must necessarily forever remain in that bondage. It is no doubt this sort who have started a wonderful tale that has been going the rounds of the town the last week. During the progress of the Coney trial Professor Kennedy was often to be seen in Judge Cook's court room, and the report was at once circulated among the busybodies that the rapacious Fair Trust had hired the potent professor to re-exert his magic power over Mr. Cook and to cause him to render a decision favorable to the trust. Surprising as it may seem, the story gained a certain credence among the loungers about the City Hall. It is, of course, the wildest romancing, but the matter is instructive as demonstrating the rapacity for sensation and the witless credulity on the part of the great G. P.

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An amusing incident occurred at the Trebelli concert last Sunday night, which might serve as the climax of a little story entitled, "The Misadventures of a Bouquet." M. Crepeaux, the ponderous vocalist who assists the young soprano, conceived the theory that an equal division of honors—in the shape of floral offerings—between himself and the star would be more in harmony with the democratic ideals of a republican country. As an object lesson to the audience M. Crepeaux designed that he likewise should be presented with a bouquet, and planned that it should be handed over the footlights to him by an usher after the second part of the first encore. The usher was awaiting at the appointed time and place for the momentous opportunity, but alas and alas, for the well laid plans of mice and—opera singers, the encore failed to materialize. The usher waited, and the orchestra; so did M. Crepeaux (muttering to himself in the wings), but the encore was attending to other business at that moment. The consequence was that the bouquet was presented only after a considerable interval had elapsed. The great man accepted the token with smiles and an elaborate profusion of bows, then retired to his dressing chamber and kicked the inoffensive "set piece" the length of the room. M. Crepeaux knows what he thinks of San Francisco audiences.

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Horse racing was horse racing in the days of '49, at least so a certain Montana cattle king now in this city would have us believe. He tells the following story, and says that it was suggested to him by the manner in which Starter Ferguson got the horses away at the race track. The intricacies of the Australian gate do not appeal to the gentleman from Montana. However, this is his story: In the early day of Montana history two towns, Bozeman and Hamilton, were bitter rivals. The inhabitants of one town were continually jumping the claims of the other, with the result that there occurred more than one sociable gun fight over the debatable ground that separated the two communities. One day a race was arranged between a horse from Bozeman and one from Hamilton. Excitement ran high, and much dust was wagered over the issue. The Hamilton people realized that their horse had no chance against the Bozeman animal, who was known to be a wonder, but a combination was formed to cause the Bozeman horse to be pulled, and the money won on the defeat of the favorite was to be used to influence the jock. At the appointed day all Bozeman and Hamilton were at the track. Great was the joy in the hearts of the Hamilton delegation. The Bozeman horse was to be—apparently—defeated, and with that defeat would come the humiliation of the detested rival. However, just before the race, two men from Bozeman were seen to go around the track and stop at a certain point about two hundred yards from the wire. There they waited. The horses started, ran at first neck and neck, and then the Hamilton horse was seen to be gaining. Great was the joy of the Hamiltonians; they rent the air with their applause. At length the race reached the two men, with the Hamilton horse still in the lead, both of whom leveled shotguns at the head of the Bozeman jock, exclaiming:

"Win the race, ye dum fool, or we'll blow the top of your head off."

That evening Bozeman was jubilantly drunk on Hamilton's money. The Bozeman horse had won in the last jump.

BOSWELL JR.

## A SOUTH-SEA EXPEDITION

### One Hundred Colonists from California Who Will Attempt the "Farthest West."

One hundred men went sailing out of this port yesterday "as the sun went down," bound for a little surf-ringed island, far down there in the South Pacific, down below the Paumoto group, below the Marquesas — below even the Gilberts. One hundred of them—workingmen for the most part—carpenters, joiners, machinists, a photographer, I believe, and (of course) one journalist.

I think they call themselves the South Pacific Colonization Company, and they are going down there to found and form a nation—practically, that is what it is. There are different ways of looking upon this business. You may consider it as a joke, if you will—a lark indulged in by certain wild fellows to go down there and seize the natives' land and the natives' women and live a luxurious life, made up largely of love, bread-fruit, and surf-bathing—or you may take it more seriously, especially after you have had a good look at some of the young men who are concerned—none of them of the vicious, irresponsible type—you may take it seriously, I say, and see in this ship's company of Americans, Germans and Englishmen the types of that sturdy, shouldering Anglo-Saxon race that, from the time of its first exodous from the salt marshes of Holland, have been steadily, stubbornly pushing west, pushing west, pushing west—sometimes in the dragon-beaked snekrs of maruading vikings, sometimes in the blunt-nosed, high-sterned packets of the Puritan fathers, sometimes in the trundling, creaking prairie-schooners of the Pioneers, and last, in a two-stick trading brig called the "Percy Edwards"—transport vessel of the South Pacific Colonization Company.

I do not think that this is taking the affair too seriously. You may call these men adventurers if you choose, and they are adventurers, just as Drake was and the Northmen. The scheme may fail (colonization companies are notoriously unstable), but the point is not that, so much as it is the fact that the great majority of these men are the big-boned, blonde, long-haired type—the true Anglo-Saxon type—and are responding to that same mysterious impulse that ever drives their race toward the setting sun—the same impulse that stirred in the shaggy, hide-clad breasts of their forefathers so many hundreds of years ago in the depths of the Frisian forests and swamps. Here it is again, working itself out under your very eyes. Consider it: we are here in the Far West, we other Anglo-Saxons; we have practically just arrived, and the place is hardly built up and made habitable when some hundred of us are already chafing at the barrier of the Pacific—are fitting out a ship and are going further west, further west.

Of course the newspapers have made capital out of the affair, and have exploited the idea of the Adamless Eden to which the colonists are steering. The island of Bouganville (the colony's home) is rather thickly populated with a race of cannibals, and the aggregate number of fighting men in the various tribes is close upon a thousand. So very important an item is this that every colonist is compelled to equip himself with a repeating rifle and a revolver — instruments that would be rarely out of place in an "Adamless Eden." It is, literally, the beginning of a history. You have gone right back three thousand years, right into the legends, to the time of the migrations (that's what this venture is—a tribal migration). You are back to first principles—to a primal condition of things, where all the old maxims are applicable as soon as the colony begins to work out. "The weakest of the wall," "the survival of the fittest," "the race to the swift," and "the battle to the strong." Every tub will stand on its own bottom on Bouganville Island, and a man is a man only in so far as he can shoot straight, work with his hands, and acquire food.

But for all that, complications are ahead for the South Pacific Colonization Company. No women are voyaging with them to their island home, so that perforce the existence of the colony depends upon the intermarriages—let us call them marriages—of the colonists with the native women.

I do not think the colony will fail. The fellows look serious, sober, and steady. They are well armed, the conditions of life are absurdly easy, and the men are enthusiastic and determined. The trouble will come with their relations with the native women. That they will quarrel over them, fight over them, and perhaps slay each other over them, it is only natural to expect. It is almost inevitable. But if all comes well in the end, and the colony works out its own salvation, imagine the race that will be found there—say in about two hundred years (remember, you are dealing with history, now, and must reckon with big figures) a race having in its veins the strain of Anglo-Saxon combined with that of the rich strong blood of a south sea savage—vigorous enough, surely.

FRANK NORRIS.

A MIDSHIP VIEW OF THE "PERCY EDWARDS"

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The convict system of Russia is being completely reorganized, a step made necessary by the building of the Trans-Siberian railroad. It seems that Russia has been sending her convicts to Siberia, not because of the country nor of the terrible climate, but on account of the physical inability of the convict to get back to Europe, should he happen to escape. In future the island of Saghalien will be the destination of the exiles, at any rate, the place the very furthest from civilization, and modes of getting there are exactly what Russia wants, and it is likely she will get it.

OFFICERS AND LEADERS OF THE COLONIZATION EXPEDITION

## THE LATEST FAD IN LOGGING

### A New Way of Hauling Logs in the Oregon Lumber Districts.

The latest wrinkle in logging—there are wrinkles in logging, it seems, as in anything else—is to do away with flat-cars in the matter of hauling. It is singular that the method now employed was not thought of long ago, as it is simple, very simple. In fact, it is as simple as rolling off a log.

Formerly the logs were shot down to the main tap of the railroad, and at a tremendous expense of energy heaved upon the flat-cars that transported them to the mill. Now, however, the Oregon Lumber Company has conceived the idea of chaining the logs together, end to end, and hauling them between the rails. As many as twelve or fifteen twenty-four-foot logs are sometimes hauled in this fashion. They are first cut high up on the sides of the tributary canons that run down to the river on which the railroad, the "main tap, is laid. Two men saw the tree down, but sometimes the pitch of the canon is so steep that the outside man is obliged to saw standing upon a sort of springboard.

The drop of the ground is often so sudden that he may find himself fifteen, sixteen and sometimes twenty feet in the air, while his companion directly opposite is standing on terra firma.

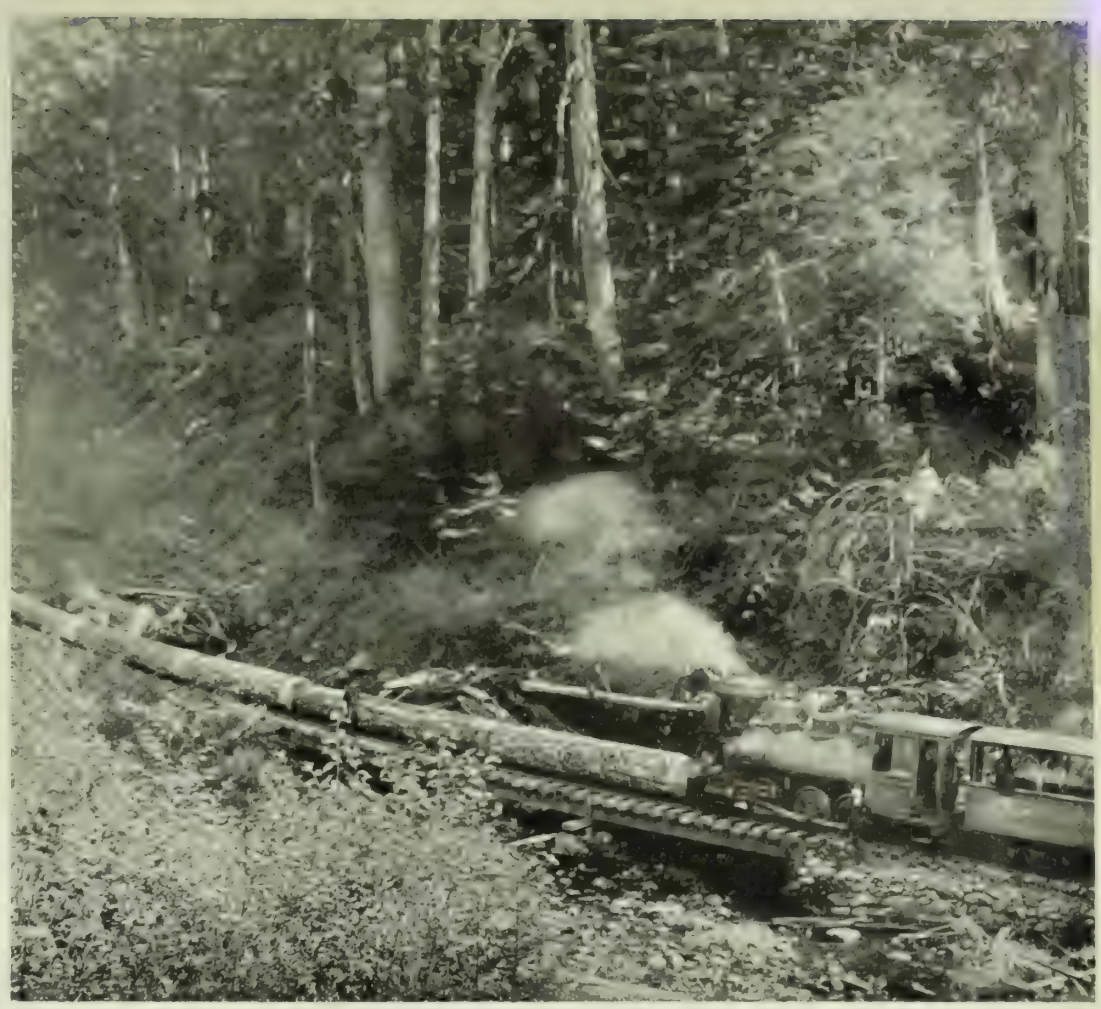
Once down, the trees are stripped and barked and shot down the canon into a pond constructed to receive them. Here the "chain tender" takes them in charge. It is his duty to make up the trains of logs just as a switchman makes up a train of freight cars. The most difficult part of his work, and that requiring the most experience, is to so roll the logs that they will rest upon their "sliding side." There is always one surface of the log upon which it will slide the easiest. If it rests upon the wrong surface it will, as soon as the hauling begins, twist and turn, seeking its level, as it were, with the result that chains are broken, tracks damaged and the train generally disorganized. At the same time the chain tender must bevel off ("snubbing," it is called) the sharp edge of the log, so that it does not catch upon rocks or other obstructions in its path.

The process of log hauling, as seen in the accompanying picture, is unique, and is practiced nowhere else but in Oregon. The sight of one of these log trains—especially when the engine is hidden by brush and stumps—gives the impression of an enormous jointed serpent moving slowly along between the rails of the track.

In earlier days the tapping of a lumber country was a much simpler matter than it is now. The company had but to choose a tract situated close to the banks of a river. The logs were felled, allowed to collect in the river or dam, and then floated down with the winter freshets. Now, however, all is changed. As the companies extended their limits of operation, the good lumber along the river was gradually exhausted, and it became more and more difficult to reach the back country remote from the stream. It was for this reason that the railroad was introduced, and the process of hauling logs by steam became a feature of the camps.

The Oregon lumber companies, however, have to contend with a difficulty unknown to the lumber districts of this State, i. e., that of the undergrowth. In Oregon the brush is very thick—so thick, in fact, that it is sometimes quite impossible to penetrate it. This must be entirely cleared away—"brushing out" is the technical term—before the trees can be cut.

Whether the new method of hauling logs between the the rails is to be a practical success remains to be seen. The locomotives are necessarily small and light, and often do not get sufficient purchase upon the rails to haul a very long train. To obviate this difficulty greased skids are laid between the rails in place of ties, but this makeshift as often as not covers the rails with grease and nullifies the very effect it was intended to produce.



*A LOG TRAIN EN ROUTE*
Photo by Browning, Portland

It is generally conceded that the President and the Secretary of War could not have selected any one more fitted for the office of Chief of Engineers than Brigadier General John M. Wilson, who has recently been appointed to the position. General Wilson has been Colonel and Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds in Washington, and also Commandant of the West Point military academy, and in both positions has proven himself an efficient officer.

It seems that the attendance of the Prince of Wales at the recent dinner of Ambassador Bayard was more of a compliment to the United States than to its representative. This was plainly evidenced by the fact that not only the Prince, but also all the other Englishmen present wore the medals and ribbons of their different decorations. It was made an official occasion, and was a strong proof of the good will and friendliness the heir apparent entertains for America.

The Princess Letitia, Dowager Duchess of Aosta, is one of the most talked about women in all Europe. She is the daughter of Princess Clotilde of Savoy and Prince Jerome Napoleon, and widow of King Humbert's brother, the Duke of Aosta. Princess Letitia possesses a splendid figure, raven hair, and eyes that are large and dark; she is a clever amateur photographer, and a confirmed cyclist, being the first princess of the house of Savoy to bestride a wheel.

*METHOD OF HAULING LOGS BY WHICH FLAT CARS ARE DISPENSED WITH*
Photo by Browning, Portland

## THE SUCESSOR OF LOBANOFF

### Characteristics of Count Muravieff, Russia's Foreign Minister.

The appointment of Count Michel Muravieff as Minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia is not likely to meet with the approval of Emperor William nor of his diplomatic circle, as the dislike of the new minister for the German sovereign and his policy is pronounced and well known. When Alexander III. determined to break off his connection with Germany and Austria, and form an alliance with France, Count Muravieff was intrusted with the mission of announcing the unwelcome news to the court of Berlin. This was before the formation of the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, and naturally Germany was loath to lose an ally, and still more loath to assist an alliance between her former friend and her old-time enemy. Considerable ill will ensued on the part of Germany to Russia, and Count Muravieff was made the beneficiary of most of it. When he finally took his diplomatic leave he did so without the decoration customary upon such occasions.

Before his assignment to the Prussian court, Muravieff had served under Prince Orloff in Paris; he was a member there of the Union and Jockey Clubs, and never made any secret of his great liking for France and for the French. At the same time, it is said, he gave free expression of his decided anti-German tendencies. All this and a great deal more in connection with the Czar's dislike for Emperor William gives every probability to the assumption that Germany and Russia not only are at outs, but are likely to continue to remain so for an indefinite period, and as Russia is generally conceded to be the coming power in European diplomacy, and as Germany is striving for the position, there is nothing left for the remaining countries of Europe but to look on with more or less interest and considerable caution.

Count Muravieff is a little over the middle height, with fair hair and gray eyes, in one of which a monocle is continuously fastened. He posseses a remarkable command of speech, a gift of which he is extremely careful, one of the qualities that recommended him to his imperial master; he is affable and gracious in manner and possesses a reputation both in Paris and in St. Petersburg as an excellent host and a giver of good dinners. The family of the Count is one of the oldest and most influential in Russia, the most celebrated member of it being General Nicholas Muravieff, grandfather of the present Count, to whom is due more than to any one else the acquisition by Russia of the greater portion of its Siberian empire. In fact, the entire Amur province was conquered by General Muravieff, and in 1859 a treaty from the Tycoon was obtained by him on the very same lines as the one previously secured to the United States by Commodore Perry. The new foreign minister is qualified in every way to succeed Prince Lobanoff. The only thing that may be brought to bear against his popularity is the execration with which all Poles at home and abroad hold the name of Muravieff, due to the exccessive cruelty exercised by General Muravieff in suppressing the Polish insurrection, when he instituted in Warsaw what might be termed a veritable reign of terror. This odium, however, has been lessened somewhat by the moderate role of the Count's father in governing the Baltic provinces of Russia, and also by the great liberality of his cousin, M. Muravieff, present Minister of Justice at St. Petersburg.

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My suggestion that the Friday Night Club's cotillions would cease if more generous patronage were not accorded them, has caused considerable comment. There is no escaping the logic of this conclusion. If society will not support the in-

MRS J. H. COVADE
NEE LOUISE MOULDER

stitution, how can it be maintained, seeing that music, decorations, and champagne are not to be had for the asking? Undoubtedly dull times have had much to do with the decline of this club—the dues, though not excessive for the returns and the outlay, are high enough to be an object in an era of depression.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney kept themselves secluded during their stay here, and have now gone on to Del Monte. Had they shown a desire to go around several people would have had affairs for them. Mr. Thomas McClieb, who is residing here this winter, being installed at the Savoy, would undoubtedly have given a dinner in their honor, as he did for Mr. and Mrs. Burden. Being in mouring for the loss of Mrs. Vanderbilt, they saw the sights alone. Mrs. Burden, during her stay here, met quite a number of people, and was especially impressed with Miss Genevieve Goad and Miss Hoffman, whom she invited to visit her at Newport this winter.

The Monday night dance at Golden Gate Hall went off brilliantly. There were decorations, some good music, and other accessories to match. Indeed, it was one of the most successful affairs this organization has had this season.

Socially the week has offered little to record. On Saturday there was Mrs. Carr's tea, quite a brilliant affair. Of course, the Sorosis Club, of which Mrs. Carr is president, was well represented. There was excellent music, a profusion of people, and refreshments in plenty. Mrs. Younger, Mrs. Sanbourne, Mrs. Woods, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Rose Hooper, and Miss Churchill Jones helped to receive. On the same afternoon there was Miss Guinette Henley's tea, which was rather a military function. The Presidio and Angel Island were so well represented that the affair had the aspect of a review. The girls looked very pretty, and Miss Henley was a charming hostess.

Preparations for the Mardi Gras ball proceed apace. Stanton is at work on decorative panels, great, huge designs which are to hang in the hall, representing Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Through the rooms will be palms of the Santa Barbara variety ten to twelve feet in height, some 400 of which are to be sent up from the south. An effort is being made by the managers of the institution to prevail on the prospective male guests to wear fancy costumes. It is essential, however, that the ladies shall do so, inasmuch as no one unequipped with mask or domino will be admitted to the main floor before midnight. The invitation cards by Arthur Matthews are admirable and make capital souvenirs.

The entertainments of the week have been fugitive. Mrs. Luke Robinson had a luncheon party at her residence on Fillmore street in honor of Mrs. E. K. Moore, of Washington. Mrs. W. B. Morgan, on Thursday night, gave an elaborate dinner at her home on Clay street, in honor of Captain and Mrs. Oscar Long. Mrs. J. A. Donahoe entertained a small party at luncheon on Thursday last, and Mrs. F. A. Pope entertained a small party on Friday last.

Judge and Mrs. J. C. B. Hebbard had a progressive euchre party at their home, 912 Devisadero street, last Saturday evening. There was an informal musicale on Monday night at Mrs. E. B. Pond's, on California street. During the evening Herr Weiss, the Hungarian violinist, rendered selections. Frank Lincoln participated, and Horace Miller performed one of Herrmann's tricks.

Formal announcement has been made of the engagement of Thomas Magee and Miss Helen Curtis. Of course, Mr. Magee, as a leading citizen, is well known is really a public character—but the identity of Miss Curtis is rather less familiar. She is an interesting, estimable, and beautiful girl, of fine character and many accomplishments. Of a quiet and reserved manner, she has preferred to cultivate herself in music and in literature, rather than devote her leisure to society. Mr. Magee is to be congratulated on his selection. Another engagement which has excited much talk is that of Miss Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Bent. The former is decidedly a belle—a slender, distinguished looking girl, with much vivacity and self-possession. Lieutenant Bent is of the Third Artillery, and is therefore one of our recent military acquisitions. The courtship has been brief, as the twain met just two months ago.

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Grace Sabin, the daughter of John I. Sabin, of the tele-

MRS. H. A. ISENBERG
NEE VIRGINIA DUISENBERG
Taber, photo

phone company, and Dr. R. W. M. Payne. Miss Sabin is a handsome, interesting and accomplished young lady, who has had the benefit of an excellent education and a European tour. Dr. Payne is a rising young physician. The day of the wedding is not yet set, but doubtless they will be married in the early future.

The Saturday Night dancing class met on the evening of the 13th inst. Mr. William Smith led the cotillion, and introduced some new figures. New figures are more welcome than ripe cherries nowadays. The usual array of girls looked even more charming than usual. Miss Mai Moody was in orange satin; Miss Florence Stone wore gray silk; Miss Emma Butler was in flowered Dresden silk. I noticed also Miss Marie Messer in white organdie, Miss Jeanette Black in white silk, Miss Forman in cream colored silk, Miss Gertrude Bates in white Swiss, Miss Anna Lawlor in green silk and mull.

For Hymen, the week has been a busy one. He has been kept actively engaged joining in holy wedlock nice young men and pretty young girls, much, I presume, to the delectation of all concerned. There was the Duisenberg-Isenberg marriage on Monday, but otherwise Hymen has differentiated in favor of Wednesday—a trio of important celebrations occurring on that day.

On the evening of Wednesday Miss Mattie Gibbs and Mr. Cecil J. Holcombe were united by Rev. Dr. Walk at the C. V. S. Gibbs home, 722 Post street. The bride—a particularly bright and popular girl—was gowned in the inevitable white satin, trimmed at the corsage with some lengths of valuable and beautiful Duchesse lace. Miss Harriet Gibbs was maid of honor in white Brussels net over pink taffeta. Then followed an excellent supper, congratulations, and the opportunity for inspecting presents, which made really a fine spectacle.

Quite as interesting was the ceremony by the agency of which Miss Louise Moulder became Mrs. J. H. Covade. This, however, was strictly a family affair. The groom is a New York engineer, and is interested in the Alcatraz Asphalt Company. He is of an excellent Pennsylvania family—being the son of the late Congressman Covade, who represented his district at Washington for over twenty years. The bride is a daughter of the late Superintendent of Schools, and is a very charming girl. She wore the ivory white satin in which her mother had been married to Mr. Moulder years ago in Philadelphia. The gown was covered with flowers of white applique lace; the corsage was high, the sleeves long. The veil was attached to the chiffon by a wreath of orange blossoms, and a magnificent diamond sunburst. Archbishop Riordan performed the ceremony, and the happy pair are now to journey through California before going to their home in New York.

The third wedding was that of Miss Minnie Dannebaum and Mr. Hypolite Bier, of Rinaldo Bros.—a very quiet affair. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, 1457 Franklin street, and Dr. Voorsanger officiated. Only immediate relatives were in attendance. The happy pair left for Del Monte, and, returning, are to live at 1510 Octavia street.

The romance of life is not alone confined to novels or to plays, or to the medieval ages. We have some of it in real life in our own day, and right here in San Francisco. About nineteen months ago young Mr. H. A. Isenberg, the son of a Hawaiian millionaire planter, fell in love at what is called first sight. The young lady was Miss Virginia Duisenberg, and it all occurred at the Pacific Mail dock, where Miss Duisenberg happened to be seeing a friend off for China. The young man became enthusiastic at once, obtained an introduction, and after a short time demanded of Mrs. Dusenberg her daughter's hand. He was accepted as a future son-in-law, but on account of the young lady's age the celebration of the marriage was put off for two years. For once the course of true love continued smooth between the two young people, and on Tuesday evening they were married at St. Matthew's Lutheran church. Miss Duisenberg's father was for many years German consul in this city, but at his death left his wife and daughter in somewhat narrow circumstances, and all this makes the story more interesting. Mrs. Duisenberg's present to her daughter was unique. It consisted of a collection of photographs of scenes in the early life of the bride, and also of the series of events during the time of Mr. Isenberg's courtship, the whole affair being bound with a piece of the maternal wedding

MISS GRACE SABIN
WHOSE ENGAGEMEN TO DR. PAYNE HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED
Thors, photo

gown. Mr. and Mrs. Isenberg will travel for a while in California, and on March 6th will sail for Honolulu, where the Isenberg home is said to be one of the most beautiful in the islands.

On last Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Achille Roos celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage with an elaborate dinner at the Palace Hotel. The affair came off in the handsome parlors on the first floor, where the guests, ninety in number, seated themselves at five round tables, each one of which was decorated with an artistic effect distinctly its own. At the table of Mr. and Mrs. Roos, Bermuda lilies and snowdrops made a beautiful effect; the second table was given over to the American beauty rose, another to daffodils; the fourth to carnations of all shades, and the fifth looked lovely, almost covered with beautiful bridesmaid's roses. The menu cards were dainty affairs from Tiffany's, and the favors, tiny silver bells, inscribed with the date of the occasion. The general effect was really superb. Indeed, the celebration ranks as one of the most elaborate festivities given at the Palace in several seasons.

A coming event is the tea at the Crocker mansion for the California Woman's Hospital, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th inst. Not often in these days is the palatial home open to society, but the cause is a very excellent one, and Colonel Crocker has been prevailed on to asisst it. Undoubtedly a great deal of curiosity prevails in regard to the interior of this house—with its magnificently furnished parlors and its superb picture gallery. It is safe to believe that a good many dollars will be collected at the door—for the entrance fee includes refreshments and the opportunity to look at the canvases.

The San Francisco Riding Club gives an exhibition of fencing in the club's gymnasium on February 23d, under the direction of Professor Tronchet, fencing master of the club. Some of Professor Tronchet's very best pupils will take part in the exhibition, some of whom are ladies.

Among coming events is a dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, at which sixty guests will be entertained. There is to be a Lady Washington tea on the afternoon and evening of the 23d inst., at the residence of Mrs. Will E. Fisher, 1210 Sutter street.

On February 27th, the Concordia Club will give an entertainment and ball, the former to consist of a burlesque on the "Prisoner of Zenda," written especially for the club. Both libretto and music are original.

The performance of "Caste" by a company of young society people of this city promises to be quite an affair, and is already exciting considerable interest. The play will be given at the California Theatre a week from Monday, and the company is now hard at work putting on the finishing touches, under the coaching of Leo Cooper. I understand the boxes will be sold at auction by the comedienne, Fanny Rice, at the California Theatre on February 27th.

***

The final Deux Temps—the last cotillion of the winter—occurred on Tuesday night at Reid's Hall, and proved a great success. Indeed, it is said to have been the jolliest party of the season. Any number of pretty girls were on the floor—there must have been 250 men and maids—besides the proper allowance of matrons present. I noticed several San Francisco girls there—among them Miss Bernice Drown, in white organdie over pale blue, and Miss Ogg, and certainly they must have enjoyed themselves. After all, Oakland can boast one superiority over the marine side of the bay—her men have certain advantages in years over the youth one finds at the Monday, Thursday and Saturday night entertainments at Polk-street halls. A year or two makes much difference in a man, it must be admitted, though it is also true that our boys are doing the best they can to remedy their defficiencies.

Miss Alice Moffitt and Mr. Will Wheaton led the german, the figures of which were especially pretty; and one formed in quadrangles, on the military order, with calcium light effects was particularly attractive. Among the prettiest girls in the hall were Miss Smith, of Claremont, in green, covered in gauze; Miss Dunn; Miss Lillian Strong, in white organdie; Miss Marguerite Joliffe, in cream satin, and Miss Carmen Moore, in white mirror silk and tulle. I noticed also Miss Palmer, who looked well in white satin trimmed with pink roses. Miss Idabelle Pal-

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

mer wore white with cerise roses. Miss Sarah Dunn and Miss Alice Moffitt were haidsomely gowned. Miss Dunn in cream pompadour silk, and Miss Moffitt in pale pink, covered with gauze and trimmed with point lace. Miss Emma Mahoney looked decidedly handsome in a very pretty costume of pink.

The Valentine cotillion of the Fortnightly Club, which came off last Friday, was led by Mr. Dixwell Davenport. It was a great success, every one having a thoroughly good time. The favors were especially pretty and appropriate, consisting of dainty heart-shaped boxes of violets.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a dinner party this week. The affair was the second of a series to be given fortnightly by a dinner club formed a short time ago by Mrs. Miller. The first was given by Mr. and Mrs. Magee. The membership of the club includes Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. W. Magee, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Mrs. Greenwood, and Mrs. P. E. Bowles.

At the luncheon of the Ebell Society last Tuesday, the hostesses were Mrs. Coogan, Mrs. Gray, and Miss Mabel Gray. Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes gave an interesting talk on Helen Hunt Jackson, and a musical programme followed.

On Thursday Miss Ethel Kittridge gave a chafing dish party, quite informal.

The Thirteen Club was entertained at luncheon on Tuesday by Miss Mona Crellin. The decorations were in red. Cards followed; the prize, a pretty picture, was won by Miss Emma Mahoney. Mrs. Arthur Crellin gave a whist party to a few friends Thursday. The decorations, which were very prettty, were violets and accacia, and the prizes a picture and a cut-glass viniagrette.

On last Saturday Miss Florence Starr had a reception. The decorations were of bamboo, accacia, and red carnations; the music was furnished by a band of guitars and mandolins, producing a very pleasing effect. Those that assisted Miss Starr in receiving, and also a few of the men, were asked to remain to dinner.

## THE THEATRES

### A Blatant Bolingbroke and a Comfortable Queen Anne.

Alma Kruger and her company of players opened the week at the Baldwin with a very clever but not altogether highly finished comedy entitled "My Lord and Some Ladies." This was scarcely the way the show bills put it, for the company was that of Louis James and the play a comedy adapted from the work of Eugene Scribe, but play bills do not always speak the truth.

James ought to do something with this company of his. It lacks all that repose and finish in make-up and its methods that so distinguished the Marlowe-Taber troupe. With them every production was like unto a delicate finished piece of Dresden china; with James finish is lacking.

A criticism of "My Lord and Some Ladies" must take its tone from the point of view from which you regard it. It would scarcely answer as an accurate historical representation, while as an amusing comedy dealing loosely with historical names it is a pleasant story rather pleasantly told. It would be ridiculous to expect or demand historical faithfulness in such a frame. If Miss Kruger neglected to present us with the Queen Anne of history, she certainly did not fail to give us a queen pleasing both in voice and manner, and we may thank our stars she did not mar our enjoyment with historical accuracy. She ran the gamut of the necessary moods with cleverness and undoubtedly carried off the honors.

James in comedy! Well, he it not bad. In spots he is good, but, withal, so lacking, oh, so lacking, in the finer polish that by all the rules of the game characterizes the diplomatist. But perhaps diplomatists are sleek and catty, smooth and foxy, only on the stage, and perhaps he was a most natural and incomparable Bolingbroke. I am uncertain here, for with me acquaintance with Ambassadors is confined to the narrow boundaries of the proscenium arch.

But there is one thing of which I am so certain, so certainly certain, that no man shall deny me my belief—that Guy Lindsley is not a beauty I most strenuously assert. No three women of Queen Anne's or any other style of time could fall so desperately in love with such a fall so desperately n love with such a chap. In "Spartacus," when he returned defeated to his brother's tent, I felt sorry for him that he should so strain his delivery as to be oppressive, felt sorry, inasmuch as I knew he was throwing all his soul and energy into the work, and was yet making a dismal failure of it, where, if he would but modify his elocutionary efforts, he might at least approximate the endurable. I can well imagine that this young man is earnest, zealous, painstaking, and altogether compionable in private life, but whatever else he may do he cannot enjoy my approbation as Arthur Farror. There was a young athlete in "Spartacus" (Steppling his name, I think), who should be permitted to try his hand at the part of the much beloved Farror, for he at least has face and figure to commend him, and is fair to look upon.

The finer work of "My Lord and Some Ladies" was easily monopolized by the ladies of the company. The costumes were fresh and the play handsomely staged, and altogether it formed a pleasing contrast to "Spartacus." It might well have enjoyed the privilege of the first week's run rather than an intermittent appearance during this the last week of the James engagement, for "Spartacus" approached the impossible.

The "Little Cinderella" company did not fare well at the California this week. A dozen or so half-frightened and inexperienced youngsters of both sexes, with a clever child or two sandwiched in between, are not calculated to act as a magnet to draw the dollar from the pocket of the average theater-goer. On Tuesday night there was scarcely a handful of people in the house, but the "child stars" were daunted none, and paced through their parts with the most elaborate and mechanical precision. There were some bright youngsters among them, it is true, but not enough to sustain interest. There was Baby Ruth Rolland, who sang "What Could the Poor Girl Do?" and danced prettily. Jennie and Flossie Sawyer were not at all bad as the disagreeable sisters of Cinderella. But the star of the evening, and the one who gives the greatest promise for the future, is the little chap who played the part of Pedro, and whose name, shameful to say, has slipped my memory. The little fellow has real talent, and if he chooses to follow the stage for a profession is destined to make his mark.

"A Scrap of Paper" is a play that will always give pleasure, even when it is put on by only average players. It is the bill at the Alcazar this week and is interesting more on its own account than on that of the people who perform in it, although it is put on quite well. J. B. Polk's Brisemouchil is the best-drawn character in the cast. It is a clever conception of the easy-going old naturalist. Hugo Toland is strongly reminiscent of Peter Dailey; he has the same placid good nature, and as Prosper Couramont gives evidence of it all through the play. May Buckley has recovered from her recent illness, and as Mathilde is pretty and pleasing. B.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Fanny Rice comes to the Columbia next Monday evening, presenting a new edition of her last season's success, "At the French Ball." The piece has been retouched, and considerable new business added, and with the new music and new songs ought to make an unusually attractive bill. The company supporting Miss Rice includes George Broderick, who was here with Emma Abbott; Charles Drew, who will be remembered as comedian in the opera company at the Orpheum some years ago when Emily Soldene was the bright particular star, and also Alice and Francis Gaillard, for a long time favorites at the Tivoli.

"Fidelity to life as it is," says Joseph A. Herne, author of "Shore Acres," "and not as it is so generally depicted upon the stage, should be the standard for the dramatist." Mr. Herne has followed this principle in writing "Shore Acres," and since he has, it has proven to be one of the dramatic successes of the century. Mr. Herne opens at the Baldwin next Monday evening in his new play for a season of three weeks.

The Tivoli will take "Aladdin" off the boards next Monday night and replace it with a double bill, consisting of Gilbert and Sullivan's aesthetic opera, "Patience," and Von Suppe's one-act piece, "The Lovely Galatea." "Patience" has always been popular, and it will prove a drawing card, and since it is some years since Von Suppe's pretty little opera has been sung in San Francisco, the bill will be additionally agreeable.

A novelty of the French grand opera company's repertoire will be the new opera "Le Voyage de Suzette," which was given its first production in this country a short time since. It is highly spectacular.

Fanny Davenport follows James A. Herne at the Baldwin theater and will present, besides "Fedora" and "La Tosca," her new production, "Gismonda," by Sardou.

Rosenthal, the great pianist, comes here to give six recitals the first week in May.

## A NOMADIC PRIMA DONNA

### Trebelli Talks of Wanderings by Flood and Field.

"The American people are so clever," said Mlle. Trebelli; "so clever and quick, and they do so many wonderful things. And the American women, they are fascinating and so intelligent, so much more so than Englishwomen. I would rather be American than anything else—that is, of course, after being French." Which was very kind of Madame Trebelli—who really has a charming way of saying such generous things. She has just finished a tour that has almost included the ends of the earth, accompanied by her secretary and her companion, a charming woman about her own age. She has been in Africa, and in Australia, in Zululand, and in the home of the Maori; has been on the move for two years in all, and is glad now to get back to the world again. Also, she thinks Australia slow, which the Australians, I fear, would not like.

"They are so slow in Australia," she exclaimed; "so very slow and poky, but here it is altogether different," and she looked out of the window upon Sutter street—where the cable cars charged up and down, and the horses and wagons rattled noisily over the cobbles. "There is so much life here," she continued. "It makes me think of Europe."

"My home?"

"It is in Paris," she replied, "but I have one on the Lake of Como. I should say it is my father's, but, of course, I have a share in it; then I have another in the south of France, in the country, near Bordeaux.

"Not a chateau, nor anything grand; a villa, quite simple, but my own, and I think very well of it."

I asked Madame Trebelli what she thought of the unreasonable demands so often made upon singers for encores.

"Of course," she replied, "it is tiresome for a singer to be compelled to respond again and again to continued applause, but then, what would you have? If the people want you to sing, why you must do so; that is all there is to it. In Moscow they are terrible for demanding encores. Oh, they are worse in Moscow than they are anywhere else; if you do not sing often enough to please them they will interrupt the concert; they will not let it go on until they have had enough."

"Where have you found the audience most difficult to please?" I asked.

"In Holland, by all means," answered the diva. "They will have nothing there but what is classical, and, what is more, they understand classical music thoroughly. And they do not care what reputation you may have acquired elsewhere; they will settle all that, at least, for themselves, and for Holland. I remember quite well my first appearance in Amsterdam. When I came on there was not a sound from the audience, not a movement anywhere; they were all so cold—ugh!" and Trebelli drew in her shoulders and her brows contracted. "But when I had finished they were so kind, and they gave me so much applause; but I could not forget that frigid reception. They were difficult to please, and they are the very same way in Belgium."

Mme. Trebelli is very much like most people, or, rather, on second thought, she is not; she is unlike most people, because she is gracious and charming, simple and unaffected. She keeps her eyes open for all that happens, and talks so delightfully of her voyagings that the time flits in her company. Indeed, in the pleasure of listening to the story of her wanderings, I forgot the identity of the vocalist and remembered only the narrator—surely an important thing if you view it right. H. S. K.

John Philip Sousa, with his band and his marches, will be with us again for four nights at the California theater, commencing on Thursday evening, February 25th. Mr. Sousa will play everything from "Rosie O'Grady" to "Elsa's Dream," and for encores will give his famous marches. The band numbers fifty people, and along with it comes Miss Elizabeth Northrup, a young lady who is said to have a soprano voice of much sweetness and power, and also Miss Martini Johnstone, who is reported as an exceptionally gifted violiniste.

Barney Fagan, author of "My Gal's a High-Born Lady," and many other similar songs, will appear at the Orpheum next Monday in connection with Miss Henrietta Byron, in an entertaining one-act farce. The bill will be an extra good one all round; Hayes and Lytton will put on a sketch entitled "Camille Up to Date"; Guille will sing the aria from "Aida," and Abramhoff "Infelice," from "Ernani," and in addition to this the tenor and the basso will give, assisted by Miss Cotte, the trio from "I Lombardi." There will be an extra matinee on Monday, Washington's birthday.

## ARS POSTERA

From "The Battle of the Bards," by Owen Seam[illegible]

Mr. Aubrey Beer de Beers,
You're getting quite a high renown;
Your Comedy of Leers, you know,
Is posted all about the town;
This sort of stuff I cannot puff,
As Boston says, it makes me "tired";
Your Japanese Rossetti girl
Is not a thing to be desired.

Mr. Aubrey Beer de Beers,
New English Art [illegible] the chaff)
Is like the Newest Humour style,
It's not a thing at which to laugh;
But all the same, you need not maim
A beauty reared on Nature's rules;
A simple maid au naturel
Is worth a dozen spotted ghouls.

Mr. Aubrey Beer de Beers,
You put strange phantoms on our walls,
If not so daring as To-day's,
Nor quite so Hardy as St. Paul's;
Her sidelong eyes, her giddy guise,
Grande Dame Sans Merci she [illegible],
But there is that about her throat
Which I myself don't care to see.

Mr. Aubrey Beer de Beers,
The Philistines across the way,
They say her lips—well, never mind
Precisely what it is they say;
But I have heard a drastic word
That scarce is fit for dainty ears;
But then their taste is not the kind
Of taste to flatter Beer de Beers.

Bless me, Aubrey Beer de Beers,
On fair Elysian lawns apart
Burd Helen of the Trojan time
Smiles at the latest mode of Art;
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
It's not important to be New;
New Art would better Nature's best,
But Nature knows a thing or two.

Aubrey, Aubrey Beer de Beers,
Are there no models at your gate,
Live, shapely, possible and clean?
Or won't they do to "decorate?"
Then by all means bestrew your scenes
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## ROTHSCHILDS AT HOME

### Baron Lionel in His Den — Good Dinners and Simple Manners.

According to M. Charles Gavard, in "A Diplomat in London" (H. Holt & Co.), the life of an Ambassador is not a period of unrestricted happiness. Yet he offers testimony to prove that a minister, or secretary of legation, who happens also to be a pleasant fellow, can enjoy a form of life from which the ordinary American visitor to the English metropolis is shut out.

M. Gavard was evidently a charming man, who united with the intelligence and ability his profession demanded a sincerity and culture that made him a welcome guest in the palaces of the aristocracy. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war he was dispatched with the Duc de Broglie to London to aid in negotiating a new commercial treaty with Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. His chief being called back to France by President Thiers, he was left for a time in charge of the French Embassy, and remained in London, under the Duc de Bisaccia and Count Jarnac, as secretary of legation, or minister plenipotentiary, from 1871 to 1877. During these eventful years he was a personage of great consequence, and in addition to negotiating the treaty of commerce, engineered most skillfully several diplomatic complications which brought him honor and consequence at home and abroad. The book affords an insight into the haut monde of London, as it was in the early seventies. Within its pages are crowds of celebrities. Here is Lord Salisbury, "who has a fine voice; his delivery is easy and distinguished; he adjusts his efforts to the importance of the debate in hand. You feel that he could easily do better than he does—he is an orator." Disraeli we meet often, moving about from mansion to mansion, meeting Delane, the editor of the "Times," at the Rothschilds, where they talk, exchanging ironic pleasantries with Gladstone. A dinner at the Dilkes introduces Sir Charles and his home circle. We meet Count Schouvaloff, the Russian embassador, quite often, and are amused by his stories and peculiar manners. There is an excellent description of a hunt at the Duke of Beaufort's. One gets also a capital idea of the Athenaeum Club, where Abraham Hayward makes his headquarters. Burton, the explorer, is met at Count Beust's. "At present he is on his way to Zanzibar. China remains for him to see; but for that he would be a prey to ennui; it is his resource against the spleen. He has learned one after another all the languages there are. He began with the three Arabic dialects of Afghanistan, and afterwards with these made his way to Mecca. He has received in his travels, from arrows and lances, as many wounds as he knows languages. His face is tattooed with scars. He acquires the use of a new tongue in ten days. He leases out his memory to a language for so long—takes as many months' worth of any given idiom as he wants, and with it all speaks better French than I do English."

Not the least interesting passages of this very entertaining memoir are those devoted to the Rothschilds, whom it seems were very good friends of M. Gavard. His first dinner is at the home of Baron Lionel.

I joined the Duc de Broglie at the Lionel Rothschilds'. Magnificent place: here is gold well laid out, a luxury of high good taste. First, the stairway, with three rows of columns, a spacious structure, with the light falling from above, all that could be desired by a Guardi, and flowers such as I had never dreamed of. A fine square brings you to a salon, which is somehow horribly sterling and exquisite, with old French hangings, eighteenth century embroidered silk, and some "old masters," Del Sarto, Murillo, Greuze, just enough to decorate the place without converting it into a gallery, all very comfortable. There were some ladies present: Mme. Alphonse (Baroness Rothschild), a beauty of an odd sort, something of the race of Jacob in it; the Duchess of Manchester (now Duchess of Devonshire), a beauty of the sort that is conventional in courts that go in for amusement; the beautiful Lady Granville; the Countess de Flandre, quite royal—if you knew Latin I should say incessu patuit dea; she is no bigger than she should be, but she does not make herself small. Those were the beauties of the salon.

Here is a dinner at Gunnersbury, of a rather more intimate character:

Yesterday I dined at the Rothschild's villa—I don't know its name—out in the direction of Kew. The dinner was a surprise: only the family was present; but such a chicken!—nothing but a chicken but with the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms represented in the sauce! The Lord Mayor would have sucked his fingers. Stomachs that can face such dishes twice a day fill me with admiration. And such feeds! And yet, really, in the midst of all this luxurious upholstering and pampering of the flesh, a great simplicity obtains. It is Alfred, the son, who fetches the wine from the cellar. (The cellar, to be sure, is like that of Frederick the Great, where he kept his treasure). He brought up a Lafitte and a sherry, that you find only at the villa of Lionel de Rothschild. The incontestable superiority of the wines is in part due, it seems, to their being laid away in a cellar as isolated as an observatory, and to their never being moved or jarred. Of course, you know some one was good enough to forewarn me that their superiority is incontestable.

This passage gives an excellent idea of the old Baron in his Counting House in St. Swithin's Lane.

I went to pay a call on the old Baron (Lionel de Rothschild) in his den in St. Swithen's Lane. Don't look for the Baron's office in one of the great thoroughfares that are easy to find. A long passage, a carriage would so completely block up that a man could scarcely squeeze by brings you to an obscure, solid old mansion. The lane reminds one of Venice; the solidity of the house and the inhospitable look of the neighborhood are Florentine, and the Baron, also, who spends his days there, belongs to the aristocracy of wealth that founded the grandeur of these two mediaeval governments. Every day he sits at his table from 11 o'clock in the morning to 7 in the afternoon. No chairs are provided for visitors; standing discourages long interviews, unless one sits on the table, as I did. Two or three offices to right and left are occupied by his sons. The paralysis in his legs which keeps him fast in his rolling-chair is in sharp contrast with the activity of his mind which interrupts his conversation from minute to minute to reflect upon the state of the courts of Europe, and to give orders accordingly. The face is a fine one, but the impression of it that abides with one is that of something inexorable as a mathematical calculation. When I thanked him for the damages the railway company had awarded me for my lost traveling-bag, "Yes," he said, "they gave you three hundred francs." The amount came to him at once out of the billions he has dealt with since.

One of his sons, after offering me a glass of sherry, took me over the establishment. What discipline! A great hall with fifty or sixty employees in it, abstracting letters, all of them busy and silent. Nobody communicates with his neighbor. There is no chief, or at least no other chief than the Baron and the son who opens the letters and directly oversees the work. Although there is a French department, there is not a Frenchman in the house. There are a good many Germans. This preference is not an affair of sentiment; it must be that the French are a less safe investment. The employees are appointed for life when they have once passed the door. They begin at two thousand francs, and there is no upper limit. Their salary rises with their ability. From the correspondence department I was taken to that of "coupons," which they there detach, verify, and put up in packages. Thence to the counting house; you cannot see it except from the inside; an iron structure three stories high, protected by walls nine feet thick. I do not know whether it is surrounded by a moat as some of the other monetary fortresses in the city are, but a portcullis, an iron door, cut us off from possible robbers. There was nothing lacking but a drawbridge. It is by gaslight that you visit this pawnshop for crowned heads. In passing my eye caught a little leather valise with the name of M. Thiers on it; like the great strategist he is, he takes pains to secure his retreat. I do not blame him for it. I took my leave much edified and rather envious. If the public business had been administrated in that spirit we should not be where we are.

It is seldom one obtains a veracious report of a diplomatic house party at the castle of Lord Salisbury. Evidently M. Gavard and the Marquis were intimate, as the Frenchman is often at Hatfield House, and here are his impressions:

I reached "King's Cross Station" at half past five. There I found Lord Carnarvon and helped him expedite the sending of a belated dispatch to China, which reached its destination about the same time we reached ours. A carriage was waiting for us at the station at Hatfield, and took us up by the same steep, uncomfortable road. As we approached the "house," the windows all caught the moonlight and flashed back at us a weird, colorless flame. You enter by a guard room with forty suits of armor standing sentinel, then through a grand hall surrounded by books, where there was a fireplace with great logs burning. I found myself among acquaintances, in an Elizabethan castle; there was Lord Lyons with Sheffield, Lady Stafford Northcote and her second daughter, and the Marchioness and her sister. We passed down a gallery fully as long as the Gallery des Glaces at Versailles.

The Marquis came from London with Sir Stafford Northcote. We went up to our rooms; the staircase was winding and of wood. I half expected to meet James the First. This relic of the sixteenth century landed us among chambers with little diamond-paned windows, but for the rest supplied with all the comforts of the nineteenth century. Big open fireplaces cabinets of all kinds, comprising, yes, the one we have so much trouble in finding at night in our hovels in France. It almost makes one willing to be ill. All my things were ready, and I dressed. Fortunately, I found Sheffield on the staircase; without him I should have been lost in the numerous "halls." To reach the dining room we passed by the gallery of a private chapel. Finally, we found ourselves in the small dining room, the one with the old wainscoting. The dinner was excellent. The musicians played softly during the whole time. When dinner was served the children appeared; the two daughters stood by the Marquis and the two sons by the side of Lady Salisbury. One of them was Lord Cranborne. When I think that this young scamp of 12 is heir of this castle and of so many others, I am overcome with respect for him! After dinner, we went into other salons; everywhere open fires, lights, and air of vastness, and all this for about ten people. A man must indeed be out of sorts with the world who could not grow fond of life under these conditions.

In a corner of my room a programme for the day was posted. "Chapel at 9 o'clock." What shall I do? Breakfast at 10; then hunt; then dinner at 1 o'clock, tea at 5; and then dine again at 8. How can people live by candlelight in these great rooms? No wonder they see ghosts.

After dinner we were in a room too large for conversation, so we promenaded in groups and lost each other. The women and children at last surrounded Stafford Northcote. He does not preach to them as in Parliament, but tells them stories, or, rather, funny dialogues. I lost all, or nearly all, of what he said. I could not follow it.

The temptation to quote from the volume is hard to resist. I cannot omit this description of Gladstone on the eve of a general election dining at the French Embassy:

Yesterday we had Mr. Gladstone to dinner. He was awaiting the result of the election at Greenwich. He was magnificently tranquil, either as being certain of success, or as affecting the resignation of a sage who is not unwilling to return to his favorite studies. This is the eighteenth time he has been before the elections, and he told me it was the last. He was charming, or at least he possesses always the art of charming me, with his openness of mind and his inexhaustible store of recollections. We passed in review about all the reforms that "the crotchet mongers" are peddling now from "meeting" to "meeting." Gladstone seems to feel a sincere attraction toward everything that appeals to him as being generous. I repeat, he is a charmer, though not, perhaps, a very reassuring one. During the evening he received the notice of the re-election of his son by a small majority. He had requested not to be wakened when the notice of his own fate arrived. His awakening could not have been very agreeable; he had passed with a small majority, second on the list, and all the morning's news was bad for the government.

With all his esprit M. Gavard is but little of a wit. We find few stories, few retorts or witticisms. There is one, however—that of the Duc de Broglie on encountering M. de Bernstorff, the Prussian ambassador at the Foreign Office. It was before peace had been declared between France and Germany, and the presumption was of a difficulty when the two representatives met. Lady Stanley was with the Duc de Broglie, and was a bit preoccupied as to the encounter. "Don't be afraid. I'll find a way out," assured the Duke. Presently he turned to Bernstorff: "I have been distressed so long at seeing the Prussians established in my home without having invited them that it is a pleasure at the house of a friend to meet one of them that I can exchange courtesies with." Quite neat, was it not? There is another amusing recontre, which I leave M. Gavard to tell his own way:

Here is what happens when a successor of the dukes and peers who formerly represented France abroad, goes to pay his respects to a king passing through the country. Just as he puts up his umbrella to get a cab, an elegant coupe stops at his door—it is his tailor. It was impossible to refuse Mr. Cook the honor of saving me from the rain and to conduct me to Buckingham Palace. I shan't tell the Queen, nor——! On the way the tailor gave me five pounds for the bazar, and announced that his wife is going to make some purchases there.

Queen Victoria, while at Balmoral recently, visited an aged cottager living near. On leaving Her Majesty said to the old lady who had been entertaining her, "Well, Mrs. ——, you will now no longer be afraid of me, and I shall expect you to pay me a visit." "Ah, ma'am," replied the old dame, "it's not yerself I'm afeard on—it's them grand servants."

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Towards the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him, and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who however peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming, "No, thank you! I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more!"

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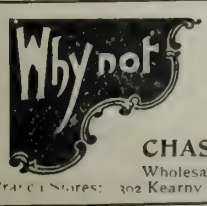


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## THE SPORT OF KINGS

### Horseracing Day by Day — Action of the Horse-Show Association.

The character of the sport across the bay since last writing has been to some extent marred by unfortunate weather. During the actual racing the moisture has usually remained in the clouds, to the comfort of visitors to the course, but at other intervals a considerable amount of rain has fallen, rendering the going bad for horses. Scratchings at the last moment have in consequence been somewhat numerous, depriving some of the principal events of their full interest.

Bearing out the good opinion expressed in these columns a week ago, the Dunne stable has been well to the fore, landing three events on Saturday last, besides its successful essays on other days. Of this useful string the 4-year-old Damien (Strathmore—Beatrice) has been the most conspicuous, his wins including a mile handicap, with 104 pounds, in 1:41½, and the McLaughlin stakes, $1,250, at the same distance, in which latter the Strathmore horse and Schiller were a head apart at the finish. Seeing the hollow beating Damien gave Barney Schreiber's horse in the Hobart stakes, one and one-sixteenth miles, at Ingleside, when receiving ten pounds, a week previously, Schiller made a better show than could have been expected, probably due to his liking for mud, while Slaughter certainly rode the horse with good judgment. Wheel of Fortune, with nine pounds the worst of the weight, proved her ability on Monday to travel in the dirt ahead of Stentor all the way for one and one-sixteenth miles, the remainder of the field, five in number and of poor class, being beaten off. In a mile and a quarter handicap, won by Ostler Joe, 109 pounds, imp. Sain failed to stay the distance, his bolt being shot at the end of a mile. This is not in keeping with his form at the same distance earlier in the month, and the colt is probably feeling the effect of being overdone when only partially fit.

In the mile race on Tuesday, David, in receipt of eight pounds from Ferrier, set a cracking pace, and landed at the wire some ten lengths in front of the latter, who seems to have gone off considerably since the beginning of the year, when, with the crusher of 140 pounds on his back, he divided the two good performers, Scarf Pin, 114 pounds, and Caspar, 116 pounds, heads only each way, and ran into third place in the three-fourths mile Berkeley handicap. Time, 1:14¾.

The 2-year-old events have brought good fields to the post, but none of the youngsters have given evidence of particular merit. It is still too early in the season to expect any 2-year-old to perform really well, though at the ensuing Ingleside meeting, when some good stake events for that division are to be brought off, something good may be uncorked.

To-day the third anniversary of the valuable Thornton stakes, four miles, will be celebrated, and is certain to attract a large share of public interest especially after the memorable performance of the good son of Hampton, imp. Star Ruby, in this event at the whilom Bay District track last year. The field will, of course, be small, but fairly select, the 4-year-olds, likely to start, Damien, Schiller and Rey del Bandidos, with 109 pounds each, being possessed of the most prestige, judged on this season's racing; though Thornhill, 6 years, 118 pounds, can negotiate the distance satisfactorily if he chooses, while Lobengula, 5 years, 117 pounds, with G. B. Morris' training experience, is deemed by many worthy of respect, especially should he be ridden by a vigorous jockey like Thorpe. So long a journey calls for a rider that can hold his mount together at every point, and be ready to squeeze the last ounce out at the finish, if need be. It is to be hoped that track conditions will be favorable, and that the field may not dwindle down to less than five or six starters.

The Horse Show Association has, this week, issued a circular to breeders, owners and the general public interested in its operations, which plainly and distinctly sets out its intentions with respect to a continuance, without interruption, of the shows which have been held under its auspices in this city during each of the last three years. Whether the event is to be repeated this year or not remains to be decided by the amount of encouragement which owners of horses are prepared to extend to it. The association makes it perfectly clear that in the face of dwindling support it will not proceed with the work of organizing another show, until it has sufficient assurance that horse-owners intend to second its efforts and show their appreciation of the benefits which are afforded by a well-conducted and regularly recurring feature of the kind. It is open to any one to express an opinion on the subject, in response to the circular, the management being actuated solely by a desire to make the annual show a success, which they realize is possible only by the adhesion of every section of the horse interests in the State. It will be a thousand pities if it should be found that the show idea has not outlasted its period of probation in this State. The material need may never be wanting in a country so pre-eminently suited to the horse in his highest perfection, liberal financial support from entirely disinterested quarters is to be had for the asking, in fact, without it, and as a means of social enjoyment, leading up to the beneficial distribution of money and the advancement of an important industry, a show of the kind cannot be surpassed. A retrograde step in such matters is hardly ever advisable, and it is hard to believe that it would be so in this instance. If such should have to be taken, it will simply mean that California cannot, or will not, support an institution that, in other places, where horses are extensively bred and kept for all kinds of service, is found to be of the utmost advantage.

Entitling a little story or two "Isinglassiana," in the Badmonton magazine for January, "Rapier" tells of the welfare of the great horse Isinglass. His notes are especially interesting to us here, as Islington, the full brother of the triple-crowned king, is one of the leading stud-horses in California, and making the season, as previously, at Rancho del Paso, his services being available to the public at the nominal fee of $100. The word nominal is used advisedly, inasmuch as the subscription to Isinglass in England is 300 guineas ($1,575), and that he is booked full for the next four years! Breeders on this coast have therefore a grand opportunity to secure this invaluable blood. Islington is the property of Mr. James Shaw Robinson, of Hanford, brother-in-law of Captain McCalmont, M. P., the owner of Isinglass, and breeders of both horses, which are the only ones in the world of identical lineage, and are never likely to go out of their present owners' hands. Islington has already made three seasons here, Mr. Haggin using his services extensively. The first of his get are now 2-year-olds, having sold well in the market, as compared with other produce, and promising to make race horses. On the ranch they have always had the highest opinion of his youngsters, and latest reports are that the horse is as fit as can be for his coming season.

The most important sale that has ever taken place in the United States in connection with the hackney breeding interest was held in New York on the 3rd instant, and, though at the time of writing full particulars have yet to come to hand, it has been learned that the celebrated stallion, Imp. Matchless of Londesboro', was purchased by the Glendower Stock Farm, Staten Island, N. Y., for the sum of $12,000, a figure that shows the estimate in which first-class hackney blood and individuality is held. Matchless was imported into this country as a four-year-old, having been foaled in 1884, and has produced without doubt more stock than any other hackney stallion at present here, his progeny, whether full or half-bred hackney, being generally held in great esteem. In fact, so bountiful has been the harvest reaped from his loins by his late owner, Dr. Seward Webb, that he concluded to pass him on, while yet in his prime, and depend upon the abundant infusion of his blood still retained in the Shelburne Farms Stud. This good business judgment has certainly been well rewarded, and at the same time the great horse's sphere of usefulness has been extended in a new direction, which should be beneficial to the breeding interests of the country.

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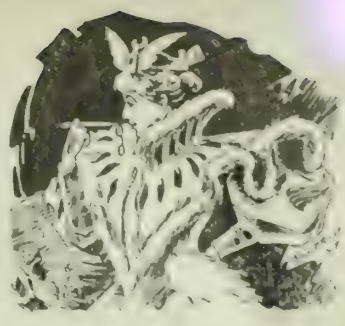

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## AS THE WORLD WAGS

### Fancies and Foibles of the Smart Set the World Round.

In these days the artificial is so often made to appear like the real that even the most highly educated cannot penetrate a sham. An interesting question recently noticed is as to the etiquette of wearing imitation jewelry. A fashionable woman in town, whose position is unquestionable, wears several strings of pearls, one of which is real and the rest shams, and hardly knows herself which is the genuine. Another woman, who owns a couple of diamond stars, has presented herself with several others—the best "Palais Royal brilliants," whose glittering radiance is quite undimmed by their juxtaposition with the real stones. At a birthday dinner recently the heroine of the occasion wore a ruby surrounded by pearls as a brooch. This was greatly admired. Taking it from the lace which it fastened, she passed it to one of her friends. The jewel was handed from one to another until it had made the circuit of the table. All the guests were people of culture, familiar with gems, and some of them connoisseurs. After the stone had been unanimously praised, the owner fastened it in its place again, saying quietly: "I think it is pretty. I bought it yesterday at B——'s for $2."

It has long been conceded that a string of Roman pearls may be worn by a young girl without laying her taste open to question. It is a new thing, however, for rich women to bring real gems and bogus ones together in such a way as to deceive the very elect; and it seems a pity that the old standards of noblesse oblige, affecting the wearing of jewels and lace, should be lowered.

"For new people, charity is one of the best ways of getting into society," said Mrs. Knickerbocker, "besides being much more respectable than most methods. A couple of hundreds sent to the board of directors of a fashionable nursery or hospital has an excellent effect, and taking a large number of tickets for a philanthropic entertainment is also appreciated. I should say, on the whole, that almsgiving pays better than entertainments at the beginning of an ambitious woman's social career. No one would refuse a donation, and it must be thankfully acknowledged. I have seen the most exclusive women, who would not have deigned to call on a new society aspirant, visit a liberal subscriber to their pet charity, and become intimate with women whom, under other conditions, they would not have looked at. I have watched many failures and successes in my life," concluded the good lady, "and I recommend philanthropy as the best of all entering wedges."

The high-bred manner that marked the caste of Vere de Vere is certainly not characteristic of aristocratic society in France, England or America now. The cynical Frenchman who said he could always tell the difference between an actress and a countess by the sueprior refinement and good breeding of the actress was not so far wrong. Not long ago an English dame of the old school, who had brought up her daughters in the traditional, admirable, insular, and essentially British manner, got into a first-class carriage on the Dover mail with two of those daughters, and they arranged their various impedimenta in the neat, orthodox British fashion. Hardly were the three seated when a party rushed down to the platform, talking and laughing, calling each other "Billy," and "Nell," and "Tommy," and "Polly," and saying good-bye in noisy fashion to one of the lot, who was evidently not to accompany the rest.

"My dears," said the British matron, bristling with disapproval, "those dreadful creatures are coming in here. They are evidently Americans. Do not on any account permit them to scrape an acquaintance. I am told that they are most objectionable in that way." As the strangers scrambled in, and the guard slammed the door, materfamilias and her girls glared haughtily at the intruders, one of whom said pleasantly: "I fear we are crowding you, but there was no other carriage to be had." To this there was no response. Another well-meant remark about moving some papers was also received with chilling hauteur.

At Dover the two parties stopped at the same hotel and crossed the next morning to Calais. But what a transformation scene on the steamer! The British matron met the noisy young folks with a beaming smile and a bow, to which a supercilious stare was the only response. The prim daughters proffered rugs and other comforts, which were curtly refused. What was the cause of this sudden turning of the tables? Merely that the English matron, with the curiosity characteristic of her class, had examined the hotel regster, and, to her dismay, had read "Lord and Lady Fitznoodle, "The Duke of Mayfair," and "The Honorable Maud Highflyer." The smartest of the smartest set in London! The intimate friends of H. R. H.! The people of all others that they were most dying to know!

Now that house parties are rife and country visiting the chief dissipation of the moment, one hears curious things about the smart hostesses who are trying to outdo one another in hospitalities of the most up-to-date description. One lady, who is as wealthy as she is ambitious, carries out the harmonious perfections of her guests' accommodations to the minutest details. If she gives the Countess of Killmequick the blue rooms, that lady will find that not only is the upholstery of her temporary apartments of the most exquisite and cerulean tint, but so also are the delicate linen sheets and pillow cases that furnish the elegant bedstead on which she is to repose her aristocratic frame. Each bed in fact, is supplied with sets of linen dyed in accord with the coloring of the suite in which it is situated. A room furnished in rose pink will have its brazen couch covered with linen of the rosiest hue, and the air will be filled with an indefinable odor of rose leaves that harmonizes with its exquisite tint. Another fad of the winter is the scenting of each bed with some special perfume just before the hour of retiring. This is accomplished after a good, old-fashioned manner that is quite as delightful as it is rococo, and for its special advantage has the brazen warming-pan of the early Victorean period been revived. The warming-pan, polished to a dazzling degree, is filled with glowing coals. Inside the cover is inserted a sort of tiny secondary brazier, filled with a rose-scented incense, that emits a perfumed smoke that clings to the sheets. Thus it is when you slip into your downy nest at a fashionable country house nowadays, your whole body seems laved in a delicious warm perfume that is almost a certain foe to insomnia, of which so many people complain in these times. It is said that the Countess of Warwick, herself a bad sleeper, was the first English woman to institute a fashion that has since become a craze.

"I should like to tell you exactly how, at least in my humble opinion," writes "Mrs. Papillon" in "Vanity Fair, "a woman should be dressed in this year of grace. There are shops here and shops in Paris, but there is no real head to the fashions since the death of that very great man, Worth; so that now and then one grows rather bewildered, as first one thing and then another is set before one as 'the only wear.' But about a few items there is no possibility of making a mistake. In Paris, Royal blue is the color; it has almost superseded red, which, after all, can only be worn in the country—or in town under a very long coat. Then the hats, instead of being a foot high on one side, as they were in the beginning of the autumn season, are now turned up right in front, while the chignons disappear entirely inside the crown. Capes are very gradually going out, but they are sometimes made as if they were tight-fitting, with big sleeves. Camellias have ousted gardenias as flowers; and black handkerchiefs are all the rage in Paris, while those who prefer to be a little bit behind rather than before the fashions are using very dark batistes.

"There is one thing almost de rigueur; certainly no woman who respects herself is now seen without a rope of pearls or a diamond chain. The handsomest pearl ropes I have seen are those worn by the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Theo Stuart; Lady Hartopp and Lady Sophie Scott have such very pretty diamond chains; and one of the prettiest chains (which belongs to Mrs. Ronalds) is made of alternate diamonds and pearls. It is not, perhaps, such an expensive fashion as it seems, for pearls can always be restrung, and every year they are rising in price. But the diamond chain is rather a luxury, as the diamonds could scarcely be reset to any very pretty purpose. Of course, all the jewels that one sees are not real, but it is almost impossible to detect real from imitation pearls. I stopped one afternoon in Bond street to look into the Parisian Diamond Shop window, and there were ropes and ropes of pearls, all so beautifully formed and tinted, and shining softly, as do real pearls. Some were graduated sizes, which gave an effective appearance of economy, and some (no doubt for the same reason) had golden links between. Also hanging in the window was an imitation diamond chain, which sparkled bravely, and was beautifully made; and another lovely chain was brightened with alternate diamonds and sapphires. This is the best place, so I am told, to buy the new fashionable diamond buckles and be-pearled or be-diamonded side combs; but it is the pearls and turquoises which quite defy detection. Who would doubt a gold bangle or gold ring set with whole pearls? And who would question a turquoise brooch or links both rimmed severely with gold and meant to wear together?

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THOS. H. WILLIAMS JR., Pres.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF JOHN PHELAN, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN PHELAN,
Adm. of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 7, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

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ASSESSMEMT NOTICE — BULLION MINING COMPANY — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 49) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of February, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 11th day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, S. F.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE — BEST AND BELCHER MINING COMPANY — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 26th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 61) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on 2d day of March, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the 23d day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Julia Consolidated Mining Company**

Assessment No. 28
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied January 21, 1897
Delinquent in office January 26, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, March 19, 1397

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.
Office, room 56, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 26
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied February 10, 1897
Delinquent in office, March 16, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 6, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary,
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A contemporary tells a good story of a practical joke once played upon Mr. Labouchere by Bret Harte. Dressing himself in threadbare, frayed, and faded garments, such as might be worn by either a Bohemian journalist or a tramp, Harte visited the office of "Truth," and asked to see Mr. Labouchere. He was shown into the inner office of the Member for Northampton, to whom he said that he had a poem which he would be pleased to sell, and asked Mr. Labouchere to look it over. Mr. Labouchere refused to glance at the production; but, upon Harte earnestly pleading his immediate need of money, Mr. Labouchere hastily examined the manuscript. Then he returned it, with the remark, "I cannot use this trash!" "But," exclaimed Harte, "I'm starving!" "What do you want for it?" inquired Mr. Labouchere. "Is it worth a pound?" said Harte, looking as if very near bursting into tears. "Worth a pound? It is not worth the paper it is written on!" declared Mr. Labouchere. "If you want charity, I can give you a few shillings; but it would be accompanied by advice to the effect that a strong, able-bodied man like you might make more money and give less cause of offense by seeking employment at hop-picking or before the mast. Instead of attempting to worm your way into journalism, why did you not join the expedition for the relief of General Gordon? Who are you?" "Bret Harte," was the answer, as a portion of the disguise was removed, and Mr. Labouchere beheld a club companion whom he had known for many years.

Some time ago a young curate, seeking to be licensed by Dr. Temple, was, as is usual, bidden to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that the Bishop might judge of his fitness for conducting public worship. "Not loud enough!" growled the prelate when the young man had finished. "Oh, I am sorry to hear that, my lord! A lady in church yesterday told me I could be heard at the very bottom of the church." "Ah! are you engaged?" queried the Bishop, with a keen glance from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "Yes, my lord," was the reply of the candidate. "Now listen to me, young man," roughly but kindly replied Dr. Temple. "While you are engaged to her, don't believe a word she tells you; but," he added, with a grim chuckle, "after you are married, believe every word she says."

It is told of a certain humorous canon of the Protestant Church of Ireland that he was one day driving in a car close to the Lakes of Killarney, where echoes are repeated in some places as many as eight times. Addressing the driver, he said, "Do you know, Pat, that there are none but Protestant echoes here?" "No, sir, I niver h'ard it; and I don't believe it, either." "Well, you shall hear it presently," said the canon. Arriving at a favorable spot, the canon called out, beginning softly, and raising his voice as he came to the last words, "Do you believe in Pio Nono?" Echo answered, "No, no—no, no—no, no—no, no." Pat, though a zealous Catholic, was delighted at the joke, and said, "Bedad, when I drive one of the raal clergy here, won't I have sport out of him!"

Dean Stanley, the well known English divine, has great presence of mind. He was dining at the home of a statesman, and arrived very late. When he came his collar was unfastened, and the ends vibrated like little white wings about the head of a cherub. People could not but look at him with curiosity during dinner, and at length, with due precautions, his hostess ventured to ask him if he knew that his collar had broken adrift. "Oh, yes," said the Dean. "Do you mind?" "Not at all," the lady answered. "Then I don't mind, either," answered the Dean; "the button dropped off while I was dressing." And he went on with his conversation.

Two boys of Yale College in the old days used to bribe the printers' "devils" to get proofs of the examination papers for them. When the college authorities put a stop to this practice a bright idea seized one youth, and he saved the whole suffering party. He hired one of the printers (it was summer) to wear a pair of white trousers when going to the office, and at noon to sit down on the "form"—that is, the type set up ready for printing—of the precious examination questions. The inky seat of that pair of trousers sold for a great deal more money than the clothes were worth in their original spotlessness.

Augustus Hare tells a story in his "Reminiscences" of Archbishop Harcourt, who was very fond of hunting—so fond that he was very near refusing the archbishopric because he thought if he accepted he would have to give it up. He consulted a friend, who said that he must take counsel with others. "Of course I should never join the meet," said the Archbishop, "but, you know, I might fall in with the hounds by accident." After some time the friend came back, and said that, on the whole, the party considered that the Archbishop might hunt, provided that he did not shout.

Once a clergyman went to pay a visit to an old Yorkshire yeoman, of the old type, who was lying on his deathbed, and after a few preliminary words the worthy minister said that, if the veteran had anything on his mind, he hoped he would ease his conscience and confide it to his pastoral ear, so that he might die in peace. "Well, sir," answered the old sportsman, "if I only had to live my life over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

Longfellow's journal has some curious stories in it. The poet tells of a lady in black who came up to him one morning as he stood at the front door of his house. "Is this the house," she asked, "where Longfellow was born?" "No; he was not born here." "Did he die here?" "Not yet." "Are you Longfellow?" "I am." "I thought you died two years ago."


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# THE WAVE

VOL XVI. No. 9 SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL"

MOUNTED TUG OF WAR BETWEEN TEAMS OF RIVAL BATTERIES: ONE OF THE CONTESTS OF THE PRESIDIO'S FIELD-DAY

Photo by Charles Weidne

# THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| An Army Without Arms | 4 |
| Jerome Gautrelle, Anarchist; by Victor La Harpe | 5 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| Views of the Field-Day Sports at the Presidio | 7 |
| Illustrated Journalism | 8 |
| Cloverdale's Citrus Fair | 8 |
| A Dual Existence | 8 |
| Herne, the Unconventional | 9 |
| The Orient Entertaining the Occident: a flashlight by Taber | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| The Mutiny in Fiction: a Review | 12 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 13 |
| As the World Wags | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA IGNORED.

If one was to credit the early press dispatches coming from Canton it was evident that for the first time in years, if not in our history, the two most wealthy and populous of the States were to have no representative in the official family of the President. While the far West is to be given a portfolio and the middle West three, New York and Pennsylvania, which gave the largest popular and the largest electoral votes for the Republican ticket, were scarcely considered.

Why was this? There is but one answer, and that answer contains a warning and a lesson to party politicians.

New York and Pennsylvania were, at the late Republican national convention, manipulated as principalities and rotten boroughs of Thomas C. Platt and Mathew S. Quay. In past national conventions the influence of these States made and unmade presidential aspirants, and to control the vote of delegations from them meant almost to name the party candidate. Within their respective States, the power of these men was so strong that they thought it possible to defeat the uprising sentiment of the Republican party in favor of Major McKinley and hold the whip of power over the national convention. Their machines were so perfect and their State control so complete as to enable them to enter the St. Louis convention with delegations that were virtually marionettes. Their scheme was most comprehensive and well planned, but they failed to take account of public opinion. It was soon discovered, however, that all their combinations would be ineffective against the overwhelming public sentiment which spoke for the candidate from Ohio. Had Mr. McKinley been less popular and the issues less critical, there is little doubt that these two politicians would have connived at the defeat of their party's candidate. As it was, they surely did no more than they were compelled to do. They dared not directly bolt, for they needed the popularity of Mr. McKinley to carry their States' local candidates.

The new President has apparently decided to recognize New York, but he will be justified in ignoring Platt and Quay. Their performances approached disloyalty to their party, and it is a matter of congratulation that the incoming President owes so little to them. The States which they master must suffer meanwhile, not so much because they have been lacking in conscience or in sturdiness as that their ostensible leaders and spokesmen were indiscreet and overconfident.

If it is once realized that when a State once gives itself up to do the bidding of a politician in national affairs that State is hazarding its political fortunes, partisans will not be so ready to subject their personal beliefs and convictions to the prejudices or ambitions of machine workers. But the lesson to be learned from this occurrence will go home to the leader, not to the people. It should be an established rule within all parties that when the voice of the people is made subsidiary to the will of the political boss, the State must suffer. If adopted, it would be effective in subjecting the dominating spirits to the political sentiments and opinions of the people, and this we presume is all that can be hoped for until the evils which have developed the boss system are themselves destroyed.

## THE INTEREST OF LABOR IN CAPITAL

The agitator who has been wasting a very bad quality of breath and an infinitely worse character of logic in assaulting invested capital has encountered an obstruction that he hardly could have anticipated, and one, too, which he can scarcely overcome. Organized labor, in the East as well as in San Francisco, has with unmistakable emphasis declared that besides being interested in obtaining fair wages, it is likewise interested in preventing unfair treatment of its employers. Labor has come to recognize that fair pay for a fair day's work is only possible where invested capital is insured a fair return as well. The unions have been a little slow to comprehend the situation, but the principle involved is so elementary as scarcely to need illustration or argument to sustain it. The noise-maker was misled in believing it possible to delude the mechanic into supporting his raid upon invested capital, and so induce the man of toil to perform the very silly and foolish feat of cutting from under himself the support which alone insures continued employment at a fair scale of wages.

The New York "Sun," which is doubtless the greatest of all American dailies, in a recent editorial directed attention to the significant manifestations of a rational and wholesome sentiment existing among unions with respect to the agitation which seeks to array labor against capital. The "Sun" emphasizes its argument by pointing out that in Chicago the employes of the street railway companies arose in a body, and, with complete success, protested against the proposed resolution of the aldermen to reduce street railway fares to three cents. It also directed attention to the action of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen in Missouri, who laid before the Legislature a protest against various plans of attack leveled against their employers, in which the unions declared that "these obnoxious measures were not less a direct attack upon the welfare of the employes of the railway companies than upon the companies themselves." The asemblage of five great railway unions at Little Rock was still more emphatic. They declared that legislation directed against the revenues of their employers would inevitably result in a reduction of wages, and they appealed to the friends of labor to work and vote against such measures. The "Sun" says:

"It happens that the railroad men have reached a stage of organization superior to that of any other calling which embraces an equal number of employes, but the truth which they have perceived at last concerning the actual relation between capital and labor, applies to every known industry.

"There are more eyes to be opened than those in the heads of wage-earners who hold throttles, punch tickets, couple cars, click keys, and make fires."

As to labor, the truth of the situation has for a long while lain in concealment, but when the truth does come home to it, it will effectually strangle and bury beyond resurrection the unjust and unwarranted spirit of mischief that has threatened American capital for several years last past. This movement will not put an end to State control, neither will it abbreviate to the slightest extent the just and legal powers of the sovereign, but it will snuff out the firebrand of anarchy that has been menacing capital, threatening its destruction and complete retirement from lines of commercial and industrial activity. The rational and equitable exercise of State control has never been a thing for capital to fear.

Our great corporations are far from being perfect. No human institution can lay claim to the attribute of perfection. The man would be blind, indeed, who failed to discover faults in the great railroad and industrial organizations of the country, but there is a character of "regulation" that has been prompted by malice and had its birth in the mind either of the foe to property or the mercenary wretch who sought advantage from his political position, against the exercise of which every honest man should raise his voice in protest. Its success meant destruction, not regulation. There is a clearly defined line drawn between these two classes of interference with invested capital. One is just, equitable and fair, the other unjust, inequitable and monstrous. Once labor enters this field of endeavor, it will readily distinguish between the two. When this time comes the cowardly demagogue and the subscriber-loving press will soon take wisdom from the current of events and learn that the vote and the subscription of labor is not to be controlled by assaults upon its employer. Like the unstable weathercock, they will veer about to the shifting wind, and will most likely become quite as offensive and quite as annoying to decent men as the defender of capital as they are now as its assailants.

The unscrupulous man may in concealment violate the most sacred and the most rigid laws that legislative hand has spread upon our statute books, and, if he be cunning enough, may escape detection and punishment therefor; but there are natural and unwritten laws, the violation of which brings its certain punishment despite all the ingenuity of cunning. Agitation in the teeth of these natural laws cannot be sustained or outlive a temporary success, any more than one may lift himself up by his boot-straps.

There is an underlying obligation, not always recognized, but nevertheless a living, moral obligation, resting upon the employer of men to pay fair and adequate compensation for services performed. Where such a practice obtains and where such obligation is honored, there rests upon the man of labor with equal strictness a moral obligation to defend and protect to the bitter end the rights of the employer when unjustly assailed or threatened.

In these days of strong socialistic and agrarian tendencies, the income, the revenues, and, indeed, the very existence of the greatest employers of the age are in danger of destruction. It would be strange, indeed, if labor failed to recognize the reciprocity of interests existing between itself and the man who hires. Certainly, it requires no very skillful or very logical mind to discover that the total destruction of the employer means the total destruction of the employed. To diminish the rewards of capital is to cripple its ability to pay, and must inevitably end in whittling down the wages of the worker. To harass and annoy the one is to harass and annoy the other. The clenched fist of the demagogue raised to strike at the great employers of men casts its forbidding shadow on the laborer who bends to his toil. The blow when it strikes falls upon the highest officer and owner and travels ultimately to the lowliest employe within the service. Whatever harmfully affects the interests or prosperity of the one must also harmfully affect the interests and prosperity of the other. It has ever been a source of wonder to the writer whether the men in the employ of our local corporations realized that the vicious element of the press and the political marplots who make capital out of their enmity to the employer were as much the enemies of the men of labor as they were of the men of wealth. It is a cheering sign to see that the situation is appreciated, and it brings hope that the rascally wretch who is a reformer for greed of power or pelf has seen his day with us. Reasonable regulations we will always have, but to secure permanent and beneficial results the demagogue must be buried in oblivion and the polluted air cleansed of his ill-odorous breath.

## THE QUESTION OF CONVICT LABOR.

Experience has shown that there are two ways of remedying a given existing evil. One is to remedy the evil itself, the other is to try to change the whole of the particular system and order of things that makes such evil possible. There is now, among others, a certain crying evil before the eyes of the public. It takes the form of a problem to be solved, a question to be answered. It relates to convict labor. The two conflicting elements of this problem are, first, the manifest unfairness of allowing prison labor to compete with that of free and honest men. The second is the absolute necessity of keeping the convicts employed.

If you allow prison-made shoes, let us say, to be sold—as they can be—at a price far lower than that for which they could be made by any industrious cobbler, you drive the cobbler out of business—you may say you drive him to starvation. On the other hand, take from the convict his occupation of making shoes, shut him in his cell or in the "yard" idle, day in and day out, with nothing but his thoughts to occupy him, and—the fact has been proved—you drive him to insanity.

So wholesome an effect does steady labor produce upon the mind that it is one of the very means used by directors of insane asylums to help restore their charges to reason.

There is nothing new about this question; it has been under discussion for years. The whole matter has been revived by the enactment of a law in some of the Eastern States forbidding the convicts to labor, and locally, by the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of this city, who have protested against the further employment of jute mills at San Quentin.

It has been suggested as an expedient that the convicts be put to work repairing and building roads or that they be occupied in the manufacture of articles for the State, or that their spare time be taken up in athletic exercises, drills, games, competitions and the like. But to each of these substitutes for labor there are sound and valid objections. To employ convicts in road work would mean that gangs of twenty, thirty and thirty-five men be taken to great distances from the prison, a procedure which would but put a premium

upon attempted breaks, unless each gang were patroled by an almost equally large gang of guards, while if the men were chained together they would be unable to work with any degree of efficiency.

It is true the convicts could perform a certain amount of State work, but it has been found by actual test that this affords employment to but comparatively few; a vast percentage would still be left to eat out their hearts in enforced idleness.

The third plan is to occupy the convict's leisure time by compelling him to indulge in open-air "sports." Leapfrog has been suggested, and football, baseball and military drill. But consider for a moment. The very idea of incarceration implies a certain amount of rigor and deprivation from the ordinary enjoyments of free men. The convicts are not supposed to enjoy themselves. The prison is a place for punishment, not for recreation and amusement. And imagine the spectacle, if you please, of an armed guard taking out a band of convicts, and, in spirit if not in fact, saying to them, "Play leapfrog now, ye terriers, or you will be deprived of your credits. Amuse yourselves now, ye bloomin' cons or ye'll suffer for it." Football in a prison yard! The idea suggests possibilities. An eleven of murderers lining up against an eleven of Grand Larcenies, or the Assault-to-Kill nine crossing bats with the Petty-Thieves. The Embezzlers might form a golf club, and the Defaulting-Bank-Cashiers a team of long distance runners. The whole idea is ridiculous.

There is one make-shift left—the treadmill, than which no more inhuman instrument of torture was ever invented. It is all very well for a thirty-day man, but it is a curious fact that this energy expended on the mill, year in and year out, with no visible excuse, no palpable, tangible return, is just one degree worse than solitary confinement. Imagine a life-timer at work treading the mill. Do you remember in your Dore's "Dante" the picture of those naked wretches who were compelled, through all eternity to roll enormous bags of gold—weighing just a feather less than the very utmost they could handle—up an endless hill? Very well, that is the treadmill.

What, then is to be done with the convict? You have run him down, caught him, brought him to justice, jailed him. Now, what are you to do with him? You may deprive him of his liberty; you have no right to deprive him of his reason. In so doing you are worthy of a place in his cell, a "con" yourself. What are you to do with him? You say he may not work, you say he ought not to play. The alternative is solitude, idleness, then moroseness, sullenness, "prison madness," suicidal mania, final mental collapse. This is the evil. It would seem you cannot remedy it.

The fact of the matter is that our whole convict system is wrong. The authorities on criminology and penology the world over are gradually coming to this conclusion. The theory of the jail has been tested and found wanting. A revolution in the conception of the penitentiary is the thing demanded. The evil of convict labor is not the only evil that exists in connection with the prison. If you cannot remedy the evil, what then? The only course left is to change the whole of the particular system and order of things that makes such evil possible.

## *THE NEW CIRCUIT JUDGE.*

The possible successors of Judge McKenna have been gradually dwindling down in numbers until they may now be enumerated upon the digits of one hand. Four District Judges are candidates for promotion: Judges Hawley of Nevada, Hanford of Washington, Bellinger of Oregon, and Morrow of California. The friends of these gentlemen claim that it is a custom and practice to promote District Judges to the Circuit Bench in case of a vacancy on the latter, and it is seriously urged that unless a California District Judge be promoted a District Judge from Oregon or Washington will inevitably receive the appointment.

It is neither a practice nor a custom to promote from the District Bench to the Circuit Court. An examination of the records demonstrates that no such custom ever existed. In the very nature of things, with an ever-changing administration and appointive power, such a practice is not possible. In the entire history of the Ninth circuit, which embraces the Pacific Coast States, there has been but one promotion. Judge Ross was appointed by President Cleveland a District Judge in 1886, and by him was promoted to the Circuit Bench in 1895. This is the only instance of promotion in the West.

Absence of the rule is emphasized in the case of Judge Morrow. That gentleman was appointed to the District Bench by President Harrison to succeed the late Judge Hoffman. That President Harrison must have had the kindliest feelings for the former gentleman is evidenced by his appointment of him to the District Bench, yet when a vacancy occurred in the higher court by the death of Judge Sawyer, though strongly solicited so to do, the President refused to promote the District Judge, but selected Congressman McKenna, then scarcely known among lawyers, for the honor.

Again, when the Circuit Court of Appeals was established and a new Circuit Court created, President Harrison again refused to promote a District Judge, but appointed Judge Gilbert of Oregon to fill the place.

During Judge Hoffman's lifetime there was a vacancy on the Circuit Bench, and although that gentleman was an eminent and able lawyer, he was refused the promotion, and Judge Sawyer was selected for the place. These instances ought to pretty well dispose of the claim that it is a practice to promote, or that District Judges have any right or title superior to the rest of the world.

The Circuit Bench of the United States comprises nine circuits, upon which sit twenty-two Judges. Eleven of these jurists were taken from private life, or from the several State Benches, and appointed to judgeships in the Circuit Court over the heads of dozens of eminent men upon the District Bench, many of whom had seen service in the Federal judiciary for almost a lifetime. There is no national custom with respect to promotion in this connection, and the gentlemen who urge their respective friends upon this ground are standing upon very thin ice.

The members of our Supreme Court, who have been by their friends indiscreetly urged for the place, are not, we are advised, being seriously considered in the East. The fact that a Democratic Governor would have the filling of any vacancy occuring upon our Supreme Bench has not been a small factor in determining these ambitions.

To claim that in case this appointment does not come to the California District Judge, it will go to Oregon or Washington is puerile and without foundation, and rests solely upon the supposition that some one must be "promoted." California is the most populous State of the circuit, and certainly is entitled to two Circuit Judges in preference to Oregon, which is the next State in importance. Oregon already has one Circuit Judge, and an eminent and able one at that. Bellinger of Oregon is therefore not to be considered. Judges Hanford of Washington and Hawley of Nevada are distinctly able men, but it is not possible that our bar is so meagre and lacking in judicial learning as not to offer a broader field for a choice, particularly as the selection, as we have shown, is not narrowed down to the members of the District Bench. The present Judges have no claims superior to those of members of the bar.

## *OUR NEXT MINISTER TO ENGLAND.*

Who will he be, the new minister to England? This is the question that is now agitating the soul and spirit of New York clubdom. Our relations with Cuba, involving the courage and dignity of the United States Government; the attitude of the powers toward the Cretan rebels, involving the serious problem of a European war; the middle-age position of the Senate towards the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty, which had been hailed by the press of the civilized world as a grand step forward—these things bother not the gray matter of the self-satisfied New Yorker as he sits in his club window on Fifth avenue and leers languidly upon women who parade below. What are national honor or international war to him compared with the greater question—who is to be the next minister to England? Is he to be friend or foe, a New Yorker or a foreigner, John Hay of Washington, Whitelaw Reid of Arizona, Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, or Chauncey M. Depew of the world, likewise of the other two members of the New York trinity?

For Mr. John Hay it may be said that he was President Lincoln's private secretary, and together with Mr. John G. Nicolay, also a Lincolnian secretary, has written a most exhausting work on slavery and the Civil War, entitled "Abraham Lincoln: A History." Mr. Hay is also the author of "Little Breeches," who "wanted a chaw o' tobacco, and that's what's the matter with me." But greater than his talent as a writer of good jingle and of official documents is his reputation as a giver of good dinners to the right people at Washington, where he enjoys life in one of the palaces of the capital, thanks to a richly endowed wife. Mr. John Hay is, of course, a gentleman, even if he did hail from the West. So much New York cannot deny. That he knows the difference between Lafitte and Ordinaire is also granted by those who have stretched their legs beneath his table. That he could make a rather creditable appearance at a Lord Mayor's banquet is confessed by members of the Gridiron and Clover Clubs. But Mr. John Hay does not live in New York. There's his misfortune and shortcoming. If sent to the court of St. James he would look with favor upon visiting Washingtonians, and tell the members of the Calumet, Metropolitan and Union League to call again. In a word, Mr. Hay does not know intimately the right people in New York. And not knowing these he, of course, would make a most dismal failure out of the job. For he might take up with some awful person of little wealth, and cut the very queen of the Newport set.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid will be remembered as a gentleman who ran for the office of Vice President some years ago and found it neither the highroad to honor nor to health. His address is given as Arizona because it is there, we believe, that he finds a climate which holds death at arm's length. Mr. Reid's service to his party, for which his friends say he deserves the honor of an appointment to England, is his able handling of the New York "Tribune," which was loyal to Mr. Morton until Mr. Reid found that Mr. McKinley was a probable winner, and then judiciously flopped. This was good politics, say the "bhoys," but Mr. Platt, excuse us Senator Thomas C. Platt, is not of that opinion, and he will be a factor in the matter of confirmation. So it, perhaps, is as well that Mr. Reid's health is not good enough really to allow him to spend four years in a London fog.

Those who know Mr. Robert T. Lincoln intimately aver that he is a right good fellow, but no one has ever known him that way, unless it be some one in England, where Mr. Lincoln spent four years representing Mr. Harrison's administration. It may not be forgotten by the public, though we believe it is by Mr. Lincoln himself, that Robert is the son of one Abraham Lincoln, a plain man, who never saw London, nor creased his trousers legs, nor kissed the hand of a Duchess. What Lincoln Pere would say to-day of Lincoln Fils we cannot record, but the probabilities are that the words would have a flavor that could be conveyed only in the spoken tongue. There is but one thing more objectionable than a New York snob—a Chicago snoblet—and Mr. Robert T. Lincoln lives in Chicago.

"Our own Chauncey" is last upon the list of the probables. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who, had he lived in some other land, had been either king's fool or Lord Chamberlain at the court. He is of no common sort, this Mr. Depew. But his words are, "Life" and "Puck" and "Harper's Weekly" and "The Nation" dare not, but we dare and we do hereby challenge the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew to produce a column of all he has written that is thoughtful and eloquent. He can tell a story, we admit. He has humor, mostly borrowed, but a good thing to have of any kind. And his taffy is taffy of the very most taffiest kind and dearer than all things else to the Manhattan heart. But elevated thought and good English do not flow together from Mr. Chauncey Depew's mouth. It is not forgotten, let us say it modestly, that Dr. Depew, as Dr. Dana calls him, was once upon this coast and here met a certain man named Barnes, from whom he took an hour's lesson in the art of after-dinner speaking. Mr. Depew also is known as one who has regarded himself as a candidate for the presedintial nomination at intervals of four years for the past twelve years or more. He has patched up various troubles in the Vanderbilt household, and is altogether one of the handiest men a New York club ever held. It he went to England he would be very popular, but the circulation of "Punch" would diminish.

Charles Francis Adams, James Russell Lowell, Edward J. Phelps and Thomas F. Bayard—these are the four ministers to England in late days who have been of chiefest honor to the United States. And aginst all three the American press has howled because they acted like gentlemen and neither like boors nor jackasses. Before going abroad the present minister was respected even by our imported citizenry as a statesman, but since he has accepted the hospitality of English people of his own intellectual and social caste he is cried out upon as a poor imitator of the aristocracy. But in all the roll of candidates for the post to-day there is not a man who in quality or ability equals Bayard of Delaware, who is gentleman, scholar and statesman.

Gelette Burgess, whom the "Literary Review" elects to call "The Milkmaid," perhaps from hazy association with the Purple Cow, has written a pointed letter for that periodical deploring the unappreciativeness of a city that in exteriors abounds in romance and "local color," the ideal home of the writer. Mr. Burgess has something to say about "virgin forests of pine and redwood"—dear old familiar phrase of the agricultural-fair oration—and even goes wandering off into the "mighty slumberous Pacific," and the "Isles of Idleness"—this last really quite a fine pooling of alliteration and assonance—but in the main he makes a very terse and timely point, which we commend to the reader's earnest attention.

For with all our hope, the outlook is still gloomy in California, where society is not yet fused by any single-minded enthusiasm. In San Francisco we have neither the local pride that shall be the hope of Chicago, nor the Public Opinion that has guided Boston to her supremacy in culture. 'Tis a small and petty town here, her opinions and tastes as narrow as her streets, and there hangs over her the taint of provincialism, that is as depressing as her sea-fogs. It is her pessimistic creed that Fame travels only westward, and like her native wines, California talent must be covertly shipped abroad and come back with foreign labels before it is accredited by the pseudo-connoisseur. What the State has lost by the migration of her unappreciated artists, who are driven forth every day, the East has gained, so that the place has come to be a literary kindergarten where is nourished the fresh blood that revives the East.

Yet here is the ideal home of the writer; inspiration and suggestion roam its hills and valleys. Here is the most cosmopolitan of American cities, where history is made while you wait; a town of extremes and contrasts, where you may know the history of the prominent citizens from your bootblack, and have the local celebrities pointed out by your motorman; an overgrown village, in fine, where no man's ecentricities may escape the public eye. And within an hour's ride by rail—virgin forests of pine and redwood, secret canyons, and the ocean beach, the mighty slumberous Pacific, warmed by breezes floating up from the Isles of Idleness. From my chamber window I have a semi-circle of harbor, island and mountains wild as Caledonia, and inside its circle, boxes and boxes of people of all races under the sun. I know two Jewesses married to Chinamen in the Quarter, with children that are the beginnings of a new race! I know an artist's model that discusses the Immaculate Conception as a pathetic dream of one who could not understand, and has, while sewing in the sweat-shops, reasoned herself back to the old Pantheism through a Greek Anthology. Yet here Romance and Realism slumber and writers ransack the continent for their Types and Color. California's time is not yet come.

Here a literary man must be a journalist if he would live; and he would more than that, and marry, he must pack and travel, to fail or succeed where there is more rivalry and appreciation. Yet we print books here, at Christmas time—and count ourselves in luck if they get faint praise from the Buffalo papers.

# AN ARMY WITHOUT ARMS

## How San Francisco Houses the Helplessly Unemployed.

GUESTS OF THE CITY

By basing your calculations upon what the reporter calls a "conservative estimate," one may say there are two thousand strong and able bodied men now in this city who are out of employment. Two institutions are now at work endeavoring to alleviate the privations that such a state of things entail. There is the "Salvation Army Bureau for the Unemployed," and there is the "Headquarters of the Unemployed." The buildings of these two organizations face one another on New Montgomery street at the intersection of Howard, the headquarters of the Unemployed being located in the old Howard-street Armory.

The Salvation Army dedicated its new quarters on Monday of this week. They occupy the three upper floors of a huge building, and a hotel, provided with a large assembly-room. At present the crying need of the Unemployed is not so much for food as it is for a place to sleep. So many of the restaurants along the Barbary Coast and the Water front have been obliged by competition to reduce the price of a meal to twenty, fifteen, and even ten cents, that a man must indeed be in desperate circumstances before he "cannot afford to eat." There are, however, few—in fact, one can say there are no hotels or lodging houses—where a bed can be had for five cents. But if an "Unemployed" is reduced to a nickel, he can, by applying at the Salvation Army's Bureau, take his choice of either a bed or a meal. He usually chooses the former. The Bureau has been organized to accomodate two hundred and fifty men. On the second floor are five rooms called the "five-cent rooms," one of which is the famous "tin room." The five-cent rooms are occupied by a system of canvas beds—mere strips of canvas swung on wooden frames, in two tiers. A grey army blanket, which is folded twice, answers for bedding. There are no pillows, no springs—nothing but the canvas and the blanket. The "tin room" is for the "drunks," and is so called because, in the old barracks, it was entirely sheathed with tin as a precaution against fire that might readily be caused by the dropping of cigar stumps from unsteady fingers. The ten-cent rooms differ from the five-cent rooms only in that the beds are provided with woven-wire springs and a canvas pillow. Last of all are the lodgings to be obtained for a quarter. These, however, are separate rooms with a real bed instead of racks, enjoying a ventilation that is not always possible in the other rooms. The accomodation of two hundred and fifty lodgers per night means an amount of labor not readily appreciated by the reading public. It means a thorough scrubbing of the floors every day, a ventilation and fumigation of bedding and of clothes as well—clothes worn for months upon the unwashed bodies of the drunken inmates of the tin room and removed while their wearer is asleep, drugged and stupefied with alcohol. And it means, besides, the cooking of meals, the washing of dishes, and a host of other details to be looked after by the soldiers of the Army. The principle upon which this Bureau is founded is that, no matter how small is the price paid for meals or beds, the "Unemployed" is better on account of such payment on his part than if the thing was a mere matter of charity. As one of the officers remarked, "It is better charity in the end to get a man to pay five cents for his bed than to give it to him for nothing. It is a bid for his self-respect—all the better if he can be made to work for the nickel in the first place."

MERELY A CONTRIVANCE FOR DESTROYING HUNGER

Right across the street from the Bureau are the "Headquarters of the Unemployed." The Headquarters consist mainly of a vast room filled with rough plank benches, which serve alike for tables, chairs, desks, speaking platforms or beds. In a gallery upstairs is a kitchen and a dining-room, where, until last Saturday, eleven hundred meals were served daily. The object of the Headquarters is to "provide temporary shelter for idle men until such time as work can be found for them, or until they can find it for themselves." The men may eat and sleep here free of charge, but no beds are provided, and the sleeping is done upon the floor or upon the above-mentioned benches. In the matter of aiding families the Headquarters have been successful, and households in actual danger of extinction have been rescued and fed, while more than once a destitute mother and children have been housed in the "office" of the president, Mr. Leffingwell, himself an unemployed engineer.

The most menacing evil of the Headquarters lies in the fact that it can be so easily imposed upon by men who have no desire to work. The institution has been organized, as stated, to provide temporary shelter and food for those unemployed. In one way, consequently, it puts a premium upon idleness. There are plenty of loafers who will remain unemployed indefinitely so long as they can be assured of a bed and two meals a day, even though the bed be a board and the meal a thing that cannot be called meat and drink, but merely an ingenious contrivance for destroying hunger.

A certain state of rivalry exists between the Salvationists' Bureau and the Headquarters. The Bureau does not believe in the efficacy of the Headquarters any more than the Headquarters believes in the sincerity and disinterestedness of the Bureau. The Bureau will intimate that the money contributed to the Headquarters has been spent neither judiciously nor with the scrupulous care that should be required. The Headquarters openly state that the Bureau is a mere machine for the exploitation of the workingman; that the Salvationists are well paid for what they do (which at the very least is sadly exaggerated). A plan has been devised for relieving the situation: the building of boulevards—a strange expedient—the poor granted as a privilege the opportunity of making smooth roads on which the rich may ride. What the outcome will be it is hard to say. Meanwhile there is but one proposition upon which all the parties concerned agree—one common standing-ground upon which they all can meet: Man (unfortunately) is born with a belly, and in order to live it is necessary that he should eat.

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In Mr. Maurice Donnay's new comedy, "La Doloreuse," recently produced in Paris, Madame Rejane made an immediate impression. Rejane will be remembered as the original "Madame Sans Gene"—the first one to produce the Napoleonic play in this country. M. Donnay's comedy is a piece of the modern emotional school. It is written with considerable literary skill, and it shows on the part of the author an exceptional insight into human nature, and also an abundant supply of cynicism, and the idea of it all is the inexorable law that every sin entails punishment.

AN IMPROVISED KITCHEN AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

## JEROME GAUTRELLE, ANARCHIST

By VICTOR LA HARPE

In the year 1894 Jerome Gautrelle, deputy comptroller, fell ill, let us say, from overwork (office work is not the only kind of work that fatigues a man), and during the vacation his doctor gave him—in exchange for twenty-five francs—the advice to go and breathe a little ozone at Boulogne-sur-Mer. where his brothers, Gautrelle Bros. & Co., do business. The patient obeyed, and the next evening took the train that leaves Paris at ten o'clock.

At the moment the train was pulling out a stout, pot-bellied old fellow, something on the build of Jerome himself, and wearing an olive green overcoat with a fur collar, resembling the one that Jerome had on at the moment, opened the door, threw upon Jerome's feet a valise marked with the initials J. G. (those of Jerome), and reeled into a corner with a gasp of relief.

Next he introduced his little finger into his left orbit, delicately thrust out the eye, breathed on it, polished it briskly with his handkerchief, and clapped it in again. Jerome has often told me that he did the same with his other eye, but I am constrained to believe that on this point his souvenirs are inexact.

Interested, extremely interested, Jerome attempted to engage this extraordinary party in conversation. The result was a failure. The stranger permitted himself confused allusions to people who meddle in affairs that do not concern them, spoke vaguely of broken heads, blackened eyes and slit throats, consequences of morbid curiosity. He unscrewed his left arm, drew it out of the sleeve, and with a nickel-plated monkey wrench readjusted a loosened nut. Then, when the member was put back in its place and having assured himself that it was in working order he declared himself satisfied. In evidence of which he stretched himself out in the upper berth, absorbed various kinds of alcohols, and, peculiar distraction, made a point of spitting through the window upon every third telegraph pole.

The train acted in an unheard of fashion. Systematically it rushed through all the important towns along the line, and only made up its mind to stop in the open country on bleak plains empty of all life.

At such moments the guard strode up and down by the side of the cars, pronouncing in low tones the names of improbable localities, ending by blowing vigorously upon a fireman's trumpet. At these halts the strange traveler hastened to leave his berth and disappear beneath the seat, where he imitated the cry of a little child suffering with its teeth.

As the night wore on Jerome was seized with terror at the thought of remaining longer in company with this maniac, and hearing at length the guard inviting the passengers to change cars for "Mmm-Mmm," rushed from his compartment and leaped into another train that was just moving out.

He had got into a cattle train. During the rest of the trip nothing abnormal, except that he found among the cows a pale young man, who confided to him the fact that he was consumptive, and being without sufficient money to procure for himself the benefits of a farming life had hit upon the idea of nocturnal voyages in cattle cars—so bracing to the system—in company with the horned cattle, and found that it did him marvelous good.

At two o'clock in the morning the train came to a dead stop. Jerome Gautrelle got out, and found himself in a storage depot. At once a figure appeared from nowhere in particular, circled about him thrice, then approached, and in a confidential tone solemnly asked:

"It is you, the head of the Third-three."

The deputy comptroller had arrived at that state of mind wherein he had ceased to be astonished at anything; he was vexed, he did not know what the fellow was talking of. Turning upon him he said firmly:

"You're another."

"Parbleu!" said the other, as if reassured. "Then we are two heads. They sent you from Paris, hein? You will find devoted brothers here."

Ah, his brothers, Gautrelle & Co., to be sure, Jerome had almost forgotten.

"And how are they?" he inquired.

"First rate, all goes well. The moment has arrived; we only waited for you. But why this valise? Have you—have you brought the affair? Be assured we have got everything necessary through our Paris agent."

After wandering in and out through the town they arrived in front of a small house. The servants, mute with fear, waited upon them. Several times Jerome asked for his brothers, but was told that they would call on him on the evening of the next day.

He was still unable to understand. What stupid people were these provincials. He gave up trying to solve the puzzle, and went to bed.

The next morning his guide reappeared, and said that he had come to show him the public buildings. First he took him to the cathedral. (It was very fine, pure Roman style.) His companion pointed out a certain pillar.

"Look here," said he, "I think you could obtain the best effect from this point."

He was right. The effect was really marvelous. The mystic that slumbered in the heart of Jerome was roused in an instant.

The town hall displeased him. It was in the style of Carnot, commonplace, pretentious, with pictures by Maignan and Lefevre on the walls.

Rot!

His companion pointed out the staircase to him. "Do you think this corner would suit you?"

"No, no. It is not imposing enough. It seems to me trifling."

"You know best. I would have believed that the small space here would be more suitable."

He was a strange guide. At the Palais de Justice (flamboyant style) he particularly called Jerome's attention to a niche in the wall. Jerome told him not to bother about details.

"His sangfroid is beyond belief," murmured the other.

After they had gone home again the guide sat himself down in front of Jerome and rested his elbows upon the table.

"Now," said he, "make your choice. There is no time to be lost. Which building do you prefer?"

"Decidedly, the Gothic with its graceful frailness, is to be preferred to the Roman, which is solid and heavy. The Palais de Justice pleases me best."

"Exactly. The idea of the law is more dangerous than the idea of God. I approve of your choice."

"Thank you. I will not conceal from you that I am possessed of a certain critical taste in these matters, but I would like to see my brothers before I go aboard ship."

"Ah! You are going to sail as soon as you have done your work. That's according to custom. The Third-three of Paris chose their man well."

There was a knock at the door. "It is the head of the local section, who will give you your final instructions."

Three masked men entered. Jerome thought these provincial practical jokers were carrying the thing rather too far. Anyhow, it suited him. Here he was, boarded and lodged free of charge, waited upon with the greatest deference, and guided about the town by an affable gentleman. If it was a joke it was more amusing than otherwise. He determined to keep it up. He would receive the three farceurs in good fashion.

He asked them to have a drink.

"You are aware of what is contemplated?"

"Yes," interrupted the guide. "He knows and has chosen the Palais de Justice."

"Excellent choice. But you must be quick. Everything must be finished by to-morrow at four o'clock. Once the thing has been done, don't stay here an instant; cross the frontier into Belgium. We will send you subsidies."

"But—"

"Ah! Let us not forget the essential thing. To-morrow, some one will bring you the little joker. You will only have to light it. Silence, and remember, Gueulemer, that if you fail us it will be all up with you."

They stalked out with the guide. It was such an exit as one would see at a melodrama.

Jerome did not laugh any more. Here was a pretty fix. He was called by the name of Gueulemer. Masked men spoke to him in mysterious whispers of little jokers. He felt himself on the edge of a catastrophe. The landlord, all atremble, brought him his dinner and hazarded a few questions.

"Your name is Gueulemer, is it not?"

"Get out! What are you talking about? My name is not Gueulemer."

"Don't be afraid, you can have confidence in me. I would not dare to betray you."

"But what the devil are you talking about?"

"It is to-morrow that you—"

"That what?"

"En fin! The Brothers told me—that you would—would blow up the Palais de Justice."

"Look here!" shouted Jerome Gautrelle. "This thing has been kept up for two days. I like a joke, but don't go too far."

"You are a droll fellow—but you know I am in the society myself. I am an Anarchist and the child of Anarchists—not actively, but in spirit."

The landlord retired.

"Ah! Mille tonerres!" Jerome saw it all in an instant. These idiots evidently took him for the too famous Gueulemer, the terror of the bourgeois. The Third-three was a club of Anarchists, and what he had taken for a joke was a conspiracy in which he, Jerome, the peaceable Deputy Comptroller, found himself implicated. Of course, they had carefully shown him the public buildings. He knew now for what reason. The Brothers of which they had spoken were the Anarchists.

"Ah! Mille tonerres!" What now was to be done? Warn the police? Impossible. His every move was watched. Disclose to them his real identity? Equally impossible. The Third-three would "suppress" the traitor. Flight? This also was impossible. He could not go twenty steps without having the Third-three at his throat.

Until morning Jerome turned over and over in his mind a thousand impractical plans of escape. About daylight he fell asleep. When he awoke the next day an ill-looking man, muffled in a cloak, was waiting for him at his bedside. A small package wrapped in a napkin was lying on the table.

"I have brought you the little joker."

At first, but half awake, Jerome did not realize the situation. Then suddenly he remembered. He was forced to a deception in order to gain time.

"Very well," said he. Is it loaded?"

The man seemed to hesitate. Jerome saw a gleam of hope. Swearing like a trooper, he shouted:

"Nom de Bakounine! I say. Is it loaded, you stupid beast?"

Jerome was astonished to see the other fall to his knees and burst into tears.

"No; it is not loaded. And there is no way to load it now. It is I who take charge of the dynamite, and as I have five children and an ailing wife, and as the winter has been hard and work scarce, I sold it."

"You have done that!" shouted Jerome enthusiastically. "Ah, my friend! My very dear friend! What a miserable wretch you are, to be sure!"

"Have pity on me; do not betray me. I filled the bomb with plaster, and never thought that you would perceive the difference."

"Experience has given me very sharp eyes."

"You are a veritable genius. But put yourself in my place. It is terrible to keep dynamite at one's house. I never knew when it would explode. The other members of the society would not relieve me of so much as a pinch of it. They were even more frightened than I. So one day I sold the whole lot to a carrier."

Jerome thought to himself, "If I warn the Third-three, the rascals will keep me here until they have bought some more dynamite, or until the real Gueulemer arrives, and in either case I am lost. Let's put on a bold front."

"Well," said he, at length, "I pardon you, coward that you are. I will not betray you, but only under the conditon that you obey me." The other shed tears of gratitude. "Swear to me that this bomb is not loaded."

"I swear it."

"Good."

An hour later Jerome deposited in a corner of the Palais de Justice the inoffensive engine of destruction. As he was going away he was terrified to hear a deep bass voice at his elbow crying:

"Imbecile! Is that the way to place a bomb?"

White with terror Jerome turned about. It was the strange man who had come from Paris with him in his compartment, the man of the glass eye and wooden arm.

"Yes," continued this apparition, "you were unwilling to wait for me, you others. Not only did you fail to pay my traveling expenses, but you gave me as a traveling companion an idiot, who put me off the track. And you think that you are clever enough to succeed alone without Gueulemer. You are a fine lot down here Happily, I don't cherish any ill-feeling against you. Go and watch outside the door until I readjust this fuse."

He bent down over the bomb. Jerome, bathed in sweat, fled from the building, rushed to his hotel, packed his valise, and without being seen reached the depot. Six hours later he was in London. He dared not go back to Paris for a month afterward.

Never has he heard of the Third-three or the redoubtable Gueulemer since that time. But whenever he overhears a conversation upon the subject of Anarchy, of explosives or of bombs he assumes a very mysterious air and nods his head gravely.

He has been there himself, has Monsieur Jerome.

## RETROSPECTION

It is strange as I sit here to-night,
In the fitful light,
That her form and her features should flash on my sight.
The past and the present are set in the scene,
With the fathomless gulf of the years between;
While to and fro,
In the mimic show,
The ghosts of the actors come and go.
Time and the traces of time are gone,
And we live and move in the splendor of dawn;
In the golden glow of that wonderful past,
Only Immortals are in the cast:
Who cares for the sneer of the worldly wise,
When youth looks down with its love-lit eyes.
Sir Romeo waits at the wings for his call,
While a strain of Strauss,
Thrills the breathless house,
And a glory and glamour is over it all.
O the sights, and the sounds, and the one face there,
With the rose I had given her twined in her hair.

—LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

This idea seems a little fantastic, but it should be said that so great an authority as Professor F. W. Warner, in a recent lecture on "Biometry, or the Science of Measuring Life," includes abundant sleep among the four essentials to a long life, which are: 1. To be descended, at least by one side, from long-lived parents. 2. To be of a calm, contented and cheerful disposition. 3. To have a symmetrical form, i. e., a full chest, well-formed joints and limbs, with a neck and head large rather than small in proportion to the size of the body. 4. To be a sound sleeper. The Professor went on to show that women are longer lived than men, and that married women live longer than single women. The statistics show that few nuns attain old age, and that monks also die on the average earlier than men who marry.

Seismology is now so far developed that seismologists are able not only to study earthquakes which no one feels, but have begun to investigate their relations, of which there are many, with most promising results as far as geology is concerned. There are thousands of earthquakes or earth tremors every year, and half of them come from deep water. The ocean is really the home of earthquakes. Twenty years ago their study was commenced in Japan with the result that the seismology of that country has revolutionized the seismology of the whole world. As a consequence the methods of building in Japan have been entirely altered, so that houses erected on new principles stand while their neighbors are shattered.

They are agitating in France with considerable alarm the question of divorce—a question, by the way, that seems to be among the very foremost in nearly every civilized nation on earth. It seems that the United States is not the only country where divorce laws are lax and the number of divorces equally proportionate, for it is a fact that ever since separation has been legalized in France the number of martial differences and divorces has been on an alarming increase. French statisticians claim that when the law permitted separations alone, the number in one year reached only three thousand, but since divorce has been countenanced by the courts their number in the same time has exceeded eight thousand. The most alarming aspect of the question, however, is that divorce, formerly a luxury to be enjoyed only by the wealthy, is becoming prevalent among the working classes. "No one, unless a person who has studied the question deeply," said a French magistrate recently, "can realize how serious a matter this divorce is becoming for the future of our country. The women in our laboring and working classes have come to look upon divorce as the sovereign remedy for all their ills. But," continued the magistrate, "this is a frightful error on their part, for, as a rule, they only jump from the frying pan into the fire." It is deplorable that this should exist, for it is apparent that the very stability of society is becoming threatened, and the only remedy that seems to present itself is to do away with absolute divorces save in exceptional cases, where absolute divorce, and it alone, will bring peace to the afflicted family.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

A good story is going the rounds just now in which the laugh is turned on Mr. C. D. Lane of the Utica mine. Mr. Lane as third owner of one of the richest mines the world round, may be supposed to know something about getting gold out of the hole-in-the-ground. As a rule his ideas and theories are received with the respectful attention they deserve, and as a rule, let us add, such theories and ideas have been proved successful. It remained, however, for his own son, young Tom Lane, to upset all the old gentleman's calculations and to demonstrate that, in part at least, his notions on mining were awry. Young Tom, it would seem, entertained certain beliefs of his own on the subject of digging gold, beliefs which Lane Sr. regarded in the light of the rankest and most flagrant heresy. He refused even to listen to the young fellow's explanations, pooh-poohed his ideas and would none of his schemes and innovations.

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At last young Tom, believing in himself and his notions, went off on his own account, and, nosing about the State, finally pitched upon a bit of a claim down at Milton on the edge of the San Joaquin Valley. The claim

H. H. SHERWOOD
A well-known business man, who has drawn the attention of the Chamber of Commerce to the "Antagonistic South."
Photo by Taber

had not been worked for years, and was generally believed to be worthless. People laughed at the idea of exploiting it, none so heartily as old Lane himself, considering it as he did the chimera of an enthusiast. The enthusiast, however, went ahead prospecting and shaft sinking according to his own theories, saying nothing but shoveling gravel. In two weeks he hit pay rock. The old gentleman was puzzled; declared it mere bull luck, and asserted the bottom would fall out of his son's mine in two months. In two months there was a mill on the property. The mine was paying some $2,000 a month to Lane Jr. It has kept this gait up steadily for fifteen months past. What Mr. Lane Sr. thinks and believes now is a matter of conjecture. He is ready, however, to advance the young man enough capital to work out his heretical theories upon a much larger basis.

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And in speaking of mining it will be well to mention the extraordinary strike just made in El Dorado county, where it is pretty generally conceded all the rich spots have been long since taken up or worked out. It is a good story of good luck, and is worth telling. The mine in question is called the Griffith Queen mine, and is located at Diamond Springs, El Dorado county, and until recently has been the property of Charles Bryant, an old-time lumber merchant of the place. Nobody paid much attention to the property until recently the Gow syndicate of Scotchmen came along and bonded it for $25,000. They put up no money, but drove in a tunnel to the tune of some nine thousand. The natives conceived an idea of Bryant as a sharp financier outwitting another dull-witted British syndicate. They clung to this idea until a week or two ago, when the Scotchmen refused to part with the mine in exchange for $250,000. The moral of this fable teaches that there are still fortunes to be made in the Sierras, and at the same time it is a fair example of one of those turns of fortune which in the early days lent to mining all the enchantment and fascination of a prodigious gamble.

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There is a wonderful man now performing at the Orpheum, and his name is Pantzer. He is not so wonderful on account of his contortionist performance—which comes as near the sinuous coilings of a snake as one would care to see—as he is on account of the way in which he entered the profession. He is the original contortionist and the founder of a family of contortionists. The interviewer of specialists often has occasion to wonder how it happens that all and each of them are in the business because their father or mother was in it before them. One asks one's self where was the man who first conceived the idea of "specialty work." Pantzer is such a one. He says he "did not begin to twist and bend until nearly twenty." He was working for a jeweler somewhere in Germany, exercising in a gymnasium at nights on the trapeze. According to his story the gyrations upon the swinging bar had more attraction for him than the dissecting of timepieces, and at length he fled the world of the Philistine and the mechanic, decided to become an "artist," and found a traveling circus. The twisting business somehow grew out of the trapeze, and so here we have him at last, the contortionist that was made, not born, the specialty artist evolved from the watchmaker's apprentice. That his children should follow his profession was inevitable. There can be no going backward now in the family Pantzer, no reversal to the despised artisan's bench. The little Pantzers are "artists," and the children of "artists." Bright little midgets they are, of fourteen and nineteen, looking very demure in their street dresses, but capable nevertheless of twisting their little bodies in most terrifying fashion.

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A movement has of late been set on foot to unite the Associated and the United Press into one vast organization for the handling of telegraphic news. If the thing is successful the public will probably be the losers, as the tremendous competition and rivalry that exists between the two concerns is productive of an energy in the acquiring of news items that would perhaps lose some of its ardor were the two to combine. However, the New York "Sun," which is the dominant element in the United Press, promptly withdrew from that association as soon as it heard of the intended formation of a trust, with the announcement that hereafter it would find its own news. In this city the "'Chronicle," "Bulletin" and "Post" are members of the Associated Press, the "Call" and "Examiner" being United Press papers, and as such enjoyed the benefit of Harold Frederick's London correspondence. Creelman is the "Examiner's" big man for foreign dispatches, but though Mr. Creelman may be a very smart young person his infallibility is not so generally recognized as that of the Pope. The "Examiner" sometimes hits upon the truth, but it has lied so often that it is now paying the penalty of exaggerated reports and falsified telegrams, and, Cassandra-like, is now disbelieved even when uttering true prophecies.

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Most people who know Andrew McCreery, the millionaire, as a strong upholder of property rights, were surprised to find him upholding in the "Examiner" the sensational attacks that journal has been making on the water and gas companies. Men of his type are generally opposed to this form of agitation, and it appeared for the moment as though some strange change had come over the mental attitude of the capitalist. Imagine a millionaire joining a fight to reduce interest rates or assisting in a contest to decrease rents. That is exactly the position of Mr. McCreery. I don't believe for a moment that Mr. McCreery believes that the rates exacted by the gas or the water companies are unreasonable. His objection is that he is not participating in the profits of the illuminating company's last deal. For many years Mr. McCreery has held among his best assets a large block of gas stock. It paid dividends and made a sensible addition to his income. Then he had no idea that Mr. Crockett was oppressing the community. Some few months back, however, a certain broker approached the old gentleman with an offer to purchase his shares, advising him that it was the psychological moment to sell, as a fall in value was imminent. The old gentleman did business and turned over the scrip. A few weeks later the deal with the electric light corporation was consummated, and gas went booming up into the nineties. Mr. McCreery has never forgiven the company this outrageous advance, and purely out of sympathy is also a bear on water.

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There is no accounting for the tastes of a San Francisco audience, no way of foreseeing how it will receive a theatrical production, no matter what is its musical or dramatic merit, nor how high in the professional firmament may be the members of the company who render it. Many and many are the good things which San Francisco has refused to "push along," and many are the theatrical managers who sedulously keep their companies away from the Pacific coast rather than risk the hazardous chances of a success in the city of the Golden Gate. Farce comedy, if well played, it is generally conceded, will "go," but a singer of an ability easily superior to that of Nordica, Mme. Trebelli, is given the cold shoulder. However, San Franciscans are to be put

CHILDREN TURNED OUT OF LONG ISLAND CITY SCHOOL
By Trowbridge of the New York "World"

ILLUSTRATION TO A STORY OF THE SEA
By Keller of the New York "Herald"

JOURNALISTIC ART: TWO CLEVER PICTURES IN THE "CHRONICLE'S" EXHIBITION

to still another test. The Symphony Society, gotten together largely through the efforts of Mr. William Greenbaum, who is deeply interested in classical music, has given two performances to a practically empty house. Thursday afternoon of this week Trebelli is again announced. The orchestra will give Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," and altogether a very attractive programme has been arranged. It is a chance for the city to redeem itself from the imputation of apathy and blindness to what is better for them, and accord Trebelli and the orchestra the hearty support and applause that both deserve.

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Among the eminent hands in whose grasp the destinies of the Iroquois Club are vested, there is jubilation over the doing up of Dr. Ragan. This physician is the educational representative of Sam Rainey, and conveys his will to those select circles where the presence of the Boss might prove an embarrassment. He had at one time been a brave of the tribe, but had dropped out. Having won political importance by the friendship of Rainey he desired an opportunity to resume war paint and wampum, for which, since his elevation, he had discovered a new use. So when Louis Metzger, the person who conducts the little Louisiana lottery and officiates as banker for politicians and others in exchange for those favors which the conduct of an illegal business makes necessary, approached the physician with a request that he appoint a certain brother Metzger assistant storekeeper to the Board of Education, the doctor gently hinted the value to him of an opportunity to answer the toast of the public schools at the forthcoming banquet of the club, of which Metzger is an influential member. Metzger set about meeting the situation, and approached the directors with a suggestion for the readmission of Ragan. A new election was prescribed, and the distinguished physician's name posted. It was the opportunity the tribe had longed for. Rainey is an object of general hatred within its ranks. The braves were summoned and the physician subjected to the ordeal of the blackball with a unanimity rare in the annals of the institution.

DRESSING-ROOM TENTS

EQUIPMENT RACE

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There is a man in this city who says he is qualified to assume the duties of sociological expert. He says so himself, and he ought to know; also, his name is Gavigan. He is a doctor and a lawyer, or rather, a doctor or a lawyer as occasion requires, since he has a medical office on one street and legal chambers on another. Mr. Gavigan is not unknown in San Francisco. In fact, he was once rather famous here in connection with the delinquent tax list, just prior to the time when he felt himself suddenly called upon for a little excursion across the Canadian frontier. On his return, after the proper lapse of time, Mr. Gavigan assumed the pose of social reformer, and went about denouncing side-doors and saloons and police methods in general, until Chief Crowley became exasperated, and published his record in full. Finding that neither law nor medicine nor the barren laurels of social reformation could satisfy his ambition Mr. Gavigan, M. D., LL. D., turned his attention elsewhere. At the last session of the Legislature he made heroic attempts to secure the passage of a bill providing for a hospital for dipsomaniacs. The bill went through thanks to Mr. Gavigan's cunning engineering, and in course of time the Supervisors—whom Mr. Gavigan had sedulously "seen"—were called upon to make appropriation.

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Now the bill had been so worded that no one but Gavigan—at least so Gavigan himself supposed—could be chosen as superintendent of the institution. Very unfortunately, however, a certain Dr. Sussdorf, a real authority on dipsomania, came forward for the place at the last moment, and was promptly chosen by the Board of Health, a finale not at all on Mr. Gavigan's programme. The appropriation was in the hands of the Supervisors, where Gavigan had influence. The Board at his instigation refused the appropriation, and the matter was shelved. Balked in his dipsomaniacal idea Mr. Gavigan next appeared as a sociologist, and but recently began a second exploitation of the Legislature, this time in order to secure the creation of an office known as sociological expert, which could only be filled by an individual at once a lawyer and a doctor—as, for instance, Mr. Gavigan. The bill was in a fair way to pass, and Mr. Gavigan might have at length succeeded in feeding himself at the State's table, had not the newspapers suddenly discovered and exploded the whole scheme. In consequence of all of which, the dipsomaniacs are without a hospital, society without an expert—and Mr. Gavigan without an occupation.

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On Wednesday of this week the first monthly field day of the Presidio post was held on the parade ground of the Presidio, the contestants being chosen from the enlisted men of the infantry, cavalry and artillery companies. So far as the regulation track events, such as hurdling, pole vaulting and the like, were concerned, the meet afforded only a relative interest, and no very brilliant performances were recorded. Fortunately, however, there were but two events of this character. The purely military competitions on the contrary were really thrilling, and those few civilians who were knowing enough to be present were rewarded by a positive treat. The day was absolutely perfect, and the men entered into the spirit of the games with the enthusiasm of collegians. It is an admirable idea to invent and encourage trials of strength and skill peculiarly adapted to soldiers, as such contests are not only of immense practical benefit to the rank and file, but have also the charm and interest of picturesque novelty for the spectator. As, for instance, the wall scaling contest. Six or eight soldiers in teams of two and in full marching equipment, dash at a twelve-foot wall, one member of the team helping his fellow in the ascent and being pulled up by him afterward. The contest is awarded to the first team who fires five shots upon the other side of the wall. Besides this is the mounted cartridge race, a sort of potato race on horseback. The section race between two batteries of artillery—perhaps the most exciting of all—and the mounted tug-of-war. A military post such as the Presidio has everything in its favor for the development of a very high class of amateur athletics. The men have a certain amount of leizure for training, regular habits, solid, muscle-forming diet and an esprit de corps second only to that of colleges. In fact, we look to see the monthly field days of the Presidio become quite an event amongst amateur sports.

FINISH OF THREE-LEGGED RACE

POLE-VAULT FOR HEIGHT

FIELD-DAY SPORTS AT THE PRESIDIO

The Archduke Johann Salvator of Tuscany, nephew of the Emperor of Austria, who renounced his titles and royal estates to marry an opera-singer, and then assuming the name of Johann Orth, sailed off to the south seas and incidentally to oblivion, has been legally pronounced dead by the Austrian courts, and a million francs willed by him to his wife's relatives, and deposited in a bank by the erratic prince before his departure, has been ordered distributed. This is practically the end of this romance of the nineteenth century, although it is quite certain that rumors will be revived from time to time of his whereabouts and of his wonderful adventures.

Cecil Rhodes is credited with having a trump card to play in the game of disclosures before the Select Committee on the Transvaal raid. He is said to be in possession of letters that passed long prior to the Jameson expedition between President Kruger and Emperor William and between Dr. Leyds and the German Foreign Minister. These documents were abstracted from Dr. Leyds while at Pretoria, before his visit to Berlin.

A Republican politician who aspired to a position in the Consular service went to Canton about the appointment, and found about five hundred candidates awaiting the pleasure of Major McKinley for the very same office. It is needless to say that he soon returned cured of the hope and even desire of Consular glory.

## ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM

### The "Chronicle's" Exhibit of Newspaper Art at the Partington School.

Perhaps the very latest important form in the development of pictorial art is the newspaper sketch. It is absolutely different from the magazine illustration, but is capable of a treatment quite as serious and artistic as the pictures reproduced in "The Century," "Harper's" and "Scribner's." There is no doubt, however, that this standard of excellence has not yet been reached, and it is equally certain that it will not be reached for a long time. The reason for the tardy development of newspaper illustration is probably to be found in the fact that as soon as an artist on the staff of one of the journals progresses beyond a certain point in the excellence of his work he is very apt to be caught up by the great monthly magazines or by the weekly illustrated papers of New York, unless, indeed, he is lucky enough to be bid for by one of the "new" dailies, such as the New York "Journal," which paper, we are told, pays Homer Davenport as large a salary as that enjoyed by Gibson himself.

However, newspaper illustration is an art by itself. The character of the subject, the demand for quick execution, and the spongy, unglazed surface of the paper itself all combining in the demand for a piece of work done in a style entirely unique. It is the events in the world of men, bits of city life, murders, accidents, prominent characters in the fields of politics or of literature or the drama that are most sought for. As a consequence tne pictures made are "figure drawings," as distinguished from landscape or architectural work. As often as not an artist is called upon to produce a picture illustrative of an event in a minimum of time, sometimes even while the printers are holding the forms. There is little time for detail work. The picture must be broad and simple, the greatest effect produced with the fewest possible lines. A last consideration is that of the paper upon which the sketch is to be reproduced. Small, delicate strokes, "cross hatching," and any effect which demands that the lines be drawn closely together is out of the question, as such lines would soak into the soft paper used by the dailies and mingling together form a meaningless blur of black.

A very fair idea can be gained of the character and requirements of newspaper illustration by means of the "Chronicle's" exhibit (comprising some twenty American dailies) now being held at the Partington school. The best exhibits are those shown by the N. Y. "World," the Detroit "Free Press," the New York "Herald" and the "Press." No. 185 in the "Press" exhibit is perhaps as good an example of the kind of art spoken of as any upon the walls. It is not only cleverly drawn and composed, but is "open," to use a technical expression, and free from all masses of intricate line work. At the same time the relative values of the figures in the foreground and background are well brought out, an effect very difficult to produce without masses of light and shade.

The "Chronicle" art room makes as good a showing as any other paper, East or West. Lyon's work in particular, while not brilliant, is strong and serious, his portraits being especially successful.

## CLOVERDALE'S CITRUS FAIR

Cloverdale is now rejoicing in the largest and most successful citrus fair ever held in the history of the town, and not a train pulls into its picturesque little depot that is not loaded from end to end with troupes of excursionists. The raison d'etre for Cloverdale is its oranges. Nowhere in California, perhaps nowhere in the United States, can there be seen such a quantity and such a quality of oranges as yearly loads the trees of the orchards in the vicinity. Cloverdale as a town thinks well of herself, has enthusiasm for her "local institutions," and believes in the ultimate success of her undertakings. For one thing she is determined to grow oranges as fine as can be produced anywhere in the world. This she believes she has already accomplished, and invites her guests to come and make merry with her over the fact. In comparison with the last event of the kind that occurred at Cloverdale the present fair shows every sign of advancement and improvement. It is an admitted fact by nearly all of the citrus experts that not half a dozen more years will elapse before the Cloverdale oranges will compete in all markets with the richest orange producing districts throughout the whole State.

At present the trees are rather young, and the oranges do not quite evince that delicacy of taste and fineness of texture which combine to make the perfect fruit. In a few more years, however, all that will be changed, as with growth and careful nurturing the oranges decrease in size and lose that thickness and coarseness of grain that is the characteristic of the produce of young trees.

All sorts of amusements are the order of the day, in which, amongst others, a baby show has been held, a dozen or more of the very young hopefuls of the surrounding country were rounded up and placed on exhibition. Judges were appointed and awarded prizes with the gravest deliberation. Every night the pavilion is thronged to the doors with the gayest of gay peanut-eating and ice cream soda-drinking crowds. The cornet soloist divides popular favor with the old well-and-bucket done in oranges, while Mrs. Anna Morrison Reid, said to be the best female platform speaker in California, occasionally discourses upon future prospects and the "development of natural resources."

*INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING*

Photo by E. W Jensen

In his "Diplomat in London" M. Charles Gavard presents a lively picture of the Athenaeum Club in 1871, and introduces Abraham Hayward, so long the Nestor of that institution:

Here, the law, the church at one side, the Bible minus the church hard by, or else Catholicism and Darwinism side by side, great explorers and members of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, the House of Commons or the House of Lords and the Cabinet. All of them make their honey in the Athenaeum—climb ladders to hunt out a book, descend again, exchange a word as they pass each other by, take tea on their writing tables, drop letters in the box; and again when the sig n is given for collecting the mail, their activity redoubles. Few of them have gained the right to trouble the silence by talking aloud. My old friend, Abraham Hayward, the eldest surviving "British Essayist," notably possesses it. Towards four o'clock you see him appear in the great reading room. His day's work is done, he goes from table to table trafficking in news and recruiting players for the whist table. (One or two card tables are tolerated in a room apart.) Towards seven o'clock he comes back again to pick up company for dinner. He has his especial table in one corner of the vast dining room—it is often doubled and tripled by the neighboring tables being drawn up alongside of it. There is a good deal of talk and loud laughter in that privileged corner—it is called the Hayward corner. People sit at table there long after their more silent neighbors have disappeared. The conversation increases as the time goes on—the voices rise higher; the amiable and impassioned old gentleman's memory is inexhaustible, but he grows less and less indulgent for those who have crossed his path in the fields of literature, and he subjects English ears (always chaste in a public place) to a more and more severe ordeal. The talk, or rather the dissertation, sets out from literature and history, parliamentary and political reminiscences and anecdotes; but it declines in dignity as the bottles one after another are emptied; the supernatural is as little respected in royalty as in religion; and it becomes annoying to have to play the chorus, and one is glad to gain the door.

Anthony Hope says he does not in the least object to being interviewed, the only thing about it all that he takes exception to being the aftermath when he sees his conversation in cold print; then he is troubled exceedingly.

## A DUAL EXISTENCE

### Marie Bates as She Is and As She Appears When Playing "Mrs. Murphy."

There can be no question as to the art Marie Bates has displayed in the creation of the character of Mrs. Murphy in the "Chimmie Fadden" company. It is what the critics choose to call a "finished and highly artistic performance." It's all that and a great deal more. We have all heard from the lips and pens of artists since the days of Siddons that once on the stage they lose their identity and become instead the character represented. A great deal of this is mere posing, part of the business, as it were. But in the case of Marie Bates it happens that it is quite real, but in a rather different sense than that generally received by the public.

San Francisco audiences know Mrs. Murphy by this time as well as if they had been acquainted with her all their lives. Mrs. Bates herself is quite a different person. The truth of the matter is that she lives a dual life; on the stage she is a half tipsy Irish slattern; off the stage she is a woman of forty odd years constantly trembling on the verge of nervous hysteria. I found this out on making an attempt to interview her on the subject of making up, an attempt which I promptly abandoned by reason of Mrs. Bates' condition. Even as I was talking to her one of the scene shifters came down a flight of steps behind us and let the stage door slam. If a mine had been exploded beneath her feet Mrs. Bates could not have been more startled. She gasped, turned pale and staggered where she stood. I took myself off as swiftly as possible, not so swiftly, however, but what I saw that a man who had been standing behind her took her by the arm and led her back to that point in the flies from which she made her entrance.

Mrs. Bates has recently suffered the loss of her only sister, and this fact, combined with the unavoidable excitement of stage life, has altogether unnerved her. During progress of the play at such times as she is off the stage some one has to be constantly at her elbow to lead her to and from the dressing room, to pilot her about the wings and to tell her when to go on and such like. Were she left to herself—such is the shattered condition of her nerves—she would lose herself amongst the flats, would go back to her dressing room and resume her street dress, would forget entirely what she was about and what she was expected to do.

The curious part of the matter is that on the stage she is perfectly at home, completely at her ease, self-possessed and self-controlled; only it is not as herself, it is as Mrs. Murphy. No wonder she acts well; it is not a question of subduing her identity, it is a question of complete loss of identity, it is a dual existence. But if she is not herself when off the stage, and if she is really and literally Mrs. Murphy when she is on it, one asks where, then, is the real Marie Bates? It is a question for the psychologists.

The determining factor in sex has always been the subject of controversy, but up to the present time, although numerous theories have been propounded, none can be deemed satisfactory, and the causation of sex is still as much shrouded in mystery as is biogenesis. The latest assumption is that of J. F. Chambers, who propounds what may be called the katabolic and anabolic theory. He says the foetus passes through three cycles: (1) sexless; (2) hermaphrodite or bisexual, and (3) unisexual; and argues that at the second stage the "breeder may step in and enjoin nature to proceed after his wishes." The practical results of breeders' experiments, however, will be more valuable than any number of theories.

In his salad days Senator Quay was a bashful young man, who hated public speaking. In his first and last law case, on rising to address the jury he became exceedingly nervous, and could scarcely proceed with his speech. While struggling to overcome his excessive diffidence he saw some of the other attorneys in the room laughing, and believing it was at his forensic efforts, he sat down and refused to proceed further. From that day he gave up the practice of law, refused all cases that were offered to him, and entered into local politics.

Dr. Nansen has gone to Scotland after an exhausting fortnight in London, during which he has been the biggest of recent lions. His Scotch lecture tour will end on Thursday at Aberdeen. The finest souvenir which he will take away from England is a complete library of forty volumes, bound in navy blue, in which British Arctic explorers have recorded their adventures. It is a present from veterans like Nares and Markham. Nobody who had been less than a twelvemonth within the Arctic circle was allowed to subscribe to the fund.

*EXHIBIT OF LEMONS BY THE CITRUS FAIR ASSOCIATION*

## HERNE, THE UNCONVENTIONAL

### His Theory of Art Opposed to All Theatrical Tradition.

Mr. Herne was writing letters at an absurdly small table when I came in. He got up and took another chair, and ran his fingers through his hair, and remarked resignedly :

"I'm a very bad sort of interview, and generally make a mess of it. What do you want me to say? You'll have to do all the talking."

Just here I was inspired by some happy providence to express interest and curiosity in Mr. Herne's theory of dramatic art. I could not have chosen a more fortunate subject. I did not have to do all the talking—hardly any of it, for that matter. The author of "Shore Acres" at once took the conversation out of my hands—precisely as I wished him to.

"Truth, truth, truth, is what I am after," said Mr. Herne. "My idea and theory of dramatic art is fidelity in the making of a picture of a certain phase of life."

"How about plot?" I remarked. "There is little 'plot' in real life."

"Precisely, and for that very reason there is little plot in 'Shore Acres.' I want to make things happen on the stage as though they were a little segment cut out of life, on the street, in the country, here in this very room. I don't use plots. I don't like the word."

"What then?"

"Themes. I choose a certain theme, very simple, very direct, and work out my play in reference to it."

"But you plan and map out the main idea of the action?"

"No, I don't. When I sit down to write a play, when I first dip my pen in the inkwell, I have no notion of how it will turn out—more than that, I have no notion how it will begin to run after the first scene. The play works itself out."

"And the characters?"

"The characters, too. How can I interfere with a character? It's independent of me entirely. Certain characters must of absolute necessity die, others must go through a certain amount of affliction; and there are even some who are born, as it were, who suddenly came into existence without my planning it."

"Now isn't that rather unusual, Mr. Herne?"

"Yes, it's an innovation."

"How about the critics at first?"

"They would have none of it. They said that my plays had neither wit nor pathos, nor plot, nor character, nor situation."

"But the public?"

"Ah, that's a very different thing. The public recognized the humanity of it, the truth of it, not the mere fidelity to local color, but the elemental truth, the universal principle. Now this play of 'Shore Acres' is supposed to happen on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, but only the other day a Scotch gentleman said to me, 'Herne, you know when I heard "Shore Acres" I could just shut my eyes and go right back in memory to the little Scotch village where I was born.' That was one of the most flattering speeches ever addressed to me. You see, I had somehow struck a note of human sympathy that was universal, something the Scotchman recognized at once. It was realism, it was truth. That's the kind of thing I'm after. The papers speak of the steaming kettle and real roast turkey of 'Shore Acres' as though these details were realism. They are nothing but details, mere accessories. The realism of the thing is something higher and subtler than that."

"Then how do you account for the roast turkey, what's the raison d'etre of the roast turkey?"

"Well, ten years ago a papier mache turkey would have done equally well. But we've got beyond that. Just as we've got beyond gilded wooden goblets and such like. I don't use the real turkey merely for the sake of realism, but so that the actor who is to carve it may the better act the part. Suppose he were to carve a papier mache turkey. He would be out of his part at once. Take, for instance, the stage inkstand and the stage quill pen—which nobody thinks of using nowadays. I couldn't act with them at all. The moment I picked up that absurd goose quill and jabbed it into the absurd empty inkstand and scratched it over the paper very loud, so as to make the gallery hear, I would know they were 'props,' mere shams, and would be 'off my part' in an instant."

"I would assume, then, Mr. Herne, that you do not allow yourself to be hampered by stage traditions."

"I have broken with them all," said he with great emphasis. "One must if one is to adhere to truth and to reality. The ordinary stage manager is continually breaking up his groups by crossings and all that, and is somehow just as artistic notwithstanding. There is no good and sufficient reason for this crossing left and crossing right, and for delivering impressive speeches in the center of the stage. In this room, for instance, if I take up a position on the left-hand side of the table, close to you, is it incumbent on you to 'cross R' and stand in the right-hand corner? Or if I want to be particularly emphatic must I feel that the effect is spoiled if I do not stand directly under the gas fixture?"

From the point of view of his personality one is apt to be surprised at first sight of Mr. Herne. One is apt to judge a man's appearance according to the character of the work he produces. I confess I had an idea that Herne would be a sort of Denman Thompson, a gentle-mannered, easygoing "down-Easter," with an air of the farm about him. Instead of this, however, you carry away with you the impression of a college-bred man, of highly educated intelligence, a student, a litterateur, and a man of the world. After all, one should expect the unexpected. It is, perhaps, the realism of life that Mr. Herne speaks of.

Addison Cammack, one of the old timers of Wall street, has sold his seat in the Stock Exchange, and has dropped out of the speculative world. Cammack was a natural pessimist, and consequently a bear by instinct, and to this quality he owed his immense fortune. The biggest turn of his career was made in the West Shore-Vanderbilt fight. He had fought the stock vigorously, and the bear contingent learned that a peace between the contending factions had been patched up. Immediately he covered his shortage, went over to the bulls, and converted paper profits into something like ten millions in cold cash. At this time Cammack was sixty years of age, but he proceeded to marry a young wife and settled a million upon her as a marriage portion. He always boasted that he began operations on Wall street with a capital of ten thousand, and as he has left out of his gains two and a half millions, he can hardly be termed a failure.

In spite of his millions and his success, E. T. Hooley, the great company promoter, is decidedly unpopular in Great Britain. In compliance with the suggestion of the Prince of Wales that Queen Victoria's sixtieth anniversary would be best celebrated by the giving of large sums of money for the relief of the deserving poor, he donated two million dollars, the income of which is to be used in bettering the condition of the poor in that part of Derbyshire with which he is most closely associated. Excellent though the scheme is, Hooley is given no credit, but is accused of doing it all out of a desire for personal advertisement. Some weeks ago he presented to St. Paul's Cathedral a magnificent communion service of pure gold, and immediately a great outcry was raised all over England protesting against the action of the cathedral authorities in accepting the gift.

*THE ORIENT ENTERTAINING THE OCCIDENT*

**On the occasion of their annual banquet, the Yinn Yee Kong Sow Society invited the Supervisors of San Francisco and their lady friends to a banquet in the Hong Fer Low restaurant.**

From a flashlight by Taber

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

There will be a larger crowd at the coming Mardi Gras ball than there was at last year's affair, owing to the increased number of invitations issued. Masking is expected of every lady admitted to the floor, but costuming is not so much of a necessity, but with the men the rule is the reverse—they are requested to be in costume, but masking is optional. The supper rooms and the drawing room will be decorated with any amount of yellow and white roses, making an exceedingly pretty effect, and the grand stairway will be set off with date palms from Santa Barbara. Robert Fletcher, who is on the Committee on Decorations, will be poet of the occasion, and A. C. Hellman Prince Carnival.

Howard W. Adams and Miss Edna Van Wyck led the last german of this season of the Saturday Evening Cotillion Club, which came off in Lunt's Hall. The four figures danced were quite pretty. They were called the Japanese lantern, hollow saman, double triangle, and a marching figure. The next cotillion to be given by the club will take place after Lent at Native Sons' Hall in April.

Those who will be present at the Crocker tea this afternoon will hear some especially good music, as Herr Anton Schott and Mrs. C. O. Richards are to sing, and Miss Alice Ames, who studied in Europe with Joachim, will play the violin. There is a genuine desire to hear Miss Ames, as she is said to have improved immensely in having won commendation from Joachim. The Presidio band will play between the numbers on the programme, which also includes Miss Lillie Lawlor and Mr. Giulio Minetti.

MISS ETHEL COHEN
Whose engagement to Lieutenant Bent was recently announced
Taber, photo

Miss Grace Watt Kerr and Charles Allen Hulme were married last Monday evening by President Martin Kellogg of the State University. The affair took place at the home of the bride's father, James W. Kerr, on Golden Gate avenue. The decorations were lilies and smilax. The bridesmaid was Miss Sarah Cofer, the groomsman, George Taylor, and the maid of honor Miss Alma Hulme.

There is a big rush for admissions to the Concordia Club's performance of "Zenda's King," a burlesque of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which has been written by John P. Wilson of the Tivoli. I am told it is a first-class farce, and is to be produced with all the accessories of scenery, which has been painted and designed for the occasion. There are two prima donnas, Leon Greenebaum, who is to be the Princess Flavia, and Milton Bremer, who is to do Antoinette de Mauban. Eugene Korn, Ben Davis and all the fun-makers of the club are in the cast. George Lask is stage manager; the dialogue is full of fun, and there is general interest in the affair. Should the performance be as good as the rehearsals, it will be among the events of the Concordia's history.

The dinner at the Hellman's on Monday night was a colonial entertainment, and was conducted on the progressive basis ,which has become so very popular. There were some sixty people there, and most of them had an opportunity to exchange ideas and other currency with every one else. The reorganized Hellman house, though by no means a thing of beauty on the outside, is very sumptuous within, and it was beautifully adorned for the occasion. In honor of the imomrtal George, the table decorations were cherry blossoms and blue ribbons, and the menu cards were printed on cherry bark in gilt letters. There were any number of pretty girls present, but I noticed Miss Sussman, Miss Hecht, and Miss Frank as looking particularly handsome. Another affair of this week was a dinner given by Miss Alice Bachmann to a number of her friends at her home on Devisadero street, Thursday last.

In society there is considerable motion offered to record. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Frank have returned from their bridal tour, and are installed at their charming flat on Polk street. I am told that the Frank brothers in their travels around the world gave themselves up to the collection of curios, and gathered all manner of Chinese, Japanese and Indian ware, which they agreed among themselves should go to the one of the brothers who first succumbed to matrimony. So their treasures are all the property of the newly wedded pair. Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht are expected back from the East very shortly, and Mr. and Mrs. Sol Ehrmann go East next week. Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart are home again, and the Adolph Sonns are at the carnival at San Diego.

There was a good deal of fun over the baseball game Washington's birthday between a team of University freshmen and a nine from the Calliopean Club. All the brethren and sistren of the Calliopeans turned out, and gathered at the Presidio to witness the trial of skill, and were very happy over the victory of the clubmen.

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The character of recent entertainments in Oakland has been decidedly juvenile. The older set seem to have retired into seclusion for the time being, of course. It is true there were a few luncheons and dinners, but the recital of the week's events consists largely of school and college happenings and debutantes' teas. It is true that Mrs. Requa had a luncheon for Mrs. Laidlaw, of New York, and that Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Price gave a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, who were recently married, but otherwise one must speak of the cotillion of the University, Miss Horton's party, and Miss Head's affair.

The Price reception went off very nicely. The house was beautifully decorated with the proper allowance of bamboos, acacias, and other floral accessories, and there was a capital supper. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron left on Monday for their home at Rossland, B. C. The party at Miss Horton's school Friday evening, last, was a very jolly affair. The dance hall was sumptuously arranged in greens and manzanita blossoms. Dancing was, of course, the order of the occasion. Then, on Thursday, Miss Head had a dance for the seniors at her school in Berkeley, at which the Oakland sets were well represented. In anticipation there is a play by the students of the Berkeley high school. The class of '97 has it in charge. They are to produce "A Scrap of Paper," with all the proper accessories.

The event of the week, however, was the annual cotillion at the University. This was a proper affair in which the three classes participated. The Harmon gymnasium was the scene of the revelry and was converted into an appropriate background with greens, ferns, and other insignia of festivity. Mrs. Glascock and Mrs. Pringle were the chaperons, and the affair went off beautifully. Will Smith and Brick Morse led the german. Innumerable pretty girls came from as far south as San Jose, and there were emissaries from each of the three or four Oakland sets from the peninsula. I noticed the belles of the Saturday Night, Monday Night, Fortnightly and Cotillion among the dancers. A new idea was inaugurated, that of presenting the various couples with little flags after they had participated in each figures, they had participated in each figure, to germans. Among the girls I noticed Miss Florence Green, who is decidedly a comely maiden, and Miss Gibbon, who looked very charming, but I will not further particularize, inasmuch as the list might be too long. An amusing incident terminated the affair. At half-past one the electric lights were all shut off with a suddenness which left the assemblage in darkness. Confounded confusion reigned for some moments while the gas was being put into operation, but I have not been told of anything untoward happening. Most of the young people were put up at Berkeley for the night. The Fi Gi and Chi Phi Fraternity houses were converted into temporary headquarters for the fair sex, and the men found accommodation elsewhere. Much to their regret the Betas were inhibited from offering hospitality owing to the condition of Mr. Ransome, who was then serously ill.

A pretty pink and green wedding occurred in Sacramento last week, when Miss Mollie Sheehan, of the Capital city, became Mrs. Vincent Merkeley. The affair took place at high noon at the home of the bride's parents on Sutter Terrace, in the present of relatives and a few invited friends. The rooms were prettily decorated with pink and green, the bridal arbor being covered with trailing vines and La France roses, making a very dainty effect. The bride's gown was of white satin covered with white chiffon and trimmed with point lace. A diamond crescent held the veil in place. Miss Ednah Sheehan, the maid of honor, was in pink satin covered with satin-striped tulle, and the bridesmaids, Miss Della Mills, of San Francisco; Miss Mildred Francis, of Napa; Miss Ruby Merkeley, Miss Maud Merkeley, Miss Alice Sheehan, and Miss Rose Sheehan, were gowned in silk covered with chiffon, three in pink and three in green. After the ceremony the breakfast was served, and in the afternoon a reception was held, in which Mrs. Sheehan was assisted in receiving by Mrs. William H. Mills, of San Francisco; Mrs. Merkeley, and Mrs. C. K. McClatchey, or Sacramento, and Mrs. George Perkins, of Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Merkeley will travel for awhile in the southern portion of the State, and on their return will occupy their new home now almost completed.

## TWO FOOLS

By SARAH DEAN

The music reached them faintly, mingled with the hum of voices and stabbed now and again by a dart of laughter. Beside them a heavy-headed rose dreamed out its fragrant life.

They were friends.

"Poor fools," he said, opening and shutting her fan with masculine recklessness.

She assented dreamily.

"Fifteen hundred a year. No club dinners on that. Such a jolly chap, too."

"No Paris gowns nor boxes at the opera. Hetty was designed to adorn an opera box."

He laid her fan on her knee and smiled at her.

"Two more friends off our list, eh Edith? We'll soon be quite alone in our sensible insensibility."

"Yes, left to wither on the bough, I suppose Hetty would call it."

"Well, that's a matter of opinion."

He stretched out his long legs, tucked his thumbs in his trouser pockets, and leaned back with the ease of long established good-fellowship and studied her. He noted with appreciation the tall, graceful figure, the sweep of her shoulders, the delicate poise of her small head, and the patrician purity of her features with their healthful pallor. At last he said with an air of languid discovery, "Why do you wear your hair that way? I don't like it."

"That's sad. I do. I suits me."

He sat up with sudden animation.

"By jove! there you are mistaken. It doesn't. It suits your brow and that Grecian nose of yours—but I'm not sure it always suits your mouth, and it doesn't suit your eyes—that I know."

She leaned her elbow on her knee, rested her firm, round chin on her hand, and looked at him quietly.

"Doesn't it?" she said.

"No. Your lips are so sweet, like a half-blown rose, with a dimple at each corner—and your eyes—two great crystal wells that glow and change like an April sky."

He was rambling—he had lost the train of his thought. He leaned back suddenly and twisted his mustache.

"So you don't believe in love?" he said at last.

"You said that."

"Oh, did I? Well, it's just the same. You agreed with me."

"Not exactly. I said it was all imagination, but it was as good as true, I supposed—if they believed it hard enough—and never waked up."

"It is comfortable to dream."

"Oh, no. I want to be always wide awake."

"Your brow and nose said that—your eyes and mouth will contradict it in a moment."

"No, they won't. When I marry I'll do so with my eyes open."

A sudden draught of cold air struck him.

"I see; certainly, of course," in confused acquiescence.

"As love is all imagination, I'll simply imagine myself in love with the right man. Isn't that simple?"

"Perfectly."

"When one comes who has brains enough, and money enough—I think I'll accept him."

"Whew! Talk about the North Pole!"

"But do be reasonable. There is no such thing as love—you said so yourself—why not then be sensible?"

"I always said you were a wonderful woman."

"Yes; am I not?"

The music floated to them faint and sweet, the fountain twinkled, the rose dreamed on.

"I wonder," he said at last, "how those two infatuated fools think they feel?"

"Well—happy to begin with."

"Yes?"

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"That theory does until the bills come in, then the world develops a wonderful memory."

"This earth is a planet filled with love and brightness—and they exist on it—alone."

"Humph! What about taxes?"

"And when they are together all the cares and meanness, all the false friends and disappointed ambitions grow insignificant—because she has him, and he has her."

She was looking straight before her, her eyes luminous.

"When he is by, the music is full of mysterious subtle sweetness, the flowers bloom brighter, the sun shines clearer."

He leaned toward her, and his voice was low and not quite steady.

"It's very stupid being sensible. Let us be fools."

"Shore Acres" will play two weeks longer at the Baldwin, and there is every indication that the audiences will be larger during the rest of the engagement than they have been through the past week.

MISS BETH FRANKLYN
Of the Chimmie Fadden Company
Thors, photo

Madame Trebelli announces two farewell concerts before going east — one on the afternoon of Saturday, the 6th of March, and the second on the evening of Tuesday, the 9th instant, at Golden Gate Hall.

The Clara Schumann Quartette will give a concert on next Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Society of Christian Endeavor of Plymouth Church.

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## THE THEATRES

### An Impression of "Shore Acres"—The Volatility of Fanny Rice.

When the curtain rustles down on the closing scene of "Shore Acres," muffling the ticking of the noisy kitchen clock, and hiding away from view the flickering firelight that dances among the shining pans of Mrs. Berry's well-appointed kitchen, you feel as though you had looked on a something very real, upon which you would like to look a little longer. You have a definite and distinct feeling that the Berry youngsters and all the Berry family are snugly tucked away in bed behind the painted "flat," and that good, old, lovable Uncle Nathan'l is hanging his store suit away in his attic chamber preparatory to sliding in between the cold sheets of his lonely couch. You picture him in a homely red night-cap and canton-flannel gown, and would be shocked to know that he was making for his dressing-room and would that night sleep in a comfortable hotel.

If you give yourself over to the play, and it is not difficult to fall in with the simple tale of Maine life that it tells, the whole thing will seem very real and very lifelike to you. The story commences naturally and moves smoothly along in a serene atmosphere of quiet country life, without a hitch or a break or a suggestion of the stage to jar upon one. In the third act you are reminded of the "theater" when the schooner, Lydia Ann, which bears the runaway Helen, is tossing about in a sou'easter. The painted canvas sea, the rolling, rocking, mimic craft, are distinctly stagey and disallusioning. They are a concession to the play-goer who runs after the tank scene, the jump-from-the-bridge, and the like of them, and although the audience broke into loud, and, to me, quite senseless applause over the scene, I did not like it

MISS KATE MICHELENA
Of the Fanny Rice Company
Elite, photo

to intrude upon the quiet of the story or the spirit of enjoyment that had taken possession of me. But you soon forget the Lydia Ann, the canvas sea and the lighthouse, in the presence of the closing scene.

You must not imagine "Shore Acres" to be like unto "The Old Homestead," because it pictures the homely life of New England country folk. "Shore Acres" is true where the "Homestead" is false to nature. "Shore Acres" is life in reality. Denman Thompson's piece—I could never bring myself to enjoy it—is the merest dross and stuff beside it. The distinctive feature of "Shore Acres" is its naturalness. It looks so easy, so lacking in effort, as to charm and captivate you. Unless you be captious, indeed, its simplicity, which can only grow out of infinite pains and untiring care, disarms you and enlists your sympathy with the story and the people who are in it.

Perhaps Mr. Herne may be charged with acting a bit here and there, but the fact that his "acting" is noticeable at all, and that his forgetfulness in that respect—or perhaps it was remembrance—jarred a little upon you, is in itself a high compliment to the performance as a whole. I don't fancy his facial work as he sits up front and looks over the footlights at the audience, for then he is Herne, not Nathaniel. Doubtless, he has given over many an hour to training the children of the play to be entirely unconscious of the audience, for they were oblivious to everything in front, and acted as though they did not realize that a thousand eyes were upon them. From little Mary Berry Herne might take a lesson in this respect.

The toothless Joel Bates was a clever study, and to his little daughter, Mandy, we were prepared to extend something of sympathy. Grace Gaylor Clark, as the New England housewife, was so true to nature that she brought up recollections of another New England housewife in real life who can lay claim to a large store of my affection. The dailies have gone over the story of "Shore Acres," but it will never be brought home to you from anything you may see in print. Nothing but the thing itself is satisfying. They have two weeks more of "Shore Acres" at the Baldwin, and that they will be two weeks of crowded houses is certain.

Fanny Rice is smiling over the footlights at the Columbia, with a "new version" of "At the French Ball." The house was well filled Tuesday evening, and the audience giggled, laughed, and in some places roared over the mishaps befalling the dissatisfied shoemaker's wife who went forth from her humble home in search of happiness among people with money.

It is one thing never before to have seen "At the French Ball," and it is quite another to attempt it a second time. There is enough material—singing and acting material—in Miss Rice's company to justify the making of a "new version" that will be something more than a new version in name only. They have good voices in plenty in the company, as the rendition of the sextet from "Lucia" plainly indicated, but the fact that it was possible to have had some passably good music emphasized the scarcity of it and gave us something to regret. Miss Rice is ostentatiously the head of the company. The play was written for her; she owns it and runs it and proposes that you shall not misunderstand it. Perhaps more of singing would mean less of Rice, perhaps the performance would be better for the change, but Miss Rice's voice is lame and halt, and such an innovation might relegate the mistress of the troupe to a position she is unwilling to occupy. Just why she insists on telling the audience how she would say "Good-bye" under three different circumstances is as inexplicable as why Miss Alice Gaillard should consider it necessary to bedaub herself with red paint until she resembles a malignant case of scarlet fever or a well-spanked baby. She was simply hideous with paint, and Miss Rice's "Good-bye" efforts were so obviously intended to "show off," so manifestly lugged in, and so far from being artistic, that it was painful everywhere except in the gallery.

Kate Michelena, soprano; John S. Terry, tenor, and George Broderick, baritone, have voices above the average of the stage not operatic. One cannot resist the feeling that he would like to take a shy at the "French Ball," and cut some of its dreary parts out and inject into it something of the variety it so sadly needs and the abilities of the company would seem to fully warrant. "At the French Ball" will doubtless draw, despite its drawbacks, for the audience generously and good-naturedly insisted on being pleased.

B.

MISS BERNICE WHEELER
Of the Chimmie Fadden Company
Thors, photo

"Saints and Sinners" is well played at the Alcazar this week, as well played, in fact, as anything has been at this theater for some time. George Osbourne's work as Jacob Fletcher is excellent—it is the feature of the performance. Hugo Toland is too placidly calm, too generally good-natured to be a thoroughly villanous Captain Fanshame. Francis Powers has everything requisite for a detestable Samuel Hoggard, and a capital companion piece is the Prabbles of Maurice Stewart. Miss Jolliffe has proved quite an attraction, and it is not probable that her friends are disappointed in her work, as it is quite good. There are some rough edges in her emotional business, especially in the fourth act, but she will improve. A word should be given to Miss Crosby for her make-up as the bashful Fanny. It is good, and has taken immensely.

At the Orpheum this week the Pantzer Trio give an exhibition of wonderful twisting and turning—the most novel and startling work of the kind seen in San Francisco for years. Barney Fagan and Henrietta Bryon, two of the week's new people, appear in a sketch entitled "Idol Fancy," in which Mr. Fagan introduces some characteristic dancing, and Miss Bryon makes some quick changes, appearing to advantage in several handsome gowns.

Edward Hayes and Emily Lytton have a new sketch entitled, "The Talkative Man," in which Hayes will make use of but five words, Miss Lytton filling in the balance. It is an amusing affair and promises to be the best thing they have done yet.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

The Alcazar will put on next [illegible] celebrated Boston Museum [illegible] success, "By Proxy." The entire company will appear in the cast, including George Osbourne, Hugo Toland, Frances Jolliffe, and May Buckley, and in addition Adele Belgarde and Charles Wyngate, the latter making his first appearance at this theatre. At the matinee today the 250th performance of the Alcazar Stock Company will take place, and everybody in the house will be presented with a satin souvenir program. "Jim the Penman" is underlined for an early production.

The Tivoli will put on "The Mikado" next week with Elvia Crox Seabrooke as Yum Yum, Arthur Boyce as Nanki Poo and Ferris Hartman as the Lord High Executioner Ko-Ko. The season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera will be continued after the run of "The Mikado" with "The Sorcerer," "Trial by Jury" and "Iolanthe."

With to-morrow night's concert Sousa's band will end its engagement in San Francisco. So far the California has been crowded with audiences appreciative of the "Band King's" music and of the ability of his musicians. Miss Northrup, the soprano, has made a pleasant impression, as also has Miss Johnstone, the violiniste.

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Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

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MISS IRENE VANCOURT
Of the Chimmie Fadden Troupe
Thors, photo

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# THE MUTINY IN FICTION

## A New Novel, Which Fills a Long-Felt Want.

The world has long awaited the "Novel of the Indian Mutiny." Writer after writer has essayed to make a background out of that strange and terrible uprising against British misrule, but the results have had no relation to the magnitude of the subject.

This theme, with various variations, has, during the last few weeks, been clamored from the pages of the literary magazines—apropos "On the Face of the Waters" (Macmillan & Co.), by Flora Annie Steel. The long-felt want has at last been filled; the world's hunger has been appeased. A chorus of praise of the volume, led by J. Lockwood Kipling in the "New Review," has gone up in two hemispheres, and the publishers are keeping their presses busy issuing new editions. In fact, "On the Face of the Waters" is the latest sensation, and if you know nothing about it—why, you are simply not in the swim, literary speaking.

"On the Face of the Waters" has virtues to counterbalance its magnitude. It is a big canvas, minutely worked over. The background is India—the city of Delhi—the foreground is crowded with natives, soldiers, princes, kings, begums, and ayahs, and mem-sahibs. Half a dozen dramas unravel themselves, the main interest being concentrated on James Douglas and Kate Erlton, the former a brave Scotch officer in disgrace, and the latter the wife of Major Erlton, who is in love with Alice Gissing. Subsidiary complications are the passion of Princess Farkhoonda and Abool-Bukr, the intrigue of the Queen, Zeenut Maihl, for the succession of her son, the love affair of Zora and Douglas on the roof garden. There are long episodes devoted to the adventures of Douglas and of Tiddu, the fakir, to the interior economy of the palace and of Bahadur Shah, the last of the Moghuls, who writes verses. The siege of Delhi is described at portentious length. Indeed, in the mass of material one loses the sense of proportion. The impression left on the mind is that of a crowd, a vast array of figures and scenery from which the characters fail to detach themselves. Contrast the treatment of the subject with Zola's "Debocle." There the story is unrolled like an epic; there is absolute proportion, a careful subordination of detail and scenery to the central fact.

The value of "On the Face of the Waters" lies in the insight it gives into the Indian character and atmosphere and into the causes which led to the terrific uprising of nations at Meerut and Delhi. There is offered here a working theory to account for the Mutiny. The currents of discontent through the conquered nation are skillfully mirrored, and one has the impression this is the real India that is painted, not the India of surmise or imagination. The dreaminess and indecision of the Oriental are admirably rendered and harmonize with the romantic background which the old city, its turrets, palaces, roofs and bazaars affords. I have not space to attempt even a resume of the several plots, but here are some impressions from the volume. Here, for instance, is a scene in the harem of the historic palace of the Moghuls at Delhi. The Queen, Zeenut Maihl, is one of the actors in the story:

"Hush!" The whispered monition made Hafzan pause in the screener archway till the game was over. It was a sort of dumb-crambo, and a most outrageous double entendre had just brought a smile to the broad, heavy face of a woman who lay among cushions in the alcoved balcony. This was Zeenut Maihl, who, for nearly twenty years, had kept her hold upon the King, despite endless rivals. She was dark-complexioned, small-eyed, with a curious lack of eyebrows which took from her even vivacity of expression. But it was a man with experience in many wives who remarked that favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; he knew, no doubt, that in polygamy the victory must go to the most unscrupulous fighter. Zeenut Maihl at any rate secured hers by ever-recurring promises of another heir to her octogenarian husband; a flattery to which his other wives either could or would not stoop. But the trick served the Queen's purpose in more ways than one. Her oft-recurring disappointments could have but one cause: witchcraft. So on such occasions, with her paid priest, Hussan Askuri, saying prayers for those in extremis at her bedside, Zeenut Maihl's enemies went down like nine-pins, and she arose from her bed of sickness with a board cleared of dangerous rivalry. For none in the hot-bed of shams felt secure enough to get into grips with her. Ahsan-Oolah, the physician, might have; she had cried quarter from his keen fence before now; but he did not care to take the trouble.

Princess Farkhoonda, the beloved of Prince Abool, is introduced, doubtless, as an historic character, because she has little to do with the drama. Here she appears:

The roof on which he sat was a secluded roof, protected from view, even from other roofs, by high latticed walls; its only connection with the world below it being by a dizzy brick ladder of a stair climbing down fearlessly from one corner. Across the further end stretched a sort of veranda, inclosed by lattice and screens. But the middle arch being open showed a blue and white striped carpet, and a low reed stool. Nothing more. But a sweet voice came from its unseen corner.

"Art not ashamed, Abool, to come to my discreet house among godly folk and sing lewd songs? Will they not think ill of me? And if thou comest drunken horribly with wine, as thou didst last week, claiming audience with me, thine aunt, not all that title will save me from aspersion. And if I lose this calm retreat, whither shall poor Newasi go?"

They were the most beautiful eyes in the world. Such is the consensus of opinion among all who ever saw them. Judged indeed by this standard, the Princess Farknoonda Zamani, alias Newasi Begum, the widow of one of the King's younger sons, must have had that mysterious charm which is beyond beauty. But she was beautiful also, though smallpox had left its marks upon her. Chiefly, however, by a thickening of the skin, which brought an opaque pallor, giving her oval face a look of carved ivory. In truth, this memento of the past tragedy, which at the age of 13 had brought her, the half-wedded bride, to death's door, and sent her 15-year-old bridegroom from the festival to the grave, enhanced, rather than detracted, from her beauty. Her lips were reddened after the fashion of court women, her short-sighted hazel eyes were heavily blackened with antimony; but she wore no jewels, and her graceful, sweeping Delhi dress was of the deadest, purest white, embroidered in finest needlework round hems and seams, and relieved only by the lighter folds of her white, lace-like veil.

The Mutiny was precipitated by the greased cartridges served out to the native soldiers in India. It was reported that the cartridges made in the arsenal were smeared with pig's grease and cow's fat, and to touch either meant loss of caste. In those days it was necessary to bite the end of the cartridges, and the Sepoys declared that if they did so their wives would leave them and their relatives would shun them. Very injudiciously an effort was made to force down this prejudice, and at Meerut Colonel Carmichael Smyth, commanding the Third Bengal Cavalry, picked out eighty-five men from his regiment and commanded them to accept the cartridges. They refused, and were court-martialed and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in irons. In order to terrify the rest of the army into obedience, the irons were riveted on at a grand review. This is the scene:

The knot of European spectators round the flag listened with yawns to the stout General's exordium. The eighty-five being hopelessly, helplessly in the wrong by military law, there seemed to be no need to insist on the fact. And the mass of dark faces standing within range of the loaded guns and rifles, within reach of glistening sabres, did not listen at all. Not that it mattered, since the units in that crowd had lost the power of accepting facts. Even Soma, standing to attention beside the tumbrils, only felt a great sense of outrage, of wrong, of injustice somewhere. And there was one Englishman, at least, rigid to attention also before his disarmed, dismounted, yet loyal troop, who must have felt it also, unless he was more than human. And this was Captain Craigie, who, when his men appealed to him to save them, to delay this unnecessary musketry parade, had written in his haste to the Adjutant, "Go to Smyth at once! Go to Smyth!" and Smyth was his Colonel! Incredible lack of official etiquette. Repeated hardily, morover. "Pray don't lose a moment, but go to Smyth and tell him!" What? Only "That this is a most serious matter, and we have the whole regiment in open mutiny in half an hour if it is not attended to." Only that! So it is to be hoped that Captain Craigie had the official wigging for his unconventional appeal in his pocket as he shared his regiment's disgrace, to serve him as a warning—or a consolation.

And now the pompous monotone being ended, the silence, coming after the clankings, and buglings, and trampings, which had been going on since dawn, was almost oppressive. The three sides of steel, even the fourth of faces, however, showed no sign. They stood as stone while the eighty-five were stripped of their uniforms. But there was more to come. By the General's orders the leg-irons were to be riveted on one by one; and so, once more, the sound of iron upon iron recurred monotonously, making the silence of the intervals still more oppressive. For the prisoners at first seemed stunned by the isolation from even their as yet unfettered comrades. But suddenly from a single throat came that cry for justice, which has a claim to hearing, at least, in the estimation of the people of India.

"Dohai! Dohai! Dohai!"

Some gave a sort of sigh, and a faint quiver of expectation passed over the sea of dark faces.

Clang! Clang! The hammers, going on unchecked, were the only answer. Those three sides of stone had come to see a thing done, and it must be done; the sooner the better. But the riveting of eighty-five pairs of leg-irons is not to be done in a moment; so the cry grew clamorous. Dohai! Dohai! Had they not fought faithfully in the past? Had they not been deceived? Had they had a fair chance?

But the hammers went on as the sun climbed out of the dust-haze to gleam on the sloped sabres, glint on the loaded guns, and send glittering streaks of light along the rifles.

The consequence of this brutal and ill-advised policy came sooner than was anticipated. Revenge was determined on, but the comrades of the disgraced soldiers delayed to strike. The torch was applied to the powder by a woman:

For, as Jim Douglas paced slowly down the Mall toward Delhi, and Soma, his buckles gleaming, his belts pipe-clayed to dazzling whiteness, was swaggering through the bazaar, on his way to the rest-house with his word of warning—the word which would have given Jim Douglas the power for which he had longed—another word was being spoken in that lane of lust, where the time had come for which Nargeeza had waited all day. But she did not say it. It was only a big trollop of a girl hung with jasmine garlands, painted, giggling.

"We of the bazaar kiss no cowards," she said derisively. "Where are your comrades?"

The man to whom she said it, a young, dissolute-faced trooper, dressed in the loose rakish muslins beloved of his class—the very man, perchance, who had gone cityward that morning, and dropped an alms into the yellow fakir's bowl—stood for a second in the stifling, maddening atmosphere of musk and rose and orange-blossom; stood before all those insolent allurements, balked in his passion, checked in his desires. Then, with an oath, he dashed from her insulting charms; dashed into the street with a cry:

"To horse! To horse, brothers! To the jail! To our comrades!"

The word had been spoken. The speech which brings more than speech, had come from the painted lips of a harlot.

From this scene onward the book is devoted to the siege of Delhi. The manner in which Jim Douglas guards Kate Erlton from the sanguinary natives is detailed at length; the scenes on both sides of the wall are rendered. We have the army on the ridge and the palace intriguers inside. The absence of proportion is most marked through these chapters which, even considering the brilliancy of color and effect, lose because of this excessive prolixity.

### Moet & Chandon Chosen.

At the Bradley-Martin dress ball, surpassing anything of the kind before attempted in this country, the cost of which was not less than $300,000, competition among the champagne importers was so strong that it was decided to submit to the most noted epicures of the Four Hundred unmarked samples of all the leading champagnes, and thus it came about that those who, by their taste and experience are the qualified judges of that which is best, selected the brand of Moet & Chandon, which was the only champagne served at this event. —San Francisco Chronicle.


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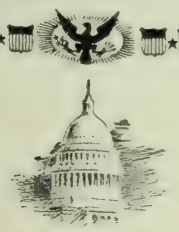

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MARCH

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## RACING

### The Four-Mile Run at Emeryville — Napamax's Victory.

The latter part of the meeting at Emeryville was brought off in miserably wet weather, but with the opening at Ingleside came bright sunshine and a settled appearance to which we have been strangers for weeks, affording a track of which the condition left little to be desired.

The renewal of the Thornton stakes, four miles, weight ten pounds below the scale, on Saturday last, was in more ways than one somewhat of a disappointment, but chiefly so in that only three horses out of thirty original entries faced the weight had the pull, the 4-year-old Schilstarter. With a heavy track the lightweight had the pull, the 4-yearo-ld Schiller (imp. St. George—Fraulein), 109 pounds, owned by Mr. Barney Schrieber, and bred by Mr. J. B. Ferguson at his stud in Kentucky, scoring an easy victory in the slow time of 8:04½, as compared with the California record of 7:20¼. Sims handled the winner nicely, making no more use of him at any time than was necessary, and assisting him with steady seat and hand throughout the entire journey. Schiller's only competitors were Lobengula, 5 years, 117 pounds, who ran in the colors of Mr. T. H. Williams, Jr., and Thornhill, 6 years, 118 pounds. The tactics adopted with the former did not meet with general approval, W. Martin dropping astern with him in the first quarter of a mile and remaining from twenty to forty lengths away from the leading horse until less than a mile from home, when he began to make an effort. By the time the head of the stretch was reached Lobegula had so far improved his position as to raise a momentary flutter of hope in some quarters that the gallop might develop into a race, but it was evident that the younger horse was easily master of the situation, Sims eventually bringing him home with some four lengths to spare. Thornhill had waited on Schiller for the firts two and one-fourth miles, after which he now and then showed the way, the son of St. George as he passed the stand for the third time seeming hardly comfortable. Nursed along judiciously, however, by Sims, and favored by his blood and style of going, he soon had the old white-faced chestnut in trouble, the latter unfortunately breaking down, and so being forced to drop out of the running a quarter of a mile from the winning-post. The event had been keenly looked forward to, the old-time traditions of California racing lending a glamour to the occasion, and bringing out a large attendance, many being present from distant parts of the State, notwithstanding the smallness of the field and the unfavorable state of the track for so severe a contest. Under the circumstances the run was fully equal to four and one-half miles if not more, on a course in good going order. The following tally of the time for each mile is interesting: First mile, 2:08; second mile, 2:02; third mile, 1:54; fourth mile, 2:02½. Total, 8:04½. Beyond being a bit pumped out when they returned to the scales, the two placed horses appeared little the worse for their exertions, Schiller showing the better condition of the two, as his appearance before the start suggested. The character of the race has left some portion of the public in doubt whether the result might have been different, had more use been made of Lobengula, but this impression is hardly warranted, everything considered.

The Elmwood stakes for 2-year-olds was captured by The Cheat, by imp. Deceiver, who had previously shown himself to be a fair colt on the same track. In this race the imp. Duncombe colt, Al Koran, made his debut and in the course of the running made a couple of flash bursts. He is a lengthy, ragged-looking gentleman at present, but when one of his sort furnishes up and trains on such speed as he showed he is apt to make a race horse.

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The doings at Ingleside on the Monday holiday included two of the greatest morals Mr. Pat Dunne has treated us to this season. Salvable and Preston played with their fields in both cases, the former bringing his successes up to ten firsts and one second out of twelve starts in less than three months. He is certainly a feather in Salvator's cap.

The star event of the day was the Moet and Chandon stakes, four furlongs, for 2-year-old fillies, for which a field of twelve sported colors. The breeding of the lot was distinctly choice, and the show in the paddock was most interesting, the two couples representing the Burns and Waterhouse and Ezele stables respectively attracting much attention, although, it is needless to say, that Rosormonde (imp. Ormonde—imp. Fairy Rose) came in for her share of gapeseed on her first appearance. Her make-up is more on the useful than the beautiful side, her ample bone and good feet being perhaps her strong points. The promise of her foalhood has been borne out, and in point of size she is under the average. To the eye in search of speedy looks and that undefinable something rarely missing in the make-up of a good one. Napamax, the white-stockinged brown daughter of the dead imp. Maxim, out of Napa, bred at Rancho del Paso, was decidedly attractive. Making her first appearance in public she seemed a little high in flesh, but her breedy look, true proportions, beautifully turned quarters and well let-down thighs, made a mark for her that was confirmed by her subsequent performance, for in the resolute hands of Thorpe she stepped the half mile, timed at 50 seconds, in such fashion that, had she been pushed, the record of the track might have been cut down. The honors of second were taken by Queen Mab, who has been running all her races so far very consistently, while Rosormonde, with quite a bit the best of a bad start, had to be content with third place. She ran gamely, however, and came again after her bolt was shot, making up some lost ground in the last few strides. Salmere, a sister to Salvation, is a nice looker and ran fairly, as did another new-comer, Martha, by imp. dandie Dinmont. Free Lady, a previous winner, was unluckily left at the post.

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The Schrieber stakes for colts, set for decision to-day, should throw further light on the 2-year-old situation, and by the time the Crocker stakes, to be disposed of this day week, has been got through, several of the stables will have shown their hands and given us an opportunity to judge of the quality of the crop, or, at all events, that portion of it which is ready for early handling.

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Since the particulars were given in this journal a week ago of the stud work of imp. Ormonde, in California, some inquiry has been made for his services, and, if terms can be arranged, Mr. Barney Schrieber intends to breed a mare or two to him this season. It is understood that the fee is to be $1,000.

---

One of the best investments in the world is a successful stallion. When the season of 1899 comes around the subscription to St. Simon will be raised by the Duke of Portland to 500 guineas ($2,625). His 4-year-old son, St. Frusquin, the rival last year of the Prince of Wales' Persimmon, by the same sire, has already been retired to the stud, limited to fifteen mares, and booked full for the current season at 200 guineas ($1,050). High as these figures seem, they are eagerly paid, and, in view of the fact that St. Simon's progeny sacked about $300,000 last season in thirty-seven victories, it is hardly surprising.

---

Persimmon is to be trained for his 4-year-old career, the Prince, no doubt, hoping to swell his list of triumphs by the capture of the Ascot gold cup.

---

Mr. Richard Croker evidently intends to make a determined effort this coming season with his string in England, of which the California-bred horses, Santa Anita and Americus (formerly Rey del Caverres) are prominent members. The weights allotted to them in some of the spring handicaps show that both horses are held in fair esteem on the other side.

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## AS THE WORLD WAGS

### Fancies and Foibles of the Smart Set the World Round.

At the Bradley-Martin ball, says the "Sun," the men unquestionably excelled the women from an ornamental point of view. In any clime or any century, for instance, it would be difficult to find a more perfect specimen of kingly dignity than Mr. Winthrop Rutherford presented as Henry III. of France. His costume, made of purple satin with a profusion of laces and jewels, was eminently becoming, and as he wore his hair, without wig or powder, there was nothing to detract from the becomingness of the dress. Mr. James L. Breese in a costume of white satin and silver, with jeweled order of the Saint Esprit supported by a blue watered ribbon across his chest, was a flattering production of the Duc de Guise, and Worthington Whitehouse, who danced the minuet with Mrs. Ogden Mills, and was also in white and silver from his plumed hat to his white shoes and stockings, were both remarkable in their different styles. Mr. J. J. Astor, who opened the ball with Mrs. Bradley-Martin, looked remarkably well as Henry of Navarre in a rich velvet costume and wearing the white plumed hat which was that hero's distinguishing badge as he led his forces to victory.

It seems almost a just retribution that the elaborate and expensive costumes ordered by cable from Messrs. Rouffe, Worth, and others, in Paris, for the Bradley-Martin ball, have in almost every instance proven a great disappointment, notwithstanding the long cables of instruction and suggestion that were sent without regard to cost. Just at this time, when so many of our own country people are out of employment, it surely would have shown more patriotic feeling to have given the large orders at home. "Moreover, it is just as well to remember," said a fashionable woman, "that ordering a gown by cable from Paris at this season is a very dangerous experiment. It is a time of 'conge' at all the great ateliers; the heads are sure to be away, and also most of the principal designers. There really is no competent person to receive an order. I ordered a dinner gown for an especial function from Doucet last winter by cable, just at this time. It came promptly enough, but it was quite hideous and actually old-fashioned. I packed it promptly back by the very next steamer, and received an apologetic letter from monsieur himself, saying that he and madame had been away on their annual trip, and that at this slack season the most competent members of his 'staff' were also apt to be off on their 'vacancies,' and that if the gown was unsatisfactory he would willingly take it back. All the same, however, I had paid over $100 duty and had to wear an old dress, after all."

The latest craze in Paris is to collect old rugs. Indeed, their value since last summer has been steadily increasing, until now it takes a very clever bargainer to buy the least interesting ones for anything like a reasonable price. There are, of course, several public collections of these generally overlooked objects of interest, the one at the Hotel de Cluny in Paris being, no doubt, the largest and the most valuable. Until last summer in Paris, where this fad had birth and gained a wondrous hold among fashionable men and women, the collecting of rugs did not awaken interest. They could not do so until miniatures, ivories, snuff boxes, watches, seals, fans, lace, china, glass, etc., had, in a measure, their day; and not until their marvelous and multiplied unearthing quite ceased to surprise even collectors themselves. Therefore this interest has only recently appeared on the fashionable horizon.

The rather independent views held among smart society people in London undoubtedly astonish many well-bred and well-born Americans who have the opportunity of studying English manners and customs after the most accepted London models. Here men and women of undoubted social position and rank are much less narrow in their views of life and people than are our representative Americans of "swaggerdom." "I know," says Annie Marton Lane, "a very charming American here in London, for instance, whom circumstances have compelled to come and live over on this side of the water with her husband and family. They are enormously rich; they have the world at their feet, and they should feel thoroughly independent. Mme. l'Americaine came to see me, however, the other day, and confided in me. She said she had dined the previous evening with her husband at Lady de la Mode's—and there she had met not one, but three or four well-known actresses and actors, and that they had seemed to be received quite as equals of the other guests present.

"'Now, you know,' said my countrywoman, 'theaters amuse me, and I like to go to them, but I don't care about meeting actors and actresses off the stage.'

"This remark afforded me a good deal of amusement, and it was with some difficulty that I explained to my friend the fact that in English society actors and actresses of a certain kind are sought after and courted and petted by the smartest and most exclusive people in society. The dramatic star is in the ascendant socially in London, and to express anything but pleasure in meeting many of those people who 'fret their little hour upon the stage' is absurd: Such people as Sir Henry Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mme. Cavalazzi (Mrs. Charles Mapleson), Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, and Miss Eleanor Calhoun, and many others that I could mention, it is rightly thought a privilege to know, for they are men and women who are both clever and interesting. I never can understand why, because a man or a woman happens to have a gift for portraying human emotions upon the stage, they should at once be branded as public property and put outside the pale of what is known as "exclusive" society. Because there have been, and perhaps always will be, men and women who disgrace the theatrical profession, there is no reason that they should all be tarred with the same brush.

In the Rothschild family it is the custom at the birth of each little girl to purchase six pearls, each one costing £100. Upon every birthday six more are added to the original half-dozen, so that when the young lady comes out she has presented to her a casket of magnificent and flawless gems.

To almost all families the time invariably arrives when the services of a trained nurse are a necessity. Very often people with the best intentions in the world fail to treat her in a way at once respectful to her personality and her position, yet designed to render her most useful. A well-known member of the profession, in speaking on the subject not long since, laid down these rules:

"If the nurse cannot leave the sick room, put up a cot for her, and have some one at hand to call her if needed. Never leave a sick patient alone. If the temperature is high delirium may occur.

"Serve the nurse's meals to her alone. It is not necessary for the family to be thrown with her thrice daily; she has not time to change her dress for each meal, and her uniform would be unsuitable at the family table. She will prefer to be alone. But do not let her eat in the sick room; let her come down when the household has finished, or serve her meals on a tray in an adjoining room, and serve them hot. Never ask her to go to the servants' table. The physician's dependence on the nurse insures her the respect of the family. Let her be in the fresh air half an hour daily; she will work better for it."


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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 18191—Dept. 9.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Frank P. Kelly, 101 Sansome street, rooms 21 and 22, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco.

W. R. FELTER,
Adm. of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 25, 1897.

FRANK P. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator.


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ASSESSMEMT NOTICE — BULLION MINING COMPANY — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 49) of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, room 11, No. 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 18th day of February, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 11th day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, S. F.

---

ASSESSMENT NOTICE — BEST AND BELCHER MINING COMPANY — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 26th day of January, 1897, an assessment (No. 61) of twenty-five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on 2d day of March, 1897, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Tuesday the 23d day of March, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

---

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Julia Consolidated Mining Company**

Assessment No. 28
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied January 21, 1897
Delinquent in office January 26, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, March 19, 1397

J. STADTFELD JR., Secretary.
Office, room 56, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

---

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 26
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied February 10, 1897
Delinquent in office, March 16, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 6, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary,
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

---

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF JOHN PHELAN, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN PHELAN,
Adm. of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 7, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

---

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

in one of the townships near Chicago the people once elected as judge a man known for his strict application of parliamentary rules to everything possible. Among his first cases was one of trifling importance — an assault. Epler and Delew, two Chicago lawyers who knew the judge's peculiarity, represented the defendant, and a man named Smith the prosecutor. Both sides announced that they were ready for the trial. Just as the court was about to proceed Mr. Epler rose and said, "If you honor please, I move that this case be dismissed. "I second the motion," Mr. Delew put in quickly. "It is moved and seconded that the case be dismissed," said the judge. "But, your honor," interrupted Mr. Smith, not a little surprised at such procedure. "Mr. Smith, this court has presided over meetings before, and is thoroughly familiar with parliamentary procedure—it needs no assistance from you in this matter." "But your honor——" "I shall fine you for contempt, Mr. Smith, if you continue to disturb this court." The question was then put, the judge saying, "All in favor of the motion will rise." Epler, Delew, and the prisoner rose. "Those opposed will rise." Smith and the prosecutor rose. "The motion is carried by three to two. The case is dismissed," declared the judge.

A distinguished canon of the Church of England while traveling in Egypt engaged the services of a dragoman to conduct himself and his family up the Nile. In speaking of the affair a short time afterwards the clergyman discovered that he had given the Egyptian an unusually large fee over and above the real value of his services. This alarmed the good man, as he did not wish to be considered by anyone as reckless in the use of money, and on his next meeting with the dragoman, explained the mistake. "But," he added, "although I have overpaid you grossly, I do not regret it. I only hope that you have made good use of the money." "Yes, sir," returned the Egyptian, with much gratitude and profound salaaming; "you may be very sure of that, for I have already bought another slave wife."

The old generation of Galloway lairds were a primitive and hospitable race, but their conviviality sometimes led to awkward occurrences. In former days when roads were bad and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the River Urr, at a ford at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed until her husband reached his door, when, of course, there was an immediate search made. The party who were dispatched in quest of her arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words: "No anither drap; neither het nor cauld."

The late Master of Balliol was walking one day with a student who had only just come to Oxford. The student was expatiating upon Plato, and pointing out with great emphasis the particulars in which he considered Jowett's exposition to be wrong. The Master said nothing in defense, but merely ejaculated in his chirpy way, as each point was brought out, "H'm! D'you think so?" Finally, when the walk was over, and the pair were separating, Jowett spoke. "Good morning, Mr. X. You are, I think, the most conceited puppy that ever came to Oxford!" Immediately came the answer, in exact imitation of the Master's tones, "H'm! D'you think so?"

Cecil Rhodes has so intense a prejudice against the fair sex that he will not have a woman in his service. One day his secretary, of whom he thought considerable, announced to him his intention of marrying. "What!" exclaimed the millionoire, almost overcome with surprise, "Going to be married! Where, then, am I going to get another secretary?" He left the room, banging the door. His anger soon cooled, for he remembered the bride at the time of the wedding with some splendid diamonds, and on his return to England left her the use of his horsess and carriages. But he did not retain the groom in his service.

A well-known judge, noted for his tendency to explain things to his juries, expressed in a recent case his own ideas with such force that he was surprised the jurors thought of leaving the box. They did leave it, however, and were out hours. Inquiring the trouble, the judge was told one of the twelve was standing out against the eleven. He summoned the jury, and rebuked the recalcitrant sharply. "Your honor," said the juror, "may I say a word?" "Yes, sir," said the indignant judge; "what have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only fellow that's on your side."

Not long ago a Scotch lad ran away from farm service, and, on being questioned by his friends as to the reason, he said he did not like the meat he got. "The farmer," he said, "had a sheep that deed, and I had to help to eat it. Then a calf deed, which I had to help to eat as weel. Then the auld farmer's wife deed, and I was sent to a shop for a lot o' salt. Div ye think I was gaun to stop to eat the auld woman? No likely! So I hooked it."

Lobengula, the Matabele chief, took a practical view of the death punishment. On being on one occasion remonstrated with by an Englishman for punishing people by death, he said: "The laws in your country are bad, for when a man does wrong you put him in a house and take away food from the poor people to feed him. Whereas I give him one or two warnings, and then put him in a place where he can't eat."

A person was recently explaining to some friends a motocycle — a self-propelling carriage. He told them the ins and outs of it all very knowingly, and what everything about it meant. "But," he concluded, "the only thing about it that I do not quite understand is, how the thing goes without a horse!"


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# THE WAVE

VOL XVI. No. 10 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 6, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 6, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| The U. C.'s Endowment | 4 |
| "The Dark Hour": a story from the French | 5 |
| Installing a President | 5 |
| Piutes and Ghost Dancing: by Oliver Roberts | 6 |
| Reign of King Carnival | 7 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 8 |
| Ladies' Day at Ingleside | 9 |
| A Home for Sick Babies | 10 |
| In Society | 11 |
| The Theatres | 12 |
| "The Subliminal Mind": a Review | 12 |
| "To the Lord of Potsdam": a Parody | 13 |
| The March Magazines | 14 |
| Racing: by Benedict | 16 |
| New Stories Re-Told | |


## IS IT NOT TIME FOR INTERFERENCE IN CUBA?

The telegraphic report of the summary resignation of Consul-General Lee at Havana, the reasons put forth as causing the resignation, its subsequent withdrawal and the refusal of the President to impart to the Senate the correspondence that has passed between the State Department and the Consul-General have directed more general and serious attention to the Cuban question than anything else that has occurred during the two years that have passed since the present revolt broke out in the island. Some characteristic efforts of the "new" journalism together with a widespread belief in the great ability, as liars, of Spaniards and Cubans alike, have produced an impression on the public mind that it was impossible to arrive at any safe conclusion as to the actual state of affairs in Cuba. As the State Department is supposed to have, in our Consular establishments, sources of accurate and direct information, and as it seems only reasonable to assume that the official action of that Department is guided by its own representatives, the average citizen has been inclined to believe that the policy of inaction which the Administration has resolutely pursued has been based on good reasons, even though the reasons have not been made public.

But the rupture, which even now seems to be only temporarily patched up, between the Consul-General and his superiors at Washington, has had a tendency to open many eyes which have remained contentedly closed on the faith of whatever Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney had done was undoubtedly right. On the question of the propriety of recognizing the independence, or even the belligerent status, of the Cuban republic, a majority of American citizens would probably accept as justifiable and final the decision of the Administration. Such a question is clearly not within the purview of a Consular officer. But General Lee is known to be a soldier by training, experience and habit. Such a man would undoubtedly carry into the Consular service those habits of disciplined subordination which are characteristic of the soldier, and which would enable him, much better than a Consul of purely civilian training, to carry out the directions of his superiors even when those directions are bitterly distasteful to him personally. The refusal of such a man to continue in a position in which his most important duty is to see that American citizens, native and naturalized, are assured of the protection due them at the hands of the Spanish authorities in Cuba, under our laws and our treaties with Spain, is a matter of grave significance; and when there is even remote cause for suspicion that his relinquishment of that duty, for which he was specially selected by the President, and for which he seems to be singularly well qualified, is due to lack of proper support on the part of his superiors, of his efforts on behalf of his fellow citizens in Cuba, the significance of the matter is gravely emphasized. The policy of secrecy which has been steadily pursued by Mr. Cleveland and his advisers has been calculated to arouse rather than to allay suspicion as to the motives of the Administration and its purposes in dealing with the Cuban question. Since the President's message was delivered to Congress at the opening of the session which has just closed no information in possession of the Government as to the actual condition of affairs in Cuba has been given to the Congress or to the public. General Lee was not permitted to appear before the Senate Committee which had summoned him for examination in December last, at a time when the public was eager to hear what he was not permitted to tell. The President has within a week declined to furnish to the Senate the dispatches which have passed between Secretary Olney and the Consul-eGneral. We are thus thrown back on the ordinary sources of public and unofficial intelligence, and these, with ample allowance made for the raw sensationalism of the "new" journals, and for the natural tendency of both Spaniard and Cuban to falsify and exaggerate, reveal a condition of affairs in the war-plagued island which may at any moment produce a crisis in our relations with Spain from which it may be difficult for us to extricate ourselves peaceably and with honor. The contention that a state of public war does not exist in Cuba is idle and false in the face of the fact that the insurgents have for two years maintained themselves in possession of three-fourths of the island in spite of every effort of the greatest army, numerically, that ever crossed the Atlantic, and are now, to all appearances, as strong as ever. It is true that the military exploits of the 200,000 Spaniards in arms in Cuba have not even risen to the dignity of a caricature of modern soldiership, but the Cubans can afford to be judged by their own strength as well as by the weakness and incapacity of their enemies. Maximo Gomez has not only demonstrated that he is a brave leader and a more skillful soldier than Valeriano Weyler, but also that his followers in the field are better men in arms than the Spanish conscripts who are opposed to them. There seems to be no cause to doubt that if the Cubans had had from the beginning of the contest free access to a base of military supplies they would long ago have driven the Spanish into a range even more narrow than that which they now enjoy precariously. Men who have fought so bravely and so successfully for such a cause as that of Cuba libre are soldiers who are entitled to receive civilized treatment even at the hands of foes who are only presumably civilized. Like other civilized nations the United States have their law of war, the code which humanity has devised for minimizing the horrors of war without defeating its purposes. So long as war continues to be a necessary human failing, however horrible it may be in the abstract, it can be conducted with some degree of humanity by the observance of such a code as is made obligatory on any army of the United States. When our armed enemies fall into the hands of our own troops they are treated with the respect and the care due to prisoners of war. Our soldiers are forbidden to fire on hospitals or to assail their sick and wounded enemies, and any violations of these rules are as rigorously punished as are offenses against the Articles of War. In our own civil war these rules of conduct were observed by the Federal armies toward the insurgent troops of the Confederacy. In marked contrast with this is the conduct of the Spanish commanders in Cuba. We hear nothing of prisoners of war remaining in their hands, but we have daily accounts of unfortunate prisoners who are shot in Spanish fortresses "for the crime of insurrection." We read in reputable journals of Spanish raids on Cuban hospitals and the ensuing slaughter of sick and wounded captives, and these reports remain uncontradicted. If Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney have had in their possession the information that would disprove these imputations on the honor of Spanish arms and the humanity of Spanish government, it was their duty to make it public. The policy of further secrecy, in the face of such accusations of atrocity, can only result in hastening the minds of the people and their representatives to the conclusion that, without regard to Spanish political rights or to Cuba's political wrongs, a power which cannot or will not wage civilized war shall not be permitted to wage war at all on this side of the world, and that will mean the prompt extinction of Spanish sovereignty outside of the Iberian peninsula.

## M'KINLEY'S METHOD OF CABINET-MAKING.

President McKinley's Cabinet can hardly be said to be homogeneous. The President has gathered together, for reasons of political expediency, a group of men which is remarkable in many ways, and in none more than this: That not one has been his personal friend and political follower. Mr. McKinley has not used his positions in the Cabinet to pay political debts. He seems to have chosen his political family largely because of their geographical position; one from New England, one if possible from New York, another from the South, a fourth from his home State, another from the northern tier, a Secretary of the Treasury from the middle West, a Secretary of Agriculture from a prairie State, and he has bestowed a portfolio upon the Pacific Coast to our great rejoicing, but not one of these men, from Long of Massachusetts to McKenna of California, has been a warm personal follower of the President or has contributed in any material degree to his success.

Cleveland rewarded theMugwumps by giving Gresham a seat in the Cabinet and McVeigh a foreign post, but McKinley has in no way recognized the National Democracy, which was a potent factor in his election. Cleveland took from his own State a man who had been one of his political managers and made him Secretary of War for no other reason than that he might guide him in questions of patronage. McKinley takes from his State the foremost Republican statesman in the Senate, a man more or less embittered by being forced to give place for younger and less able men in the race for President. Harrison placed at his right hand his leading rival for the nomination, while McKinley leaves Tom Reed to soak in the Speaker's chair, where possibly he may do the Administration serious damage through personal pique. In his first administration Cleveland took with him to Washington a man who had been to him all that Hanna has been to McKinley, but Hanna prefers to play his part upon the stage of the Senate. While McKinley is an exponent of the radical school of protectionists, he has chosen as his Secretary of the Treasury a strong free trader. Alongside of Sherman at the council table will sit Alger, whom Sherman in his memoirs openly accused of having bought negro delegates to a national convention, and thus defeated the ambitions of the Ohioan. In the circle there is but one man of national reputation, and he has been chiefly identified with treasury matters rather than foreign affairs. The new Attorney-General never had a case in the United States Supreme Court, and the Secretary of the Navy has been a criminal lawyer most of his life. The average age of the members of the Cabinet will exceed that of the President, and at least three of the Cabinet officers are millionaires. If McKinley is able to weld together these elements and make a harmonious and independent Cabinet such as Mr. Cleveland has had, he will prove himself a man of most eminent personal qualities. He has certainly been bold in his selections.

## THE WATER QUESTION FROM THE INVESTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

From a gentleman whose acquaintance we have enjoyed for several years and for whose veracity we vouch, comes the following communication, which tells in a simple and unaffected manner a story which brings home a truth with unmistakable force. He makes some inquiries that should be answered, indeed, demand an answer, and we invite our morning contemporary to reply to them:

Editor of "The Wave": I am a commercial traveler, with my home in San Francisco, where I have resided for upwards of twenty-nine years. Twenty years ago I was in comfortable circumstances, but bad investments and speculating in mining stocks stripped from me every penny I had accumulated. I was not too old to work, but I did have strong doubts as to my ability to retrieve my fortune—if my small savings could be called a fortune. I did not doubt my ability to support myself while health lasted, but shuddered at the thought of what might come with sickness or with age and inability to work. I believe if the choice lay between death and the alms-house or county hospital, I would readily and cheerfully embrace the former.

I obtained employment in my present position twelve years ago. From that day to this my life has been one of unceasing work and absolute self-denial. The extravagances and small luxuries of life were as enjoyable to me when poor as they were when well-to-do, but I determined to and did set my face against every expenditure of money, however small, for personal gratification that could possibly be avoided. Do not imagine all this was accomplished without a struggle, for it was far from being an easy undertaking. It was not long before my frugality was rewarded with a modest bank account. During one of my stays in San Francisco, I inquired diligently among my friends for an investment that would be safe and remunerative. I was advised to purchase gas and water stock, which I finally did, although the word "stock" itself still had terrors for me. A banker whom I had known in better days agreed to loan me a certain percentage upon the stock at a fair rate of interest, so I purchased one-third more stock than my money would pay for, leaving all the securities with the banker, he to draw the monthly dividends as they were declared and credit such dividends monthly to the principal and interest. I continued to practice rigid economy and religiously forwarded every dollar of my savings to assist in paying my indebtedness on the stock. The debt gradually disappeared. I bought another block of stock upon the same terms, and in time with combined dividends and monthly savings lifted that debt, and so for twelve years I have been doing this thing, never drawing a dollar of interest for personal use and never failing to save the major portion of my salary. To-day I have an investment that will, when the present debt is liquidated, keep me when old or sick from being a public charge in the alms-house or the county hospital. My savings are the result of hard and untiring work, a constant struggle and a constant and systematic self-denial of things which most men hold dear. I have earned every dollar of my money

honestly, and have lived a life empty of men's customary pleasures to do it.

Every year I have watched with trepidation and alarm the assaults of the politician and the demagogue upon these corporations, every year I have seen my savings and my earnings threatened, and all that I have worked so hard and denied myself so much to obtain made the subject of abusive, and I believe, unwarranted, attack. I want to ask you, sir, if there is to be no end to this thing? What is there in the shape of an investment in California that is safe? Will you tell me? In the East there are investments in plenty, I am told; but to find a safe investment is it possible that I must send my savings East, out of the State where my money was earned? In view of the constant assaults on railroad corporations, I do not feel inclined to purchase their securities. The street railway companies are now coming under the eye of the same evil forces, and reductions in rates are being threatened, so I cannot turn that way. Gas and water and electric companies are subject to vicious annual attacks. Will you, dare you, publicly recommend a single local security that a man who is not a stock sharp may buy in perfect safety, one that is not open to the assaults of every sensational newspaper and demagogic mayor and supervisor who gets into office? What am I to do? What is any man who is not an expert and a thorough business man familiar with stocks and bonds to do?

I recently read an article in your paper on the law of State regulation, which struck me with great force, and it seemed to me then as it does now, that the quicker we can in this State have this law settled, and have the rights of all parties finally and conclusively determined, the better it will be for the whole State and for its future prosperity, and certainly it will be better for the peace of mind of Yours truly, A. F.

The question asked by our correspondent—"Is there no end to this thing?"—is pertinent. It ought to be answered. The end of this agitation ought to come somewhere. Some time this community should be relieved of any necessity for this constant and unbearable annual agitation. It is a serious question how to reach it. It is doubtful if it ever will be reached so long as the present system of fixing and regulating water rates continues. If some one could devise a means to reach the end, he would earn the gratitude of every decent man in this community.

In the "Examiner" some time ago there appeared an open letter from the pen of Mr. John T. Doyle, which carried with it a suggestion of a means to secure this end. No man will charge Mr. Doyle with corporate affiliations. His tendencies, so far as they have come under our observation, are distinctly contrariwise. Perhaps his reputation in that respect may, with minds unable to think for themselves, cause these suggestions to carry something more of weight than they would if emanating from some other source. Regardless of Mr. Doyle's personality or of his well-known anti-corporate attitude, the suggestions are well worth considering for their intrinsic value.

He points out that in other cities, New York and Philadelphia, where the charge for water is vastly less than here, the difference arises out of the fact that the water works belong to the public, and that instead of their cost being charged to the consumer in his monthly water rate it is represented by municipal bonds, the interest on which is paid, not by the rate-payer, but out of the general taxes. All that the consumer is called upon to pay in these cities is the mere operating expenses, and Mr. Doyle points out that if we follow a similar plan here the consumer would only be called upon to pay $300,000 per annum as against $1,553,000. He also points out that this plan if followed here would reduce the average contribution of the rate-payers from $29.90 to $5.00, a saving of fully eighty per cent. The bonded indebtedness of the water company represents the cost of its plant, its reservoirs, its pipes, its vast properties acquired for the storage of water. The interest upon these bonds is fixed and cannot be reduced or whittled down. In fixing the water rate of the consumer, the corporation must take into account the interest due on these bonds, which amounts to some $540,000 per annum. "Whoever pays the interest on capital employed in an enterprise in effect furnishes the capital himself," says Mr. Doyle, and he asks, "Why should the sixty thousand consumers of water in San Francisco furnish the capital for supplying, storing and keeping ready for distribution all the water used and provided for use, whereas they are not the parties benefited?" Consumers of water are not benefited to the slightest extent because there is in the reservoirs of the water company double, treble and quadruple the amount of water that will be necessary for their use for ordinary domestic and bathing purposes, but the existence of that immense water supply does benefit and does serve the owners of land and of houses and of valuable stocks of merchandise which are protected from fire by it, and which would not be insurable at any bearable rate of interest were it not for the existence of it.

There are two methods by which we in San Francisco may reduce our water rates to the consumer and place the burden where it rests in the Eastern cities, namely, on property. We may as a municipality, purchase the water system outright, but this course is open to serious objection, as we have heretofore indicated. Avoiding these objections, we may pursue another method; we may fix the charge upon hydrants and place the burden of interest upon the municipality, as the Eastern cities do whose rates are quoted as being forty per cent. lower than those prevailing here. This is Mr. Doyle's solution of the problem, not ours, it is his contention, and we must confess it appeals somewhat to us. He says:

"All real estate in the city owes its permanent value to the presence all over of water under pressure in pipes, and this amounts to thousands of millions of dollars. Hundreds of millions have been saved from impending destruction by the same agency, and it is not too much to say that the foundations of the city are laid on the Spring Valley Water Works. The property therefore thus made valuable should furnish the capital for its own protection. It should pay the million and a half needed for interest on the capital involved in the works, and the consumers should pay no more than the $300,000 needed for operating expenses.

"Let me illustrate the justice of this contention by one or two examples. Take the case of a mercantile house carrying a large stock—Baker & Hamilton, Murphy, Grant & Co., Sachs Brothers, Levy, Strauss & Co., or W. W. Montague & Co. I suppose some of these concerns are carrying a stock of a million dollars, and they probably average a half million apiece. Without the water works the lowest rates for their insurance would be five per cent., or $25,000 each per annum. The water works reduce that rate to one per cent., and each of them saves $20,000 per annum thereby. What do they pay for water? Perhaps $10 per month each. The money they save the rate-payers pay for them."

The "Examiner" assumes to stand for the masses and to speak in behalf of numberless rate-payers. Why does it not advocate Mr. Doyle's method? Does it desire to punish the water company or the stockholders situated as is our correspondent, or does it really desire to relieve the consumer of the burden of rates that now rests upon him? If its purpose is to deal fairly with the corporation, and at the same time distribute equally the charges where they really seem to belong, why is not Mr. Doyle's propositon the solution of the controversy?

## *OAKLAND'S NEXT MAYOR.*

Residents of Oakland who are interested in an honest municipal government will not fail to support Captain W. R. Thomas, the Republican nominee for Mayor. The nature of the attacks that have been leveled against this gentleman, which can only emanate from candidates who are opposed to him, cannot lessen public regard for him, and must fix a character to their authors that is beneath contempt. They are slanderous, false, contemptible and mean. Every dishonest and disreputable interest in Oakland is opposed to Mr. Thomas; every blackleg and ward-striker, every foe to honest government will be against him. The respectable element of Oakland whose party affiliations chance to throw them in this election in company with such a rabble, should for the time being renounce party and vote for municipal decency, which certainly will come with Mr. Thomas' administration. This gentleman has been a resident of Oakland for many years. He is a clean, upright, able man. He is acquainted, as are few men, with the needs of the city, has its intersts at heart, and would serve the municipality as Mayor with fairness and intelligence. He has been prominently identified with every movement that made for the welfare and prosperity of his city. He is thoroughly a man of Oakland, and should by all means be elected. It will require the votes of many honest men to counteract the evil influences that will work against this gentleman, but we feel assured that decency will unite for his support and place him in the Mayor's chair.

## *THE RETORT OF SOUTH TO NORTH AND THE JUSTICE OF IT.*

The press of the south is saying some very true but very disagreeable things about the people north of Tehachapi. They charge us with a lack of spirit and of State and civic pride, if the indulgence of such a sentiment promises to cost us any money. We cannot deny that there is much of truth in this charge. The Los Angeles "Times" says:

"The trouble with the residents of Northern California is that they fail to pull together for the purpose of making known abroad the attractions of their section, and consequently they do not receive their due share of immigration. Once in a while they make a spurt in that direction, but it never lasts long."

That we, as a community, are woefully lacking in public spirit, must be admitted. Within its lines of effort the Merchants' Association has accomplished much for the city, but its work needs to be supplemented by some sort of a bureau of publicity. Even our daily and weekly papers, the only existing means of disseminating knowledge of our resources, are not patronized, except in a niggardly manner, by our mercantile houses. Pick up any one of them and compare their advertisements with those of the papers of the East, with those of Los Angeles, or even those of Sacramento, which latter city has infinitely more of civic pride than have we in San Francisco. Our great dailies are made up of two or three pages of small advertisements of clairvoyants, spiritual mediums, want ads and the like; next a page of quack doctors and patent medicines stare you in the face, the later of which come largely from the [illegible]. But in the whole mess there is not, all told, one page of reliable San Francisco business houses. The San Francisco merchant spends money in advertising, but the cheap clap-trap devices are things that catch his eye; the theater curtains, theater programmes, fences, bill-boards, souvenirs and special fakes, because they are cheap, attract him. Of course, this is merely a symptom of the disease, not the disease itself. It indicates lack of enterprise, public and private. What San Francisco needs is a severe shock to awaken it out of a hypnotic slumber before it gets beyond the awakening point. We need something that will startle us into a realizing sense of the duty we owe to the community and the dangers which overshadow it.

Some years ago the Sacramento "Bee," under the caption "Thank God," announced that the State Legislature had decided to adjourn. With its customary frankness that journal gave voice to some truths regarding the character of the members of the Legislature which, while they were well known and almost publicly confessed, so aroused the ire of the members that during the remaining days of the session an effort was made to remove the State capital from Sacramento to San Jose as a matter of punishment and reprisal. For a time matters looked serious for the capital city, and the measure threatened to pass. Finally it was defeated, but the spirit of municipal pride which fear had aroused to life, lived on. Stinging under the criticism of the streets and the general appearance of their city, the citizens of Sacramento for the first time probably in her history combined for public improvement. The result was immediately apparent. From a muddy, filthy and slatternly country town, Sacramento has within the past few years devloped into a cleanly, wholesome and altogether attractive place. Her streets are well paved and well swept, and even the new buildings erected there have taken on a character in harmony with the progressive spirit of the times. That this all grew out of the "Thank God" edition of the "Bee" and the hubbub and consequent alarm it created, there can be no doubt. The community received a shock that threatened its future welfare. If ever any community stood in need of a similar shock, it is San Francisco. We need something that will operate as a goad to our sleepy mercantile community. The certain, but slowly progressing, inroads which Portland and Los Angeles have made upon our commerce have not been sufficient to awaken us to a realizing sense of impending dangers. Something more apparent is needed.

## *COMMUNICATION.*

### *THE ANTAGONISTIC SOUTH.*

Editor of "The Wave": In the Los Angeles "Times" of the 26th is a copy of C. P. Morton's letter to your publication of a recent date. As a long-time resident, and one who has seen Los Angeles develop from a crude Spanish pueblo into a modern metropolis, we feel competent to criticise.

Mr. Morton's keen insight into the actual condition of affairs here, and his unvarnished statement of facts, is truly refreshing to one satiated with the exaggerated, highly-colored statements of the cheerful liars this side of Tehachapi, and who, by the way, are for the most part exotics, unwittingly developed proportionately to the size of their heads and their capacity for sunshine. Mr. Morton, in his summary of what has gone to make up the country, neglected to mention the money loaner and the landlord, both of which thrive here upon the sucker and the tenderfoot, and possibly to a degree unknown elsewhere in the United States.

As a matter of fact, Southern California from Santa Barbara south, is little more than a huge sanitarium, the Mecca of the unfortunate one-lunger and the man of small income, either of whom wants an occupation just remunerative enough to pay living expenses. The wonderful sunshine contributes to the balance of fair pay. The robust individual with brain and brawn finds little demand for either. The "Inns," of course, will refute this, but the "Outs," a no inconsiderable number, furnish pertinent testimony. Under present conditions, due largely to large land-holdings, and the undeveloped possibilities of an adequate irrigation system, the southern country is overcrowded. Cities of substantial growth are dependent either upon manufacturing or agricultural interests. We are without the former, and the latter are as yet scarcely developed, notwithstanding newspapers and circulars to the contrary. In the limited area of arable land of Southern California, there is now probably sufficient population and money to develop its possible resources for years to come. Nevertheless, tons of circulars and printed information are scattered broadcast over the country by Chambers of Commerce, eulogistic of this particular section, and thereby attracting hither two undesirable classes of people—the one in search of employment, and the other, the small capitalist seeking for an investment insuring an easy livelihood with little work. These latter the landlord receives with open arms, and later turns them over to the money shark, who greets them with a smile and an interest at five to twelve per cent. per month, or more if possible. A little later on, the sheriff makes their acquaintance.

We might, as a pertinent reference to the social and industrial conditions as they really are down this way, mention the fact that Los Angeles (City of the Angels?) has in the neighborhood of six hundred lawyers, and courts enough to conduct the business of a larger city, but scarcely sufficient to meet present demands. The dockets are overrun with civil cases, the lawyers are busy and fairly prosperous, all of which is ironically suggestive of the supposed serenity and harmony born of sunny days and an easy livelihood, so fondly imagined by these "heads full of sunshine and little else."

L. N.

# THE U. C.'S ENDOWMENT

## What the State Has Done for the College at Berkeley.

There may be richer colleges now than the University of California is to be in the twentieth century, but if so they can be numbered upon the fingers of one hand, and the excess of the wealthiest of them over the endowment of our own contra costa institution will not be great enough to make much difference. The truth of the matter is that the little town of Berkeley will one day hold a wonder, a group of university buildings the statliest between the two oceans, equipped with a faculty that shall be as large as was the entire student roll of the college itself in the first years of its existence.

Mrs. Hearst and other public-spirited men and women, whose names are not yet made known, have subscribed between four and five million dollars for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings that shall conform to a "Grand Plan," and last week Governor Budd signed the bill that gave to the U. C. an income of about $110,000 per annum, half of which for ten years to come is to be expended on new buildings. It is to be devoutly hoped that the regents and faculty will co-operate with Mrs. Hearst in the matter of these new buildings—to be begun, so it is said, in May of this year—so that the erection of such constructions would not in anywise interfere with the "Grand Plan."

Prior to the recent action of the Legislature the University of California had been endowed by special funds as follows:

ARTHUR CAREY [illegible]
PROFESSOR OF JURISPRUDENCE

| | |
|---|---|
| J. Clute Wilmerding Endowment | $400,000 00 |
| Hastings College of Law | 100,000 00 |
| Lick Observatory Fund | 90,018 16 |
| Michael Reese Library Fund | 50,000 00 |
| D. O. Mills Endowment | 100,000 00 |
| University Medal Fund | 3,739 72 |
| Edward Tompkins Endowment | 67,907 82 |
| Frank J. Walton Memorial Loan Fund | 2,093 45 |
| P. Charles Cole Scholarship | 1,000 00 |
| Miss Mary Jucksch Donation | 50 00 |
| Making a total of | $814,809 15 |

But besides the special endowment funds is the Consolidated Perpetual Endowment Fund of $1,930,264.00 and the amount received from the State tax of one cent on each $100 of value of taxable property of the State, which is the interest at 5 per cent. on $2,250,871.20. To these figures, however, must be added the value of the U. C. property, which includes the plant at Berkeley, the buildings, apparatus, etc., the plant on Mount Hamilton, the Medical College building in San Francisco, the United States land grant, unsold land, the Hopkins Institute and the Mary Jucksch donation, aggregating a total of $3,364,817.74. Adding this property value to the cash capital of the U. C. we get a grand total of $8,360,762.09. Eight million, three hundred and sixty thousand dollars is no mean possession for any university, but the new bill just passed by the Legislature virtually adds to this amount another two million, two hundred and fifty thousand, so that we may now make the statement that the University of the State of California is worth ten million, six hundred and ten thousand dollars.

The question has now arisen, what is the U. C. to do with all this money? The first, greatest and most crying need is for buildings. It needs no minute examination into the condition of affairs across the bay to see that there are now at the U. C. three times as many students as in 1890, but no new buildings have been added since that time. The college needs new class rooms, new lecture halls, a new gymnasium, an assembly hall and dormitories. For years the military department has been clamoring for more room, while the chemical, physical, botanical and biological laboratories are wretchedly overcrowded. There is urgent need for permanent equipment in these and in many other departments. To meet this necessity the heads of the various faculties concerned had made the following estimates:

The chemistry department asks for an expenditure of $10,000, the electrical engineering department for $10,000, the mining department for $20,000, the gymnasium for $15,000. This only in the matter of equipment. In the matter of buildings the chemistry department asks for $25,000 (additional), the agricultural department for $30,000 (additional), the physical culture department for $25,000, while the demands of some dozen other inadequate and cramped branches of the college swell the total amount asked to be expended on buildings to $315,000. However, estimates on new buildings cannot be made until the general plan now under way is completed. Buildings worthy of the State will cost at least $1,000,000.

So with the twentieth century it seems as though the U. C. was to enter upon a new lease of life, a newera of prosperity, made over and remodeled from one end of the campus to the other. The first step in that direction was when Governor Budd signed the new bill last Saturday afternoon on the Berkeley football field in the presence of the entire student body, who had turned out en masse to do honor to the occasion. The students feel a greater joy over the matter than perhaps any other of the parties concerned, though, alas for them, the new era will hardly dawn during the college days of any of the present Freshmen. But undergraduates are notably enthusiastic, and on Saturday last they celebrated the future glories of their Alma Mater—which they will only appreciate as "old grads"—with as much exuberance as though the "Grand Plan" was mature and finished before their very eyes.

THE UNIVERSITY BATALLION PASSING THE GOVERNOR'S STAFF

GOVERNOR BUDD DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS

Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, who has made himself prominent in the struggle of Greece with Turkey over Crete, is a man of much decision of character and of great ambition. He hopes some day to replace the cross upon the dome of St. Sophia, and to sit enthroned in the Turkish capital as Emperor of Constantinople. Emperor William of Germany will not further any such idea, as he and the Grecian Prince are not on speaking terms, owing to the fact that the Emperor's sister, who is the wife of Constantine, renounced the Lutheran faith for that of the Greek Church upon the occasion of her marriage.

BERNARD MOSES
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Dr. Rainsford, the New York clergyman who denounced the Bradley Martin ball, declares that if he had three million dollars to dispose of in charity he would with one million buy a a large plot of ground in the heart of the city and make a children's playground of it. With a second he would establish kindergarten schools all over New York, with accommodations sufficient for every child over three years of age in the city. And with the third million he would erect dwellings for workingmen, to be rented at a low rate, all money received from such sources to be reinvested in the erection of more tenements.

Colonel John Hay, who is to take Mr. Bayard's place, has served America many years as a diplomatist, having filled positions at Paris, Madrid and Vienna. He is a brilliant conversationalist, shines as an orator, and has, moreover, won no little distinction as a writer of humorous verse. But he does not confine himself to humor in writing. His volume, "Castilian Days," the outcome of his residence in Spain, is a more serious effort. Colonel Hay was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1861, served with distinction in the war between the North and South, and from 1870 to 1875 was connected in a journalistic capacity with the New York "Tribune."

Mrs. Bradley Martin has a fad for collecting watches, and already possesses the most complete and valuable collection of time-pieces in the country. One of the gems is a watch pendant, at one time the property of Queen Anne, and another prize of the collection is a watch set in the heart of an apricot made of onyx, the works of which are of solid gold.

## THE DARK HOUR

By CAMILLE MAUCLAIR

Luc Deraines wrote "Finis" in the middle of the last page in small capitals, and below, to the left, "Begun Ferrieres, 189—. Finished, Paris, June, 189—." Then he laid down his pen and looked around him.

Soon his eyes wandered to the table. The manuscript of the finished novel was lying there before him, rectangular and massive, with its title, "The Triumph," in huge letters, followed by a quotation from Edgar Poe, the date, and his own signature, already famous. Just at that moment it seemed to him as though something had gone out of his life. He experienced an indefinable sensation of uneasiness—the phantoms which had haunted his brain for eight months had vanished into the written pages. He fell into a train of thought, his eyes fixed vacantly on the block of paper before him, heavy, immovable, like a white centotaph covered with funeral inscriptions. It seemed to him that the room was no longer peopled with the phantoms of his imagination. The written pages had engulfed every one of them, and one novel more was but one dream less.

This singular sensation of uneasiness seemed to contend in his imagination with the natural satisfaction of having finished a long and painful work. He arose, lit a cigarette, and began to walk up and down his study, astonished that he could not feel as contented and lighthearted as formerly, when he had finished his other novels. Little by little the feeling of ennui grew upon him. He paused and examined his Claude Monet, although he already knew it by heart. Then he lounged to the window, looked at the accustomed view of Paris, and followed with his eye a procession of beautiful clouds which were slowly defiling across the horizon. Gradually they disappeared. Deraines turned about, his head empty of thought. In another moment, he was surprised to find himself standing before his etchings gazing at them stupidly. Suddenly he threw himself into a chair.

"Ah! what is the matter with me?" he exclaimed. "I actually believe I am in a bad humor."

Then swiftly and surely the profound melancholy enveloped him pitilessly. Suddenly he felt himself alone in the world, without real friends, surrounded only by a crowd of mere acquaintances, literary people, critics and journalists. He wrote to amuse himself, but he admitted that at the bottom of his heart he did not care for literature. Success had come upon him all at once on the publication of his first few novels — mingled tales of irony and passion, written in an easy style, more musical than colored, more insistent than powerful. Deraines had created a romance of idealisms, and had been fortunate enough to express in words that which many people are unable to formulate even in thought. He had worked out in several different forms the initial theme of his first effort, and now, in "The Triumph," just finished, had made a resume of his theories — had arrived at certain definite conclusions. He could go no further. Now he must either repeat himself or discover a new field. But these novels of his were no longer the playthings of his imagination. They were different phases of his very life. For the matter of that, the idea of this last novel could be found in all the preceding ones. His final conclusions could be foreseen from the opening chapter. What now was there left for him to do?

"The fact is, I cannot see anything ahead of me," Deraines admitted. "I have said everything that I could say. I have exhausted my material. It is just as well to admit it. Parbleu! I can always write pretty little novelettes. I have a public, and they would sell, but seriously, now——"

Mechanically he turned toward the manuscript that embodied his last ideas. It seemed forbidding — menacing, this heavy cube of written paper, lying on the table before him. It suggested a legal document—a will.

"A will! What an expression! I am not very gay." And he smiled mirthlessly. The aptitude of the term held his imagination, nevertheless.

"What a sham, what a weariness it is, this literature!" muttered Deraines. "People read my novels. I know beforehand precisely what the public will say—the harsh criticism of this one, the praise of another, neither of whom understand anything of my system or of my ideas. Then the avalanche of letters, and the people who come up to me on the Boulevarde, who have read the preface and the names of the chapters so that they may appear to speak intelligently. I suppose a certain class of young writers like all that, and believe that it means success. I am forty-three years of age, and have written seven volumes. The public has had enough of me. I am sure of it. They will weary of me as they have wearied of so many others before me. I pretend that I write for myself — that I am indifferent of public opinion—but nevertheless I am full of a thousand little prejudices and jealousies. I am as nervous as a novice each time a novel of mine is brought out. I make myself unhappy over the harsh censure of some idiotic critic whom I know very well has misunderstood me. I am eager for his good opinion, nevertheless. It is all one that I tell myself he is an imbecile. Ah! How utterly wearisome it all is."

Above all else, Deraines dreaded a loss of popularity. This feeling that he was a plaything of fashion, this fear that any time he might be thrown aside, entirely unnerved him. One was never sure of anything. And all this commonplace ceremonial of publication, with its rites and formalities all known in advance—how exasperating it was! Had he worked for eight months merely to see again for the seventh time the same articles, the same jealous or admiring faces, the same advertisements in the daily papers, the same grimaces of the old women who had influence, and whom it was necessary he should cultivate? He foresaw the whole scene, and was filled with unutterable disgust at the thought of going through with it once more.

A procession of disagreeable fancies thronged through his imagination. The sentiment of unreasoning melancholy grew upon him every moment. He opened his manuscript at random and read a passage. Never had his work seemed so feeble and ineffective.

"I have already said that in my fourth volume," he exclaimed. It was true. He had begun to repeat himself. And was he sure that "The Triumph" was up to the standard of his other novels? It was fatal to fall into a groove. Ah, no! Never that! To lower his standard, to publish stupid books, to piece out and rewrite old material! Never could he bring himself to that.

Deraines thought of the academicien Demarne. He too had enjoyed a rapid success with his novels of sentimental travels. He had had his little day — his era of popularity. Then the public had forgotten him, and for the last two years he had been publishing fugitive articles collected in separate volumes, in order that he might still seem to be alive. But the public knew, nevertheless, that he had written himself out. The sale of his works fell away in spite of energetic advertising. Would it end so with him? Deraines thought of it, despairingly. Had the time come when he himself must descend to such devices to maintain his waning popularity. He realized keenly how quickly an author can lose his public—can fall from the pinnacle of brilliant success into utter oblivion.

Deraines felt everything crumbling about him. It was the great crisis, come upon him suddenly with the termination of this last novel, in which it seemed his life was cloistered. He re-read the last page, where he had so confidently formulated his belief in himself and in his theories, his fine disdain of contradiction, his hope in ultimate acceptance.

"Liar!" he cried. "If the public only knew of your inconsistencies, your disbelief in your own theories, your miserable lack of confidence! 'Young Master' they call you! Master of what? You are the plaything of the public. The instant you have ceased to amuse them they will abandon you, as they have already abandoned so many others! Confidence in myself? I must make them believe I have it, or they will not be long in noticing. 'Ah, ha! he seems to be fatigued, this Deraines!' Imbeciles! You will never know how true it is. And to

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER
THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR
Taber, photo

think that I have written seven volumes, only to repeat the same idea—an idea I have even ceased to believe in!"

A feeling of disgust and utter lassitude seized upon him. He leaned upon the table, covering his face with his hands.

"Good God! I am done for! I have run my race! I am written out! You are done for, Deraines! Give up your place to a new man! Move on! You are growing old! You have lost your grip upon your public! You have lasted too long, my poor fellow!" And the tears came to his eyes and trickled between his fingers.

Then without knowing how it happened, he found himself looking into the open drawer of his desk, where he kept his revolver. For a moment his eyes fixed themselves upon it. Then his hand closed upon the butt. He drew it out, and laid before him on the table this glittering weapon, decisive and mute.

There was a noise of feet at his door, and his valet came in.

"Monsieur Deraines, there is a gentleman down stairs who would like to speak with you. It is the reporter from the 'Figaro,' who called yesterday when you were out."

"I am not at home," said Deraines, absently. The door closed.

"I must make an end of this," said Deraines. Then, as the idea of suicide assumed more definite shape in his mind, he shuddered again with a renewed feeling of disgust and weariness, muttering:

"That would be the most stupid of all."

He arose, thrust back the revolver into the drawer, and threw the manuscript upon it, and running to the door, called after his valet:

"Yes! Yes! I am at home! Show him up!"

The door opened, and a young man appeared, smiling and holding out his hand.

"A la bonne heure, my dear Master. You see I came in spite of your orders. But you seem ill. Is there anything the matter?"

"No; it is nothing," said Luc Deraines, with an effort. "I am very glad to see you," and with a vague gesture, which was the expression of all his discouragement and all his weariness, all his supine acceptance of the emptiness of life, he advanced toward the reporter.

"No, no; you don't interrupt me. Be seated."

## INSTALLING A PRESIDENT

### Reminiscences of Old-Time Inauguration Ceremonies.

Custom is law in matters of inaugural and is inexorable in its regulation of the conduct of the great ceremony, not only in the larger and broader conceptions of the affair but also in the detail and minutia of deportment, and even in the very clothes to be worn by the chief actor of the scene. Thus, no President-elect can think for a moment of taking the oath of office in anything but a suit of American cloth and manufacture. Washington established the precedent by wearing a suit of black of Massachusetts manufacture, and Lincoln went so far as to read the famous inaugural address in trousers, waistcoat and frock coat given to him by an "enterprising" Washington tailor.

Inaugurations are as different in character as can well be imagined. There has been the inauguration gay and the inauguration solemn, orderly inaugurations and riotous inaugurations, such as Jackson's, where punch was served in the front yard of the White House and an inebriated gentleman was found under a sofa of the Blue Room towards two o'clock a. m., long after the guests had departed. There once lived an Englishman named John Davis who declared in print and over his signature that he saw Jefferson ride a white horse to the Capitol building on his inauguration day and hitch the animal to the palings. The picture hit the eye of the fanciful populace and has steadily refused to fade. The truth of the matter is that Jefferson walked from his boarding-house to the Capitol escorted by a procession of citizens and a militia company, which—barring always the palings of the fence about the nation's Hall of Government, a truly delicious touch—was perhaps a more democratic method of procedure after all.

The custom of open-air inaugurations is to be traced back to Monroe's time, and arose from a quarrel between the Senate and the House over the choice of seats at the ceremonies, the Senate claiming precedence as the more dignified body and the House as the larger. A deadlock resulted, only to be broken by a compromise which provided for one open-air ceremony on the porch of the Capitol, where everybody, Senators and Representatives alike, would have an equal opportunity of seeing.

William Henry Harrison was inaugurated, as it were, with "a whoop and a bang." The fourth of March of that year, 1841, was the climax of the Tippecanoe canvass, which, if all tales are true, was the most enthusiastic and uproarious presidential campaign in the history of the country. Washington was jammed to overflowing with delegations, clubs and companies from all over the Union. Never had so great a throng been seen in the city, and so unbounded was the joy and gaiety of the occasion that the procession was obliged to march and counter-march throughout the city for fully two hours before depositing the old hero at the foot of the Capitol stairs.

Contrast this with the solemn rite of another fourth of March some twenty years later, which Stephen Fiske describes in a most readable article in the "Ladies' Home Journal":

"Regular troops were posted at intervals along Pennsylvania avenue, sharpshooters were climbing over the roofs of the houses, a mounted officer at every corner was ready to report to headquarters the passage of the procession. Detectives in plain clothes squirmed through the masses of the people. The police had been instructed to arrest for disorderly conduct any person who called the President-elect an opprobrious name or uttered a disloyal sentiment. The President and the President-elect rode in an open barouche, but this confidence in the people was more apparent than real. * * * A guard of the regular cavalry surrounded the carriage, beyond were mounted marshals four files deep. Close behind marched regiments of militia and marines fully armed. It seemed more like escorting a prisoner his doom than a President to his inauguration. Little cheering and no enthusiasm greeted the procession. Every now and then an arrest for 'disorderly conduct' was quickly and quietly made in the crowd. * * * The whole affair was as gloomy as if the President-elect was riding through an enemy's country—as indeed he was."

Under such circumstances and amidst such gloom and forebodings was Lincoln escorted to the chair of office.

His was every way an unusual inauguration. Not the least extraordinary incident connected therewith was the official introduction of himself and Mrs. Lincoln to Washington society. The elite of the Capital had gathered in the parlors of Lincoln's hotel to do him honor. Cabinet officers and their wives, foreign diplomats and ambassadors and attaches of legations accustomed to the gorgeous ceremonials of continental courts. "Presently," says Mr. Fiske, "from a side door that suggested a scene on the stage, emerged the face of Mr. Lincoln, smiling nervously; then his tall, thin, awkward body; then a long arm, and finally, at the end of his arm a dumpy little woman. He was dressed in a new suit of shiny black; she was wrapped in a white shawl. Mr. Lincoln looked at the fashionable assembly and said, in his clear, distinct voice: 'Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to present to you the long and short of the Presidency!'

"As he said 'the long' he bowed; as he said 'the short' he looked down at Mrs. Lincoln and smiled. A shudder ran through the parlors. The ladies stared at the strange couple; the gentlemen bent their heads. That man the President of the United States! That woman the first lady of the land! All the etiquette of the Republican court that had been established since the days of President Washington was violated."

During the present year one hundred and twenty-five million dollars will be expended in New York in the construction of new buildings, and the activity that exists among architects and builders as a result of this impetus has never been equaled before in the history of the metropolis. The rivalry among the capitalists seems to be for architectural attractiveness rather than of height. This promises well for the beauty of the new structures.

## PIUTES AND GHOST-DANCING

### The Making of a Medicine-Man and What Came of It.

A good deal of talk has been occasioned of late by the news of Piute outbreaks in Nevada. There is not the slightest ground for apprehension. Not one Piute in seventy-five is possessed of a rifle or would know how to use one if he had it. The trouble is no doubt merely outcome of quarrels between the Piute bucks and white woodchoppers who cut down the pine nut trees on the reservation, and thus deprive the Indians of their winter food.

It might have been different with the Piutes some years ago, at the time of the ghost dance mania that spread through the tribes. It originated with the Piutes, and the Indian who invented the now famous dance I was acquainted with, in fact I met him just at the time he was preparing himself to act as the great medicine man, the Messiah. It was like this. I had known him up and down Nevada for an ordinary Piute buck, not much different from a thousand others of his tribe. One day when I was prospecting near Walker Lake, in a desolate and forlorn piece of country, I came upon him quite suddenly sitting on a rock with his head between his hands. He was "mourning," rocking himself to and fro and keeping up a monotonous whining murmur, "Um-um, um-um." They do this sometimes—go off into the wilderness and "mourn" and half starve themselves in order to develop into medicine men. So I knew what he was about. Says I, "Hello, Jim."

"No Jim," he answers, "no Jim—Wilson Jack" (that was the name he assumed).

"What you do here, Jim?" Then he told me.

"No talk now," says he. "Bine-by heap talk. Stayum here pretty much time. Somethin' say, 'Wilson Jack! go down Walker Lake. I come down Walker Lake. No eat much, no sleep much, no drink much; stay pretty much time; cry pretty big; catch-um grasshopper; eat-um grasshopper—three, four, five—not pretty much eat; bine-by see-um pretty big. Ah, yes, bine-by see-um pretty big."

ROPING A BAD INDIAN
Taber, photo

"See what, Jim?"

"White men; pretty many, many white men, maybe so two time high as you, come along, then change-um to buffalo. Then Indian kill-um, oh yes."

Then he turned to his mourning and refused to answer or even speak again. I left him a solitary, striking figure in the widlerness, sitting on a stone bent over and mourning into his clenched fists. I suppose his fasting and mooning and mourning worked upon him till he did really begin to see things. Anyhow, the next I heard of him he was teaching the Indians the famous ghost dance. He began his mission by making rain. He got up a rain dance among the Piutes and did his medicine, and the rain came sure enough. He had phenomenal luck. He brought on—apparently—a second downpour by a second medicine. Next a scoffing Indian mocked and laughed at him, and Wilson Jack covered him with his eye and said: "I think that in a very short time you will die," which, luckily for Wilson Jack, actually came to pass. An immense crowd of Indians had heard the prophecy, and the death of the scoffer, combined with the two rainfalls, was told by runners throughout all the tribes, and Wilson Jack came to be a marvellous medicine man. Why, you should have seen the letters he received from Cherokee Indians, school-bred fellows, who wore white men's clothes, and even from some white men, too. Indians came from everywhere—from Pyramid Lake, from Lincoln county, from way up in Idaho and Montana—and he taught them the ghost dance—nothing more wonderful than a little side-step snuffle and a chant—and they took it back and taught it to their tribes, until by and by every tribe of importance in the West was dancing. Then the Sioux got hold of it—the Sioux, who are, to my thinking, the cleverest Indians of them all—and they thought they would go off the reservation and have a little dance by themselves. That's all they wanted. They wanted to dance. Perhaps they took their rifles, as you or I would do if we were going out in the country. Of course, they were off the reservation, which was not according to regulation. But if they were, it did not justify what happened. A lot of West Point chaps came along with a cavalry company or two and begin taking pat shots at the Sioux bucks, without so much as saying "by your leave." Result, Wounded Knee Creek and some thousands of dollars expense for the Government, and a lot of good men killed. Then Washington put a stop to the ghost dance and Wilson Jack lost his job. He's mad now with things in general and has gone to chopping wood somewhere near Colfax.

It is generally believed that the ghost dance was something much more exciting, a wild, screaming sort of melee that brought on hysteria and hallucination and the like. This is because the Piute ghost dance has been confounded with the sun dance of the Sioux. The sun dance has been stopped now by Washington, and for good reason. They'd drive a pole into the ground, would the Sioux, a pole like a May-pole, and would attach thongs to it, from the top to the ground, thongs of deer skin. Then the bucks would punch a hole like a loop through the fleshy part of their breasts and tie one end of the thong through it. When tney were fixed this way, they'd draw back till the thongs was pulled taut and begin to dance around the pole, their heads thrown back and their eyes fixed on the blazing sun. When the loop pulled out, as it often did, they would cut another strip of flesh and tie themselves up a second time, and keep the thing up till they dropped. Half of them died after every dance, or went blind; but those who survived were regarded with the greatest veneration.

OLIVER ROBERTS.

Michael Cudahy, who has been selected, it is said, for a father-in-law by Mr. Jack Casserley of San Francisco, is a partner in the Cudahy Packing Company of Chicago, and one of the most successful business men in the Western metropolis. Cudahy was born in Ireland, and is one of four brothers who came West and made fortunes. Michael entered the packing business with his brother John, organized the Cudahy Packing Company and subsequently became associated with P. D. Armour, with whom he controls the Omaha Stock Yards. He is well educated, and is a chemist of considerable ability, and has made the discoveries of oleomargarine, butterine and a substitute for lard. He has acquired a fortune of several million, and is rated amongst the most astute financiers of Chicago. In 1893, at the time of the World's Fair, the elder brother, John Cudahy, suspended payment, with liabilities of $1,524,000. He was not disconcerted at this enormous debt, but faced it bravely. In less than thirty days he had effected a settlement with his creditors, and thus far has met his engagements. The balance of Mr. Cudahy's indebtedness will be due next year, and he not only has enough to pay it all, but is said to possess two hundred million dollars beside. Michael and John Cudahy are the two greatest opponents the Standard Oil Company has ever known. They have entered into the fight against the great monopoly's cotton seed trust. They have captured the Ohio and Indiana fields, and are building three large refineries in which they will be able, as they have already proven, to turn out as good kerosene, lubricating oil and axle grease as come from the manufactories of the Standard. This movement on the part of the Cudahys will strike an important blow at the great monopoly and will be of incalculable benefit to the independent refiners, especially those in the Pennsylvania oil fields, who are already looking to the Cudahys to deliver them from the grasp of Rockefeller et al.

A dispatch from Constantinople some time ago announced that the Porte had given orders for the mobilization of the Turkish fleet into two squadrons. This meant war and bloodshed to most Americans, but the idea is more humorous than anything else, for the Turkish fleet consists of several small ships that a single torpedo might totally destroy and a few rotten old vessels that have been at anchor for years because of the depletion of the Sultan's treasury. The barnacles are as thick upon these old hulks as they are upon the conscience of the Porte himself.

The wife of Home Secretary Asquith, who, as Miss Margaret Tennant, was the original of "Dodo," created a sensation at a skating party party recently given in London at the Prince's Skating Club by Admiral Maxse. Instead of attending the affair well wrapped in furs and mufflers, as were the other ladies present and the men as well, the fair Dodo appeared upon the frigid scene very much unwrapped in white satin and sparkling diamonds. The effect, as may be imagined, was rather startling. But it is not difficult to think of Dodo doing such a thing.

## REIGN OF KING CARNIVAL

### The Season Ends With a Rollicking Masque at the Hopkins House.

There was no absence of the carnival spirit at last Tuesday's Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins house. It began with a rush, went through with a rush and ended in the large hours of the morning with a climax of gaiety and exuberant jollity that stamped it as the most joyful and successful masked ball—of the proper, decent sort, be it understood—ever given in San Francisco.

A PIUTE FAMILY
Taber, photo

In the first place, no fitter setting for a masque could be found than the Hopkins house itself. It is a splendid background, as more than one domino and court lady found out before the end of the evening. There was a picture in every corner, a tableau along every reach of wall, an effect upon every staircase, and in every alcove, nook and space that seemed made for showing off to best advantage the velvet train of a Juliet, the motley of a Jester or the blue and buttons of a continental officer. This would have been the case even if no decorations had been attempted, but with garlands and garlands of huge yellow roses, festoons of paper lamps, stands and clusters of ferns and hothouse plants, hanging draperies, rugs, stuffs, ribbons, panels and the like catching and holding the eye at every turn, the effect was fairy-like. When, towards ten o'clock, the grand march was formed, and the halls and stairways and ante-rooms crammed with maskers in every conceivable guise and costume, flashing and scintillating with every conceivable color and hue and shade, when the orchestras, three of them, each some twenty strong, swung off into the first waltz and the gigantic pied herald announced that the carnival had begun, there was not one among the huge throng of guests but was not glad that he was alive and dancing on the night of Mardi Gras in the year of grace of '97.

But what contributed more than anything else to the success of the evening was the spirit in which the maskers entered into the fun of the thing. It must be confessed that Western masked balls are either one of two undesirable extremes, too reserved, too stately or too gay—altogether quite too impossibly gay. The maskers of the Hopkins Institute hit the happy medium. Everybody was there that you knew; you felt that, intuitively, yet nobody was there that you knew you knew. Nine out of ten of the maskers were masked for keeps, and kept their identity as closely concealed as if they were secret service detectives. You were continually dancing with people whom you did not know from Adam—or from Eve, as the case might be—and yet who knew you and what you had hoped were your private affairs with a familiarity that was disconcerting.

Everything was all right on this memorable occasion. The music was all right, waltzes and two-steps that went to your feet with the same alacrity and effectiveness as the punch in the Art Gallery went to your head. The floor was all right, smooth as glass and only one degree less buoyant than a wire mattress. The supper was all right, the lights were all right, the costumes worn and the people who wore them all right. In a word, the Bal Masque was a success, a jolly, rollicking, merry-go-round of a dance, where every one came to be amused and in amusing himself made amusement for others.

COWBOYS BRINGING A PARTY OF RENEGADE PIUTES
Taber, photo

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

John M. Oakley, a millionaire of Pittsburg, a distinguished soldier, a well-known philanthropist, a member of the church, a husband and father, deliberately drank himself to death at the Palace Hotel this week in the company of a disreputable woman whom he had brought with him from the East. For seven days he drank steadily, eating scarcely nothing. It was a champagne debauch of a week's duration, while his heart beat slower and feebler, like a pendulum of a clock running down, and his nerves drew tighter and tighter till at length they snapped and crisped like broken banjo strings; the heart stopped, and it was time for the coroner and the reporter. There is a certain dramatic unreasonableness about this whole matter that is more striking than the actual death itself. For some fifty odd years John Oakley was at pains to build up a reputation as a good business man, a good citizen, a good father and a good husband. It has been learned that there was nothing vicious about the man. He was what the reporter calls "a prominent church member," and at the time of the Johnstown disaster was in the forefront of those who toiled to relieve the horror of the situation. The community respected him, he respected himself. Besides being a good man, he was a sensible man; he was no fool, he showed good judgment, moderation, solid business conservatism. Thus John Oakley lived for fifty years. If ever a man's character could be said to have formed it was in his case. Nothing erratic about him. His life had found its groove, and in it was running evenly. Then suddenly comes the San Francisco debauch, with the Booth woman, the man going back on every characteristic he had shown, upsetting every theory, overturning and destroying every previous idea of him. It is a sudden turn of character that no novelist even of the wildest imagination would dare put into a story. The thing is out of character with every indication of the fellow's personality. It is improbable, unheard of, absurdly forced, as unreal as the Arabian Nights and as true as Zola. Even putting the man's "goodness" and uprightness aside, one must remember that Oakley was par excellence a sensible business man, no dreamer, no erratic, hot-tempered youth, yet he plays the fool, the utter, absolute, inexcusable fool upon a scale worthy of a Caracalla. He finds a woman of a disreputable house, a woman common as the city road, goes off with her upon a debauch of two weeks' duration and drinks champagne, as a suicide would drink a poison, until he kills himself with alcohol. There is no accounting for this thing, except upon one rather feeble hypothesis—that of the natural, innate vice common to humanity in genral, slumbering and subdued in this man for fifty years suddenly rousing at the last moment, strong and vigorous from its long inertness, leaping to life all in an instant and overpowering and trampling under foot every barrier of custom and habit, every sense of restraint and temperance, clutching the man with an irresistible grip and worrying him to his dissolution ere he was aware. A strange, hideous end of an upright life; a case, perhaps, for our friend Lombroso.

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It is not good to be "unemployed" in these latter days, when any invention for removing superfluous appetite can be called food and a newspaper spread on a floor answers to the name of bed. The "unemployed" is lucky or considers himself so, if the floor on which he sleeps is surounded by four walls and topped with a roof. The newspaper is an essential element in the "bed" of the unemployed, and its use is almost universal among the houseless vagrant of a great city. For some time one is puzzled to guess just what purpose it may serve. It cannot be for the effect of softening the hardnes of the floor or of the ground, as the unemployed spread it out to one thickness, nor can it be for the sake of cleanliness, for obvious reasons. It is only upon inquiry that it is learned that the newspaper is used to take off the first chill of the ground that would otherwise penetrate the lamentably sparse clothing of the sleepers. Another make-shift of the unemployed that can be observed in the picture on the title page of this paper is the knack of adaptability of limited resources as illustrated in the conversion of shoes and waistcoat into a pillow or, more correctly speaking, a headrest—a proceeding rather significant of an entire condition of life, a certain morbid ingenuity developed and sharpened by stress of hard circumstances and dire necessity.

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The Governor debates within himself the selecoion of Harbor Commissioners to succeed Mr. Cole and Mr. Chadbourne. The places are well worth having, not only because of the salary ($4000 per annum, but for the patronage controlled. It is rather a cute way the Executive has of trying out possible candidates by means of the papers. He gives currency to a rumor about some individual or other, the press takes hold of him, and in nine cases out of ten that is the last of the applicant. When all these possibilities are disposed of, we will have a flash of the Governor's real intentions. As the situation was neatly put by a politician the other day, "Budd will give us one man from the country and another from up his sleeve." It is fairly certain that both appointees will be selected through the personal favor of the Governor, and all their gratitude will be due him directly, and not to the party organization. Two years hence he will have retired to the bourne of private life, and yet will retain a base of power of patronage through his Commissioners in office. The Front makes the foundation of an excellent machine, if the Governor should entertain further ambitions, which is very doubtful at writing, as his health is wretched.

VIEW OF MAIN HALL, WHERE KING CARNIVAL REIGNED

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You should have been at the Cuban meeting the other night. Heavens, but what a spread of oratory there was! Liberty had a hundred bass voices there, and figures of speech virtually crowded one another into the rafters. Ex-Judge Ferrall, who can turn out quite a dashing form of rhetoric when the occasion requires, had Kassuth, Washington and Brutus a-stocking through the hall. Charles Shortridge, who was not only chairman but orator, kept the eagle's wings busy. The upshot of the gathering was the announcement of a mass meeting to which all the mass meeters in San Francisco—a race not unrelated to gas meters—are invited. We will have indignant resolutions then, couched in fiery terms, and other manifestations of our sympathy and rectitude, and General Weyler nor Spain will never be a whit the wiser.

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One is led to believe that the most difficult part of the training of Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons is the compiling of that daily letter to the "Examiner." The task must prove most deadly nauseating after a time. To write one letter per day to the same person and upon the same subject and to keep it up for over a month is of necessity searching on the system. It is like eating a quail a day for thirty days. Perhaps, however, the daily letter is no new thing for the gentlemen concerned. We should remember that they are both married men, but even then we doubt if either Miss Julian or Ollie Lake were so exacting in their demands, so voracious for news as is the Monarch. Really the Monarch should have compassion upon the overworked bruisers. Why not cause to be struck off and forwarded to them printed forms with blanks left for names and dates? The result would be the same, as already the letter-writing champions have begun woefully to repeat themselves. Who is not familiar with the wording of the pug's letter on the eve of battle? The printed forms would simplify matters. We would suggest something like the following:

CARSON, Nev., March .....—The weather was ..... to-day, so I ..... ..... ..... I then returned to my quarters, and after a rub-down lunched on ..... ..... After lunch I rested until .... o'clock, then sparred .... rounds and punched the bag for ..... minutes. Mr. ....., so-called champion, is an unqualified and unmitigated.....

.....

(Three or four lines might be left blank here.) I never felt better in my career, and mean to put up the fight of my life on the seventeenth of March. I am fully aware of the importance of the coming event, and mean to win.

Signed.....

Champion of the World.

So much for the champions' difficulty over these exclusive letters. The trouble experienced by the "Examiner-Journal" in the same direction has been the slowness with which the public at large has realized that no other paper in the world has a line on the fighters authorized by the men themselves. It must be admitted, however, that the "Examiner-Journal" has scooped the world in this particular. The letters from Corbett and Fitzsimmons may lack the delicacy and literary finish of those of Mme. de Sevigne. They are, however, the only ones published, and the sooner the public realizes the fact the better. One may poke fun at the "exclusive" letters, and no doubt they are absurd, but the "enterprise" of the paper that made them such is beyond all question.

BOSWELL, JR.

TURKISH ROOM IN THE HOPKINS HOUSE

Clara Louise Kellogg, in speaking of the Metropolitan Opera Company, says that the extraordinary high prices paid to singers are not a good thing for the opera itself. She thinks the present system of enormous salaries harmful, in as much as it makes operatic production precarious undertakings, involving great financial responsibilities. Miss Kellogg, or as she is now called, Mrs. Carl Strakosch, considers Signor Sbrigba of Paris to be undoubtedly the best living vocal teacher, and in referring to Mme. Melba's recent breakdown, compared the Australian Prima Donna to Sembrich and Gerster, who broke down under similar circumstances, and at the same time intimated that the unfortunate occurrence was the result of a false vocal method. This is a quiet thrust at Mme. Marchesi, the celebrated Parisian vocal teacher, who was Melba's instructor, as well as Gerster's and Sembrich's.

"They're Out!" Springing the Australian Gate

A Corner in the Clubhouse

The Judge's Stand. Sizing Up a Race

The Biscuit-Shooter of the Restaurant

In the Club, "where they can talk it over quietly"

Blanketing the Winner

LADIES' DAY AT INGLESIDE

## A HOME FOR SICK BABIES

### The Children's Hospital — Built and Maintained by Charity.

It is the custom in San Francisco to speak of the Children's Hospital as "the most popular charity of the city," and it is rather to be regretted that it is spoken of after such a fashion, as though it were a kind of a fad or a thing to be treated with flippancy. Why not say that the hospital for little sick girls and little hurt chaps appeals more strongly to one's sentiment of humanity, takes a larger grip upon one's sympathy, arouses in a greater degree one's feeling of pity or commiseration or philanthropy—anything but the word "popular."

Nothing could be better than the management of this hospital, begun and carried on as it has been solely by charity, solely by a desire on the part of the kind-hearted to mitigate the pain and suffering of little twisted limbs and little diseased bodies. The hospital, in a sense, is free, and in another sense it is not free. In so far as it charges for services rendered in the case of well-to-do families it is not free, but it is pre-eminently so in so far as it throws wide open its doors to the children of poor parents, asking neither question nor price.

There is only one drawback about the hospital, which even the directors and president admit, namely, that it is not large enough to accommodate more children. At present but some hundred, to speak in round numbers, can be housed and attended to. The hospital has a staff of eight visiting physicians and surgeons, together with a corps of trained nurses. Besides this, however, there are a number of female internes, who live at the hospital constantly and work turn and turn about. It is one of the few hospitals in the United States who have adopted the system of female internes.

The Little Jim ward of the Children's Hospital has long been famous throughout the city and even throughout the State. Its origin dates from the time when a

THE "LITTLE JIM" WARD

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

certain woman presented herself one day at the office of the hospital in company with a little boy sadly crippled by hip disease. Unfortunately at that time the wards were full, and the little sufferer was denied admission.

"Come on, Little Jim," said the woman, as she turned to go. "There don't seem to be any place for us anywhere." So she went away, but in some manner the case touched the hearts of the management of the hospital more than any other that had come under their notice for many years. After talking it over among themselves it was decided to make a call upon the charity and philanthropy of the business men of the city. Mr. Crocker was first appealed to, and promptly responded with a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. This was the beginning of the "Little Jim ward" now one of the best organized and finely equipped hospital wards in the country.

It is the ward into which are gathered the little incurables, pitiful little flotsam and jetsom of a great city, maimed and strained and twisted sometimes out of all shape. The ward itself is a moving spectacle, each child lying quite flat upon his or her back, with great weights attached by ropes to the feet and run over pulleys at the bottom of the bed. But the little fellows are cheerful enough for all that, and shout across beds to one another and laugh—that is, when the pain doesn't twinge them—and find amusement in—what? God knows. Everything is relative after all, as well as in hospitals as in the "world outside," and perhaps the highest form of amusement that these little twisted mites are capable of is the mere negative sensation of the absence of pain.

The best of the whole thing is that Little Jim was found again after a time, and given a bed in the ward he had been influential in founding.

A bankrupt Peer cannot occupy his seat in the House of Lords during the time which elapses between his application to the courts for relief and the granting of his petition, and also until he has paid the last of the small dividends for the benefit of his creditors. This is a startling statement, but, as far as England is concerned, is a timely one, as bankruptcy has become so much a part of the social system that it needs a little palliation of some kind or other. The decision of Lord Esher will doubtless prove welcome to impecunious noblemen, but there is a drawback even his tolerance cannot palliate.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris, who has returned to America with her children to make her home with her mother, Mrs. U. S. Grant, in Washington, is even prettier and more attractive than when she left the National Capital, a bride, in 1874. Mrs. Sartoris is a year or so over forty, is a little under medium height, and her figure is very girlish. She has dark eyes and a pretty, natural, color in her cheeks, and she wears her abundant black hair in a graceful coil on the top of her head.

A Louisville man was recently brought to trial for beating his wife with a sledgehammer and abusing her in other ways. The prisoner admitted the charge, but defended his actions by declaring to the court that when he married he thought his wife a white woman, but afterwards made the discovery that she was colored, and this so enraged him that the complained of assault followed. The judge listened attentively to the man's defense, and then formally dismissed the charge, solemnly stating that the provocation was sufficient to justify the assault.

Doctor Liebeault, a French scientist who has devoted his time and energies to hypnotism, claims that it is possible to hypnotize ninety-five per cent of mankind. Recent experiments under Dr. Liebeault show that women are less liable to be hypnotized than men, because it is more difficult for a woman to fix her attention upon a given object than a man. The doctor also claims that it is impossible to make anyone hypnotized perform a crime and as equally impossible in the first place to be hypnotized against one's will.

A PLAYROOM FOR CONVALESCENTS

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Well, Deary dear, ere I am back from Santa Barbara, fully recovered in health, lusty with renewed vitality—only cast down at the thought of the coming six weeks of Lent. I did not have an altogether blissful time owing to the absurd conservatism of that Aunt Sybil. Would

MISS LEILA BURTON AS ESTHER
Thors, photo

you believe it, she actually would only allow me to speak to those people whose pedigree was obvious, who wait around, so to speak, with a neatly trimmed family tree! A collection of well preserved old bachelors and antiquated spinsters, who delighted to linger on the following topics: The lack of culture of the coming generation and the longevity of one-lungers. I nearly perished from ennui, and then to come back to Lent—I wish I were engaged—then I should not mind.

I have a theory, based upon no fact, legend nor fable, that Lent was made for herb-mooning. It is essentially the season for solitary walks, rides, tete-a-tetes and the thousand and one amusments that engaged couples delight in. But for us, who fly like humming birds from pleasure to pleasure, sipping the honey of life, it is mearly a season of boredom, varied perchance by visits to church and informal teas. I have joined ever so many classes from cooking to the study of the Rubyiat, which some aver is to take the place of the Bible as a guide to morals and manners. I hope it will, as then Lent will be a dead letter.

Let me see, what have I been doing during the past week. On Friday I went to the last meeting of the FridayFortnightly and had a perfectly glorious time. That looks superlative, but only expresses my feelings. I was called out every single time, and was actually besieged by the boys. You know it was our breaking-up party, so we had six pieces of music. The hall was prettily decorated with palms and ferns, and we had a Ludwig supper. It was all charmingly arranged. Little tables were spread in the main hall, which was so much more comfortable that standing in that crowded little room, scrambling for the food, and running the chances of having one's gown ruined with punch or lemonade. We anticipated having Mr. Greenway lead the cotillion, but he was ill, unfortunately, so Mr. Al Russell and Lieutenant Bent conducted the affair. They did admirably, too, and allowed no sneaking. The figures were really pretty and not too complicated to follow. There was a goodly gathering of army men, which added much to our enjoyment.

I think Lieutenants Nowlin, Kilbourne and Rutherford are the most popular with the girls, though we are all devoted to Lieutenant Bent. Poor man, how he and Ethel Cohen suffered at the hands of their friends. Every one insisted on congratulating them time and again, until they must have simply been exhausted. I wonder how many cups will Ethel receive? There were several exceedingly pretty girls present. Miss Prat and Miss Birkheimer, two army girls, seemed very popular. Miss Birkheimer is quite handsome. Of the debutantes Miss Salisbury in pink satin looked very well and seemed a great favorite. Miss Hopkins wore a fetching white gown. I always like her frocks, and she is so tall she shows them off to advantage. I think Alice Hoffman was the prettiest and most popular girl in the room. I quite envy her, she is so fresh and fair and strong looking. She wore a sweet girlish frock of white silk. Of the younger girls Edith Stubbs, who will not come out till '98, was the greatest favorite. I think Bernice Drown the best dancer, and so apparently do a number of the men. We danced till past one o'clock, and then, after thanking Mrs. Salisbury for the good times she had given us, retired till next season.

On Saturday I was very tired, but nevertheless determined to go to the Crocker tea in aid of one of the charities in the afternoon. It was a terrible jam, and everyone in town was there. Later I went to the Sketch Club to a charming reception. A number of the ladies wore Dutch caps, which were eminently becoming. On Sunday I just stayed in bed all day in order to be fresh for the closing meetings of the Saturday Fortnightly, which took place on Monday evening. It was a very well attended affair, and everyone seemed to succeed in having a jolly time. They are to have their regular party after Easter. The german was led by Mollie Hind and Douglas McBride. The figures did not differentiate in any especial degree from the usual marching. There are so many pretty girls in this class that it is difficult to select the belles. Those I admired the most were Marie Oge, in pale blue organdie over satin. She has so sweet an expression that it renders her face, which is really pretty, exceeding attractive. Lucy Jackson is tall, blonde and undeniably handsome.

On Tuesday evening I of course went to the Mardi Gras ball. It was the most beautiful sight I ever beheld. I went a year ago to look on, but this time I participated, and how that does change the aspect of things. I spoke to every one whom I fancied in any degree, and I did have fun. Some of the costumes were magnificent, others poor attempts, but there was so much more fancy dress than on the last occasion. I think Mollie Thomas' gown was the handsomest in the room. She went as a Venetian lady of the XVI century, wore pale blue velvet embroidered in pearls with long train. Her hair was twisted and strung with pearls. On her head she wore a round cap. Saidie Howard's costume made the sensation of the evening. She is an ex-

MISS BEATRIX LYONS
Who made her debut in society recently
Marceau, photo

ceedingly pretty girl, to begin with, and wore a short low-cut gown of pure white duchesse muslin made over satin, which gave it a stiff effect. On her head she wore a blonde wig and big picture hat. As her eyes are black and she has rosy cheeks, the effect was bewitching. Miss Blanche Partington looked lovely as a Turkish lady, and the Loie Fuller veil was so becoming. Many of the girls wore dominoes, which I hate. I went as Will o' the Wisp. My frock can be imagined, so now, good night, dear Diary. I wonder shall I have so good a time next year, but as reflections are not becoming a cricket I shall hie me to bed.

MISS CRICKET

* * *

Burlingame is threatened with a boom. Not a vulgar, wild-eyed early Californian land excitement, but a well-regulated demand for building sites by the right kind of people. The Mountford Wilsons, Joseph Crockers and Kruttschnits are all negotiating for locations and will build in the immediate future. They are looking at sites on the hill near the clubhouse, and once the deeds are signed there will be a rush of building material there and the noise of the hammer will disturb the environment. Colonel Crocker's purchase of the William Howard mansion is hailed with great pleasure by the set as it ensures his participation in the gaiety of the region. There is no doubt but that the Colonel will entertain, and he certainly makes an excellent host.

In his cellars a well-known connoisseur tells me, there are some of the best clarets and burgundies ever imported here. The Howard house is really one of the finest mansions round the bay, and especially adopted for entertaining in.

The final cotillion of the Thursday Fortnightly, or the Southern Club, was held last week under the chaperonage of Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck. It went off very nicely, and there were the usual number of pretty girls garbed in organdies and other soft looking materials. The most suggestive of the Southern novel type were Miss Churchill Jones of St. Louis, who might have stepped out of one of Cable's books; Miss Nannie Van Wyck, a picturesque looking girl, and Miss Dollie Mitchell, a dainty little brunette.

Considerable interest was evinced over the nuptials of Miss Hilda Levy and Mr. Joshua Eppinger, who were married at the Concordia Club on Tuesday evening. The personality of the participants was of more interest than usual owing to the romance connected with their engagement. They attended college together and found love more beguiling even than study. Miss Levy is a very fine looking girl, and never appeared better than in bridal array. Her gown was very artistic. An exquisitely cut satin with demi-train. The waist was high, the yoke outlined in point lace, with bouquet of orchids on the left shoulder. The veil of lace covered the entire gown, and was fastened with diamond sunburst and bunch of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Alice Bachman, Miss Daisy Schweitzer, Miss Rica Triest and Miss Sadie Hirschman, wore frocks of white satin covered in illusion and carried bouquets of bride roses. Miss Eppinger, the maid of honor, wore a handsome gown of white satin veiled in net. One of the prettiest of the costumes was that of the bride's mother, of black moire silk trimmed with duchesse lace. Mrs. John Deiglein wore grey crepe de chine over pink taffeta, trimmed with pink velvet, and Mrs. Henry Ahpel wore yellow satin covered in spangled net.

The event of the week was the dramatic performance of "The Mystery of a Misanthropic Monarch," a burlesque on the "Prisoner of Zenda," which was given at the Concor-

MRS. EPPINGER
NEE HILDA LEVY
Thors, photo

dia Club rooms on Saturday evening. It was a most laughable affair, and remarkably well done. Mr. Milton Boemer as Antoinette the Mauban was irresistibly funny, and when he was referred to by Mr. Ben Davis on entering as "Ah, here comes one of my early indiscretions," it brought down the house. Mr. Leon Greenebaum took the part of Princess Caviar with remarkable skill. Mr. Weil made a very clever Lieutenant Fitz, and Mr. Korn was inimitable as Colonel Sapt. Not only did he play the part, but looked it. Mr. Davis and Mr. Swabacher are receiving the thanks of the club for their admirable management of the affair. The ballroom was charmingly decorated and the costumes were in excellent taste. Of the younger married set, honors were divided between Mrs. Maurice Rothschild, Mrs. William S. Hochstadter, Mrs. Heller and Mrs. Ed Rothschild. Miss Rose Neustadter looked very pretty, as did Miss Loosy Wangenheim in a soft pink gown and Miss Adler in white and red looked stunning.

On Thursday evening of last week Miss Beatrix Lyons made her society debut at a reception given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyons. Miss Lyons is an attractive and interesting girl and is certain to have a distinct social success.

Like the final flicker of a candle was the burst of gaiety that brightened the last week of the season in Oakland. Lent is observed with much more strictness over there than on this side of the bay, and among the "Church" people, i. e., Catholics and Episcopalians, even small dinners are condemned. The society maidens spend their time getting ready their summer wardrobes, building up their health and improving their minds. Several of the girls have formed a basket-ball team under the leadership of Miss Nellie

MISS ROSE HOOPER AS POLLY ECCLES
Thors, photo

de Fremery. Mrs. Knox has lent her large schoolroom for the practice, and the girls are quite enthusiastic. Misses Martie and Belle Hutchinson, Miss Glascock and a number of Miss Head's old graduates belong to the club. Then there is a class devoted to "Kitchen Gardening" where the young girls train the children of the poor to wash windows, scrub floors, polish silver, etc. Certain other maidens propose to spend the six weeks in travel, Miss Isabelle Palmer and Miss Bernice Landers left on Friday for Honolulu, and Miss Ethel Moore, the Misses Welman and Miss Alexander have departed for a summer tour of China and Japan. They will not return before the end of next September.

The onus of entertainment seems to have fallen lately upon the shoulders of the younger set, the maidens who, as yet, have not made their formal entrance into society. Last week these young people vied with one another in their efforts to make the week memorable. The event par excellence was the final meeting of the Friday Fortnightly Club. It was very well attended and was followed by several jolly suppers. The german was rather disappointing. The first figure being merely a galloping of couples into one corner of the room, a division and a scramble for partners. However, the third figure redeemed the affair, as it was especially pretty. The young people formed lines divided into rectangular figures, came together and marched under crossed flags to the music of the national airs. Miss Irene Baker and Mr. Beach Soule, assisted by Miss Jean Flush led the cotillion. Miss Baker was charmingly gowned in pink pineapple cloth over pink silk with garlands of roses round the corsage and arranged as a ceinture. Miss Flush was in figured organdie over green silk. Miss Carmen Moore in white miroir silk and chiffon. There are a number of pretty girls in this club, though not nearly so many as in the Deux Temps, where it is a more difficult matter to select the

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for indigestion and agreeable to the taste

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

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ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER
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plain maidens than to pick out the prettiest. Miss Quinan struck me as being the most stunning looking girl in the room. She is a blonde of medium height, with a graceful figure and a mass of soft golden hair. She was in white organdie with pink bodice and sleeves. Miss Mary Randall made a pretty picture in flowered organdie over pink silk, and Miss Ione Fore was bewitching in a pink dotted Swiss. Miss Coit wore a fetching gown of pale sea foam silk trimmed with bands of green hunter's velvet. Of the San Francisco girls Miss Marie Oge looked charming in pale cream taffeta trimmed with cardinal velvet.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Joseph Haworth will make his appearance at the Columbia next Monday evening in a production of "Ruy Blas," the same version of the play as that used by Edwin Booth. Mr. Haworth's engagement will continue for one week, and the supporting company will include Miss Margaret Craven, who has just returned from the land of the Phadaohs, several members of the Frawley company who have recently arrived from the East, and Messrs. Fenton and Milroy, who were with Modjeska. "Ruy Blas" will be preceded by Augustus Thomas' dainty one act play, "A Man of the World."

There wil be a number of new people at the Orpheum next week, including the Jordans, who are on their way to Australia. John Burke, the comedian, who succeeded Eddie Foy in the Henderson company, Virginia Arragon, the beautiful wire walker, and the Cliftons, who will appear in an act that is said to have turned Europe upside down. The grand opera singers will give the sextette from "Lucia," and Guille and Abramoff will have new numbers.

"Jim the Penman" will be presented at the Alcazar next Monday evening, for the first time in its history at popular prices. The cast will include George Osbourne, Hugo Toland, Adele Belgarde, May Buckley and Charles Wyngate. The play will be mounted especially well and it should draw heavily.

Miss Margaret Craven has brought with her from Paris a gorgeous Worth costume which she will wear as the Queen in "Ruy Blas" at the Columbia next week. In the

MISS MARGARET CRAVEN

Who appears at the Columbia next week in "Ruy Blas"
Thors, photo

curtain raiser, "A Man of the World, which will precede "Ruy Blas," Miss Craven will appear in a new Redfern gown.

"Pinafore" will be sung at the Tivoli next week and with it will end the season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Elvia Cox Seabrooke will be Josephine, Ferris Hartman Sir Joseph Porter, and Bernice Holmes Little Buttercup. The bill will be elaborately mounted and will run through the week. Following "Pinafore" Nicolais' "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be put on, and will be the occasion of the reappearance at the Tivoli of Miss Laura Millard.

It is not generally known that we originate, write, design and print unique, out-of-the-ordinary invitations, programs, and so forth, for society affairs. That's why we mention it. WILDER & CO., 20 to 24 Geary street.


## THE THEATRES

### An Amateur Performance Which Was Worthy of Professionals.

Mammas with marriageable sons and daughters were not pleased with the selection of Robertson's play of "Cast,' which was presented at the California Theater last Monday evening. "Caste' deals with low life and a mesalliance in which a penniless girl of lowly birth who takes small parts in cheap theaters is made the heroine, and the hero is a young aristocrat who falls desperately and shockingly in love and marries, contrary to the plans and ambitions of a proud and aristocratic mother. Society is not enamored of this sort of story, and it has little if any interest in the love affairs of plumbers and the like. Young ladies who take small parts in theaters, and who have, besides, drunken and disreputable fathers, and who live a miserable existence in wretched attic apartments, are in real life shocking, and upon the stage quite unbearable as possible wives for impressionable aristocrats. So "Caste" in view of all the circumstances, was not a wise selection for the occasion. I have this upon the authority of one of the mammas. But the staging and production of the play were quite another thing. There was a polish and a finish to the performance that was quite unexpected, and pleasing as well. The company of ladies and gentlemen who presented the play did not have behind them an experience of three hundred consecutive nights in New York, so it would have been unfair to have expected from them even as clever a performance as they gave. Indeed, so clever was their handling of the play that it served to emphasize the extreme badness of some of our professional performers. The tendencies of the amateur are always to overact, and to a greater or less extent this fault was manifest in all of the young performers, with the exception of Dickman. His Eccles was from any point of view really superb, quite worthy of a professional. His makeup was artistic, his dialect admirable, and the whole presentation a finished piece of work.

The Polly of Miss Rose Hooper was sprightly, bright and vivacious, and the Marquise de St. Maur of Miss May Robeson was presented with grace and naturalness. Miss Burton, who essayed the role of Esther, was manifestly playing under a high tension, which led her at times to overact her part. Doubtless it was the result in a high state of nervousness. The young lady gave indications of capabilities along strong emotional lines, but at the same time it was apparent that she needs training down, rather than training up. Mr. Norris, as Sam Gerridge, astonished his friends a good deal. His makeup was so accurate that he might have stepped out of a south-of-Market-street plumber's establishment and been taken for one of the journeymen. Mr. Seldon Hooper as Captain Hautree was quite acceptable. Young Dr. Robinson appeared at short notice as George d'Alroy. Originally Mr. Mathieu was cast for this character, but two deaths in his family prevented him from taking part. Mr. J. C. Wilson, who would have made an admirable D'Alroy, was next pressed into service, but the death of his father, Captain Wilson, made it necessary to look elsewhere. Young Dr. Robinson was then induced to take the part, and in view of the circumstances, did remarkably well. Flowers there were in abundance, and the audience was warmly approving. Taken as a whole the performance was distinctly creditable, and that it was remunerative to the charitable institutions in whose benefit it was given the crowded house testified.

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The bills at the Baldwin and Columbia offering nothing new for review, I concluded to introduce this week's Orpheum into polite society. Your enjoyment of the Orpheum depends largely upon the seats you have assigned you, as I found upon Tuesday evening. The house was not crowded, for the night was stormy and forbidding, and the week's entertainment not especially inviting. You rub up against such queer characters at the Orpheum that the quality of your neighbor's cigar can almost make or mar your evening's enjoyment. I don't think I will ever be able to forgive a thrifty waiter who discovered three half inebriated individuals in the twenty-five cent portion of the house, and invited the aforesaid to fifty cent seats just in front of me. These favored gentlemen were not choice in their language or in their cigars, and seemed possessed of a thirst which no doubt the waiter had discovered by some system of telepathy or trick of psychology. I did not wait to see the tank scene, which was at the foot of the bill. With these three unfillable and unsatisfied tanks in

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A SCENE FROM THE AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "CASTE" AT THE CALIFORNIA
Thors, photo

front of me, there was no desire to see more. As the beer made its way to their stomachs, and thence to their heads, they generously took to including the waiter in the "treats." He was a thrifty waiter, for he simply sucked the foam from off his beer, collected his money and disappeared. Shortly another round would be ordered, including one for the waiter, and I verily believe he sold that same glass of beer to himself a half-dozen times. Occasionally one of the thirsts would wobble out, and then wobble back again with a worse cigar than its predecessor, and so, between the bad cigars, the bad language and the beer, one was not in a frame of mind to enjoy even the delights of Guille.

"She's damn good," said one of the "thirsts." I peered over their heads at a young lady in bloomers on the stage, who, if she was ever "damn good," it was not while I was looking at her.

The selection of the grand opera quartette included "Faust, "The Huegenots," "L'Africaine" and "William Tell," but while Sig. Abramoff was in the midst of the beautiful aria "Die Possenti, from "Faust," a "ge'man of color," who had been flitting to and from the barroom, stumbled and fell flat on the floor close beside me, which raised a giggle and guffaw that quite drowned all sounds from the stage. I left while the orchestra was playing the Charles Bank March, and my friends with the thirst were discussing the merits of "Mister Gaily who uster sing with Patti." B.

The French opera season commences at the California next Wednesday evening with Il Trovatore." The opera will be elaborately staged and will introduce the principal singers and the corps de ballet. On Friday evening "L'Africaine" will be sung, at the Saturday matinee "Faust," and on Saturday evening "Miss Helyett." Not since Patti and Albini were here seven years ago has San Francisco had such opera as it will have during the coming season. The company is large and thoroughly efficient, the ballet is directed by one of the ablest ballet masters in all Europe, and there will be any amount of novelty in the repertoire. The demand for seats has been enormous, and the success of the season is already assured.

"The Mikado" has been sung at the Tivoli this week with commendable dash and spirit. Many of the numbers have been awarded repeated encores, and the entire piece takes almost as well as a new opera. Ferris Hartman gets all the humor possible out of Ko-Ko, and W. H. West is a thoroughly dignified and readily insulted Pooh Bah. Arthur Boyce is vocally romantic as Nanki-Poo, and J. J. Raffael is good as the Mikado. Elvia Cox Seabrooke as that sweet child of nature Yum-Yum looks very pretty and sings as well as she looks, her song in the second act being especially well given. It is in such operas as "The Mikado" that the Tivoli company appears to best advantage, in something light and airy, full of bright, catchy music, and plenty of movement and merriment.

The coming week at the Baldwin will see the last of James A. Herne and of "Shore Acres." This idyll of New England life has been exceptionally successful in San Francisco, having been received by large audiences at every performance, and the last week of the play bids fair to exceed in attendance the two preceding it. Fanny Davenport will follow Mr. Herne in a magnificent production of Sardou's "Gismonda."

Cissy Fitzgerald, the London Gaiety girl whose wink was discovered by Alan Dole and immediately became famous, will come to the Columbia after Joseph Haworth in the new Frohman comedy, "The Founding." Miss Fitzgerald will introduce into the play some sensational dancing.

The illustrated lectures on Japanese art which were to have been given at the First Unitarian Church on March 9th and 12th by Mr. Ernest Francisco, Fenollosa, have been postponed owing to the detainment of Mr. Fenollosa in New York.

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## THE SUBLIMINAL MIND

### A Theory of Dual Personality Which Explains Psychic Phenomena.

The theory put forth in "Telepathy and the Subliminal Mind" (Henry Holt & Co.) disturbs those impressions of personal unity and independence which every man presumes to act upon. The ego, it seems, is not a single entity at all, but a corporation, in which it has the role of chairman. Under ordinary circumstances it dictates policy and answers questions, but when it is asleep or is hypnotized a second self emerges and develops strange and superior powers, of which the ego wots not. The idea of a second self is not original with Dr. R. Osgood Mason, the author of this book. It was urged by Hudson in his law of "Psychic Phenomena" as the rational interpretation of all the phenomena of telepathy, spiritualism and mesmerism. He defined an objective and a subjective mind, the former communicating with the world and its fellows through the senses, the latter endowed with powers which enabled it to see, hear and taste without the aid of eyes, ears or a palate. This subsidiary mind he held to control memory, dreams and the automatic functions of the body, but it lacks volition and the power of attention, which the objective mind possesses. Dr. Mason deduces the existence of this secondary personality from similar facts and experiences. He presents us with curious instances of clairvoyance, automatism and somnambulism, which require accounting for by some such condition. Indeed, in the light of the evidence submitted this supernormal self is developed as having a marked individuality of its own quite different in instances to that of the ordinary self. It has its own opinions and dislikes, but its sway is only assumed after a terrible shock or an aggravated illness which dislodges the seat of reason, or under hypnotic influence.

In his treatment of the several phases of psychic phenomena, Dr. Mason is very lucid. Of clairvoyance he has this to say:

From a careful consideration of the best authenticated facts and examples, we are led to believe that the faculty of clairvoyance is no supernatural gift, but may be possessed to some degree, by many, perhaps by all, people; that it it a natural condition, developed and brought into exercise by a few, but undeveloped and dormant in most; that the faculty may include not only the power of obtaining visual perceptions at a distance and under circumstances which render ordinary vision impossible, but also the perception of a general truth and the relation of things in nature to such a degree as to render the person who possesses it a teacher and prophet of seemingly supernatural endowments. Carefully excluding cases of unusual extension, or skill in using normal perceptive faculties, and also thought-transference, which, although bearing a certain relation to clairvoyance, should not be confounded with it, the phenomena of independent clairvoyance appear in certain persons under the following conditions:

In certain states brought about by disease, and at the near approach of death, in the hypnotic condition, whether self-induced or produced by the influence of a second person, and especially in the condition known as trance; it may also appear in sleep of the ordinary kind—in dreams, and especially in the condition of reverie or the state between sleeping and waking; a few persons also possess the clairvoyant faculty while in their natural condition, without losing their consciousness. In general it may be said that the faculty is most likely to appear when there exists a condition of abstraction, and the mind is acting without the restraint and guidance of the usual consciousness—and it reaches its most perfect exercise when this usual guidance ceases entirely—the body becoming inactive and anaesthetic and the mind acting independent of its usual manifesting organs. Such is the condition in trance.

This view is, of course, in direct opposition to the materialistic philosophy which makes the mind simply a "group of phenomena;" the result of organization and absolutely dependent upon that organization for its action, and even for its existence.

Among the strangest phenomena known to science are those that pertain to dual personality. We read often of men through some violent shock losing their sense of individuality and developing under new circumstances a different entity. In Binet's "Transferences of Personality" many curious instances were recorded, but no attempt was made to deduce a subliminal self. An extraordinary example of this character is submitted by Dr. Mason:

A fourth typical case is that of Alma ..., recently reported by me for "The Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases." In this case, an unusually healthy, strongly intellectual girl, an expert in athletic sport and a leader wherever she might be, on account of overwork, and finally of broken-down health, developed a second, and, later, a third personality. Each was widely different from the others, all were normal so far as a perfect knowledge of and adaptation to their surroundings were concerned, and all were of unusual intellectual force and brightness, as well as moral worth; but each was distinct, peculiar, and even in marked contrast to the others in many important characteristics. No. 1 had no knowledge of No. 2, nor of No. 3, except from circumstances and the report of others, and also from letters which passed betwen them giving information of No. 1 regarding changes which had occurred in her absence, as, for instance, of expected company or other engagement which it would be important for her to know.

An instance of this occurred at one of the concerts of a distinguished pianist a few years since. No. 3 was the reigning personality, and she was herself a lover of music and an excellent critic. Beethoven's concerto in C major was on the programme and was being performed in a most charming manner by soloists and orchestra. I was sitting near her in the box, when all at once I noticed a change in the expression of her face, which denoted the presence of No. 1. She listened with intense interest and pleasure to the performance, and at its close I spoke a few words to her and she replied in her usual charming manner. It was No. 1 without a doubt. Soon after, she leaned back in her chair, took two or three quick, short inspirations, and No. 3 was present again. She turned to me smiling and said:

"So No. 1 came for her favorite concerto. Wasn't it splendid that she could hear it?"

I said: "Yes, but how did you know she was here?

"Oh, I sat on the front of the box," she said. "I heard the music, too, and I saw you speaking to her."

He sums up the evidence and concludes thus:

The facts thus brought into view are these: That in a considerable number of persons there may be developed, either spontaneously or artificially, a second personality different in character and distinct in its consciousness and memories from the primary or original self that this second personality is not a mere change of consciousness, but in some sense it is a different entity, having a power of observation, attention and memory not only when the primary self is submerged and without consciousness or volition, but also at the same time that the primary self is in action, performing its usual offices, and in its turn it is equally capable of managing the affairs and performing the offices properly pertaining to the common body whenever needed for that purpose.

Dr. Mason regards the theory of a subliminal self as explanatory of innumerable instances of the supernatural related in history, besides the phenomena of automatism, planchette and mind reading. He calls the voices which the child Samuel heard in ministering to the High Priest Eli an instance of sensory automatism. The Demon of Socrates, the voices of Joan of Arc, the inspiration of Swedenborg are all of the same origin. In regard to the attitude the mind should take towards such communications he says:

It seems wisest, therefore, at least to examine these and all cases of automatically received messages, whether by writing, trance-speaking, dreams, visions or the hearing of voices, with a definite conception of a rea land natural cause and origin for these messages in a subliminal self, forming a definite part of each individual bearing in mind also that this subliminal self possesses powers and characteristics varying in each individual case, in many cases greatly transcending the powers and capabilities of the normal or primary self. But infallibility, though sometimes claimed, is by no means to be expected from this source, and the messages coming from each subliminal self must be judged and valued according to their own intrinsic character and merit, just as a message coming to us from any primary self, whether known or unknown to us, must be judged and valued according to its source, character and merit.

Assuming that the subliminal mind has powers of communication superior to the sensory faculties of the ordinary self the explanation which Dr. Mason offers of apparitions is not extravagant. We are often told that the characters created by Balzac in his "Comedie Humaine" had for him a tangible existence. They had become externalized—actual objects of visual perception. Another instance is that of a certain great painter, who, after carefully studying a sitter's appearance, could voluntarily project it visibly into space, and could paint the portrait from the phantom so produced.

Considering these facts, Dr. Mason's theorem is not violent. He claims that perceptions may have their origin telepathically—that is, scenes and incidents transpiring at too great a distance to affect the bodily organs of sense in a direct way, nevertheless in some way cause perceptions to arise in the mind corresponding to these scenes and incidents. He proceeds then to give instances of apparitions produced by will power, both under hypnotic and normal conditions. In each example it is shown that a definite purpose was formed by the agent to produce a certain hallucination, generally a representation of himself, and that the percepient sees the phantom thus projected under the conditions intended. Here is a case in point:

"For the last year or fifteen months I have been in the habit of mesmerizing a fellow-student of mine. The way I did it was by simply looking into his eyes as he lay in an easy position on a bed. This produced sleep. After a few times I found that this sleep was deepened by making long passes after the patient was off. Then comes the remarkable part of this sort of mesmerism." (Mr. Sparks then describes his subject's ability to see in his trance places in which he was interested if he resolved to see them before he was hypnotized). "However, it has been during the last week or so I have been surprised and startled by an extraordinary affair. Last Friday evening (January 15, 1886), he (Cleve) expressed a wish to see a young lady living in Wadsworth, and he also said he would try to make himself seen by her. I accordingly mesmerized him and continued the long passes for about twenty minutes, concentrating my will on his idea. When he came round (after one hour and tweny minutes' trance) he said he had seen her in the dining-room and that after a time she grew restless, then suddenly she looked straight at him, and then covered her eyes with her hands: just then he came round. Last Monday evening (January 18th) we did the same thing, and this time he said he thought he had frightened her, as after she had looked at him a few minutes she fell back in her chair in a sort of faint. Her little brother was in the room at the time. Of course after this he expected a letter if the vision was real; and on Wednesday morning he received a letter from the young lady, asking whether anything had happened to him, as on Friday evening she was startled by seeing him standing at the door of the room. After a minute he disappeared, and she thought it might have been her fancy; but on Monday evening she was still more startled by seeing him again and this time much clearer, and it so frightened her that she nearly fainted."

C.

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## TO THE LORD OF POTSDAM

### On Sending a Certain Telegram.

The parodies of Owen Seamen are pronounced by the critics the cleverest produced since the days of Calverly and Bon Gaultier. This poem to the Kaiser is said by the "Saturday Review" to be the best of the collection. From the "Battle of the Bays": John Lane.

Majestic Monarch! whom the other gods,
For fear of their immediate removal,
Consulting hourly, seek your awful nod's
Approval,

Lift but your little finger up to strike,
And lo! 'the massy earth is riven' (Shelley),
The habitable globe is shaken like
A jelly.

By your express permission for the last
Eight years the sun has regularly risen:
And editors, that questioned this, have passed
To prison.

In Art you simply have to say, "I shall!"
Beethoven's fame is rendered transitory;
And Titian cloys beside your clever all-egory.

We hailed you, Admiral: your eagle sight
Foresaw Her Majesty's benign intentions;
A uniform was ready of the right
Dimensions.

Your wardrobe shines with all the shapes and shades,
That genius can fix in fancy suitings;
For levees, false alarums, full parades
And shootings.

But save the habit marks the man of gore
Your spurs are yet to win, my callow Kaiser!
Of fighting in the field you know no more
Than I, Sir!

When Grandpapa was thanking God with hymns
For gallant Frenchmen dying in the ditches,
Your nurse had barely braced your little limbs
In breeches.

And doubtless, where he roosts beside his bock,
The Game Old Bird that played the leading fiddle
Smiles grimly as he hears your perky cock-a-diddle.

Be well advised, my youthful friend, abjure
These tricks that smack of Cleon and the tanners;
And let the Dutch instruct a German Boor
In manners.

Nor were you meant to solve the nations' knots,
Or be the Earth's Protector, willy-nilly;
You only make yourself and royal Pots-dam silly.

Our racing yachts are not at present dressed
In bravery of bunting to amuse you,
Nor can the licence of an honoured guest
Excuse you.

But if your words are more than wanton play
And you would like to meet the old sea-rover,
Name any course from Delagoa Bay
To Dover.

Meanwhile observe a proper reticence;
We ask no more; there never was a rumour
Of asking Hohenzollerns for a sense
Of humour!

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## THE MARCH MAGAZINES

### Depressing Conclusions About Venus — The Month's Fiction.

It is no light task examining the pile of the month's magazines. Bound together they would make a book of several thousand pages, relieved by pictures it is true, but laden with essays and discussions that require attentive reading if one purposes expressing familiarity with their contents.

I shall make no attempt here to deal with the "Forum" or the "North American Review," though neither of these highly important organs contains anything better than Woodrow Wilson's estimate of Mr. Cleveland as President, or John Fisk on the Arbitration Treaty, which are the star features of the "Atlantic," or even the "Century's contribution of "Nelson at Trafalgar," in which Captain Mahan explains technically how England's great admiral fought and the maneuvers by which he achieved his victory.

Woodrow Wilson's article on Grover Cleveland is an excellent estimate of the character of the ex-President, of whom he says: "No such great personality has appeared in our politics since Lincoln, and whether greater or less, his personality is his own, unique in all the varied history of our government." He describes him as a man without a party, but one who has made politics and altered policies after the fashion of an earlier age in our history. "He is no diplomat," he says, "but is possessed of a sort of robust sagacity."

Passing from this somewhat serious study of an eminent politician, we come to Mr. Wentworth Higginson, gossiping along in his "Cheerful Yesterdays." Now he is in the anti-slavery period, and is enterta ning and easy in a light friendship. I must not forget astronomy, however. It takes up considerable space this March. Both the "Atlantic' and "Harpers' " have articles on stars and gazers. In the first, Percival Lowell writes of "Venus in the Light of Recent Discoveries," and leaves the impression that the discoveries are of a somewhat depressing character. Venus has an atmosphere, but is destitute of polar caps, and seems to be dowered with neither vegetation nor water. He says: "It is a world which, as a world, has run its course, and it is distance alone that gives her a seeming loveliness and endows her with eternal youth. She is old and wrinkled and dead." A conclusion that dissipates a number of entertaining delusions in regard to the brightest of the planets. Henry Smith Williams in his "Astronomical Progress of the Century," furnishes a complacent frame to some very excellent pictures, but that is a combination too often a characteristic of the big magazines. In Charles F. Lummis' articles about Mexico one finds excellent reading. The illustrations are especially fine, and will doubtless develop their second usefulness in the volume form. This is the great advantages of a magazine attachment of a publishing house. Apropos of pictures one cannot but admire the execution of "Harpers' " pictures. They are always admirable, mechanically, and perfectly printed. For all that the frontispiece requires explanation. It represents a girl and a youth under a cherry tree, facing a poem. The eyes of the maid are closed. The man is steadfastly gazing at her. Can it be that she has just departed without due notice to her lover. She might have selected a more appropriate place for death, for in "Harpers' " a demise should always be conducted with due ceremony. The article on Henry G. Marquand, describing his magnificent collection of pictures together with views of his beautiful home in New York, is most readable, a verdict that cannot be passed on the story by Owen Wister, which is sadly drawn out. "The Martians" disappoints as its length is unrolled. It is certainly not destined to have the popular success which its predecessor enjoyed.

"The Century" is easily first among the monthlies this month. The introductory article, "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," is a capital and thoroughly readable article, not only entertaining but full of facts, and it blends beautifully with the second article on "The Nation's Library," and the third on "Inauguration Scenes and Incidents," by Joseph B. Bishop, which is a model harmonizing of reminiscences and detail. There is good stuff in "The Art of Large Giving," by George Iles. The "Cosmopolitan" hardly holds its own this month. The article on "Methods of Banking" seems only an attenuated frame for the portrait of bank presidents and safes. That on "Corfu and its Olive Groves," is a type setting for some excellently printed engravings. Impressive indeed is the editor's review of the currency problem. There are besides innumerable pictures, including a photographic story of a boy's trip to Europe, neither the value nor the interest of which is apparent.

To turn to the fiction of the month, I find that Crawford's "Modern Fairy Tale" ends rather weakly. The President of the Universal Trust, who has been engaged in gving people their heart's desires, discovers that the secret of happiness is love, and goes into the building and loan business. Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac" is engaged in a good deal of fighting, and is of course readable. If you are disappointed in "Front Name Dick," which is too olng for its value, turn to "The Man Who Worked for Collister" in "The Century," which is really a pleasant and graceful story, or to "An Entomological Wooing" in "Harpers'," a continuation of the charming tale of Peacney, Martin and the geese, which appeared in a previous issue. "La Gommeuse," by Belmont Davis, who bears up under the distinction of being the brother of Richard Harding of that famous ilk, is fairly good, but it has not the latter's finish. "Dead Selves," by Julia Magruder, which forms the novel in the March "Lippincott,' I have not read, but it looks good enough to get through. But if anyone wants live, vigorous, entertaining reading let him run over the description of Harvey Cheyne's trip across the continent from San Diego to Boston in "Captain Courageous" in "McClure's." Kipling alone could write such vivid, virile narrative. It is a splendid, piece of writing. The reader flies with the train across mountain and valley. It is the best railroad journey I know, and it brings nearly to a termination what is certainly this author's best novel. Here, too, is the commencement of Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives," which is said by those who have followed it in the "Pall Mall Magazine" to have something the quality which distinguished the "Master of Ballantral." Clinton Ross is also represented. Of this writer we are all having rather more than anyone bargained for, and several pages more than anyone wants. I must not forget Blanche Willis Howard's story in the "Atlantic." It is gracefully written and relieves the magazine of the reproach of weight.

C.

## NEW BOOKS OF VERSE

There are good lines, many good lines, in Emily Dickinson's "Poems," (Roberts Bros.) but they are very much like wild-flowers growing in the midst of a dense thicket, through which one must struggle to reach them. There is a queer quality—an odd originality—about Miss Dickinson's work that makes it different from that of most versifiers: it is almost too odd to be thoroughly enjoyable.

The poems of Celia Thaxter have been collected in one volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The book is attractively gotten up, and contains the poems, as near as possible, in the order of their writing. Miss Thaxter's life was an interesting and an observant one, and her work possesses a charm that is distinctly its own. Some of the songs are as rythmical and as soothing as the very breezes that blew over the Isle of Shoals and the sands of Appledore—the places the poetess loved and wrote about so well.

Johanna Ambrosius, a German "Poetess of the People," has contributed to literature a volume of poetry, which has been translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. The authoress has lived her days in a remote German village, "far from the madding crowd," and all the culture pertaining to it. She has lived her days in the fields and among the flocks. She has labored and she has suffered, and her poems bear the imprint of it to a remarkable extent. "Poems by Johanna Ambrosius" (Roberts Bros.)

In John Davidson's "New Ballads," (John Love) there is work that will easily place the author among the very foremost of modern poets. There are verses and verses in the little book as beautiful and as perfect as any that have ever been written. Mr. Davidson is not equally happy in all of the poems, nor is the smoothness of rythm sustained equally throughout, but in "A Ballad of a Poet Born" and the "Serenade," there are lines perfect in beauty and perfect in melody—matchless lines that conclusively prove his genius.


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## RACING

### Late Events at Ingleside—The Two-Year-Old Colt Race.

After a week of the most lovely weather imaginable the new month opened with a return of the wet and dreary days that deprive race-going of nearly all pleasure, interfere with training operations, reduce the strength of fields and upset all estimates of form.

With few exceptions the racing at Ingleside since last writing has brought out nothing but horses of moderate or inferior class.

Confirming her victory on December 8 last over Preston at six furlongs, Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough's handsome mare Imp. Santa Bella (St. Serf-Imp. Maiden Belle) easily vanquished Mr. Dunnes' useful gelding at the same distance again. On their first encounter there was practically nothing between them at the finish with the mare giving Preston one pound, while on this latest occasion, was in receipt of 8 pounds and passed the winning post two lengths to spare. The time of the two races was 1:15¼ and 1:15½ respectively, with track conditions about the same and W. Martin up on the gelding in both races. Preston has been a consistent performer and we may therefore conclude that we have been shown the mare's form to an ounce. She will shortly be turned out of training and bred to Imp. Ormonde this season.

We know already the result of crossing the Galopin blood with that which flows in Ormonde's veins, as witness Orme and the recent Rancho del Paso purchase Imp. Order (Sire of Ornament), and it will hardly be surprising if Santa Bella should produce for Mr. Macdonough something that will win renown for California in years to come. Her lineage, her individuality, and in some measure her performances, make this young mare a worthy mate for the premier of the stud at Menlo Park.

Last Saturday race-goers were given a treat, though the contests were in more than one instance shorn of their full interest by indifferent starts, horses with undoubted chances being left at the post.

The Schreiber stakes for two-year-old colts and geldings, four furlongs, brought out a field of eight out of 63 original entries, and was landed in fairly good style by Mr. Naglee Burke's Estro (Flambeau-Sallie G.) Time, 50¼. The little chestnut was hardly expected to beat The Cheat (Imp. Deceiver-Katie J.) who had previously earned two brackets and one second in three essays, although the former had run well a week previously across the bay. His success was in no small measure due to Tod Sloan's riding. The Cheat was second. The Burns & Waterhouse stable pulled out a nice-looking, well-grown colt named Thorpe (Morello-Deception), who was reported to be able to go one better than their smart filly Napamat, but he was sore in front and incapable of making a show. E. J. Baldwin's Emperor of Norfolk colt Rey el Santo, an unmistakable chip of the old block in appearance, was much admired in the paddock, but didn't get off with the rest and remained out of the race. The Imp. Duncombe colt Al Koran again flashed his speed just before reaching the stretch, but has not at present the strength to lay down to real work in a fast gallop. The Brutus colt, Irritator, scored a somewhat lucky win last Tuesday, and on the following day Niton (imp. Islington-Aunt Jane) demonstrated his ability to gallop by winning handily enough in a field of eight. He is a wiry, clever-looking colt, and this being the first season his sire's get are old enough to race, he has lost no time in earning credit for the family. So far this season the honors of the two-year-old racing are with the lilies.

The most attractive event of Saturday was last on the card, and, though for a purse of $400 only, afforded sport of a high class. The field consisted of Magnet, Libertine, 107 pounds each; Buckwa and David, 104 pounds each; distance, six furlongs. Tod Sloan adopted his favorite tactics and got Buckwa to the front immediately the barrier rose, the rest of the horses, Magnet, Libertine and David, following on in the order named, with from one to two lengths between each until the stretch was reached, when Magnet got on even terms with Purser's big gelding. The pair tramped it out in true race-horse fashion to the finish, Slaughter handling the chestnut with quiet firmness at the critical moment, and bringing him home cleverly by a head. Sloan on the other hand passed the judges' stand with his whip in the air, and once more proved that even a crack jockey cannot win when he is not on the best horse. Some eight lengths in the rear David and Libertine were understudying the leaders while striving to leave each other last at the wire, the former saving his bacon by a head at the finish. The performance of the latter proved clearly enough if that be necessary that stud work and racing as alternate diversions are not conducive to the display of the best galloping form, while it is equally certain that a horse, when in training, cannot do justice to himself at the stud. In the paddock the four competitors had sized up well, David being the plain one of the party. Magnet looked big and full of muscle, if anything a little too sleek, although it is no uncommon thing for horses of high class to perform at moderate distances really well if not quite their best, when seeming to the eye a bit above themselves. Buckwa appeared as hard as nails, and big withal, so that, with the prestige of his two-fold defeat of the good Mount McGregor in January last, when he was receiving 5 pounds from the latter, his party were not without reason for the confidence they displayed before the fall of the flag. Libertine looked as handsome as paint, but hardly as if he were in trim for a bustling race, while David, who invariably contrives to earn a dividend of some sort for his owner when he sports silk, seemed as fit as need be, minus the bloom of perfect condition. The race was run in the fast time of 1:13½.

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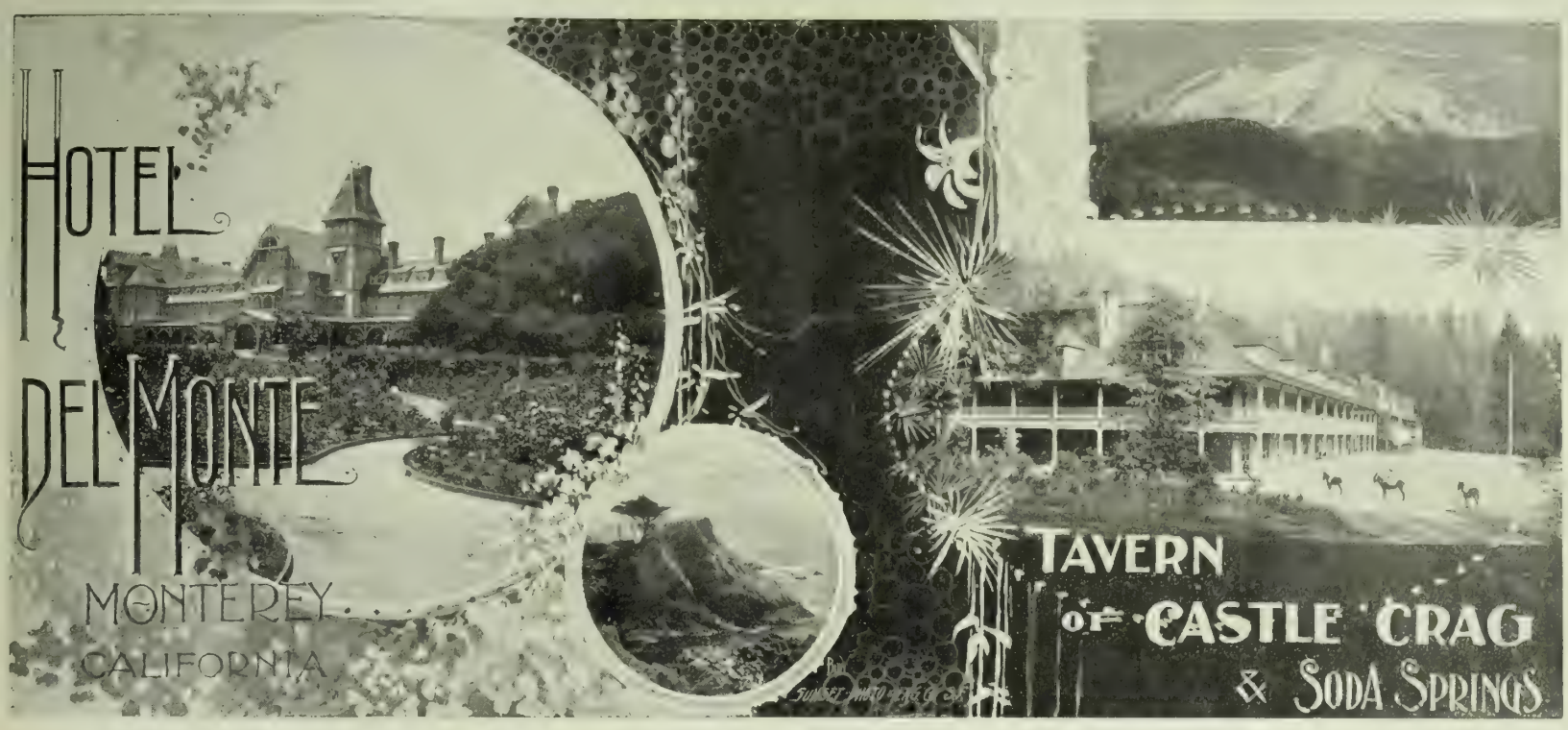


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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 54) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, San Francisco, Cal. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF JOHN PHELAN, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN PHELAN,
Adm. of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 7, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

SCOTT & McCORD
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OFFICE, 615 SIXTH ST

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 18191—Dept. 9.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Frank P. Kelly, 101 Sansome street, rooms 21 and 22, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco.

W. R. FELTER,
Adm. of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 25, 1897.
FRANK P. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 26
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied February 10, 1897
Delinquent in office, March 16, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 6, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary,
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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

An eminent painter is noted for his economical and sententious habits. One of his pupils broke a pane of glass in his studio window and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture. When the painter next entered the room, he thrust his stick through the makeshift, with the remark, "He that breaks pays." None of the class, however, took the hint, and the next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate; and so on the next day, and so on the fourth. On the fifth day, when the artist came down, there was the paper as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and, roaring "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper — and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students and then pasted over with paper.

John Ruskin was one day taking a walk in a lonely country lane near his home, when he espied a smart-looking man coming quickly towards him. The stranger looked every inch a journalist, and, firmly convinced that he was about to be interviewed, Ruskin dodged aside down a convenient bridle-path. But the stranger wouldn't be shaken off, and doggedly followed his quarry down the path, through a broken hedge, and across a meadow, at last running him to earth behind a haystack. Resigning himself to his fate, Ruskin turned and faced his tormentor. "Glad you've come to anchor at last, old man," said the latter, cheerfully. "Please tell me where I shall find a public house. I'm just about dying for a glass of beer."

A good yarn is to hand from the wilds of Australia. Two impecunious Scotsmen, traveling North in search of gold, came upon a saloon. They only had "saxpence" between them, so they ordered one "nip o' whuskey." They were hesitating who should have the first drink, when an "auld" acquaintance joined them. Pretending they had just drunk, one of them handed the newcomer the whiskey, requesting him to join them in a drink. He drank, and, after a few minutes' of painful and silent suspense, said, "Now, boys, you'll have one with me?" "Wasna that weel managed, mon?" said Number One to his pal afterwards. "Ay, it was," replied Number Two, solemnly: "but it was a dreadfu' risk!"

"Did you actually see the shot fired?" asked the judge. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the judge, sternly; "stand down!" The witness proceeded to leave the box, and, directly his back was turned to the judge, he laughed derisively. The judge, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir; but I heard you!" was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes. And this time everybody in court laughed heartily except the judge.

A countryman was being shown the whispering gallery and the stone which deadens all sound at the Capitol in Washington. After the usual experiments were completed, he astonished the guide by saying: "Mister, kin a body get a stone like that thar hyar in Washington? Yo' see, my wife gits cantankerous at times, an' she kin talk pow'ful hard when she gits started. If I could git one o' them things ter stan' on out in our kitchen, I'd be willin' ter pay well fer it."

When the Duke of Abercorn visited President Kruger of the Transvaal, he was introduced as an ex-Viceroy of Ireland. The homely President replied, "A Viceroy! A Viceroy! That is a very great personage, and I have never had the opportunity of seeing one before for, you know, I am only a peasant—the son of a shepherd." To which the Duke of Abercorn answered. "But, your honor, David was also the son of a shepherd, and nevertheless became a great king."

Ambassador Bayard was once the guest of some friends in Cambridge, and in the household of his host was a little boy of about six, who asked his father just before a function that was to be given, who was coming to the entertainment. The youngster was told that, among others, there would be the American Ambassador, upon which he naively remarked: "Papa, is he black?" "No, my son," the parent replied; "not even as black as he is painted."

The new Primate, Dr. Temple, once entered an East-end church while a mission-service was being held, and, standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman, who was singing lustily in tune. The workingman stood the dissonance as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said, in a whisper, "Here, dry up, mister; you're spoiling the show!"

A certain regiment had a very small band; but the commanding officer's feet were very large. One day the regiment was to march out, but the music was not forthcoming. "Where the deuce is the band?" queried the adjutant. For some time there was no reply, but when the question was repeated, a gruff voice was heard from the rear rank, "I believe, sor, the colonel trod on it be accident."

It was at the Alcazar Theatre. "Mr. Henry," said the stage manager, "You will take the part of Alonzo." "But I have never seen the play, sir," replied Mr. Henry. "Do you think I can please the audience in that part?" "Immensely. You die in the first act."

The late S. Teackle Wallis of Baltimore was asked by a friend if a certain rich lawyer had made his money by his practice. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Wallis, "not by his practice, but by his practices."

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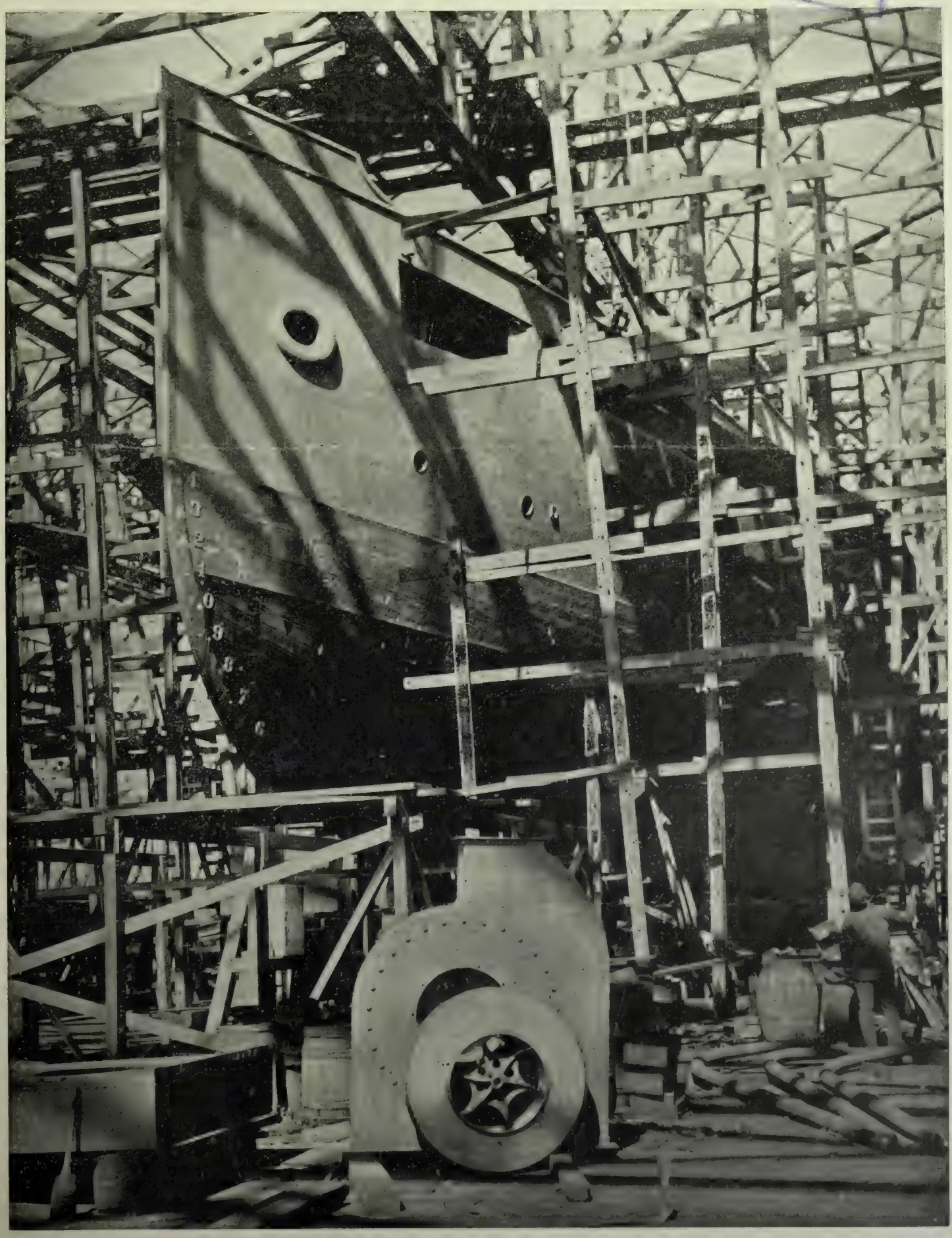

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 13, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Views Along the Line of the Proposed Boulevard | 4 |
| A Citizen-Queen | 4 |
| Stevenson's Tomb | 5 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 5 |
| The City's Pleasure-Drive | 6 |
| An Ideal Summer Home | 7 |
| Hacienda del Poso de Verona | 8–9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| "Quo Vadis": a Review | 12 |
| Personalities of the Wives of the Cabinet Ministers | 13 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 17 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE MORAL OF THAT TWENTY-THOUSAND DOLLAR FEE.

Now is the season for great rejoicing and much thanksgiving among the taxpayers, for the State Senate has decided to pay W. W. Foote and R. Y. Hayne twenty thousand dollars for being the people's "friends" and legal "counsellors" in that most stupid and uncalled for litigation known as the Railway Commissioners' case. Of course, the State Senate was not unanimous upon this point, and many honest men declined to discover just why these gentlemen were entitled to so much money. One Senator, arguing in favor of the appropriation, as though seeking to defend these gentlemen for having lost the case, stated "that every lawyer in the State knew the result of that litigation would be abortive, but he thought, nevertheless, that counsel should be paid." When asked if he believed it to be right to pay two men twenty thousand dollars of the State's money for what every lawyer in the State knew in advance would be abortive, he replied that he did, and forthwith gave proof of his willingness so to do by voting in favor of taking twenty thousand dollars out of the State treasury for the use and benefit of these distinguished anti-railroad attorneys.

This whole proceeding is a farce, if it is not something worse than that. It is downright wastefulness of money, arising out of deliberate wantonness. There never existed for a moment in the minds of well informed attorneys any question as to the power of the Board of Railway Commissioners. All the agitation, all the shrieking and howling mock-virtuous protests that went up from the "Examiner" and its followers advocating these reductions were insincere, knavish and made in bad faith. But they were successful in arousing public sentiment and in dragooning the two Democratic members of the Commission to do an illegal thing that was fruitful of litigation and deserved defeat, and now the taxpayer is paying the piper twenty thousand dollars for the dance.

Just now the same sinister and insincere forces are at work in the Board of Supervisors, urging them to a course of action with respect to gas and water rates that if followed must inevitably result in plunging the city into an equally expensive and useless piece of litigation. No doubt when that time comes, Mr. Foote, who has been the "Examiner's" favorite attorney, will come to the front as an anti-corporation man who is an expert in trying "abortive" cases. No doubt another appropriation of ten or twenty thousand dollars will be forthcoming to pay for his experimenting in the "abortive" litigation that will certainly follow.

While the Railroad Commissioners were discussing the threatened reduction "The Wave" pointed out to the Board the limit placed by law upon its powers. Had our advice been then followed, the legal experts upon "abortive" litigation would not be so rich to-day, but the State would be infinitely better off. We have indicated to the Supervisors the scope of their power in respect to gas and water rates. The law is plain, irrevocable and explicit. The experience of the State is still fresh in memory, and the influences that are urging that Board to desperate, illegal and ill-considered action have been so thoroughly discredited by the courts that it seems impossible that honest, thinking men can now be led astray by such cajollery or threats. Out of this very expensive agitation and experiment, the "Examiner" has secured some advertising, no doubt, and possibly some subscribers, but we object to the State paying the advertising bills of that journal.

## THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF MINT.

The selection of our Congressional delegation of Mr. Frank A. Leach, of the Oakland "Enquirer," for the superintendency of the Mint, is a something that is worthy of comment and of recognition. It is neither because Mr. Leach is a journalist, nor because he has ability, nor because his appointment will serve to liquidate the political debt owing to him from his party that we applaud it, though all of these things might be urged in his behalf. We regard his selection as a tribute to honest, clean and reputable journalism, of which the "Enquirer" stands typical, and we cannot but believe that this selection is a recognition of this fact, as well as of the immense service he has been to his party. The influence of money has never within our knowledge dictated, colored or modified the editorial views and expressions of his paper. Personal gain has been to him a thing without influence to guide his journalistic policy. Uniformly and unalterably he has stood for the right as he saw it, and maintained his post to the end in the face of threats and dangers. If the course of his journal has ever erred, then his judgment has been at fault, not his heart. Those whom he opposed, if they but speak the truth, must admit that his convictions were against them, not his selfish interests. If he took up the cudgel and in behalf of the public belabored individuals or great corporate interests, those whom that course happened to oppose might rest assured he was not bidding for a subsidy, and that neither money nor threats could induce him to withhold from advocating what he considered just and for the public welfare. He has steadily adhered to the right as he saw it, has avoided sensationalism and all the ruder things that go to mar modern journalism. If this course has resulted in the upbuilding of a prosperous and profitable journal, no one will regret it, and, if, in personal recognition of the man who stands at its head, his party has determined to reward him with an office that was unsought and unasked, it should be a matter for congratulation among honest men and with the press throughout the State. We congratulate the gentleman and the members of Congress who stand responsible for his choice.

## THE CORONER'S USURPATION OF POWER.

The right of the Coroner to enter the rooms and rifle the trunks and packages of strangers who have died suddenly at our public hotels ought to be more clearly defined. The claim that he is entitled to take charge of the effects and valuables of the deceased in such cases is absurd and without warrant. That the management of the Palace Hotel stood between the deputy coroners and the property and jewelry of Mr. Oakley of Pittsburg, who died recently at that hotel, is commendable. The Coroner has no more right to the custody of this property than has any other public officer. If there is any suspicion of crime attaching to a death, he has, or should have, a clear right to make a thorough investigation as to the condition of the room and be entitled as well to the possession of anything therein that might lend assistance in ascertaining the true cause of death, or fixing the crime if there be crime. But the powers claimed by this functionary are not limited to any such narrow or restricted scope. He claims the custody and possession of all the property of the deceased as a matter of right, practically usurping the powers of the Public Administrator, who has been armed with letters of administration and an order from the court.

A few weeks ago a laborer named Braun fell from the roof of the new depot building, in process of construction at the foot of Market street, and was killed. In this case there was no room for any suspicion that Braun had met his death through foul play. It was purely accidental. Notwithstanding this fact, our inquisitive and superserviceable Coroner hunted through the directory and located a man of the same initials named Brown, whom the fat-witted officer decided must be the deceased. He forthwith sent two brawny deputies to the rooms of the supposed Braun. These cheerful morgue attaches informed the ignorant landlady of the gentleman's death, and were admitted to his room, where they proceeded to rifle Brown's trunks and break open his table drawers, and gathering the effects together they removed all his possessions to the Coroner's office. It developed that the Brown whose rooms were rifled was not the Braun who was killed.

A hotel, under our laws, is responsible for the safekeeping of the property of its guests. Death does not terminate this responsibility; indeed, in the nature of things, it should increase it. If the hotel is responsible while the owner is alive and able to contribute to the care and safety of his belongings, certainly the duty rests more heavily upon the management to care for the property of the deceased who cannot contribute to its protection. The management of the Palace Hotel showed wisdom and shrewdness in refusing to permit the Coroner's deputies to handle the property found in the room of the unfortunate Mr. Oakley. The ordinary Coroner's deputy is not a man of strict probity, and would be entirely irresponsible in case anything of value was missing. Doubtless our Coroner will go on with this outrageous practice, and those who are less brave or less informed as to their rights will be imposed upon by him.

## THAT ELECTION IN OAKLAND.

The freakish tendency of the Oakland voter was developed to a remarkable extent in the recent municipal election across the bay. A few years ago Mr. John L. Davie stood for all that was antagonistic to property and inimical to political decency. He was the shrieking, agitating, howling man of Oakland politics; he was the man of mobs and mass-meetings, the man of strife and unreason. When Mr. Debs visited California, Mr. Davie very naturally honored that national-lawbreaker by presiding over the Debs meetings in Oakland and introducing him to the people; but at the late election, in which Mr. Davie was a candidate for Mayor, we are told that bankers and men of large property interest came to his support in opposition to Captain W. R. Thomas, the Republican nominee, whose whole life's course has been one consistent with decency, and with the law, and with order. Mr. Davie, although disowned by his local party, is a Populist at heart and in principle, and yet the moneyed and property interests, who, during the late campaign, were quaking in fear lest the same principles that are advocated by Mr. Davie would succeed in national politics, are reputed to have encouraged and aided toward his success in the late election.

"Municipal government is business, not politics." To this declaration "The Wave" adheres, and we have from time to time preached this very doctrine. But it is neither business nor common sense to build up a man of the character of Davie politically, particularly when he threatens to ride upon that popularity into the halls of Congress, and there join votes with his Populistic colleagues from other States. The Oakland banker or man of property who confesses to have supported Mr. Davie should hide his head in shame. We have just passed through a national crisis that should have taught him to avoid Davies and the like of him, even if they were candidates for the ignoble office of assistant deputy poundmaster. While the men of money were whining and howling during the late campaign, expressing fear and trepidation over the result and prognosticating all sorts of calamities and evils to follow the victory of Populism in national politics, it is safe to say that Mr. Davie was a man of Bryan and that Captain Thomas was a man of McKinley. We have no patience with the ingratitude and small selfishness that cropped out in the late Oakland election.

## THE DONAHUE FOUNTAIN.

Now that a decision has been reached in the settlement of the estate of Mervyn Donahue and his bequest of $25,000 for the erection of a drinking fountain at the intersection of Bush, Battery and Market streets is available, it is to be hoped that the very best results in the way of artistic design and execution will be the outcome.

The memorial to the late Richard M. Hunt, the architect, which is to be erected in the Fifth avenue wall of Central Park, New York, will cost but a similar sum. Mr. Daniel C. French's model was the one accepted, and it is expected that the memorial will be in place by next November. In form it is to be a circular seat, backed by a colonnade, the cornice of which is supported by four columns and by two pilasters. Figures of Art and Architecture stand against the pilasters, while in a niche under the frontal of the colonnade is the bust of Mr. Hunt, heroic size. This shows how much can be done with $25,000.

It is now more than seven months since Judge Angelotti rendered his decision in regard to the distribution of the Donahue estate. Yet after all this time the executors have but barely finished carrying out the

decree of distribution. The other legacies have been paid; all matters in connection with the estate, which has been in litigation ever since the filing of the will in 1890, have been settled; and now the sum of $25,000 remains in the hands of the executors, J. F. Burgin and Peter J. McGlynn, to be expended in the erection of the fountain.

It is devoutly to be desired that these gentlemen will make no mistakes in the expenditure of this money, which has practically been given to them in trust for the benefit of the citizens of San Francisco. The triangle on which the fountain is to be placed is one of the most prominent sites in the city, having a frontage of 114 feet on Market street by 91 on Bush by 43 on Battery.

Now as to the proper method of procedure to be followed that we may obtain a suitable and artistic design. Plans should be solicited from several of our best local architects, who would work in conjunction with the sculptor to accomplish the most pleasing results possible. There are any number of American sculptors of world-wide repute, whose work has been hitherto unknown in this city, but who could and should now be called upon to compete. For instance, Daniel C. French, sculptor of the Hunt memorial already mentioned. Frederick Macmonnies, whose fountain at the Columbian Exposition has been talked about the world around, and Augustus St. Gaudens, known principally through his graceful figure of Diana in gold on the tower of Madison Square Gardens. Karl Biher is still another His work at the Chicago Fair in the decoration of the great Manufactures Building has made him famous, in America at least. This is leaving out of consideration Mr. Douglas Tilden, who, with Willis Polk, has the execution of the Native Sons' monument for James D. Phelan. The executors of the Donahue will could make no better selection, among the artists of the old world, than one of these fine American sculptors. The lot upon which the fountain is to stand is worthy of a masterpiece; and from the description of the memorial designed by Daniel French we have a right to expect that $25,000, if carefully expended, will give us a beautiful and substantial work of art, as well as a drinking fountain that will be of great service to the public in so prominent a location on the main thoroughfare of our city.

Governor Budd is again offered an opportunity to popularize his administration in the way of appointments. Two vacancies in the Board of Harbor Commissioners are soon to be filled, and to the selection of the gentlemen for these places he should give most careful consideration. Some of the appointments made by Governor Budd so far during his administration have not only been extremely popular, but equally wise. Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald has made an industrious public officer, and has invested his office with an importance never before equaled. Mr. E. E. Leake is another appointee of Governor Budd, who has proved himself to be entirely capable. He will bring to the credit of this administration the solution of the river dredging problem, which ought to earn the gratitude of thousands of farmers whose lands are threatened with annual overflow. It will increase the value of the taxable property of the State, and remove obstructions and barriers from our river commerce. The recent appointment of A. S. Cooper to the position of State Mineralogist lends weight to the belief that the new Harbor Commissioners to be selected by the Governor will be men of sterling ability and distinct probity, holding a high place in the public mind. The post of Harbor Commissioner is an important one. Like that of Labor Commissioner, it has seldom fallen into the hands of men who considered the trust reposed in them as being of greater consequence than their salary. No doubt, friends of the Governor will urge upon him the appointment of men about town, "good fellows," who are both lacking in ability and in force, and no doubt, too, such men may bring to their assistance friends who are anxious to see them placed in office; but, after all, the duty rests with the Governor to select men of high ability, the mere mention of whose names will bring approbation from our commercial and mercantile world.

It is a wonder that some of our enterprising dailies have not before this published a list of our nabobs and nabobesses whose marriages would be invalid had the law recently passed concerning remarriages after divorce been in force heretofore. There are a great many men and women in this city who have married within a few months, sometimes within a few days, after they had procured divorces from their former partners. But this has now been stopped. A bill has been signed by the Governor which makes a marriage contracted within a year after a divorce invalid, and from this time forward the grass-widow and the grass-widower must perforce remain such for at least a year. The purpose of this law is not to embarrass the divorcee, but to maintain the status of the parties for the year during which an appeal is allowed to the defeated party. As the law has been, a man might be divorced to-day and his wife be remarried to-morrow. The divorced husband would then have the right of appeal within a year, and if successful in his appeal he would be entitled to the wifely affections of a woman who was another man's spouse.

## THE ANTAGONISTIC SOUTH

The Los Angeles "Times" shall not beguile us into a controversy over the resources of Southern California. We have no quarrel with its orchards or its soil or its resources. We have no quarrel with its progress or its prosperity; we have no fault to find with the great majority of its people. The discussion raised by "The Wave" was not as to whether the south was a better or more prosperous or more healthful locality than the north. Our animadversions upon our neighbors have not been prompted by any desire to steal their thunder, or to lure or entice from their sunland the Eastern tourist brought there by their liberal advertising. The grannies of newspaperdom published north of Tehachapi, who have affected to see a danger in the discussion of this subject, represent nothing but themselves. What concerns us and what we complain of is the manifest spirit of antagonism toward the north which lives in the south. It is a spirit of lying and misrepresentation that abideth down there that raise our ire, and we may go to the pains very shortly of proving to the "Times" that the spirit of which we complain is not confined to a few hackmen and real estate agents.

Since this discussion arose we have received a number of communications, some of which we have published, concerning the south, and we direct the attention of our lively southern contemporary to the fact that these letters all emanate from residents of Los Angeles, not from jealous or envious citizens living north of Tehachapi. In politics, the public officers that have been forced upon the State by the South were feeble and incompetent men. Los Angeles has something more than its quota of unscrupulous men. The glittering opportunities afforded by a land boom and the presence of gullible tourists has attracted to her the American nomad, the fellow with the thrifty, hungry, eager, furtive eye, the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, the man whose domicile is his hat, whose home is nowhere, and whose past is a blank. It has attracted to that community a class of men who follow the opportunities to make quick money without regard to the means by which it is made, and if the questionable opportunities disappear, or appear in a stronger manner in some other community, these confidence operators would quickly steal away as softly as they came, only to begin their operations among a new people. There are plenty of such cattle in the south, but the great objection we find to their presence is that they infest politics, and succeed in fastening themselves or their accomplices in public places to the detriment of the State and the public service.

One letter, which we have received from a lawyer who has been a long resident of the south, speaks in a complaining voice of the invalid attorneys who have taken up their lodgment in our sunland for the benefit of their health. The writer tells us that these men, upon whom wasting disease has made sad inroads, though often possessed of a small competency, bid against the older practitioner at prices that would cause an attorney's clerk to blush for shame should he accept the same amount for lesser services. He complains that this practice has led to the establishing of law offices in boarding houses and hotels, and that it tends to destroy the business of men long residents of this section of the State. The "Times" impudently asks our correspondent, Mr. Morton, and others who think as he does, why, if Southern California is so altogether objectionable to them, they do not return from whence they came. Perhaps they were the first comers. The letter published in last week's "Wave" came from a gentleman whose name is well known throughout the length and breadth of this State, and whose residence in Los Angeles has extended over a period of years that dates from the domination of the Spaniard there. These things are local in their nature, and we have no quarrel with them. That they do exist and that they are objections cannot concern us of the north. We refuse to stand sponsor for the issues raised by our correspondent; indeed, there does not seem to be any necessity that we should. Mr. Morton, who was our first contributor from the south, seems perfectly able to take care of himself. He has sent us a communication which he addressed to the "Times," and which that journal refused to publish. It appears in another column and is well worth reading.

Some one has said that to obtain a public office in the south one needs but have a copious expectoration and evidence of a strong desire to return to the East, and then to prevent the escape of another citizen, the people come together and nominate the threatening deserter for office.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Editor of "The Wave": The Los Angeles "Times" to-day published an editorial called "North and South," also an article entitled "An Angry Wave." Both articles refer to a letter of mine under date of February 8th, which you published. I enclose a copy of my reply to the "Times" article of to-day. If any further proof were needed of the truth of what I said in my letter of February 8th, and of what you say in your issue of February 20th, the article in the "Times" of to-day would be sufficient. I also give a copy of an article which appeared in the Los Angeles "Capital" of February 20th. The "Capital" is supposed to represent the very best Los Angeles people. The article speaks for itself. Yours very truly,

C. P. MORTON.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 26, 1897.

Editor Los Angeles "Times," Los Angeles, Cal.: In your issue of to-day you publish an editorial entitled "North and South," also an article entitled "An Angry Wave." In the editorial you intimate that my head is full of cussedness, discontent and jealousy, all because of a certain statement of mine to the San Francisco "Wave," under date of February 8th, which that paper published. You also say that I am either an ignoramus or a willful prevaricator, on account of certain other statements I made in the letter referred to.

I am not cussed, discontented or jealous. If any of these qualities appear in the letter they are the reflection of the characteristics of the people to whom I have talked, and when I want information I go to reputable residents, common, sensible merchants, lawyers, brokers, bankers, clerks, laboringmen and ranchmen, who will and do tell the truth. I do not go to people who have axes to grind, or to boom newspapers, or to those who shift their sails to suit any breeze, political or otherwise, as does the "Times," and who are constant to nothing except a conceited belief in their own importance and infallibility, nor to papers who would not hesitate to blackmail and misrepresent anything or anybody in order to serve their own purposes. Nor am I an ignoramus, nor do I make false statements, as to my assertions that the people south of Tehachapi distort and misrepresent what is north of them. Read the article in the "Capital" of February 20th, published on first page, in which occurs the following sentence referring to the proposed plan that San Francisco men have to establish in Los Angeles a bureau for giving out information in regard to the central and northern part of the State:

"They even talk of establishing a bureau here to be headquarters for those able Jaw-smiths, who will be employed to talk visitors into the delusion that there is any attraction for them north of the Tehachapi."

Let those who have seen the glorious beauties of the Yosemite, or of Kings River Canyon, who have admired San Francisco, with its beautiful location (I have never had the advantage of foreign travel, but those who have been around the world tell me there is no city so charmingly placed between the Bay and Ocean, with a healthful and invigorating climate, that Constantinople is the only city that approaches it, and that place, though celebrated for the beauty of its view, does not equal it), who have passed many a pleasant day at Monterey, who have looked up at magnificent Mt. Shasta—let them say with me whether there is anything attractive north of Tehachapi. The truth is that the best part of the State, all things considered, lies north of that range. The rest of the article is even more slanderous and untruthful. One would imagine that San Francisco was inhabited by people unfit to associate with, and the article referred to is but one of many similar and that constantly appear.

I am not an Eastern "tenderfoot," who can't make a living without working. I work as do others, but I am not wholly dependent on my efforts in Southern California, for which I am very thankful. I notice many, however, who are so dependent, who are in a sorry plight. Your scornful reference to tenderfeet does not jibe very well with the fact that the "tenderfeet" have made your country what it is, and with the other fact that you constantly flood the East with tons of printed matter to induce more of the scornfully referred to genus tenderfoot to come here, well knowing, as you do, that, if they ceased coming and bringing the money, the result would be the reverse of agreeable.

You say that I do not furnish facts and figures to substantiate my statements. I could furnish them in plenty if the game were worth the while. If there is no misrepresentation of Southern California land and resources, why did you say a few days ago that the State should take some official cognizance of colonization abuses and to put into operation some plan to protect the public?

You claim that every family in Southern California has an income of $60 per month. Then why is it that you make constant appeals for donations of food, money, clothing, etc., to be brought to the "Times" office for distribution to the poor, and why, if what you say is true, is there a call for such work as Captain Frazier has been doing here? If everything is so prosperous here, if this is the best place on earth for men to fight the battle of life, why is it that your Los Angeles county ranchmen have not, for instance, $300,000 in the bank, as the farmers of one Iowa county, the despised tenderfeet, have?

## SAMPLE OF SOUTHERN ABUSE.

Time was when the north, which means San Francisco, had nothing but contempt for the south of California, "the low counties," as they called our part of the State. Now they are planning how to induce the tourists who are attracted here by the climate, comfort and business opportunities we offer them, to go to San Francisco. They even talk of establishing a bureau here to be headquarters for those able jaw-smiths who will be employed to talk visitors into the delusion that there is anything attractive for them north of Tehachapi. It will not avail. The incoming Easterner who wants a true place—a city of open-hearted, energetic, hustling people, a climate that does not drive persons to murder and sudden death, a chance to invest his money with a certainty of deriving profit therefrom, a place that is growing, a place where his neighbors will try to help him along in his affairs and undertakings, in brief, the most charming, the liveliest, the most blessed city in the world—and in Los Angeles that is found. Those people who wish to find the opposite of the qualities above enumerated will obtain them by applying at San Francisco.—Los Angeles "Capital," Feb. 20, 1897.

Looking north along Central Avenue toward the Park

A bit of country near the Almshouse

Lake Merced: North Lake, south from the proposed Boulevard

View of the Old Almshouse Road

Where the Ocean Driveway will run

A vista of Lake Merced

## *ALONG THE LINE OF THE PROPOSED BOULEVARD*

*BITS OF SCENERY THROUGH WHICH THE CITY'S UNEMPLOYED WILL EUILD A HUNDRED-FOOT DRIVEWAY*

## A CITIZEN-QUEEN

### Once a Seamstress and Now a Mother of Empresses.

All Europe is under obligations to a middle-aged woman who once did her own sewing and gave lessons in miniature-painting. This is the bald statement of a strange fact, but all Europe acknowledges the obligation and in particular it will be subscribed to by the Prince of Wales, the Czar and Dowager Empress of all the Russias, King George of Greece, and the Duchess of Cumberland's husband, claimant of the Hanoverian crown.

The name of this woman is Louisa, and the story begins in this fashion: On a certain day of May — the 26th it was — in the year 1842, this Louisa married a young officer in the Danish Army, named Christian Glucksburg. For ten years the two were obliged to practice the most rigid economy in order to get along at all. Each received a small income—he had an allowance from his father, she a small dot. Things went along like this for ten years.

If one were writing the story of Christian and Louisa in novel form, it would be the proper idea to break off at this point and "take up the thread of the narrative some ten years later," beginning the next chapter with a description of the diplomatic tangle over the succession to the Danish crown, which occurred in 1852. The thing was in a Gorgian knot, could not be untangled in any method or manner, and so Lord Palmerston, Premier of England, wielding a diplomatic weapon called a protocol, cut the knot in two at a single stroke. When the turmoil and confusion of the affair was over, Louisa of Hesse-Cassel and Christian Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg were King and Queen of Denmark.

QUEEN LOUISA OF DENMARK

It was a sudden fillip of fortune, totally unexpected by the two parties most concerned, but made possible by the fact that Louisa was a cousin of King Frederick VII of Denmark, and that her husband, Christian, was, in Lord Palmerston's opinion, possessed of better claims to the Danish succession than were any of the other candidates. This, however, was but the beginning of things. Christian and Louisa were King and Queen of Denmark (on an income, by the way, about equal to the salary received by Mr. John Hays Hammond as superintendent of the Gold Fields Company of South Africa). They were not yet the most powerfully connected of any European family. It was not long before they began to "reach out." One day Lord Russel chanced to attend a certain naval review of the Danish fleet. While on the bridge of the flagship he noted a young midshipman going to and fro with the admiral's orders. He was a fine, manly-looking boy, with a good bearing and a good name, and Lord Russel said as much to one of his companions, who replied that he had remarked as much himself. Then says Lord Russel (he may not have said the exact words, but the sense of the spirit was the same):

KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK

"I say, let's make that chap King of Greece!"

The Greek throne was a-begging at that moment, old Otto having been bundled out of Athens, horse, foot and dragoon, by a discontented populace. No one seemed to want it, not even England, whose rulers declined it on behalf of Prince Alfred, for prudential reasons. Why not give it to the young midshipman? He had good blood in him—was, in fact, son of King Christian and Queen Louisa of Denmark. The affair was settled out of hand, and now the young midshipman is the foremost figure of Europe, making head as King George of Greece against Turkey and the Powers simultaneously, and doing much toward a speedy settlement of the eternal Eastern question. Meanwhile great things had been happening for his brothers and sisters — the remaining children of Christian and Louisa. Dagmar was the second daughter, and in 1866, was escorted to the court of Russia, and there married to Alexander, the oldest son of Nicholas, then the Czar. But the Nihilists blew up Nicholas in 1881, and the daughther of the Danish seamstress became the mother of the White Czar.

Alexandra, the first daughter of the famous Christian and Louisa, will one day be Queen of England, and is now, as the Princess of Wales, the first lady of Europe and most popular woman of British society. She was married to the Prince of Wales on the 10th of March of the year 1863—the year that was so memorable and full of such portentious incident for the reigning family of Denmark. Of the other children of this family, Thyrza is the wife of the Duke of Cumberland: Christian, heir-apparent to the Danish throne, is married to Princess Louise, daughter of Charles XV. of Sweden; King George of Greece is husband of Olga, Grand Duchess of Russia, niece of the late Czar, while Waldemar has contracted an alliance with Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, the Orleanist pretender to the French crown.

OLGA, QUEEN OF GREECE

So altogether the little whilom seamstress and miniature-painter has not done so ill after all. For one must consider that the present European "crisis," apropos of Crete and the "Unspeakable Turk," has pushed the family to the very forefront of history. It would appear that Louisa and her husband are homely bourgeois people after all (perhaps keeping royal state on a hundred thousand a year has something to do with it), and that the King is something of the "citizen" variety, such as Louis Philippe—loved more than respected. At any day he can be seen going about the streets of Copenhagen, quite unattended save by a dog or two, nor is it considered etiquette (he himself desired the custom) on the part of his subjects, to remove their hats, or upon his passage, to salute him in any way.

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The decoration of the Golden Rose, which is to be bestowed by the Pope this year upon the Princess Marie Louise, wife of the future King of Wurtemburg, is not, as most people imagine, a single flower. It is a golden branch, full of thorns and covered with leaves, buds and flowers, the topmost rose being the largest. It is all wrought in pure gold and within is a small receptacle, generally a tiny cup with a lid over it, containing palm and musk, placed there by the pope when blessing the flower. The branch is planted in a golden vase with the armorial bearings of both donor and recipient. There is much ceremony attached to the presentation of this coveted decoration, religious and civil. It is blessed by the Pope on Mid-Lent Sunday, and the Papal official who conveys the gift to the royal recipient is vested with all the attributes and privileges of a full-fledged ambassador, and is accorded all the honors, military and otherwise, that are paid to dignitaries of that importance.

GEORGIOS I. OF GREECE

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Governor Bushnell of Ohio, who is considerable of a humorist and a good companion generally, went to see "Secret Service" at the Garrick Theater on a recent visit to New York. As the play proceeded the Governor's interest increased, and in one scene, where a negro servitor extracts the cartridges from the guns and replaces them with blanks to make harmelss the weapons of the firing squad, the Governor became visibly excited. He knows a thing or two about guns, as he is a large manufacturer of machinery. One of his friends, noting his intense interest, asked him what he thought of the scene. "I don't remember that we had ball cartridges in those days," said the Governor, drolly. "Mine was an old muzzle loader." So much for dramatic realism.

PRINCESS OF WALES

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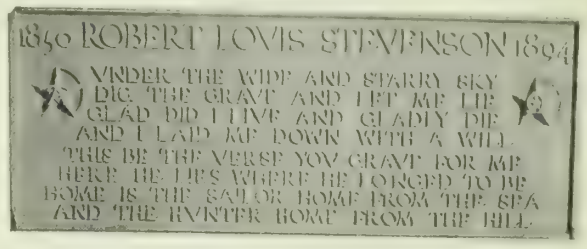
Prince Albert of Thurn dons a new suit of clothes every day and never wears any piece of linen more than twice. His neck ties average three a day, and at the end of every year has cast aside two hundred pairs of shoes. This well-dressed young man expends $1000 annually on cigarettes, and his sporting proclivities, consisting of hunting, fishing, golfing and bicycling, cost him $75,000.

## STEVENSON'S TOMB

### Name-Plates for the Mausoleum of the Novelist in Samoa.

The steamer Alameda bore away last week the bronze tablets, recently cast in this city by Whyte and de Rome, that will mark the grave of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, in Samoa. It is not generally known that Stevenson, beside being actively interested in Samoan politics, adopted that country as his own, gave it his allegiance, and was officially installed as "house-chief" of Vailima—his plantation of the "five waters." Here he had his "family" of thirty or more whites and natives, here he shared the councils of Mataafa, now deposed and in exile in Fiji, and here he said "crouched on the floor of his guest-house, conspiring with the war chiefs over smoky lamps." The warriors and old men of Samoa awaited his advice as eagerly as did the world outside await his latest story, and many a painted native has stolen across the "road of the loving hearts" (that perhaps he himself had helped with his own hands to build to testify his gratitude to the white chief), avoiding the ambuscades of marauding war-




NAME-PLATE FOR STEVENSON'S TOMB
Designed by Gelett Burgess

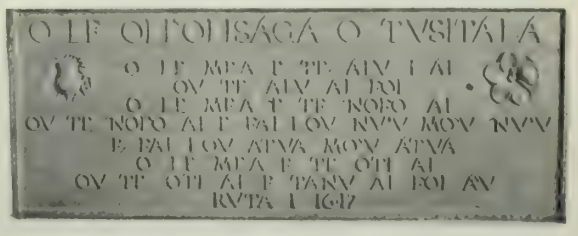
parties, and has appeared at midnight upon the porch of Stevenson's house to whisper of night attacks, of expeditions against Miletoa and the sack of villages. But to the Samoans also Stevenson was Tusitala, the "Teller of Tales," which title was given him after the publication of a translation of "the Bottle Imp" in the paper at Apia. He was also "the Rich Man of Vailima," open-handed in his hospitality to native and sailor as to his titled or influential guests.

It was Stevenson's desire that he should be buried upon the top of Yeae Vaea mountain, and in the Samoan his tomb should be like those of the native chiefs. These consist of a simple sarcophaghus-shape block of concrete, resting upon a platform of the same material. Upon the sides of this block will be fastened the two tablets now on the way to the island. The one bearing his name is lettered his "Requiem," written by himself many years ago, and upon the stars under the years of his birth and death are the Greek alpha and omega—"the beginning and the end." The other bears a Samoan inscription—"the high-chief grave of Tusitala," with the Scottish thistle and the Hibiscus of the South Seas, and two verses from the Book of Ruth in the Samoan Bible.

> "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;
> "Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried:"

It is proposed to invite the natives in the near-by villages to assist in the erection of the tomb. How difficult the transportation of the material to the summit of Vaea, 1,600 feet above the sea-level, will be, may be under-imagined from the following description of the burial, two years ago, as described by Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne:

"A meeting of chiefs was held to apportion the work and divide the men into parties. Forty were sent with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep face of the mountain, and Mr. Osbourne himself led another forty to the summit—men chosen from the immediate family—to dig the grave on a spot where it was Mr. Stevenson's wish that he should lie. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than the narrow ledge that forms the summit of Vaea, a place no wider than a room and flat as a table. On either side the land descends precipitously; in front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left green moun-



AN INSCRIPTION IN SAMOAN

tains rise, densely covered with the primeval forest. Two hundred years ago the eyes of another man turned toward that same peak of Vaea, as the spot that should ultimately receive his war-worn body—Soalu, a famous chief.

"All the morning Samoans were arriving with flowers; few of these were white, for they have not yet learned our foreign custom, and the room glowed with the many colors. There were no strangers on that day, no acquaintances; only those called who would deeply feel his loss. At one o'clock a body of powerful Samoans bore away his coffin beneath a tattered red ensign that had flown above his vessel in many a remote corner of the South Seas. A path so steep and rugged taxed their strength to the utmost, for not only was the journey difficult, but the extremest care was requisite

to carry the coffin shoulder-high. Half an hour later the rest of his friends followed. It was a formidable ascent and tried them hard. Nineteen Europeans and some sixty Samoans reached the summit. After a short rest the Rev. W. E. Clarke read the burial service o the Church of England, interposing a prayer that Stevenson had written and read aloud to his family only the evening before his death. No stranger's hand touched him. It was his body servant that interlocked the fingers and arranged his hands in the attitude of prayer. Those who loved him carried him to his last home; even the coffin was the work of an old friend; the grave was dug by his own men."

At about the time this last office is completed in Stevenson's adopted country, San Francisco will see the erection of the first memorial to his fame and genius. The casting of the ship that will surmount the granite shaft of the Stevenson Fountain on the Plaza is being hurried, and it is hoped that the memorial will be set up in May next. As yet the sum necessary to defray the expense of this fountain has not been made up by the committee in charge, but it is to be hoped that the citizens of San Francisco will not be less willing to help on this tribute to the man and the poet, than have those of his admirers in the East, who have so liberally contributed.

## AN IDEAL SUMMER HOME

### Mrs. Hearst's "House of the Well" at Sunol.

Original in conception, delightful to the eye that loves harmony of form, well adapted to the country and climate and pre-eminently suitable for the especial kind and condition of life that is to be lived within its walls, such is the verdict that the intelligent will pass upon the country seat built for Mrs. Hearst by A. C. Schweinfurth.

Upon first consideration the term "country seat" would suggest a park—with deer in it, of course—and a lodge at the gate, and a stone-built mansion with French windows, a flood of wide, marble steps pouring out from the front door—I mean the main entrance—and a terrace with two urns, one peacock and sundry greyhounds, scattered about in "artistic disorder." If one were a very rich man, and had inherited tendencies as to country seats, one would have been tempted to have built some such abortion in California and might actually have perpetrated the outrage of a Surrey country-house upon a California valley—had not one first beheld the Hearst house. After this one realizes the inappropriateness of the conventional garbled designs of contractors, and begins to see what architecture really means, namely that a building of any description should closely conform to and be the expression of the life and conditions that surround it.

The Hearst villa, or more properly speaking, hacienda, is a white cluster of cement-covered buildings, constructed tower fashion, with flat roofs and windows irregularly placed, rising out of a walled-in court and approached by a really grand embankment or causeway that leads straight from the little railway station in between the massive gate heads of the court yard. It is situated near Sunol in a little valley overhung by wooded hills and watered by a tiny river, and is called the Hacienda Del Pozo de Verona. This is because of an old well in the center of the court whose well-head—a really fine piece of Italian workmanship of the sixteenth century—was brought over from Verona by Mrs. Hearst. The style of the hacienda's architecture is, perhaps a little puzzling to any one not familiar with the modes and manners of domestic building in Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. At first glance the hacienda, with its embanked approach, huge gate heads, square walls and tower-like buildings, suggests a mediaeval manor with keep and portcullis. But this impression fades almost on the instant, and one sees the hacienda for what it is, a California country home built in a Spanish style. Mr. Schweinfurth calls it Provincial Spanish Rennaisance. It is very simple in design, rather rectangular, and one is almost tempted to add, severe. It would be severe were not the blankness of the walls relieved by unexpected bits of intricate design, a cornice or window frame or lunette. Here and there, against the frigid simplicity of the facade, iron work and terra cotta suddenly blossom out into delicate tracery and scrolls, charming as much for the design as for the unexpectedness of its occurrence. The court is surrounded on all sides by deep porches, shaded with awnings of the most brilliant stripes, while the two-foot pillars of cement are, or shortly will be, overgrown with a world of roses, clematis and creepers.

Mr. Schweinfurth believes that the style of the Provincial Spanish of the Rennaisance period is that best adapted to California, as well for business blocks as for country houses. He holds that architecture is or should be the rational solution of a practical problem." "Given your conditions," says Mr. Schweinfurth, "you must build accordingly." San Francisco, so he says, does not want the enormous, solid, metropolitan business block of New York and Chicago—does not want the sky-scraping office building, heavy, serious, overpowering. Ours is a gayer, sunnier, lighter life. More business is done in the open air. We are, says the architect, still provincial, and the lighter, airier, more provincial type is our best expression. Granite and steel in a city where water never freezes should give place to red tiled roofs and cement overlaid on brick. The cement and tiles are practical with us. They would not be practical in the Eastern cities. Steel frames and cubes of solid granite go very well in Chicago. There is no more call for them here than there is in Madrid or in Lisbon.

A simple style is our best expression, says Mr. Schweinfurth, a style that does away with the fanciful for which we have no time, and the elaborate for which we have no money. Nor, on the other hand, will he admit for an instant of the unspeakable "Neo-Grec-Corinthian" stuff, the ideal of the house contractor, and the creation of the mill. Mr. Schweinfurth's ideas are best embodied in his buildings. A very fair conception of his theories can be seen in the really beautiful two-story building of Spanish type, with far projecting roof, that stands on Sutter street, nearly opposite the University Club. Simplicity of design, honest frankness in the materials used and adaptability to climatic and sociological conditions, these are the guy ropes of Mr. Schweinfurth's "new architecture."

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

I am become a-weary of the "literary criticisms" in the Sunday dailies, and the very sight of the solid double columns of gray matter—not in the biological sense—is absolutely terrifying; one feels the effort at production on the part of the unfortunate gentlemen who are obliged to write them. There is just so much space that has to be filled, and the two critics fill it, each according to his lights. The "Chronicle" gentleman elects to fill it by the turning on of a tap. It's not a tap connected with any light and sparkling substance, either. Nothing gushes therefrom. There is no foam, no effervescence. It is not the tap of a beer barrel; it is rather that of a molasses hogshead. The stream is slow, thick, ponderous, persistent. The "Chronicle" gentleman lets it run for an hour and a half, and then shuts it off, to open it again the next Sunday, and so on week after week. What would the "Chronicle" gentleman do without his dear old familiar phrases, one asks, the cut and dried and tabulated and assorted labels of the "literary critic?" As, for instance, "What lends force and vitality to Kipling's tales is his realistic imagination, which puts bodily before the reader's eyes certain types of that life he knows so well," or again, "Convincing proof that he has come to stay," or "Do not show the sustained power and the mastery of the story-teller's art that is revealed," etc., etc., etc., etc.

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The "Examiner" gentleman, in using a different method, has gone to the other extreme. The "Examiner" gentleman's criticism does not flow, it spouts, it blows off like the discharge of a gauge cock, with such force that all substance is changed to mist and spray and vapor. Just now the "Examiner" gentleman has been blowing off on Harold Frederic. He dislikes Mr. Frederic, does this exuberant "Examiner" gentleman. The "Examiner" gentleman makes little allegories out of Miss Cleverness and Miss Seriousness and Miss Enthusiasm, and ever and anon breaks up the solid columns of his type by little short sentences that stand by themselves, as, for instance, a work of art in itself: "Never energize, but always lassify." It is fine, but do you know what this is? This is "lightening the supplement." This is throwing ballast overboard, substituting steam and vapor and gas for substance. Note what the rhetorics call the choice of words, "energize" and "lassify." To coin such words is an achievement. I do not think that in the bright vocabulary of youth there is such a word as "energize," but its use "lightens the literary supplement," which must never under any circumstances be allowed to "lassify" its readers. And this is literary fame!

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And now the harmless, necessary hen has been immolated upon the altar of modern science. Rudolph Spreckels, who is the happy possessor of ten thousand farm yard fowls, has looked through a live hen by means of the fluorescent rays, and has determined by the sense of vision whether she does or does not contain an egg. Great are the wonders of science! Mr. Spreckels, as head master of a chicken ranch, does not believe in egg-less hens. They have no place in the Spreckels cosmos. But who could watch ten thousand hens? How to differentiate the fruitful from the barren? It was long before the thought of the X rays filtered through his mind, but no sooner was the idea conceived than it was acted upon. Mr. Spreckels rushed to the laboratory of Dr. Kern, a hen—caught at random from the ranks of the ten thousand—in each hand, and the experiment was made. There is a certain frightful indecency about the procedure, a positive, monstrous immodesty; the most sacred and intimate secrets of the hen's life ruthlessly held up to public view in the scathing light of the X ray. But as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. Go further, Mr. Spreckels. If we can see the egg inside the chicken why not make the attempt to see if there is a chicken inside that same egg? It might be the saving of many an embarrassing situation, might tend to obviate undesirable complications. Think of the grief that might thus be assuaged, the suffering that might be relieved, the profanity that might be prevented. It will not do to stop at half measures. How do we know but what Mr. Spreckels may be upon the threshold of one of those inventions that revolutionize humanity?

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The unhealthy clamor and scramble around Randsburg has made one forget or overlook the splendid activity and natural, normal prosperity that prevails in the stretch of country down at Jamestown, where the Jumper, the Rawhide and Golden Rule are working double tides, night and day. Every man around Jamestown is employed, every claim is in operation, wages are high and stable, population increasing, money easy and going in and out of the mines with a rapidity that is bewildering. Nowhere in the State will you find a more prosperous mining strip. It is six miles long by two in width; situated about four miles from Sonora, from which point it continues to Quartz mountain, following the line of Table mountain.

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Because ex-Commissioner Murdoch, manager of the Pacific Coast Savings Bank, and Fish Commissioner Emerick, capitalist, knew absolutely nothing about mining, and because a certain local light of Tuttletown, in Tuolumne county, taking advantage of their inexperience, wished and did sell them a hole in the ground which he and his fellow citizens were morally persuaded contained no pay, and because Murdoch and Emerick went in blind and blasted and shoveled and worked the hole in a manner totally devoid of sense, totally opposed to everything of mining, they have now exposed a seam of the very richest quartz, so rich indeed that within six months since its discovery the two "mining experts" have taken out enough gold to pay for the mine, erect a mill, and are now paying dividends to each other. Stories like these go a long way in proving that California is still and will continue to be the first gold country in the world. The new mine is on the edge of the wonderful mother lode, about eight miles from Jamestown.

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The Golden Rule mine, which is one of the most notable claims of the district, is conducted in a manner rather unique. The parties "interested" in the claim are not exactly capitalists; they have no money, and are unable either to put up a mill or develop on a large scale. So they content themselves with exploring the resources of the mine, exposing the ore, but not milling it. So far they have laid bare several bodies of quartz of magnificent promise. They, too, are waiting for the foreign syndicate.

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It is the custom to believe that mining fortunes are made solely by prospectors or millionaires. That this is not always the case is instanced in the Dutch mine, a property on Quartz mountain, which has been exploited by a syndicate of salesmen of the White House and the City of Paris, in conjunction with certain young lawyers, who had met one another as members of fraternal associations. One man engineered the scheme, of course, but they all chipped in, purchased the property, contributed a certain number of dollars per month to the expense of development, and in the course of two years their venture has expanded into a great property. Yes, they have paid for their mill, a five-stamp affair, for tunneling and other things, and last month had $7,000 over and above expenses to divide. But they propose to double their milling capacity, and, in the meantime, are entertaining an offer from a foreign syndicate, which, if accepted, will give them $100,000 down, and a million more on a bond after two years. That is an excellent return on a small investment, and, undoubtedly, is a good example for others to follow, if they can but discover the same kind of a property.

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And speaking of the White House—be it understood without intent to advertise—it will not be out of place to note the effect of its management upon other and similar "concerns" along Kearny and Market streets. The directors of the White House are, of course, interested in building an interior "system" as well as an external clientele. They wish to keep their people, clerks, salesmen, heads of departments, etc., with them, and make them feel that they are part of the machine. The profit-sharing scheme is an outcome of this, and has proved so successful that there is talk of other institutions following suit. Not only do the salesmen receive their salaries, but there accrues to their pocket a percentage on their sales. The personal element that thus enters into the relations of seller and buyer makes a big difference in the demeanor and activity of the clerk and "saleslady." It is a tremendous incentive to finding "something that will suit," and in consequence is a rule that works both ways, or three ways if the term can be used, since it is agreeable to the firm, the seller and the customer. Possibly Raphael Weil and his associates have had before them the enormous success of the Bon Marche in Paris, in which this system prevails.

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Ernest Francisco Fenollusa, who knows all about the art of the Japanese, and who has studied the "true inwardness" of the flying stork as adapted to screen and flower-pot decoration, is a bird of passage in the city this week. Mr. Fenollusa is better acquainted with the Japanese as artists than any other man in the world, at least such he is proclaimed by repute. He can talk as long as you care to listen on the subject of temples and bronzes and old coins, and the architecture of the Japs and its relation to landscape, and you will probably care to listen long, for he talks good talk and entertaining. Mr. Fenollusa absorbed all his knowledge during twelve years of residence and intimate life among the Japanese, most of which time he filled the office and discharged the duties of Professor of philosophy at the University of Tokio, and Imperial Commission of Fine Arts to the Mikado. Prior to his hegira to the land of the rising sun, Mr. Fenollusa was the creator of the Japanese department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is announced that he will give two lectures in this city upon the results of his study and research, and it is safe to assume they will be delivered to large audiences.

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In the general adjusting of salaries which is occurring at Sacramento, our protectors are not being forgotten. It is interesting to remember that Chief Crowley is in future to receive more money for his valuable services than we pay our Superior Judges, and that Chief Sullivan, of the Fire Department, together with his assistants, is equally well taken care of in a second bill which has received the endorsement of both chambers, and awaits but the golden touch of the Governor's pen. Not for nothing did Sam Rainey cultivate so assiduously the executives ear or feed fat his ambitions. The price of that homage is undoubtedly the signing of the measure, though if Governor Budd is true to his economical professions he will undoubtedly reject it. Maybe no one has informed him that it is a pretty costly institution as it is. Maybe he does not realize that our department, in comparison with the size of the city, is the most expensive in America. I hope soon to give him some figures in this connection, which may be enlightening, if not decisive, in strengthening him against the allurements of the boss. By the way, Rainey's fight for this bill was a feature of the session. For votes in its favor everything was traded, and its success has carried many another measure through Senate and Assembly.

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There is a "crisis" at the Pacific-Union Club in these days, a perfect little ministerial crisis in miniature, in

HARRY H. BASS

EMMA CLAWSON

LEON J. SALOMON

DAN J. MARTIN

ETTIE R. MILES

## DENTISTS AS ACTORS

On Friday evening, Students of the Dental Department of the University of California presented "My Neighbor's Wife" at Native Son's Hall in aid of the Chronicle's Relief Fund.

the shape of a split between the Board of Directors and the club in general. Four times has the club voted a certain measure relative to a change of residence to an up-town neighborhood, and four times has the directory, which seems to think it has the say in the matter, refused to execute the will of the organization. Result—dissatisfaction, general and pronounced, and in the end resignations falling thick as leaves in autumn—that is, of course, resignations from the directory. First George Newhall, and following him, James Phelan, and Thomas Brown, with some three or four more to hear from. The recalcitrants are quite peremptory in their refusals to reconsider their retirements, and in consequence J. D. Byne and Mr. A. Cheeseboro are to fill two of the vacant positions. Mr. Cheeseboro, by the way, is a manager par excellence in matters pertaining to catering. It will not be Mr. Cheeseboro's first experience in the management of the Pacific-Union Club. Tales, wonderful tales, are still told of his energy and activity at a time when he was in charge of the House Committee some years ago. They say that Mr. Cheeseboro used to be down at the club, in those days, at 7:30 in the morning to overlook the weighing in and weighing out of provisions and to O. K. all orders, and that two or three times during the day he would leave his business to hurry to the club and confer with the chef and steward upon details connected with the menu. I hear that Mr. Cheeseboro occupies this same position as regards the Sutter Club in Sacramento, and that he discharges the onerous and unremunerative duties connected therewith with the same decision and capability. What an ideal hotel manager Mr. Cheeseboro would make.

BOSWELL JR.

## SUGGESTIONS

By FRANK NORRIS

1870.

The advanced post had made a barricade for themselves out of a vast quantity of furniture that had been flung out of the country house near by; sideboards, chairs, mattresses, a huge dining table and a big upright piano. Over this barricade leaned a sergeant and a corporal of the squad, scanning the country narrowly with fieldglasses.

One of the soldiers sitting on a packing case that had held cartridges was playing a song on the piano, singing the words at the same time. His head was wound up in a strip of brocaded satin torn from a chair back, for his temple had been laid open. It was bitter cold, and his feet were encased only in the cheap boots with pasteboard soles furnished by the government contractors; but he sang for all that at the top of his voice a pretty ...le song:

"Tu m'as promis un baiser pour
Ce soirma brune."

On a sudden he stopped with a discord, and fell over upon the instrument, gulping up blood over the white ivory keys. A puff of blue smoke curled up from the window of the country house. The sergeant cried out, "Alerte, here they are; sight for one hundred meters."

* *

A HOTEL BEDROOM.

The walls were whitewashed and bare of pictures or ornaments, and the floor was covered with a dull turkey red carpet. The furniture was a set, all the pieces having a family resemblance to each other. The bed stood against the right-hand wall, a huge double bed with the name of the hotel on the corners of its spread and pillow cases. In the exact middle of the room underneath the gas fixtures was the center table, and on it a pitcher of ice water and a porcelain match safe, with ribbed sides, in the form of a truncated cone. Precisely opposite the bed stood the bureau, near to the bureau was the door of the closet, and next to this in the corner was the washstand with its new cake of soap and its three clean, glassy towels. To the left of the door was the electric bell and the directions for using it; and on the door itself a card as to the hours for meals, the rules of the hotel and the extract from the code regulating the liabilities of innkeepers. The room was clean, aggressively, defiantly clean, and there was a smell of soap in the air.

It was bare of any personality; of the hundreds who had lived and suffered and perhaps died there, not a trace or suggestion remained. Their different characters had not left the least impress upon its air and appearance. Only a few hairpins were scattered on the bottom of one of the drawers and two forgotten medicine bottles still remained upon the top shelf of the closet.

* *

BRUTE.

He had been working all day in a squalid neighborhood by the gas works and coal yards, surrounded by lifting cranes, piledrivers, dredging machines, engines of colossal, brutal strength, where all about him were immense blocks of granite, tons of pig iron; everything had been enormous, crude, had been huge in weight, tremendous in power, gigantic in size.

By long association with such things he had become like them, huge, hard, brutal, strung with a crude, blind strength, stupid, unreasoning. He was on his way home now, his immense hands dangling half-open at his sides; his head empty of thought. He only desired to be fed and to sleep. At a street crossing he picked up a white violet, very fresh, not yet trampled into the mud. It was a beautiful thing, redolent with the scent of the woods, suggestive of everything pretty and delicate. It was almost like a smile-made flower. It lay very light in the hollow of his immense calloused palm. In some strange way it appealed to him, and blindly he tried to acknowledge his appreciation. He looked at it stupidly, perplexed, not knowing what to do; then instinctively his hand carried it to his mouth; he ground it between his huge teeth and slowly ate it. It was the only way he knew.

* *

THE DENTAL PARLORS.

His office, or, as he called it, his Dental Parlors, was on the second floor over the butcher shop and faced the street. He made it do for a bedroom as well; there was a washstand behind the screen in the corner, where he made his moulds, and he slept on a big carpet lounge against the wall opposite the window. In the window itself, which was bay, was his operating chair, his dental engine, and his movable rack, where he laid out his instruments, burrs, extractors, pluggers, his spirit lamp and his pellets of sponge gold. Three chairs, a bargain at the second-hand store, were ranged against one wall with military precision, under a steel engraving of the court of Lorenzo di Medicis, which he had bought because there were a great many figures in it for the price. Over the sofa hung a rifle manufacturer's advertisement-calendar, which he never used. The other ornaments were a small marble-top center table, covered with back numbers of the "Dentist's Monthly Manual," a stone pug dog sitting before the little stove, and a thermometer. There was a stand of shelves in one corner filled with Allen's Practical Dentist. On the top shelf McTeague kept his concertina and the bag of bird seed for the canary. The whole place exhaled a mingled odor of bedding, creosote and ether.

## THE CITY'S PLEASURE-DRIVE

### The New Boulevard Which the Unemployed are to Build.

Between Golden Gate Park and Ingleside, by way of the Alms-house and the Laguna Honda, is two and a half miles of one of the prettiest reaches of country to be found within fifty miles of the city. The ground is level, well sheltered and covered with a splendid growth of trees. It is through this tract that it is proposed to run a hundred-foot boulevard. In fact, grading has already been commenced, and in a few days gangs of the "unemployed" of this city will be set to work in addition. The boulevard will begin at the junction of Seventh avenue and Golden Gate Park, or more strictly speaking, Seventh avenue will be converted into a boulevard. It is to run in a southerly direction from I street to O streets, where it will turn to the southeast, and skirting the Laguna Honda will make a big curve into the Alms-house tract. Thence it turns southwest, keeping to that direction till it reaches Ingleside at the junction of the Mission road and the Great Highway. In its course from Golden Gate Park the boulevard will run through the property of the Spring Valley Water Works, the Harmon estate, the Laguna Honda property, the Alms-house tract and the property of Adolph Sutro.

The most remarkable feature of the new boulevard will be the evenness and low percentage of the grades. The highest point of the driveway is in the Sutro property, and is 475 feet above the city base. The lowest points are at the Park and at Ingleside, both 260 feet above city base. Along Seventh avenue as far as Laguna Honda, the rise is but 102 feet in 4,000; thence to the Sutro tract—a distance by the boulevard of 3,000 feet—the rise is but 75 feet, and thence to the summit but 20 feet in 2,000. From the summit the grade descends with almost imperceptible gentleness to Ingleside, taking 6,000 feet to drop 215.

There will be few boulevards in the country superior to this Ocean Driveway, as it is to be called when finished. At present the exquisite stretch of low, wooded country around the Alms-house is known but to few energetic horsemen and bicyclists who have attempted the cross-country cut between Ingleside and the Park. But in a year or so the boulevard will be thrown open to the public, to carriages and equestrians, bicyclists and pedestrians alike, and will, no doubt, prove itself to be one of the greatest of suburban attractions.

The boulevard will be built entirely by the present "unemployed," who will be paid one dollar per day and —important item—be paid daily. The committee are making every effort to employ only such men as are really needy, especially those who have a family to support. In this they are aided to a great extent by the Associated Charities and by the Salvation Army. The men will be put on in squads of 100, and the committee hope soon to have 500 at work. To meet the expenses, contributions will be solicited from all quarters in general, but from wheelmen—of whom there are 20,000 in this city alone—in particular, since they more than any other class will be the ones benefited by the new driveway.

The material used will consist largely of macadamized red rock, rolled and re-rolled till hard and smooth as asphalt. It is proposed in time to extend the boulevard to the border of San Mateo county. However, that will come later. The finest part of the road, and the most expensive, will be the two and a half mile drive between the Park and Ingleside.

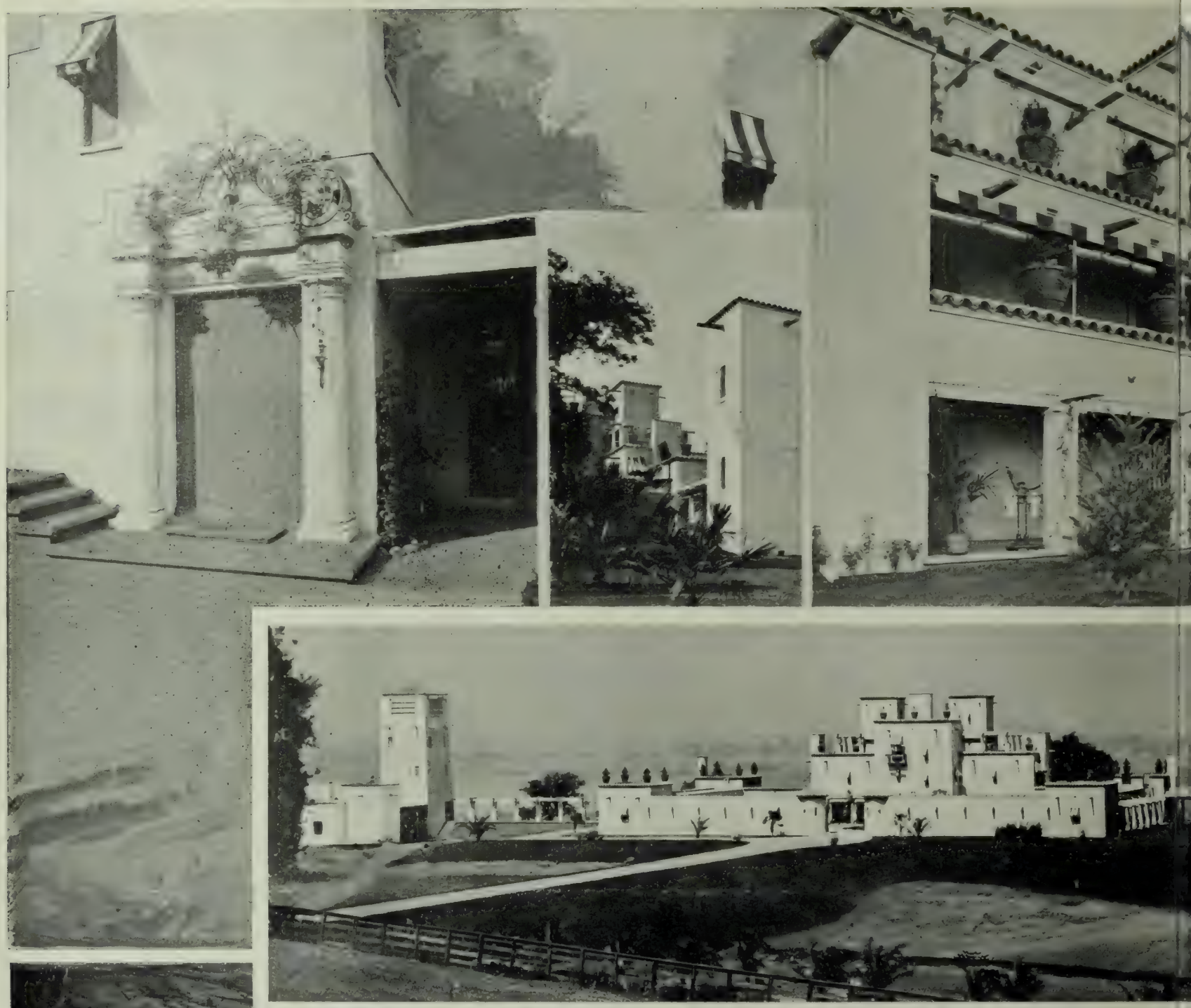
## A BALLAD OF STEAM BEER

You may talk of your Moet and Chandon,
And all the Cuvees of Champagne,
Of Burgundy, ruby and royal,
From Romanée's storied demesne:
Of Lafitte and of Lachramae Christi,
Or the warm, blushing vintage that grows
Where Yquem and the premier cru Grand Vins
Gush forth from the hills of Bordeaux;
Of crusty old port and Madeira,
And all of the sherries of Spain,
All the liquers of castle and convent
That ever came over the main.
But I chant out a hymn to Gambrinus,
The god of small change and good cheer,
For I sing you the Song of the Nickel
That buys the big glass of Steam Beer.

A fig for straw-covered Chianti,
Or brandy a century old,
For foaming and flashing Spumante
That sparkles and glitters like gold.
Benedictine and opaline Absinthe
That gourmets and viveurs adore,
And the life-blood of amorous grape vines
That cluster along the Cote D'Or.
Not for me burn the molten sun-kisses
Upon the warm vineyards of France,
Not for me weave the chaplets of Bacchus
Nor call Satyrs and Nymphs to the dance.
I care not for these classical pleasures;
They are for my income too dear,
But still I can compass the nickel
That buys me my Schooner of Beer.

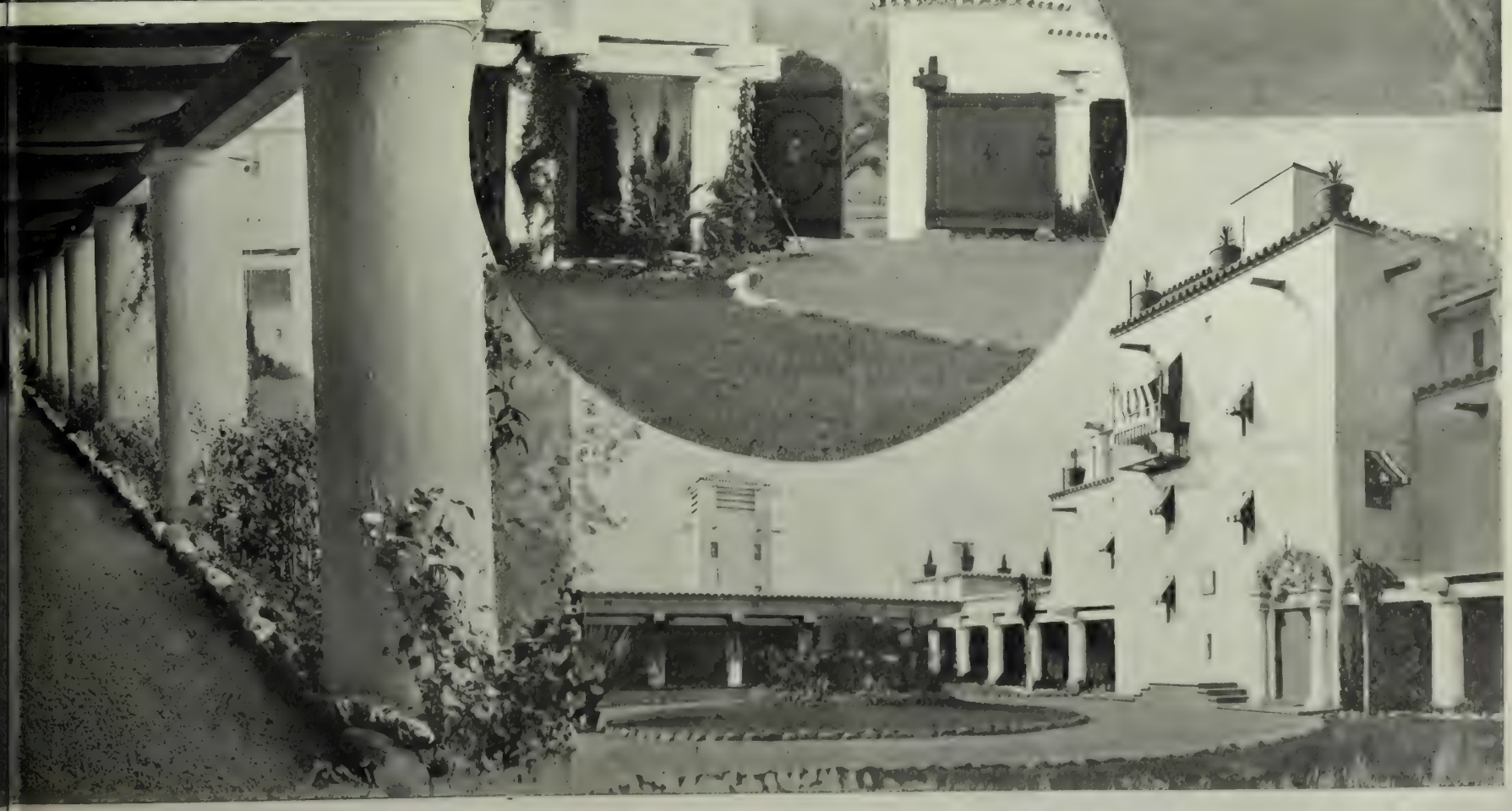
No flagons or wassail cups fill me
Of vintages priceless and rare,
Away with a stoup or a beaker,
And I scorn an effete petit verre;
My chalice is glittering crystal,
Full-bosomed, deep-chested, divine,
With the glorious crown of the hop-lands
That mocks at the glory of wine.
Come! drink of the soft flowing amber,
Come! lave in its somnolent streams,
Come! taste of the foam-flecked Nepenthe
That flows from the Kingdom of Dreams,
And sing, as afloat on its tideway
We gently and drowsily steer:
"Here's a health to the Nickel of Commerce
That buys me my Schooner of Beer."

B. B.



1. Main entrance door. 2. Corner toward the southeast. 3. Central Pavilion of south front. 4. Corner toward southwt.
9. Cloister about the Cou.

*HACIENDA DEL POSO DE VERONA: THE C*



5. General view of approach, facing north. 6. Interior of Studio. 7. Entrance gates from Courtyard. 8. Dining Room.
10. South end of Courtyard.

COUNTRY SEAT OF MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Alas, Diary, dear, it grieves me sorely to discover how few items of interest I have to confide in your sympathetic pages this week. Lent, somber, dull and colorless, that season of penitence, of fasting and of self-abnegation is upon us. Why, oh why, was I born with so great a longing for the fleshpots of Egypt? Mamma says I have no real religious feeling, so I suppose I must have inherited my depravity from some masculine ancestor of skeptical tendencies. Not that I need go far back. I don't note any keen church-going propensities in papa, who, on Sunday morning, coils himself up on a sofa and reads the newspapers instead of accompanying his family to church.

Well, we commenced on Ash Wednesday. Mamma, Leila and I went to service, both in the morning and in the afternoon. I really enjoyed myself; all the girls were there. Afterwards we had a pleasant little gossip, and compared notes with regard to our intentions for the week. Leila is the funniest girl! She causes me considerable amusement. She wears black in Lent, always buys a particularly effective gown, but somberlooking, and a dear little black toque with violets. Then she fasts. Oh, how we all wish she wouldn't. It affects her temper to a distressing extent, and the rest of the family have to bear the brunt of it. She is so irritable, and we are all afraid her fiance will find out how disagreeable she can be that we none of us dare cross her even in the most trifling thing. Mamma says she will make it up to me after Leila marries. She will have her hands full! On Thursday I went to the Symphony Concert—a very crowded affair. Every one in town was there—the cakes, as well as the plain bread-and-butter people. I did not care especially for the music. Brahm's Symphony was good, but they did not seem to have given sufficient practice. Then Mlle. Trebelli did not do herself justice. I was quite disappointed. Oh, I heard so funny a speech. Two men were sitting near us and discussing the respective merits of Sousa and Heinrichs as leaders. "Well," said one, pointing to Heinrichs, "that man knows how to lead; see how he moves his whole body, look at the way even his feet go! As for Sousa, he could not conduct a band of cadets, and in stiffness could give points to a poker. Why people should make so much fuss over him I can't make out."

"I always wondered," said the other, "what was the matter with Sousa, and I guess you're right about it; he did not work his body enough!" How we laughed!

On Friday, in spite of the rain, Lelia insisted on our going to Grace Church, where we found a bare handful of people, and got soaked to the skin. I was disgusted, I can assure you. Afterwards we went to call on Maud Younger. You know she and her sisters and brother are living at on Green street. Alice is recovering slowly, but is now out of all danger. Maud says she will probably remain here for some time, though she it not at all certain of her plans. [illegible]

On Saturday we went to the Trebelli concert, at least, Mamma and I did, and Leila went to church. We enjoyed it hugely. Mlle. Trebelli was in excellent voice, and responded to her encores in charming fashion. I particularly enjoyed her laughing song, and have been imitating her ever since. From there we went to the tea given to Mrs. William Younger by the ladies of the Sorosis, and had a fine time. Mrs. Younger looked exceedingly well, and was becomingly gowned. Maud and Lucille were also there. Lucille is quite a piquant-looking girl. I always enjoy entertainments given at the Sorosis. They are informal and interesting. The rooms, too, are so pretty, and Mr. Keith lent the ladies his studio, so that we had an opportunity of admiring his lovely pictures. They had a delicious little repast, the pistache cake being exceptionally good—I dote on pistache in any form, but cake, whew! Mrs. Joe Young was there in a swell Paris gown of dark red. The waist was tucked and cut in jacket form, with Maltese lace introduced in the vest. The sleeves were free and tucked from the tiny puff to the wrist. Then I scurried home to dress, for I was bidden to the dinner given by Mrs. J. F. Norris in honor of her son's birthday. We had ever so much fun. Fourteen were invited. You know it was a progressive dinner, and we changed partners at each course. I never expected to find enjoyment at a dinner party. They are usually so horribly stiff, and one usually either gets a man who simply eats and eats and won't talk or else a bore, and then I never can find topics of conversation to last through eight or nine courses. But when one has a partner for a course the attractiveness of each is doubled. Between times little trays bearing quaint cuttings from advertisements, tied up with ribbons, were passed around and later on read aloud by each recipient to the merriment of the others.

On Sunday afternoon I dropped in to the Hages to tea and discussed the Fortnightly Dramatic Club. I am a member, so cannot divulge much about it for fear of suspicion being directed towards me, and then! The Moores and Hoffmans belong, you know, and we are now deeply engaged in rehearsing a play. At first we decided not to have any audience, but just to act for our own delectation. Afterwards, however, we changed our minds; 'twould be a pity to deprive our dearest foes of the pleasure of contemplating our efforts. We shall hire a hall, and purpose inviting all our friends. There is quite a degree of histrionic ability among the members. I myself anticipate vieing with Ellen Terry or Ada Rehan, but mamma says all silly girls are stage-struck.

Is it not a pity that Dr. and Mrs. Younger have decided to live in the East. They had so pleasant a home and were such splendid hosts. Anna Duprey is to be married next week. Is she not young? I don't think more than nineteen. She

MRS. SAMUEL NAPTHALY
NEE MISS MAYBELLE GERST
Bushnell, photo

is to marry Mr. Baldwin, son of Mr. O. D. Baldwin, you know. The wedding is to take place in the Unitarian Church on Tuesday afternoon, and is to be a pretty affair, the girls say. I don't know Anna very well, but she is a sweet girl and a favorite. I wonder when Aileen Goad is to be married? She is now in New York with her father and Genevieve, and, a bird whispered, is engaged getting her trousseau. She will not be back till after Easter, so I suppose hers will be a June wedding. Now, dear Diary, I must fly; in spite of Lent, in spite of everything, I am going to the opera, and must not dim the brightness of my eyes by burning more midnight oil. Your own,

MISS CRICKET.

An unusually pretty wedding was that of Captain Samuel Napthaly and Miss Maybelle Gerst which was celebrated at the California Hotel on Sunday evening. Mr. Napthaly is a son of the well-known lawyer, and is an aide-de-camp on General Warfield's staff. He is also a bright, clever and entertaining young man with a future. Miss Gerst is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garrison Gerst, and is exceedingly popular. She looked very handsome in her bridal array. Her gown was of white satin, with long train and trimmed with orange blossoms. The waist was covered with lace and sprays of blossoms, and the long veil was caught in the hair in similar fashion. After the ceremony supper was served in the cafe on the lower floor, and then the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Helen Sutro, daughter of Gustav Sutro, and Samuel Schwartz. Miss Sutro is a decidedly handsome girl of fine figure and abundant sense and energy of character, who has had the advantage of an excellent education and much foreign travel.

Another engagement not devoid of interest that has recently been announced in New York—that of Mr. H. E. Keyes, son of the late General Keyes, and Miss Mary Louise Ward, daughter of Captain G. S. Luttrell Ward of the United States army.

An engagement of moment is that of Miss Rosalie Neustadter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Neustadter, and Mr. Albert Ehrman of the firm of M. Ehrman & Co.

A Turkish room has been fitted up in the Palace Hotel. It is the prettiest thing of the kind on the coast, and the decorations have been gotten up most elaborately.

In spite of gloomy prognostications, the first week of Lent in Oakland was by no means so dull and weary as had been anticipated. Mrs. Bowles ushered in the season of abstinence by giving a very smart ladies' luncheon to some thirty friends. The table decorations were pink carnations exquisitely arranged, and Mrs. Bowles was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Seward McNear.

A combined dinner and whist party was given by Mr. Stanley Cogill to several of the younger crowd this week. The table was prettily decked in ferns. Another affair was the violet luncheon of Miss Jean Clift to a dozen of her girl friends. During the afternoon the maidens amused themselves by playing flower games. Miss Beulah Stubbs carried off the first prize, an immense bunch of violets.

Considerable regret will be felt over the sad accident which befell Miss Lou Wall on her voyage across the Atlantic. The steamer encountered all the severe February gales and was several times given up for lost. In a lull in the storm the captain persuaded Miss Wall to venture forth on deck. She was walking up and down when suddenly a huge wave arose, completely covering the steamer. Miss Wall lost her footing, fainted, and knew no more until she found herself in her cabin with a broken knee. For the remainder of the voyage the storms continued, and on arriving at New York Miss Wall was obliged to go to a hospital where she expects to remain for a month or so.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Simmons, stepdaughter of Mr. J. Wright, the well-known capitalist, and Mr. Pheby of Oakland. Miss Simmons is tall and handsome, and one of the popular members of the Deux Temps set. Mr. Pheby is a decidedly handsome man, tall, slender, with dark eyes and hair. The Phebys are among some of the old residents of Oakland.

A dinner was given by Miss Mary Whitney in honor of Miss Simmons and Mr. Pheby, whose engagement was announced recently.

The principal topic of conversation among the Episcopalians in Oakland for weeks past has been the amalgamation of St. Paul's and St. John's Episcopal Churches. Most of the members were in favor of combining the two congregations, but the plan was opposed by the rector, Dr. Maynard, and one of the vestrymen. Now St. Paul's is divided against itself. A number of members have sent in their resignations, and intend going to St. John's, while some will attend the tiny new church on Telegraph avenue. What the remainder of the congregation is to do is still undecided.

Mr. Karl Howard returned from his prolonged sojourn in the East on Friday last. He met Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto in Washington, and said they both looked well and decidedly happy. They left for New York after the inauguration. Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, accompanied by Miss Francis, a sister of Mrs. John Dean of Berkeley, is touring the Mediterranean. She will return to Oakland some time in April. Miss Maud Howard is studying music in Dresden.

The Club of "Twenty-One" was entertained last week by Miss Ella Sterrett in the Wheaton cottage which is situated at the end of Lake Merritt. The big living room had a blazing log fire and was sweet with the fragrance of innumerable bowls of violets, which were placed in every possible corner. The young people who wished played cards and those who preferred to row around the lake had boats provided for them. The prize, a pretty silver hat brush, was won by Miss Holt.

Dinners have been marked by their absence during these latter days, and the only tea of note was that given on Monday afternoon by the Misses Gage in honor of Mrs. Arthur Malins (nee Hattie English). In spite of the showery weather it was a great success and was well attended.

During the winter months the Hotel Mateo has undergone a complete renovation; the grounds have been additionally beautified, new tennis courts have been constructed. Already some of the best people in San Francisco have engaged accommodations for the coming season, and many of the cottages have been rented. The hotel is under the management of F. A. Shepard, who has been for some time previous to this year in charge of fashionable hotels of Santa Barbara and San Rafael, and under his able direction this pretty place promises to be very popular.

"St. Nicholas" for March contains two complete stories, "Teddy Baird's Luck" and "Jed's Windmill," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser and Grace Wickham Curran. There is a poem, "The Little Shadow Folk," by Clinton Scollard, and the concluding chapter of Laurence Huton's "A Boy I Knew." The arbor defense of the country have a special article of much interest by Charles Rawson Thurster, and Clifford Howard tells how a President is inaugurated.

#### A Coveted Distinction.

Probably no private fete has ever been discussed to the extent of the Bradley-Martin ball, and the distinction conferred upon Moet & Chandon by the selection of their champagne, will be of lasting benefit to the wine, and stamps it with the approval of our ultra-fashionable set.—Bonfort's Wine Circular.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

# VICTORIOUS AGAIN

## GAIL BORDEN'S

# Eagle Brand of Condensed Milk

PRONOUNCED by the CHEMIST of the BOARD OF HEALTH to be THE PUREST, RICHEST and BEST An analysis of Dr. Wenzell, the Chemist of the Board of Health, shows GAIL BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND to have nearly double the strength of many brands of condensed milk or cream, and stronger than any brand now before the public.

The record of half a century again confirmed, showing GAIL BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND to be without a flaw, and stronger, purer than any brand of condensed milk on the market.

Consumers should note that Prof. Wenzell reports that all the alleged brands of condensed creams are not condensed cream and are nothing but evaporated milk, and are greatly inferior in richness and quality to GAIL BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND.

NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

## DRAMATIC NOTES

"Jim, the Penman" will be continued at the Alcazar for another week. This is because of the immense success the play has met with.

Georgia Cayvan, who will soon come to the Columbia, has a new play, entitled, "Mary Pennington, Spinster," in which she has a part that is said to be admirably suited to her temperament and personality.

The new people at the Orpheum next week will be the four Cohans, automatons and dancing dolls," who have made great hits in the East, and Keating and Walker, comedy dancers, who are said to be very clever. The Jordans will make their final appearance, as will also Marlo and Marlo, Virginia Aragon, the three Olifans, and John Burke and Grace Forest.

Cissy Fitzgerald and "The Foundling" will open at the Columbia on Monday night for an engagement of two weeks. The piece is by William Lecocq, author of "Jane," and E. M. Robson, and will be presented by the same company that appeared in the original New York production. Miss Fitzgerald is cast for the part of a music-hall artist, and she will have plenty of opportunity to introduce her famous dances and her captivating wink.

"Sigurd" will be sung by the French Opera Company at the California next Tuesday night. This will be the first time the opera has ever been heard in San Francisco, and as the production will bring out the principal members of the company the event will be especially interesting. "Sigurd" will be followed during the week by "Noces de Jeanette," another new piece, and by "La Juive," which will be sung at the Saturday matinee.

The elaborate mounting minute attention that Miss Davenport gives to the production of all her plays gives much gratification to Mr. Sardou. Fanny Davenport will open in "Gismonda" at the Baldwin next month. It is a play of mediaeval times, written in Sardou's most dramatic and intensely interesting style. The piece will receive the same elaborate mounting that has characterized Miss Davenport's production of "Cleopatra" and other plays of the kind.

Miss Gertrude Auld-Thomas, soprano, and Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist, will be the soloists at the fourth concert of the Symphony Society, which will take place at the Columbia next Thursday afternoon at 3:30. The orchestra will give the overture to Schumann's "Genoveva," Svensden's "Norwegian Artists' Carnival," and Massenet's "Les Erinnyes." An effort is being made to place the Symphony Society upon a sound financial basis, in order to guarantee a continuance of a symphony orchestra.

Owing to the great success of "Pinafore," the Tivoli will continue the opera for another week. This popular piece has never been more capably produced in this city. Every member of the cast has made an individual hit, and the scenery and accessories are new and attractive. On Wednesday evening the members of the United States Postal Service will attend the Tivoli, and a special performance will be given. "Pinafore" will be followed by Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Miss Laura Millard will make her reappearance.

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## THE THEATRES

### The Wherefore of Haworth—A Clever Performance at the Alcazar.

Where is Haworth's place in the drama? He has talent, and has besides a voice that would be a fortune to some man of bigger mold. True, he is not handsome, but he has to him qualities that even under the most unfortunate of circumstances force themselves upon you, and you feel sorry to see him diverting his talents into a channel where they manifestly do not belong, and investing himself with clothes and characters that do not fit him or his abilities. There is some place for him, some character that would dovetail and harmonize with his present accomplishments, but it is not Ruy Blas. He should hunt for it and find it for himself. Then the critics would "discover" him. Critics never discover a man until he has first discovered himself. Neither the critics nor the public have any concern as to what a man might be able to accomplish under different circumstances. They are merely concerned as to whether he is good or bad at the moment. For myself, I take an interest in these misfits, and take some enjoyment, too, in speculating as to where they properly belong. There was a time when to be an actor meant that to-day one was a gallant or a sighing swain, to-morrow an old roue or a superannuated servant; another time, a fighting, dashing hero of the melodrama; and still another, a slinking coward. That day has passed, and lives in tradition rather than in actual stage life. Everything, on the stage and off, is being reduced to a specialty. The actor of long ago was much like the physician and the lawyer of bye-gone times—they practiced everything coming under the head of their profession. To-day we have doctors of the ear, the eye and throat, doctors for the lungs, doctors for the heart; we have jury lawyers, admiralty lawyers, equity lawyers, and the like. The successful actor of to-day is as much a specialist as are our successful doctors. I am told Mr. Haworth has a brother who is something of a playwright, who, if he but turned his mind to fitting out the actor brother with a play within his grasp might make reputations for them both.

The idea of presenting "Ruy Blas" and "A Man of the World" at the Columbia was merely a hastily devised expedient to avoid closing the house until the arrival of Cissy Fitzgerald, and when one considers that the actors were hastily gathered together from every available quarter, just for the occasion, the verdict must be that, taken all in all, the presentation of the play was "not bad." Where under the heavens they ever found Mr. Ryan and Mr. Malloy, and why under the heavens the management did not leave them where they found them, instead of dragging them out of obscurity, is one of the mysteries that I will never be able to pierce. Mr. Haworth and Miss Alice Perkins were a portion of the Modjeska company which recently disbanded on account of the sickness of Madame Modjeska. Miss Margaret Craven just happened to arrive in San Francisco in time to be pressed into service for this production; Mr. H. S. Duffield and Madge Carr Cook were left over to us by the Frawley company, and the rest of the cast was made up of theatrical people who were floating about town out of employment. I don't know Carl Smith, who was the Don Salluste in "Ruy Blas," but whoever he is, he was far and away the best of the company, the one best fitted to his part. The heartless and intriguing Salluste could not have been more admirably or forcefully presented, and though I have known many Smiths I have never known such a one. Perhaps I have lost his identity in his name, but he is a clever and capable actor, whoever he may be.

Haworth's Ruy Blas was far from satisfactory. In spots he certainly rises to the occasion and thrills us a bit, but it is only in spots after all. His speech delivered upon his entrance to the council chamber was a fine bit of work, but in the next moment when reciting his tale of love to the Queen he falls sadly short of the mark and is disappointing. Miss Craven, who has done some good work in society plays, should not permit herself to be led away in the higher walks of the histrionic art. As the Queen of Spain she was lamentably out of place. Most of her lines were delivered much as a school girl would declaim upon examination day, and she was manifestly out of her element.

Aside from "Shore Acres" at the Baldwin, "Jim, the Penman," at the Alcazar, was the most finished production presented to the theater-goer during the past week. They have a competent stock company at the Alcazar, and are producing a series of modern dramas in a truly modern style. It would be hard to find in a day's journey, or a good many days' journey, for that matter, as capable a man as George Osbourne. His Baron Hartfeld in "Jim, the Penman" could not have been excelled. Upon the American stage there are few men with the all-round ability of Osbourne. The Captain Redwood of Francis Powers was admirable, and the trying part of Mistress Ralston was handled by Miss Belgarde with tact and ability. Miss Buckley and Miss Frances Jolliffe not only looked well, but were pleasing and capable. When one considers that the best seats in the house are but 50 cents, you are lost in wonder as to how they can do so much for so little.

B.

Pupils for the Zither will be received daily at my studio, 22½ Geary street, from 1:30 to 3 P.M. Charles Mayer, Jr.

## THE FRENCH OPERA

### Characteristics of the Troupe as Revealed in "L'Africaine."

It may have been the promise of the ballet; it may have been the promise of something French; it may have been the coercion of wives or the pleading of daughters; whatever the reason, the California Theater on Wednesday night held more good gray heads—heads that have made millions, and have as little use for opera as they have for theosophy—than perhaps it has ever held before. Many were the round tables of green cover that stood their silent watch alone that night, many the bits of colored ivory that went unfingered by a loyal friend—for French opera was in town, and French opera one does not often hear, nor French ballet see.

Now there are many reasons why the "newly fortunate" should patronize opera, and one of the chief is that it gives the newly unfortunate a chance to hear good music. I felt an interest therefore in every gray head that I saw nod, in every pair of eyes that I saw close, in every reviving nudge I saw given by humiliated daughter or wife. For the nods and the nudges were the prices paid that I might enjoy Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" sung by singers with voices worth mentioning.

It was announced on the programmes that the fourth tableau would introduce a ballet, and it was no secret that many a tedious wait was made endurable to those who have eyes but no ears by the expectation of this touch of the real French article—none of your Kiralfy affairs, no poor American attempts at the thing, none of your heavy, Teutonic marches, but the supple, graceful, sinuous, carry-you-off-your-feet-and-out-of-your-head ballet of Gay Paree.

And what came?

Oh! Horror of horrors! Blot it out! Forget it! No; don't forget! It will make bright and pleasing, gay, graceful and joyous, every ballet that you will ever see. The faces! Oh, the faces! A flat-nosed Siwash and a long-lipped lady from the County Donegal—they were there. French! Yes, the French of the type of Mme. Thenordier, perhaps—Thenordier, aged, cruel, accursed; the French of the New Orleans fishing boats, and of the Mexican border, but not the French that we had hoped to see, the French that had made lips to smack and eyes to open during three scenes of patrician patience.

Let me be just. There were two who were possessed of all things needed to please in dancers. These, it is perhaps not necessary to remark, were the leaders. They had seen Paris, no doubt, and if one could but have kept his eyes on them alone the memory of this imported ballet would be sweeter.

But a ballet doesn't make an operatic performance. Neither does it unmake it. The opera was one well adapted to reveal the ability of the singers, and in this revelation there was no disappointment. California has heard greater singers than Foedor, Alhers and Massart, but it has not been our privilege to see many companies in which all the leading parts were taken by those who were capable of doing them so well. No, it is not a "grand aggregation;" it is something better—a well trained and very even company of excellent voices. And how they were able to sing so well on stepping directly from the train to the stage is a thing remarkable. The honors were for Alhers, he of the rich and powerful baritone, a voice pure, strong, full, and held in perfect control. No opera could be a failure with Alhers in the leading role, and when supplemented by a tenor—truly, as the bills entitled him, a "grand tenor"—as Massart, and a soprano such as Foedor, the opera must give pleasure to even the most critical.

So while the gray heads nodded, those who had come for the music found new beauties in an opera which requires acquaintance to fully appreciate. F. L.

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## NEW BOOKS

"Boss and Other Dogs," by Maria Louise Pool, is a collection of short stories descriptive of canines of all sorts and sizes. The tales are all interesting enough to read and one of them is at least tearful. (Stone & Kimball.)

J. M. Dent & Co., of London, have brought out a new edition of Johnathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." It is edited by Israel Gollcanz, and is among the series of Temple Classics. (For sale at the Emporium Bookstore.)

Rebecca Harding Davis' latest novel, "Frances Waldeaux," is an interesting tale of Americans abroad. It tells of a mother who has made any number of personal sacrifices for her priggish son, and receives for it all the bitter disappointment of a mesalliance on the part of the young gentleman. The affaire, however, is made to end happily. (Harper & Brothers.)

S. R. Keightley, author of "The Cavaliers," has written a collection of five short stories, which he has published under the title, "The Lost Recruit of Clare's," the name of the first tale of the quintet. They are supposed to be the memoirs of a Colonel Anthony Dillon, and are full of blood and action. (Harper & Brothers.)

"Bound in Shallows" is the title of an interesting story by Eva Wilder Brodhead. The point of the tale is that people are not bound to sacrifice themselves in order to redeem the fallen. (Harper & Brothers.)

"In the Old Herrick House, and Other Stories," by Ellen Douglas Delaud, contains three short stories—simple tales of life among girls, but of natural incidents and much interest. (Harper & Brothers.)

In "Fontenay, the Sworksman," Fortune Du Boisgobey, narrates the adventures of a young staff officer of Napoleon, who serves with distinction during the Spanish campaign and finally weds a lady-in-waiting of the Empress Josephine. There are a number of historical personages introduced into the novel, and any amount of interesting adventure. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

G. B. Burgin, author of "Gascoigne's Ghost," has written another novel, entitled "Tomalyn's Quest." The scene is laid in Turkey, the Turkish question receiving considerable attention. The novel should be interesting on this account, if on no other. (Harper & Brothers.)

Lawrence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Florence" tells in an interesting way of the dwellings that have been made famous by men of letters in the former Tuscan capital. Many of the literati mentioned in the volume are Americans, and prominent among them are Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant and Hawthorne. (Harper & Brothers.)

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## "QUO VADIS"

### A Remarkable Novel of the Times of Nero, by a Polish Writer.

It is interesting to consider the cause and effect of a great literary success. The newspapers are often effective in booming a novel into prominence. For instance, the enormous sale of "Dodo" was due to the journalists who alternately denounced or eulogize that volume; yet "Peter Stirling" passed to the public with but little notice from the papers, and edition after edition has been exhausted. The first three editions of Mrs. Steele's "On the Face of the Waters" were sold as soon as bound, because the big literary reviews and J. Lockwood Kipling had pronounced the book "The novel of the Mutiny." Ian MacLaren's "Bonnie Briar Bush," his first and best book, had no great assistance from the dailies until its sale was well into the thousands. The consumption of "Trilby," however, was valiantly assisted by printer's ink, though it would have gone just as brilliantly without the journalistic furore. The last novel to find public as opposed to a newspaper acceptance is "Quo Vadis" (Little Brown & Co.), by Henry Sienkiewicz. It has been taken up by the several reading societies, discussed at length in the literary clubs, has furnished a topic of conversation at Berkeley and its theology has made controversial material for ministers' meetings. Yet the "Examiner" has not yet given it a page nor has Editor Fitch treated its merits to one of his distinguished critiques.

"Quo Vadis" is a "narrative of the time of Nero." Its five hundred odd pages are divided fairly between Pagans, Christians and scenery. The Apostles Peter and Paul share the important roles with Nero, Poppaea Petronius and Tigellinus. Vinicius, a patrician and a Tribune, and Lygia, a hostage princess and a follower of Chrystos, are hero and heroine, respectively, and serve the purpose of contrasting the Roman and the Christian condition of mind and soul, besides furnishing a love interest and a shred of plot. Certainly it is a big, a notable book, but one chooses to term it a panorama rather than a novel. With mere fiction it has but distant kinship. One is reminded by the book of a great historic painting. The dramatis personae are creatures of the background. They are there but to give the semblance of human interest to the study. What is the hero but the incarnation of the arrogance, egotism, sensuality and determined strength of the Roman? The heroine typifies the Christian virtues of modesty and patience, and by her beauty and grace heightens and explains the passion of Vinicius. The treatment of Petronius and Nero is more realistic, however. They are individualized into striking portraits and their identities alone lend vitality to the book.

To estimate the accuracy of Sienkiewiez's color, of his descriptions, of his backgrounds, one requires the special knowledge of an archaeologist. The impression, however, is magnificent. What splendid passages those are that describe the festivals of Nero. In "Salambo" Flaubert gave us the semblance of a mosaic—the painting of "Quo Vadis" is of the impressionist school, bold and unrestrained. The value of the former lay not only in the unimpeachable veracity of its details, but in its superb composition, in the subordination of its parts and the heroic relief in which its hero and heroine detached themselves from the mass of plot and characters. Sienkiewicz alternates mechanically passages of Pagan life with Christian worship. The thread of plot is so obviously a subterfuge to afford change of scene that it fails of interest as a story, though the brilliance of its color and the magnificence of the scenery delights the mind. Truly it is inimitable material to work into a background, the gorgeous, extravagant luxury and splendor and the inconceivable depravity of the Rome of the Caesars. We have spectacle after spectacle, each surpassing its predecessor in gorgeousness. Here, for instance, is one of the feasts designed by the genius of Tigellinus, whose contest with Petronius for the favor of Nero affords pretext for disclosing the relations of the Emperor to his court:

* *

He had arranged to give the feast on a gigantic raft, framed of gilded timbers. The borders of this raft were decked with splendid shells found in the Red Sea and the Indian ocean, shells brilliant with the colors of pearls and the rainbow. The banks of the pond were covered with groups of palm, with groves of lotus, and blooming roses. In the midst of these were hidden fountains of perfumed water, statues of gods and goddesses, and gold or silver cages filled with various colored birds. In the center of the raft rose an immense tent, or, rather, not to hide the feasters, only the roof of a tent, made of Syrian purple, resting on silver columns; under it were gleaming, like suns, tables prepared for the guests, loaded with Alexandrian glass, crystal, and vessels simply beyond price—the plunder of Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. The raft, which, because of plants accumulated on it, had the appearance of an island and a garden, was joined by cords of gold and purple to boats shaped like fish, swans, mews, and flamingoes, in which sat at painted oars naked rowers of both sexes, with forms and features of marvelous beauty, their hair dressed in Oriental fashion, or gathered in golden nets. When Nero arrived at the main raft with Poppaea and the Augustians, and sat beneath the purple tentroof, the oars struck the water, the boats moved, the golden cords stretched, and the raft with the feast and the guests began to move and describe circles on the pond. Other boats surrounded it, and other smaller rafts, filled with women playing on citharae and harps, women whose rosy bodies on the blue background of the sky and the water and in the reflections from golden instruments seemed to absorb that blue and those reflections, and to changë and bloom like flowers.

* *

There is not space to sketch the conversion of Vinicius by Lygia nor to reproduce the striking scene in the cemetery at Ostranium, where the bold patrician hears the Apostle Peter announce so simply the strange doctrines of Christianity. If it were only for these passages and the splendid chapters which describe the burning of Rome and the coming of Nero and his lute, playing on the Appian aqueduct, the book is worth reading. The interest culminates, however, in the rescue of Lygia by her servant Ursus the Lygian in the Amphitheater. With the other Christians she has been condemned to martyrdom, and all efforts of Vinicius and Petronius fail to save her. The cruel massacre of Christians in the arena have all occurred, and her death is the final scene in the brutal and bloody spectacle to which the tyrant and Tigellinus have treated Rome. Ursus, whose devotion to Lygia has been part of the idyll of his life, is also a Christian and is noted for his immense strength. As he stepped into the circus all Rome gazed wonderingly at his "mighty limbs, as large as tree-trunks, at his breasts as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. He stood more like a Colossus than a man," until the appearance of the great bull. Here is the scene:

* *

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Caesar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his Queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and, bending forward, he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first?—that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Caesar himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of Croton kill the bull which we choose for him." So they looked now with amazement at that picture, as not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheater were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Sweat covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the hands of the barbarian. The face, neck and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from the jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of the spectators sitting nearer, came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of the tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. Those who were sitting on the highest rows came down, crowding in the passages between benches to look more nearly at the strong man. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Caesar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say:

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

The spectators understood perfectly what he wanted. At sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the Senators and Knights. Her slender form, as white as if chiseled from alabaster, her fainting, the dreadful danger from which the giant had freed her, and finally her beauty and attachment, had moved every heart. Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly like a flame. They had had blood, death and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Meanwhile Ursus, holding the girl in his arms, moved around the arena, and with his eyes and with motions begged her life for her. Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her naked body with his toga. Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

Then the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. The crowd stamped and howled. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Caesar with flashes of anger in their eyes and clenched fists.

But Caesar halted and hesitated.

* *

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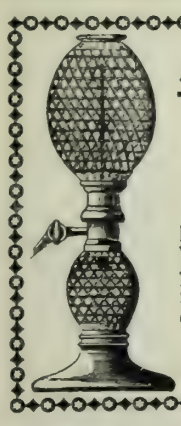

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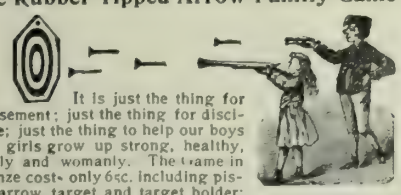

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## THEIR BETTER HALVES

### Personalities of the Wives of the New Cabinet Ministers.

The ladies of the new "Cabinet Circle" are just at present the objects of much attention—indeed, the fierce light that has the habit of beating about a throne is a mild glow in comparison with the steady glare that, like a searchlight, has been turned upon the lives and antecedents of these grande dames of Columbia's new court. It must be indeed gratifying, as well as a source of much edification to the great American public, to know just what these lives are, and just how numerous these antecedents. The very fact that they are Cabinet ladies is enough, it seems, to justify the daily press in ascribing to them every grace of manner and of form, but in reality one shrewdly suspects that they resemble the majority of middle-aged wives in being plain, comfortable, everyday bodies, not so very much unlike a hundred thousand others, after all.

Before her marriage Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of an Ohio banker. She held a position in her father's bank, and it was over the cashier's counter that she first became acquainted with the future President. This acquaintance grew in proportion as time went on, and it resulted finally in marriage in 1871. This love story of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley might well be termed "The Romance of a Country Bank." Otherwise, the new lady of the White House is of middle height, has great, dark eyes, a sweet, firm face and short brown hair, which curls about a head of the type that one might choose for a medallion. She is a gentle, amiable woman, and will bring to the presidential mansion, along with a collection of valuable diamonds of which she is very fond, much experience in Washington society.

Mrs. Hobart, the wife of the Vice President, is the fortunate possessor of a face that is said to be "lighted up by a pair of dark, half-mischievous eyes that mirror the changing moods of an active and sympathetic mind." It is quite probable that Mrs. Hobart never knew this about her face before. That it is now brought so forcibly and vividly to her notice is no doubt due to the "enterprise" and "push" of some "new" journalist—a space writer, perhaps. As a young man, Mrs. Hobart's better three-fourths studied law under Socrates Tuttle of Paterson, N. J., and from his daughter Jennie took lessons in love. As the proper and highly respectable consequence a wedding occurred between the two young people. According to the same veracious authority we have it that Mrs. Hobart is of a cheery disposition, is a wide reader, is well up on politics, and is deeply interested in all sorts of charitable work.

Mrs. Sherman, the spouse of the Secretary of State, has spent winters in Washington for more than forty years, and in all that time has distinguished herself for her affability and what the Italians call "sympatica." She entertains frequently in her big white marble mansion, assisted by the women of her home circle, all of whom are young and charming—desirable attributes in society, though, singularly enough, they are the characteristics of the wife of every prominent leader of national politics.

Mrs. Alger is descended on both sides from Revolutionary parents; she has five children, two of whom are married. She possesses a kind heart, graceful manners, a strong nature and, incidentally, of course, money enough to ignite the proverbial dripping canine. In addition to all this Mrs. Alger is a gracious hostess and one of the best of mothers. Truly an exceptionally happy combination of virtue and fortune, quite idyllic, in fact.

Mrs. John D. Long, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, is small, dresses simply, and has the appearance of a typical New England school mistress, which, by the way, she was, until she married her husband, who has been Governor of Massachusetts and a member of Congress.

Very different from Mrs. Long is Mrs. Gary, who is very much interested in society and all that pertains thereto. Our own Mrs. McKenna has had a Washington experience that will be of much value to her during the coming four years. She has also the distinction of being the first Cabinet lady from California—a distinction that may make a difference to her successors. She is quite a handsome woman, thoroughly able to make the best of her husband's fortune.

Think of the luck—the Attorney General of the United States commenced life as a baker's boy in Suisun, a tiny California village. Yet no one has ever called him a genius, and he is not a millionaire.

Around the courtship and marriage of Mrs. Lyman J. Gage centers "tout un roman." She and her present husband were betrothed by telegraph; he was in Florida, and she here in San Francisco. Mrs. Gage was the widow of her husband's brother, and it was during this courtship that she first became acquainted with the future Secretary of the Treasury. She is described as a past grand mistress of the art of dinner giving. At any of the affairs over which she presides there is not only a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but also material comforts quite beyond criticism.

From all this it would appear that the wives of the new Cabinet members are likely to acquit themselves creditably in their social duties. Up to the moment they have lived their lives uneventfully, little reckoning of the greatness our glorious country has now thrust upon them. Some of them possess wealth and social position; all are endowed with the average amount of amiability and culture which generally accompanies them. An enterprising press will keep them and their doings well before the people; their movements will be carefully chronicled, and their gowns and ailments will receive similar treatment, and for all this an impressionable public, who believe everything they read in the Sunday papers, will, of course, be duly grateful. There may be, perhaps, a cynical few (led, no doubt, by the wives of those gentlemen who wanted to be Cabinet Ministers) who will carp and cavil and gird at the Cabinet ladies for their good fortune, but these, like the poor, we have always with us.

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## LITERARY REISSUES

### A New Measure of "Life"—The Veracious History of a Snob.

"Soldiers and Civilians" (American Publishers' Corporation) by Ambrose Bierce, is one of those volumes of fiction destined to gain their popularity only by slow degrees. That these stories will attain a prominent place in American literature at some future day is about as certain as that rivers run to the sea. No doubt one of the drawbacks of these tales—the one that sticks fastest in the crop of the G. P.—is the impossibility of their ever having occurred. But it is the improbable that damns a work of fiction, not the impossible. Mr. Bierce's premises once granted, nothing could be of stranger effect that such tales as "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," or "The Middle Toe of the Right Foot," or "The Watcher by the Dead." Mr. Bierce is at his best in those tales which turn upon the power of suggestion upon the mind where the imagination may be so distorted as to produce death. There is, perhaps, something more than a reminiscence of Poe in some of the weirder tales, but for all that Mr. Bierce has shown a power of original conception that we repeat will in time raise him to a high rank among authors of America.

Mrs. Hungerford's "Nor Wife Nor Maid" (American Publishers' Corporation) is one of those "novels" whose public is made up for the most part from the ranks of shop girls and of the inmates of boarding schools "of the baser sort." It is a miserable medley of intrigue and passion that never rises to the dignity of drama. The situations are forced, the characters absurdly unnatural, the plot a mere rehash of old themes, long since worn out. By a constant use of the present tense in every phase of the narration "The Duchess" has exclusively aimed to produce vividness of effect. She has gone wide of her mark, however; the only effect [illegible] ing being one of deadly monotony.

The "Square of Sevens," (Harper & Brothers), by Irenaeus Stevenson, is a little treatise on fortune telling by cards, related in archaic language with accompanying diagrams. There is an apparent straining after effect throughout, even if one were disposed to take the treatise seriously. It is safe to make the statement that the book will attract little interest beyond those who have made cartomancy a very serious study.

This is a tale of a certain "Mr. Bailey-Martin," (The American Publishers' Corporation), son of a small London grocer who becomes a social leader and a member of parliament. How these ends are compassed is told autobiographically by Bailey-Martin himself. They are accomplished by the meanest and most contemptible subterfuges, being hypocrisy, slander, etc. There is a grim sarcasm in the tale, since Mr. Bailey-Martin—as great a blackguard as ever dodged the noose—achieves a certain bad eminence, from which even the disreputable affair with "Mimi" does not quite succeed in dislodging him. There is a good love story interwoven with the tale, and, altogether, the history of Mr. Bailey-Martin is well worth while reading. The style is direct and incisive and many of the situations have considerable dramatic value.

After turning over some twenty or thirty of the illustrated humorous weeklies of two continents that come to hand upon our table, we are led to the conclusion that there are none of them equal to our own "Life." "Life" is a clean, fearless little paper, witty rather than broadly humorous, invariably apropos, interesting, and amusing. But it is not merely a funny paper. Its observations on literature, on art, on the drama, and on politics are as incisive and pungent as any of the periodicals that specialize in these branches. Of late "Life" has added to its pages a move that readers all over the country will hail with delight, as one can hardly get too much of this charming publication. From an artistic standpoint "Life" may be said to have done more in educating the public to an appreciation of draughtmanship than any paper ever published in America. It has introduced to the world such artists as Gibson, Wenzell, and Sullivant, and for this, if for nothing else, the world should be in its debt.

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## RACING

### Recent Events on Two Tracks — The Imbroglio at Ingleside.

The talk of the moment in sporting circles is of changes in the direction of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club. Pending official announcements, the public will do well to avoid taking sides in any alleged dispute between members of the board, and racing men especially should resist temptation to prejudge the case. It is sufficient for the present to say that the reports which are in circulation in print and on men's tongues are not to be relied upon.

Although the fields at Ingleside during the closing days of the last meeting kept up well in point of numbers, no thanks were due to the clerk of the weather. At Emeryville, however, we are so far being treated with more consideration.

Since last writing, that good 3-year-old, Howard S. (imp. Whistle Jacket—Zelica), has, in some measure, proved his return to form by defeating a field of fair horses at a mile. He had a little advantage in the weights, but won his race so emphatically that he is entitled to full credit, particularly as David, the only one of the lot that got anywhere near him, is known to be in good shape just now. This colt has earned distinction many times, and is well worth all the care that can be given him in training and placing. He has not always had the best of jockeyship and has won more than one of his races on his own courage and determination to get there in spite of wretched riding.

After having been eased up for a while, Cash Day has picked up a further pair of brackets in a parody on racing. Applause, to whom the old horse was giving five pounds, being driven hard by Tod Sloan to no purpose, and the rest of the field being anywhere out of it.

The attractions of a $400 purse brought out fifteen 2-year-olds, two of which in the Macdonough stable, namely, Count of Flanders and St. Philip, both sons of St. Carlo, looked like having it all their own way, until Morellito, who had dropped back into the ruck after getting away pretty fairly in a generally bad start, came with a wet sail and nipped out the Count by a head. Sir William, giving away a lot of weight, ran most creditably and came in fourth.

Vile weather and the collapse of the mile special for Magnet, Libertine, Damien and David made Saturday somewhat of a disappointment. The event of the afternoon was the Crocker stakes, a selling sweepstakes for 2-year-olds. Eight youngsters only faced the starter, all of them fairly promising, six of the number having been winners previously, and one of the other two going to the post for the first time. The actual race was limited to Miss Rowena, Aluminum and Estro, who finished in the order named, Duckling and Morellito being the only others that succeeded in making any show. The comparatively high valuation fixed by his owner on the last-named subjected him to top weight, 112 pounds, or fourteen pounds more than the winner carried, but for which he would undoubtedly have given a better account of himself. Both this colt and Aluminum are more than likely to turn the tables on the Burns & Waterhouse filly later on, as they are of the sort that want time to furnish their lengthy frames, and will probably be better served by longer courses than by the short cuts to which they are at present limited. In this event the Australian blood showed up well, as Miss Rowena is out of the Australian mare imp. Paloma, and Aluminum is by the Australian sire imp. Idalium. William Murray brought out the imp. Islington colt, Mica, for his maiden essay, but was unlucky enough to draw outside place, and the youngster, moreover, lamed himself from some cause or another early in the race and had to be pulled up. He is a good looker, and, being blessed with the excellent legs and feet that distinguish his sire, there is no reason why, with care, he should not make a race horse.

In a fairly large field on Monday last St. Philip scored a somewhat easy win, and the following day the Morello filly Morana fulfilled the promise she has given of her ability by scoring another victory.

Wednesday's card did not pan out well, scratchings being numerous in four of the events. The 2-year-old race was landed in good style by Ezell's clever little colt, The Cheat. Thorpe was still somewhat sore, and could not make better than third place, while Hermoso failed to maintain his undoubted speed. Mr. Corrigan started Truth, a very breedy-looking little filly by imp. Sir Modred—imp. Evangeline, but W. Martin was unlucky enough to miss getting away when the barrier rose, and took no part in the race with her.

For the high-weight Piedmont handicap, seven furlongs, a field of eighteen was listed on the card, but only seven of the number sported silk, all the heavyweights but Caspar, 121 pounds, and Yankee Doodle, 123 pounds, declining the contest. The former ran well for six furlongs, but, collared by Lincoln II., 108 pounds, was not able to respond, and had to be content with second honors. Boots' Instigator, 100 pounds, ran a good race and landed third. Lincoln II. has invariably run well in his races this winter, and as he is a nice, well-bred, game little horse he was satisfactory to see him in front for a good stake.

The closing-out sale of Mr. William Corbett's trotting-bred stock in New York can hardly be said to have been a success, though, of course, the small figure of $5,000 paid for old Guy Wilkes, the star of the sale, must be considered in the light of the horse's advanced years and feeble condition. The whole tenor of this and other similar sales for some time past confirms the conviction generally entertained that the market for harness speed has permanently assumed a lower level, and is not likely to recover its one-time elevation. When the well-known hackney stallion, imp. Marquis of Londesboro, now 13 years old, was sold at auction in New York for $12,000, being but $3,000 less than Mr. Henry Fairfax, of Virginia, received for him from Dr. W. Seward Webb, some years ago. Good hackney blood was then scarcer in the land than it is to-day, and times were better generally. It is therefore clear that a horse known to be a producer of good, useful animals, suitable for high-class carriage work, has a stable value. A pedigree alone, however much it may bristle with records of speed, will not meet the requirements of the present day. Good breeding is, of course, indispensable, but it must be backed up by that individuality which combines the possession of good, natural action, power and style. On no other basis can the prestige of a breed of horses be steadily maintained. Many of the leading trotting-horse breeders in the East are showing that they are fully alive to this fact by insisting upon these essentials in their breeding stock, and their example should be closely followed on this coast, if California is to keep pace in horse-breeding with other sections of the country. Only the right type of mares should be bred to sires of high quality, sufficient substance and true make, as well as of fine, bold style in action. It may then fairly be hoped that the breeding of horses for business and family use will prove satisfactory and remunerative to men who understand and attend to it properly. Good horses of the kind are always steadier in the market than any other sort, there not being half the risk and trouble that the thoroughbred and trotter entail to ensure good results, while every now and then fancy prices can be secured for anything out of the common in the way of style and action.

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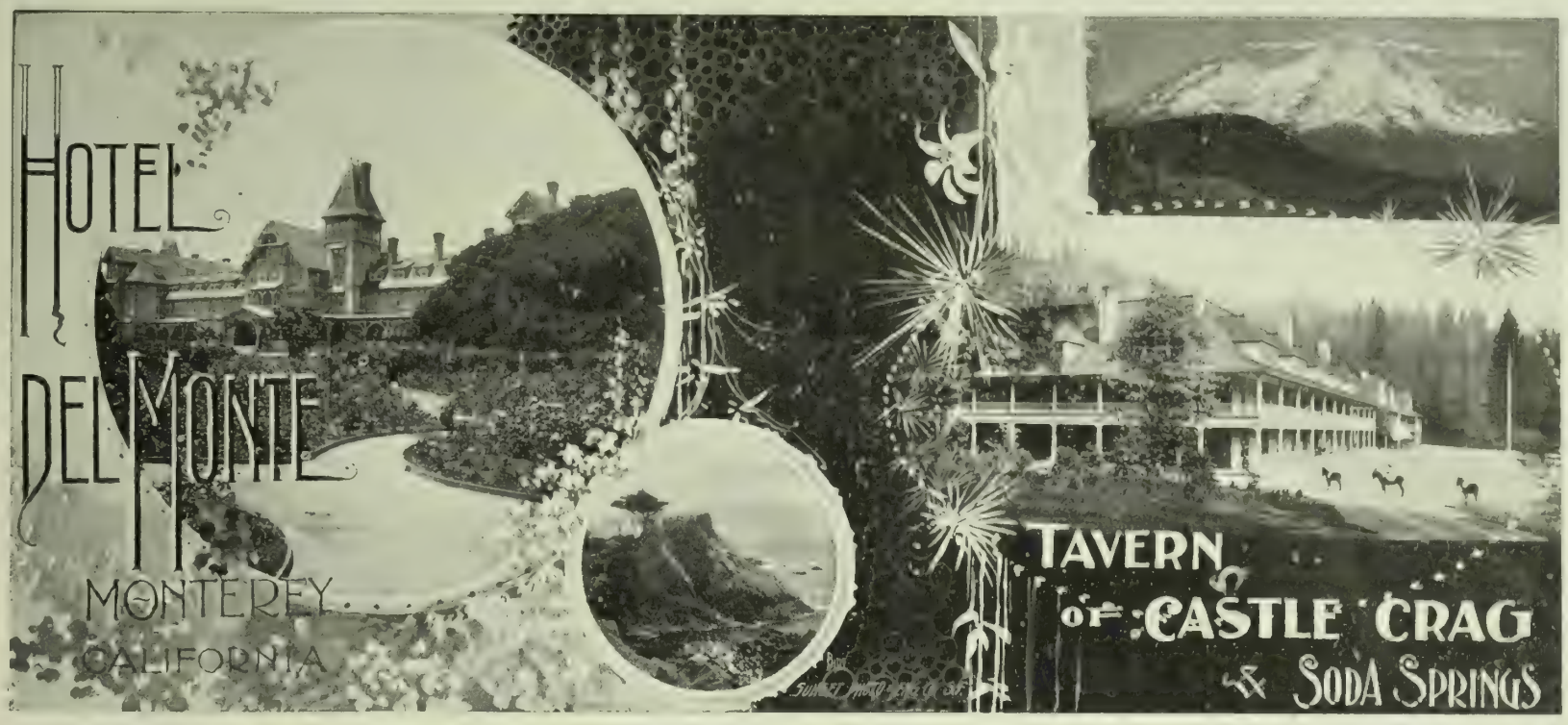


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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 54) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, San Francisco. Cal. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction: and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF JOHN PHELAN, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN PHELAN,
Adm. of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 7, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 18191—Dept. 9.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Frank P. Kelly, 101 Sansome street, rooms 21 and 22, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco.

W. R. FELTER,
Adm. of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 25, 1897.

FRANK P. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 26
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied February 10, 1897
Delinquent in office, March 16, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 6, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary,
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 55
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied March 4, 1897
Delinquent in office April 8, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 9, 1897

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Whistler, the artist, dropped into Sir Henry Irving's private rooms at the Lyceum one night to take pot luck with him. Other souls were there on the same errand, and of them all "Little Jimmy" alone was silent. Two of his landscapes adorned the walls, and apparently he wanted no further entertainment. They seemed to have an irresistible attraction for him, and every few minutes he would jump up from the table to get a better view of his own work. At length, after a prolonged examination of the studies in moonlight and moorland, he gave vent to a yell. "Irving, Irving, what have you done?" "What's the matter?" inquired Sir Henry, calmy walking up to the pictures. "Matter!" thundered Whistler. "Why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you've never noticed it! I suppose they have been like this for months?" "I suppose they have," responded the actor; "but I think I might be excused, since it has taken you an hour to discover the fact yourself."

A certain Marysville minister, who, on performing the marriage ceremony, always feels it incumbent on him to address a few words of serious advice to the bride and groom, followed this rule in the case of an excellent young woman from the mountains who had presented herself and her man at his vestry. "I hope you fully realize," he said, solemnly, "the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it." "Prepared?" she said, innocently; "well, if I ain't prepared for it, I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand-new feather-beds, ten sheets, and twelve pairs of pillow-slips, four linen tablecloths, a dozen spoons, and a good six-quart kettle. If I ain't prepared, no girl in this county ever was."

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement. He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, every one meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand. "Why, it's very simple," said the leader, when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and, to be sure of the fidelity of our collector, he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these first when he returns, to make sure of the money."

The late novelist, Charles Reade, was decidedly an epicure. He asked Howard Paul, the well-known journalist, to send him from America a brace of canvasback ducks. Mr. Paul sent him a brace by a quick steamer, with explicit instructions as to how they should be prepared and cooked. He sent by the same messenger a bottle of bay-rum, thinking Mr. Reade knew it as a toilet accessory. It seems not, for he wrote back to the donor—"My dear Paul: The ducks were excellent; I enjoyed them exceedingly; but the bay-rum must be an acquired taste and didn't go at all well with the wild fowl, so I substituted champagne. I liked the bay-rum better made into a hot punch."

They are very democratic in Aberdeen. A little while before the city election a candidate for an office thought he would call on a few of the leading city councillors. He hailed a cab and told the cabman to drive him to Councillor Bissett's, the treasurer. The councillor was found in a blacksmith's shop, shoeing a horse. "I'll see somebody better than this," said the candidate. "Drive me to Councillor Maitland's office." The cabman thereupon drove him to the pawnbroker's. "Drive me to Councillor Gray's," he ejaculated. "I am Councillor Gray, sir!" replied the cabman.

In a provincial theatre, where Macbeth was being recently played by a clever actor, who was also a great favorite with his audience, in the banquet scene he had delivered his words to the ghost of Banquo, "Hence, horrible shadow, hence," when he dropped on his knee, covering his face with his robe and shuddered convulsively. Just as the applause was over, a youth in the gallery, carried away with the intensity of the acting, cried out to him, "It's all right now, Craggs; he's gone!"

The late Professor Huxley was dining at Sir Charles Dilke's. Very stupidly, one of the guests began to deride "divine philosophy," and rudely expressed his opinion that "philosopher" was another way of spelling "fool." "What is your opinion, Professor? Is there much distance between them?" The Professor, with a polite bow to his boorish vis a-vis, responded gravely, "Sometimes only the width of a table."

The little girl had just returned from her elocution lesson, and had evidently made a discovery. "Mama," she said, "I know now why they say gesture," and she said the last word very slowly, accentuating both syllables. "And why?" asked her mama. "Because," replied the little one, "you are never 'jest sure' when to put it in!"

An English clergyman recently came across some small boys vigorously playing marbles. It was Sunday, and the good man was deeply shocked. "Boys! Boys!" he said, "you shouldn't play marbles to-day. Sunday's a day of rest." "Yes, sir," piped the smallest boy; "we knows it; but we ain't tired, sir."

A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble, he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the table a note from his very thoughtful wife, which ran thus: "I have gone out. You will find the key at the side of the step."

"From what you say, madam," said the divorce lawyer, "your husband must have been a brute." "Indeed, sir?" responded the fair applicant. "I will consult another lawyer. I came here to get a divorce, sir, not to hear my husband abused."


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San Francisco's Crazy Architecture — The Tennessee Exposition

# THE WAVE

VOL XVI. No. 12 — SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 20, 1897 — PRICE 10 CTS

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Photo by Taber

# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 20, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| An Unconventional Interview with Cissy Fitzgerald; by Gelett Burgess | 4 |
| San Francisco's Crazy Architecture | 5 |
| The Thawing of Old Frost; by John S. Partridge | 5 |
| Some Architectural Monstrosities | 6 |
| The Guatemalan Diaz | 7 |
| Money the Peacemaker | 7 |
| Views of the Site of the Tennessee Centennial | 8 |
| An Artist in Hawaii; by Fred Yates | 9 |
| The Tennessee Centennial | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| An Emperor's Wooing: a Review | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## "NEW JOURNALISM" THAT IS JOURNALISM.

The Sacramento "Bee" has delighted its friends, confounded its enemies, and startled the entire community, with as clever and as commendable a piece of combined newspaper and detective work as ever lay to the credit of an American journal. But besides this, the "Bee" has done something more than demonstrate its enterprise by running to earth a gang of unprincipled blackmailers. It has taken the lead in a direction which "new journalism" might follow with profit to itself and to the public. This achievement of the "Bee," which is without a parallel in this State's history, may be briefly stated thus: For some time it has been suspected that there existed in Sacramento a combination of blackmailers organized for the purpose of compelling gamblers and other law-breakers to contribute monthly sums for protection from newspaper exposure and police interference. One Sheehan, a "reformer" and proprietor of the Sacramento "Sunday News," was shrewdly suspected of being one of the leaders of this combination, and a watch was set on him. About the close of last year the "Bee" in a methodical manner began the investigation.

On the 18th of December there arrived at Sacramento a Mr. C. J. Von Arnold, a distinguished-appearing German, who was reported as a wealthy Chicago saloonkeeper seeking to establish a combined gambling, concert and beer hall in the capital city. Mr. Von Arnold was free with his money, with his tongue, and with his showy pink business cards. He was not a thin-skinned Puritan, but was a man of the world and understood that to secure police protection he must pay for it. He was soon rated as a "thoroughbred." The proprietor of the "Sunday News" was not slow in scenting out Mr. Von Arnold, and as acquaintance ripened into friendship, which it did with remarkable rapidity, the editor of that very excellent family journal indicated to the ex-Chicago capitalist that freedom from exposure of his gambling house might be insured him by payment of one hundred dollars per month to his Sabbath day "News." The editor was all fairness, and to indicate to the stranger that no discrimination was proposed against him he satisfactorily showed that a monthly fee of one hundred dollars was customary from the other gambling houses in that municipality. The evidence thus obtained against Mr. Sheehan was of a most overwhelming and convincing character, but the detective also learned, to the great astonishment of his employers, that certain members of the Sacramento Board of Trustees must likewise be considered in a money sense in the matter. While the expense of further investigation was not slight, the "Bee" proprietors determined to follow it to the end. Among the city Trustees and their agents the detective worked for several weeks, and by ingenious devices, set out in Saturday's "Bee," effectually trapped as sorry a lot of lawbreakers as ever disgraced a California community. The story, with details that would provoke a horse to laugh, is told in the "Bee" of March 13th, and each day since then a chapter has been added to the tale of crime unearthed by the enterprise of this journal. This is, indeed, new journalism.

There is an old journalism and there is a new. The new journalism that has been forced upon the attention of the American public is now typified by the New York "World" and "Journal" and the San Francisco "Examiner." The old journalism needs no introduction. "The Wave" does not approve of the new journalism of the "World" and the "Journal." Their attitude is that of the common scold and fakir. True, they charge crime indiscriminately to public officers and sometimes specifically without the ability to sustain their accusations with proof. Their work is of the veriest slipshod character, and is purely sensational, without having real merit behind it. The journalism that has just come to the front through the "Bee" is a journalism that makes for good and for the benefit of government. It is a sort of journalism that purges the body politic of the infamous and degraded wretches who fasten themselves in fat office: it is a character of journalism that exposes the cancerous sores that threaten our existence, and plies the scalpel knife for their eradication. It is not abusive, it is not scandalous, it is not demagogic, it is not sensational; but it is honest, legitimate journalism backed up by courage and enterprise, of which no man need stand in fear who is not a public rascal and a thief. The "Bee" has set the pace which new journalism in America should follow. We know, if we know anything, that our public officials are often rascals, and that our State and municipal governments are often rotten to the core. To improve this condition of affairs and eradicate its consequent evils should be the highest aim of the modern journalist.

## THE DAMNATION OF J. J. INGALLS.

A bright young man named White lifted himself into fame in a single night by an editorial written for a Kansas City paper, in which, in answer to the question, "What's the matter with Kansas?" he declared that Kansas started in to raise hell and was now suffering from over-production. Hitherto, this is the most satisfactory explanation that has been given to the world for the persistence of Kansas in going Populistic and sending such freaks of mind and hair as Peffer to the Senate. But there is another and a better reason.

Kansas sends Populists to the Senate because her standing Republican candidate is John Jacob Ingalls. The country has had something of an admiration for Mr. Ingalls, and has wondered often why such a man should be sent to the rear to give place to men of less ability and of no fame. But Kansas knew Mr. Ingalls better than the country. When she took her choice between the Populist and Ingalls she took the Populist, not because she loved him more, but because she loved Ingalls less. The country is now prepared to agree that the choice she made was wise, for the man who has been Vice-President of the United States and can fall so low as to become a reporter of prize fights for the New York "Journal" can hardly be said to have the sense of dignity and decency which would place him on a plane superior to that of a Coxey or a Cator. We can imagine no sufficient excuse for Mr. Ingalls' act. He has been honored by the people of the United States as few men living have been. Twice or more he was chosen the presiding officer of our highest legislative body, and once, had our executive died, he would, under the law, have been the President of the United States. He was a candidate before the people of his own State last November for election to the United States Senate, and up to this time has been regarded as a brilliant though somewhat erratic man. Though he were in actual want, his family destitute and on the verge of starvation, he could not be excused for consorting with pluguglies, gamblers and saloon-keepers. It is safe to say that no other man of equal prominence in the world could be hired by a newspaper to dip his pen in the blood of the prizering that the sports of the world might have the honor of reading an account of a prize fight by an ex-Vice-President. He knows that those who hired him did so that they might be able to exploit his hitherto honored name in the interest of the most degraded sport that civilized nations tolerate. In doing this work he has placed himself on a level with those women who exploit their sex for the benefit of a salacious and nasty-minded reading public. The name of Ingalls can no longer be honored by men of his own party. He has by his own act proved himself to be willing to do any act which those who pay his salary may command. He has forever made it impossible to receive further honor from the American people. He has presented an instance unparalleled of the depths to which a man may fall, in whom conscience has been deadened by long contact with those who do politics. No doubt, he is unable to see himself as the country sees him. The atmosphere in which he has lived has been such as to deprive him of that nice sense which keeps alive the pride of honor and respectability. For two things he sold himself, money and advertisement. Through his position he was able to keep in the public eye for years by cutting and epigramatic speeches. No longer having that position, he still craves notoriety as an aged imbecile actress flutters to the footlights in the hope that she may once again hear the applause which made her youth so happy. But the attention which is now paid to ex-Senator Ingalls is not a tribute of respect, but an evidence of the horror and repulsion felt by the people who have honored the man, and who has proved himself unworthy.

## PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AND THE FREE-TRADE DEMOCRATS.

If there was ever any question in the minds of the American people as to what concessions President McKinley would make to the free-trade-gold-Democrats who came to his support in the late campaign, it has been answered by his inaugural address and his first message to Congress. In the former the President declared that "nothing has ever been plainer at a general election than that the controlling principle in the revenue from duties on imports is jealous care for American interests and American labor." His first message to Congress is a plain, straightforward protection document, devoid of rhetoric and polished periods. He directs the attention of Congress to the fact that the expenses of the Government are greater than its receipts, and declares that an examination of the subject leads inevitably to the conclusion that the revenue that allows this deficit is unjustifiable and should be adjusted. He points out that in 1892, under a high tariff, the excess of receipts over expenditures amounted to over nine million dollars, and that during that fiscal year over forty million dollars had been paid on the public debt. He also points out that in 1894, under the Wilson tariff, there was a deficit of nearly seventy million dollars, which was the first since the resumption of specie payments, and that this deficit occurred notwithstanding the fact that there was a decrease of over sixteen million dollars in the ordinary expenses of the Government, as compared with the previous fiscal year. "Congress should promptly correct the existing condition," says the message. "The necessity for the passage of a tariff law which shall provide ample revenue need not further be urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure."

These words will chill the heart of many a Democrat who flew to the McKinley standard because it was the single standard, and yet we cannot but admit that had not Mr. McKinley been recognized as the leader and apostle of protection, he would never have received the nomination at the hands of his party, nor would he today have been President of this nation. The silver question at the time of the Republican convention had not taken on the importance that was subsequently given it by the Democrats at Chicago. The action of the silver Republicans in walking out of the St. Louis convention did not foreshadow the coming of a Bryan. It was supposed then that the shibboleths of the campaign would be "Protection" and "Free-trade," and for this reason Mr. Hanna found it possible to so easily overthrow the combinations of Platt and Quay. The first official act of Mr. McKinley has been to push the helm hard down and shape the governmental course in a direction diametrically opposed to that of his predecessor. It is folly to say the people did not expect this of him, and it is too much for the free-trade-gold-Democrats to demand that he forsake or modify the principles of his party as a concession to them. Should President McKinley so alter his tariff views to meet the approbation of the free-trade-gold-Democrats, and should the Democratic party again come into the control of the Clevelands and the Carlisles, there would be no issues left between the parties. The protection message of the President is what was to be expected; it is a Republican message, and he is justified in believing that it will meet with the approbation of the great majority of his party to whom he owes his nomination and election.

We do not often find ourselves in sympathy or agreement with the attitude of the "Examiner," but the stand taken by its managing editor in preferring imprisonment to the violation of an obligation that journalistic practice and tradition has crystallized into a concrete rule of journalistic honor, commands our respect and admiration. In law, there is no justification for the

"Examiner's" refusal to answer the prying interrogatory that sought to uncover the identity of the individuals furnishing them with information, but in honor and all the unwritten rules of journalism, to have failed to preserve inviolate these names would have been treachery unforgivable. Argument upon argument might be made to sustain the claim that such communications are, or ought to be, privileged and entitled to exemption from prying legislative or judicial inquiry, equally with communications passing between lawyer and client, or physician and patient. But the courts cannot take these elements into consideration. In the absence of a specific statutory declaration, neither custom nor practice nor the ethics of journalism can avail, for immunity from inquiry is purely statutory.

### *THE NICARAGUA CANAL AGAIN.*

"The Wave" was the first journal on the Pacific coast to denounce the iniquitous Nicaragua canal job that was, for some inexplicable reason, receiving the wild and thoughtless support of the entire local community. The Mayor, our Boards of Trade, Mercantile Associations of every class and character, by telegraph and letter urged upon our Senators and Representatives at Washington immediate action. Their messages were clad in such warm literary garments of patriotism that one would have supposed none but a traitor to his country could have objected to the passage of that most beneficent measure. Now, however, it is generally conceded among disinterested, intelligent men that the promoters of this Nicaragua bill were mere adventurers hungry to dip into the millions of governmental credit that the bill proposed to grant, and we may thank our fortunes rather than foresight that we escaped them.

The Republican platform upon which Mr. McKinley was elected declared that "The Nicaragua canal should be built, owned and operated by the United States." This is the only sane method to pursue, and if our leading citizens who were enthusiastic for the construction of this work will now display the same energy to secure governmental construction that they did toward furthering the sinister designs of the Maritime Canal Company, we may hope within a short while to learn that the Government is again negotiating with Nicaragua in an endeavor to repair the mischief done by the withdrawal of the Frelinghuysen treaty, which was proposed under the Arthur administration. The question as to what, if any, benefits will come to this city and to this State by the completion of the canal is an open one. The weight of public opinion is to the effect that it will result in our upbuilding and will bring the products of our soil closer to the markets of the world. That New York will be benefited by the canal is apparent; that San Francisco will be is doubtful, and it is a subject fairly open to discussion, the which we promise at a future day.

The death of Gustav Sutro last Thursday terminated a life full of usefulness. I know it is customary when a man of prominence and wealth departs on the long journey for certain of my contemporaries to indulge in glittering compliments about his career, his benefactions and his integrity. In nine cases out of ten the eulogies of the obituary column are as unintelligent as they are erroneous. Few mortals are able to come up to their intentions—I won't say ideals. Most men who think have come to recognize the golden rule as the fairest law of life, and count as their real sins the times they have failed to "let live and live." There have been many kindly words said of the late Gustav Sutro; he has been praised as an honorable and earnest man, who worked industriously and met his obligations. This verdict I have not heard disputed. He was fortunate in having had that training which enables a man to plan for himself and execute as he has determined with no fumbling or indecision. He was admirably educated, came from a strong stock, studied hard and brought to America a thorough knowledge of business and the power to express himself in five languages. No wonder he succeeded and grew rich. A man who possesses the mental control necessary to grapple so with facts, figures and words encounters in life no problem he cannot solve or surmount. Gustav Sutro guided to prosperity two of our biggest corporations, and engineered deal after deal cleanly, cleverly and conclusively. That is his public record, otherwise he cared little for society, lived according to his own lights and no other man's, and died when he had exhausted the measure of life within him. If some others of us can do as well we will be fortunate.

Senator Frye is the father of a bill now before the United States Senate, which proposes that the Department of Commerce and Industry shall have jurisdiction over foreign and internal commerce, and also over all matters concerning the commercial interests of the United States, the extension of foreign markets, and facilities of trade with foreign countries. It also desires that the new department shall have control of the bureaus of life-saving, lighthouses, marine hospitals, steamboat inspection, affairs of navigation, coast and geodetic survey, bureau of statistics and the consular bureau from the State Department. A new feature of the new department is to be a permanent tariff bureau.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Governor justified my prediction of his intentions in selecting for the important office of Harbor Commissioner an unimportant politician who, but recently, filled a subordinate role in the department which he is now to rule. Major Harney came into notice some years back as a species of third assistant in the Adjutant-General's office under Stoneman. Under Commissioner English he was given a post on the Front as wharfinger. Subsequently he obtained a small place with the Stockton Transportation Company, and acquired a reputation for energy in small politics. Latterly he made himself a part of the Rainey machine, being a friend and go-between for Dr. Ragan, and now is promoted over the heads and shoulders of all the Democrats in town, and appointed to the best place in the Governor's gift. The selection of this man for so prominent a position seems a strange misuse of power. The secret of Major Harney's preferment, however, lies in his insignificance. Of his own deserts—he could never aspire to the position; therefore, he has greater cause for gratitude to the Governor. Mr. Budd is not only his benefactor, but has really created him out of the dust. But it is the first instance of this post being awarded save as the desert for distinguished party service. We may presume that in combination with Editor Colnon Major Harney will use the patronage of the past as the Governor directs. Maybe it will aid the cause which Sam Rainey has undertaken of giving us, two years hence, a recurrence of Governor Budd.

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It was a great victory. Not for Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons alone—he knew he was to win and had his wife with him to watch the duel, and to give him for his mascot a kiss at the ringside. Not only for the short-end winners of seven to ten wagers on the red-headed Australian. The greatest victory was won by the kinetoscope, that had more money placed on the chance of sunshine than all the bets that were laid upon the gladiators. The kinetoscope people backed the sun against the clouds, and the sun won, the result being that for every man who spent $70 to see the fight, a hundred thousand, more or less, will pay 70 cents to see the fourteen-round contest through the peep-hole of the up-to-date machines. The phonograph company paid the lately celebrated Mr. Butler a hundred dollars to read a few words into the mouthpiece of one of their instruments, and the cylinders that repeat the sentences of the alleged murderer are still being kept hot in their revolutions, urged by the nickels of the curious. Exactly how much money has been invested by the power that incited the recent battle would be hard for an outsider to guess. It was reported that Corbett was furious with rage when he found the decision had been given to his rival, the present champion of the world, but after he had been sponged off and cooled down, he probably made up his mind that all was over. But it has only begun. Pompadour Jim will probably, in the coming year, be knocked out several thousand times a day in every large city in the country. It will be an interesting sight to see the defeated pugilist watching his own gory struggle in the ring, round after round, passing from one machine to another till he reaches the flashing tableau vivant of his Waterloo in No. 14.

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What is the secret of the "exclusive" advance intelligence to which the "Examiner" has accorded for a month quantities of space extravagantly disproportionate to its value, even in these degenerate days of the New Journalism? How has it tested the interest of the public in the exercise, the feeding and the light persiflage of the heavy-weight combatants? Not by the pulse of their South-of-Market-street clientele, which, though absorbed in the details of the encounter, do not form the most enthusiastic partisans of the pugilistic correspondents. Not by the sporting element, or the tastes of clubmen either, for they do not buy papers in immense quantities; their saloons and club tables supply a dozen readers for every sheet. The major portion of the edition of a modern journal is brought, read and discussed by women. And the New Woman certainly reads prize-fight news, deny it though she may. There is the seductive headline, to lead her first astray—there is the caption below the picture of the champion to lead her on, and before she knows it she is deep in rub-downs, punching bags and beefsteaks. The gossiping females of the boarding-house class cannot keep out of the excitement, the rural districts have Corbett and Fitzsimmons for breakfast, dinner and supper. It is horrid and brutal, but the women readers who devour the newspapers from local to bargain advertisements cannot help wondering which man is going to win. Women have already begun to "elevate" the ring by their presence—we shall have box parties no doubt at the next fight, much as the ultra-fashionable patronize Morosco's to-day. The women will discover a new sensation. They will see an orderly assemblage of men become a frenzied, howling mob at the sight of blood, as it did last Wednesday at Carson City. Indeed, they need not attend the fistic carnival to witness the transformation of man into brute. Even the crowds that blocked Market street in front of the bulletin-boards were transformed and all their primitive instincts boiled up at the simple legend, "First blood for Corbett."

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The benevolent citizens who contributed sacks of flour, provisions and canned fruits to the "unemployed" two weeks ago, and who gazed with pity at the disreputable crew that paraded the streets begging for bread, would have received a salutary object lesson if they had taken the trip to the Park to see the meagre handful of men that accepted the opportunity of earning a dollar a day in the construction of the Ingleside boulevard. Of the hundreds that marched in the procession of the unemployed, only eighteen men turned up for work on Tuesday morning; the rest are still "unemployed," and undoubtedly intend to remain so as long as they are provided with free sleeping quarters, and the "Chronicle" Relief Bureau keeps open for the benefit of professional mendicants. We have had about enough of this sort of thing. San Francisco is well known to the gentlemen of the road as what is termed "a very good thing." It is the winter stamping-ground for the bum and the hobo. Its charities are distributed with more criminal disregard of merit and need than any Eastern city. Petty jealousies have prevented more than half of the organized benevolent associations from co-operating with the Associated Charities for the systematical investigation of cases, and the consequence is that a beggar is able to swindle one after the other of the societies that do not report cases to the central committee. It should be known by every citizen that there is an office which employs a responsible agent to investigate and report on the cases referred to it. A glance at the Report of the Associated Charities will show a large percentage of "wrong addresses," no one having been found at the alleged homes of the applicants for alms.

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The task of investigating the cases of the members of the unemployed demonstration was divided between the Associated Charities, the Police Department and the Salvation Army, and the number of false addresses given has conclusively proved the character of the army of vagrants, but the eighteen men willing to work corroborated the discovery. Since then the force on the boulevard has been increased by honester men, not too languid to refuse the dollar a day that was offered for their services. And meanwhile the unemployes are snugly ensconced in the Howard-street Armory, and are organizing with a view to incorporating their very successful venture in "doing" the town!

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Portraiture is the most exacting and arbitrary of all branches of the painter's art, and by its very nature and purpose it constitutes every acquaintance of the sitter a more or less competent critic. The artist's skill goes for nothing with these people — the painting must be first, last and always a good likeness — it is a success or a failure only in so far as it stands this test. J. D. Strong has recently done some very good work in pastels, and his portraits of members of the Bohemian Club exhibited in the Green Room of that institution have "caught on" to such an extent that Mr. Strong's order-book is bulging with dates for sittings. His first portrait was that of John Luther, which is reproduced in this number. It was the great success of this head that led to the painting of the rest of the series. Mr. Strong has executed portraits of R. G. Brown, W. H. Bagley, John Martin, Albert Miller, and William Payne. Some of these pictures are now on exhibition at the Century Club. Mr. Strong's treatment of these pastels so strongly resembles the brush work of an oil painting that the difference between the two can hardly be detected except upon the closest inspection. These portraits have a further advantage over oils in that their colors do not fade. They are sealed under glass and protected hermetically from the action of the air, while the canvas is so prepared that it permanently retains the color.

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The recent purchase of the George W. Hooper ranch in Sonoma by Rudolph Spreckels places the latter in possession of one of the finest country seats in the State. It is a property of several hundred fertile acres, and is in proximity to the estate which General Vallejo selected as the most beautiful district in California. It lies between the Bennett, Los Guillicos and Napa valleys, and its soil is as fertile and its climate as soft and delightful as any in the West. The place was purchased by G. W. Hooper after he had made his fortune as a general purveyor of supplies in Arizona, and like most men who have made money on the Pacific slope he came to the Golden State to settle down and enjoy his wealth, and spend it in San Francisco, the gay metropolis of Western millionaires. After the death of his first wife, Mr. Hooper married a Maryland belle, a daughter of one of the Carrolls of Carrollton—and, both being devout Romanists, the villa at his Sonoma place was fitted with a private chapel, where services and high masses were held by special dispensation of the Pope. The Hooper villa became a species of ecclesiastical Mecca for the Catholic clergy, and the family made much of the priests and bishops who so often visited them. However, fortune refused to keep up its smiling. The phylloxera descended on the valley and killed every vine in the splendid vineyard. The wine-making, which was the great industry, came to an end; the revenues decreased, and things went from bad to worse, until the load was too great to carry, and the place has been sold for $75,000, a ridiculous fraction of its original valuation. Mr. Spreckels is to replant the vineyard with resistant stock, and is to be congratulated upon gaining possession of one of the most lovely of the historic California ranchos.

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One of the most interesting figures in municipal politics is Reginald H. Webster. He was the Republican nominee in the late municipal election for the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Democracy was united, but the Republican party was split into three factions, which refused to amalgamate and between whom there existed much bitterness. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labored, Mr. Webster polled the largest vote of any candidate on the Republican ticket. But his contentions for the place were not to end here. His right thereto was contested upon a technical point, which we note with pleasure the Superior Court has brushed aside, and has declared the subject of this sketch the lawfully elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. The public may expect a creditable administration from Mr. Webster, for he is thoroughly conversant with the school department and all its needs. He was for many years one of the most prominent and popular teachers of the department. He graduated from the University of California early in the history of that institution, and commenced his career as a teacher in the Boys' High School of this city. His abilities soon won him the position of head instructor in mathematics in the Polytechnic High School, and it is safe to predict that he will make the best Superintendent of Public Instruction that the city has had for many years. He will doubtless inaugurate many useful and long needed reforms.

BOSWELL JR.

## THE TWINKLING STAR

### An Unconventional Interview With Cissy Fitzgeral.

Cissy kept me waiting three-quarters of an hour, which was unkind, seeing that I had sent up a big bunch of violets. For the first quarter I was worried, thinking she might mistake me for a Chappie, for the next I was nervous, wondering what I should say to her, and at last I was indignant at the delay, and cursed myself for having been punctual.

But finally I was permitted to open the door of No. 360, and there was Cissy, in her second-act dress, seated in a chair in the middle of a sheet that was spread on the floor. She looked for all the world like an island of blanc mange in a square lakelet of cream.

She seemed very young—almost too young, at least for the sort of person she is on the stage. I'm sure she must shock herself dreadfully. There was a maid with her, an elderly British maid, with a stiff white collar and hair that needed brushing; she seemed to be putting stitches into the second-act dress, but I felt she was there for purposes of artistic contrast. She tolerated me as if in great devotion to Cissy.

"Do you always interview people with bunches of violets?" began Cissy.

"But this isn't an interview," I replied, "it's a character study."

"Well, I'm glad," said Cissy. "I hate to be interviewed, but perhaps it will be fun to be analyzed. I suppose you'll begin with my looks—they always do. Tell me how you're going to describe me."

"Well," I said, "I shall say that the top of her head was a delicate amber, or citrus color, and that was where the hair was; her face was very, very clean, indeed. She had the sort of beauty that belongs to the gamine, and that gets its complexion from the consumption of Irish potatoes—the beauty that goes with eyes that open very wide and stare very hard, and with the mouth that opens like a curtain to show a very pretty tableau of white teeth, but doesn't talk much, being made more for laughing purposes."

"Is that all?" said Cissy. And Cissy winked.

"Do you mind if I say you remind me of a white mouse?" said I.

"Do you mean in appearance, or intellectually?" said Cissy. "My eyes are not pink!" And she opened them very wide for me to see.

"They're remarkably brown," said I, "but I expected you to be just a little tough, you know."

"But you haven't answered my question!" said Cissy.

"But I came here to ask questions, not to answer them," said I rudely. "Tell me, why are you sitting in the middle of a white sheet?"

"That's to save my dress from getting dirty on the edges," said Cissy. "This dress cost fifty paound, and it weighs thirty paound! It's something awful to carry araound. Just look at it!"

And Cissy began turning up the skirts and underskirts and lace petticoats, one after the other, as one might turn over the pages of a book. I stopped her at what would have been the fifth chapter, for it was growing too exciting; she had come to the pink and white things, and the denouement of black silk stockings was already foreshadowed.

"You must buy underwear by the wholesale," said I. Cissy pointed to a heap of lingerie in a corner, that I had been before too timid to mention. There were all sorts of mysterious white things piled up like whipped cream.

"They've been coming in all day. Of course I get a lot of money, but I always spend it where I make it. Besides, underwear is jolly cheap in San Francisco!" She made another remark about San Francisco underwear, but I decided to forget it.

"But what is your fortune, my pretty maid?" said I.

"My wink is my fortune, sir," she said.

"I'm afraid you weren't very well brought up," said I. "Don't you know it's very wrong for girls to wink?"

"It's very wrong not to, when one can do it as well as I can!" Cissy said this.

And Cissy winked. Now there is a wink that is a kind of snap-shot at the possibility of just how bad a girl could be if she wanted to. This has to be done subtly and without effort. But Cissy's naughtiness is all acquired, and quite superficial. A white mouse must be taught to wink, and when it does so the exertion is likely to be apparent. Cissy's wink is like that of the wax doll which has to be bent double before the eyes close. It is a wink that must carry clear to the gallery. She places her hands on her hips, she cocks her head on one side, she unfurls a broad grin, and shoots off the wink as if she was firing a pistol. And yet it has made her fortune!

"I suppose I ought to tell you the story of my life, next," said Cissy. "But as I was an English girl, it wasn't very interesting till I became famous, and as that was only two years ago, there isn't much to tell. I made up that dance in the 'Gaiety Girl' myself, but I was awfully frightened the first time I went on in New York, for I knew what good dancers you have here. But I woke up the next morning and found I was famous, and the papers have kept it up ever since. I've acted the 'Foundling' over 500 times, and I'm jolly well sick of it. I believe I could go through with it in my sleep by this time!"

"What a bad dream that would be!" I groaned.

"This is my first visit to San Francisco," said Cissy. "I think the climate—" But I interrupted her.

"I suppose you'll do Chinatown," I said. "One can do one-half, three-quarters, or the whole thing." And Cissy winked.

"Come here, Toodles!" said Cissy. "What do you think of my dog? He weighs three paounds."

I looked very carefully, and at length perceived a little naked calico puppy abaout the size of a tamale.

"He is very intelligent," said Cissy as the puppy yawned leisurely.

I thought this was a very good hint, and rose to go.

"Tell me, are you going to put in much that I really didn't say?" said Cissy.

"I won't promise," said I.

"Then you must promise to make me very clever and bright," said she.

"But I can't do that!" I protested.

"Then give the impression that I was much brillianter than you were able to describe," she insisted.

I said I would try that.

And Cissy winked.

GELETT BURGESS.

CISSY FITZGERALD IN A CONVENTIONAL ATTITUDE

## ARCHITECTURAL SHAMS

### The Efforts of San Francisco Architects to Achieve the Impossible.

The untraveled Californian is usually very well satisfied with himself and his environment, full of boasts of the climate and resources of his city, complacent when it is praised, but surprised and hurt when it is criticized. Years of contact with the independent manners and methods of the West have obliterated most of the finer sentiments of civic pride, he sees the rights of the public sacrificed by the corporations calmly enough if he is undisturbed in his own smaller tyrranies, and he acquires by a long acquaintance with abuses a fatalistic creed that the city is doing as well as might be expected. He forgets that one of the most beautiful sites the continent affords has been butchered into streets out of all harmony with topographical conditions, proud of the fact that so many acres have been reclaimed from the sand dunes and so many from the harbor. Miles of treeless, narrow streets content his soul, and he accepts the wooden boxes of the town without a protest against their ugliness, and calls them houses.

It is not so, however, with the tourist, whose sarcastic comments upon Western provincialism are usually as incisive as they are merited. To the stranger, San Francisco is par excellence the city of extremes. Romantic in situation and in the complexity of its population—cosmopolitan, picturesque, radiant with local color—it has, besides, the unloveliness of youth and crudity with the sordid and dreary aspect of the Philistine as well. The intelligent tourist who has done the "sights" of the town, who has seen the Cliff, the Park, and Chinatown, does not rely upon these stock shows for his estimate of the character of the city. He carries away with him, and describes first to his friends, Kearny street and the Western Addition—the painted faces of the women and the abominations of our so-called "architecture," and if a moralist as well as an observer, he sees a subtle analogy between the two which proves San Francisco to be a City of Shams. For as the women seek to counterfeit the charms denied them, by the use of rouge and enamel, so the men daub and spatter redwood to imitate marble and granite, copy wood-carving by machinery, and carry the deceptions of concrete and cement to indecent limits.

There is surely no better test of civilization and culture than the outward and visible signs afforded by architecture. A man's house is his castle, if you will; he may dwell in a wilderness of plush, onyx and "antique oak" furniture, but the outside of his dwelling is a part of the city itself, and within the province of criticism. His neighbors, indeed are likely to see more of the outside of his residence than the owner himself, who turns his back to it as he goes down the steps to hail the street car, and who often returns too late at night to feel a shudder at its horrors.

But the citizen's quarrel is, after all, not with the owner or resident, for if one's wife fancies a bright, sunny exposure, if there are closets enough, electric lights and bells that really work—if the drainage is all that is to be desired, and the kitchen attractive, the busy father has little time to waste in æsthetics or appreciation of the facade. It is the architect who should bear the brunt of the reviling contempt of the passer-by. He foists these edifices upon the ignorant tenant, and perpetuates the inartistic reign of terror, leagued with the Contractor upon the Installment Plan.

There are all grades of misdemeanors against Art, but the chiefest of them is dishonesty. An architect may fail in producing a beautiful building, but if he has had an idea in his head that he has tried to embody, an honest failure has a certain claim to the forbearance of the critic. There is this pathos about many San Francisco buildings—the architects have failed through ignorance and inexperience, but they themselves, no doubt, are often the first to profit by the lesson of their own dissatisfaction.

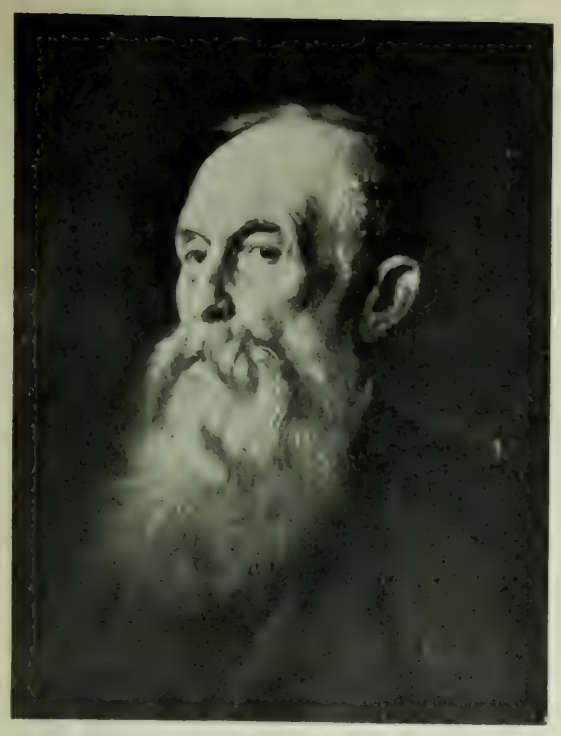
There are, however, thousands of houses erected without the professional advice of the architect, and the contractor and his foreman conspire together in the interests of discord. And here the result is usually an over-elaboratian of ornament; many a simple and inoffensive one has been ruined by "mill-work." It is the turning-lathe and the band-saw that have made the "gingerbread" house possible. The foreman has his stock brackets, borders, and panels at hand, and tentatively places one upon the first corner or unoccupied space he sees on the house-front. The contractor upon the opposite side of the street takes his cigar from his lips, yells "all right!" and the ornament is nailed forthwith. The process is repeated until the front is covered, and the result is an "artistic home,"—to be reproduced in half-tone in the Christmas edition of a local weekly as the "Residence of one of our most able and popular merchants." Bad as is this tawdry and conspicuous pretense, there is ignorance to excuse the effort, and the time may come when the laughter of the citizens may shake off the superfluous trimmings. Good taste proselytizes very slowly, but one of its first lessons is that of simplicity; that useless and meaningless ornament has no place in art. The virtue of omission should be easy to acquire, but the sin of omission in architecture is seldom found in the category of the offenses of the craft.

But there is no pardon or justification for dishonest construction, and there is no new town that is not given over to deception. And most often it is "an attempt to imitate something, which, if genuine, would not be appropriate." There is more than one two-story wooden house in the Western Addition that pretends to be marble—they can hardly be called lies, because they could never have attempted to deceive; there are, on the other hand, houses that, from the trivialness of their design, should have been executed in cast iron, though the imitation was never intended. Between these extremes may be found parodies of every shade of deceit; wire nettings covered with cement that masquerade as solid masonry, red paint striped to pass for brick-work, and so on to the scene-painting that simulates vines and balustrades in the Italian quarter. So much for falsity in materials—cheats too artless to fool children. There are similar frauds in construction, that pass for design, of which the massive unsupported corner column of the semi-colonial styles is the type, the foot barely holding to the base with its toes. Arches supported from above may be seen in almost any house in process of erection—brackets neither useful nor ornamental, nailed on, as if only to spite the commonplace.

By the column one may identify the degree of debasement to which the whole house has has fallen. In the early days the French influence was still felt, and the bay-window mansion of modest brown was treated with an innocent Corinthian charm. The portico was discreetly conventional, the formal elements of the order were carefully preserved to the very module. Base, shaft and capital, moulding, arch and cornice were quite according to law, and the carving was all the hand work of the artisan. A few of these are still preserved, and shame the modern vogue. Notice the columns of later edifices, and one may see the decrescence of taste; they are shorter or longer, bellied or concave, encircled with rings, capped with grotesque forms of infinite insanity: they become, in fact, "colyums," and the structure is distorted into a sort of appropriate ugliness. Bad design, dishonest construction, vicious in point of view of Art or Truth—such are three-quarters of the houses of San Francisco.

It would be hard to select the prize monstrosity. It should have the conical corner-tower, it should be built of at least three incongruous materials, or better, imitations thereof; it should have its window-openings absolutely haphazard; it should represent parts of every known and unknown order of architecture; it should be so plastered with ornament as to conceal the theory of its construction; it should be a restless, uncertain, frightful collection of details, giving the effect of a nightmare about to explode. It should be all this and more. Who shall choose amongst them? For there are a thousand such in San Francisco,—it is a city of wood, where all things are possible!

There is a new "Gibson girl"—very much unlike the old one, the tall, graceful creature with the wavy hair; very much unlike her, for the new-comer is very small and very tiny, and has hardly any hair at all. She made her first appearance about four weeks ago at the Gibson very much unlike her, for the new-comer is very small home in the "Life" buidling, and it is expected that before long she will make her public debut in the pages of "Life" itself. Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the mother of "the girl," was Miss Irene Langhorne, a member of an aristocratic Southern family and one of six brothers and sisters, who still live upon the family plantation near Charlottesville, Va. She is twenty-five years old, very tall and well proportioned, and a splendid type of blond beauty. As a girl Mrs. Gibson was considered the best horsewoman in Virginia, there was nothing she could not ride and nothing she could not cross. She was able to outdance all the belles of Baltimore, and possessed a voice that would have gained her fame and fortune had she gone upon the stage. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are very much in love with each other, even more so than before their marriage.



JOHN LUTHER

COLONEL BUNTIN

JOHN BOWEN

PORTRAITS IN PASTEL BY JOSEPH D. STRONG

# THE THAWING OF OLD FROST

By JOHN S. PARTRIDGE

I.

Above Blinkbonnie was the fold of the dead; below was the fold of the living dead; and Old Frost was shepherd of both. That is, he was sexton, and keeper of the poor house.

When Old Frost smiled, that was prima facie evidence that Blinkbonnie had reason to weep; for Old Frost was silent partner of the undertaker. When he frowned, the Board of Supervisors trembled, for they were "owned" by Old Frost—and that's why he had the contract to bury the county dead, and feed the county poor. The editor of the "New Era," who was the only man in the county not afraid of Old Frost, more than once hinted that it was better to be buried than fed by him.

His appearance, as he walked down the principal street of Blinkbonnie, did not give the lie to this insinuation of the editor. Old Frost's personality suited the weather very well indeed. It was cold, and Old Frost was cold. The sky was steely blue, and so was the nose of Old Frost. The air was keen, and so were his eyes. His eyes even twinkled, because it did not snow.

It is a serious thing in Northern California when it does not snow. In the first place, the reservoirs do not fill, and irrigation is impossible. Then the summer fallow is apt to be killed by the biting cold. But worst of all, there is the Diphtheria.

When the Diphtheria gets into one of these mountain valleys it is a caged tiger among a lot of innocents. It cannot escape and it cannot be killed; it lives and lingers, and in order to live it must devour. Detention makes it deadly.

So as Old Frost walked down the street, and casting his eye aloft, saw still that reflection of his nose, he almost smiled. He forgot to frown at some little boys who were dancing a passomezzo on the corner to keep warm. In fact, he was quite good-natured when he entered the undertaker's shop.

The undertaker's boy, who was warming his hands at the fire, fell to work with simulated zeal as Old Frost entered, and the undertaker himself, who was making a little coffin, tacked with renewed vigor.

"Ah, good morning," said Old Frost. "An infant, I see."

"Yes," said the undertaker. "It belonged to that new family down near the creek. It died of Diphtheria."

II.

Old Frost went out to hide his glee. As he started down the street he met an old man, a stranger, who yet appeared to know him, for he stopped him with the remark:

"You are Mr. Frost?"

"Yes."

"I am the father of the child that died last night. I had just money enough to pay for the coffin, and I want you to favor me by letting me dig the grave myself."

Old Frost had a happy thought.

"You are just from the chamber of death?"

"Not ten minutes ago," the man replied.

"Then come with me."

He led the old man down the street. They met several persons, one of them a woman, all of whom Old Frost stopped, and greeted with such unwonted cordiality that they stared in surprise. Together they went into Levy's store. Levy, who dealt in general merchandise, had set forth the most tempting array of Christmas goods. You couldn't help buying something if ever you went in, and that's why Levy had such a roaring fire. The half-dozen men who were gathered around the store, talking volubly enough, became silent when Old Frost came in. He went directly to the counter.

"Levy," he said, "give this man a pick and shovel. He's going to dig a grave for his child, dead of Diphtheria."

III.

Tapper Jack, having lost a front tooth—first muset in that row of baby pearls, alas! too-soon to perish—was expectorating at a knothole with a success that did credit to his skill as a marksman. Every time Tapper Jack spat at that knothole he winked at the baby, who lay in the cradle near by. The baby, appreciative, laughed aloud, and clapped her small hands together. Tapper Jack was perfectly happy, and he winked at the baby a more excruciating wink than usual, and the baby laughed louder than usual. Mrs. Rollervane stuck her head in and smiled.

The only thing you objected to when Mrs. Rollervane smiled was that she didn't laugh. You felt instinctively that such a smile must be the forerunner of a most delightful laugh, on the same principle that the boy is father of the man. And when she did laugh! Tinkle of ice in the pitcher on a hot midsummer day! Babble of all the brooks and gabble of all the Minnehahas that ever charmed poetic savage were nothing to it. She did laugh, in fact, on this particular occasion, whereat the baby laughed too, in imitation, like a little bell echoing a larger one.

At the same time John Rollervane was coming through the darkness. He was not alone, as he usually was, for two men walked by his side. One was Old Frost, the other a Stranger. For six months, since the baby had come, John Rollervane had returned from his work every night, instead of stopping at the corner as he had done before. He had wondered when Old Frost joined him, and asked to take the Stranger to his house. Wondered, but did not refuse. No one ever refused Old Frost anything.

They entered the house together. At the sight of Old Frost, Tapper Jack slunk into the corner, Mrs. Rollervane stared, and the baby even crouched under the covers.

"A pretty baby," said the Stranger.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rollervane. "Our first born."

"I, too, had a little baby," he returned. "But it died last night—of Diphtheria."

IV.

You could have told how much the matron of the poor house hated Old Frost by the way she ground her teeth when she heard him coming. That she was his slave was nothing. Everyone who came within the circle of his influence was his slave. The grudge she owed him lay deeper than any mere ill-treatment, however severe and systematic, could produce.

I say she ground her teeth when she heard his footsteps. She did more. She clenched her hands, and went into a paroxysm of rage and hate, from which she had scarcely recovered when he came in, accompanied by a Stranger.

"I have brought you company," said Old Frost." Give us something hot for supper. We have work to do tonight."

If the woman felt surprise at seeing the Stranger, she did not show it. She set them forth their supper, and as they sat down, the Stranger turned to Old Frost:

"Your wife?"

Old Frost laughed.

"I have no wife," he said. "She's the matron. The little boy we saw at John Rollervane's is her son."

"Ah," said the Stranger. "A sweet child. My baby might have grown to such a boy, if it had not died last night—of Diphtheria."

The woman, perceiving the true state of affairs, laughed out loud. She threw herself back in her chair, and shrieked and howled in most unholy glee. Then she burst forth: "He lied when he said that little Tapper Jack is my boy. So I have let him believe all these years. But it was mine that died, and his that lived."

Old Frost sprang at her, cursing. The Stranger laid his hand on the other man's arm.

"Come," he said. Together they went out into the night.

V.

If the sun—as M. Victor Hugo quotes Dubartas as saying—is the grand duke of candles, the moon must at least be princess of tallow dips. Regal she was when Old Frost and the Stranger went forth. Regal she hung, broad and white above the horizon. She was the Midas of a baser touch, and all the world was silvern.

The road was silver as they went along the edge of the town. The great firs and pines were silver. The river, when they cross the bridge, was silver, solid silver. Its music was hushed by the cold, and the waterfall by the planing mill was silent.

"Is there no escape?" asked Old Frost.

"None," said the Stranger.

"May not even he be spared—the little son I have found to-night?"

"He least of all. We will dig his grave in the pauper's corner."

"But I am rich," said Old Frost. "I will pay for his plot, if he must die."

"You may not," was the answer. "You made him a pauper, and a pauper he must die and be buried."

They reached the graveyard and climbed over the fence.

"We must set to work," said the Stranger.

He commenced to mark out graves with his pick—little graves, none more than five feet, and they fell earnestly to work.

Dig, Old Frost. Delve, mysterious Stranger. Dig, till the hard earth grows soft and warm. Delve, and toss those frozen clods, that clink like metal in the stillness of the night. Dig and delve. Oh, delve and dig, Old Frost and mysterious Stranger, for the housing of the harvest you have sown to-night.

The grave the Stranger was making lay further down the hill than the one Old Frost was at work upon. Above the clink of clods, and the rattle of pick and spade, Old Frost heard the Stranger's voice, low but penetrating and sweet:

"White over their mold, in the churchyard cold,
Will gleam and glisten the silent snow."

The snow? There was hope in the word. Old Frost leaned on his shovel, and listened. As he did so, a cloud floated across the moon. The voice continued:

"But here, right here, in this dead man's wold,
Here first in the spring will the blue-bells blow."

It was dark. The air was strangely warm. The sky was clouded everywhere, and a few flakes of snow fell on Old Frost's upturned face. Then, just for a moment, the moon came out again, and shone on the white wooden cross at the head of a grave. At the instant, the church clock in the town struck twelve.

Oh, blessed Master! Oh, blessed, pitying Master, on this day wert Thou born. On this day Old Frost melted, and some of him ran out at the eyes. You would have said he was weeping, if you didn't know it was Old Frost. "It is snowing," he called out.

There was no reply.

"I say it is snowing," he repeated.

His companion still apparently did not hear him. He ran down the hill to where the Stranger had been at work. He searched for him everywhere. The Stranger had disappeared.

The snow was now falling thick and heavy, as Old Frost continued his search, crying out in vain. It was getting late, and the snow was several inches deep when he made his way out of the graveyard and down the road to the town.

He went straight toward John Rollervane's house. It was broad daylight when he neared it, and still the blessed snow came down. He saw John Rollervane come out and stand at the door. At the same instant Dr. Elliott came riding up, from a visit to a patient in the country.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the Doctor to John.

"Not a very merry Christmas, Doctor."

"Oh, you mean the Diphtheria. That's all a mistake, you know. The child died of croup."

"Thank God!" cried Old Frost.

Neither of the others had seen him.

"Yes, thank God again," he said. "John Rollervane, I have come for my little boy."

"Your little boy?"

"Tapper Jack, the little son I have found."

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I won't say Old Frost made the greatest feast on record, whereat Tapper Jack ate himself into a pitiable condition. I won't say he married the matron. I won't say he became the heartiest old fellow, whose name didn't fit him. But if you go into Blinkbonnie on the stage some day, just ask for the most popular citizen.

And the Stranger? That's a mystery. There was once a lonely Man—but really, I do not know.

CHAOS AVENUE AN ARCHTECT'S NIGHTMARE

An honest failure

The chef d'oeuvre of a pioneer contractor. The porch and belfry executed by an intelligent but misguided foreman during a fit of melancholia.

The ubiquitous corner tower

STUDIES IN FANTASTIC "SKY LINES"

Showing how the beauty of the most picturesque and romantic spot on the Pacific Coast has been heightened by the erection of a wooden bird cage and a half-gross assortment of triangles

A gingerbread palace (white marble and redwood)

Details of typical "A," "B" and "C" flat entrance with "colyums" and porch decorated in the highest style of planing mill art; imitation stained glass a specialty

SAN FRANCISCO'S ARCHITECTURAL MONSTROSITIES

## THE GUATEMALAN DIAZ

### Personality of Little Barrios, Who Has Transformed a Republic.

The Guatemalan Exposition was formally declared open at noon on Monday last. There were appropriate ceremonies, musical and martial, a splendid assemblage of the planters and merchants, and all the dignitaries, both civil and ecclesiastical, who compose the aristocracy of the flourishing Southern Republic. It was the great event in the history of the nation, greater than all the victories of Ruffino Barrios, the predecessor of the little man who to-day guides with so firm a hand the destinies of Guatemala. The conspicuous figure of the celebration was this Jose Maria Reyna Barrios, President of the Republic, in the rich regimentals of his rank as commander-in-chief of the Guatemalan army. Well might he gaze around at the spires and turrets of the Exposition buildings and over the expanse of lawns and the parterres of flowers glowing amid the wealth of tropical verdure, for his genius had made them possible, indeed had brought them into existence. Yes, this little man in the three years of his term as President has transformed the nation, and has, by his great administrative ability, eclipsed the fame of his uncle.

Some six years ago any casual visitor to the Occidental Hotel might have seen, seated in one of the leather covered arm chairs that line the office of that caravansary, a strong-jawed, thickset little man, whose dark complexion and stolid visage told unmistakably his descent and nationality. A patient, immovable, thoughtful face it was, but it suggested little of the leader and administrator who is to Guatemala what Diaz is to Mexico. For months he sat there, day after day, mingling little with the guests of the hotel, making

MADAME BARRIOS
Kildare, photo, Guatemala

few acquaintances, reserved but most courteous of manner. The writer has often watched him at dinner, seated beside his wife, seeing everything with watchful eyes, but with never a word to say. His immobile face was relieved occasionally by a conventional little smile, but it relapsed at once into imperturbability. He was considered rather stupid there, though those who did engage him in conversation discovered he had more than a superficial knowledge of science and economics, that he knew besides English and his native Spanish both German and French. They learnt, too, that this Barrios had received a thorough military education, and was up in the mathematics of warfare and in methods of organization, that he had ideas and theories about government, that he was a shrewd and attentive observer of politics and that his immobility was not inertia but the patience of a man of definite aims, awaiting an opportunity. In the course of time Barrios returned to Guatemala, and was straightway imprisoned by President Barrillas, who feared the prestige of his great name in that country of revolutions. But the little man had influential friends, who came to his rescue. He was released, and in his quiet way he proceeded to plan an electoral campaign, which resulted in his election as President of the Republic. Then the genius of the man began to manifest itself. He set to work to reform the Government, to introduce improvements, to develop the resources of the country, to build a railroad which should traverse his dominions and connect his capital with an Atlantic seaport. He built roads through the country and street railroads; introduced electricity and the telephone; he established a national bank, the shares of which have trebled in value; he is constructing a magnificent sewer system for Guatemala city; has built a President's palace and a Government building for the transaction of business—all within the space of three years and without imposing any onerous hardships on his countrymen. It is a great record this Central American Napoleon has made, and he has earned all the honors and distinctions his subjects may shower on him.

The tremendous difficulty of undertaking great public works without excessive taxation is one of the achievements which reflect most brilliantly the genius of Barrios. To make the beautiful park in which the Exposition buildings are set he has utilized the labor of the Indians, who by law are compelled to pay the government an annual tax of $15 or to render personal service therefor. These grounds, some two hundred acres in extent, are kept in condition by the young natives, who attend the Esquella de Indijanos, where they are taught agriculture. The boulevard, four miles in length, which connects the city and its pleasure ground, is the fruit of the same free labor. For the construction of the railroad, his greatest enterprise, the President has taxed all employes of the government ten per cent. of their salaries, in return for which they receive bonds secured by the road-bed and rolling stock. These bonds are valued at $100 each, and when the contributions of each civil servant reaches that sum he is given his paper in due form, and each month receives six per cent. on the investment. In this ingenious way the great undertaking has been financed. It is proposed subsequently that these bonds shall be redeemed out of the revenues of the road, the numbers to be paid each year being fixed by lottery.

Some Guatemalans think Barrios in his zeal for improvement has gone rather too far, and that the Exposition, which has involved an expenditure of five millions in silver, is rather in advance of the Republic. It seems the several important buildings were constructed in France, according to the designs of noted French architects, and shipped ready to be erected at the capital. A big steamer and five sailing vessels conveyed the wood and iron to the seaport of San Jose, whence it was transported by rail to its destination. Of course there remains much yet to be done ere the great show will be opened to the public, for the exhibits have but just begun to be installed. Doubts and hesitations, however, do not move the steady soul of this self-centered dictator, who has shown himself so wise and bold a ruler. He keeps his own counsel, has no advisers, and goes calmly about his plans as though there was no Legislature to approve or reject. But the Legislature invariably approves, for the Napoleonic little man has the secret of governing a Spanish-American republic. There are no responsibilities for the others. He is the man, and his will is law—law backed by an excellent military organization and the love and admiration of all Guatemalans. It may be added that President Barrios has shown himself a humane and moderate ruler, disdaining to revenge himself on those who in his period of adversity conspired against him. The laws are excellently and justly administered, and there is ample protection and encouragement for foreigners in all their enterprises. Another characteristic of Barrios is his partiality to the United States, which he regards as the protector of all the Central American republics against foreign invasion.

## MONEY, THE PEACEMAKER

### The Golden Power Which is Behind European Thrones.

Amid the rumors of a continental war which are being telegraphed daily from the Turkish storm-center, and in the anomalous position of the powers relative to Greece and Turkey, as well as the inexplicable forbearance of the Christian nations in face of the clamor of the public against the atrocities of the Turks, the plain American citizen, who is not up in the mysterious methods of modern warfare, is likely to become much confused. There is an African concealed in the timber somewhere, but what is the string that keeps these yelping dogs of war just out of each others' reach? It is money, as usual, that is the root of all this evil. It is money that is the power behind the thrones of Europe, and the families of Rothschild and Bleichroeder constitute dynasties that are to-day as powerful as any Pope who ever held temporal and spiritual sway over kings and emperors.

The enormous pressure that is being resisted by these syndicates of invested capital is evident to any one who takes the trouble to read the telegraphic dispatches. King George of Greece is easily the hero of the hour. Not only has he the enthusiastic support of his nation from legislator to peasant, but the outbreak of popular opinion in England and on the Continent, as well as the sympathy of the American continent, has swept against the "concert of Europe" like a tidal wave. Added to this influence, are ranged the expressed inclinations of the heads of almost all the reigning houses of Europe. The empress-mother of Russia is the favorite sister of King George of Greece, and is bound beside by the debt of gratitude to that Prince who saved the present Czar from death in Japan three years ago. The Princess of Wales is another sister of the King of Greece, while between the latter and the heir-apparent exists the closest of friendships. The Crown Prince of Greece is married to Queen Victoria's favorite granddaughter, and is a particular favorite of her British majesty, and all her sympathies are with Greece in the present crisis.

With Francis Joseph of Austria, too, King George stands on a particularly intimate footing, making several long visits to Vienna every year, while between Greece and France there exists a fraternity dating back to the early part of the century, when the latter nation sent an army of 8,000 men under le Marechal de Maison to fight for Grecian independence.

Yet in spite of these ties, Prince George of Greece now faces the batteries of the Czar, whose life he saved, he sees England's ironclads and the Austrian Kaiser's battleships training their guns on ships and towns over which the Greek flag waves, and the French fleet assisting in the effort to reduce the Hellenes to subjection to the will of the "Concert of Europe."

Thus the protest of an indignant public opinion that is steadily rising against the brutalities in Armenia and Crete, as well as the ties of kin and friendship, are sided against the "Princes of Finance," and it is too likely that the latter power will win.

How powerful is "la Haute Banque" (as the Rothschild and Bleichroeder syndicates are called) was learned in 1870, when it gave the sanction to the conflict between France and Germany, and arranged war indemnity by which the French paid for their defeat, and tested again in 1877, when it forced the crisis between Russia and Turkey. It was by a coup of the Rothschild clique that England was induced to occupy Egypt and by assuming control of the administration of the country to become practically responsible for the payment of the Egyptian debt to the Jewish financiers, who had manipulated and cornered the Khedive bonds.

Since then, the power of the money princes of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna has grown steadily, and has defied every effort of statesmen to evade their control. The late Czar Alexander III., prompted by his aversion to the Hebrew race, tried in vain to dispense with the assistance of the Rothschilds, for nothing could be done on the foreign money markets in the face of their opposition, and Russia is now as firmly bound to the Rothschild association as is Austria, France or England.

The Bleichroeders and their following in Berlin, moreover, have found an ally in the War Lord of Germany, who alone of the Christian monarchs openly professes a desire to see Greece humbled and forced to bow in subjection to the mandate of the Great Powers. There has been no reconciliation since his sister, the Crown Princess of Greece, refused to submit to his dictation, and abandoned the Lutheran church, in favor of the Greek faith—that of her husband and adopted country—and Emperor William has absolutely ignored the pair, not even according the most formal reception usually accorded to royalty.

"La Haute Banque" has much to lose by a Turkish war. Its members hold almost the whole national debt of the Ottoman Empire, a matter of nearly $1,000,000,000. These bonds were bought for next to nothing when Turkey first defaulted, but through the efforts of an international commission organized to aid the interests of the bondholders, the finances of the Sublime Porte have greatly improved, and the securities have so increased in value that any war in which Turkey might become involved would lose to them all the benefits of the transaction. The Sultan would be only too glad of the excuse of war to repudiate the liabilities of the Ottoman Empire, a course to which he is constantly incited by his church, which teaches without reserve the doctrine that it is unnecessary for one of the Faithful to keep obligations contracted toward Christians or Jews. There are comparatively few Turkish bonds held in Austria and in Russia, but the Muscovite government, as well as the Prime Ministers at Vienna and Pesth, is coerced by the syndicate that have fastened themselves upon the governments of France and England,, and no loan opposed by the Hebrew clique of bankers can be floated on the foreign market.

It is these money princes who are the arbiters of continental destinies. It is they who have tied the bureaus of foreign relations hand and foot, who have bought the peace of Europe at the price of shameful alliance with the Turks, and who have used the warships of the Great Powers to bombard the Christian inhabitants of Crete when endeavoring to defend their homes from massacre, outrage and destruction by the barbarous followers of the Prophet. It remains to be seen if the Grecian David can overcome his Goliath.

REGINALD H. WEBSTER
Whom the Supreme Court has declared was legally elected Superintendent of Public Schools. See page 5
Sewell, photo

Henrich Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, possesses a temper that is in harmony with the general fierceness of his countenance. He was recently interviewed by Mr. R. H. Sherard, who used to do Paris correspondence for the "Bookman" interviewer, and Mr. Ibsen, along with other things, said that he drew all his characters from the people and the life about him in Christiana. This set the people of the quiet Norwegian capital in an uproar, and Mr. Ibsen has relapsed into a state of intense rage, making a general denial of Mr. Sherard's assertions and denouncing the journalist in most emphatic terms. It is a question now as to the one to be believed, the dramatist or the interviewer. Sherard is the man who used, in writing of the great French novelist, to say, familiarly, "Dear Daudet."

## THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

*PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS OF THE EXPOSITION AT NASHVILLE, TO BE OPENED ON THE FIRST OF MAY*

1. Stairway in Woman's Building. 2. Minerals and Forestry Building. 3. The Woman's Building. 4. Memphis Building. 5. Fine Arts Building. 6. The Rialto Spanning Lake Watauga. 7. View from Lake Watauga. 8. The Auditorium. 9. Transportation and Commerce Buildings.

## AN ARTIST IN HAWAII

### Fred Yates' Impressions of the Paradise of the Pacific.

It was at the invitation of Judge Hartwell of Honolulu that the opportunity offered for my visiting the Islands, and with little preparation for my journey beyond a goodly supply of painting materials I left San Francisco in October last on the City of Pekin, bound for Hawaii. It was the ordinary experience of a seven days' trip. We steamed out of the bay and crossed the bar with the usual accompaniment of a head wind and driving fog, the fog sirens booming, until after three hours' sailing we found ourselves beyond the reach of that part of our glorious climate! The trip was uneventful, beyond the fact that there were some handsome girls aboard and a more than usually gallant Captain, and, as for myself, and being alone, I gave by my presence a touch of seriousness to the general air of gayety of the other passengers.

Each day after sailing the temperature gradually rose, until on the fourth morning the sea and sky prepared us for the beauty that was to meet the eye on our arrival at Honolulu.

On entering the harbor a subject ready for the artist is at the ship's side. Young Hawaiian lads from ten to fifteen years of age are swarming in the water, watching wiht eagerness the passengers on the quarterdeck. Their beautiful forms and the reddish hue of their color is in lonely contrast with the greenish color of the water. By throwing a nickel to the boys instantly every figure is out of sight and vanishes into the depth below, the first boy appearing on the surface shaking the water from his head and smilingly showing the piece of money, deposits it, monkey fashion, in his mouth, and is ready for his next opportunity. On going ashore everywhere there is the picturesque—groups of native flower sellers and fruit vendors. They do not vulgarly press you to buy. They are neither beggars nor peddlers. They give you a smile of welcome. You pass on unmolested, and you have formed your first impression of the dignity of the race. It is this impression which remained by me unchanged to the end of my visit.

Pressing on beyond the business parts of the town one finds the streets animated with a large proportion of Asiatic races. The Japanese women wear the costume of their country, and shuffle in their picturesque manner through the streets, carrying their children on their backs. The Chinese. more respected at the Islands than in the United States, have a cheerfulness of manner, a sense of equality that is unknown to them here.

Honolulu appears to have been little frequented by foreign artists, judging from what one sees on the walls of the residences, but there is an association of local artists, who are of sufficient energy to give twice a year a very creditable exhibition. Their President is Mr. Howard Hitchcock. A man beyond the average of ordinary talent, Mr. Allan Hutchinson is a sculptor, his work being accepted at the Royal Academy in London and other galleries on the European continent, is also a prominent member. Mr. Hutchinson is now engaged on a commission from Mr. C. R. Bishop, of a series of life-size figures for the Bishop Museum, representing the life and customs of the natives. The strongest types of pure Hawaiian blood have been selected for models, and these have been rproduced by casts made in plaster, giving an absolute reproduction of the body to the minutest detail. As the native race is so rapidly losing its ancient customs, the value of this work scientifically can hardly be estimated.

As I was a visitor to the Island for but a few months, I was impresed with the certainty that to live always in a country does not necessarily imply that one sees its potent characteristics. One the contrary one becomes deadened to them. We see, as it were, rather by contrast. During the whole day there are transient effects continually changing, which here would be but the effect of the moment. A glory of color there from the first gleam of morning light to the moment of darkness ,is always paintable, and a possibility, which, in Cailfornia, we are obliged but to make mental note of, and take our chances of reproduction in the studio. At night, such is the brilliancy of the moon that on three occasions I was able to make sketches as though by the light of day, an assertion which I can verify by sketches brough tback with me. In the matter of form as distinguished from color, the charm of the Island rests in the latter. The characteristic forms are the mountains of Diamond Head, the cocoanut trees in silhouette and a tree known there as the monkey pod, but for the other parts of the Island upon which Honolulu is locaetd it is color alone which holds the spectator. On the beach there is the ever enticing subject, the Hawaiian fisherman, muscular fellows of gorgeous color, who are for the most of their time engaged in watching for shoals of fish, which come within their each beyond the carol reef.

SCENE IN WAIMEA, KAUAI, H. I.
Taber, photo

I must make but one other exception in regard to the matter of form as against the charm of color—the Pali, a gorge that opens between two high bluffs, from which is displayed a view beyond the power of the brush to describe, but to the artist remains forever in his soul, a view of a world beyond—the unattainable.

I have pased months on the island of Capri, which this island recalled, but with all the romance of ancient history attached to that place I have never experienced there the rapture that possessed me on seeing the view from th Pali on the island of Oahu. But I feel to have made the greatest advance in the art in what came to me in contemplation of the shell strewn along the sea shore. There one readily understands what locally affects Japanese art. On the island beach I sevxeral times picked up crabs, shells, sea urchins, which might readily have served as models to the Japanese designs, explained, I think, by the fact that the same ocean washes the two shores.

I shall exceed the liberty of space extended me if I touch on the social aspect of Honolulu, but allow me a remaining line to testify to the genial hospitality of the intellectual community with whom I came in contact, whose members showed a readiness to be appreciative, a readiness to accept our point of view, and, although critical, are a people with whom an artist will, if true to himself, "make a station" for which in after years he will remain forever grateful.

FRED. YATES.

## THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

### An Exposition at Nashville with Imitative "Features."

It would probably be safe to say that there is always at least one international exposition under way, either inchoate or complete; and while the ground for one is being broken with the silver spade of the Director-General, the prizes for premium exhibits are being awarded by the committees of another. The old county fair has become an exposition, but the type remains very nearly the same, whether it be held in the West or the South. There are always "features"—the "tall feature" and the "broad feature," and some particular "feature" to which may be applied the characteristic American adjective ending in "-est in the world." The modern White City must have its suburbs, too, haunted with fakirs and swindlers of all degrees of novelty. A man might, indeed, if he could afford it, live in expositions all the days of his life, and feel quite at home among the ploughshares and folding-beds, for the international exposition we have always with us.

And next on the programme comes the Tennessee Centennial, which opens at Nashville on the first of May—an enterprise similar in scope and treatment to the California Midwinter Fair, being undertaken by the State of Tennessee to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of its admission into the Union. Almost the entire sum needed to defray the expense was raised by the citizens of Nashville and the railroads chiefly to be benefited. Congress has appropriated $100,000 for a government exhibit to encourage the work, and the New South will be likely to make a better showing of its public spirit and resources than was given even by the recent Cotton States Exposition.

The site selected includes the old West Side Park, and covers two hundred acres of high ground, having a magnificent outlook over the city of Nashville and the outlying districts of the Blue Grass country. The natural beauties of the park, which borders on the shores of Lake Wautaga, have been increased by the construction of lagoons and streams of running water. Upon the rising ground in the centre of the area stands an exact reproduction of the Parthenon, solidly built of brick and stone. This is to be used as a permanent Museum of Fine Arts, and faces a copy of the statue of Pallas Athene, forty feet high — the larg-"est in the world" ever modeled by a woman! The classic reproductions are, in fact, the "feature" of the Tennessee Exposition, for there is beside, a model of the Erectheum of the Acropolis in Athens, modified to suit the requirements of a History Building, a copy of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, reduced to one sixth of the original, contributed by the Memphis of the New World, and a fac-simile of the bridge of the Rialto in Venice, spanning one arm of the Lagoon.

The "tall feature" is represented by a flagpole three hundred and thirty feet in height, which will serve as a mighty exclamation point to advertise the show to the farmers for miles around. The Negro exhibit is likely to prove one of the most original features of the fair, an entire building being assigned to a display illustrative of the progress and development of the African Race in America.

The list and description of the other structures might go without saying in the description of an up-to-date exposition. There are the Administration, Commerce, Minerals and Forestry, Transportation and Agricultural Buildings, Machinery Hall and Auditorium, and buildings for both Women's and Children's exhibits.

The comedy element will be supplied by an adjoining Midway—the inevitable village of side-shows—here to be called Vanity Fair. Among the novelties promised are the Cuban Village, Pompey's Pillar, Edison's Mirage — the "Visage"—and a still more mysterious "Caboret du Neant."

The whole exposition is in size and character not unlike the recent California Exposition. Most of the buildings are treated in the classic styles, the Roman Doric prevailing, but monotonously treated and rather uninterestingly grouped.

VIEWS OF HAWAIIAN SCENERY
FROM STUDIES BY FRED YATES

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Now, Diary dear, I must admit that in spite of Lent and in spite of Leila, I have simply had a capital time this week. I have literally reveled in the opera. Papa and I have been every night, and, oh, dear, I did have a week of it. There are some things one cannot be sufficiently thankful for in this life. One is a skeptical tendency; another the gift of tears. To realize this one needs be a member of a family such as ours. You see we had the usual family jar over the opera question. Mamma, Leila and Aunt Sybil said they thought it sinful to go to the theater in Lent. Fancy the absurdity! Especially, as I pointed out to mamma, that operas were entirely different, and that it is only in Lent that we have any real good music here. She said, so much greater would be the sacrifice. I argued that it was the spirit that made the sacrifice pleasing, and one offered unwillingly would not be received graciously. However, we were getting the worst of it, when Leila chimed in, and was so disagreeable that I simply wept from sheer rage. Oh, the forcefulness of that most powerful feminine weapon! Papa said he would not have his child made unhappy for any prejudice, and in her first season, too. So he and I for a whole week have just gloried in our iniquities. I persuaded mamma to get me the sweetest of opera cloaks in pale pink with an ermine collar, and I wore a low-necked frock and looked—well, modesty prevents my becoming too enthusiastic.

The first night was most exciting. We were seated in the California at eight sharp, and spent the ensuing twenty minutes watching our friends. Every one was there, of course, a truly fashionable audience, but I was horribly disappointed over the clothes, and papa could not credit the evidence of his senses. You know he was always an enthusiast, and used to rave about the grand operas of former years, the gowns, the jewels! So you can imagine his disgust when he beheld an ordinary first night audience in simple street costume with light bonnets and a scant sprinkling of opera cloaks. Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Hod. Chase and a few more wore decollete gowns. Most of the girls were hatless, but the remainder of the audience was certainly not dressed for the opera. I liked everything, the music, the singing, the enthusiasm, but the long waits bored poor papa to distraction. I was afraid he would insist on leaving before it was over. I noticed that there were as many Catholics and Episcopalians among the audience as if it were not Lent, which shocked Leila horribly when I told her about it.

I went on Saturday night to "Miss Helyett" and on Tuesday to "Sigurd." I did not care for Saturday's opera, although the dialogue was amusing, and very wicked in places. Papa, whose French is rusty, actually thought it decidedly stupid. From that you may know how rusty his French is. Really we both had an infinitely more enjoyable evening on Tuesday. There was, however, even less attempt at dressing, and three-fourths of the audience wore hats. I noticed Mrs. John Darby in a box with a party. Colonel Crocker had a party in one of the loge boxes, while most of the men and maids one knows were scattered round the house. Mrs. Joe Tobin looked very stunning in her half-mourning. I do wish I could dress my hair as WAVE—GRIFFIN March 17
prettily as she does. I noticed Mattie Whittier, who was prettily gowned, and old Mrs. H. S. Crocker in white satin with gold passementerie—a gorgeous costume. Afterwards a few people went to the 'Varsity Club to supper. We were going, but papa thought it too late.

On Sunday evening we all went to the oratorio service at Trinity Church; it was really delightful. The singing was good, the sermon was not too long, and every one was there. The musical services always draw a crowd. I have joined the San Francisco Riding Club, and on Thursday nights we have the jolliest times at the musical rides. Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. William B. Hooper, Miss Farquharson, Miss Kohler and a dozen or so others all ride. You would be surprised, too, to note how many people come in to watch the performance.

We are all so delighted that Mrs. Walter Hobart's baby is a girl, and are agog to know what her name is to be. I hope something pretty. If people would only consider beauty before family in naming their children how much more aptly named some of us might be. Now there is Leila, a thorough New Englander without a trace of the Orient. Priscilla or Deborah would have been suitable, and as for me, well my name is inscribed in the Bible, but no one ever has heard it in the family or outside. Mamma culled it from some novel, Cyclaneen Dolores, phew! Then Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has a son, a perfect darling, every one says. I hope she will call it Rudolph. Ever since the "Prisoner of Zenda" I have just doted on the name.

By the way, I went to Anna Deuprey's wedding on Tuesday. It was very pretty and charmingly simple in all its details. There was not much attempt made at decoration, just some palms and lilies in the chancel. Anna looked sweet in a dear little frock of dotted Swiss trimmed with ruffles edged in lace. Her veil was of white tulle, and she carried lilies of the valley. The two little bridesmaids, Claire Deuprey and Lucille Tuttle, looked very pretty in pale pink silk veiled with organdie. The ushers were Mr. Douglas McBride and Mr. Percy Mills. Mr. Baldwin looks a very nice young fellow. He is a son of Mr. O. D. Baldwin, president of the Security Bank. The church was simply packed. Afterwards breakfast was served at Mrs. Deuprey's house. The young people are going to housekeeping immediately; they have taken a charming little cottage adjoining the Deuprey house.

And now, Diary, dear, I think I must leave you, as I have promised Leila to accompany her to church this afternoon.

MISS CRICKET.

The ministerial embroglio in the Pacific Union Club has been terminated by the resignation of E. W. Hopkins, president, and Russell Wilson, who, of the Board of Directors, were strongest against the projected moving of the club to Van Ness avenue. Under the circumstances they could not have done otherwise. I am only surprised they delay so long. It may be their point of view is correct and the club is misguided, but the will of the majority when properly invoked must be obeyed, and they should have recognized and bowed to conditions that existed. The selection of Mr. A. Cheesborough to be president is excellent. He is easily the best man the club could have chosen, as he possesses the necessary executive capacity and, moreover, likes that form of exertion.

The Sharon estate contemplates at Burlingame a series of improvements which will add greatly to the attractions of that charming suburb. It is proposed to lay out the environment of the station in roadways and building lots and to erect thereon villas for rent at moderate rates. The landscape gardening will form part of the architectural design as laid out by Willis Polk, and the general effect, as somewhat dimly expressed in the acompanying design, promises to be charming. Of course it is but a preliminary study of the situation, but that it is possible to make here a model village, whose beauty and architectural interest shall be for San Francisco what Pasadena is to Los Angeles no one denies, or doubts.

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Lent has settled down upon social events in Oakland like a pall, and but for the few musical enthusiasts who have gone to the opera, nothing of interest has taken place during the past week. The usual number of literature classes have been formed, and I hear that the numbers of both Miss Rickoff's and Miss Musser's classes have increased since Ash Wednesday. Even teas have ceased to interest for the nonce, and the girls merely rest and repair their wardrobes. There is always a trend in the direction of amateur theatricals. I hear that the Young Charity Club is to begin preparation for its next performance. It will interest every one, as the play is in aid of the most popular of Oakland's charities, the Fabiola Hospital. The play is one of Raymond Russ', and is said to be bright and entertaining. Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Florence Sharon, Misses Sallie and Carrie Quinan, Mr. Walter Starr, Mr. Sterling Carr, Mr. Will Smith and Mr. Joe Rosborough are in the cast. Miss Fore is undoubtedly quite talented, and is exceedingly desirous of making the stage her profession. She is a piquant-looking girl, decidedly French in type, and is pleasing and graceful. All the young people are members of the Friday Fortnightly Club.

A small but interesting wedding was that of Miss Gertrude Peck of Berkeley and Mr. Herbert A. Page. Mr. Page is connected with the American Type Foundry, and is a brother of Clifford Page, the musician.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

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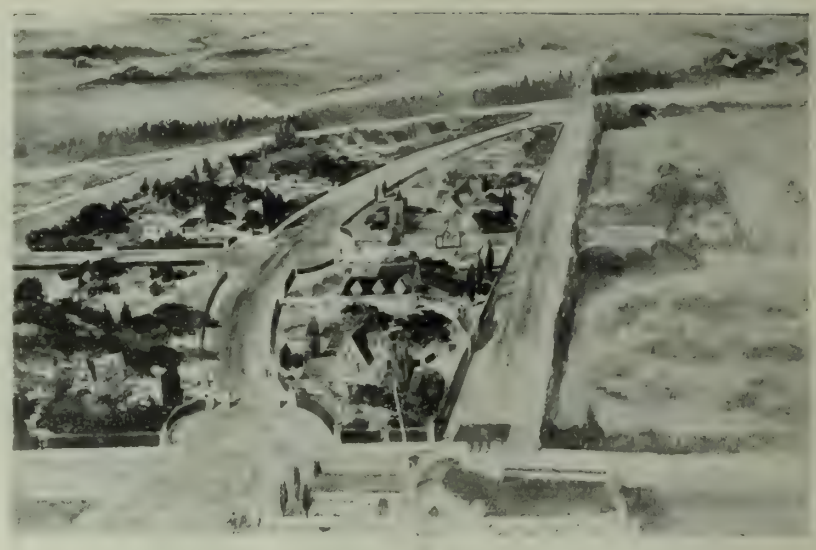

THE NEW VILLAGE OF BURLINGAME
AFTER A DESIGN BY WILLIS POLK

A smart affair was the luncheon given at the Ebell Club on Tuesday last. Mrs. Gordon Stolp and Mrs. W. Gordon presided. The table decorations were of violets and wild flowers. After luncheon Mrs. Horace Wilson described her recent trip to Paris and her meeting with Flammarion, the astronomer. In spite of Lenten rules and regulations, the entertainments of the "21" Club continue with unabated zeal. The last meeting took place at the house of Miss Louise Simmons, when the young people played cards. Miss Rossiter carried off the first prize, a picture. The sole dinner on record this week was the big family affair given by the Crellins. I believe they are quite a formidable clan, although they do not, like the Al Millers, number all Oakland among their conections.

In Berkeley the students are busily engaged in preparing for Charter Day, March 23rd. A play is to be given in Shattuck Hall, "The Chaplain's Revenge," a story of life in the eighteenth century in four acts. The cast will consist of students of the English Department. There is to be an orchestra of twenty-three pieces, under the direction of C. C. Davis. In addition to this the members of the various fraternities purpose entertaining their friends at their houses.

## SUMMER GOWNS

### New Foulards and Grenadines at the Lace House.

When the hills are green and the trees in bloom the time is rife for sunny days and cloudless skies, for ribbons and laces and summer gowns. And such gowns that will be in vogue in summertime—dreams of color, of daintiness and delight! Foulards are the novelties this season, and at the new Lace House, on the corner of Sutter street and Grant avenue, they have them in the most bewitching colors. Although red is the most fashionable European tone, heliotrope and the various tints of light green are to be much worn. Spring and Easter dresses in foulard are supreme. They are made either with the new sunplaited skirts, or are muchly be-trimmed with lace. Plaid silks are to be worn next to the foulard, and the very latest Parisian idea is a plaid underskirt with an overdress of grenadine. The plaid beneath the sheer grenadine makes a most effective combination, and in this style of goods Mr. Samuels is, so far, the sole importer. A plaid that is especially pretty combines the shaded greens and blues with a soupcon of yellow and red.

The waists are frequently made with the bolero; the most effective ones come in the Russian lace, some plain cream, others with the design outlined in gold. At the Lace House I saw some very smart styles in stock—as new and as beautiful as the magnificent store. There I looked at laces in every variety, Duchesse, Point de Venice and Point Applique, and in grenadines there are beautiful things as fine as cobwebs, with all sorts of exquisite patterns fashioned on them. The grenadines come in blues and greens, and in all the new evening shades. The new silk skirts claim considerable attention—some are dreams of daintiness, others showy and effective. A particularly smart one is of black silk with three ruffles of purple silk in black lace; another a gorgeous plaid in reds and blues, and a third a shaded taffeta with three flounces edged in black velvet, which, besides being pretty, renders the skirt durable

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[illegible]
Elite, photo

## DRAMATIC NOTES

"The Strategist," which was postponed on account of the success of "Jim the Penman," will be produced at the Alcazar on Monday night. The entire Alcazar company, including George Osbourne and Hugo Toland, will appear.

"Gismonda" will be continued until next Saturday night at the Baldwin, when "La Tosca" will be presented. To-night Miss Davenport will appear in "Fedora," and in honor of the event silver souvenirs will be distributed among the ladies on the lower floor.

Following Fanny Davenport, Otis Skinner will come to the Baldwin, opening on March 29 in "A Soldier of Fortune." In addition Mr. Skinner will present "His Grace de Grammont," "Villon the Vagabond," "Richard III.," "Hamlet" and "The Lady of Lyons."

The coming concerts of Mme. Camilla Urso occasion much interest. Mme. Urso, who is one of the conspicuous violinists of the day, will be assisted by her own company, which consists of Miss Minnie Methot, a soprano of much ability, Edwin H. Douglas, a tenor who has won the approval of Dresden, and George H. Wesley, pianist, an excellent interpreter of Chopin. The concerts will come off at Golden Gate Hall early in April. Mme. Urso promises some pieces new to San Francisco.

The opera for this evening at the California will be "The Voyage of Suzette." As the opera calls for over 125 people on the stage the production promises to be a notable one. "Les Huguenots" will be heard on Tuesday evening. The cast for this opera is excellent, and the ballet will be one of the features of the production. On Thursday the double bill, "Dragon de Villars" and "La Navarraise," will be given. In Massenet's opera Mme. Foedor is said to be especially good, and as both pieces have never been heard in San Francisco before, an immense audience is assured.

MLLE. MARGUERITE PASCAL
THE BEAUTY OF THE FRENCH OPERA COMPANY
Thors, photo

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be sung at the Tivoli next week. There will be an enlarged orchestra, new scenery and costumes, and a feature of the last act will be a ballet of fays and fairies. Miss Laura Millard makes her reappearance as Mistress Ford. The blustering Falstaff will be impersonated by W. H. West; John J. Raffael will be Master Ford, and Rhys Thomas Master Fenton.

During the second week of "The Foundling," at the Columbia Theater, Miss Fitzgerald will introduce her famous "hoop-skirt dance," and a new song written especially for her, entitled, "A Race-Track Winner." Following Miss Fitzgerald and "The Foundling," Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal will appear in a production of the play "For Fair Virginia."

The feature of the Orpheum bill this week is the performance of the Four Cohans. They do what the impresarios call a "mighty neat turn," and are of the high-salaried contingent which Manager Walter loves. The youngest girl is a decidedly graceful dancer, whose singing is really pretty and clever. John J. Burke is the funny man this week, and makes a great hit. On the first night he brought down the house by his allusions to the historic combat, the result of which was more painful to him than to the audience. The soft, rounded contours of Virginia Aragon on the tight rope shows that a woman may be an acrobat and yet be dainty and graceful. Alas, she is married. Married to the strong man of the Marlo-Marlo combination. The show next week promises to be particularly good, as it includes the participation of Edward Hill, who, as a mimic and impersonator, is better and more elaborate than Biondi.

As against my view of the Fitzgerald person, upon the authority of the "Examiner" critic we have it that Cissy "kicked herself into instant popularity," and that "she was greeted with storms of applause." The "Chronicle" tells us that "the lady made her initial wink before a San Francisco audience last night, and there is no doubt that they liked it. They liked her dance, the dance with the voluminous skirts and the rose dotted lingerie. And they even liked the song, though, as Miss Fitzgerald says, "I haven't a bit of a voice, but it goes." The "Call" critic is non-committal, but he does ascribe to Cissy a pair of big blue eyes, and describes her as "running her slender fingers through her fluffy blonde hair." The "Chronicle" critic gives to the young lady "big brown eyes, very round and wide-open." Upon the authority of these two journals the eyes of this young lady are quite as uncertain as her ability, and if you doubt as to which is right in this matter, I would advise you to see the young person for yourself.

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## AN EMPEROR'S WOOING

### Personality of Mlle. Montijo — A Napoleonic Wedding.

It is with Napoleon rather than with the beautiful Spaniard whose marriage is one of the royal romances of the century that M. Imbert de Saint-Amand is concerned in his latest historical study, "Louis Napoleon and Mlle. de Montijo (Scribners'). Only in the latter scenes of the book does the graceful and fascinating figure of the woman we know as the Empress Eugenie appear. Her aristocratic pedigree, it is true, is presented in an extended reference soon after the details of the hero's birth have been stated, but the pages know none of the softer feminine graces until the coup d'etat. Then she swims into the literary field, and we are told, distantly and with extreme respect, the story of the Emperor's courtship and their marriage.

Though M. de Saint-Amand makes out of the Strasbourg conspiracy and Napoleon's miraculous escape from the fastness of Ham an excellent and graphic story, he fails to individualize Eugenie

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

de Montijo. One has only the remotest impression of a girl who is described as "pretty, good and witty." The terms apply to dozens of other ladies of less exalted birth. Be it history or romance, the best narrative is that which renders the man and the woman so they grip the imagination by their human entity. Reduced to prose, Her Majesty is but a woman, who is wooed and loved like the rest of her sex. This beautiful Spanish girl, who must have been a creature of ardor and sparkle, a veritable "Diana of the Crossways," is portrayed as though she were a comet or an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. Of course one should criticise a writer rather for what he presents than for what he neglects, but what a virile book this might have been made had the historian but conceived Napoleon and the beautiful Spaniard as man and maid rather than Emperor and Empress. It is true the reader may supply the details of the imperial wooing, for the frame is here. It is possible to conceive Eugenie at Madrid, where she impressed as possessed of a "virile grace," but how can one vizualize a character which comes before us as "having made a great reputation by her daring imagination and the ardent vivacity of her character"? The terms might apply to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, apropos of "Poems of Passion." Again the lovely Spaniard is at Fontainebleu amid the enchanting scenery of the forest, riding a horse from the Prince's stables and appearing like an "intrepid Amazon." Indeed, it is not difficult to imagine her seated at the Emperor's table, he "listening to her lively and glowing conversation and seeking to gain her heart." But it is the reader who supplies the woman, not M. de Saint-Amand. A vital touch one finds at long and rare intervals, it is true, but it is discovered that some other pen is responsible. This, for instance:

"M. de Maupas relates in his 'Memoires sur le Second Empire,' that on one bright autumnal morning during this stay at Compiegne, the Emperor, accompanied by a few persons only, among whom were Madame and Mademoiselle de Montijo, was walking in the park. 'The lawns,' adds M. de Maupas, 'were covered with an abundant dew, and the rays of the sun gave the drops still hanging on the herbage the glow and transparency of diamonds. Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, whose nature was full of poetry, took pleasure in admiring the capricious and magical effects of light. She especially called attention to a clover leaf so gracefully charged with dewdrops that one might have thought it a real gem, fallen from some ornament. When the walk was over, the Emperor drew aside Comte Bacchiochi, who started for Paris a few minutes later. The next day he brought back a charming trinket, which was no other than a trefoil, each of whose leaves bore a superb diamond dewdrop. The Count had caused the leaf so much admired by his future sovereign on the previous day to be imitated with rare perfection. In the evening a lottery was drawn at the chateau. It was managed so that this trefoil should be gained by Mademoiselle de Montijo. In the Emperor's mind the trinket was the equivalent of an engagement ring. But no one except himself yet attached this idea to the poetic present the beautiful Spaniard had just received.'"

* *

To the immobility of the Emperor's visage, to his capacity to repress and conceal emotion and his ability at deception the author devotes much attention. It is certain no one suspected, save, perhaps, the clever Madame de Montijo, that the Emperor hovered on the verge of matrimony with her daughter. Though M. de Saint-Amand is far too reverential to hint at such a thing, it is certain that this august lady, who, prior to her sojourn in France, was "camarera mayor," which means, "First Lady of the Bed Chamber," to Queen Isabella of Spain, was as adroit a match-maker as the late Duchess of Beaufort. It seems there was an English lady who had possession of the Emperor (Miss Howard), and whom his friends feared would interfere with an appropriate settlement in life. We are merely apprised of this attachment, however, though politely informed that Napoleon sedulously avoided introducing her at state functions—which was very thoughtful and correct of him. However, the Emperor proposed and was accepted. This is how the betrothal was precipitated:

* *

"Mademoiselle de Montijo, who was leaning on the arm of Colonel de Toulongeon, having passed in front of the wife of a high official, the latter gave vent to her ill-humor in some offensive words. Very much moved, Mademoiselle de Montijo complained to Napoleon III., and made him understand that she should remain no longer in a court where she was treated in such a way. The Emperor answered her, 'I will avenge you.' And the next day he asked her hand in marriage. She was then living with her mother at No. 12 Vendome place, on the first story, very near the Rhine Hotel, where Louis Napoleon was lodging when he was elected President of the Republic."

* *

The announcement of the proposed marriage to the Legislature makes an interesting episode. It is followed by all manner of spectacles and rejoicings. At one of these the author sees the future Empress:

* *

"Mingled with the crowd in the court of the Louvre, I saw the procession pass. Seen through the windows of the glittering carriage, the Empress appeared an ideal being. Her pallor enhanced her sculpturesque profile. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by this sweet and radiant image. A nameless presentiment told me that like all incomparably beautiful women, like Cleopatra, like Mary Stuart, like Marie Antoinette, this admirable sovereign was destined to calamities as exceptional as her fortune and her beauty. I asked God to bless the Empress, to remove the chalice of bitterness from her lips, and not to make her some day expiate immense joys by immense sorrows."

* *

It seems extraordinary that the divinity could have been so ill-advised as to resist the prayers of M. de Saint-Amand, but this author was then young and unimportant, and his "Famous Women of the French" were not even in embryo. However, he gives us a spectacular description of the marriage ceremony in the glorious details of which he luxuriates, thus:

* *

"The great door opened, and the Emperor, giving his hand to the Empress, made his entry into the cathedral under a dais of red velvet lined with white satin, an orchestra of five hundred musicians executing a nuptial march meanwhile. In crossing the threshold of the ancient basilica where so many generations had kneeled, the Empress turned pale. The dazzling perspective of the cathedral, lighted by fifteen thousand candles, with its pillars hung to their capitals with red velvet bordered with golden palms, seemed to her a mystical, supernatural apparition. Advancing as in a celestial dream, with her trained robe of white satin, her cincture of diamonds, her diadem wreathed with orange blossoms, from which fell a lace veil which enveloped her like a cloud and fell to the very ground, the gentle and

majestic sovereign experienced an emotion which communicated itself to all the spectators. There was something so tender and so frightened in her glance. Timid, and as if doubtful of herself, modest and seeming all astonished at her triumph, she appeared to be asking envy and hatred to spare her. She was imploring the affection of her new country. She was like an august suppliant.

"The ministers were placed on the right of the transept in front of the tribune of the Senate. On the left side of the altar sat the cardinals, archbishops, bishops and members of the metropolitan chapter. The husband and wife sat down on the two armchairs. The grand mistress of the Empress' household, her lady of honor, and her ladies of the palace took their places on a bench behind her. The great officers and the officers of the Empress constantly increased. General Tascher de la Pagerie, who was behind her throughout the ceremony, thought several times that she was going to faint, and heard the Emperor trying to strengthen her with tender words. Notified by the Duc de Cambaceres, the Archbishop of Paris bowed to their Majesties, who went forward to the foot of the altar and stood there, holding each other by the hand. 'You present yourselves here,' the archbishop said to them, 'to contract marriage in the presence of Holy Church?' They replied, 'Yes, sir.' The first almoner of the Emperor then presented on a silver-gilt plate the gold pieces and the nuptial ring to the archbishop, who blessed them.

"The archbishop then presented the gold pieces and the ring to the Emperor, who first gave the pieces to the Empress, saying, 'Receive the sign of the matrimonial conventions made between you and me.' Then, placing the ring on her finger, he said, 'I give you this ring in token of the marriage we are contracting.' Then the spouses kneeled down, and the archbishop, extending his hand over them, pronounced the sacramental formula and the prayer, 'God of Abraham, God of Isaac.'"

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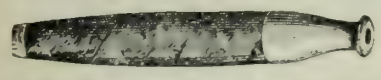

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Tell him there is just out a Smoker's Tip,
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From 30 to 120 inches wide

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## THE THEATRES

### Fanny Davenport in "Gismonda"—Alas, poor Foundling!

"Gismonda" is a dash of red, another dash of red, and yet another. The grays are not much in evidence in the coloring of the play. Virtue and courage are richly rewarded, and vice and treachery are punished as faithfully as any Sunday school book would have them. Not that I object to virtue triumphant, and vice beaten and recumbent. I like to see it just as "Gismonda" has it. I like to see the villain die, and gloat over the killing of him, and likewise it gives me pleasure to glow with warm gratification over the victory of virtue. It is worth some one's while to work out this problem of human nature. However delinquent we may be in private life, we are shocked if the good old rule of rewards and punishments is violated by the playwright. I heard of a professional burglar who objected to "Chimmie Fadden" because the burglar in that play went unpunished. Think of it! Does this sentiment grow out of man's inherent sense of justice, or is it mental driftwood left over by the wishy-washy Sunday school books of youth? Here is a problem for Professor Jordan to solve. At our cheap vaudevilles if a serio-comic songster, with a voice as hard as adamant, sings discordantly about "Dear Old Mother," the gallery comes down with a tremendous round of applause, but, two to one, the fellow who is loudest in his approbation goes home and quarrels with the "old woman," and ends up by beating her unmercifully for some fancied interference with his prerogatives.

But to "Gismonda." It is superb. The story is dramatically interesting, redolent of human passion, of love, of hate, of pride, of ambition and of treachery. You are entranced to the last, and follow with deep interest the fortunes of Almerio, the falconer, offering up a silent prayer that the brave young fellow may capture the Duchess in spite of the devil. And when he does come out triumphant in his love, you feel that he has captured a devil in the shape of the Duchess.

Fanny Davenport's position on the American stage is unique. With no intention of overrating her abilities or underrating her faults, I fear me she will find it a losing game if she carries out the intention, ascribed to her by the daily prints, of forsaking the Sardou plays and confining herself hereafter to American dramas of her own. The drawing power of this lady is not due entirely to her own personality or abilities. Given an American actress of intelligence, with a repertoire from the master hand of Sardou, shaped and molded for the peerless Bernhardt; given, too, a faithful reproduction of the exquisite Parisian stage settings, fac-similes of costumes, of drapery and of hangings; given the elaborate effects and historical accessories that have been dragged out of their hiding places in history by indefatigable hands after infinite research, care and pains, and you have equipped that actress, whoever she may be, with a tangible something that gives her an immense advantage over the rest of the American stage world. The prestige of being the American Bernhardt and the exclusive delineator of the Sardou creations is something. It is a great deal. I don't believe there was a woman at the Baldwin Theater last Monday night who did not in her own mind imagine how Bernhardt would have received and repulsed and received and repulsed again the embraces of love-possessed Almerio in the third act. Indeed, the same feeling clung to us throughout the entire play. It is the association of the magic name of the divine Sarah, as well as that of Sardou, that attaches peculiar interest to these Sardou productions. Fanny Davenport, although talented and wise in things theatrical, must not blind herself to this influence that weighs so much in her favor.

The central figures of "Gismonda" naturally enough, are Fanny Davenport in the title role, and Melbourne MacDowell as Almerio. The rest of the company, something over two dozen in number, are as pieces of tapestry, convenient chairs, soft pillows, and mere accessories, any half dozen of whom could better have been dispensed with than could the scene at the Cloister of Daphne, the beautiful picture of Nymphs' Hill, or the magnificent church of Santa Maria. The story is told with a straightforward masterfulness, and pins your attention to the last. The stage settings and the costumes are gorgeous and irreproachable. Every act and scene is a picture, appreciation of which is testified by bursts of well-merited applause. The Almerio of MacDowell admirably suited his voice and figure, though I must confess I was better pleased with him as he turned his back to the audience. In the love passages he was tender and mellow-toned, but one could not resist the wish that he might exchange faces with Zaccarie, the villain, whose features had all the graces that the world associates with lovers.

Miss Davenport's gowns were exquisite creations of the dressmaker's art. It is natural to suppose that this lady is often charged with imitating Bernhardt, and this, no doubt, is what has led her to deny in the daily prints that she can imitate even a gesture. At the risk of being unpleasant, I am inclined to disagree with the lady, and ascribe to her power and ability in the art imitation, possession of which she is inclined to deny. Perhaps Bernhardt's "Gismonda" is a stranger to her, but if her half-closed eyes and set mouth that come and go throughout the play do not remind you strongly of the Bernhardt and her photographs, then I am a sinner. The eyes of the Davenport are not the almond eyes of the Bernhardt, yet at times they are so wonderfully like unto the Bernhardt expression that I should in the absence of the lady's disclaimer, certainly say she had studied the Bernhardt photographs for hours before her confiding mirror, and I should not blame her for the doing of it.

I think I may have seen worse plays than "The Foundling" and worse actors than those gathered together by Frohman with the Cissy Fitzgerald company, but though I have racked my brain I cannot for the moment recall where. I was fully prepared to enjoy the play, for the bills boastfully announced that it had run two hundred nights at Hoyt's Theater in New York. If this statement be true, then, indeed, is our American metropolis a theatrical jay town, where "anything goes." There were eleven people in the cast and one actor, just one. Thomas Burns—and how he ever managed to get into such a company worries me—is a comedian of ability. His role was hackneyed, and had been worn threadbare in a dozen better plays, but he was able to make himself interesting. The remainder of the company are sticks, and the famous Cissy is an animated bundle of flounces and laces, grins and winks. I think it was Alan Dale of the New York "World" who discovered Cissy and made her famous, for the doing of which he ought to be made to pay roundly to the American people. She cannot act; she cannot even talk. She cannot laugh. She has a pair of large dark eyes, which she puts in italics by wearing a blonde wig. She stares at you like an ox-eyed doll in a toy store window, and the smile glued to her face uncovers a not too even row of teeth and a considerable expanse of gums. Does she dance? From Mrs. Clark's Dancing Academy there are annually graduated a dozen youngsters more graceful and better equipped for stage dancing than is Cissy. She does nothing well. I cannot find any earthly excuse for this young lady outside of a vaudeville show, where she might be tolerated.

The performance opened with that well worn curtain-raiser, "Chums." I venture to assert that before nightfall a blind man would have no trouble in recruiting twenty separate companies of local amateurs who could present this comediette with more vigor and style and finish than did these professionals. I would not like to repeat the criticism of a very profane and very much disgusted young man who sat behind me. It was crisp and curt, but could hardly be repeated in print.

The wit of "The Foundling," which was the piece de resistance, was coarse and unpleasing. I like to take my shady stories and off-colored jokes upon a silver platter or done up in style as bon bons are, that is, if I have to take them, but no such delicate sense is discoverable in "The Foundling." There they blurt matters out with a gay disregard and abandon that is shocking to one who is only delicately bad. At first I resented the absence of Cissy in the opening piece of "Chums," for my interest was in her, and when the first act of "The Foundling" passed, and still no Cissy came, I felt outraged; for had I not braved the threatening storm to see this much heralded maiden with her wink and her kick? This, thought I, must indeed be a star par excellence, who does not come upon the stage until half-past nine. But lo, about the middle of the second act, in flounces this most wondrous maid. She speaks, she giggles, she smiles and stares, then dances. I utter a prayer of fervent thankfulness and gratitude for the managerial wisdom that has kept her off the stage so long and permits her to return so infrequently.

B.


MR. HERMANN SCHWARZE (known as Herman, at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hairdressing Parlors at 225 Powell street. Telephone Main 5820.

**The Mutual Life Insurance COMPANY OF NEW YORK.**

**Richard A. McCurdy, President.**

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1896, According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

INCOME.

| | |
|---|---|
| Received for Premiums | $39,593,414 20 |
| From all other Sources | 10,109,281 07 |
| | $49,702,695 27 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| To Policy-holders for Claims by Death | $12,595,113 39 |
| To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc | 12,842,456 11 |
| For all other Accounts | 10,781,005 64 |
| | $36,218,575 14 |

ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| United States Bonds and other Securities | $110,125,082 15 |
| First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage | 71,543,929 56 |
| Loans on Stocks and Bonds | 11,091,525 00 |
| Real Estate | 22,767,666 65 |
| Cash in Banks and Trust Companies | 12,680,390 00 |
| Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc | 6,535,555 06 |
| | $234,744,148 42 |
| Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities | 205,010,633 72 |
| Surplus | $29,733,514 70 |
| Insurance and Annuities in force | $918,698,338 45 |

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President.

WALTER R. GILLETTE.....General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD.....Second Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL.....Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK.....Actuary

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Beginning Next Monday, March 22d, Second and Last Week of

**Fanny Davenport**

Supported by MELBOURNE MACDOWELL

Sardou's

**GISMONDA**

Saturday Night, March 27th, only time, **LA TOSCA**

Grand Souvenir Event

March 29th, Otis Skinner in "A Soldier of Fortune"

**CALIFORNIA THEATRE** (AL HAYMAN & CO. INCORP'D PROPS)

*GRAND OPERA SEASON*

THE FAMOUS

FRENCH OPERATIC ORGANIZATION

F. CHARLEY, Impresario

To-night, Saturday, Special Event, **The Voyage of Suzette**, a Beautiful Spectacular Light Opera

Tuesday the 23d, **Les Huguenots**

Thursday the 25th, a double bill: **Dragon de Villars**, romantic opera, and Massenet's lyric gem, **La Navarraise**

Saturday Matinee, March 27th **Mignon**

To be followed by **Aida, Chalet, Pagliacci**, etc.

**Columbia Theatre.**

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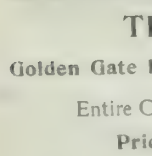

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New York's Jolliest Success

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Management Charles Frohman

The great and only **CISSY FITZGERALD** in her inimitable Dances. See Cissy Wink!

Monday, March 28th: **For Fair Virginia**

**Orpheum**

O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL

**Week Commencing Monday, March 22**

A Brilliant Artistic Novelty, **HENRY LEE**, in "Great Men, Past and Present."

The Comedian, Johnny Ray, assisted by Emma Ray

Three Vilona Sisters, Musical Artists

Werner & Rieder, Tyrolean Warblers

Dick and Alice McAvoy, the Hogan Alley Kids

The Three Richards, the Greatest Acrobats on Earth

Great Hit of the Four Cohans, Doll Dancers

Reserved seats 50 and 25c; balcony 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

**Tivoli Opera House**

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING : Proprietor and Manager

Commencing Monday, March 22d

Every Evening, Elaborate Production of Nicolai's Celebrated Comic Opera

**"The Merry Wives of Windsor!"**

Reappearance of MISS LAURA MILLARD the Favorite Prima Donna

Excellent Cast! Scenery, Costumes and Accessories from New and Elaborate Drawings!

Next, the Spectacular Burlesque, **Don Juan Ad Lib**

**Popular Prices, 25 and 50c.**

**Alcazar Theatre**

BELASCO & LA FAILLE : : : : MANAGERS

Last performances to-day and to-morrow, matinees and nights, of the greatest play of the century

**Jim the Penman**

Monday, March 22d, Another Laugh-Maker! The Most Famous of all Comedies

**THE STRATEGISTS!**

The entire company will appear in the play, including **George Osbourne** and **Hugo Toland**

**15, 25, 35 and 50c. 'Phone for seats: Black 991**

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Last performances of **EAGLE'S NEST** And NAT M. WILLS' Funny Tramp Specialty

Commencing Monday, March 22d, Wonderful Scenic Production of

**The Great Northwest**

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Evg. Prices, 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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**Golden Gate Hall This Afternoon at 3**

Entire Change of Programme!

**Prices, 50c. and $1**

Last Recital To-morrow (Sunday) Evening at same Hall at 8:15

The Musical Event of the Season!

**Camilla Urso**

The Eminent Violin Virtuose, and Her Own Company will appear at

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Monday Eve., Mar. 29, Friday Eve., Apr. 2

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## RACING

### Changes in the Administration of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club.

The chief topic of interest in turf circles has been the changes that have been made in the officials of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club. At the end of last week it was announced, to the surprise of the general public, that Mr. A. B. Spreckels, the President, and Mr. W. S. Leake, the Secretary, had both resigned, for reasons that implied serious differences with regard to the manner in which the racing affairs of the club should be administered. When the actual truth became known it was seen that questions of finance, which concerned the stockholders only, were the cause of the difficulty, and that it was in no way due to anything affecting the racing management of the club. On an adjustment being made Mr. Spreckels resolved to relinquish his position as President, Mr. Leake also following him into retirement. Both gentlemen have earned the praise and gratitude of racing men by the manner in which they have fulfilled their duties, and they are entitled to every credit for the smooth and efficient working of affairs at Ingleside since it was opened last season.

As regards the future, there is reason to hope that the business-like management which has hitherto obtained will continue, although the Board as now constituted is not as fully identified in its personnel with turf matters as could have been desired. Senator S. M. Androus has been elected to the office of President, and Mr. J. Malowansky is a new addition to the number of Directors, as is also Mr. F. H. Green, who undertakes the duties of Secretary also. Mr. Corrigan, Mr. Henry I. Crocker and Mr. Walter S. Hobart, who are best known to horsemen, have shown that they mean to spare no effort to have the business of the club conducted in such a way as will give satisfaction to owners and the public, and it is believed that they can succeed in doing so. At the same time there is bound to be some uneasiness for a while, and the recent change is certainly regrettable, as these are not the times for changes which involve the loss of so liberal a patron of the sport as Mr. A. B. Spreckels has been.

---

With charming weather and a good track things have been running comfortably at Emeryville, though unfortunately several of the more interesting races have not fulfilled their promise, owners in too many instances being disappointed with the weights allotted in handicaps.

The handicapping at both tracks this season is being unfavorably commented upon so generally that the authorities will do well to make some effort to have things altered in this respect.

---

In the two-year-old division Mr. E. J. Baldwin's nice-looking colt Rey el Salto (Emperor of Norfolk-Jennie D.) has come into prominent notice, and is by many considered to be the best youngster that has gone to the post this season. He is certainly good-looking enough, and has won his races without having to make any great effort. Green B. Morris captured a race last Thursday with Gypceiver (imp. Deceiver-Gypsy Queen), a somewhat plain-looking colt, but one of the most forward of the youngsters we have seen out. He is well-grown, with lots of bone and muscle, and moves in good form. Free Lady scored another bracket on Saturday, but was decidedly lucky in the start, and as her appearance would lead one to think she is not doing altogether well, she may not hold her speed as the season advances. The Burns & Waterhouse colt Colonel Dan (Salvator-Fleurette) is one of the improving sort seemingly, and as he gallops in excellent form, he may be heard of in front shortly. His breeding is very attractive. He had to go down on Tuesday, however, to the smart filly Martha (imp. Dandie Dinmont-Louise T.), but only after a hot finish, in which the filly was handled in really good style by Marty Bergen, who seldom gets into the saddle nowadays except when riding one of his own.

The dead Morello has left some promising stock behind him, and another winner amongst his get has turned up in Sadie Schwartz, though her performance was not particularly striking.

---

The Oakland Handicap, one and a quarter miles, which promised at one time to produce an interesting contest, dwindled down to five starters. For the first half of the distance Lincoln II., 103 pounds, and Thelma, 86 pounds, with Howard S., 108 pounds, biding his time a length or so in the rear, proceeded in this order, the pace being good. Rounding the last bend of the course Howard S. came somewhat wide, and stumbling at the head of the stretch was fully three lengths in the rear of Lincoln II. Thorpe proceeded to make up his ground, and for a moment his success seemed a little doubtful, as the last named horse is known to be game and had evidently a bit of speed left. The son of Whistle Jacket, however, laid down to his work like a good one, and creeping up a few inches at each stride under Thorpe's vigorous handling had pushed his head in front by the time the judges' verdict was due. Time, 2:07¾, but a fraction short of the California record. It was a good race between two colts of high class, both well ridden, and fully confirmed the good opinion I have always had of the winner. The rest of the field were several lengths in the rear.

---

In the Golden Gate Handicap, seven and a half furlongs, on Wednesday last, a field of seven came to the post, the three-year-olds Candelaria 100 pounds, Scarf Pin 99 pounds, and Lincoln II. 105 pounds, being decidedly the pick of the basket. The second of the trio kept in front all the way to the stretch with Installator, 108 pounds, in close attendance. When the turn had been made Slaughter gathered Candelaria up, and carrying him to the head of the party placed him a couple of lengths in advance of Scarf Pin at the winning post, Lincoln II., who was running strong and making up ground as the stand was passed, getting within half a length of the last named mare at the finish.

---

An interesting and instructive piece of reading is the extended report of the London "Sportsman" on the contest to name the best horse to mate with the Prince of Wales' beautifully bred mare Thais. The judges selected Carbine, Australia's greatest racehorse and sire, now in England; and four of the competitors, one in America, one in Spain and two in Great Britain hit the mark. The successful American was Major Foxhall A. Daingerfield, who has charge of Mr. James R. Keene's Castleton stud in Kentucky, and he was awarded the first prize. The thoroughbred Record of Lexington, Ky., February 13, publishes the report in full, and no one who cares for blood horse lore should fail to read, mark and learn.

BENEDICT.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,

Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

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**Racing from March 22 to April 3, inclusive**

**Five or More Races Daily, Rain or Shine**

**First Race at 2 p.m.**

Take Southern Pacific Trains at Third and Townsend Street depot, leaving at 1 and 1:20 p. m. Fare for round trip, including admission to the grounds, **One Dollar.** Take Mission-Street electric line direct to track.

The Androus Stakes Monday, March 22d

The Ullman Stakes Saturday, March 27th

The California Derby Saturday, April 3d

F. H. GREEN, Secy. S. N. ANDROUS, Pres.

RACING! RACING!

**California Jockey Club**

**Winter Meeting 1896-97, Beginning MONDAY, March 8 to 20, at OAKLAND RACETRACK**

**Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, rain or shine**

Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp

Ferry boats leave S.F. at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 and 2:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track; buy your tickets to Berkeley.

Returning, trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOS. H. WILLIAMS JR., Pres.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over. Address GEO. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, the most attractive and accessible of the interior mountain resorts of California, 320 miles from San Francisco, on the line of the famous "Shasta Route." Elevation, 2100 feet. Luxury, good cheer, hospitality, and matchless scenery. GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 54) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, San Francisco. Cal. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction: and un ess payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

ESTATE OF JOHN PHELAN, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Phelan, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 7, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

**A. K. DAGGETT**

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NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. P.
Telephone 305

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 18191—Dept. 9.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Frank P. Kelly, 101 Sansome street, rooms 21 and 22, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco.

W. R. FELTER,
Adm. of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 25, 1897.
FRANK P. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

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Assessment No. 55
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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Lady Londonderry, when visiting Constantinople, expressed a desire to be presented to His Ottoman Majesty. His own Minister for Foreign Affairs, Reshid Pasha, induced him to consent to receive her by representing that she had a quantity of valuable jewelry for sale. Lady Londonderry herself was merely told that she would be presented, and that the Sultan, having heard of the fame of her jewelry, had particularly requested that she would put it all on when she came. The conversation that took place at the audience was interpreted by the wily Reshid. On arrival at the palace Reshid Pasha conducted Lady Londonderry into the presence of the Sultan. Her dress glittered with diamonds, pearls, turquoises, and other precious stones. "Pekkei—good!" said the Sultan as Lady Londonderry curtseyed; "she has brought magnificent jewels!" Reshid, turning to the lady: "His Majesty graciously bids you welcome." Lady Londonderry bowed, and expressed her thanks in French. Reshid, interpreting: "She says she has other jewelry, but could not put it all on." Sultan: "Ask her what is the price of that diamond necklace." Reshid: "His Majesty inquires whether this is your first visit to Constantinople?" Lady Londonderry: "It is my first visit, and I am delighted with all I have seen." Reshid, to Sultan: "She asks a million of piastres." Sultan: "That is too much." Reshid, to Lady Londonderry: "His Majesty asks whether you have seen the Mosques? If not, offers you a firman." Lady Londonderry expresses her thanks. Sultan: "What price does she put on that set of turquoises?" Reshid, to Lady Londonderry: "His Majesty says that perhaps you would like to take a walk in the garden." Lady Londonderry expresses her thanks, and would like to see the garden. Reshid, to Sultan: "She says four hundred thousand piastres." Sultan: "Take her away—I shall not give such prices." Reshid, to Lady Londonderry: "His Majesty graciously expresses satisfaction at having made your acquaintance." Lady Londonderry curtseys low, and withdraws from his Majesty's presence to visit the garden with the amiable and courteous Reshid Pasha.

A traveling opera company was performing in a Massachusetts country town. The music was furnished by eleven of the villagers, one of whom — the cornetist — a tall, impressive-looking man with a dyed mustache, was evidently a personage of much importance. The house was crowded, and the musicians were playing well, when, about nine o'clock, a church bell near by commenced to ring. Its clang was heard plainly above the music. The cornetist dropped his cornet, listened intently for a moment, and then, seizing his hat, rushed up the centre aisle. He was followed by every member of the orchestra, and they in turn by two-thirds of the audience, to the utter amazement of the performers, who were completely dumbfounded. It turned out that a barn two miles off was on fire, and the cornetist, who happened also to be the foreman of the local fire department, together with the other members of the orchestra, who were volunteer fireman, had to attend to their duties of quelling the flames.

A certain husband and father recently purchased a pair of fashionable trousers. As they proved to be considerably too long he requested his wife to shorten them, but she, declaring the pattern too distinctly audible, refused, as did likewise the poor man's daughter and also his sister-in-law. At night the wife relented, and removed two inches from the garment very carefully, and laid it by ready for wear. Half an hour later the daughter, seized with regret for her unfilial refusal, took the trousers, and, cutting off two inches, hemmed and replaced them. And finally the remorseful sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she too removed an additional two inches. At breakfast the next morning the appearance of the good man resembled a Highland Chieftain.

An Englishwoman recently met with sudden death during a visit to St. Petersburg, and at the request of relatives in London the body was immediately forwarded to England. When the casket, a magnificent affair, arrived at its destination, the lid was removed to give the sorrowing relatives a final look at the departed. But instead of the emaciated remains of an aged woman, the portly corpse of a Russian General, covered with decorations and in the full glory of a state uniform, met the gaze of the mourners. Frantic messages were at once dispatched to the Russian capital, and in response to one of these, the following message was received: "Sadly buried yesterday with military honors. Please keep the general."

Ian Maclaren once visited the Holy Land. On his way to the centre of historic Palestine he met an American, who was making all haste to get away. After such greetings as two English-speaking men meeting in a foreign counrry might exchange, the American asked Dr. Watson where he was going. "To Jerusalem," was the reply. "Jerusalem?" exclaimed the American, in tones of unfeigned disgust. "You don't want to go there! I've just come away! It's a slow town. Why, there isn't a single daily newspaper in the whole place!"

A school-teacher, who had received unsatisfactory answers from the most of his pupils as to the difference between an island and a peninsula, put the question, in despair, to the last boy. "I can explain it, sir," he said. "Get two glasses, fill one with water and the other with milk. Catch a fly and place it in the water. That fly is an island because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the milk and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water." And he went to the top of the class.


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# THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA

VOL XVI. No. 13  SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 27, 1897  PRICE 10 CTS

THE WRECKER "WHITELAW" RAISING THE "SUNOL"

Photo by Charles Weidner

# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 27, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| A "Lag's" Release; by Frank Norris | 4 |
| In the Harbor | 5 |
| "For Greece and Crete": a Poem by A. C. Swinburne | 5 |
| "The Scoop": a Tale of the New Journalism | 6 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 7 |
| The "Hello" Girl; by Gelett Burgess | 8 |
| A Piedmont Painter | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Max Muller's Memories: a Review | 12 |
| A Boston Girl; by G. B. | 13 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE NICARAGUA CANAL AGAIN.

Our very brief allusion to the Nicaragua canal in "The [illegible] has brought forth the communication which we append. The writer is a gentleman who has a peculiar knowledge of the subject discussed, and his opinion is entitled to more than ordinary consideration. To his letter we invite the attention of Mayor Phelan and Mr. Dohrmann, the president of our Merchants' Association. We invite the presidents of the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade, indeed Captain Merry himself, to refute the arguments laid down by our correspondent. He says:

To the Editor "Wave:" Your editorial in issue of March 20th, under this caption, gives publicity to the fact that as regards San Francisco it is an open question whether the canal would be a benefit or not. In face of the seal of approval which has been stamped upon the scheme by the entire press, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade and other public bodies; in fact of the frequent mass meetings, resolutions adopted and forwarded to Congress, your temerity in publicly intimating that there are two sides to this question is very disturbing to the self-complaisant attitude into which California, and San Francisco in particular, has been steered by the well directed efforts of the representatives of the Maritime Canal Company, whose bold scheme was recently exposed and probably given its quietus in Congress. We have been bombarded with one-sided arguments, until the public generally believes that the very existence of California depends upon the construction of the canal. All the arguments have been very subtle. It was not to the advantage of the Canal Company and its friends to have a pro et con discussion. At so-called mass meetings to express the sentiment of California in favor of the canal cut and dried resolutions have been ordered adopted and telegraphed to Washington as an expression of sentiment. Not one score people of the three score which attended the meetings were disinterested; but as these meetings were held under the auspices of the Chambers of Commerce or such bodies, the people at large were content to believe that their interests only were considered.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you choose to throw your columns open to a general discussion on this subject, you will find it a most fruitful theme. You will find some, no doubt, who will boldly take the stand, and declare that there is danger to California, and San Francisco in particular, in the construction of the canal. They will point out to you that when the first vessel passes through from sea to sea, the cannons booming in honor of the event will sound the knell of San Francisco as the metropolis of the Pacific Ocean. You will be told that through the canal will pour the merchant fleets of Europe, conveying cheap labor products to the uttermost parts of the Pacific Ocean, wresting away (by the aid of the United States through building the canal) what trade should belong to California and San Francisco by reason of their geographical position. You will be shown that the Australian, New Zealand, Hawaiian and South Sea Island and the bulk of the China and Japan trade will pass us forever, and that the west coast of South America, Mexico and Central America will be hopelessly lost to us as markets for our productions.

Some intelligent manufacturer will remind you that as railroad freights from the East declined, so declined the manufacturing industries of this State. With the advent of cheaper freights via canal will practically come obliteration.

If California, a seaboard state, intends to rely solely on its agricultural abilities, and cannot perceive the wealth and higher stage of civilization to be derived from promoting and protecting its manufacturing and commercial pursuits, it deserves to be buried in the heart of the country, and no longer to be allowed to occupy a position on an ocean, on whose borders and on whose bosom are the homes of hundreds of millions of human beings, who should find their channel of communication through the Golden Gate, with 70,000,000 American freemen. And yet we are asked by the canal promoters to forego, and have even petitioned Congress to remove, privileges bestowed upon us by our natural geographical position, and content ourselves with the possible benefits to be derived from bringing our agricultural products some few thousands of miles nearer a market. I say possible benefits; it is open to argument that they are probable. Freight rates on grain to England via Cape Horn will not average over $6.00 per ton during 1897; could they be cheapened by passage through the canal enough to reimburse us for our enormous loss in other directions?

However, this is too vast a question to be touched upon lightly either in one communication or by one pen; and my object in writing this will have been accomplished if it leads to a general discussion of a subject so cogent to the welfare of the State.

FREDERICK S. SAMUELS.

If there is any answer to our correspondent's position, which we must confess is our own, we would like to hear it. There can be one excuse for the Californian espousing the completion of this undertaking by the United States government, which is that the Panama canal, upon which so much money has been squandered, threatens sometime to be completed and under the control and dominion of a foreign power. So far as San Francisco goes, it is difficult to discover where she will profit through the canal or how the State at large will be benefited.

## YOUTH IN THE LEGISLATURE.

The writer of the following communication is a gentleman of wide and wholesome reputation who has occupied a prominent place in high public office in this State. The young member of the Legislature referred to in this communication is unknown to us, and may be open to the objection which the learned writer makes. But youth in the abstract should not disbar a citizen from legislative ambitions or honors. It is a little difficult to say where one should draw the line. Our correspondent says:

San Francisco, March 22, 1897.

Editor of "The Wave": It appears from the published reports of proceedings during the closing hours of the Legislature that a Representative from San Francisco arose in his place, and, speaking to a question of privilege, appealed to the Assembly for vindication, saying, among other things: "I am a young man, just starting out in life, and I don't want my reputation to be blasted by the 'Examiner,' or any other paper." I have no doubt the gentleman was truthful and sincere, and that he deserved vindication at the hands of his fellow members. But what a commentary is this upon the course of the people in selecting their law-makers—the men to whom is committed the highest power, and the most grave responsibility, exercised by men on earth! In none, except the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, is vested so great a power as that which is committed to the men chosen to make the laws for a free people. What measure of confidence should induce a great people to impose so great a responsibility upon "young men just starting out in life," and whose reputations are yet to be made? Hundreds of honest and bright young men have had their "reputations blasted" for life by the weight of this very responsibility, which they were not yet fitted to bear, and the people themselves have never failed to suffer from the cause. The duty of making laws which affect the lives, the liberties and the properties of the people should never be committed to callow youth or senile age, but only to men of experience in the affairs of life, and in the full strength and vigor of manhood. Then we should have fewer but vastly better laws, and our halls of legislation would be free from scandals, where the suspicion of one crime is held to justify the commission of another—where a suspicion of bribery is held to justify the commission of highway robbery. CARLOS.

Of course, it is one of the theoretic presumptions of our Government that the people will select the wisest men for their rulers and law-makers, be their choice from among the young or the old. "Old men for council, young men for war," runs the proverb, and as the greatest danger to democratic government is haste, and age being generally slower and more conservative than youth, men well advanced in years are undoubtedly needed to balance and offset the impetuosity of younger but perhaps more brilliant minds. But the truth is, and we may as well frankly acknowledge it, that mature men fitted for legislative life cannot to-day be induced to become candidates for our State Legislatures. This was not so in the early days of American history. To be a member of the Virginia House or the Massachusetts Council early in the century was a distinction almost as great as to be a member of the House of Representatives. This condition arose, not out of any theory regarding the sovereignty of the States or their supremacy under the Constitution, but out of local pride and honorable tradition. In those days there were no great cities. Neighbor was intimate with neighbor. The political boss, as we know him, and the machine manipulator had not then developed. The test for fitness for legislative honors was the possession of eminent common sense, of exceptional forensic ability. Men of parts sought the Legislature for honor and their country's sake; men, young, and fired with ambition, sought this channel to make for themselves a name among their fellows and to win local, if not national, distinction. In short, to be a member of the State's law-makers brought honor. Time's panorama has placed another view before us. To-day a legislative seat is seldom sought with the hope of rendering service to the State, or with the hope that returning home the law-maker will be crowned with the blessings of his neighbors and the eulogies of his constituents. Men go to the Legislature to-day ordinarily with some private object in view, not generally corrupt, not often patriotic. Legislative honor being held in this light, we need express small wonderment that men of gray hairs and mature mind, who among their fellows have gained distinction for ability in business or professional life, should decline to seek nomination for a seat with a body whose integrity is held in but light esteem by the public mind, and whose acts can bring little of credit.

The view taken by our correspondent that young men are unfitted to be law-makers is not borne out by history. So long as the English speaking world recalls the careers of the younger Pitt, of Charles James Fox, of Sir Robert Peel, of William Ewart Gladstone, of Alexander Hamilton, of Samuel Adams, of James Madison and of Henry Clay, it will be quite unwilling to declare that youth, in the abstract, unfits men for a legislative career. The most notable legislation of the world's history has been either prompted or affected by men under the age of 35 years. This legislation, it must be remembered, has been remarkable because along somewhat radical lines. The young man generally is in closer touch with the spirit of his age than his senior. The names which shine out brightest on the scroll of history, and which are in this age most honored, are those of men who have been recognized as radical leaders rather than as conservatives. It may not be without value to state that in this day, when ignorance has so much power in its hands, there is no more need of the slow-moving mind of middle age than of the quick and hot-tempered spirit of youth.

In considering the problem as to what may be the trouble with our Legislatures, one is compelled to admit that our legislative halls are deserted by the able and the strong, and are given over largely to the incompetent and the reckless, for the manifest reason that the tone of our political life is so low that a gentleman recoils from the despicable methods and devious ways by which political success is achieved. The idea that this is a representative Government has been very largely forsaken. The mass of the incapable, instead of being moved by a desire to choose for legislative position the man best fitted, are now possessed with the idea that governmental power should be bestowed on those who are most typical of the great body of the voters. So a premium is placed on demagogy, and the distinguished in mind and character are put aside for the mediocre. The ignorant majority are largely responsible for the political degradation of which they now complain. If we are to have legislators of ability and honesty, we must make the legislative position honorable and distinguished. The revelations made concerning the Legislature which has just died have not come as a surprise to the people of California. No thrill of horror ran through the State at the startling revelation of political corruption and the criminal means by which legislation is effected. This tells of the decadence of the political conscience. We have lost our ideal. We no longer expect our public functionaries to act up to a high standard. We have come to regard them much as we regard a man in any other position—purely self-seeking and without consciousness of any responsibility to those who have made him. Indeed, we are inclined to expect less of our public servants than we do of our private employes—less of honesty and faithfulness to duty. There is no standard set by the public conscience which makes it imperative that our legislators should act as men of honor. This is the curse of all our ploitical life. The only method to pursue for the eradication of this evil is to raise the moral and intellectual standard of the people who make the legislators; then, and not till then, may we expect better public servants.

The reader must not presume that gentlemen never aspire to the Legislature, or that legislators are all wicked and governed by selfishness and impure motives, for such is not the case. We do not hesitate to

affirm, however, that this municipality has never sent to the State Legislature a delegation that was thoroughly honest. Whatever of honesty there may be in that body usually comes from the interior of the State, and seldom from the cities.

## THE CRETAN IMBROGLIO.

In the present attitude of the great powers of Europe toward the small kingdom of Greece and the adjacent island of Crete we have an excellent exhibition of the ease with which these great powers disregard every requirement of that international law which is supposed to regulate the intercourse of sovereign nations. No war has been declared, and we are assured that hostilities are not pending, yet armed forces blockade the ports of Crete, Piraeus and Volo, the latter being the sea base on which the Greeks would have relied in the event of hostilities with Turkey in Thessaly and Macedonia. No such proceeding as this is recognized in the international code as being among the measures falling short of war. The reasons for this departure from the rules of international war are not far to seek. Nothing but mutual fear and common selfishness of the great powers of Europe has succeeded in maintaining so far the so-called concert of the powers, which is after all only a concert of mutual fear and an inability to agree peacefully on the distribution of the spoils of the Turk. If the powers were able to agree on a peaceable distribution of the remnant of the Turkish dominion in Europe, or if any one of them had sufficient confidence in its prowess to be sure of obtaining a lion's share in a forcible scramble for these spoils, there would be no occasion for this maltreatment of the puny power of Greece; but with their well-justified and natural distrust of each other's honesty, and their inability to estimate accurately in advance of a conflict their relative degrees of military strength, they are prepared to put off a conflict and a division of plunder to the last possible moment, and to that end stand seemingly ready to bring Greece to destruction and to continue to support the anachronism of Turkish rule in Europe. The concert of the governments of Europe in this oppression of the weak would probably be complete if it were not for the tremendous force of public opinion in the French republic and in the United Kingdom. There seems to be no doubt that Hanotetaux and Lord Salisbury would cheerfully lend their support to these detestable measures if it were not for the well demonstrated fact that neither the French nor the British people would permit a continuance of a government which permitted the use of its armed forces for such purposes of oppression as those for which the War Lord of Germany and the White Czar of Russia seem willing to send their ships and soldiers in support of the Turk. If any example were needed to exhibit the wisdom of the policy which has kept our republic from joining in any concert with the European powers, it is furnished by this exhibition of the ease with which those powers can combine for purposes which would be denounced as corrupt and unworthy by every American citizen.

## COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor: Dear Sir—At the very moment when he commenced to be of inestimable value for our community, there has been taken from us a man who was predestined to become one of our local heroes—Josef Blanther, the murderer. With his death our dailies mourn the loss of a year's trial, full of interesting incidents and stirring details; the artist's pencil, ready to perpetuate the prisoner in hundreds of different attitudes, must look for other subjects. Our editors mournfully realize the impossibility of publishing his poems (written in his cell). His journal, in which he might have written for the benefit of a sympathizing population and for the technical instruction of those eager to imitate him a full account of his crimes, minutely describing how he planned and how he executed, will never see type. All this is lost. And the public, deprived even of the honor of shaking hands with the man who murdered Mrs. Langfeldt, prevented from offering him flowers and cigars, will in vain go to the Edison parlors—the phonograph had not been in time to receive the message of the dying man. Perhaps it is not yet too late to secure at least his hat and shoes and to exhibit them on Market or Kearny street, as a small consolation for our afflicted citizens. A. D.

An illustration of the sort of recklessness that enables a cigarette smoker to sit on a powder keg is to be soon given in the Midi. The unmarried men of La Drome have just issued a call to the bachelors of the district, for a convention to be held for the purpose of protesting against the tax on unmarried men, recently proposed by several Deputies, to make up the French budget. But they have rashly invited, also, the maids who have taken the vow of celibacy to St. Catherine, and have reserved for them seats of honor in the convention, and at the banquet table! It is safe to predict that more than one bachelor of to-day will become exempt from the tax, after the meeting is over.

## THE THIRTY-SECOND SESSION.

### A REVIEW OF THE WORK OF THE LAST LEGISLATURE BY SENATOR F. S. STRATTON

The thirty-second session of the California Legislature has witnessed the enactment of some important laws. The prevailing idea that the greater part of the bills passed are vicious is not borne out by the facts. Under our present system of State Government it is inevitable that many bad laws should result. In fact, the commanding importance of giving a veto power to the Governor has been strikingly presented to my mind in view of the closing scenes of the late session. The vast majority of bills are measures which hardly interest the public. They are framed to amend certain sections of the codes of this State which have been found defective in their practical operation, or which need revision because of new conditions that have arisen.

The three most important measures, in my opinion, which have been passed, and which are so universal in their operations as to interest the entire State are, first, the new general primary election law, which must stand the test, first, of assault in the Supreme Court, and then trial of experience by practical operation. Secondly, the Torrens land transfer act, which has been taken very largely upon faith in view of its successful operation in other countries; and, thirdly, the altogether remarkable financial assistance given to the State University at Berkeley. The effect of the latter act will be shown in its influence upon our Western civilization for all time, and must be a factor in the evolution of the human mind. I deem it unfortunate that some measure of assistance could not have been given to the Stanford University, but the conditions prevailing at Sacramento left the result in doubt at no time.

Another important measure that was passed was the act for the appointment of a debris commission, and making an appropriation of $250,000 therefor. This was the result of a compromise between the miners and the farmers, and makes available a like appropriation from the United States, enabling the resumption of hydraulic mining in this State. In enacting the so-called dredger bill, and appropriating $300,000 for the purpose of improving the navigable rivers of this State, a departure has been made from the accepted theory that such work should be left to Federal supervision and control. While general in its terms, this in effect means that the Sacramento river is to be improved, and that, too, for the benefits of private land-owners. Even the promoters of this bill hesitate to say where the end will be, for it commits the State to a line of operations which is far-reaching, and open to many serious objections. A complete set of companion laws, some five in number, are now in the hands of the Governor, establishing a Bureau of Highways, providing a tax levy therefor, and creating a general system of State roads. This is the result of the agitation in favor of good roads.

A very involved and laborious task was the framing of a new county government act, a bill covering over 225 printed pages. The necessity of presenting this matter biennially to the Legislature, it is hoped, will be avoided by a Constitutional amendment to be submitted to the people granting home rule to counties, and providing for the framing and adoption by the inhabitants of county government acts for the respective counties. This amendment provides that each county may regulate and determine the manner and method of conducting both general and primary elections. The game and fish laws of the State have been very carefully revised, and a matter of passing interest to the interior of the State is the bill amending in very many material respects the Wright irrigation law, and relieving the situation of some of its intolerable burdens.

Laws designed by the labor unions and presented to the Legislature received but very scanty treatment. Bills which ought to have passed, and which were defeated, include the reform civil service bill, and the measure designed to reduce the excessive pilot charges of the Bay of San Francisco. In fact, it may be said broadly that bills aimed to remedy existing evils, and affecting individual interests, are generally certain of defeat. Any attempt to reduce salaries, or to abolish useless offices or commissions, will surely be met by strenuous opposition. These bills fail of passage, not through dishonesty on the part of legislators, but through weakness of humanity. Nearly every important measure is put through or defeated by the pernicious system of pledging votes in advance. The speeches for or against a bill are very largely, but not, of course, all the time, for the benefit of the reporters. Nothing could be farther from the truth than for the public to assume that the debates influence votes. After all, while some 1,700 or 1,800 bills were introduced, a very small percentage became laws. Probably not to exceed 250 of them passed both houses, and of these one-third will certainly and properly meet with executive disapproval.

The Constitutional amendments providing for new district courts of appeal, and also for the creation of courts of discipline for remedying abuses at the bar, were not passed. The responsibility for this is due altogether to the unfortunate rules which prevented these measures being dealt with in the early days of the session, and which finally prevented their proper consideration in the fearful rush and press of other more selfish matters which engrossed the individual attention of the law-makers. The existing evil of considering technicalities on appeal and reversing cases for trivial errors, it is hoped, has been avoided and corrected by the enactment of a law directing the Supreme Court to disregard all such technicalities, and compelling the party appealing to show affirmatively that a different result would probably have followed if the error complained of had not occurred. This is revolutionary, and if strictly applied by the Court must have a far-reaching effect upon all litigation.

The great demand on the part of most of the legislators is to secure appropriations for local institutions, or local improvements. This is regarded by many as evidence of practical ability, and seems to be looked upon as a tangible record to be pointed to with pride. General laws for the relief of the entire State call for no special gratitude on the part of individuals, whereas an appropriation is special, and has a local application which enthuses a modern constituency. After all, when the history of legislation in this State is understood, it must be conceded that good measures other than appropriations are the rule, and bad measures the exception. A vast amount of good legislation is defeated, it is true, and for this the best class of citizens in the State must hold themselves responsible. They permit themselves to be influenced into sending thousands of telegrams to Senators or Assemblymen to vote for or against a measure merely at the request of interested individuals. These appeals ought to be entirely disregarded by the sitting members, but they generally have their effect.

If I should be asked, however, as to what class of lawmakers California should elect, I would not commend the orators, nor even the brilliant men, but I would express the hope that this State could be represented by solid citizens of sufficient strength of character to say "No," not alone to fellow legislators, but to say "No" to the ill-advised demands of their own constituents. If bills in the California Legislature could but be debated fairly, and decided upon the merits of the debates, and not upon pledges generally given beforehand, then indeed a new era might be expected to dawn in this State. As it is now, nearly all classes, except the vicious, view a law-making session with terror. The entire State breathes a sigh of relief when the time of adjournment is passed, and Senators and Assemblymen, both good and bad, find themselves covered by the ignominy of universal criticism, and objects of general execration.

F. S. STRATTON.

March 25, 1897.

## BULL-FIGHTING AS A SPORT.

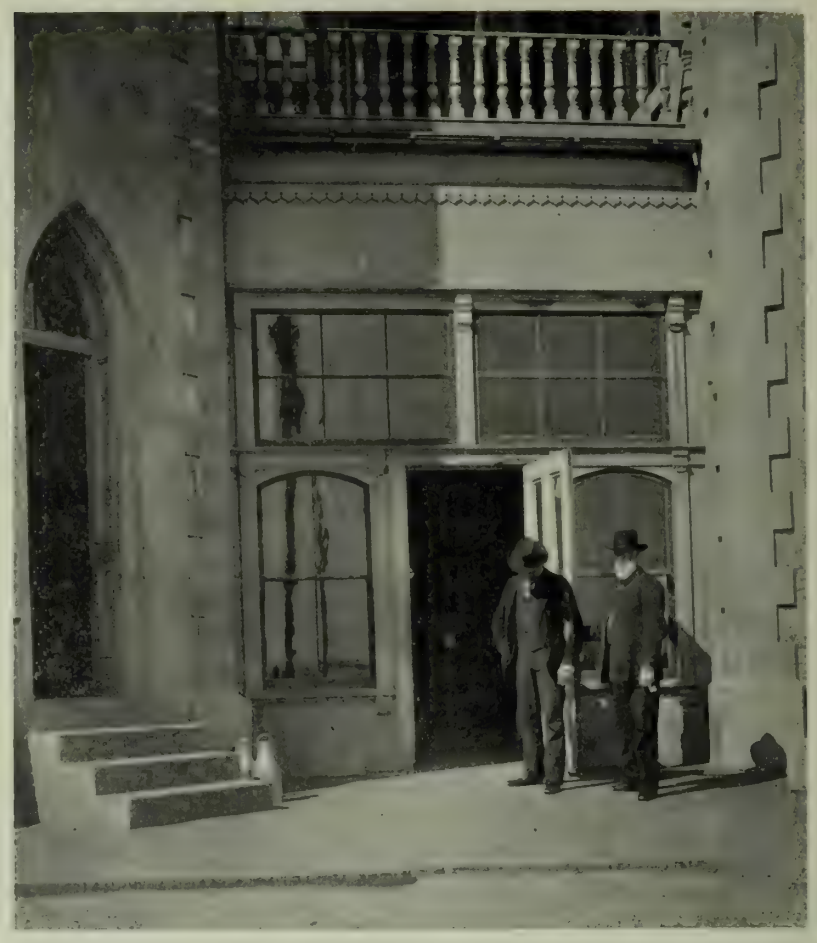
The manner in which a community amuses itself is an unfailing index to the character and intelligence of its people. Probably nothing could better illustrate this than the continued popularity of bull fighting as a pastime in Mexico and Spain. It is useless to look for any of the finer human attributes among a people whose pleasures are marked by butchery and coarseness.

In the early part of the month a series of these demoralizing exhibitions took place at Durango, Mexico, which were merely horrible butcheries of men and beasts of the most revolting character. The first bull entering the ring gored to death one of the matadors. Another man was killed in the twinkling of an eye by the second bull, and the third dispatched two unfortunate beings in quick succession. Four human lives, by this barbaric and inhuman entertainment, were hazarded and sacrificed to make a Mexican holiday. Eight bulls were killed, and four horses gored to death.

To produce these festivals of blood for the entertainment of the public, vast amounts of money, running up into the millions of dollars, are annually wasted by these people. Growing and impressionable youth is taught to believe these butchers heroes, and their calling honorable. During the last bull-fighting season in Spain, there were 478 bull fights, in which were killed over 1,200 bulls valued at $300,000, and over 5,700 horses valued at $200,000. Matadors were paid for their services over $220,000. The famous Guerrita appeared in sixty-eight fights, killed 174 bulls, and received $51,000. Bombita, another fighter, appeared forty-three times, killed 112 bulls, and was paid $21,000. Manzantina was in the ring twenty-nine times, killed sixty-eight bulls, and made $21,700.

Our Consul-General at Barcelona reports that the interest in bull fighting is not diminishing in Spain, but seems even more intense than ever. The mere wastefulness of money in such a cause by an impoverished people does not weigh for anything as an objection to it, beside the vicious influence such atrocious exhibitions must have upon the public mind. It is not difficult to understand that a people who take pleasure from such a barbaric sport could produce a Weyler. It is easy to believe that an army recruited from the citizens of Spain would be capable of all the unspeakable atrocities which are charged up against it in Cuba. We can readily understand how such an army would take pleasure in bayoneting wounded and unarmed prisoners of war, in striking down, debauching and murdering defenseless women, and in butchering in cold blood the terror-stricken babes and children of the enemy.

A NEW SUIT AFTER THIRTY YEARS IN STRIPES



FREE AT LAST: SAN QUENTIN'S GATE OPENED TO A CONVICT WHO HAS "DONE TIME"

## A "LAG'S" RELEASE

### How a Convict is Discharged from the San Quentin "Pen."

Everybody knows how a man goes to jail. A little legal jargon, a little "entering of names," a little posing for the Rogues' Gallery, a little trip across the bay, the shutting of a grated door — and there is your "con"— jugged in the "pen," perhaps for thirty months, perhaps for thirty years. During the time of his sentence the world knows absolutely nothing of him, and he nothing of the world. He is buried alive. Let us suppose he is a thirty-year man — consider for a moment what that means. Remember backward, if you can, for thirty years. Try to fix some event that happened thirty years ago, and then imagine that instead of that particular event happening, a prison door had closed behind you, and that all your life from that time till now had been spent in the "pen"— between four high cement walls. For recreation you had the yard to walk in, and the conversation of murderers and petit-larcenies and assault-to-kills; for occupation you wove one hundred yards of jute every morning: you ate, in enforced silence, three meals of beef, beans and coffee per day, and you were locked in your cell from three o'clock in the afternoon until seven the next morning. And this is your life for thirty years! The civil war was barely over thirty years ago. Then comes the day when your sentence expires.

I knew a "con" at San Quentin named Bob Davis who has been in prison for thirty-five years, and whose sentence expired last Friday. I went over to see Mr. Davis early Friday morning, to watch how they let him out.

Now, my friend Bob Davis is a sneak-thief. He told me so, and it is the only thing he told me that the prison officers thought was true. I would have preferred him a murderer, a highwayman, or even an assault-with-a-deadly-weapon, but he is none of these — he is a sneak-thief. At the time I got inside the court of San Quentin penitentiary it was after six in the morning, and the "cons" were going in to breakfast. They came across from the yard, eleven hundred of them, each with his hands folded across his breast, in singularly inappropriate attitude of devout resignation, like monks going to confessional. They tramped into the huge dining-room

A MEMORY OF SAN QUENTIN, FROM THE INSIDE

and the first man went to the farthest seat at the farthest table and began to eat as soon as he sat down. The last man in the line took the only seat left nearest the door, but by the time he was sitting down the first man was through and was filing out, with arms meekly folded.

Davis was somewhere in the crowd of eleven hundred silent men, but I could not pick him out. I only met him when he came back to his cell after breakfast to get his bedding. I looked at him curiously then, as one would look at a man who is going back to liberty after thirty years of prison death-in-life. I was expecting anything. He might be elated over his thought of freedom; he might be depressed (I was ready even for this) at the idea of leaving his familiar all, and I thought of the prisoner of Chillon and of De Quincey's "mot" to the effect that there is a certain sadness in doing anything for the last time, and that even a prisoner quits his all with a feeling a regret. I had this last particularly in mind as Mr. Davis came up, and, as it were, I looked at him through it as through a colored glass. This liberation business is a little drama, and as star actor I hoped Mr. Davis would act up to his part.

Stolidity, indifference, phlegmatic unconcern — anything you like but excitement — was Davis' mood, and the worst of it was that he did not assume it. Set it down as an axiom, as a law to be carefully studied of writers of fiction, that the sensations of real life tend to the plane of the commonplace as inevitably as water seeks its level. Assume that everything is ordinary till it has been proven otherwise.

"Well," said I, "you're going out, Davis?"

"Yes," said he, tieing his blanket-roll, "I'm going out." As far as his demeanor went he might have said, "I'm going across the yard a minute." He rolled up his blankets, gathered together one or two bits of furniture that the prison provides, and (I following) went across the court to the "old clothes room."

The old clothes room of San Quentin is where the prison suits are kept — the clothes, caps, shoes, and all that. It is most like a country store—a counter, a stove and racks along the wall filled with wearing apparel. The only difference is that the clothes are striped. A guard met us here and took charge of Davis, and he did not leave him during the rest of the time he was in the precincts of the jail. In the old clothes room Davis stripped and bathed. Captain Jameson, who presides here, took his "con's" suit and stowed it away, and Davis dressed himself again in a completely new outfit that Jameson gave him. The clothes were gray shoddy of the cheapest kind. If my "con" felt any glow of returning self-respect at the feel of citizen's clothes again he did not show it. He was not sullen, he was not sulking—he was merely ordinary. He spoke little. Next we went to the office of the Captain of the Guard. There was some conversation here. Davis gave his number, not his name, and told the Captain for what crime he was serving. Then says the Captain:

"Here is a ticket to Sunol. You were arrested there."

"Yes," answered Davis.

"And five dollars that the State gives you" (pushing a gold piece towards him). The "con" pocketed it silently.

"And here is the money found on you when arrested—seven dollars and a half."

"Seven dollars and a half."

The Captain of the Guard turned away.

From the prison to Greenbrae, where you take the train to the city, is about three miles. A 'bus runs to meet every train, and the ex-"cons" generally go down in it. but said Davis:

"I won't wait for the 'bus—I'll walk." We went toward the outside gate of the prison. Once beyond this gate Davis was free. The crisis of this little drama of liberation was here. A turnkey swung open an inside grating for us. We went down a narrow stone passage to the outer gate, through whose grating one could see blue patches of the bay and of the sky. A second turnkey swung the outside gate, letting in a warm puff of air.

"Wait a minute," said Davis' guard, as the man who had been jailed for thirty years stepped forward. Davis stopped, and the guard handed him two or three folded papers with official seals.

"These are your restoration papers," he explained, adding, "They restore your citizenship to you." Silently Davis put them in his inside pocket. There was a pause. The turnkey stood holding open the grating. The guard drew back a step. I was in the background watching. Between the turnkey and the guard was the ex-"con." He was older than any of us, and taller. Suddenly, back in the prison, the whistle of the jute-mill blew, signalling the beginning of another day's work.

"Well," said Davis, breaking the silence, "anything more?"

"Nothing more," answered the guard; "go on."

Davis stepped across the threshold and walked down the road into the world. He was free.

FRANK NORRIS.

The summit of Mount Aconcagua, in Chile, the highest peak in America, has been reached for the first time by any human being by Zurbriggen, a Swiss mountain climber. The Swiss went to South America in company with the well known mountain climber Fitzgerald to make the ascent of Aconcagua. The journey took three days, and on the way up they were attacked by condors and handicapped severely by the intense cold. Just before the top was reached Fitzgerald gave way and Zurbriggen finished alone. Mount Aconcagua is an extinct volcano, 23,910 feet above the ocean. The natives of the region believe that the spirit of fire dwelt upon its summit. Both Fitzgerald and Zurbriggen received much attention in Chile over their remarkable achievement, receptions having been given them in the large cities and other privileges accorded them.

A London millionaire possesses a bedroom upon which he has lavished an expenditure of $300,000. The decorating of the ceiling cost $15,000; the draperies of the room, which are composed of the finest Brussels net interwoven with silk, $10,000; the bedstead, which is of solid ebony, inlaid with gold filigree, over $100,000 more; the rest of the furniture, consisting of dressing tables of solid silver and chairs of the same material, consumed the remainder. The fortunate possessor of all this gorgeousness, brushes his hair, if he has any, with brushes the backs of which are of solid gold mounted with diamonds. There is also in the apartment a porcelain washstand, costing $5,000, toilet tables mounted in gold, and many other trifles of a similar nature.

## IN THE HARBOR

### Launch of Twin Gunboats and the Wreck of the Sunol.

A pair of twin gunboats were successfully launched at the Union Iron Works last week, taking their first dip into the bay together. It was a very pretty ceremony, the two little war-craft starting simultaneously and racing down the slippery ways into the harbor, side by side.

The Marietta led her sister and took the water a half length ahead of the Wheeling. The latter vessel sheered slightly, and ran her steel stern into the other's quarter, but did no harm besides giving the workmen on board a momentary panic.

The launching took place at 11 o'clok on the morning of the 19th inst., in the presence of the customary audience, which included General Forsyth, U. S. A., Admiral Kirkland, U. S. N., and a number of officers of the army and navy.

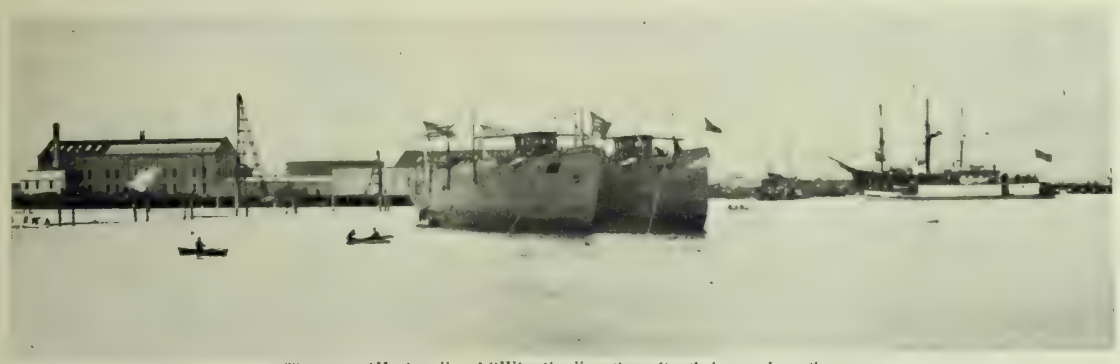
The office of godmother to the gunboats was performed by Miss Lucie S. Brown, who christened the Wheeling, and Mrs. H. Clifford More, who broke the champagne upon the Marietta's prow. Both Ohio and the city of Wheeling were well represented upon the stand of honor.

The two vessels are the first of a sextette of gunboats, each of 1,000 tons displacement. They are to be double-screws, and the contract requires a speed of twelve knots. The designs of the engines were made by the Union Iron Works, and approved by the Navy Department. The boats are to carry a battery of six 4-inch rapid-fire rifles, four 6-pounders and two 1-pound Hotchkiss guns. They will cost about $240,000 apiece, and will be completed ready for their trial trip in sixty days.

A much more serious collision than the little bump which was the only mishap of this launching, took place the afternoon before, when a frightful catastrophe was narrowly averted by the Captain of an incoming bark. Through some miscalculation of speed and cross-currents Captain Dye, of the stern-wheel river boat Sunol, ran his vessel across the right of way of the bark Olympic, which was coming up the harbor under half sail, and had his little steamer all but cut in two by the bow of the sailing vessel. The Sunol was laden with passengers, who were thrown into a panic at the collision, of which they had a few minutes' warning. A shocking loss of life was averted by the presence of mind of Captain Gibbs, of the Olympic, who kept his vessel forging ahead under topsails, thus impaling the wrecked steamer and holding her up until her passengers and crew were rescued. Some climbed up the bow of the bark, and all the rest were saved by the tugs in the vicinity. The Sunol filled and sank as soon as the bark was backed off by the tugs.

A watchman was placed upon the derelict to protect her from salvage hunters, and he spent the night in climbing out of the water as she rolled over. He had his knees beneath the surface when rescued, but stuck to his post like Casabianca until the wreckers arrived. The disabled steamer has since been raised, righted and towed to the docks, where she will be repaired and put into commission. The loss, including the damage to hull, machinery and cargo, comes to about $20,000, as the vessel was not insured.

Uncle Sam's new Gunboat "Marietta" just before the plunge into the bay



The twins "Marietta" and "Wheeling" resting after their race down the ways

Colonel John J. McCook, who was to have been Attorney-General in President McKinley's Cabinet, is a member of the family of fighting McCooks and is connected with the law firm of Alexander & Green of New York. He is the legal adviser of many corporations and trusts, and was born fifty-two years ago at Carrolton, in Ohio. When the war broke out he was sixteen years of age and a freshman in Kenyon College, at Gambier, O. He at once enlisted as a private in the Sixth Ohio Cavalry. In a few months he was an officer, and when he returned to college four years later to resume his studies he was a full rank major with the brevet of a colonel. When he finished at Kenyon he entered the Howard Law School, and after graduation located in New York, where he married the daughter of Henry M. Alexander. It was the fortunate marriage that gave him the start in his successful career of counsellor of the greatest moneyed interests of the country. Colonel McCook is a man of much personal charm, of admirable courtesy, and has the handsomest profile at the bar. He is a member of twenty of the leading clubs of New York, a trustee of Princeton University, and an elder in Dr. Hall's church. Some years ago he attained much note as prosecutor of Dr. Briggs in the famous Presbyterian heresy trial.

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President McKinley has been fortunate in surrounding himself with a lot of competent men. Mr. Boyle, of his official household, who has been his private secretary ever since he was first elected Governor of Ohio, and who has shown singular discretion in the discharge of his difficult duties, will soon have one of the most desirable and important English consulates placed at his disposal. Captain H. O. Heistand, of the Regular Army, McKinley's confidential secretary, has been ordered to Washington by the Secretary of War to officiate in a similar capacity for the new executive. Still another member of the household, Joseph P. Smith, is also going to the National Capital. He is one of the most accomplished students of political history in the country, and his far-reaching and accurate knowledge of current politics and of active politicians have enabled him to be of great use to the new President in the bestowal of patronage.

In New York considerable attention has been given to the theatrical trust formed by nine prominent managers, and already fifty leading theaters of the country are under control of the combine. This syndicate practically rules plays and players, and by virtue of its power will soon force to the wall all the smaller managers, and the public as well as the profession will be at the mercy, or, as it sounds better, the discretion, of the monopoly managers of companies and of theaters.

## FOR CRETE AND GREECE

Storm and shame and fraud and darkness fill the nations full with night:
Hope and fear whose eyes yearn eastward have but fire and sword in sight;
One alone, whose name is one with glory, see and seeks the light.

Hellas, mother of the spirit, sole supreme in war and peace,
Land of light, whose word remembered bids all fear and sorrow cease,
Lives again, while freedom lightens eastward yet for sons of Greece.

Greece, where only men whose manhood was as godhead ever trod,
Bears the blind world witness yet of light wherewith her feet are shod:
Freedom, armed of Greece, was always very man and very God.

Now the winds of old that filled her sails with triumph, when the fleet
Bound for death from Asia fled before them stricken, wake to greet
Ships full-winged again for freedom toward the sacred shores of Crete.

There was God born man, the song that spake of old time said: and there
Man, made even as God by trust that shows him nought too dire to dare,
Now may light again the beacon lit when those we worship were.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
in the "Nineteenth Century."

The steamer "Sunol" after the "Olympic" "hadn't done a thing to her."

## THE SCOOP

### An Office Boy's Heroic Attempt to Become a "New Journalist.

"Supplement too wooden more crime cut out book page brighten lighten wire sales immediately must have fireworks. JOHN BILLIOU."

This dispatch lay on the Sunday Editor's desk when he got down to his office Monday noon. He had only had the supplement two weeks, and he had tried to make a record. He had held every desk in the office of the "Awakener." He had been sent up from the local room on the strength of a brilliant peek-hole interview. He had done the coast telegraph news, he had used the City Editor's desk—he had done special stuff to burn, he could do "leaders" with both hands at once, and his "heads" were so lively they almost jumped the sheet.

But then, everybody on the "Awakener" had done everything. Old Billiou held the wires, and made the staff puppets jump from room to room. No one bragged of his position on the "Awakener," for each knew the chessmen might be moved over night, and that to-day's pawn would be to-morrow's king—or queen, perhaps, for old Billiou played female space-writers for all they were worth.

The Sunday Editor swore softly to himself, softly because there was a woman reporter in the office—one of the few he respected. But he didn't worry much. No one worried much on the "Awakener." There was no credit to be gained except by a lucky stroke which might catch the whim of old Billiou.

There was no loyalty to the office—no esprit de corps, save that the whole staff hated the Managing Editor. It was their only bond. In the daily "council" the heads of departments quarreled for space like dogs over a bone.

There was a man named Guyson, who had been assigned to "brighten up the Supp." Guyson was strong on crime, and his idea was to "fill up bums on haschisch and turn 'em loose." But this would principally profit the Daily—and the Sunday Editor didn't propose to play into the hands of the Daily.

He and Guyson went over all the fakes—everything had been done. They didn't perspire much over the plot, for it didn't much matter anyway, for they might not strike Billiou's fancy if they did cook up a good thing, and if they did hit it off and sold 560,000 copies next week it wouldn't prevent their being put on the sporting work the day after.

The Supplement came out, with a "feature" to curl a man's hair, and "fillers" of every hue of coarseness, but the reported sales came to only 558,056 copies, duly certified to according to law. That Monday night the Sunday Editor said to the woman reporter—the only one whom he didn't call a "lady" reporter, by the way:

"See here, you're too good for this work—you'd better get out. I'm afraid I can't keep you much after this."

On Tuesday the Managing Editor received this telegram:

"Supplement reads like Pink Munsey Magazine do I own "Farmer's Friend" or "Awakener" put office boy on Sunday edition. JOHN BILLIOU."

Tuesday noon the ex-Sunday Editor took his place in the hall with a happy heart and took visitors' cards, and felt at last that he had a position of importance and influence. He spent his spare time in writing epithets on the plaster wall and guying the messenger boys.

The office boy was the only person on the "Awakener" who had preserved any ambition. He was young, and didn't know any better. So he, too, was happy, and sat down to the roll-top desk and lit a cigar.

"Now this is what I'll do," he mused. "I'll get a lady in pink tights to jump off the roof of the Boss Hotel at 2 a. m. for a dead-sure scoop, and I'll have a crowd there, too, so that the "Deadener" people can't call it a fake. And will write it up on Thursday and run about four acres of cuts and freak type, and heads three-inch caps!"

The new editor stood in with the chief, and got all the best men away from the Daily. He had outside artists do pictures, he bribed poets, and by Wednesday the matter was already—interviews with all the relatives of the heroine, physicians' certificates, autopsy reports, photographs of everyone in the Boss Hotel.

On Saturday night he had a regiment of reporters drilled for the work. Fire alarms were to be rung-in simultaneously from twenty boxes; there were men to yell and men to shoot pistols; there were men to spread the news in the swell part of town, so that the cultured classes should be interested. At 10 o'clock his deputies began to brag in the saloons, and at midnight the streets had begun to be a mass of restless people like an incipient mob.

The young Sunday Editor was eating a $3.50 dinner in the Boss Hotel grill room, when a messenger arrived from the Managing Editor. The boy took a gold piece tip away with him while the Sunday Editor slowly opened the paper.

"Have changed mind; don't dare risk boy at Sunday desk reinstate Hubbard make Supplement more conservative get college professors' ministers' symposium. "JOHN BILLIOU."

The ex-office boy jumped up with a curse three feet long. "By Greeley!" said the office boy. "I'll pull the whole thing off!"

And he did.

He called in every last reporter, he sent the heroine to bed, he telegraphed to the Fire Department, he notified the police.

But by this time the edition had been sent to press and was being run off at the rate of a hundred thousand an hour.

The Managing Editor had left instructions for special trains north, south, east and west. The towns for a hundred miles around were placarded with posters.

The sales that Sunday ran up to 972,000, but in spite of that old Balliou kicked about the things the "Deadener" said on Monday! JUSTIN STURGISS.

## TESS OF THE D'URBEVILLES

### Minnie Maddern Fiske's New York Success in the New Play.

NEW YORK, March 23.—It is rather late in the season for a genuine theatrical sensation, but New York has one of the first order, and for once the critics are unanimous, and the theater-goers with them. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has not merely made a "hit," she has not leaped into prominence, as the newspapers say, but she has conquered; she has taken the town by storm, for no one was looking for such a success as "Tess of the d'Urbevilles" has proved. The honors, indeed, are divided between Mrs. Fiske's conception of the character, and the play itself. There is but one more victory to be gained—a great American play given by a great American actress. When that play is written, may Minnie Maddern Fiske be there to play it, for she is easily the first American actress on the stage to-day.

We had thought that the reaction had come and the sex problem had given way to the romantic drama. We thought the soiled dove and the cigarette roue had retired for a long vacation; that the country was satiated with the discussion of the social problem, and that the time of the cavalier and the princess in disguise had come for a year or so, at least. But if there is one fact in life that will not down, it is the relations between men and women. Hide it out of sight of the Young Person as we may, it plays its part as the principal character in the drama of modern life. And if it is to be enacted, if woman's weakness and man's desire must be portrayed in the drama, it is as well to do it as cleanly and as truly as is done in "Tess of the d'Urbevilles," for it is the strongest presentment yet of the horror and shame of that injustice by which we accept one morality for men and another for women. No man who has witnessed the scene where Tess and her husband confess their past lives to each other can fail to feel a salutary contempt for the man who, after being forgiven for his own sins cannot pardon, in his turn, the wife's weakness. It is an epitome of the social question and man's superstitions anent women's virtue. The story of Tess, the victim of heredity, of environment and of poverty, is the story of a thousand women, who can bear just so much and no more. It is the story of the eternal conflict of free will and predestination, and it teaches the auditor to forbear to judge of the temptation or its resistance, so subtle and complicated are the influences that are out of sight—to hate the sin, but pity the sinner.

This is what Mrs. Fiske has achieved; to show a woman, not rising, a heroine, out of her environment and its temptations, but struggling and striving, the victim of some law of fate, erring and repenting, and falling again, eating of the fruit and paying the price of weakness, swept on in her inevitable career to the end, as in the old Greek tragedies. Her admirers compare her only to Duse; it was an artistic triumph, and she received a reward that has not been yet achieved by any American actress. The very fact that she speaks English was against her, for we must have Continental glamour to convince of real value nowadays.

The dramatization of the book failed chiefly in the last act. It was Hardy all the way through, but Hardy would never have mistaken the scene at Stonehenge for a climax to the tragedy. Here, where the Nemesis of her misdoings at last claims its victim, the effect of the drama is weakened by the cheap and meaningless forgiveness of her unworthy husband; it is not in such tardy condescension that a woman who has suffered as did Tess tastes the joy that robs death of his victory.

S. F. M.

The situation at Randsburg just at present is extremely interesting to mining men, who are anxious to determine whether the recent developments indicate a mere surface formation or are an index of immense deposits below. The latter hypothesis is, of course, accepted by the holders of claims, who are so intoxicated with the prospects of their surface bonanzas that it is hard to negotiate with them on a rational basis. As long as they refuse to bond their properties at anything like a reasonable value, there is little chance for the development of their properties. The deepest shaft in the district is sunk to about 150 feet, and it is quite impossible to decide from such indications whether or not the property is worth the exorbitant sum demanded. The region may prove another Cripple Creek, or it may be a second Transvaal. Until the depth of the formation is discovered, however, progress must be slow, inasmuch as there is no water available. Of course, if there is promise of a big devlopment, a water company will be formed and that problem solved, but in the meantime no one cares to experiment.

It seems strange that the Cretan imbroglio should figure as a factor in California's prosperity, yet such is undoubtedly the case. The disturbance of the English money market consequent upon the rumors of war has made it extremely difficult to gather together British sovereigns, and not a few important enterprises are languishing because of the difficulty in getting money with which to make the initial payment. There are in progress several big mining deals, over which all the preliminary work has been performed. Favorable reports have gone home, and only coin is needed to consummate them. The Turkish crisis has come at a most inopportune moment, the result being that experts sent out for investigations are living in luxurious idleness while waiting to hear from their principals.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

Many and pitiful are the tribulations of a Governor. Though it is only whispered at Sacramento, and is a mystery at San Jose, the actual truth is that the idea of locating the feminine department of the Whittier Reform School at Santa Clara originated in the fertile mind of James Budd. The bill was drawn by him, the provisions arranged according to his desires, the patronage of the future institution had all been distributed according to political lines; in fact, everything had been arranged with no idea that any one would object to the location he had so adroitly selected. The site chosen adjoined the Santa Clara College, and one can imagine the feelings of the Jesuit Fathers when it was announced to them that they were to have as neighbors something like five hundred damsels of such varied degrees of saintliness, who were there to be subjected to the reforming process. They very promptly objected. The citizens of San Jose set up a howl, and then, to make the mess still worse, the "Examiner" took up the cause of the objectors, whereupon the Governor disclaimed the transaction, and announced that he would veto it if it came to him, which was very fine if not consistent. Another measure in which he was interested to the degree of drawing the measure was the coyote bill, which really was a very proper measure and certainly should have passed. I presume now, in the face of the scandal, he will reverse his former attitude and, possibly, deny the measure his approval.

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What will the new tariff law do for California? The question is one that has a wide interest to all our commercial and industrial enterprises. It seems probable that the raisin men will be granted their demand that a sufficient tariff be put on foreign fruit to cover the entire cost of producing the domestic crop, in which case there is likely to be large fortunes made out of the business in the near future. The protective levy upon imported oranges will be a good thing for Southern California, especially as the competition with Florida has dwindled to almost nothing since the last frost in the peninsula State. The industry in Florida is almost crushed, and I am told that a number of her orange-growers have been buying land and planting groves in Mexico, but the tariff will, of course, drive them out again. Enough land is being planted with oranges in Southern California to supply the country in the near future, and leave a generous surplus for export. Seemingly, we in California never do anything without overdoing it. The tariff on wool will do much to revive an industry which, under the Wilson bill, has come almost to an end. One can buy grazing land now for $3 per acre, and the man who slides in and takes property of this character and grows wool will undoubtedly grow rich. Unfortunately for the wool men, the assistance comes a bit too late, because most of the big herds have been dissipated or killed for mutton. Those who have kept their sheep, however, will reap the advantage. The reverse side of the problem will be felt in the additional cost of cultivating arable lands and developing mines, for the price of agricultural and mining implements and supplies of all kinds will undoubtedly go up as soon as the new tariff goes into effect.

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What seemed some time ago a misfortune for the Savings Banks that had taken outside real estate as security, is likely to prove soon a blessing in disguise. During the last four or five years these institutions have been compelled to take in immense tracts of land in various stages of cultivation, the owners of which were unable to meet their obligations. In acres they have become immensely rich. Indeed, it is said that the German Savings Bank, next to Miller & Lux, is the largest land-holder on the Pacific Coast. Just now, the advance in the price of grain, and the general movement in agriculture has created quite a lively business in ranch property, and it is not strange that the Savings Banks are the biggest dealers in country lands. Their sales are, in fact, much larger than those of most of the real estate agents put together. Shrewd country people are coming directly to these institutions to deal, and are obtaining excellent bargains, often getting the land for just what was loaned on it.

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President Diaz could afford to give cards and spades to the political bosses of even a California "machine." He has made Mexico an up-to-date Republic. His manipulations of politics would do credit to an opera bouffe. When he comes up for election there is neither active nor suggested opposition, for it is not good for the health to oppose His Excellency. He is especially anxious to curb the influence of the Church in political questions, and at any interference with his plans by the clergy he puts his foot down with authority. An amusing example of this characteristic was given recently in one of the mining States on the occasion of a gubernatorial election. The principal candidate was a particularly popular man, both with the people and the prelates. The priests made an active canvass in his behalf, the religious influence was brought strongly to bear in every direction, and it seemed impossible to defeat him. One of the opposition candidate's supporters telegraphed the situation to Diaz two days before the election. On the morning of the election a telegram from the President came to the election officials: "Close polls. I will send a Governor." And he did. The new Governor is a capital fellow, and has made friends with all sides of the political situation in his State. In fact, Diaz seems to understand how to handle affairs in Mexico, on the basis of a benevolent despotism.

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If ever any actor had good cause to call San Francisco a "jay" town, it is Mr. Henry Lee. He has not said so, however, though he is a little blue at the cool reception his "turns" have met with upon the Orpheum stage. For thoroughly artistic finish, for accuracy of detail and subtle rendering, his imitations have never been equaled

HENRI ALBERS

MLLE ANDREE SAVINNE

MLLE L OBERTY

M. MASSART

A QUARTETTE OF FRENCH OPERA COMPANY STARS

Photos by Thors

CAMILLA URSO
THE EMINENT VIOLIN VIRTUOSE
Thors, photo

OTIS SKINNER
WHO MAKES HIS APPEARANCE AT THE BALDWIN NEXT MONDAY
Morrison, photo, Chicago

MRS. RUSS WHYTALL
WHO DOES THE HEROINE IN "FOR FAIR VIRGINIA"
Dana, photo, New York

in this town. His costumes and appointments are remarkably faithful copies of the originals they represent, from the rosary of the Pope to the great Danish hound that accompanies Prnce Bismarck. Of all his impersonations, that of Rudyard Kipling is the cleverest—it is a long way above the comprehension of the "average" spectator at a vaudeville show. The lines written for the several parts are characteristic and well delivered, and the musical accompaniment is also well chosen. But an Orpheum audience does not like the waits between the acts, and short as they are, considering the thorough change of costume that Mr. Lee makes, the gallery gods get bored and impatient at the delay. Why might not Mr. Lee work with a partner so that one could make his change while the other is performing, and give a show with the curtain up all the time?

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An interesting characteristic of Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons was told me by one of the men who serve the hero at the Baldwin restaurant. It seems that the champion is particularly fond of shrimps, but being a man with strong jaws and an appetite more vigorous than discriminating, he finds the shells rather heighten the pleasures of mastication, and he eats his shrimps without stopping to peel them. Everything goes with Bob—whiskers, head and tail. The favorite beverage of Corbett's conqueror is ice-water flavored with tomato ketchup with a dash of tabasco sauce. This is vouched for as an actual fact. Fitz is no sensitive plant, and his digestion is above reproach.

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A very important event in the development of the industries of the State is the opening of the great coal mines at Corral Hollow. The coal, I am told, is of a fairly good quality, and can be disposed of at four dollars per ton, leaving a good profit for the owners. They cannot, indeed, fail to make an immense fortune out of their investment, which promises to be one of the best in California. The veins have enormous quantities to draw from, and are so situated as to make it possible to land the coal here at very low rates. It seems, indeed, that the building of the company's railroad was rather a superfluous enterprise, seeing that the Southern Pacific was willing and ready to make terms for transportation at most reasonable rates. The line from the mines to Stockton has been carefully constructed at very great expense, and is an excellent property. It will be made to pay its expenses by the local traffic. Everything related to the new proposition is designed to earn a profit for the investors. The immense electric plant, which is to use the coal screenings, will prove a profitable thing, and should materially aid the interests of the various Oakland enterprises that can readily be made to take power from it. The advantage to our various California enterprises of being able to obtain coal for four dollars per ton is incalculable, and will make a great difference in the cost of power and electricity throughout the State.

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The next big fortune in California belongs to the man who finds a good sandstone quarry within a reasonable distance of San Francisco. Strange to say, our supply of stone comes for the most part from Oregon and Arizona, and though the Sierras are in sight, the Lord has not created them of material which makes a brilliant architectural effect. The gray sandstone out of which the Spreckels building is being constructed is quarried near Salem, Ore., and carried by railroad to Coos Bay, whence it is brought here on schooners. Owing to the geological formation of the quarry, the stone is extracted at great expense, and though a good rate is obtained for it, both the supply and margin of profit are small. The same rock is used in the Parrott building, and if enough could be obtained it would undoubtedly be used in other structures. The dignified effect which is obtained by stone buildings is beginning to be appreciated by our wealthy citizens, and it is probable that most of the new structures erected hereafter will be of stone or at least of some better material than brick or wood. The Ferry building is being built of Colusa stone, but though it is very good of its kind, the supply is also limited by the nature of the strata. It is hard to get at, and the constructors are much handicapped by the difficulty of getting the proper sized blocks. Just now the State is pretty well supplied with granite from the quarries at Raymond. Some few years ago there came here two young Scotchmen, the McClellan brothers, who were thoroughly versed in stonecutting, and had plenty of enterprise. They had only sufficient money to purchase the quarries, but none to develop them. They succeeded, however, in obtaining credit, and went ahead, something like eighty thousand dollars in debt. But their industry prospered, and they are now supplying the finest granite throughout the State and have an immense establishment. At the present time they are supposed to be worth about one million dollars, all of which was made by their own intelligence and cleverness. The quality of stone they turn out may be seen in the new bridge at Golden Gate Park.

BOSWELL JR.

# THE "HELLO" GIRL

## The Story of a Black-Frocked Sisterhood Who Must Not Smile.

THE MONITOR AT HER DESK WATCHING THE OPERATORS

If I were Alice Rix I might begin my vivisection of the "'Hello'-Girl" in this wise:—

"When I was shown through the great cigarette manufactory at Sevilla, there was a battery of ten thousand eyes to be faced—and most of them cross-eyes at that—there were ten thousand red lips that whispered 'uno centimo, senora' when the matron's back was turned, and the buzzing of their comments sprung up around me as if I had disturbed an industrious colony of flies. But here, though there were blondes and brunettes—both 'pronounced' and 'decided'—sitting close to the boards, elbow to elbow, like unsocial travelers at the lunch counter of a ten minute railway station, there were no roses stuck coquettishly into the hair of the girls, and no babies rocking in the cradles on the floor, as the little tubes fell, flip, flip, into the baskets—but here the operators wore little helmets on their heads, they muttered into little receivers hanging in front of their mouths, and played on the switchboard with both hands. They were soberly frocked in black or dark blue, and they looked neither to the right nor the left, and murmured only 'Number?' with varying accents up and down the line."

Alice Rix, too, would have been sure to see some girl jump nervously when nine shutters dropped at once, and signal, with a white face, for a substitute, and go down to the "hospital," and, hurrying after her, might get the "story" of a life—for girls do lose their heads sometimes in the strain of the busy hours, when they are attacked, seven to one, by females who "have been waiting ten minutes," and male rattlers of the telephone-hook—and it doesn't help a sick headache much either to watch two hundred numbers and remember what to do for a "switch" telephone, and what for a "ticket," and what for a "nickel"—besides the regular service.

But I'll not steal her pathos, though I will say that I've stopped rattling the telephone. I'd as lief ask a conundrum of the man who is adding figures. For I have met the young lady who answers me every morning and performs the gentle office of mediator betwixt me and Miss Vivette, and sweetly forbears to listen to our conversation. She showed me how I drop in on her every day and oftener, for I am, to her, a little white Maltese cross named "81" that jumps down and lights a red light, or is it Miss Vivette who lights the red light? I forget, but I know that something burns until the talk is over and we are shut up with a snap. She knows very well how often I call up West 9901, but she was very nice about it and took no advantage of the fact, and the next time I have to wait listening to the whirring crescendo that precedes the matutinal climax, I know that the girl at the board is doing her best to satisfy others almost as impatient as I, but that we all dropped in on her together and she may be a little rattled by the unexpected company.

If the girls hadn't been so pretty, no doubt I would have learned more about the business, for I'm sure I have a vague memory of spring-jacks and plugs and switches and boards and things that should be collated and boiled down into print. But it would be easier to describe a warship, and not quite as interesting. The fact that there were one hundred and fifty young ladies there, talking to men to whom they had never been introduced, strikes the young man who ventures in as being interesting enough in itself. One is likely to be jealous of the spasmodic tete-a-tetes, and try to steal a smile while the manager is reciting his explanations. But there was never a smile for me—nor for the spicy little conversation a girl might be rash enough to "plug" into, either—for there was the monitor at the desk in the centre watching for just such a demonstration of interest to cut into the eavesdropping herself and call up the offender. It is the chief operator, indeed, who has the credit of the office in her hands. She know just how long it takes each girl to make each connection, she knows if they smile, if they talk, if they yawn, if they forget, or if they make a little bit of a two-cent mistake. She has been an operator herself, and she knows all the tricks—how to head off complaints to "600 Special," how to get even with the brute who rattles his 'phone—she knows everything, or she thinks she does, and the girls come to think so too, and though an operator's "best young man" calls her up and proposes marriage, she must say only "Number?" and cut him off, or even connect him with some rival who has more leisure.

The chief operator sits on a throne in front of the line of girls, watching a little ballet of flashing numbers on her desk. If a number doesn't make its exit quickly enough and put out its light as it goes, the owner of that number is not doing "sharp, quick and accurate board-work," as the rules say, and she is not likely to be promoted, for it is a competitive system, and the cleverest operator gets the plum—each girl is trying to become a chief operator herself, and her fingers are all ready with the plug before the annunciator calls her and the little voice in her ear murmurs "Main two double-six five!" The express system does not provide for poor operators, and there are no dull tables, say the regulations.

The chief operator may cut into conversations on the line all she care to with no one to watch her, to see whether she smiles or not, but of course she doesn't listen except when it is necessary—when a five-party-line-subscriber has been talking for more than five minutes, for instance, in which case it is her place to transfer the franchise to one of the four other contestants, or when a subscriber is put on "test"—which is what becomes of you if you attempt to argue with one of her subordinates. And then she has the blessed privilege of talking back, for it is forbidden to an ordinary girl ever to have the last word—she may say only "Number?" "Number?" all day long. She is not even allowed to say, "Line is busy—call again!" or "Subscriber called for does not reply," but the phonograph does that for her when she pokes it up with her forefinger, and the irritable female at the other end of the line calls her rude, and reports her to 600 special. Conversations with subscribers even about a switch is strictly prohibited. "The use of an extra unnecessary word marks the distinction between good and poor operators, is easily detectable from the monitor's desk, and affects the operator's standing and advancement." So say the rules and regulations.

And if the chief operator is very good indeed, and the tall young lady who has the right of walking up and down and looking wise, decides to get married, she may become assistant manager some day herself, and have a desk of her own outside, with no plaguey little plugs and wires and numbers staring at her, and she finds she knows the talking capacity of the whole city. And out of years of experience with their calls she divides up the tables, and equalizes the number of plugs, so that each girl may get a chance to breathe and adjust her hairpins at least once every five minutes, and she studies the problem of "overflow boards," so that when those nine frantic subscribers call at once they may be waited on at another counter without delay, for even telephone girls have only two hands apiece.

But by this time she has nearly forgotten her apprenticeship—how she was "broken in" and sat watching the operator at her side all one day with her own hands in her lap; how she was instructed and reinstructed in the students' class, and at last was permitted to answer on a little kindergarten board, one subscriber at a time; how she became a substitute after two months or so, and learned to change telephone caps with a regular operator so quickly as not to cut off a single call. And how, after six months, perhaps, she had a regular board of her own, and gradually came to handle plugs by instinct, and felt, rather than thought, what to do when the rush came, and how to recognize the difference in sound between the drop of a nickel in the slot and on the outside of the box—the difference between the buzzer and a comb on the mouthpiece of the transmitter—how to remember to push the button of the "5 cents a switch" telephones and to register the ticket machines—and keep her sister, the "B operator" busy connecting up with numbers called for.

And I hope she has forgotten, too, how some times the plugs and the annunciators danced before her eyes in a streaked blur, and the wires seemed to squirm; and how, that day after her brother died, the whole familiarity of the board suddenly vanished and she lost the automatic grip of her fingers, and the little cams and levers in front of her had no meaning. It was as if one who had known French so well as to be unconscious of the effort in talking lost the whole vocabulary in an instant. She was all right after the forenoon recess in the library, but she never saw No. 13 drop on the 700 board after that without a little gasp of terror, and she got herself changed to another table as soon as she was reinstated.

It is different in the "Sunset" room, where the operators have to listen to every conversation, to cut off when they are through, or help along the deaf and the stupid. I tried to find the one who helped out too well with a talk of mine once with Miss Oakland's mother. I know I was very careful to say Miss Gertrude, but our interlocutor made me seem very much too familiar. There was a Sunset girl who was timing the talk with a stop-watch and rubber stamp; there were the ten-minute tickets that proved 6289's talk to have been much more prolonged than he seemed afterwards to be-

NO. 600. THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION

THE TIMEKEEPER IN THE SUNSET ROOM

OPERATORS' LIBRARY DURING FORENOON RECESS

lieve, and the record of the experience of a gentleman whose wife in Los Angeles was so delighted that baby had a tooth that the fact that she was describing it at the rate of $1.50 a minute seemed a minor detail.

And there, downstairs, was the lunch room where I lost my nerve at last before a hundred eyes that were resting from the sight of the annunciators, and they wreaked their vengeance on poor me and gave no quarter. And there were fifty pretty mouths that were pretending to eat, and not to comment upon the only man in the room. There was a little sign in the room that politely requested the ladies not to discuss the company's business at lunch. But it did not forbid them to discuss me, and so I got out as soon as I could.

"And here," as Alice Rix might say, "it was not so much different from the cigarette factory in Sevilla, after all, for here the girls were permitted to smile as much as they pleased!"

GELETT BURGESS.

A Pittsburgh dry goods firm recently sent in an advertisement to a local paper to the effect that they were going to sell a number of wrappers at 98 cents. In

MR. ARTHUR ATKINS

handling the forms the figure 9 dropped out. A tremendous crowd of women were at the store early the next morning, some coming shortly after daybreak to get these wonderfully cheap 8-cent wrappers. The firm realized that a mistake had been made, but it kept faith with its patrons, and every wrapper was sold, but a bill for $405 was sent in to the newspaper to cover the loss. It was paid without a protest.

The composers of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" have each written a new opera. The title of Mascagni's is "Iride." It is founded upon a Japanese story, and the music is strongly Japanese in coloring. Leoncavallo's work is entitled "La Vie de Boheme." It his taken him two years to compose the opera, the libretto of which is founded upon Henri Muryer's familiar novel. Both operas are intensely dramatic, and have tragic endings. A project has been under way to bring Mascagni and Leoncavallo to America at the head of an Italian opera company, to produce cycles of their compositions.

At the investigation of Cecil Rhodes and the Jameson raid, the Prince of Wales was an interested spectator. It will interest many Americans to know that His Royal Highness wore a long frock coat of a dark gray material, trousers of the same pattern of cloth, a double-breasted waistcoat of black cashmere, with a white spot on it, no watchchain, a black and white tie fastened in a bow, a collar with the points well turned down, a tall hat with a narrow hatband, and exceptionally curly brim, light brown kind gloves and patent leather shoes. A servant carried an overcoat for the Prince, which was thickly lined with astrachan fur.

Emperor William of Germany is finally convinced that he is doomed to die by the bullet of an anarchist, and as a measure of defense invariably carries a loaded pistol whenever he leaves his palace. It seems that this sort of a death has been predicted to the Emperor not once, but many times, and he is evidently determined to be prepared to return the compliment.

Of all Queen Victoria's daughters, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, alone retains attractiveness of her younger days. She possesses considerable ability as a sculptress, was a pupil of Boehm, and has added much to her income by executing statues and busts of the different royalties. The statue of the Queen recently unveiled in Kensington Gardens is from her fair hands.

## A PIEDMONT PAINTER

### The Work of a Young Artist Who Has an Original Point of View.

The work of an artist who sees for himself, and that in a new way, uninfluenced by the traditions of the schools, has usually a merit that is distinct from the qualities of technique. It has a charm, too, when honest rather than an end-of-the-century striving after effect, that is independent of the artistic value of the work. It is almost always the case, however, that the discoverer becomes the master of the new territory—the genius that invents is more likely to succeed than the lagging imitators. The collection of paintings exhibited last Saturday at the studio of Mr. Bruce Porter proved that California landscape has a phase heretofore unseen by our artists, and that Mr. Arthur Atkins has made his own the familiar aspects of the Oakland hills. Of the thirty paintings shown, the majority are studies made near Piedmont, but all are characteristic of the vicinity, full of the bigness of the hills, swinging in simple lines and full of the repose of dignified masses. Three of the pictures shown had been bought by Mr. Fred Yates; of the remainder were those loaned by Mr. C. B. Bishop, Mr. James Gibney, Mr. W. K. Vickery, Mr. W. Romer, and others.

What is most significant in Mr. Atkins' work is the indication of promise that is shown in the originality, simplicity and strength of his paintings. Although only 23 years of age, he has shown himself certain of his point of view and possession of a self-control that will be likely to preserve his independence in the face either of praise, or the authority of the Parisian masters. He is not likely to lose his head, for his pictures convince one that with all his modesty he is sure of his point of view, and stands upon his own feet.

The quality of Mr. Atkins' work that gives it most artistic value is this very freshness of translation. His paintings have a certain architectural composition that indicate intent, and an extremely artistic intent. The lines are well designed, and the pictures fill the canvas in an interesting way. His color, too, is his own; his palette is almost meagre, but while true to nature he sees his landscape on canvas, not photographically. He has tried his hand at producing art rather than coloring nature. No one who knows the Piedmont hills can fail to be convinced by these canvases. The subjects would seem monotonous but for the boldness of Mr. Atkins' treatment. The great sweep of drumlins, the harsh accent of the eucalyptus tress, have been waiting for his brush. The scenes have seemed almost too big, too simple to be painted. They are big in his pictures, too, and yet honestly attempted with a very admirable naiveness that will enable them to hold their own with any landscapes that have been painted with more technique.

Mr. Atkins is to leave for Paris early next month, where he is to study. He will do well to hurry. A young artist of 23 years of age, who has been painting for little more than a year, and sells thirty landscapes in thirty days, is an anomaly in California, and if he misses having his head turned in the operation he is a greater one still. But though he has won his fame a little too easily for the proper schooling of genius, a few years in Paris will settle that, and meanwhile he is himself, no doubt, more surprised at his success than any one.

Victorien Sardou is a firm believer in spiritualism, and has been, according to his own statement, a wonderful medium for forty years, and in his new play, "Spiritisme," puts forth his belief in the unseen very plainly, and the dramatist claims that it is the first time that any one has dared to put spiritualism on the stage.

PIEDMONT HILLS PAINTED BY MR. ARTHUR ATKINS

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I am becoming disgusted, dear Diary, with the dreariness of the long Lenten days, so lacking in interest and incident. I wish some one would get up those needle and thimble parties they had two years ago in aid of the orphanages. Mrs. Salisbury, I think, arranged them then, and, Leila says, they got rid of some of the time. Now, all one can do is to go for a walk or a ride. I usually stroll down town two or three times a week for variety's sake. It is quite amusing. I find I hardly know my city, after all. And, dear me, how many poor artists there are among the women. They all paint—positively, they treat their faces as sign painters treat the fences. First they daub a quantity of camelline or velveta, then dab a blotch of rouge on either cheek and on their lips. Then dip the brush into some black stuff, and generously pile it on eyes and brows. After that take the powder puff and go over the whole surface again. I thought once that that sort of thing was confined to vulgar women and second-rate actresses, but, alas, I find it is merely a question of quantity. At the opera the other night most of the women around me had had recourse to the rouge pot. I hate it so, especially when young girls do it. It is as superfluous as wearing solitaires going to market or making cake with all one's rings on.

On Thursday night papa and I went to "Cavalleria Rusticana." It was pretty good, and the house was well filled, but I preferred Emma Juch. Do you know, she seemed so much more in touch with the play. Then, too, the stage setting was poor. Fancy a Sicilian village with a street of brown stone houses! I could not reconcile that. On Saturday afternoon I stole off to the matinee at the Baldwin, and found everybody there. You would never have dreamt it was Lent. I was so pleased, as I hate to be the only sinner, and to find I was one of many was comforting. Leila and mamma went to Trebelli, and found it most delightful. Leila continues to go to church every afternoon. On some days she goes to Grace, on others to Trinity, and again to St. Luke's, as she says even in religion variety is the spice of life. It seems there are not nearly so many worshipers as there were a year ago. After the matinee we all went to Mr. Bruce Porter's reception, which was charming. The studio is quite unexpected in its style—does not at all resemble one's preconceived ideas. You know, one fancies a studio more on the novelist's scheme—a great big room with skylights and windows, draped with Oriental rugs and things. The floor of stained oak, with handsome bear skins thrown over it; divans, dust and bric a brac galore. Mr. Porter's, however, is primarily a workshop, not a show room, and is infinitely more attractive, I think. However, that is a matter of opinion; some of the girls were quite disappointed. Mr. Atkins' pictures were in a little room off the main studio, and were really charming. There were several views of the different places near here, familiar spots, and were exquisitely done. Little bits of Oakland, Piedmont and Thermal Vale. A big picture over the mantel I particularly liked. Mr. Porter's windows I simply went wild over. The St. Christopher window intended for Mr. Worcester's church is an exquisite effect. Then there were so many interesting people, as well as the crowd of fashionables.

In the evening we went to the opera, but as the dialogue bored papa we left after the third act. On Sunday I went out with a party to Trocadero, and found a crowd there. We went on the drag. I noted there were several wheeling and riding parties, the Hoopers, Webster Jones and a number of others. They have an excellent restaurant there now, and we had a delicious little luncheon.

Is it not too bad about the Cohen house in Alameda having been destroyed? Ethel feels dreadfully about it. They lost so many beautiful things that they can never replace.

So Aileen Goad is to be married in April—very quietly, I am told; no fuss or feathers. She does not believe in an ostentatious wedding, wherein she shows her good judgment, I think. She has spent much time choosing her trousseau, which is a perfect dream. The lingerie especially delighted me.

The only evenings in the week I have any real pleasure are on Tuesdays. You know that is Mrs. Salisbury's evening at home, and we all go. Nearly all the members of the Fortnightly drop in, and we dance. In popularity these affairs really rival any of the ante-Lenten dances. Mrs. Salisbury is a splendid hostess and understands the art of making young people happy. The floor is lovely—you know that big, glorious music room of the Younger's. All the debutantes come, and wear simple organdie frocks. If only every night were Tuesday I should not mind if Lent lasted forty weeks instead of forty days. So now, for another week, adieu. MISS CRICKET.

Quite the most interesting engagement of the season thus far is that of Mr. A. R. Baldwin and Miss Jessie Glascock of Oakland. Mr. Baldwin is a bright and active young man with a future. He is well known in society on both sides of the bay. Miss Glascock is the daughter of ex-Mayor Glascock of Oakland. She is a very pretty and very graceful girl, who has been a belle ever since her debut.

It will interest prospective residents of the Hotel Del Monte to learn that the institution has been converted to what is known as the European plan. The big dining room has been rearranged, and, the Lord be thanked that those huge, square tables have been relegated to obscurity. In their place are tables of varying degrees, from the tete-a-tete tables, at which two may sit and be happy alone, to large round tables, at which one's family may be accommodated. There are other changes also. The old reading room

MISS ROSALIE NEUSTADTER
Whose engagement to Mr. Albert Ehrman was recently announced
Thors photo

has been converted into a cafe, and a special kitchen is attached to it something on the style of the Palace Grill, so that those who want their chops and steaks cooked under their own supervision are afforded that blissful privilege. It is not intended, however, that these changes will involve any essential difference in prices, but they will certainly be more comfortable for the guests. Excellent as the alterations seem, I fear the management may live to regret them. The set menu was ever an opportunity for the kickers to kick, and now that they are privileged to order whatsoever they please they are absolutely deprived of objections, and will therefore be reduced to the unhappy condition of silence.

There is more building activity at Burlingame than elsewhere throughout the State. The Kruttschnitts, Crocketts and Mountford Wilsons have completed their purchases, and their mansions are under way. Frank Van Trees, a scion of the late Page Brown's office, is at work on plans for their homes, and the sylvan solitudes will soon resound with the clamor of hammer and adze. This activity is but a symptom of a vigorous move in the direction of San Mateo, which is destined undoubtedly to be the fashionable suburb of San Francisco. I hear of new people inquiring about the environment, and I should not be a bit surprised if there were a dozen villas in process of construction there before the summer begins.

Of the suburban hotels, the Mateo seems destined to receive a generous share of the summer patronage this season. I hear of some very well-known people who have taken cottages, and there are any number of applicants for rooms. The prospects for an excellent season are most encouraging. The luck of the Hotel Rafael seems to have changed since it came into the possession of General Warfield. There is an excellent prospect that most of the rooms will be occupied this winter, and, indeed, a generous attendance is already a certainty.

The event to-night is the formal opening of the new home of the Cosmos Club, which will be christened to the uses of its members with appropriate ceremonies. It should prove a very interesting event.

***

There is a keen interest among the young people in Oakland and San Francisco over the Bal Masque to be given in the Ebell Hall on the evening of Tuesday, April 20th. The lady patronesses are Mrs. Drown, Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Glascock, Mrs. Spiers, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. John B. Mhoon. It is to be a subscription affair, but only those who receive invitations will be able to procure tickets. The ladies purpose making it very smart, and all the young people have been requested to wear fancy dress.

Outside of this and a few church entertainments Oakland has been exceedingly dull during the past week, and bids fair to continue so until the close of the Lenten season. Afterwards a number of subscription parties are to be given in aid of the Woman's Exchange by the lady directors. Mrs. Sharon is to give a tea; Mrs. C. W. Randall of Piedmont a garden party. The congregations of St Paul's and St. John's churches have decided to remain separate, and the latter meet and hold services in a hall. St. Paul's church has taken a great stride in popular favor since the advent of the girl choir, who not only sing well, but look charming in their mortarboard, capes and long cloaks. On every Sunday evening the church is packed, and the collections have augmented to a considerable extent. Mrs. Robert Watt gave a sewing bee last Friday afternoon for the benefit of the West Oakland free kindergarten. Each guest was fined twenty cents, and was obliged to promise to work for the children. Refreshments were passed during the afternoon. These sewing bees are to be quite fashionable, and several of the ladies nave announced their intention of following in Mrs. Watt's wake. By the way, the latest idea in Oakland is the "Grandmothers' Club" started by Mrs. Costigan and Mrs. Wheaton. All the young grandmothers are to meet every week, the object being to sew and discuss the respective merits of their grandchildren.

On Friday last Mrs. Peter E. Bowles gave a smart little dinner to the Dinner Club. The table was daintily decorated in pinks. Very enjoyable, too, was the reception given by the Alpha Chapter of the Theta Club Fraternity last week at the home of Mrs. W. H. Creed. The string quartette gave several selections, and the remainder of the evening was passed in dancing. A jolly little reception was given by Mrs. Shelby Martin to celebrate the anniversary of her marriage on Thursday evening last. The home was prettily decorated with spring flowers.

Coaching parties enjoy a marked degree of popularity across the bay, and are among the favorite pastimes of the younger set. A particularly jolly affair was chaperoned by Mrs. J. C. Campbell last week. They went to Castro Valley, and found the roads quite good in spite of the recent rains. Misses Campbell, Curtis, Dibble, Otey and Lathrop and Mr. Jones, Mr. Dibble and Mr. Carmen were among the party.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Rose May and Mr. Carl Dahlstrom that has recently been announced. Miss May is a pretty little blonde. Mr. Dahlstrom is a Norwegian, and after the wedding, which is to take place in April, purposes taking his bride to Norway to visit his relatives there.

A most unique collection of curios, comprising some very ancient Bible papers dating from 1661, old coins, currency, carvings, rare corals and shells, ancient Aztec pottery, cabinets of minerals containing specimens of gold, copper and other ores from all parts of the world, a grandfather's clock one hundred years old, skins of moose, elk and reindeer, is to be sold at public auction commencing on Tuesday at seven-thirty and continuing until the collection is all sold. The collection is of great value, and promises to draw buyers from all those interested in antiques. The collection can be examined and catalogues obtained at 543 California street after March 22nd. The sale is to be conducted by William Butterfield, the well-known auctioneer.

In these days of sackcloth and ashes the monotony of time is relieved by a box of Ice Cream Chocolates—a superior make, prepared only by Gruenhagen, 20 Kearny street. Try his latest novelty, "The Log Cabin."

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

The Alcazar company does not appear to advantage in "The Strategists." Few of the players do justice to themselves or to their parts, even George Osbourne falls below his usual level. The piece itself, although humorous at times, is out of date, and altogether too far-fetched and improbable. Two of the best bits of work in the performance are the Capsicum Pepper of Gordon Foster and the Rev. John Mildman of Charles Wyngate. If such an Irishman as F. B. Clayton's Terence O'Flam ever existed he should either be confined in a mad house or carried about in a cage with a circus. May Buckley made a pretty Araminta, and Adele Belgarde looked and dressed charmingly as Nellie Howard.

Mme. Camilla Urso's first concert will take place at Golden Gate Hall on Monday evening. The violiniste will play "Caprice de Concert," by Ernest Guidam, for the first time in San Francisco; Vieuxtemp's "Reverie" and Paganini's "Witches' Dance." Mr. Douglas, the tenor, and Miss Methot, the soprano, will give songs by Weber, Schubert and Tschaikowsky. At the second concert Mme. Urso will play a caprice by Gade, adagio from Spolir's Ninth Concerto and Wieniawski's "Airs Russe."

On next Monday evening the Tivoli will revive the sucessful operatic burlesque, "Don Juan" (ad lib.) For the new production elaborate scenery and costumes have been prepared. There will be two ballets, one of sailor boys, the other "The Dance of the Mermaids."

Laura Millard will be the beautiful Haidee, Elmira Crox Seabrooke Zoe, J. J. Raffael Lord Bateman, W. H. West Lamboro, Rhys Thomas Desperado, and Ferris Hartman Mulcy, his original creation.

Augustus Thomas' "New Blood" will be presented at the Alcazar on Monday night for the first time in this city. The play, which has been very successful in the East, has for its theme the social conditions of labor as compared to capital. The cast will be strong and will introduce Mr. William Hawley, a clever young English actor, who came to this country with Wilson Barrett. "New Blood" will be followed by the famous play "Called Back."

Mme. Feodor will sing Marguerite in "Faust" at the California this evening for the first time this season. "Aida" will be given a complete rendering on Tuesday night, and on Thursday "Rigoletto" will be sung with a cast of unusual strength. "La Juive" will be repeated Saturday evening, and "The Voyage of Suzette" will be produced Sunday at popular prices. "Carmen" will be given at the last matinee of the season, April 10th.

Otis Skinner opens at the Baldwin Monday night in Clyde Fitch's romantic comedy, "His Grace de Grammont." The scene of the play is in England during the reign of Charles II., and its central figure, the Duc de Grammont, the celebrated French courtier. Mr. Skinner's leading support are Maud Durlin and Frederick Mosley.

At Morosco's next week the attraction will be the sensational melodrama, "The Dago." There are a number of interesting characters in the play, including a wicked aunt, who causes the kidnapping of her rich little niece, to whom she is next of kin. There will be some startling scenic effects in the piece, and a number of songs and specialties.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

## THE THEATRES

### Old Time Choristers and Their Memories of Other Days.

I have a friend, female of course, who loves to weave around the tenor in grand opera romances of a most sentimental and fanciful character. Probably there is not a great European tenor who has not, at one time or another during one of her visits across the Atlantic, served as the central and heroic figure of one of these romantic reveries. She has never unburdened her mind to me as to the details of any of these romances that have been conceived in the labaratory of her mind, nor do I know but that she may herself have been the heroine in them all, which might account for her reticence in this particular connection. She does extract decided pleasure out of this very harmless occupation, however. The disappointment that was in her voice when she told me that Guille was "impossible," that "he had a charming voice and all that," but that she could not "weave any romance about him," expressed regret that was genuine. She thought him dumpy and unhandsome. It was a peculiar conceit, this of hers, but you may readily fall into similar lines if you wish. My romances, however, do not run with beauty and brave manners. I rather feel for the poor devil who seems to have lived out his life and made a dismal failure of it. There is more of romance in him to me. From childhood up, ancient ruins and human wrecks have a fascination for me. The chorus at the California awakened much the same feeling that I would experience in a country churchyard. I never enter an old graveyard but the lines of Gray's "Elegy" come into my mind. They rush to the front without any bidding. And so it was with this French opera chorus. An operatic chorus made up of young men with lusty voices, bright eyes, quick and alert figures, suggest hope and ambition, and permits you to picture futures full of promise. But a chorus made up of grizzled veterans whose rugged, wrinkled, bloodless faces have been all too apparently softened for the occasion and made to take on the rosy flush of youth by a liberal application of grease paint; a chorus of men whose gray hairs, if not standing out boldly in evidence, are betrayed by a vagrant and rebellious lock that creeps from under some youthful but ill-fitting wig, is to me a graveyard of buried hopes, and, to me, shadows forth a story of starved ambitions and blighted desires. Occasionally in the grand choruses of "The Huguenots," last Tuesday night, there came from the throat of one of these ancient minstrels a note of rare beauty which, if it could have been sustained throughout a singing part, would have made its owner famous and brought out the bravos and huzzas of the audience. It was a note from the past, the remnant of a voice broken down and incapable of continuous effort. Some indiscretion of youth, some lack of training, possibly poverty or sickness, possibly a voice discovered too late, had relegated its owner to small parts and an inferior position in the operatic graveyard. There were half a dozen of these poor but picturesque old chaps in the grand opera chorus, but they were musicians, and though their voices may not have been young and fresh they never faltered in their parts and knew all the tricks and turns of melody better than their more youthful companions. As they stood like immovable sentinels listening to the graceful Romanza of Urbain, "Nobil donna e tanto onesta,"

I could not help speculating as to how many popular young singers besides Andhree Savine they had heard bring down the salvos of applause. Doubtless they had seen Valentines and Marguerites and Urbains come and go, and come and go, for two score years or more. Women age quicker than men, and somehow we do not tolerate an old woman in a youthful part as readily as we do an old man under similar circumstances. Valentines, Marguerites and Urbains must be youthful. They pass through a long preparatory season at a conservatory of music, blossom out upon the stage like a butterfly, and quickly disappear into private life or fall back into the chorus. But meanwhile these grim old veterans stand like sentinels, moving neither backward nor forward, neither growing nor diminishing in popular favor, but ever the same, never changing.

Society is determined that the French opera is a thing to be patronized, and society has given evidence of a discriminating judgment in so concluding. We are not often vouchsafed so many really good voices upon the stage at once, or so well trained and efficient a company of singers, and it is an opportunity to be embraced, for it may not occur again for years to come. Prevost, tenor, Athes, basso, and Albers, baritone, among the men, were distinctly acceptable, while Mesdames Foedor, prima donna soprano, Berthet, soprano, and Savine, among the ladies, added to the laurels they had already gained by the previous productions. The house was crowded at each performance, but in my judgment the best bills of the week will be those of the matinee today, "Mignon," and the performance this evening of "Faust."

B.

Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

## A QUESTION OF ALTERNATIVES

"It is so difficult to decide," said Miss Powers appealingly.

"They are becoming very general," I replied.

"So many people consider them fast," she continued.

"Only prejudiced people," I answered encouragingly.

"But there are so many such," said Miss Powers plaintively.

"You are not obliged to notice them," I said.

"That will not prevent them noticing you," rejoined Miss Powers.

I could not deny this latter contention, and a short silence ensued.

"A neat, plain skirt, and a blouse look very nice, don't you think?" she inquired tentatively.

"Charming, on the right person," I said.

I spoke with perhaps more fervency than I should have done, for Miss Powers blushed slightly as she said—

"But on a windy day it must be——"

"Very delightful," I murmured unthinkingly.

Then I hastened to repair my mistake by adding—

"To dispense with them."

I felt that this was somewhat vague; but Miss Powers' next remark showed me that she comprehended my meaning.

"Skirts must be a great hindrance," she said.

"They must indeed," said I.

"On the other hand, the——." Miss Powers paused.

"The alternatives would, of course, give more play to the—I should say—greater freedom of action," I said, coming to her assistance.

"The question is," mused Miss Powers, "whether a woman does not lose in attractiveness when she is dressed——"

"It is a moot point, certainly," I assented.

"Dressed in masculine attire, I was about to say," continued Miss Powers, directing towards me a scathing look.

"That is clearly the most important thing to be considered," I rejoined humbly.

"It must be so easy to mount in them," said she.

"In dismounting, with skirts on," I ventured, "one might display——"

"I quite understand," she interrupted quickly.

"And in the event of a fall."

"Oh!" said Miss Powers.

"So that——," I began.

"I think I shall decide against skirts," she replied.

"Of course, some girls cannot afford to discard skirts," I remarked.

"No?" interrogated Miss Powers.

"Girls who may not have been fairly treated by Providence with regard to——"

"Precisely," assented Miss Powers, with a furtive glance downwards.

"Others more liberally bestowed in that respect——"

"I shall have skirts, I believe, after all," interrupted Miss Powers.

"Have nothing to fear from windy weather," I went on, trying to catch the eye of my companion.

"I think you are perfectly horrid!" was her reply.

I played silence, and, after a short pause, Miss Powers vouchsafed——

"Mr. Rawson prefers the—er—alternatives."

"Of course," I said, "he must be considered."

"You are very rude," said Miss Powers sharply.

I was in trouble again, and, as I could see but one way out of it, I simulated an injured air, and complained—

"You did not allow me to finish my sentence. I meant to have said that Mr. Rawson must be considered a judge in these matters.

"And so you would advise me——?"

"Certainly not," I returned.

"But I wish you to. How provoking you are!" said Miss Powers, kicking against the ground in a vicious manner which promised the utter destruction of a very neat French shoe.

"That alters the case," said I.

"So your opinion is——?"

"That a girl who, we will assume, has been well treated by——"

"There is no need to repeat that," remarked Miss Powers.

"Well," I continued, "that such a girl would do best to wear skirts, and chance the windy days."

"And in the event of a fall?" she inquired, with a faint smile.

"She should be careful to always have some one at hand to pick her up again," I responded promptly.

"Girls are so slow," said Miss Powers irrelevantly.

"Some of them," I admitted.

There was another lull in the conversation, and the unfortunate foot-gear of my companion suffered again.

"Then you do not agree with Mr. Rawson?" said Miss Powers.

"Certainly, on one point," I replied.

"Really?" returned Miss Powers, in the tone which a woman uses when she wishes to ask a question without asking it.

"We are at one," I replied slowly, "in considering the tandem to be the most perfect form of bicycle."

Miss Powers was studying the scenery.

"I have purchased a tandem," I continued.

The view was impressively interesting.

"And the front seat is vacant."

Miss Powers smiled, and transferred her attention to the ground.

"So that," I proceeded boldly, "you have only to choose between skirts and the -er- alternatives."

"I am sure I shall prefer skirts," murmured Miss Powers. T. O. STRANGE.

From "The [illegible]"

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal will appear at the Columbia next Monday evening in Mr. Whytal's successful play, "For Fair Virginia." The scene of the drama is Virginia during the war. Mr. and Mrs. Whytal will be supported by a capable company, headed by Miss Mabel Bert.

Following "For Fair Virginia" Miss Georgia Cayvan will appear at the Columbia in her old success, "Squire Kate," her new play, "Mary Pennington, Spinster," and the double bill, "Goblin Castle" and "The Little Individual."

Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas will give two song recitals at Golden Gate Hall, Wednesday evening, April 7th, and Saturday afternoon, April 10th.

William Bellamy has produced a second volume of charades under the title of "A Second Century of Charades." The little book, which is appropriately bound with an owl and the sphinx upon the cover, contains a number of riddles well written, and as puzzling as such things should be. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Harper and Brothers have brought out another of W. D. Howells' farces, "A Previous Engagement." It is in Mr. Howells' best vein, and tells cleverly of the difficulties of courting a woman with an exalted conscience.

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## MAX MULLER'S MEMORIES

### Tennyson's Bout With the Tobacco Habit.—Arnold's Jovian Way.

Max Muller, the famous Oxford professor, has been most fortunate in his associations with the eminent poets and writers of the century. He was an intimate of Froude's, knew Kingsley well, and in the latest "Cosmopolis" tells of his meetings with Thackeray, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Browning. The greatest of all to him is Tennyson, of whom he has some new and good stories. He came to visit the Mullers at their little home opposite Magdalen College, and was invited to dinner. It was soon after their marriage, and the professor's young wife was overawed by the importance of her guest. He was a great gourmet, was the Poet Laureate, and objected to the sauce which garnished the salmon, though he approved the chicken wing which followed. Indeed, he confided to his host that the only advantage he obtained from being Poet Laureate was that he generally received the liver wing of a fowl. For breakfast next morning, Mrs. Muller had been able to procure a nice dish of cutlets. Tennyson sat down to table, whipped the cover off the dish and exclaimed: "Mutton chops, the staple of every bad inn in England." It was at that time that Muller told him in response to a question about Indian verse, that there was no rhyme in Sanskrit poetry, and that he did not see why there should be in English. Tennyson replied that rhyme assisted the memory.

It was only after dinner, when smoking his pipe and sipping whisky and water, that Tennyson began to unbend. All day he was silent and absorbed in his thoughts, but in the evening he took an active part in current conversation, and if invited to would read his poems aloud in a deep, rumbling, rolling tone, which, for Muller, spoiled their harmony. A pipe was indispensable to him. Once round his table a party of friends were discussing the tobacco habit, and one of them taunted Tennyson with his slavery, saying he could not give it up if he would. "Anybody can if he chooses," he answered. There was a general laugh. The poet replied: "Well, I shall give up smoking from to-night." An hour later he threw pipes and tobacco out of his bedroom window. "The next morning," says Muller, "he was charming, though self-righteous. The second day he became very moody and captious, and on the third day no one knew what to do with him. But after a disturbed night, he got out of bed in the morning, went quietly into the garden, picked up one of the broken pipes, stuffed it with the remains of the tobacco, and then, having had a few puffs, came to breakfast entirely recovered." Next in importance to his pipe, Tennyson regarded quietude. He hated being stared at. Tourists used to go to the Isle of Wight to look at the great poet, but whenever he saw a soul coming towards him he would run for cover. Once he complained to the Queen, and told her he would have to leave the Isle on this account. Her Majesty, with kindly irony, remarked that she did not suffer much from that grievance, but Tennyson, not catching the sarcasm, replied: "No, madam, and if I could clap a sentinel wherever I liked I should not be troubled either." Muller tells of seeing a row of tourists sitting like sparrows on the paling of his garden waiting for the great man to appear, and says the guides used to dress up a sailor to look like him, with the consequence that when the imposture was discovered the visitors would walk up to the Laureate and ask: "Now, are you the real Tennyson?" So it would seem the nuisance was not to be sneered at.

Matthew Arnold was a familiar friend of Muller. He knew the author of "Literature and Dogma" when an undergraduate at Oxford, and says he had even then the Olympian manners which distinguished him among his contemporaries. He was beautiful as a young man, strong and manly and full of dreams and schemes. His life was a disappointment in its lack of worldly success, but he never repined and refused to do potboiling to add to his income. He was delightful to argue with, not that he could be convinced that he was wrong, but because he never lost his temper. He would generally end up a controversy by saying in the most patronizing way, "Yes, yes! my good fellow, you are quite right, but, you see, my view of the matter is different, and I have little doubt it is the true one." Arnold had fallen in love with Emile Burnouf's attractive but not very scholar-like or trustworthy 'Science de la Religion'," and persisted in mistaking Emile for the great Oriental scholar Eugene Burnouf. Dislodged from this he insisted that Emile was the son of the Orientalist, which Muller denied, saying that Eugene had had no son. Arnold replied in his most good-humored and superior way: "Yes, yes, but you know how they manage these things in France. Emele was really a natural son of the great scholar, and they call that nephew." Muller again remonstrated, but Arnold warned him off. "You see, my good fellow, I know the French, and that is my view of the matter." He closes his reminiscences of the poet, with whom he had so many controversies, especially over the supremacy of poetry—which Arnold always insisted on—with a touching but typical story. He says:

"Arnold knew for years that, though he was strong and looked very young for his age, the thread of his life might snap at any moment. Not long before his death he met Browning on the steps of the Athenaeum Club. He felt ill, and on saying good-bye, hinted that they might never meet again. Browning was profuse in his protestations, and Arnold, on turning away, said in his airy manner: "Now, one promise, Browning: Please not more than ten lines." Browning understood, and went away with a solemn smile."

Ruskin, Muller tells us, was, in the old Oxford days, a most delightful talker, and in society was most tolerant and agreeable. "His voice was most winning, and his language simply perfect. He was one of the few Englishmen I knew," continues Muller, "who, instead of tumbling out their phrases like so many portmanteaus, bags, rugs and hat boxes from a railway van, seemed to take a real delight in building up his sentences, even in familiar conversation, so as to make each deliverance a work of art." In later days he changed sadly, but Muller does not know to what cause his brain troubles should be attributed. The failure was gradual, but grew more and more marked. As an instance of his curious and unhappy sensitiveness, Muller tells of taking Emerson to lunch with Ruskin in his rooms at Corpus Christi College. "Emerson was an old friend, and, in many respects, a cognate soul. But some quite indifferent subject turned up, a heated discussion ensued, and Ruskin was so upset that he had to quit the room and leave us alone. Emerson was most unhappy, and did all he could to make peace, but he had to leave without a reconciliation."

One of the best stories in these Recollections is of Thackeray, whom Muller met at dinner in his early days at Oxford. The company was much awed at the great man, especially Muller, who said a word, until the arrival of the fish could speak but little English. No one—a fine "John Dorey." Thackeray then turned his large be-spectacled eyes on Muller and said: "Are you going to eat your own ancestor?" Every one stared. He continued looking very grave and learned. "Surely you are the son of the Dorian Muller—the Muller who wrote that awfully learned book on the Dorians, and was not John Dorey the ancestor of all the Dorians?" There was a general laugh, and after this horrible pun no one was afraid of saying anything. Muller replied that he was the son of Wilhelm Muller, the poet who wrote "Die Homerische Vorschule," and as to John Dorey being his ancestor, how could that be? "The original John Dorey, so I have been told, was 'il Janitore'—that is, St. Peter, and had no wife—at least he never acknowledged her in public." "After that," continues the narrator, "the dinner waxed noisy and brilliant. Thackeray, from his treasure of wit and sarcasm, poured out anecdote after anecdote; he used plenty of vinegar and cayenne pepper, but there was always a flavor of kindliness and good nature even in his most cutting remarks."

The character of Browning is also briefly touched upon, but yields criticism and admiration rather than anecdote. Altogether it is a most entertaining blending of comment and reminiscence Muller gives, and it is quite the best contribution to the current number of "Cosmopolis," though the contents do include a "Child of the Ghetto," by Zangwill.

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## THE ZODIAC'S POWER

### Poor Humanity Threatened by the Triplicities and the Planets.

It is indeed a bold or an ignorant man who imagines himself nowadays master of his own being. He cometh into the world the heir of his father's faults or his mother's virtues; it may be tainted with some infirmity inherited from a distant grandparent who was a kleptomaniac. He is influenced by the conditions of his bringing up, moulded by the character of his companions, diminished or amplified in physique by climate or the contingencies of fortune—in fact, he is his own man in nothing save the possession of five senses, and their impressions, too, are modified in keenness by circumstances which he did not control. The theories of free will are absolutely discounted by heredity, but not content with robbing us of initiative and responsibility there are other philosophers who claim that the whole tenor of our lives is determined by the zodiac.

I have just read a most serious book on "The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life" (The Idea Publishing Co., N. Y.) by Eleanor Kirk, in which all the ills that handicap our careers are attributed to a disregard of zodiacal domains. That the stars and planets operate to make or mar our destinies is a teory older than Egyptian civilization, but Mrs. Kirk is not content with admitting the pull of the constellations. She describes characters and prescribes marriage for those born under the several Triplicities. She insists that a veritable similarity of character exists among individuals whose birthday occurs within the same month. For instance, John Jones, who was ushered into the world in a palace on California street, while the Sun was in Aries, is really, though he does not know it, very much the same kind of chap as is Jim Sanguinetti, who was born on the east crest of Telegraph Hill about the same date. Why this is so the author fails to explain, but declares it is ignorance to disbelieve. She says "the hidden forces of the universe are more potent than those we can see and handle," which is possible, but by no means novel. She tells us, too, that much of the world's suffering is to be attributed to the thought of disease abroad in the world—which is merely a theory of faith-cure. On the supremacy of spirit, she is emphatic, and announces that "the spiritual man has no master but God, and his mediator is the essential Christ, embodied in his own bosom." There is much about polarity, too, and hidden forces. As for the moon's influence, Mrs. Kirk laughs contemptuously at it. The moon is not "in it" at all.

Regarded in a humorous way one may derive considerable fun out of the gravity of the author's reasoning. On the subject of marriage she is very suggestive. We are told that the infelicities of the marital state are due to the union of men and women of hostile domains. For instance, a citizen born under Aries—the head of the Fire Triplicity—should not marry a wife who came into the world in Cancer, the head of the Water Triplicity. Fire and water will not mingle—the heads of triplicities have a natural tendency to rule. Any one can see the trouble liable to arise in such a combination. It is much better for earth and water to come together in matrimony, inasmuch as they develop and blend. Another important announcement concerns Aries. She says it is impossible to conceal anything from an Aries individual, because his intuitions are so quick, but while he is generally clever and capable he is prone to selfishness and impetuosity. A woman born in Aries is impatient of long seams or the finishing-off process of dressmaking. She is also jealous, and is predisposed to headache and paralysis.

However, the most dangerous period of the year to be born in is "Cancer"—June 21 to July 22. The individual who arrives then is liable to have contradictory traits, a mechanical type of mind and to be most uncomfortable at night. If a female you cannot help being jealous and selfish and loving fine clothes and jewelry. If a Cancer man marries early in life he is apt to have trouble—in fact, the single life is best for him. However, if he will, in spite of all these disadvantages, take a partner it is better that he marry some one from Pisces or Scorpio, though, even then, the results are apt to prove unfortunate.

There is much strange and unfamiliar lore of this character in the volume, which, however ridiculous it may seem to the uninitiated, is evidently taken with immense seriousness by its adepts.

(For sale by Wm. Doxey.)

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## LIBRARY NOTES

"The Froggy Fairy Book," by A. J. Drexel-Biddle, is an admirable fairy story for children. It is ful of wonderful events in the land of the frogs, and is quite cleverly written. Mr. Drexel-Biddle, who has made a good record as a journalist, has also written "An Allegory and Three Essays." It appears in the form of a brochure, and gives evidence of his versatility in literary work. (Drexel-Biddle & Bradley Co.)

The essays in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Book and Heart" make delightful reading. They are discussions in the literary rather than the strictly critical vein, treating books and life of the day in general, in a suggestive rather than in the pessimistic vein so much in vogue among certain of the illuminati. (Harper and Brothers.)

An entertainging story of Dakota life twenty years ago is "The Voyage of the Rattletrap" by Hayden Carruth. "The Rattletrap" was the name of a prairie schooner manned by a crew of two young men and a boy, and the story is full of all sorts of experiences met by the venturesome trio. (Harper and Brothers.)

"Leaves from Juliana Horatio Ewing's Canada Home," by Elizabeth S. Tucker, is a description of the home and the home life of the authoress of "Reka Dom." The book is charmingly illustrated and contains facsimiles of certain of the water color drawings made by Mrs. Ewing. (Roberts Brothers.)

Opie Read's new book, "An Arkansas Planter," is a story of the South—a picture of Southern life vivid and interesting. The race question receives considerable attention, and is dealt with in a conclusive way. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

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## A BOSTON GIRL

### Miss Josephine Cohan On and Off the Stage.

Miss Cohan told me afterward that she knew I was "in front," and she had tried her best to impress me. There was no doubt in my mind at the time that it was an especially good "turn." It was good enough for me and good enough for the audience that rent the Orpheum smoke with their applause. She does a doll-dance that is as clever an imitation of wood and wax as is possible for flesh and bones to achieve. But her eyes! It didn't seem to me that a brain would have any room at all in a head that held such eyes as hers, and I wasn't particularly keen on going around behind the scenes to meet her. I have had enough of interviews where I have to furnish all the ideas myself—and I dreaded it not a little as I stumbled along down the little alley lined with white-washed dressing-rooms, and knocked at her door. I had in my mind a picture of her as she left the stage five minutes before, when she looked like this:

I waited until she had dressed, and then we sat on a table among the properties and exchanged confidences—for, will you believe it, she was from Boston, and had been to school on St. James avenue! Perhaps I don't know anything about that school! As nearly as we could figure it, I had been past the place 200 times while she was there, and while I was going to Chauncy Hall. We got on furiously after that, for she was now a nice girl. The Cohans do the "happy family" act very charmingly indeed; the brother writes the acts and songs, and the mother makes the costumes. The parents are very quiet and the children love each other, etc., etc. No! this wasn't what I was after, but what could you expect, sitting behind the scenes with the racket of getting ready for the next act all around, and the applause swallowing our voices? We went out into the cafe and sat down at a dry table, and then we really talked about—but I'll not say what, for I had begun to forget she had ever looked like this:

I'm sure it's a little lonely though to be a professional automaton, and you do get a little tired of your own people when you're so very carefully taken care of. For you travel in an exclusively select partie-carree when you are one of a specialty quartette. You don't have many men calling on you, and you go bicycling only with your brother, who is a nice boy, too, when he isn't wheeling with some one else, for he also needs a little change, and you get so that you're glad to have a little quiet conversation with even a reporter, especially when he prefers a real talk to an interview, and tells you something of a city so new to you that you know only one street. If he assures you that in spite of your brother's protest there are places in Chinatown where a lady may visit, you might even risk liking him, a little, perhaps. You have seen such men at West Stockbridge where you have a little summer cottage, where everybody doesn't know you ever looked like this:

She was a Boston girl—and she had aspirations, of course, to leave the variety stage and become a trained nurse. I hope she wasn't fibbing about that part, for I wouldn't at all mind being in her hospital for awhile. We discussed Kipling and Bliss Carwan—not too deeply, to be sure, for there are Boston girls and Boston girls—and ever and again we got back to Chinatown, where her brother wouldn't let her go. By this time, you will understand, she was strictly Miss Cohan and not the Josephine of the programme. We were making great progress, for I had quite forgotten what I had come for. I was reminded of it by the ring on her thumb—it was her only affectation. She didn't need the rings, and she didn't need the stones in her ears—I wonder if she knew she was pretty enough without them? Evidently not.

But I left Miss Cohan and began with Josephine.

"Tell me," said I, "how long have you been doing this?"

"Eight years," she said. And she was only 20. "Arn't you dead sick of it?" said I. "No," she replied, "not when I can hold the audience—it's funny how one can feel the general average expression of the whole house, and how one gets to rely on it, and, too, now we will pick out a single smile and play like mad to keep that smile lighted up. One night I was feeling particularly exuberant, till I noticed the disgusted face of a woman in a box, and I lost my nerve and nearly cried. I told my mother when she came on, how that face had spoiled everything, and she laughed at me for it. But she began noting the hoodoo also, and it worried her. Then when my father came on, we told him in an aside, and he gradually began playing to the same face and grew more and more desperate, until finally, if it hadn't been for my brother, who never minds anything, we would have been frozen stiff on the stage. It makes a lot of difference!" Imagine a single smile making a difference to an object like this!

And finally Miss Cohan and I strolled home to her hotel, chaperoned by a middle-aged and very sedate couple of parents who had been romping on the stage like 4-year-olds a half hour before. It was not a bit different from taking Miss Presidio home, I assure you, except that we walked, and in a different direction. Quite a family party, with the daughter and a young man lagging a little out of ear-shot in the rear. I have done it many a time with quite another kind of a doll, one who wasn't half so good-looking as Miss Cohan, either. A doll who made such eyes at me as Miss Cohan would never dare attempt even on the Orpheum stage. Miss Presidio is, however, what is called a man's girl, and I'm sure Miss Cohan is a girl's girl; still for traveling around the country, doing high kicking and short-skirted, pink-legged doll dancing is not incompatible with being a "nice girl," if one has a father and mother with one, and especially a brother who won't let her go to Chinatown. Yes, I am sure Miss Cohan is a nice girl—look at her face here, and see if she is not.

MISS JOSEPHINE COHAN
THE CLEVER DOLL DANCER AT THE ORPHEUM
Photos by Bushnell

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## RACING

### Events of the Two Tracks — Abuses in Connection With the Starting-Gate.

With the opening of another week the scene has changed again to Ingleside, the wind-up at Emeryville last Saturday furnishing a very fair day's sport.

The Rancho del Paso handicap, for 3-year-olds, one mile, brought out six starters only, but resulted in a pretty race, in which Ed Purser's useful and somewhat speedy filly, Scarl Pin, 107 pounds, more than held her own with Candelaria, 115 pounds, and beat him for speed between the paddock and the winning post. Aquinas and Good Times ran badly, and the light and shelly look of the former, for some little time past, would lead one to think that he is just now in poor racing condition.

The 2-year-old racing has been decidedly interesting, and seems to leave the fillies still in command of the situation.

The flying stakes at Emeryville for fillies, four furlongs, was reduced to five runners only, two of which, Napamax and Miss Rowena, were in the Burns & Waterhouse interest. To a good start the Idalium filly, Little T. G., was quickest on her legs, Martha being last. At the end of the first furlong Miss Rowena was out in front with Martha at her heels, and Napamax five or six lengths in the rear. On reaching the head of the stretch the last-named proceeded to do a little overhauling in grand style, but was never able to get quite on even terms with the stout little Martha, who, in the final struggle, was cleverly pinched out by Miss Rowena, whom Eddie Jones forced along the rails a head in front, Napamax being a like distance behind. On the running Napamax showed to be the best filly in the race, and if appearances are not deceiving she will one day make a race mare of a high order. Everything will depend, however, on the care she gets, and if made too much use of in her 2-year-old career she will not fulfill her present promise. Martha is a sterling little piece of goods and probably a somewhat tougher sort. In this race she hardly moved in the best form of which she is capable.

On Monday, at Ingleside, the Androus stakes, for 2-year-olds, four and a half furlongs, led to a repetition of Saturday's battle between the two good fillies of which I have just been writing, and with three pounds pull in the weights Martha downed Napamax with half a length to spare. Martha got the lead at the start with Thorpe, Napamax, Salmera and Little T. G. close in her wake till the turn had been negotiated, when the field began to drop away and a determined struggle set in between Martha and Napamax, the former holding her own well and reaching the winning post with a clear half length to spare, in the good time of 0:55¼, nothing having been able to get to her head during the entire journey. Thorpe was third, beaten four lengths by his stable companion.

On Tuesday the Owas-Viola colt Outlay, belonging to Mr. P. Dunne, and to whose good looks and promise I have more than once drawn attention, made a runaway race of the three and one-half furlongs for 2-year-olds, a field of fourteen starting for the occasion. Perhaps this youngster and Sir William (Fitzjames—Ysabel) are the pick of the colts we have seen out so far here this season, and it may be noted that neither of them are by leading sires. Both were bred at Rancho del Paso. Of the two, Outlay is the more attractive in appearance and style of going, but Sir William has up to the present time surpassed him in performance.

Wednesday was an afternoon spoiled by fog, the last four races being more or less out of sight. The track was in fast condition, and in the mile race Salvation, 102 pounds, made the track record of 1:40¾, after a good race with Boots & Son's Installator, 104 pounds. The latter seemed to have the race in hand up to the paddock, but when challenged by Marcus Daly's horse was unable to stall off the rush, and was beaten pretty nearly a length at the finish.

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Mr. August Belmont, who has recently been on a visit to the Coast, attended the races at Ingleside on Tuesday, and at an informal meeting with the directors of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, at which Mr. T. H. Williams, Jr., President of the California Jockey Club, was also present, explained the position taken by the Jockey Club of New York on several matters wherein their views are not in accord with those of the Western Turf Congress. Readers will be aware that the Pacific Coast Jockey Club is a member of the latter body. The meeting was not productive of any particular result, but the true interests of racing are certainly benefited by a little pleasant discussion under such circumstances. The subject chiefly touched upon was the action of the jockey club with regard to Bruce's American Stud Book, and the plans for registration of thoroughbred stock, which, as things stand at present, is a source of annoyance to everybody concerned.

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Since the recall flag was brought into use at Emeryville much has been said and written on the subject. The weight of opinion seems to be opposed to the system. I have never seen the gate operated in Australia, but from what I have been able to gather it seems to be worked with more success there than here. The idea of a recall after the barrier has once risen is certainly contrary to the principle of the starting gate, and if an illustration of its misuse were needed none better could be afforded than that given in the second race last Saturday. The final start was effected at the third attempt, in both the previous essays all the horses getting away in good line except Nebula, who wheeled round on her hind legs and broke in the wrong direction. In such a case a horse ought to be left at the post, as it is the first business of an owner and his jockey to have their animal ready to break properly, and it is unfair that other owners' horses should be bustled to help out their opponents' deficiencies. The main trouble seems to be that some jockeys want to get a jump or two before they reach the barrier, which, although an apparent line may be obtained as the barrier flies up, gives them really three or four lengths to the good. If some of them were fined for this offense the starter would be able to manipulate the gate in accordance with the principles on which it is supposed to be worked, namely, that every horse should be in line and practically motionless when the barrier rises.

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At the recent annual show of Shire horses in London, 553 head were exhibited. At the first show in 1880 the total number was 165 head. The following are the measurements of a prize-winning stallion 10 years of age: Height, 17 hands; girth, 8 feet 6 inches; weight, 2,408 pounds; hoof, from heel to heel, 21 inches. The railways are the best customers in Great Britain for these big horses, and it is a wonderful sight to see the active and docile monsters standing alone in the midst of a net-work of tracks, with trains coming and going, waiting their turn to be hitched on to cars. With these they move off at a sharp trot and at a given signal, as the hauling chain is automatically detached, jump to one side and allow the loaded car to bang into position behind the rest of the line. No better example of horse sense can be seen anywhere.

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### The Story of An Inventor.

The "Overland Monthly" has issued a reprint of "The Story of An Inventor," by William Walsh. It is a narrative of graphic power, and has received widespread comment here and in the East, and is a fitting tribute to the genius of A. B. Bowers, whom it appropriately places in the front rank amongst the great inventors of the age. The story is a fine bit of work. In the reprint a recent article in "The Wave" on Mr. Bowers is given a prominent place, and is quoted entire.

### Favorite Brand of Champagne.

Speaking of champagnes, the Moet & Chandon brand appears to be the favorite among swelldom. Unaided by the influence of caterers and leaders so frequently employed, Moet & Chandon appears to have captured New York cultured society. The brand was exclusively served at the Patriarchs' ball, Washington Gridiron Club (banquet of international repute), New Year party of O. H. P. Belmont, and at the famous Bradley-Martin costume ball.—Hotel Gazette.


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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte: "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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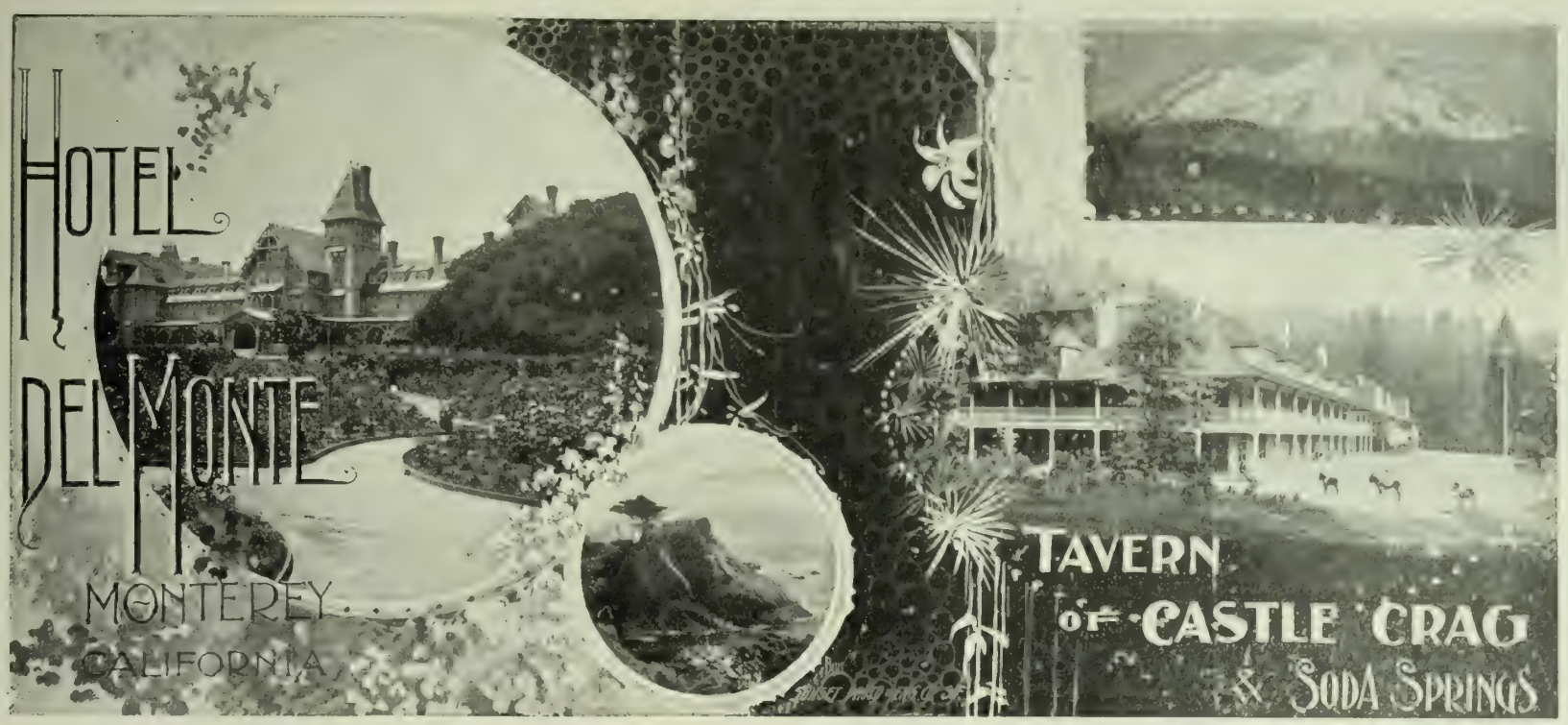


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Saturday, March 27, 1897
From San Francisco Eastbound

Sunday, March 27, 1897
From Los Angeles

Thursday, April 7, 1897
From New Orleans Westbound

After which dates it will be WITHDRAWN

REMAINING TRIPS

EASTBOUND

| From San Francisco | | From Los Angeles | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Saturday | March 13 | Sunday | March 14 |
| Tuesday | " 16 | Wednesday | " 17 |
| Friday | " 20 | Sunday | " 21 |
| Saturday | " 27 | Sunday | " 28 |

who contemplate a transcontinental trip will contribute immeasurably to their well-being by bearing these dates in mind and purchasing tickets via the Great Southern Pacific Route. The trip between San Francisco and New Orleans over this famous route is not merely more than a dream of delight and comfort—IT IS THE REALITY, as thousands of patrons of SUNSET LIMITED will gladly testify.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. April 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

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BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 54) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, San Francisco, Cal. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 55
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied March 4, 1897
Delinquent in office April 8, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 9, 1897
J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 18191—Dept. 9.—In the matter of the Estate of SARAH SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased, with the will annexed, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Frank P. Kelly, 101 Sansome street, rooms 21 and 22, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the City and County of San Francisco.

W. R. FELTER,
Adm. of the Estate of Sarah Smith, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 25, 1897.
FRANK P. KELLY,
Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Storey Co., Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 111) of Ten Cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine st., San Francisco.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY, room No. 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 311 Pine street, San Francisco.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, and to all others concerned: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11, in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.
By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

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Finest Funeral Parlors in the City
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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Secretary Carlisle once issued an order that no two members of a family should be employed in the United States Treasury Department at the same time. This order caused several dismissals and forced resignations, and one young woman, whose mother had been forced to leave, entered an indignant protest with Logan Carlisle, the Secretary's son and chief clerk of the department. She pleaded, threatened, and finally said: "Well, Mr. Chief Clerk, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Both your father and yourself being here, the rule is violated, and I think it a shame that such favoritism should be displayed!" Logan drummed on his desk with his pencil and assumed a far-away look. Finally he said, "Well, I guess the old man will have to go."

George Clarke, the celebrated negro minstrel, was being examined as a witness in a lawsuit, and was severely interrogated by a lawyer who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro-minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Is not that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel; "but it is so much better than my father's that I'm rather proud of it." In a supercilious tone the attorney asked, "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clarke, in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter.

One night while De Wolf Hopper was playing an engagement at Palmer's Theatre, one of the hangings caught fire and the flames flickered into the scenery. In a moment the audience was all excitement. The curtain was rung down, but as the people could not see they were more frightened than ever. A panic seemed unavoidable, when Hopper ran out and shouted: "There is absolutely no danger, I assure you. You all know that I am dead stuck on myself, and if there was any danger of my getting singed even, I'd burn the wind!"

The photographer was as persuasive as possible, but the youngster would not sit still. Finally, in desperation, he asked the mother to retire for a moment, as he thought he could manage it alone. She had scarcely been absent a moment when the photographer called her back, announcing he had obtained the expression he required. When they reached home the mother asked: "Nellie, what did the man say when I left you alone with him?" "He thaid," lisped Nellie, "thit thill, you little rathcall, or I'll thake the life out of you!"

During Virginia Harned's first season she was playing "Nisbe" in "A Night Off" in a Texas town. In one act, where she tells her lover's fortune with cards, she happened to pick up the jack of hearts first, and holding it aloft said, "That's you!" As Miss Harned was young and a beginner, her vis-a-vis always found the right card for her and put it on top. A man in the gallery saw him touch the jack, and jumping to his feet, waved his hat and yelled, "Cheese it, Nisbe; the son-of-a-gun has cheated you!"

A woman from a fourth-story window called out to an old Jew peddler, who was toiling slowly along the street. "Vant me?" shouted the Jew. "Yes," shouted the woman back again; "come up here, mister!" The old man had little custom that day, so he hopefully mounted the long stairway. When he reached the top the woman emerged from one of the rooms, holding a howling youngster by the ear. "Mister," she said, tersely, "I've just called you up to Tommy. If he's a naughty boy, won't you put him in your bag?"

"When I told her the nature of the charge on which I arrested her," said the policeman, in giving evidence against a woman accused of robbing a pawnbroker, "she turned away from me and swallowed a bed-tick, a pair of straps, two brass candlesticks, a smoothing-iron and the bellows." "Nonsense!" said the amazed magistrate; "have you lost your senses?" "Oh, your worship!" replied the constable, "'tis the tickets of them I mean she swallowed."

The Earl of Glasgow, who was recently appointed Governor of New Zealand, dispatched an aide-de-camp with a verbal invitation to a newly-appointed minister whose natural abilities exceeded the advantages of his birth or training, to attend a dinner at Government House, to which all the magnates of the colony had been invited. The minister, instead of accepting, sent by the aide the following answer: "Much obliged, but me and my missus don't meal out."

During a general election a canvasser called at the house of Professor Froude, the historian. Mr. Froude was out, so the canvasser had to content himself with interrogating the butler as to how Mr. Froude would vote. The butler—an old servant, who understood his master well—replied: "When the Liberals is in, Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative. When the Conservatives is in, Mr. Froude is always a Liberal."

In the performance of "At Piney Ridge," when Burr McIntosh, as "Jack," accuses the villain of misconduct, and receiving in reply "You lie!" he makes a movement to strike him, but as ladies are present, his arm drops to his side. At this juncture, a man in front at a recent performance was so enraged at the heartless villian that he called out, "Soak him, Jack; hit him a good one for luck!"

One night recently a man in the front row of a New York audience called on May Irwin to recite "Hiawatha." The actress was almost taken off her feet—she could not remember a line of it. "I will if you'll give me my cue," she called back; "I've forgotten how it starts." He gave her the first line and the buxom May gave him the rest of it.


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# SUPPLEMENT TO "THE WAVE"

San Francisco, March 27, 1897

## *THE RE-ELECTION OF SENATOR PERKINS.*

This week "The Wave" presents a supplement containing the portraits of the members of the Legislature whose votes entitle the Honorable George C. Perkins to the certificate of United States Senator from California for the ensuing six years. Senator Perkins was chosen on the first ballot, and it is worthy of comment that every Republican member of the Legislature, with one exception, is included in the group of his supporters. The absence of this face is a something more complimentary to Senator Perkins than to the absentee. While the Legislature was in session, an effort was made to steal from the favorite the re-election to which he was meritoriously entitled, and which had been decided in his favor by the vote of the people. Though strongly urged so to do, he refused to forsake his post of duty at Washington for the purpose of mending his political fences. His confidence in the members of the Legislature never for a moment swerved. Stories calculated to breed dissension among his followers, appealing to the prejudices and passions of men, were circulated in the hope of breaking down his forces. Legislators were appealed to with promise of reward and by every other means known to the lobbyist. Friends of the Senator who were alarmed at this onslaught urged him by telegraph to return to California. Notwithstanding the fears of his friends, the Senator was imperturbed, and refused to believe that Republican members of the Legislature would forget their pledges or their private promises made during the campaign. To the credit of these gentlemen, be it said, that, notwithstanding the great pressure brought to bear upon them, they did not swerve a hair's breadth from the course of duty, and the first ballot selected George C. Perkins by a full Republican vote, with one exception. Senator Perkins is a Californian in all his attachments, and his ties of home and business. During the next six years of his term Californians may rest assured they will have a Senator at Washington who will not only stand to the defense of her interests when they are assailed, but who will also push and urge upon Congress her claims to national legislation wherever the same may be needed. He is watchful and alert, conscious and indefatigable, and, above all, is moved by honest purposes and a desire to indeed represent the people of this State and their interests. No citizen of California owes more to the people than does George C. Perkins. He has never made a demand upon them for political support but what they have responded with a ready willingness. He is prepared now, as he ever has been, to respond to the needs and calls and demands of that people.

The following extracts from the press tell the story of his popularity, and indicate his influence in the late campaign toward saving California to Republicanism, sound money, protection, and McKinley:

George C. Perkins has been elected to the United States Senate from California when he was three thousand miles away and without the buying of votes or the creation of any scandal, and it is time to ask whether this has been a lucky political accident, or whether a new era has really dawned and the "sack" is permanently banished from senatorial elections? It would be pleasant to think the latter is the case and that what Senator Perkins has done other candidates for the same office could do—going out into the counties and securing instructions from conventions, so that when the members arrive in Sacramento they will know just what their constituents expect and making a scramble for votes impossible. Unfortunately it is to be feared that the conditions which made Senator Perkins' dignified victory possible will not be soon repeated. Not once in twenty times will a single candidate be the favorite in all sections of the State, from the far northern counties to those on the Mexican border and in the mines and the valleys alike. It is necessary to such a victory as that won by Senator Perkins not only that there should be a man as popular as he is, but that there should be only one. Usually there are two or more favorites in the field, and they divide the people in their preferences, and the people send up legislators to Sacramento who must fight it out. So we cannot expect to see the Perkins episode very frequently repeated. But it would occur oftener if so many men did not aspire to the United States Senate who have established no claim to the honor. Senator Perkins had done this by being Governor and by playing a creditable part in public affairs for thirty years. It is easy to agree upon a candidate for a high office if it comes as an earned promotion; but when men ask for high offices which they have not earned by faithful apprenticeship in lower ones, there is bound to be difficulty in reaching an agreement.—Oakland "Enquirer."

On Tuesday of last week the "Express" published the prediction that Senator George C. Perkins would be re-elected on the first ballot by the unanimous or nearly unanimous vote of the Republican members of the Legislature. The re-election of Senator Perkins is in line with good public policy and the welfare and harmony of the Republican party. Throughout the campaign, the period of holding conventions, he was the only avowed candidate to succeed himself, and he was formally indorsed by a majority of the county conventions and the legislative nominees pledged to their support. No new conditions had arisen since the holding of the conventions to change the relations of Senator Perkins to his party, and he could not have been defeated without the suspicion and charge if not the employment of bribery and corruption, and a revolt within the lines of the Republican party that would have been serious and of long standing. Senator Perkins is to be congratulated upon having won for the second time the election to the United States Senate in a clean and honorable way. Notwithstanding the fact that the Senator is known to be a man of great wealth, he has not been charged even by his political enemies with spending a dollar in the contest illegitimately, and the "Examiner," the leading Democratic paper on the coast, has paid its tribute to the cleanness of its fight by according him throughout the most enthusiastic support. Senator Perkins is particularly popular in Southern California, and the representatives of this section were his most efficient and loyal supporters throughout.—Los Angeles "Express."

When it was first definitely ascertained that the Republicans would have a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, it was universally conceded that George C. Perkins would succeed himself in the United States Senate. Our dispatches day before yesterday created some doubt about this, but were more reassuring yesterday morning. Mr. Perkins is a clean politician, a man of marked ability, and has shown himself to be one of the best Senators this State has ever had. He is a pleasing and forcible stump speaker, and during the last campaign canvassed the entire State for Republicanism and renewed prosperity. It was his candidacy for the United States that carried this State for McKinley and made the Legislature Republican. There can be no doubt about this. He is deserving of an election, and it is for the best interests of this State to elect him. No other man in the State can do as much for us and for the country at large as he can. It would be a disgrace and a blot upon the Republican party not to elect him. We were in hopes that we should be able to record, and we believe that we shall be able yet to record, that at least one Senator from this State was elected without the aid of any boodle and without his presence at Sacramento, or even in the State. We know that Mr. Perkins would scorn to use such methods, and we believe that such methods will not prevail against him.—Eureka "Times."

While we are firm in the belief that United States Senators should be elected by the popular vote, yet the California Legislature has performed its duty, and by the re-election of Hon. George C. Perkins as United States Senator the will of the people has been done. As early as last summer it was conceded by the people that should the Republicans be successful at the polls George C. Perkins would be elected to succeed himself. As the campaign approached that alone was the legislative issue, and with the name of Perkins on the Republican banner that party carried the Legislature by a safe majority in spite of the fact that in nearly every senatorial and assembly district in the State the combined Democratic and Populist vote exceeded that of the Republican party. Such was the emphatic verdict of the people. It was an instruction to every Republican member to vote for Perkins and no one else, and Californians irrespective of party are pleased with the result. During his incumbency at Washington he has proved himself the friend of the people, and his services in their behalf have been fittingly recognized by his re-election. His wide acquaintance and influence will constantly increase, and much good legislation will be achieved for the State and nation and be credited to the Hon. George C. Perkins.—St. Helena "Star."

The re-election of Governor Perkins to the United States Senate is not a vapid compliment to an influential politician, but a fully deserved recognition of the arduous labors of an eminent public servant, whose character and abilities appeal to the confidence of the people of the country. It is Senator Perkins' eminent merit that he is not a politician in the common American sense of the word. He is the highest and best type of the Californian, one of the empire-builders, one of that legion of pioneers whose labors challenge the admiration of the world. The history of the American colonization of California surpasses in strength the story of old Roman settlements. No mythical argonauts have shown the strength and endurance of our gold-seekers. Senator Perkins represents the best influences created in California since the days of '49—influences that tend to the growth of civilization and the strengthening of the moral character of our people. We need such a statesman, not only for his conspicuous ability but for his strong personality and pure character, and we join the people of the State in commending the Legislature's prompt indorsement of the Senator's high position and eminent capacity, as a representative of the State to the great Council of Nations.—San Francisco "Emmanuel."

The election of Senator George C. Perkins to succeed himself on the first ballot at Sacramento yesterday was something of a surprise to the more conservative ones who imagined that the opposition to him amounted to a little something more than a show. If a popular vote had been the test of success yesterday the result would have been even more overwhelming than the figures from the Senate and Assembly. Senator Perkins is essentially a man of the people. Like all children of flesh and blood he is liable to err or to follow the dictates of his own conscience in opposition to a seeming majority voice of his partisans or constituents. That is but natural and should not cause vicious resentment on the part of those who fail to receive favors. He has filled the position so well that the people could hardly afford to send a new man there even if they had desired to. The greatest admiration is everywhere expressed for the character of campaigning and electioneering he has always insisted his managers should use in his behalf. Senator Perkins' return is a deserved compliment and an assurance that California will have a representative in the halls of Congress to carefully guard her varied interests in need of Federal legislation.—Marysville "Appeal."

The re-election of Senator Perkins by the California Legislature is another evidence that conservatism is at this time the dominant spirit of the country. Senator Perkins is eminently a conservative statesman. He is known to be a safe man of affairs and sound in his devotion to Republican principles. He has long been prominent both in the business and politics of the State, and if he has never distinguished himself brilliantly, has been at all times a man in whom the people have had confidence, and who could be relied upon to perform whatever duties he undertook. He is, therefore, well fitted in every sense to represent the people at this juncture and to remain for them in Congress that conservatism which they feel in their own homes. It is with sincerity "The Call" extends to the Senator-elect congratulations on his election. He is clearly the representative of the conservatism of the day, and is justly entitled, therefore, to claim in the Senate that he stands as a true exponent of the sentiments of the people of California at this juncture. Having served for some time in the Senate his experience will be of value to the State, and the Republican party confidently counts on him to justify its action in electing him.—San Francisco "Call."

Senator George C. Perkins will undoubtedly be re-elected, and no man is more deserving this recognition. California, in times past, won for herself, through the action of Legislatures in selecting United States Senators, a reputation that was not enviable. Whether justly or not it has been charged numerous times that the office was awarded the man with the sack which was the best filled and the strings to which were the most easily unloosed rather than to the one with the most ability. We do not say this has always been the case, but a fair name once blackened remains black as long as the least shadow of suspicion rests upon it. The appointment of Hon. George C. Perkins to the important

place was a happy choice. His election followed, a verdict of his party, free from all doubt as to his high-minded purposes and to which no breath of scandal was vouchsafed. He has given the people of the nation and this State faithful service, and from the opening of the campaign it has been known that it was his desire to be re-elected. He did the Republican party herculean service up to the day of election. He is an able, clean, upright and intelligent man, a worthy representative of a great State.—St. Helena "Star."

It seems to be generally conceded that United States Senator Perkins will be re-elected at the coming session of the Legislature. The State may congratulate itself upon the situation. Mr. Perkins had a wide reputation as a successful business man of unimpeachable integrity before he was chosen by the people for Governor of the State in 1879. His administration of the executive office was so satisfactory, from every point of view, that he was looked upon as an available candidate for the United States Senate. His subsequent election to the Senate struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the people. He has served his term in a manner characteristic of his distinguished abilities, and his well-known integrity both moral and mental. Mr. Perkins is in touch thoroughly with the sentiments and wants of the people of the State. The State may, as we have said, congratulate itself upon having elected a Legislature with the avowed intention of returning Mr. Perkins to his seat at Washington. He is a worthy representative of one of the greatest States of the Union, in the most august legislative body in the world.—The Kern "Standard."

If McKinley was the "logical" candidate for President, it cannot be denied that Senator George C. Perkins is the "logical" candidate of the Republicans and hundreds of Democrats of this State for re-election by the Legislature soon to assemble in Sacramento, and from present appearances this fact is so very apparent that it is not likely he will have any opponent in the Republican caucus, and he should not, as his course as Senator entitles him to a unanimous vote in a Republican caucus. Unlike many Senators, who wait a session or so before they make themselves known, he went at work at once in the interest of his State, and has the confidence of all our people, irrespective of party. But few Senators have been so fortunate as he in making an enviable national reputation during a first session. His re-election will be a deserved recognition of his worth and services as law-maker and citizen of our State, and we hope our Assemblyman, Dr. T. A. Keables, will respect the wishes of the people of his asembly district and vote for him, as we know State Senator Voorhies will do. --Bridgeport "Chronicle-Union."

The people of California will be gratified to learn that the re-election of Senator Perkins was practically decided at Sacramento yesterday, notwithstanding the efforts made by the supporters of other candidates to perfect combinations which would secure his defeat. Mr. Perkins' services at Washington have been of such a character. In the campaign last fall there was a general expression of a desire in Republican conventions and by the Republican press all over the State that he be retained for a further term of six years. The experience he has acquired and the standing he has achieved at the national capital will give him an influence and prestige which a new man would be long in securing, and California has interests at stake in the readjustment of affairs under the incoming administration which cannot be safely entrusted to untried hands, and the announcement of the fact that there is to be no change in the representatives of the State in the Senate will be received with hearty approval by all classes of our citizens.—Oakland "Times."

The re-election of Senator Perkins for the full term of six years is a matter of congratulation by the people of California, irrespective of politics. He has made such an able and clean record while serving out the unexpired term of Senator Stanford that he has well earned another term. It has become so common for our representatives in Congress to be charged with being controlled by the great corporations that it is a relief to find a man against whom such a charge has never been laid. And the efficient work he has done for the State has been of inestimable value. We are glad to know that Southern California stood up for him solidly, and thus made his election possible. Had there been a break here the politicians in the north would probably have been able to create a deadlock which would have resulted in the election of some untried man. This action on the part of our representatives is but an act of simple justice, for the support Senator Perkins has given every measure in Congress which benefited Southern California.—"South Pasadenan," Pasadena.

As we predicted last week Senator Perkins was re-elected, and on the first ballot. We are very much gratified at the outcome of the election. Mr. Perkins really made his campaign before the people. Member after member of the Legislature was elected with the distinct understanding that they were to stand by Mr. Perkins. The election of any other man would have been an act of treachery that would have sealed the political doom of any man guilty of such a thing. And the best thing about the election was that Mr. Perkins remained in Washington attending to the people's business, while not even a suspicion of Colonel Masuma's presence in Washington could be found. We are gratified at the result of the election, and thoroughly satisfied with the part the "Citograph" took in assisting to attain the result.—Redlands "Citograph."

A hard working, energetic and conscientious statesman is the Hon. George C. Perkins. When you find a man in the United States Senate who makes it his business to obtain all the information possible concerning every measure which comes before that august body, who weighs well that information and then works for or against the measure as his conscience dictates—then, we maintain, you have found a man with whom the business of the State can be safely trusted. Such a man is Senator Perkins. You will find, if you read the newspapers closely, that he is always on deck, that he takes an active interest in the work of the Senate and that he does not use his office either as a social or a political convenience. California has a senior Senator of which she should be proud.—Palo Alto "Times."

As was well known to everybody, Senator Perkins was re-elected to the United States Senate on Tuesday by an almost unanimous vote. Senator Perkins is a self-made Californian, a business man of unblemished reputation; a man of good heart and liberal views; a man of the world. While we differ from him on questions of national policy, we fully recognize his worth as a man of high principle and strict integrity. He made an excellent record as Governor of this State, and no scandal has attached to his name. We are heartily glad that the choice of the Legislature fell upon Senator Perkins, and we hope and believe that neither bribery nor corruption was used to bring about that result, and that the State is spared the blistering disgrace of a boodle Senator.—Santa Rosa "Democrat."

Last Tuesday the Legislature did what the majority of Californians expected it would do. It re-elected George C. Perkins to the United States Senate. To the credit of Senator Perkins it can be said that instead of coming to California to lobby in his own behalf he remained at his post of duty in Washington, working for the interests of the people he was sent there to represent. From a moral point of view, no man is worthy of special commendation for doing his duty, but from a political standpoint Senator Perkins' conduct in the matter has been so out of the ordinary as to deserve mention. The people of California, through the Legislature, have fittingly expressed their appreciation of his faithfulness.—Jackson "Ledger."

The return of Senator Perkins, though it is just what nearly everybody expected, is very gratifying to all Californians. It has been said that California should have an orator in his place, but there is too much oratory in both houses of Congress now and too few business men. Senator Perkins, as a representative of the business people of California, is just the kind of man who is needed in the Senate, where there are too many lawyers. It is no discredit to Mr. Shortridge that he has been defeated by such a man, and he should console himself with the thought that it is no evidence that the people think him inferior, but that they are too well satisfied with Mr. Perkins to desire to change for any other man, however great his merits.—Stockton "Independent."

On Wednesday noon, in joint assembly, the State Senate and the Assembly, with due formalities, declared the result of their separate action on the previous day in the matter of the election of a United States Senator, and George C. Perkins was formally declared elected Senator. One pleasing feature of the contest for United States Senator was the clean, honorable fight made by the contestants and their respective friends for the high position. The re-election of Senator Perkins gives general satisfaction throughout the State, and we believe that his selection at the present time is for the best interests of the people of California.—Monterey "Cypress."

George C. Perkins was elected on last Tuesday by the Legislature to represent California for another term in the United States Senate. For once, at least, the Legislature of California has been guilty of doing the right thing at the right time. Senator Perkins has arisen from the ranks, and in all his public acts has shown himself to be the friend of the people, and even now, when the question of his return to the Senate was up, instead of being in Sacramento log-rolling he has been at his post of duty in Washington helping with solid logic to thwart the specious funding bill of our beloved Uncle Collis.—Newman "Index."

Among the good happenings of the week is the election of George C. Perkins to succeed himself in the United States Senate. In the political life of the country this prize is so great that personal ambition and personal enmity are sure to intervene and clash with the wishes of the people and the interests of the State. It was so here. But this only makes the result more creditable to the true-hearted legislators. Mr. Perkins stayed at his post of service, doing his duty, and no seat in that body was ever more honorably occupied than now. It gives California a good name, and twines an enviable wreath upon the brow of her Senator, George C. Perkins.—San Rafael "Journal."

Senator Perkins was elected to succeed himself last Tuesday. No piece of news since that of the election of McKinley has been received here that created such universal satisfaction. Perkins is the choice of the people. Even those politically opposed to him acknowledge his honesty and thorough business qualifications. In the late campaign he probably did more than any other man to carry California into the McKinley column, and not only the Republican party but the people of all parties can well trust to his sound judgment and common sense to properly represent them in the United States Senate.—Arcata "Union."

A better selection to represent California in the United States Senate could not have been desired than George C. Perkins. He was the choice of the people from the start, and the sideshow candidates who appeared never even caused a second's worry. The Legislature followed the wish of the people, irrespective of party distinctions, a fitting and deserving tribute; and the senatorial mantle has been placed on the shoulders of a man who will wear it with credit, and work at all times for the best interests of California and the Pacific coast in general.—Vallejo "News."

George C. Perkins was elected United States Senator for the ensuing six years on Wednesday last. This result was not unexpected. During the last campaign it was generally conceded that in the event of a Republican Legislature Perkins would be re-elected. To this many candidates were pledged, and the casting of their ballots represented the wishes of their constituents. Senator Perkins has made a faithful and conscientious representative, and by reason of his experience will be able to do more in his coming term.—Weaverville "Journal."

The action of United States Senator Perkins in remaining at his post of duty in Washington while the Legislature at Sacramento is engaged in the senatorial contest, in which he is a candidate, affords evidence of a devotion to duty, at the possible sacrifice of personal interests, so unusual as to be remarkable, in these degenerate days, and at the same time furnishes an example which the great majority of office holders would do well to emulate—a thing which, alas, and alack, we very, very much fear they will not do.—Livermore "Echo."

Senator George C. Perkins was re-elected to the United States Senate by a large vote in the Legislature on Tuesday. His election gives much satisfaction to the people of the State. He has conscientiously represented their interests in Congress, believes thoroughly in the Republican doctrine of protection, and knows the peculiar needs of the industries of this coast. Senator Perkins is a broad-minded, judicious man, and will be a safe and worthy representative of this commonwealth in the national Senate during the next six years.—Pomona "Progress."

Let us see—twenty-seven and forty-seven make seventy-four. Seventy-four is a majority, and so Senator Perkins is re-elected by the Thirty-second General Assembly of California to succeed himself as United States Senator. That's the story that is told in a telegram from Senator S. C. Smith received at this office yesterday afternoon, which ran as follows: "Perkins receives twenty-seven in the Senate and forty-seven in the Assembly." To Senator Perkins the "Echo" extends congratulations.—Bakersfield "Echo."

California has made no mistake in re-electing George C. Perkins to the United States Senate. Mr. Perkins is a self-made man, whose intelligence, industry and devotion to American interests have placed him among the most useful members of the upper branch of Congress. He is a business man in the best sense of the term, and his ability is just of the sort that will be needed in dealing with the great questions of trade and finance which are bound to come before the Senate within the next year or two.—New York "Mail and Express."

The re-election of George C. Perkins as Senator to succeed himself was particularly gratifying to the people of California. Mr. Perkins has represented his constituents in a manner which has won the commendation of both Democrats and Republicans. He has advocated every material interest in the State, and has been foremost in advancing whatever project he had reason to believe would insure the benefit of the Golden State.—Ukiah "Republican-Press."

As was believed by everyone except a few Shortridge shouters, Senator Perkins was elected by the State Legislature to succeed himself. He was the choice of the people, and the Legislature could not have honorably pursued any other course than to elect him. He now has before him a full term of six years, and the good work he has done in the past gives assurance that the interests of California will be carefully looked after in the future.—Haywards "Review."

On Tuesday last the State Legislature elected George C. Perkins to succeed himself in the United States Senate. His election was without opposition from the Republican side. Senator Perkins will make an able Senator as he has in the past. He is not a man who plays to the galleries, but his influence is great, and he is recognized as an able, honest, conscientious Senator, and he will doubtless render a good account of his services for the people.—Lodi "Sentinel."

The Hon. George C. Perkins has been chosen to succeed himself in the United States Senate. He was the choice of the people from the start, and his re-election is a fitting and deserved tribute to one who has worked for the best interests of California. The Legislature has followed the wish of the people, and a better selection for our representative in Washington could not have been made.—Suisun "Republican."

In choosing Senator Perkins as his own successor the Legislature faithfully registered the will of a good majority of the constituency. The people of California recognize in Senator Perkins a man of worth, both as a citizen and as a representative of the State in the nation's highest council, and will rejoice to know that he will continue to represent them for a full term of six years.—Redlands "Facts."

The re-election of Senator Perkins gives universal satisfaction in this part of the State. Democrats and Republicans alike are glad to know that George C. Perkins, who has always been faithful and true to the people's interests, will again represent this State in the United States Senate.—Santa Ana "Blade."

Senator Perkins will now be able to devote himself to the duties of his high office for the next six years with the consciousness of having the Republican party of the State solidly at his back. For that matter he has the respect and confidence, if not the political support, of people of all parties.—Pasadena "Star."

The re-election of George C. Perkins to the United States Senate was a foregone conclusion and gives general satisfaction. Mr. Perkins has served California with faithfulness and ability. He is a safe man, and can be trusted to legislate honestly for the entire nation as well as for his State.—San Diego "Union."

Perkins for Senator insures California a representative at Washington, of whom the whole State may well feel proud.—Ventura "Free Press."

Henry Lee at Work Making-Up  Train-Blocking on Oakland Mole

# THE WAVE

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CONTENTS

Editorials . . . . . 2-3
On the Mole . . . . . 4
The "Bombardment"; by Julian Sturgis . . 5
In Yellow Robes . . . . . 5
Laying the Cornerstone of the Affiliated Colleges Building . . . . . 6
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. . . . . 7
Portraits of Henry Lee's Character Impersonations 8
A Modern Proteus; by Gelett Burgess . . . 9
In Society . . . . . 10
The Theatres . . . . . 11
Aida Reviewed . . . . . 11
The April Magazines . . . . . 12
The Doll Exposition in New York . . . . 13
Racing; by Benedict . . . . . 14
New Stories Re-Told . . . . . 16

## A PRIVY COUNCIL FOR THE MAYOR.

Josiah Qunicy, Mayor of Boston, has introduced a feature of municipal government which will spread. He has gathered around him an advisory council composed of representatives of the leading commercial, reform and charitable organizations of the city. It is in the nature of a privy council. Before this board he lays all matters of municipal policy, and with its members he consults as to the conduct of municipal business. He stands as the representative of the people of the city of Boston. Those whom he has gathered around his council-board are representative of some element in municipal life and are authorities upon some phase of municipal government. The board is not political, is regulated in no way save by the wish of the Mayor, and its authority goes no further than the giving of advice, yet we believe such a Mayor's cabinet is destined to become an American municipal institution. It will commend itself to all who have studied the problems of municipal government, and most especially to the Mayors of our cities themselves, when they are honest men.

When Seth Low became Mayor of Brooklyn he formed a cabinet out of the heads of the municipal departments. He brought each department to work in harmony with its fellows; he made each official realize that he was an essential cog in the great machine of municipal administration. Instead of friction between the departments he brought all to work co-ordinately under one general plan. The success rewarding Mayor Low has become a part, a very proud part, of American history. But such a plan is not feasible where the men at the heads of the various departments are independent of each other. If each is responsible alone to the political element which elected him, each will insist upon being autocrat within his own realm. Had the new charter been adopted in this city, it would have been possible for Mayor Phelan to have had just such a cabinet as that which proved so useful under Mayor Low; but without a new charter it is possible for Mayor Phelan to adopt the idea of Mayor Quincy and appoint an advisory council which will keep him in touch with the best thought of those most interested in municipal progress.

It is not possible for one man to look closely to all departments of the city government, and often it is not possible for the Mayor to command disinterested opinion upon the proposed policy of his administration. The more time the Mayor gives to the harassing and time-consuming details of city government, the less he has in which to devise broad plans which will make for the advantage of large numbers. It is the experience of all men in such positions that owing to multitude of petty duties imposed upon them they are unable to make such a study of the problems of municipal life as to leave behind them any lasting impression. But with such an advisory board it seems to us quite possible for the Mayor to do many times the work which is now within his power and to do all of it better. Those who have followed our Mayor during the recent session of the Legislature have seen with great gratification how much could be done in defending the city against unwise legislation by a Mayor who had the intelligence and the energy to scrutinize the bills affecting the interests of his city. There is no doubt that the pen and speech of Mr. Phelan saved San Francisco from being inflicted with several measures that would have visited her with serious harm. We have not always agreed with his judgment, but with his energy, yes. It was to make possible more work of this general character that Mayor Quincy founded his advisory council.

The establishment of such a board is not a confession of weakness. Mr. Quincy is one of the strongest men in Massachusetts politics, a politician and a very practical one, is forthright and forceful. If the establishment of such a council were but a scheme for shifting responsibility, Mr. Quincy's reputation justifies us in declaring that he, no more than Theodore Roosevelt or Mr. Cleveland, would have been its author, and surely neither of the latter are shirkers.

Such a council is needed by a Mayor whenever he wishes to deal with a problem somewhat outside of his official duties. Take the matter of the unemployed in San Francisco. In order to meet by some practical scheme the situation which was present, it was necessary for the Mayor to go outside his regular official circle and enlist a council of men with sympathy and sense. His only resort was to instigate the calling of mass-meetings of business men and those interested in charitable work. How much less clumsy, how much more direct, and how much sooner a plan to relieve could have been evolved had Mr. Phelan already gathered about him a council of representatives from among the merchants, the lawyers, the mechanics and other large classes in our city. The necessity for some plan of procedure would have been earlier foreseen through the information gathered by the representatives of the working classes in such a council; and in the secret meetings of such a body it would have taken but a short time to perfect a scheme of relief which would at once have been insured the support of the most powerful elements in the city. It is with this class of questions that such a board would be found most useful. Social questions are the most serious in our municipal life, as in our national life. These will grow more troublesome with years. The municipal corporation itself is not so organized, and perhaps should not be, as to deal with many of the problems arising from a condensed, unsettled, dependent and ignorant population. But the Mayor of a city is expected to do more than sign bills and send messages. He stands foremost, not only in our politics, but in all matters which touch the business life or the social life of the people. If he is to undertake fully the responsibility of this great trust, which by the unwritten law has fallen upon his shoulders, he needs the support and information and guidance which an advisory council of the nature suggested alone can give.

## REFORM THE CIVIL SERVICE.

This is not the hour for attacking civil service as a governmental policy. "The Wave" is an ardent believer in this reform, and would like to have it engrafted upon our State and municipal government. When the proposition of putting our Government employes in service for life was first broached to the American people the leaders and spokesmen of both the great political parties attempted to, and did for a time, cry it down. They almost succeeded in ridiculing the measure to death, for it was contrary to every rule of the game of politics. A few determined men, however, anxious for the welfare of the nation, stood behind the movement, and with an emphasis and force that comes with persistent and constant repetition finally succeeded in fastening civil service to the policy of our Government. The cry, "To the victor belongs the spoils," which every four years resounded in our national houses of employment from the throats of eager and hungry political spoilsmen, is now but a faint cry as compared with that of the past. It is merely an echo of tradition to-day. Civil service has proven an excellent remedy for many of our political ills, but like many another curative agency, in overdose, it is quite as likely to be as harmful as no medicine at all. The danger which threatens civil service, and that it is threatened we must admit, will grow out of evils of its own rather than from external influences. The ills of civil service are functional rather than organic, and the suggestion to remedy them should originate with the friends of the policy rather than its enemies, for if ever serious disturbance enter there, it will be because its friends are stubbornly blind as to its faults and insist upon its maintenance as an entirety rather than yield to necessary amendment. Such a course is pregnant with danger.

"Harpers' Weekly," always a staunch supporter of civil service, threatens to fall into the error of antagonizing any tampering with its pet policy. It finds enigmatical the words contained in the President's inaugural address in reference to this subject. The President said: "Reforms in civil service must go on." But he adds: "The change should be real and genuine, not perfunctory or prompted by a zeal in behalf of any party simply because it happens to be in power. The "Weekly" says:

'We cannot believe that Mr. McKinley meant thus to characterize Mr. Cleveland's extension of the classified service, for that would have been to insult most grossly the retiring President, who was listening to the speech and who has done more for civil service reform than all other Presidents put together. Moreover, such characterization would have been utterly false, and as Mr. McKinley is both an amiable and a truthful man he cannot have meant this."

Probably to a modified extent this was just what Mr. McKinley did mean, the "journal of civilization" to the contrary notwithstanding, for Mr. Cleveland's extension of civil service brings about some curious and intolerable conditions. It is one thing to sit in an editorial chair and work out fine theories of government, and quite another to make those theories dovetail and harmonize with rude and inflexible practical affairs. Cleveland, late in his administration, extended the classified service to include the Sub-treasury and the Mint. The new Republican Superintendent of the Mint will step into office without the power of appointing one single employe. Even the individual, at present a Democrat, and probably an entire stranger, who is to be his personal representative, cannot be chosen by the Superintendent. This stranger must be trusted to follow the deposits of precious metal coming into that institution for coinage from the moment of its receipt in the crude state until it is receipted for by the cashier, and yet he is not subject to removal by the Superintendent, who is under bond for a quarter of a million of dollars for the integrity of his administration. The staunchest advocate of civil service cannot find anything to commend in such a condition of affairs. In the United States Subtreasury all of the employes from the cashier down will be under the civil service rule, and the new Sub-treasurer will be powerless to name a single man who shall have the handling or the custody of tens of millions of dollars of the Government's money intrusted to his care and for which he is responsible. He is answerable to the Government under a bond in the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars. It would be almost, if not absolutely impossible, for either of these two gentlemen to obtain bondsmen under such a state of affairs. It is manifestly a condition that should not be tolerated for a moment. Where such grave and personal responsibility attaches to an office, at least the chief officer should have the privilege of selecting his own subordinates and his personal representatives.

We are not enamored of the class of men now in the San Francisco Mint, and doubt if ten per cent. of them would be able to pass a civil service examination which would entitle them to the positions they now occupy and which their successors must pass to obtain. The object of civil service is to elevate the standard of the service, and unless the present occupants of positions in these newly favored departments are compelled to pass an examination which will entitle them to retain their offices then will this beneficent policy perpetuate the very thing it was intended to obviate until death or resignation shall dislodge the present occupants of fat governmental berths from those two departments of the Government.

## THE NEW FREE MARKET.

Governor Budd has just signed a bill providing for the establishment and operation of a free public market on the water front in this city. Free markets, so far as they have been tried in California, have fallen far short of the dreams of their founders, and have developed into very cheap and useless affairs. The bill which the Governor has signed provides that the Harbor Commissioners shall set aside a sufficient number of docks, divided into stalls, which shall be occupied by producers only, free of charge, for the sale of perishable products arriving in this city by water or rail. The bill also provides in detail for the operation of the market by the Commissioners, and for connection with the belt railroad now partially completed on East street. The free market idea is not a new one, but the application of the plan is somewhat different in the bill just passed. Ordinarily a free market in an incorporated city or town extends to the producer of perishable products the right to sell his wares without the purchase of a license. This is quite a concession. The principal reason advanced for such an exemption is the benefit derived by

the consumer, who is a resident of the city extending the exemption, and who is thus permitted to purchase fruit, vegetables, fish, fowl, etc., at first hand. The present scheme, however, does not relieve the occupants of the market from municipal license, although that may follow, but it does propose to grant them store rent free of all charge. Considering that the space to be appropriated, and for which no charge is to be made or toll levied, is now occupied as a landing place for steamers and other vessels, and now produces a revenue for the Harbor Commissioners' fund, it must be admitted that the Legislature has been generous in its disposition of the water front of this city. Of course, the expense of establishing and operating this market will be a charge upon the commerce of this port. Already such charges are admittedly high, but in addition to the loss of the revenue these docks now produce, the cost of maintaining the market must be added to the deficit, and go to enlarge the burdens upon our commerce. The fruit growers and grangers generally have expressed great interest in this experiment, while the Harbor Commissioners, though not opposing it, appear dubious as to its practicability or the benefits likely to flow therefrom. Such legislation as this is quite in line with the paternal feeling that seems gradually to be taking possession of every branch of our government, State and municipal, as well as Federal. Doubtless it will be considered a popular measure by the people at large, and may even serve to redeem somewhat the reputation of the legislature which has just adjourned. While doubting the wisdom of the movement, we will watch its operation with some interest.

## *THE NICARAGUA CANAL CONTROVERSY.*

Our correspondent, Mr. Samuels, seems amply able to take care of himself in an argument and to fortify his conclusions with respect to the Nicaragua canal with facts that appear unanswerable. The folowing is the communication received from him this week:

March 31st, 1897.

Editor of the "Wave:" Sir—In my communication in your valued issue of March 27th I took the ground that the Nicaragua canal would not be beneficial to this State, and particularly would it be hurtful to San Francisco. An editorial in the "Examiner" attacks my conclusions on the subject, and as its comments fairly represent the only class of arguments which the people of this State have had placed before them, it is quite proper to challenge their worth.

The "Examiner" states as follows: "The manufacturing industries of California did not decline with cheaper freight rates," and quotes statistics ranging from the time the overland road was opened until 1890, to prove its statement. Statistics, unless carefully analyzed, are apt to mislead. Against them I would apply the present experiences of many manufacturing industries in this State. It is yet to be incorporated in the laws of business that cheap freights from cheap manufacturing centers do not seriously injure, if not destroy, the industry of a State that has to go beyond its own boundaries for its raw material.

The "Examiner" again says: "Of course the Nicaragua canal would give Europe and the East a chance at some trade which we now possess, but the trade which might be taken away from us in that way is small in comparison with the new markets that would be opened up to us." Now, Mr. Editor, I am objecting to the canal not alone because it would give Europe and the East a chance at some trade which we now possess, but because it would give them a chance at the trade that we ought to possess, and will possess when we wake up. We have an export trade now in the Pacific ocean of about $15,000,000 per annum; it ought to be triple that. Will the "Examiner" point out what new markets will be opened to us that we cannot reach now without the aid of the canal, that will compensate us for assisting our competitors to help themselves in the Pacific? The "Examiner" further says: "It is estimated that an average wheat crop alone would be worth six million dollars more to the farmers of California if it could go to market by way of the isthmus than it is now."

How the farmers must long for the canal to be built, so that they may obtain that $6,000,000 more; but unfortunately this estimate is on a par with other canal estimates, and will not bear close scrutiny. Let us see. The average annual export of wheat does not exceed 800,000 tons. The average rate of freight will be for 1897 about $6.00 per ton; total freight to Europe, $4,800,000, out of which it is estimated $6,000,000 would be saved to the farmer by the canal. When the farmer has learned how to save $6,000,000 out of $4,800,000 he will not be in the market for gold bricks (or be a good subject for bunco men generally).

Equally unhappy is the "Examiner's" deduction that, because the Suez canal would be a good thing for European and Asiatic commerce, the Nicaragua canal would be a good thing for California. In spite of the immense saving of distance via Suez, sailing vessels to Australia and the Orient use the Cape route almost exclusively, to avoid the expense attached to the use of the canal, and for this same reason will not our grain continue being shipped around Cape Horn? It is time that this question should be taken up seriously, and that California should not be content to remain in its present state of rest, into which the advocates of the canal have lulled it by promises of future salvation.

What will benefit San Francisco will benefit the State; if the canal will do it, we are entitled to reasonable assurances on that score. A little healthy discussion of both sides of this question will not injure our prospects any, and will probably show in what direction our efforts should be applied to make San Francisco what it ought to be—a second New York.

FREDERICK S. SAMUELS.

What Mr. Samuels has to say is worthy of close attention, for he speaks authoritatively and has a definite knowledge of the subject concerning which he writes. An examination of the map of the world will convince any one that the completion of the Nicaragua canal will divert from us most of the ocean trade which we now enjoy.

San Francisco at present retains a comparatively small but increasing commerce with Australia, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands and the South Sea Islands, the west coast of Mexico and the west coast of South America. Our trade with these countries is not one-quarter what it should be, for the simple reason that it has never been properly encouraged. Trade with Australia is possible with the San Francisco merchant because the Spreckels are operating a line of steamers between San Francisco and Australian ports. A purely local trade between these ports would not justify the maintenance of such a line of steamers. Quick transmission of mails, however, between Australia and mother England is of paramount importance to the colonies. After some experimenting it was demonstrated that a steamship line from Australia to San Francisco and thence eastward by the Pacific railways afforded the speediest route from the Antipodes to Great Britain. The Australian government has therefore subsidized the Spreckels steamship line, and that in connection with the Spreckels packet line permits us to trade with the Sandwich Islands and Australia. Our trade with China and Japan is ensured to us so long as ships' bottoms must round Cape Horn, and not one hour longer. Any schoolboy familiar with his geography would at once discover that immediately this canal is completed ships' bottoms would do the carrying trade direct from Australia to the mother country and from China and Japan to Eastern ports.

There is a tier of countries lying along the west coast of South America which geographically belongs to San Francisco in the matter of trade. Too little has been done to open up this commerce by our local merchants. Grace & Company of New York, a Hamburg and an English shipping company besides have come under our very noses and snatched this trade away from us, notwithstanding the fact they must double Cape Horn and traverse the full length of South America twice to reach their ultimate destination. We know, too, that these vessels bring to South America the manufactured articles of New York, England and Germany, and return laden with the products of those countries, consisting of hides, tallow, sugar, silver, cochineal, coffee, cocoa, nitre and ivory nuts, which have been gathered up by smaller vesels in the same ownership that are used exclusively in the coastwise trade.

It is inevitable that so soon as this canal is completed New York and the older countries will not only rob us of what little export trade we have with those countries, but will besides steal away our import coffee trade. We should be able to take the hides of the South Americans and return them boots and shoes; we should be able to take their tallow and return them soap; their ivory nuts we should transform into buttons; we should supply America with coffee as far east as the Missouri river. Factories should follow the acquisition of such a trade, and the raw material of South America should be transformed into manufactured articles in this city, not elsewhere. The hope of San Francisco lies in her ability to manufacture in competition with the remainder of America and to employ to advantage the harbor and the shipping facilities with the tributary countries which nature itself has given to us. The Nicaragua canal question is one that is alive either with danger or with promise to San Francisco, and it is a sad criticism upon our merchants that they do not come forward and discuss this question pro and con and attempt to solve it for their own as well as for their country's sake. We welcome Mr. Samuels into the field of controversy, and express the hope that he breathes in his communication, that a popular discussion of the benefits or disadvantages that are to follow the construction of this canal will result.

## *THE ANTAGONISTIC SOUTH.*

We have received another communication from Mr. C. P. Morton, of Los Angeles, a gentleman who has from time to time contributed articles upon the antagonistic South. We may only publish Mr. Morton's last communication in part, for we have no desire to enter into a personal controversy with Mr. Otis, of the Los Angeles "Times." Our correspondent, however, tilts his lance at that gentleman, and has things to say which might not be regarded as kindly, or perhaps fair. For Mr. Otis we have respect and admiration. It is no part of our policy to enter into a personal controversy with the gentleman. What our correspondent has to say upon the general subject of the South is appended:

Editor of "The Wave."—The Los Angeles "Times" of to-day, replying to certain statements in regard to your remarks on "The Antagonistic South," says that you have conjured up a "bogie-man" by the aid of certain irresponsible correspondents of the South, who, having been personally unfortunate, have taught themeslves to believe that there is nothing good in Southern California. You have had several letters on this subject from this end of the State. I don't know the other writers and cannot say whether they are "irresponsible," or whether they have been "unfortunate," but the "Times" assumes a good deal in saying that in regard to me. I do not owe a dollar, have a comfortable sum in bank, and good real estate in several places, besides a few other little assets. I am perfectly willing to admit, however, that I was induced to come here by boom reading matter picked up at the World's Fair, several copies of the "Times" being among the rest of the reading matter that I obtained, and I am out of pocket in consequence. I broke off everything and came. When I got here I found that were I to depend upon the resources I had been led to expect to find, I would be in a sorry plight. My experience is that of hundreds of others. But, fortunately for me, I had a few resources that have enabled me to live here, the said resources being wholly outside of Southern California. Others not so fortunate have had a hard enough time in all conscience. I have too much sand, however, to give up, and I shall stay with the game till I win or lose, unless I am offered an inducement to go North or East. The "Times" knows perfectly well that this is no place for poor men, or even men of moderate means. Its own editorial columns have said so emphatically again and again, and that recently. But the "Times" regards inconsistency as a jewel. In its issue of March 27th it publishes an article entitled "The Ideal Rural Life, and in it says: "Here where ten acres of irrigated land are sufficient to support a family in comfort." That is such an exceedingly mouldy chestnut. Yet in an article to-day they say they did not publish my reply to their criticism because it contained nothing new. Why should I advance new arguments to combat a statement that was worn full of holes long ago, and never had any real substance. Ten acres support a family! But how? That is on a par with the statements of certain rich statisticians, who sitting in their luxurious offices, write of the delights of living on thirty cents per day. * * * The "Times" says in its article of to-day that I know they did not state that every family in Southern California had an income of $60 per month. That article was in the issue of February 26th. I quote: "The income for Southern California this year will be $45,500,000." (I omit items.) "Estimating the population at 300,000, this represents an income of $60 per month for each family, which does not look like living on air. It is not pretended that these figures are exact, but when they err they err on the conservative side." I wrote the "Times" stating that that was an illustration of how figures can lie, that the average income might be as stated, but that many had more and far too many much less than that. They would not do me the justice of publishing my reply, but now admit its truth, and say that they mean that. But as I said in my first article they do not like to have a man come here and tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and there are but few papers south of the Tehachapi that will not shamefully abuse any one who does.

C. P. MORTON.

Some political soreheads are making a frantic effort to destroy the influence of the California delegation at Washington simply because that body has refused to take them as seriously as they regard themselves. Doubtless their self-seeking zeal will be profitless, but it is sickening nevertheless. No sooner had the California delegation agreed upon the name of Frank A. Leach for Superintendent of the Mint than up bobs a certain Mr. Morrow, and then another sorehead, and still another, eager, anxious, furtive, resourceful, indignant, noisy, and clamoring for unmerited and impossible recognition on account of services for the party, which are more imaginary than real. The daily prints tell us that these very zealous aspirants are bombarding Washington with protests, whines and appeals. One faction first attempted to discredit the delegation with the administration, and another tried to induce that body to reverse its judgment for the benefit of their pretensions. They snarl and fight and give out the impression, which is well founded, that to the square foot California is afflicted with the most damnable lot of dissatisfied politicians that ever infested an American community. Decency and orderly procedure are to them as nothing, if they happen to obstruct some of their unjustifiable ambitions. Fortunately, President McKinley has announced that he cannot entertain applications for any Federal office that do not come through the respective State delegations. This ought to put an end to the bickerings of these men of small political worth but large political ambition, and we may confidently assert that Mr. Leach, who is an eminently respectable gentleman and an old-time Republican, will be the next Superintendent of the Mint.

The Cecil Rhodes inquiry has introduced in England a new method of journalism. Certain of the prominent editors of London papers, including Massingham of "The Chronicle," Cook of "The Daily News," and Sidney Law of "The St. James Gazette," have attended the inquiry, and have written over their own initials accounts of the affair. In reference to this departure, a veteran writer of editorials states that the only people who read his leaders and those of his brother editors are fussy old women of both sexes, and that it is a charming sensation to feel that the public are at last reading what they write, now that they have turned reporters.

## ON THE MOLE

### How the Man in the Tower Steers Trains in the Way They Should Go.

How do the hundreds of trains that chase up and down the Oakland mole every day find their way among the innumerable switches that split up the tracks? Who steers them to their berths in the big train house into which they throw themselves with a rattle and a rush, and rest panting and hissing while the suburban commuters swarm like hornets out of the coaches? Who is it holds back the Alameda local and rushes the overland in ahead? The man in the tower.

There are really four towers, but Tower No. 1 does most of the work, for "everything comes his way." He stands in a glass house overlooking the long peninsula, and not a train may get by without his permission. He has the time table of the road at his fingers'ends—he knows Overland, Way and Local, he knows the habits of shunting engines, and the tricks and manners of every last "empty"—when the coaches must go to the stable to be groomed, when the engines go to the coal yard to be fed, when they drink at the tank, and when they go to bed at the round house. He knows when they are late and when they are on time, and he plays with them as if they were tin soldiers. Always the same old game, though, with the same movements day after day, week after week, and year after year, save for changes in the schedule.

He can start them and stop them, but he couldn't

Looking east from Tower No. 1: The Oakland Local coming in under the "home" signal

make the trains collide if he wanted to, though the engineers were struck deaf, dumb and blind. The tracks on the mole are not built that way. It is a wonderfully conscientious system of levers and signals and electricity and pneumatic tubes, and it is called the Interlocking Block System.

You have seen the engineer hanging out of the cab just before the train pulls out of the train house. He is watching for the "pot signal," a little dumpy stand at the right side of the track about a hundred feet beyond the house. After the conductor has pushed a button to warn the man in the tower and signaled to the engineer, that pot signal winks at him to go ahead, and all down the stretch are finger posts that drop for him to go ahead, or rise to stop him. As the train rushes on semaphone arms fly up and guard the train from behind—it is as plain as a series of signal boards, when you know how.

There are four main tracks on the mole, numbers 1 and 3 for incoming and numbers 2 and 4 for outgoing trains. There are twelve tracks in the train house on the pier that are regularly occupied as berths for the different trains connecting with the ferry. For every train coming over the mole there is, therefore, a specified route, which it follows on its way out or in. It is these routes that are cleared by the man in the tower, when the bell announces its approach. To do this he must manipulate a series of cranks on a table in his room, setting the combination of switches by means of the upper row, and setting the semaphone signals by means of the lower row of handles.

Setting the switches for any given route, however, includes beside the actual track to be traversed the switches leading in from other lines, so that the track is protected from any danger from trains that might run in on that route. Until all this is done the lever that sets the signal will not operate, and the train cannot proceed. Nor can the switches be changed until the train is out of the way, the interlocking system requiring a journey down into the cellar of the tower in order to change the switches if the train is en route.

Signal Man in Tower No. 1: Showing operating levers and model of the tracks and switches

These operations apply only to the signals set from the tower. Between Towers No. 1 and 2, there is an "automatic section," where the train does its own work, by means of the "Block System." This part of the road is divided into sections, marked by automatic semaphone signals. As soon as the train passes, a red danger and a blue "caution" or "distance" signal fly up. As soon as the next post is reached this danger signal drops; at the second post the "caution" arm drops, thus preserving an empty section behind each train and in the rear of that, a section where the blue arm signals, "go ahead cautiously and under control, expecting a danger signal at the next block."

Coming in to the station, the main "home" signals, set from the tower, are displayed upon the bridge over the tracks. The right-hand post governing Track No. 1 and the left-hand Track No. 3. The top arm in each case

"Home" signals on the bridge
A. Signal for main-line trains via Livermore, Niles and San Jose, coming in to berths 5 and 6. B. For same trains coming into berths 7 and 8. C. Alameda Local. D. Oakland Local via Seventh street. E. Main-line Overland trains coming into berths 5 and 6. F. Same coming into berths 7 and 8. G. Berkeley Local H and I. Automatic signals protecting outgoing trains

The Berkeley Local, with its signal set to "go ahead cautiously"

is a guide to the extreme right-hand track and so in order according to the berths in which the trains are due.

All signals set from the tower are held by gravity at their normal position of "danger," requiring a controllable force to permit a train to pass. Any failure of wires or machinery is thus bound to protect the train, and the possibility of accident through damage to the signal system is impossible.

Looking west from Tower No. 1: The Oakland "empty" coming out of berth 10

Queen Victoria has aged rapidly of late, and is said to have lost much of the queenly dignity that once characterized her appearance. She drove through Hyde Park recently on her way to Buckingham Palace, and the change in her looks was so great that much comment was occasioned. She was somberly dressed in the dullest black, and apparently took little interest in her surroundings. She was accompanied by the Empress Frederick, who was also gowned in black, looking very severe. The Empress' hair is nearly white, and she looks much as her mother did ten years ago.

At the beginning of the hard times three years ago, D. O. Mills took the initiative in New York in reducing rents, and this without waiting for his tenants to make application. He announced a general reduction of 10 per cent., and as a result the Mills building retains most of its old tenants, despite the fact that it is surrounded by newer and more modern structures.

The property of Prince Borghese, adjoining the gardens of the Vatican, has been purchased by the Pope, the assent of the Government having been secured. It is believed that the purchase indicates a policy of gradually acquiring land until the sea is reached, and a Papal seaport secured on the Mediterranean, thus solving some features of the Roman question.

The Oakland Local waiting for the pot-signal to pull out

## THE "BOMBARDMENT"

### How a San Francisco Essayist Made a Little Go a Long Way.

I arrived in Crete the day after the bombarament. Many things had happened, but everything was then over. I cursed the quarantine officers who had delayed the steamer, and set about collecting local color, for there was plenty of that left around—thank Heaven!

I salted down all my information and filled a small note book with the data. I made a bluff at a few sketches and betook myself home. I was no reporter, so it didn't much matter. I was only indulging in a little three months' fling at the Orient, and I wasn't much disappointed at not catching snap shots of the excitement.

I wrote it all up on the way across the Atlantic, and had it in shape by the time I reached New York—about three thousand words that everybody said was "good stuff." It seemed to me that it was "timely," too, and I sent it off with postage enclosed to Harper's Monthly. It came back, of course—they always do—and I had made a try at the Century and several of the half-tone monthlies, but it was always marked "down." I had some good letters introducing me to the editors, and I got personal replies, but by the time I reached San Francisco I gave the thing up and put it away.

After I had been home a month or so, a friend invited me to a meeting of the 'Chit-Chat" Club, and I was very much impressed. There was more intellectuality to the square inch of waistcoat than I had thought possible in this town. It was rather heavy, but it was solid—there were bankers with libraries and merchants with microscopes, who encourage "local art"; they affected social questions, and had a blown-in-the-bottle culture that was almost convincing. I had to stand on tiptoe (so to speak) in order to keep up with the level of their statistics, but I must say I was flattered when they asked me to read my paper on the "Bombardment" at the next meeting.

There were many questions I couldn't answer after that reading. Good Heavens! how should I know about the armament of the fleet of the Powers? They had a long discussion over the embroglio, in which I was left carefully out of the question, but they gave me a vote of thanks, and would have had the essay printed if I hadn't objected.

The next day I met Leggett. Leggett is the wit of the "6:30" Club, and he wanted me to come around, for the 6:30's were to dine that night. So I went. The men there were all younger than the Chit-Chats, whom they guyed audibly. They were all coming men—men who hoped soon to arrive—and it seemed to be the club's office to corner the budding talent of the town. There was a bunch of "Overland Monthly" men who should have been in the Chit-Chat by this time, but still clung to the youngsters.

I was unanimously elected a member of the 6:30—the Lord knows why, perhaps because my name begins with "S" and they had got down to the "Rs" in the round of papers delivered each month. At any rate, I found I had to read something of my own at the next meeting. I didn't say anything about the Chit-Chat paper, but I had no time to do anything else, so I read the "Bombardment." They are rare wags at the 6:30. Telegraph boys came in with messages from hypothetical publishers at each course bidding for the manuscript (they eat a 75-cent dinner at the Poodle Dog), and they chaffed me every time I tried to put in a flourish that wasn't written down. Each man, in his order, gave his critique of the essay, and it was very generously damned. I went home and threw the manuscript in the trunk and thought it was played out. Not much.

Next week Wednesday I received a note in a slashing chirography from a lady who "really must insist upon my reading the charming paper that I had recently written before the Century Club, as they had set the subject for that week 'Athens and the Athenians'—and they must have it." I wrote her there was nothing about Athens in the article, and that I was engaged for Thursday. She telephoned me that "Crete would do perfectly, and I simply must come because the arrangements had been made."

So I stood up and read my paper—I was the only man in the room, and they lorgnetted me without mercy. I was told afterwards that the lady who had invited me had been blackballed four times, and when she had finally been elected she had sworn to get even with the club. But they stood it breathlessly, and the next week they had as bad a paper on "Household Art."

I had begun to think myself quite a literatteur by this time—everybody spoke of my "Bombardment," and I couldn't go to a mauve tea without being introduced as its author.

I read it next at the Geographical Society, sandwiched in between Dr. Harkness' "Paleolithic Theories" and David Starr Jordan on "Retrograde Movements of the Common Arab." I was the only one who didn't have lantern-slides, and the audience of six women and two men filled the Academy of Sciences with their yawns.

Well, I read the "Bombardment" at the Sketch Club next, at the earnest solicitation of the President, who instructed the audience when to applaud—they had the shades down and lighted the studio with brass candlesticks and marigolds. The manuscript was about worn out by this time, but I knew the thing by heart, and fully believed I had been in Canea at the time of the shelling. One more reading, and I felt I should have met every woman worth knowing in town. So when the Fortnightly sent for me I had already acquired a manner, and I did the impressing myself, instead of submitting to the operation. There was a wild striving for intellectuality written on the faces of the Fortnightlies. All of them had written papers themselves—papers crammed with measurements and distances that took hours to look up. It was an off day on account of a protracted Maeterlink recitation the week before, and all the Vassar girls were absent. There was a rarefied lemonade with wafers passed around after I had performed, and the talk relapsed into the discussion of engagements. An engagement in the Fortnightly is an event, for wildly intellectual girls don't marry till quite late in life.

I read the paper at Miss Head's school next, and my fame was confided to the tender mercies of a coming generation. I read it in the assembly hall at Berkeley. I read it in the private salon of Mrs. Beebe, a woman of gush and giggle, who entertains local celebrities on Sunday afternoons.

I am growing old now, but I am still the author of the "Bombardment." I have made my name and I intend to keep it. I have been offered a six months' subscription to the "Overland" for its publication in that magazine, but I know a good thing when I have it, and there are yet clubs in town. For we have begun the revival of culture in San Francisco and have already promised to become a "centre." JULIAN STURGIS.

## IN YELLOW ROBES

### A Priest Who Has Come From India to Preach Buddhism.

At the Congress of Religions held in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, no speaker awakened more interest than the Buddhist priest H. Dharmapala, who had come from Calcutta to take part in the symposium. He was one of the most picturesque of the members of that Congress, and the attraction of his personality was strongly felt by all. One of the results of that Congress—which was the most important, if not the only attempt ever made to bring together representatives of the faiths of the civilized world — was the formation of the Maha-Bodhi Society, of which this Buddhist scholar was made General Secretary. The object of the League is to encourage a sympathetic exchange of thought between Buddhists and Christians, and to further the ethical development of the followers of both religions. It is strictly altruistic in motive, international and unsectarian in character, and its membership is open to all, without distinction of creed or color.

THE ANAGARIKA H. DHARMAPALA
Who has been lecturing on Buddhism in this city
Thors, photo

Mr. Dharmapala is a member of the Buddhist Order of Anagarikas, the initiates of which have given up their lives to the advancement of humanity, and are allowed neither to possess funds nor accept personal remuneration of any kind for their services. They wear the flowing robe of lemon, yellow and orange as badge of the Brotherhood, and spend their lives in an unselfish attempt to further the progress of their fellow men.

Mr. Dharmapala has been for some time in San Francisco, having made this second visit for the purpose of making a study of the trend of religious thought and tendency in Western civilization. He has given many lectures in the city, having spoken under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Forum and Sketch Clubs, and the Philosophical Union at Berkeley. He is now on his way to Boston, and will lecture at Cambridge to the students and faculty of Harvard University. After staying several months in the United States, Mr. Dharmapala will return to India by way of China, where he will investigate the conditions of development as he has here, in order to keep in touch with the movements making for the advance of the spiritual and moral side of civilization, and that affiliation of religions that is the chief end of his society.

The American Branch of the Maha-Bodhi, which is in fellowship with the Indian division at Calcutta, has for its especial field of work that of securing a better mutual understanding between Christians and Buddhists, not only by the publication of appropriate literature, but also by creating just such opportunities as the Anagarika Dharmapala is now enjoying, for Eastern Buddhists to pursue courses of studies in Western Universities whence they may be enabled to take back to their various homes the advantages of modern science and the lessons that Christianity can teach them.

The work of the parent society is concerned chiefly with the conservation of the sacred places in India made famous in the history of Buddhism.

In this endeavor Mr. Dharmapala has played a very important part, being instrumental in regaining to his order the sacred temple of Buddha, at Budda Gaya, about two hundred miles from Calcutta. This edifice, built twenty-two hundred years ago, has been for seven centuries in possession of the Brahmins, who have not allowed entry to Buddhists, nor the privilege of worshiping at the shrine of their Buddha. The temple is the most sacred in India, and is the Mecca or the Jerusalem of devout followers of Gautama. Mr. Dharmapala succeeded not only in entering the holy of holies, but installed therein an image of Buddha, by which symbol he took possession in the name of his order. He was ousted, however, but the dispute between Buddhism and Brahminism was carried to the Indian Courts of Justice, and it became a cause celebre—with the result that the British government took possession, and the Buddhists were assigned as guardians of the temple where they now worship.

The Buddhist faith differs from every other religion of the civilized world in its conception of both God and man. To the followers of Gautama Buddha, the holy master, the idea of a Divine Power over, above and through all things is not a moving impulse in life, and speculations upon the First Cause and the Supreme Being have no part in their philosophy. The individual is not, as in Brahminism, for instance, a part of the Divine Spirit; there is, properly speaking, no such thing as the individual, as there is no such thing in itself as force. Things and beings are regarded as compounds of their qualities, much as the wind does not blow, but is the blowing of the air. One existence follows from another, drawing its circumstance of environment from the law of Karma; there is no such thing as a permanent individuality — it is like the flame that leaps from one candle to another, and in the effort to keep one's self separate lies the cause of suffering.

The Western civilization seems to Mr. Dharmapala to be ripe for the regenerating influence of the Occidental altruism. Theosophy, the so-called Esoteric Buddhism, is, he says, more strictly Brahminism — that part of the faith that has been kept from the masses by the Brahmin caste. The failure he sees in Christianity is in the subservance of good works to creeds. The discussion of the unknowable is, according to his teachings, a vain waste of energy, if not a cause of suffering. To live nobly and purely, and by that training to attain the consciousness of self and the rules of being is the one thing needful.

The ruling of Archbishop Kain concerning marriages of Catholics to Protestants has caused much agitation in St. Louis society. The law set down by the prelate is that no Catholic may be married to a Protestant except in the parlor of the parish priest's rectory and by the priest of the parish at that. Catholics refusing to comply with this rule are to be excommunicated, together with their bridesmaids and groomsmen, if of the Catholic faith. The aristocracy of St. Louis is largely Catholic, and this decree has proven most objectionable. It is said Archbishop Kain has been made to feel that he has committed an error of judgment. In a recent case in which he had refused to relieve the parties of this onerous rule, Archbishop Martinelli, the Papal Legate, was appealed to by the family of the bride, and in response the prelate, whose word is decisive as word from Rome itself, warmly advised Archbishop Kain, as an elder brother of the Church, not to enforce his mandate.

Ellen Terry, whose absence from recent casts at the London Lyceum has occasioned comment, has not quarreled with Henry Irving, nor does she intend to retire from the stage. She says she is becoming tired of learning new parts, especially exacting ones, and on this account she rebelled when Sir Henry proposed to put on "Mme. Sans Gene." Although the fair Ellen does not intend to give up the stage, she intimates that retirement is preferable to hard work.

Julius Von Payer, the Australian explorer, says it is quite possible that the South Pole is inhabited. He says that since traces of life have been found near the North Pole, it is quite possible to find them also at the other end of the earth. Herr von Payer is going to head an expedition that will set out this year for the Antarctic region.

SACRED TEMPLE AT BUDDHA GHAYA
Restored to the Buddhists through the influence of H Dharmapala

*LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE AFFILIATED COLLEGES BUILDING*

Photo by Taber

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

One of our local Portias the other law-and-motion day crossed her forensic sword with that of a gentleman well known at the bar not less for his brilliant legal attainments than for his gallantry to the sex. Portia was arguing a demurrer, and became very irrelevant in her remarks. Suavely her opponent interrupted her. "Madam, if it is permissible to interrupt a lady—" She turned fiercely upon him: "I am a counselor at law and an officer of this court as much as you are, Mr. Blank. When I come here I want you to forget that I am a woman and treat me as a lawyer." "Well, Madam," he answered, "I hope, for the sake of your home, that you are a better woman than you are a lawyer."

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Judge Ferrall and W. W. Foote were trying a Chinese murder case on opposing sides the other day before Judge Troutt in Department 8. Both of these gentlemen have warlike words in plenty, and are verbally aggressive to the last point of exasperation, though neither was ever known under any circumstances to step into the ring. They had a Roman holiday with each other, called names and glared at one another until the jury shrank before the fury of these men of war. Then Judge Troutt took a hand. "There seems to the Court," said he, "to be considerable feeling between counsel, and there is apparently a serious misunderstanding, which might as well be settled now, so that hereafter we may proceed peacefully. If counsel will agree I will have the Court Room cleared and the doors locked. The bailiff shall second Judge Ferrall and the clerk perform the same office for Mr. Foote. The Court will act as Referee and the jury shall see fair play. There will be no danger of contempt, but the Court wants it fully understood that this is to a finish, and the doors will not be opened until one of the gentlemen is 'out.' What do you say?" For the rest of that trial there was peace.

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When Joe Redding was in practice here a ranchman sought his office with a case. Joe was not in, and the client, after waiting an hour, became impatient, and loudly declared that he would take his business elsewhere. At that moment the office telephone rang up to say that Joe was at the San Francisco Law Library in the New City Hall. The office boy was "onto his job," so he told the client to come with him, and he would take him to Mr. Redding's uptown office; so he led him to the Law Library, where Joe was deeply engaged in telling Frank Deering the latest bon mot from Bohemia. On the arrival of the rancher Joe sat down with him at a table. "Great heavens, Mr. Redding," said the client gazing around at the 36,000 volumes that surrounded them, "are these books all yours?" "Yes," replied Joe, and then, with a sigh of weariness, "and I have read each one of them nine times!" He got the case.

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There is a general impression in mining circles that the next great field for mining operations is to be in Mexico, whose resources have hardly begun to be exploited. At present, however, the development is slow, owing to the inaccessibility of the mines and imperfect railway facilities. Thus far the large commercial interests in Mexico have been controlled by German firms, whose mercantile houses have dealt in the agricultural products rather than the mineral resources of the country. Quite recently, however, a very important firm in Mazatlan—Wooter, Barking & Co.—have enlarged their field of operations by purchasing ores. The firm assays the samples, pays a good price for the rock brought in, and then ships to the nearest smelter. The house is backed by an enormous capital, and by establishing branches in the mining districts, has been enabled to handle large quantities of ore with corresponding profits.

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The chances for good investments in Mexican mining properties has been looked into very carefully of late by several San Francisco operators. An interesting example of the value of thorough investigation was recently given in the experience of four young Americans, who associated themselves with a California-born Mexican named Flores, to open the Rosalia mine in Sinaloa, and adjoining the claim that made the great Bradbury fortune. Three months operations under the superintendence of an acute Mexican gave no indications of any value of the worth of the mine, and the work was suspended. The superintendent then negotiated for a lease of the property to work on his own account, and his proposition was accepted. He was apparently no more successful than the former owners, and at the end of the stipulated time he offered to buy the mine at a price which cleared $2,000 in Mexican silver for each of the five owners. This seemed an easy way out of the matter, and the owners transferred their holding to the Mexican, confident that the vein was not worth working. The next day the new owners began operations with an intelligence that had been lacking before the deal, and $50,000 worth of ore was hustled out of the hole in less than three weeks. The swindled owners brought suit in the courts for recovery of the property, but as possession is considerably more than nine points of Mexican law, they were finally glad to compromise for a bonus of $2,500 apiece. The astute Mexican is still digging gold out of the vein.

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Apropos of the lucky stroke mentioned in these columns some time ago, of Messrs. Murdock and Emerick with their "Norwegian mine." The deal was a chance venture and remarkably successful. The Tuttletown mining district had been long regarded as played out, and the town itself was a deserted village. The mine was no better than a hole in the ground, and the wiseacres of the environment were full of congratulations for the lucky fellow who had sold the claim for $20,000 cash down. But the luck of the twain at once manifested itself. Three weeks after they had begun operations they struck ore, and since they have taken out about $100 per day, with every prospect of keeping up this output indefinitely. They have been offered $150,000 for the property.

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Murdock and Emerick, encouraged by their success, have organized a series of new companies, backed by their friends—for the most part club and army men. The association has five grub-stake prospectors exploring Tuolumne county in their interests, looking up profitable locations, and four or five mines have already been bonded for operations. Their system is to organize a separate company for every mine that is opened, and interest their associates in the various schemes of development. Among their acquisitions is the Grizzly, which in olden days produced $27,000 a week. It has been abandoned for some time, owing to a disastrous fire that burned the inside timbering, not because of the giving out of the ore. This mine, too, has been purchased and capitalized at $100,000, and it is expected to repeat the success of the Norwegian, and the Tarantula mine, which Sir Bache Cunard, recently purchased on the advice of Joseph Redidng. Here a rich strike has been made with abundant prospects of further developments.

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In the gigantic two-column bouquet that the "Examiner" threw at itself in its issue of last Thursday there was not that card which usually accompanies floral testimonials and gives the tip anent the donor of the compliment. The cause of the increase of the "Examiner's" circulation, announced by its headline and allegorical illustration, can scarcely be attributed to its Sacramento exposure, however satisfactory to the public that news may have been. It goes without saying that the Carson exhibition was the true reason of the big jump, and, from a newspaper point of view, there is no reason why the "Examiner" should not advertise the credit it deserves. Whatever may be thought of the moral effect upon the community of the broadcast sowing of pugilistic information, it cannot be denied that the way in which the exclusive privileges were obtained and used by the allied journals was an excellent stroke of policy. The newspapers of the whole country were simply locked out of the affair. It was the biggest corner in news that has ever been made, rising far above the altitude of the ordinary "scoop." I am told that James Corbett himself proposed the deal, and Chamberlain of the "Journal" took it up at once. Both pugilists received $2,000 for their services, so they had no cause to regret the bargain. The province of modern journalism is now two-fold—to get the news and to prevent others from getting it. The "new journalism" has here-

tofore contented itself with the first mentioned attempt. It is safe to predict that the big dailies will go into the other departments, too, after this revolution in methods, and blockade their opponents whenever it is possible.

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It cannot truly be said that California will mourn its first Code Commission. I cannot remember any body appointed with more fanfaronade that has made so poor a record. If ever a community needed its code revised, it is this State of ours, for the laws are a jumble, and procedure is not only lame, but gagged. It is to be hoped that the next commission will conceive itself selected for some other purpose than drawing its salary, and will really attempt to make straight the way of our courts. I am told Governor Budd contemplates selecting Assemblyman Caminetti and Senator Bridgeford, of Colusa, as two members of the Board. The third, a Republican, has not yet been designated.

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A curious and most alarming complication threatens the administration of justice in San Francisco. It is provided in the constitution that every criminal must be tried within sixty days from the date of holding, which means that his case must be called and his trial begun in the Superior Court two months after he has been committed by a police judge or arraigned by the Grand Jury. Considering the volume of causes, this rule is more honored in the breach than the observance, though its existence is recognized by calling all causes in court within the stipulated time, the defendant waiving, at the District Attorney's request, his statutory right to a speedy inquisition. In a recent case, however—that of the People vs. Buckley—three members of the Supreme Court upheld the theory that this right of a defendant to a trial within sixty days being a constitutional right, could not be waived. In that cause the question was not directly raised, but it is absolutely before the Court in the case of Ex-Parte Olsen. Should it be decided that the rule is absolutely operative, it means a veritable jail delivery, inasmuch as all those whose trial has been delayed past the statutory period must at once be released. It also means an increase in the force of the District Attorney's office, inasmuch as there will have to be a deputy in attendance on each of the eight criminal courts. In that way alone can the rule be complied with.

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Though the Governor denies any desire to succeed himself, there are not wanting signs that he is bursting with political ambition. On no other basis is his relation with Boss Rainey explicable. That crafty manipulator is proceeding with the executive on the same basis that he handled Superintendent Daggett. He is promising him innumerable rewards in return for immediate patronage, playing on his vanity with the skill of a master hand. It was presumed some time ago that the real wish of the Governor's heart was to be Senator; indeed, he calculated that the Populists would have a balance of power in the last Legislature, and that no selection would be made. However, Mr. Perkins was successful, and that leaves him Steve White as a competitor. Now the Governor and Steve are old friends, and it would never do for them to fight each other. For this difficulty the astute Rainey has found a solution, however. He proposes that White shall take the Democratic nomination for Governor, leaving the senatorial field open for the Stockton statesman. Of course this is a charming arrangement, though it does leave out of the problem the Senator's personal volition and elides the fact that White has several times refused to be Budd's predecessor. However, it was because of this project that Major Harney was elevated to the Water Front and that Mr. Bohen was converted into a Port Warden. In both instances Rainey will be the immediate beneficiary, though the Governor be jubilant with the prospects which the boss has enkindled within him.

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Apropos of Rainey, I learn with pleasure that his relations with the Supervisors are somewhat strained. Not content with the amount of patronage which his personal following has already derived from the Board, he has presumed to negotiate for them with the corporations on a basis which is so advantageous for him that there is little left for them. Indeed, he acts on the assumption that half of what is gathered belongs to him, calculated on the basis that he is really fifty per cent. gross of the Board. Just at present the transaction seems to be hanging fire—the Supervisors declining to accept what he tenders, and the result may be interesting to the public. It appears, however, that the end is in sight, inasmuch as certain of Rainey's "push" have been ignominiously turned down by the Supervisors, who have proceeded to place their own friends in the places of his favorites. Indeed, between Supervisor Devaney, one of the obedient, and the Boss there has come an open rupture.

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The Cosmos Club is now comfortably installed in its new quarters. It has converted the former domicile of the young ladies' seminary into a very admirable club house, provided with innumerable beautiful rooms for billiards, cards, receptions and every other purpose, together with abundant sleeping apartments well lighted and equipped with all the luxuries of life. Indeed, not even the Pacific-Union or the University is fitted up with a better eye to the comfort of its members. I am inclined to think the step will result in a large increase in membership. The cuisine of the Cosmos is, by the way, in the hands of a Japanese, and the members swear by the chef, whom they declare better than any other cook in town. The waiters are also subjects of the Mikado, who make silent, solicitous and obedient servitors. The institution was appropriately dedicated to club purposes with a dinner and reception on Saturday night last, and though the rain poured and the wind roared the attendance was large and jolly. After dinner there was a musical programme, with Frank Lincoln, Frank Ooffin and several quartettes to assist in the entertainment. There was also an excellent punch brewed from the recipe of the club's President, which would have won the suffrages of Father Mathew himself.

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Several of "les Jeunes" of this city have recently been decorated with the "Order of the Roaring Lion"—the latest fad of the younger literary and artistic set in New York. The only tangible thing about the Order is the pin— a gold (colored) lion rampant, which is affected by those in the lark. This society, the object of which is the cause of much discussion among its members, is spreading like wildfire in the metropolis, and has jumped the wide continent to find a new resting place in San Francisco. The New York "Sun" has the following to say of the freak society:

"A new literary society, formed recently, already numbers among its members several well-known writers. The club has its headquarters in the publishing district on Fifth avenue, and one of the unique features of the organization is the fact that its members have decided to wear badges. The club is called "The Society of the Roaring Lion," and the badge is a small gold lion, standing on his hind legs, and plainly indicating that he refuses to be hunted by anybody without a struggle. The club has been formed only a short time, and nothing interests its members so much at present as the new pin, which is already worn by several men who are well known in the records of American literature."

Among the New York members prominent in the frolic are Tudor Jenks, Carolyn Wells, H. S. Kimball, Bliss Carman, Richard Hovey, and Oliver Hereford, and they are plying the New York and Boston papers with the alleged proceedings of the society. A branch of the Roaring Lions is surely needed in California. We rely upon "les Jeunes" to proselyte for the cause.

BOSWELL JR.

## IN THE RAIN

### Laying the Cornerstone of the Affiliated Colleges Building.

A few hundred persons only had the courage to brave the storm of last Saturday and attend the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Affiliated Colleges of the University of California. What should have been a dignified and impressive spectacle, was robbed of the greater part of its outward interest by the unpleasant drizzle which soaked the participants, and bedraggled the decorations.

The event, however, was an important one—the consummation of two years effort to provide for a fitting location for the Colleges of Law and Medicine—and the success which has been achieved is principally due to the work of Dr. R. Beverly Cole, and Regent J. B. Reinstein.

The buildings which are now in process of erection stand in almost the geographical center of the County of San Francisco, south of the Park. The site was presented the University by ex-Mayor Adolph Sutro, and the edifice will house a welcome addition to the family of colleges, and one that will greatly increase the prestige of the State University. Such a building has been long needed, and at its completion the Berkeley colleges, the Hopkins Institute of Art, and the Mount Hamilton observatory will form a group of educational buildings second to none in the country.

The corner stone was laid with Masonic rites under the direction of William T. Lucas, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of California, assisted by Dr. Cole. Beneath the stone, in a copper box, were enclosed documents pertaining to the history of the University, photographs, the daily papers, and other customary mementos.

Addresses were made by President Kellogg, of the University of California; Lieutenant-Governor Jeter, Mayor Phelan, ex-Mayor Sutro, Arthur Rodgers, and Dr. R. Beverly Cole, and the opening prayer was given by the Right Reverend William F. Nichols.

The University band and a group of enthusiastic students did their best to enliven the occasion, and after the ceremony the speakers and invited guests adjourned to one of the mason's sheds and attempted to forget the discomforts of the weather.

California oranges have had an exceptionally large sale in London during the past two months. They have obtained from 12 to 16 shillings per box, and the low freight rate of 1 shilling per box from New York has had the effect of bringing the fruit within reach of the poorer classes.

*MME. FOEDOR*
*PRIMA DONNA OF THE FRENCH OPERA CO.*
Thors, photo

*HENRI ALBERS*
*AS HE APPEARS IN THE OPERA OF "HAMLET TO BE PRODUCED AT THE CALIFORNIA NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT*
Marceau, photo

*MLLE. DE BIASI*
*PREMIER DANSEUSE OF THE FRENCH OPERA CO*
Thors, photo

*MR. HENRY LEE*

*WHO HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE "LIGHTNING-CHANGE" SPECIALTY, IN SOME OF HIS IMPERSONATIONS*

Photos by Marceau

## A MODERN PROTEUS

### Behind the Scenes While Henry Lee is Working at High Pressure.

Now I have played the madcap in this town with the best of you—I have gone a-larking, and made some talk, perhaps, but I intend to work seriously hereafter. And so, since Mr. Henry Lee has made such a success of "Great Men, Past and Present," why not, I thought, let him add Future, too, and propitiate him toward my future fame? So I set myself to make a friend of him, and with what modesty I could muster, I presented him with my photograph. He promised very gayly — this is one reason why I write him down hereafter a gentleman. And the rest of the work is for me to do. I have now, only to become famous. But to interview him! That is more difficult. One should himself be an artist, a gentleman, and a scholar, to appreciate him. For here is the great Archer of the London "World" who is to be eclipsed—Clement Scott, too, of the "Telegraph," and Bernard Shaw and Moye Thomas I looked at their notices in English papers—one, two, and three pages long—what can I do in fifteen hundred words, and so much verbiage gone for wastrel already! But as I look over his eulogies in these journals and at the miserable half-tone illustrations of the "Budget," of "Black and White," and of the "Sketch," and the others, I find a keyhole through which to escape from my dilemma. And the keyhole is in the dressing-room of Henry Lee. So I will look in, where no reporter has been allowed before.

For my rivals have all been in the audience with the Royal Family, who buzzed comments upon the accurate disposition of his jewels and orders—with Rudyard Kipling, who bounced with laughter at his own parody and insisted upon being introduced. They have said all that is necessary upon the cleverness and the art of his impersonations, of the wit of his lines, and the agreeable way in which they are rendered. I might say all that and more, with honesty, but you have seen him yourself and applauded, no doubt. But I have looked through the keyhole. I have been behind the scenes — the first reporter to be so honored—I have made friends with Tyras, the Royal Dane, kin to Prince Bismark's own hound, I have handled his decoration; so listen while I tell you.

It is an artist that I would introduce to you—the most interesting visitor of the week, to wit, Mr. Henry Lee. An artist, then, and to that, a gentleman and a scholar. Surely a remarkable combination of attributes to be found upon the vaudeville stage! But as the terms artist and gentleman have been usurped by the barber and the idler, and since to be a scholar is but an old-fashioned recommendation to the careless public, let me add that Mr. Lee is a fiend on detail, an enthusiastic collector, and a bit of a martinet.

I went early. I was there at seven o'clock, but I was a quarter of an hour too late! The work had commenced. Mr. Lee goes on at 9:20. It takes, then, two and a half hours preparation for a twenty-eight minute turn! There was a long and narrow dressing-room fitted up behind the Orpheum stage, where three men and a girl were busily engaged in making ready. There was a high counter, twenty-five feet long, laid out with all manner of wigs, costumes and properties; there was a row of chairs, grotesque with shirts and trousers; there was a little procession of shoes on the floor; there was an orderly series of grease-paints in front of the mirror — one, two, three, four — in an exact arrangement. It was as formal as an old maid's top bureau drawer. Did I not tell you he was a martinet?

Have you ever seen the old caricature of the king and his clothes? Here, in one sketch, is the empty costume, and there is a pitifully naked man. The question is, as Gibson would put it, "Where is the king?" So, here were Dickens, Gladstone and the Prince of Wales in their outward seeming; yet it was no Madame Tassaud show that was being prepared. Mr. Lee was the king — whether dressed or undressed, as he stood, stripped to tights and sleeveless jersey—big and brawny and muscular, like a prize-fighter ready for a mill. And no pugilist does more work than does Mr. Lee in his whirlwind

Henry Lee ready for the first round in an artistic struggle against time

rounds. There is no call of time for him to regain his wind—his seconds, instead of fanning and sponging him, fall violently upon him four to one, and man-handle him to within an inch of his life. Fancy changing into a Kipling in forty-five seconds! I shall think myself lucky if I do it in forty-five years.

Mr. Lee strolled in with Tyras and a monocle at eight o'clock. He usually gives himself two hours for preparation for the struggle, and after a noonday meal eats nothing until his act is over. He stripped to tights, for each character involves a complete change, and then he passed along the line, testing every costume, examining hooks and buttons to see that all was right, and that not a split-second should be lost. Here was the German Emperor's cuirass, with the orders on its breast. I turned them over—fac similes to the last letter. Even the ribbons had been made to order, and the insignia had been copied in Paris with absurd exactitude. Here was the Emperor's sword, made by the court armorer in Berlin, the duplicate of Kaiser Wilhelm's own. Here was the Prince of Wales' Order of the Garter; one might shuffle this counterfeit with the original and fail to pick out the Royal collar. Here was Dickens' shirt-front and cravat, slavishly copied from his painting. Here were the tops of the heads of celebrities of every nation, padded and painted to the life. There were only the brains missing. But could Bismark's brain accomplish the imitation of Thackery? No—Henry Lee does better to use his own!

The three valets and the sewing-girl were classifying and arranging as in a museum, while Mr. Lee was below getting up steam. For, once the show is on, nothing can stop him. His men may put Bismark's trousers on backside before, as they did in the Palace Theatre in London; they may "madly squeeze a right hand foot into a left hand shoe," as they did once with the Dickens costume, but a little profanity, a little pure Kipling, though he be dressed as Shakespere, is all that happens. I have heard bachelors use more emphatic-remarks over the behavior of a collar-button, than he when a second's delay shortened his life perceptibly, for the quick-change artist's life is not a very happy one—one spends vitality by the double handful—one's pulse jumps to 108; and snatching a child from the track in front of a rushing locomotive is a leisurely occupation compared to the exigencies of the case of Mr. Henry Lee.

You should see the genial, senile old Pope duck and run as the drop falls, and his robes and beads fly the range of the room. You should see two men attack his vestments and seemingly attempt to flay him alive; you should see the trousers set at his feet, and the violent leap upward that clothes his legs and fastens the buttons with a single movement; the wild flicker of the towel rubbing out a Thackery, and the slash and sweep of the gestures that paint Gladstone upon a canvas of Lee. With a flip the waistcoat envelops him and is buckled behind, his wig is on with a jab, the jaw drops, the door opens to him, the orchestra has struck up an old Norwegian melody, and Ibsen has begun his address with these clever lines by Malcolm Watson:

> "If I intrude, don't scruple to say so, and I will take my balked individuality elsewhere. Some people I know object to my presence, but that only proves their want of taste. In my own country they call me the Master. Here they call me other names far less agreeable. I preach the gospel of heredity, the doctrine of living out one's own life in a suburban villa or bijou residence. I have also founded a school of Ibsenity which is not at all the sort of thing you mean. My plays are enigmas which I don't profess to understand myself. At the present moment I am writing a drama on the subject of——; but I forget — I never reveal my plots beforehand. Between you and me, they are so vague I couldn't even if I wished to!"

GELETT BURGESS.

"Making-up" for Shakespere with the aid of three men and a few Kipling exclamations

A new remedy for lovesicknes was discovered in Paris last month by a French sailor named Lineau. He suffered the pangs of an unrequited affection for two months, but, as his melancholy grew blacker every day, he resolved to terminate his unendurable existence by the pendalum method. Now, the only rope that M. Lineau possessed was of doubtful strength, and to make assurance doubly sure he decided to hang himself over the Seine, so that in case the cord failed the water might complete the suicide. He embarked and rowed to the Pont d'Arcole, to which he fastened one end of the rope, the other end he looped around his own neck, and kicked the skiff from under his feet. The test confirmed his suspicions of the strength of the rope — he fell into the river, and in a fit of absent-mindedhess, swam to the shore. After he had dried his garments and had warmed himself, he made his way home and discovered that the experience had left him heart-whole and fancy-free.

Americans who intend visiting London during the coming jubilee festivities, should engage their rooms at hotels at least a couple of months in advance. There is every indication that the English capital will be thronged with visitors, and accommodations of all sorts are likely to be scarce. A good plan, probably the very best, is to engage apartments with private families, and to include breakfast in the arrangement. It will be found more convenient and less expensive as well to dine and lunch wherever one happens to be during the day. All this will be found to be the most comfortable method of visiting London, as it will eliminate entirely the inconvenience and annoyance of over-crowded hotels.

Jean-Francois de Gravelet, once known as Blondin, the wire-walker of Niagara Falls, has recently died, leaving a fortune of $350,000. Some years ago he erected at Kensal-Green the mausoleum where he now rests, the marble stele of which is ornamented with a bas-relief depicting his most famous feat. All the acrobats of London marched in the funeral procession, which included a carriage in which, upon a velvet cushion, rested two coils of rope—the last used by the celebrated equilibrist.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Is there aught of interest to confide in you, my dear Diary, this week? Well, perhaps the time has not halted too long or it may be that I am becoming accustomed to the enforced quietude of Lent. On Friday the Misses Taylor invited Leila and me to a luncheon at the 'Varsity Club, and we had a capital time. The table was like the very spirit of spring, all decked in gorgeous "golden cups," as the Indians call eschscholtzias. All the girls wore new spring frocks, and hats that were veritable flower gardens. The menu was not in the least "Lenten," and even the holy Leila enjoyed herself. Then I have been paying up my "left over" calls. There were so many dinner and tea calls to make during the season that I was obliged to confine myself to those and neglect some of the friends, of whom I am really fond, but who do not entertain. I asked Leila to accompany me, but she declined in her most chilling fashion, remarking with a gesture of extreme disdain that "no one pays calls in Lent, my child; have you not learned that yet?" "Ah, well, I shall originate the fashion," I replied. "You won't find any one at home; no one dreams of keeping her day in Lent," she returned icily.

However, I set forth on Monday, and found a perfect bevy of maids and matrons wherever I wondered bent on fulfilling their social obligations. I dropped in to see Mrs. W. E. Dean; all we girls do, she is so great a favorite with the young people. But she is quite ill—has been laid up with a distressing attack of bronchitis, but is no on the road to recovery. By the way, I met Ella Morgan, who told me she goes East next week to remain away all the summer, and anticipates a delightful visit. Mrs. Homer King goes also, and will remain until the schools close, when she will return with her girls. I hear that Romie Wallace intends going back with Mrs. Sprague, who has now three children, including little Isabel Donahue. The very latest fad is swimming. Quite a number of the girls go swimming every Monday and Thursday morning at the Lurline Baths, and are becoming adepts. It is quite "the proper caper," as Arthur would say. They all agree that they can enjoy their summer ocean swimming much better if they become accustomed to "still" water bathing. Then, every afternoon, we go to the riding school, and frequently take to the "road." The Thursday musical rides gain in popularity, and the hall is literally packed with people. I prefer riding to cycling, perhaps because I think so many women look charming on horseback, whereas I have yet to see one who appears to advantage on a wheel. Still, cycling seems one of the favored forms of exercise, and several parties of young people take matutinal rides to the Park and Cliff daily. Marie Voorhies, Florence Ives and Mrs. Wildman are among the most enthusiastic wheelwomen, and leave home before eight o'clock. I wish I had their pluck, but a warm couch has its fascinations in the early morning, and by the time I have persuaded myself of the desirability of early rising the greater part of the morning has passed away, and the next day I have to begin anew.

I am so distressed about poor Frances Curry. Last year we were all miserable about Eloise Davis' accident, and now it is poor Frances. You know, a party of us went to the theater the other evening and afterwards had a "collation" at the Palace Grill. We all were in excellent spirits, and when we came to the hill near the Currys' house some one proposed running down. Accordingly we started off, and poor Frances tripped, fell, split the bone of her nose and knocked out her two front teeth. Did you ever hear of anything more shocking! Had it been an arm or leg it would not have mattered nearly so much, but Frances' teeth were one of her most attractive features. She has suffered so, and not even the myriads of flowers she has been deluged with can console her. I went to see Aileen Goad yesterday to hear all about the wedding. She is the happiest girl, and full of her plans for the future. Genevieve is to be the sole bridesmaid, and only seventy-five guests have been invited to the wedding, which is to take place next Wednesday at five o'clock. They have taken a house in Sausalito for the summer.

I went again to the opera last night with papa and Arthur. It was to me the most enjoyable affair of the season. I am particularly fond of the music of "Aida," and Mme. Feodor was at her best in the part. The audience was most enthusiastic, and applaude vociferously. There was even less attempt at dressing than usual. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller looked well in a black and white striped costume with a dove gray opera cape trimmed with chiffon. The Crockers had their usual party, the L. L. Bakers, Hellmans and all the original subscribers were there en masse. We seemed to have planted ourselves in the midst of the French colony, for I heard nothing but ejaculations in that language on all sides. The Dubedats were quite close, and seemed most interested. I am in love with Albers, the baritone; he is such a magnificent-looking man, with a voice that would have given pleasure to Orpheus. But there is mamma's step in the passage, so I must quickly put out my candle and fly to bed. What should I do without the supply of candles that I providentially laid in in the beginning of the season? Like Bunner's stories, all my diary is written by cavelight. Good-bye. From your own

MISS CRICKET.

The arrival of the C. P. Huntingtons is always a social event, and their installation in their beautiful home on California street gives an appearance of life to the Hill, which nowadays, alas, is sadly deserted. Though they are not given to extensive entertaining, except, of course, Mr. Huntington's big dinner to the employes of the company, there is always a crowd of charming people at the house. Mrs. Huntington surrounds herself with bright men and women, who, during her stay, find her drawing room a charming place to spend an evening. She is much interested in music and literature, and in

MOLLIE THOMPSON
THE NEW SOUBRETTE AT MOROSCO'S

a quiet and unostentatious way has assisted in the education of several young musicians, who are beginning to make great reputations for themselves. The Huntingtons talk of stopping here until July, though those who look forward to their visits invariably find them cut short by demands for the presence of the President of the Southern Pacific in New York.

Except for building operations, which are under tremendous headway, there is little happening at Burlingame at the moment. Joseph D. Grant, who believes in keeping the instituion moving one way or the other, and who makes a most energetic President, is quietly organizing an open-air Horse Show, which is to be given under the auspices of the Show Association. The idea is to have quite an elaborate affair, and instead of utilizing the flat, as before, to set it near the club house on the hill. This is a capital idea, and surely there is enough interest in horse at San Mateo to carry it through with a rush. There was a good run at Burlingame on Saturday last and quite a number of people followed the hounds over a pretty rough course, which E. D. Beylard had laid out. There are but a few more runs now until the end of the season, but the pursuit has become one of the institutions of Burlingame and vies with polo in popularity. The last run of the season will be an event, and will probably be followed by a supper and ball. We have been accustomed to declare that past seasons have been gay at Burlingame, but the prospects for the sumer of '97 are far ahead of its predecesors. Colonel Crocker assumes ownership of the Howard mansion in June. The Crocketts, Wilsons and Carolans will be in their new homes about the middle of the same month. The Kruttsnichts' villa will be finished early in July. Mrs. Carolan is now in Chicago purchasing furniture and fittings for her new home, which I believe will be inaugurated with fitting ceremonies.

That very popular charity, the Children's Hospital, is to be further assited, and there is talk of a grand entertainment to be given some time in May by its lady managers. A good deal of originality is shown in preparing the affairs of this institution, and we are promised something out of the way on this occasion.

Announcement has been made of the wedding of Miss Mattie Whittier, daughter of W. F. Whittier, and Mr. William B. Wier of New York, which is to take place at the residence of the bride's father on April 21st. Also of the marriage of Miss Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Bent, which will be celebrated in the Unitarian Church on June 2nd. Afterwards a reception will be given by Mrs. Henry Gibbons, corner of Geary and Post streets.

* *

In Oakland all the girls are busily discussing their plans for the Bal Masque. I hear it was originated by two Berkeley maidens, who did not see why all pleasures should cease at the advent of Lent. The cotillion set is wild about it, especially the younger element. No fancy dresses are to be worn, but dominoes of every hue of the rainbow.

Some of the maidens are planning to exchange dominoes two or three times during the evening, so as to completely delude their friends. Others are preparing swell silk and satin ones, to obtain all the advantages possible out of the garb. While others who advocate simplicity will be contented with satine or silesia. Driving and coaching parties are to be the fashionable form of diversion this summer. The Pringles, Moores and Howards are all planning drives either to their ranches or into some pleasant part of the surrounding country.

There was a decided dearth of entertainment during the past week, a few luncheons and dinners being the sole attempt at enlivening the monotony of the Lenten season. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Howard gave an informal musicale in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague of Boston. They were assisted in receiving by Miss Howard and Mrs. Baker. Among the soloists of the evening were Mrs. Carroll Nicholson Madam Peck, Mrs. A. A. Dewy, Mr. Frank Coffin and Mr. Rickard.

There was also a pretty luncheon given by Mrs. George C. Perkins in honor of Miss Sheehan of Sacramento, who is at present on a visit to Oakland. The table was daintily decked with spring blossoms. Among the guests were Mrs. John F. Conners and Miss Della Mills.

The "dinner" club of Oakland bids fair to become an institution. It is composed principally of young married people, who vie with one another over the success of their repasts. It is particularly popular with the husbands, on whom, between times, original dishes are practiced. Some of these dinners are veritable "feasts of Antolycus," and in another field would confer distinction on the giver. Last week Mrs. Will Magee entertained the club at a smart little repast. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Long, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magee and Mr. and Mrs. George McNear were among those who were invited. An equally enjoyable affair was the luncheon given by Mrs. Frank M. Smith of Arbor Villa to the "Shore Acres" company on Wednesday afternoon. In Oakland Mrs. Smith is the sole society woman who entertains visitors of dramatic distinction, and invitations to her parties are eagerly sought. Her home is admirably adapted for hospitalities of all sorts and conditions. The house is large and perfect in its arrangement, and Mrs. Smith possesses the rare gift of entertaining without apparent effort.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

Georgia Cayvan will present a number of plays new to San Francisco and also her old success "Squire Kate."

"Aida" will be sung at the California Wednesday evening instead of "Les Huguenots" as first announced.

"Don Juan, ad lib.," has been so successful at the Tivoli that it bids fair to enjoy a prosperous run. It will be followed by a splendid production of Sir Jules Benedict's romantic Irish opera, "The Lily of Killarney."

The famous old English comedy, "Wild Oats," will be given at the Alcazar next week. The play was first produced in 1794 in London, and since then has been a general favorite. A feature of the production will be the quaint costumes of the end of the last century.

Otis Skinner will present his own play, "A Soldier of Fortune," in the second week of his Baldwin engagement. On Saturday the Immortal Bard has the boards. He produces "Romeo and Juliet" in the afternoon, and in the evening the double bill, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio."

The feature of "New Blood" at the Alcazar is the intensely dramatic death of George Osbourne as Courtland Crandall. It is one of the most thrilling and effective bits of work ever seen in this city, and receives immediate and enthusiastic recognition. Hugo Toland and Adele Belgarde are well up in their parts, and the remainder of the unusually long cast acquit themselves creditably.

The opera at the California this evening will be "La Juive," its final presentation. Next week is the last of the opera season. The company will give "William Tell" Monday night and on Friday "Hamlet" will be produced for the first time in this city. "Carmen" is down for the Saturday matinee, with the beautiful Pascal as the bewitching cigarerro. The farewell performance Saturday evening will be a notable one, and will include the operas "I Pagliacci," "La Navarraise," a scene from "La Favorita" and a specially arranged ballet.

Miss Mollie Thompson, who will appear as Chickey in "The Stowaway" at Morosco's next week, is a clever young woman with a record of many successes. She is a capable soubrette, and has been featured in Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" and Canary and Lederer's "Passing Show," and some years ago came to this coast as the star of "A Pair of Jacks" company. Miss Thompson is the daughter of John Thompson, the comedian, who was a partner of Billy Emerson in this city during the palmy days of minstrelsy.

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## THE THEATRES

### A War-Drama at the Columbia—The Strange Ways of Playwrights.

I saw Maggie Moore in one of the boxes of the Columbia last Monday night—Maggie, who in the palmy days of the old California Theater was the idol of every San Franciscan—Maggie, of the sweet and sympathetic voice—dainty, clever, winsome, hoidenish Maggie, who had captured the heart of every lad in town. Time has dealt kindly with her, but a score more of years, even though gentle in their treatment, play the very mischief with the graceful lines of youth, and our Maggie has not escaped the penalties that time inflicts. She was enthusiastic in her applause over the drama "For Fair Virginia," and well she might be, for a very even and clever company of players was telling a stirring and interesting little romance of Southern life during war times in a most creditable manner. It was a matter of some speculation with me as to who Mr. and Mrs. Whytal might be, and I confess to some apprehension as to the play, for have we not had war plays ad nauseam ever since the days of "Held by the Enemy"? and why should we expect Mr. Whytal, who was coming here so very unostentatiously, to be as good, or better, than the rest? Doubts were dispelled, however, and I think the house was quite as agreeably surprised on Monday night as was I.

Mr. Whytal is distinctly on the right track. He has caught the idea of giving a local atmosphere to his productions, and has succeeded in it, too. It was apparent that the mind guiding the stage arrangement Monday night knew the value of a "curtain" at the right moment, but the Columbia's curtain man was in need of a rehearsal on the opening night. The day is coming, I imagine, when every company of merit will carry its own curtain man; seconds count for much in such a matter with a carefully constructed modern drama. They have some sweet singing of old negro melodies in "For Fair Virginia"—never obtrusively on the stage, but always behind the scenes in the distance, and once with a warm, semi-tropic sunset scene that gradually shaded off into moonlight before your eyes. The play, which is Mr. Whytal's own handiwork, is pregnant with human interest and dramatic incident. It is neither stereotyped nor commonplace, but plainly evidences good, honest, original thought, cleverly handled. It avoids the rant and tricks of the melodrama, for the high colors do not become vivid, but rather soften off into the quieter shades of naturalness. The Columbia's boards have not held a better play or a more evenly balanced company since—since when?—well, for many a day.

There is to Mrs. Whytal a something suggestive of Kathryn Kidder. She has, like that actress, a wholesome, honest face and manner that rather appeal to me. Like Kathryn, she is unaffected, natural, softly womanly, yet unobtrusively earnest. She made an admirable Yankee girl, and I am inclined to say that she, with Uncle Zeb (Mr. John Woodward), carried off the honors of the evening. Mr. Whytal himself undertook the thankless role of Laughlin, a very unlovely person, who was traitor to about everything but his rude and overmastering passion. He is an earnest, painstaking actor, and made much of his part, but I chance to know that the role of the young lover was originally his. Even in the absence of this knowledge I would naturally not have cast such a kindly-appearing individual for the villain. He has a face almost classical, and as he moved about the stage some old, forgotten face in history, some steel-engraving of long ago, kept obtruding itself upon me, but I cannot place it. These two young actors are strangers to the San Francisco audience, but if managerial judgment is good for anything we may expect them to return and be with us frequently. The company included a Miss Lottie Briscoe, who proved herself to be a very intelligent youngster. Miss Mabel Bert was also in the company. Apparently the audience did not recognize her, though once well known and quite a favorite in a small way. Perhaps the criticism that her performance was too cold for the character of a war-time Southern woman is well merited, but such criticisms after all mean nothing. It is nonsense to set up types and demand that the actor live up to them. We naturally attribute high spirit, hot tempers and the like to the Southern woman, but it would give one a wearisome feeling to go into the South if all of its young ladies were just as our critics would have Miss Bert be under the circumstances. A friend of mine, who read my criticism of Fanny Davenport in "Gismonda," seriously took me to task for not discovering that Fanny was "nothing like unto a Florentine Duchess." "Why," said he, "she is the British matron, not the graceful, sinuous Florentine." He confessed that in all his experience he had never met a "Florentine Duchess;" that he had never visited Florence. But he had set up an ideal, and proposed that the rest of the world, and Fanny Davenport in particular, should live up to it.

"For Fair Virginia" will run another week at the Columbia, and should draw crowded houses.

Have you ever observed when a playwright dips into the musty centuries past and gone for his dramatic inspiration that he never heeds or recks of anything except the opportunity to crowd dramatic incidents one upon another without regard for the most ordinary rules of human conduct, and without taking into account any consideration as to how a real, flesh-and-blood human being would act under the same circumstances? It seems to be a generally accepted idea that in getting back to knee breeches and the days of court plaster and the minuet, we must not expect naturalness. The characters must do just what the playwright's wildest fancies may suggest, and we must accept it. Clyde Fitch in "His Grace de Grammont" has made free use of the playwright's self-assumed license in this respect, for he compels de Grammont and Mistress Hamilton and Charles II., and all of that corrupt and licentious court, to do a world of things obviously unnatural and manifestly intended simply for the purpose of putting ginger into the play. In grand opera you will observe the tenors and bassos and baritones, who are just about to engage in bloody duels and combats to the death, valiantly draw their flashing blades and amble to the front as meek as lambs, and there in peaceful unison chant you a stirring chorus, as though to contradict the warlike tenor of the lines which proclaim them to be enemies. Or perhaps a chorus of villagers and yeomen huddle themselves into a private parlor and join in some reveling chorus, and then withdraw without a rebuke or excuse. Of course, such things will not bear analysis in opera any more than in "His Grace de Grammont." They are things impossible, and so we have come to class opera and romantic comedy dealing with other centuries as being much in the same category. We accept it accordingly and expect nothing of naturalness, and therefore never attempt to analyze them along any sane human line of action. I confess to but little affection for this style of drama. Pleasing it is, perhaps; it gives costumes and scenic opportunities galore, gives the actor license to rend the passions, to roar of vengeance, and to coo of love. But, bless you, we are getting beyond that in the drama.

Mr. Otis Skinner has around him a very acceptable company of players. There was not a faulty voice among them. The women were pleasant to look upon, charming of manner, and beautifully costumed. As much can hardly be said of the men. Skinner himself has manly graces on his side, and Mosley was a commanding figure as Charles II. The Lady Castlemain of Sarah Trua was a charming bit of acting. Her lines sparkled with telling epigrams, and she understands the value of inflection. What was Skinner's conception of the character? There was no character, and therefore could be no conception of it. The playwright had given him lines where he was to be the wooing, sighing lover; in another place he was to be the ordinary courtier; in still another, the swearing, ranting man of hates. Where he was to be the courtier, he was the courtier; where he was to woo and sigh, he wooed and sighed; and where he was to rant and roar, he ranted and roared; and that was all.

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## AIDA REVIEWED

### Recollections of the Local Productions of Verdi's Masterpiece.

The performance on Tuesday night by the French opera company of Verdi's "Aida," which is generally conceded to be the best production of the season, draws attention to the many times this opera has been admirably presented in San Francisco, and at the same time one is lead to apply the inevitable test of comparison with former presentations. That "Aida" should be so well done is due perhaps to the fact that it is not an opera which may be undertaken without more than ordinary preparation; in it the best efforts of an operatic organization are put forth, and if the result be a failure it is because of an actual inability upon the part of the company to cope with its manifold and exacting requirements. It may not be shunted off as "Trovatore" or "Traviata" on an "off night," with meager scenery and third-rate singers, and it is in consequence of the obstacles it presents to slipshod work that we have so often seen it given with rare excellence both as regards the singing and mise en scene. No work of equal seriousness can be repeated so often with surer success, nor is there one, saving perhaps "Cavalleria Rusticana," which is still a novelty, or "Faust," which every one likes, that can stand a continued run of five weeks, as "Aida" did at the Tivoli some years ago.

The chiefest and at the same time the surest claim the opera has upon us lies in the evenly adequate treatment of the various themes. The music has a distinctive character throughout, yet runs through so many channels with equal flow that one is not prepared to select a particular aria, or scene, or act, for special commendation. The valorous martial choruses; the impressive, semi-mystical, religious chants, the stormy passion of Amonasro's music, the cumulative ensembles of triumphal song; the rippling music of the Nile; the despair of Aida's Numi pieta; the anguish of Radames' Io son disonorato; the pathos of the final scene are severally and collectively so adequate, so satisfying, that the whole opera is dowered with a symmetry and beauty so certain that we must accept it as the highest development of the school to which it belongs.

To many older ears the strains of Verdi's Egyptian music recall memories of the first production of "Aida" at the Baldwin Theater in 1877. Clara Louise Kellogg sang "Aida," and Eleanor Carey was Amneris, than whom no one has rendered the dramatic role more exquisitely. Graff was the Radames, Verdi the Amonasro and Connelly the Ramphis. In the next presentation Carey shared first honors with Pantaleoni, a baritone of tremendous power. Marie Rose was the prima donna, and Charles Adams the Radames. Patti essayed "Aida" during her first visit to San Francisco, but the part was not musically conegnial, and she was not therein the peerless diva of "Trovatore," "Traviata" and "Semeramadi." In 1884 a fugitive troupe of singers known as the Milan Company dropped in upon us from Mexico, and opened in "Aida" at the old California Theater. An ungainly primo umo sang to us the "Celeste Aida," and carried the audience by storm.

It was Gianini whose singing of Radames was undoubtedly the best that has been heard here. The Aida was Damarini, Vilmant was Amonaso and Mestres Amneris. Gianini sang the part again with the Mapleson Company, when Mme. Furch-Madi was Aida, Steinbach Amneris and de Anna Amonasro. The American Opera Company gave the next "Aida," with Bertha Pierson, Marie Van Zanten, Candidus and Ludvig. As with all their productions, the mounting was magnificent and vastly superior to that of any other organization.

The Tivoli then put the opera on with an indifferent cast, and ran it f[illegible] weeks. A year or two later Nordi[illegible] heard as Aida, with Tamagno as [illegible]mes. Despite his fame, Tamagno's Radames, like Patti's Aida, was not faultless. He slighted the "Celeste Aida," but gave the "Vieni Meco" superbly. After this the Hess Company sang "Aida" at the Orpheum at 75, 50 and 25 cents. Guille was the Radames and Gutherie the Aida—undoubtedly the best I have heard. At every performance a repetition of the "Vieni Meco" was demanded, and I have heard the diminutive Guille sing the final phrase with his soaring note as many as four times. The Tavary Company followed after an interval of five years, and we then heard or rather saw the best dramatic interpretation of the role of Amneris in the hands of Dorre.

Quite recently the Tivoli gave the opera for a week, with Ida Valerga, a most conscientious artist, as Aida (alternating with Mme. Natali), Michaelina as Radames, de Vries as Amonaso, Holmes as Amneris and Abramoff as the priest. De Vries as Amonasro left nothing to be desired, particularly from a dramatic view point, his interpretation being the result of a tutelage under the composer himself.

And now we have heard and applauded Mmes. Foedor and Fremeau and Massart and Albers, who have just given such a complete and satisfactory performance that the memory of no other artists overshadows their conspicuous merit.

PORTER GARNETT.


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There is as much difference between "Don Juan" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as there is between the audiences attending both pieces. The Tivoli put on Nicolai's opera last week in an exceptionally pleasing manner, and it should have had a prosperous run, but it seems burlesque's the thing; and Nicolai and his pretty music, and Shakespeare and his wit must take themselves away and make room for the mirth and music of the clown, the cap and bells of the fool. The fault of this is with the people, not with the Tivoli; the management is not in the race for glory, but for something more substantial, and if the people won't accept "The Merry Wives" they must of necessity give them "Don Juan." The piece is put on very well, and contains a number of new and catchy songs and two very pretty ballets. Ferris Hartman as Muley brings in some new business, and makes a big hit with "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note." W. H. West makes a better Sambo than his predecessor in the role, and his new ditties take well. Laura Millard looks pretty and sings well as Haidee, and Elvia Crox Seabrooke is quite good as "Zoe."

It seems that our townsman, I. W. Taber, has attracted royal attention to himself in London, where he went recently to inaugurate the new bas-relief photograph idea. He has opened a gallery in the English metropolis, and has had the honor of picturing the Prince of Wales. Of course, this is a first-rate distinction, and will undoubtedly attract to the new gallery much aristocratic patronage. By the way, Taber's gallery has been fortunate to secure in Mr. Ross, chief operator, one of the most conspicuous operators in the United States. He is remarkably clever in obtaining effects of light and shade, in addition to a faculty at posing his subjects wherein lieth the art of the really brilliant operator. Before coming here he was with Falk of New York and Morrison of Chicago, and aided materially in making the reputations of both these names.


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## THE APRIL MAGAZINES

### Mark Twain's Place in Literature—Evolution of the Populist.

Like the fair sex, the magazines vary. From month to month, they oscillate in value and interest, the scale turning this April with "Harpers,'" in March with "The Century," in January with the "Cosmopolitan." It is difficult even with the immense resources at the command of the editors of the big monthlies to be clever the year through. Good topics grow more difficult to discover as the competition for available subjects increases. It is necessary to go far afield after matter. "Harpers'," for instance, is treating of Belgium, Mexico and South Africa, and devotes itself also to "our trade with South America." In the "Century" there is an entertaining article on "New Conditions in Central Africa," in which one encounters a number of really novel pictures. The "Cosmopolitan's" leading article is "Modern Greece," in which we are presented with some admirable views of roval and other families of the most conspicuous of European nations. The "Atlantic," however, keeps sedulously to America, and is giving us the best political material of the day. Its treatment of the great problems of our commonwealth is marked by real breadth and comprehension, and it has enlisted the service of such men as E. L. Godkin, who writes of the "Nominating System," and of Frederick J. Turner, whose contributions on "Dominant Forces in Western Life" is an attempt to trace the evolution of several great movements in American politics. The Populist, he says, is the American farmer who has kept in advance of the economic and social transformations that have overtaken those who remained behind. If we follow back the line of march of the Puritan farmer we shall see how responsive he has always been to "isms," and how persistently he has resisted encroachments on his ideals of individual opportunity and democracy. He is the prophet of the "higher law" in bleeding Kansas, before the Civil War. He is the Prohibitionist of Iowa and Wisconsin crying out against German customs as an invasion of his political ideals. He is the Granger of Wisconsin passing restrictive railroad legislation. He is the abolitionist, the millerite, the woman suffragist, the spiritualist, the adherent of Joseph Smith of Western New York.

"The Nominating System" is handled with the evenness and breadth of treatment which are the best characteristics of Mr. Godkin's manner. He traces the decline of dignity and the low tone of our politics to the usurpations of the Party Boss, who concentrates in himself the control of the election machinery and makes the office-holder tributary to him rather than responsible to his constituents. The situation is not hopeless, he believes—not more so, at least, than was the abolition of slavery or the reform of the civil service. To pass from politics to astronomy, Percival Lowell disabuses us of the lingering impression that there may be men in Mercury. Like Venus, that planet is a dead world—a body devoid of air, water and of vegetation. Charles Miner Thompson deals with Mark Twain, and pronounces him neither a great writer nor a great wit. His humor is "that of a shifting and evanescent semi-civilization, the humor of new men in new circumstances in a suddenly developing country, wherein the ups and downs of life, immensely exaggerated, both in speed and span, make a grotesque appeal to the sense of incongruity of a naturally humorous people." His greatness and prominence are attributed to his intense Americanism. Mark Twain is a typical American, who has thoroughly expressed the individuality of the nation.

The "Century" is given up to Grant, apropos of the approaching dedication of the tomb on the Riverside drive, New York. General Horace Porter's reminiscences of the great leader are very readable, but one turns with curiosity to Sherman's estimate of his superior officer, which is given in a letter to a friend. Even to him, Grant is a mystery, and he gives what he conceives is the philosophy of his life—"a simple faith that our country must go on, and by keeping up with the events of the day he must be right—for whatever is is right. He don't lead in one sense, and don't attempt to change natural results. Thus the world accounts him the typical man and therefore adores him." Among the documents which accompany these reminiscences of Grant are two of special interest to Californians. One is a reproduction of the photograph of the General at the Bonanza mines. It is a large group admirably reproduced, and in it are John Mackay, the late J. G. Fair and his wife, and Mrs. Gelette, together with General and Mrs. Grant and other members of the party, all togged out in the rough garments of miners. It seems that the original Grant letter, in which occurs the sentence, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," is here in San Francisco, the property of G. W. Grannis. It was addressed to General Halleck and preserved by him, falling into possession of Mr. Grannis at his death. The article on Thackeray in Weimar, with several capital drawings by the great novelist, and "The Days of Joan of Arc," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood are the most important literary features of the number.

One learns in John Bach McMaster's article on "Washington and the French Craze," in "Harpers'," how wise and careful an administrator was the first President. The announcement of a French republic naturally roused great joy throughout the new States, but when its representative arrived in the person of a citizen Genet to enlist the aid of America against England in the war that France had just then declared, Washington declined to depart from the rule of neutrality, and the popular clamor did not move him from this decision. I have commented previously on the excellent matter about Mexico, which Charles F. Lummis has written. In this number he gives us a really capital study of President Diaz, which, if it be rather more enthusiastic than proper in a discriminating critique, is charmingly personal and full of interesting details. Of this month's "Cosmopolitan" the feature is the first installment of H. G. Well's new story, "The War of the Worlds." It promises to be a wildly exciting tale, with Mars as an assailant bombarding the earth with great bombs laden with agents of destruction. Besides, there is also "The History of Lady Betty Stair" by that clever and amusing writer Molly Elliot Seawell. John Brishen Walker contributes the first of what should prove an important series of articles on "Modern College Education," in which he takes the ground that the teaching of the day fails to instruct men how to live to the best advantage to themselves; that it takes the essentials for granted and merely trains certain phases of the intellect instead of the mind and the body in the rules of life.

"Lippincotts'" has one of Captain Charles King's army stories for its piece de resistance, and follows up with its usual series of brief and reasonably entertaining articles. The "Bookman" presents an excellent number, and except for a certain Philistinism should be ranked as first among the literary monthlies. The article by Norman Hapgood on "The Reporter and Literature" is an excellent presentation of the much mooted distinction between journalese and prose, and defines with unusual accuracy the attitude of the world to the reporter. In the "Pocket Magazine" is an interesting though rather far-fetched tale by Robert Hitchens, the only really good story in the number. The problem he handles is curious—the kinship of two souls and the effort of a lover to win the heart of his inamorata by first captivating her friend—a disastrous experiment, as the consequence demonstrates.

## LIBRARY NOTES

From Robert W. Chambers comes a volume of verse entitled, "With the Band." It is divided into three parts, the first redolent of the military, the second entitled "Vagrant Verses" and the third "Moods." The rhymes of camp life are full of a pleasing jingle, and it is not difficult to hear the beat of the drum and the tramp of many feet while reading them. In the second part the prettiest piece is an "Egyptian Love Song," a very pleasing poem, full of passion and Oriental coloring. In "Moods," the third part of the book, the work is prose, dealing with love and death, souls and courage. (Stone & Kimball.)

"Grip," by John Strange Winter, ends appropriately, and therein lies its redeeming feature. It is a story of love and revenge, told in the first person by an egotistical Englishman. Various misfortunes, improbable and otherwise, occur to the different characters, many of which take place in a French prison. "Grip" is not much better nor much worse than the preceding novels of John Strange Winter—it has, at least, the virtue of being uniquely written. (Stone & Kimball.)

"The Fault of One," by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, is a tale of English life. It contains plenty of action and any amount of love, and will rank well with Miss Rowland's preceding works. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Zenobia and Other Poems," by G. H. Thornton, has been issued by the Griffith Publishing Company of this city. The little book contains a number of poems of all sorts and subjects, and of quality as varying.

"An American Nobleman," a tale of the Canaan wilderness, by William Armstrong, is one of Rand, McNally & Co.'s latest publications. The story is written in the Carolina dialect, and seems to be well told.

Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle has written a book, "The Madeira Islands," in which he describes the life, manners and customs of that colony in a very entertaining manner. (Drexel-Biddle & Bradley Co.)

"Literary Landmarks of Rome" (Harper & Brothers) is the latest addition to the series of "Literary Landmarks" which Lawrence Hutton has written for the Harpers. It describes the historic houses of ancient Rome, and also the residences of certain modern celebrities. The American authors of whom mention is made in this interesting volume are Cooper, Motley, Helen Hunt, Miss Olcott and Constance Fenimore Woolson.

"Beauty and Hygiene," which has just been gotten out by Harper & Brothers, is a treatise on the cultivation and preservation of physical beauty. It is claimed therein that beauty is not to be obtained from the use of nostrums, but may be cultivated by legitimate means. The most efficacious preparations are set forth here, and all manner of suggestions made as to the development of curves and the care of the complexion.

Julia Magruder's latest book, "Miss Ayr of Virginia," is adorned with covers of the most approved poster fashion. It comprises a number of short stories of varying interest and quality. The principal one, that of Miss Ayr herself, is the tale of a simple Southern girl who manages in her simple Southern way to outshine her fashionable New York cousins. A rather commonplace plot, but the denouement is certainly rather startling. (H. S. Stone & Co.)


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## WHY SHE MARRIED JACK

"Oh, you dear thing!" cried the girl in the empire jacket, as she stepped aboard the cars, "to think that I've only just heard of your marriage. I was away at the time, you know, and I just can't forgive you for not letting me know all about it."

"Well, you see, it was very sudden," said the young woman in the fur collarette, according to a writer in the Chicago "Times-Herald." "I only knew it myself forty-eight hours before it happened. You see, I had decided to be married in the spring, anyhow, but I liked Jack and Edgar equally well, and I just couldn't decide which—"

"Yes," said the girl in the empire jacket, breathlessly, "and how did you decide?"

"I put them both to a test," said the young woman in the fur collarette, "and Jack stood it."

"You didn't make them fight a duel, did you?"

"Mercy, no. That is away behind the times. I just took each of them for a walk and stopped before a milliner's window to—"

"You clever, original thing!"

"Yes—to admire the hats. I said to Edgar, 'I'm trying to decide which one of these suits me best. I've tried them all on and I can't decide. Give me your opinion.'"

"Yes, yes, don't stop; I'm dying to hear—"

"He pointed to one bearing a ticket which said 'Marked down to $1.49,' and said: 'That one, by all means; it would just suit the shape of your head!'"

"Oh, I see; a husband like that would tell you that you looked better in a calico frock than—"

"A silk? Exactly. I rejected him that day. The following afternoon Jack and I went for a walk."

"And stopped before the same window?"

"Mhm. Then Jack displayed his real nobility. He said: 'If I had anything to say to it, I'd select that one.' It was placarded 'The very latest, $22.' I knew I'd never find such a noble creature again, so I married him two days later!"

"And you were right, too. Of course, the first thing he did after you were married was to buy you that hat! How awfully romantic! Of course, you haven't worn it out in two months—you must let me see it when I come to call to-morrow!"

A queer look flashed over the bride's face, and she gasped: "Why, no, he didn't. I—I never once thought of that. Conductor, stop the car!"

"Why, where are you going?" asked the girl in the empire jacket.

"To Jack's office," said the bride, firmly. "I—we have an errand to do before I go home!"

Chicago Times-Herald.


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## THE DOLL EXPOSITION

### Waxen Damsels as Exemplars of Fashion's Decrees.

NEW YORK, March 24.—I went this afternoon to pay homage to all the dolls at the Waldorf. "Vogue" has organized the exhibition, and all the swellest tailors and dressmakers have exhibited their cleverest and daintiest work in dressing these marionettes. They compete for four

cash prizes, given by New York's most swagger women—one by Mrs. William C. Whitney, for the best dinner or ball gown; one by Mrs. Bradley Martin, for the best street dress; one by Mrs. Oelrichs for the best garden-party frock, and a fourth by Colonel Albert A. Pope, for the best bicycle suit. It was really a social event. Carriages blockaded the entire street, and told of some real attraction at the ball room entrance. This is the most famous of all New York's ball rooms, for it is here that the "four hundred give their cotillions; here that Mrs. Astor entertains her guests and here was the scene of Mrs. Bradley Martin's much talked-of fancy-dress ball. It is a room one hundred feet square, decorated most elaborately in the Louis XVI style. Today, upon entering, I scarcely recognized the surroundings. The decorations had wrought such a change. However, the familiar strains of the Tzigane orchestra struck my ear, and I recognized around me members of the smart set in its best bibs and tuckers. They so completely filled the room that it was well-nigh impossible to catch a glimpse of the hundred dolls; but as each little beauty in her smilax bower dawned upon my wondering eyes I marveled at the art which had so cleverly mimicked the people about me.

Occupying the entire main floor of the ball room were a hundred little pedestals,

each surmounted by a smilax arbor, under which stood a proud little lady some two feet high, gowned in every detail as a woman of fashion. There were blondes and brunettes, blue eyes and black; there were waxen hands most daintily gloved, and tiny feet most fastidiously shod. The lingerie, of web-like cambric most elaborately trimmed. Tiny satin corsets bound their little waists. The hair of each model was dressed in the latest fashion, and the hats worn with the street and garden costumes were, for the most part, creations by Youmans. Every variety of costume was represented. There were dolls in dreams of ball toilets, in reveries of garden gowns, in smart tailor suits and in graceful neglige. There were little gray-haired widows in deepest mourning, bicycle girls on perfect "machines," and dolls in riding habits with scarlet jackets, mounted on prancing steeds. Among so many stylish costumes it is difficult to make a choice. Let me see, the first doll that attracted my attention wore a black tailor-made gown, which, instead of being braided, was trimmed in waving lines with bias bands of the same material, and black satin forming very intricate patterns. The same effect was seen on the waist, the lower half of which was of satin and the upper part of the cloth. The blouse was open and faced with white satin, and had a very curious button, a cameo, on each of the small lapels. The front was draped with an Egyptian foulard handkerchief of bright red, turquoise blue and vivid green. A small turnover collar showed above the stock, faced with turquoise blue taffetas, the same silk being used for a girdle which fastened at the side with a little frill. Coming from under the lapels of the blouse was a sailor collar of linen crash, with a wide insertion of cream linenlace. The top of the sleeves was the most original part of the gown. They were caught across the top in a loop laid in two upward-turning plaits. This gives a broad effect without any fullness, which is most unusual and very chic.

A charming summer creation has an accordion plaited skirt of pale green India silk, trimmed near the bottom with

two rows of black French lace. The fullness of the plaits at the top is confined under a short, stiffened apron of the silk, which preserves the slim effect of the hips. The waist opens with lapels over a low glimpse of white silk muslin, above which is a high tucked yoke. Two bands of black ribbon velvet come to a point at back and front, and go high under the arms. Little loops of narrow black velvet finish the edge of the apron and of the bodice.

A striking bicycling costume made with a view to capturing Colonel Pope's prize, is calculated to win the hearts of all women cyclists. The skirt is specially designed for the bicycle, and is patented. Its chief feature is a double plait at the back, which falls over the saddle and gives the effect of a divided skirt without its disadvantages.

The doll show was such a success last year that a permanent organization has been formed to give a similar exhibition each spring. Its aim is to encourage artists to give up copying Paris and make New York the center of fashion. The competition is not confined to Gotham, but is open to all the tailors and dressmakers of the United States. Some of the choicest gowns were designed by Western firms. One of the two garden frocks designed by "Caroline" of Chicago has a fair chance of winning the prize, and a dinner gown from St. Paul attracts much attention.

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## RACING

### Two-Year-Old Races at Ingleside—Prospects of the California Derby.

But for the interesting character of the two-year-old events there has been little in the racing at Ingleside since last writing worthy of special mention. The weather has been cold, with some rain, and the attendance at the track has been lighter than for some time past. Several of the Eastern contingent have already retraced their steps to prepare for the coming season on the other side of the continent.

Among the two-year-old division Morello stock has appreciated considerably, and that he should have been cut off so early in his career at the stud is much to be regretted. He has left no doubt of his ability to produce fast and shapely youngsters, and if they get fair treatment one or two of them should certainly grow into race horses. The Burns & Waterhouse filly Recreation (Morello-Picnic) has shown speed and gameness on two occasions since last report, winning at half a mile in 49¾ seconds, and again in the Ullman Stakes on Saturday last at four and a half furlongs. In the former race Little T. G. went out in the lead, and for three-fourths of the distance kept from four to five lengths ahead of the field. A hundred yards from the winning post her bolt had been shot, and the Burns & Waterhouse filly, taking up the running, scored an easy win with four lengths to spare. The only other youngster in the race that made the least show was the Salvator filly Salmera, who finished up a length behind Little T. G.

In the Ullman Stakes the field consisted of Recreation, The Cheat, Sir William, Imperious, Aluminum, Outlay and San Carlos, all of these, with the exception of the last named, being above the average of the season. Recreation was chopped at the start, and The Cheat, getting out in front, showed a clean pair of heels to his opponents all the way till the final tussle, as the paddock was reached, where Recreation, getting up, struggled with him neck and neck, and with the help of Thorpe's determined riding, beat the Deceiver colt by a short head on the post. Six lengths behind came Sir William with Imperious, who had shown speed and was second to the middle of the stretch, a close up fourth.

On the previous day in a four-furlong race a disastrous start led to the leaving of the good colt Rey el Salto, in Baldwin's stable, and three others at the post. Morellito broke with the best of the start, but dropped back and left the running to be taken up by Barney Schreiber, who turned into the stretch with a lead of three lengths. From that point the former colt settled down to racing, and making up his ground eventually caught the judges' eye with a head to spare. The Islington colt Michael, who, by the way, was originally christened Mica, was one of the last away, but made a bold attempt and landed in third place within a length of the winner.

Monday furnished a two-year-old field full and brimming over, sixteen going to the post for the $350 four-furlong sprint. Of these six were sporting silk for the first time and of the remainder not one had previously been returned a winner. The start was a good one, Lord Marmion and Imperious getting out in front and making a race together to the head of the stretch, with Michael lying handily a length in the rear. Half a furlong from home the last named went to the front in comfortable style, and reached the winning post a couple of lengths in advance of Imperiout. Front de Boeuf was third, just beating Bliss Rucker, who had run creditably, by a head. Michael is a racy looking colt, and together with Niton, also by imp. Islington, is a credit to the brother of Isinglass.

On Tuesday the four and a half furlongs two-year-old race resulted in another victory for Morellito, who ran in the ruck the greater part of the journey, and just got his head in front of the Baldwin entry, Los Prietos, at the finish, Hermoso, who had shown in the van most of the way, having to be content with third place half a length in the rear.

On Monday last in the mile, purse $500, the class of horses was an improvement, as a whole, on those which have been meeting lately, though unfortunately a bad start, with Greyhurst, notoriously a troublesome brute at the barrier, left standing, marred the appearance of things considerably. Damien, 110 lbs, at once took the lead, with Schiller, 110 lbs, waiting on him into the stretch, where Good Times, 106 lbs, assumed second place, David, with the much heavier impost of 121 lbs, keeping handy throughout. Fairly straightened out for home, however, Damien was evidently the victor, and able to saunter home at his leisure, Good Times and David finishing behind him in the order named.

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To-day is to be celebrated at Ingleside the first California Derby, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, guaranteed value $5,000, $4,000 to the first, $500 to the second, $300 to the third and $200 to the fourth horse. Weight for age, maidens allowed 10 lbs. One mile and a quarter. Acceptances were due yesterday only, and are therefore not available for the purpose of these notes. Original entries numbered seventy-three, but in all likelihood not more than ten horse will be seen at the post. The following are expected to form the field:

E. J. Baldwin's b. c. Estaca.
C. T. Boots' b. c. The Roman.
Burns & Waterhouse's b. c. Candelaria.
Burns & Waterhouse's br. c. Caspar.
S. C. Hildreth's ch. c. Lincoln II.
H. Eugene Leigh's b. c. Good Times.
E. W. Purser's ch. f. Scarf Pin.
E. Ryan's br. c. Howard S.
*A. J. Stemler's b. f. Lumina.
*B. Schreiber's g. g. Greyhurst.
*Doubtful.

Of the foregoing Howard S. is perhaps most fancied by the public, as he has proved himself to be a high-class colt with a liking for a distance of ground, has recently been running in good form and has shown up well in his work during the last few days. He changed hands in the early part of the week, Edward Ryan being reported to have paid J. H. Shields $5,000 or $6,000 for the son of imp. Whistle Jacket. Another colt who has been earning good opinions recently is Charles Boots' The Roman, and it is not easy to gauge just how good he may be, as lately he has shown his ability to beat everything he has come across. Perhaps his best performance was on March 25, when he gave Lincoln II., a pretty reliable horse, 8 lbs in a mile race and won with comparative ease. The form of the Burns & Waterhouse pair is pretty well exposed, as is that of Scarf Pin, Good Times and Lincoln II., the two last mentioned being certainly held safe by more than one horse in the race. Estaca, Lumina and Greyhurst are the uncertain quantities that may have to be reckoned with in the game of chance, but as, on the other hand, it is quite possible that Howard S. and the Roman may be better than they have yet shown themselves, the honors seem to await their taking, and I should rely on the former to prove his right to be considered the best three-year-old in California.

---

Captain Coe, a capable English turf writer, recently made the following remarks:

"I shall watch the running of Mr. Lorrillard's horses this season with some interst, for I have my doubts as to the manner in which the system of training pursued by this prominent American owner will work out. Last year his horses could not be trained exclusively on American plans, for the simple reason that the means were not at hand; but last autumn a dirt track was completed, and upon this trials will be timed. This method did not pay Mr. Crocker last season, and none have yet forgotten the Eau Gallie fiasco. It was also said Americus was tried by the clock a certainty for the Jubilee Stakes. Possibly he was, but he did not run, and all we can do it to take it on trust."

Before the Lincoln Handicap the same authority wrote:

"Diakka, according to all Newmarket watchers, could not look or go better. I don't write this as though it were anything in his favor, for it has almost become a by-word that, if Newmarket is unanimous in favor of any horse sheltered in a home stable, then the best thing to do is lay aginst it."

---

For a very long period of years it was the aim of breeders of high-class horses for harness purposes in this country to raise animals that were free from any tendency to "pull up their knees," the idea being that such action was so much waste of both time and effort. But since the craze for speed, and speed alone, began to die out many enthusiastic horse-lovers have become inoculated with a fancy for the high-stepper, which was getting as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a hay stack. So catching has been this new taste that in the course of a very few years it has come to be the ambition of nearly every man or woman of fashion, with horsey proclivities, to possess animals with what the dealers call "flash action," so that breeders, dealers and others concerned now maintain that the most valuable quality a harness horse can possess is knee action, soundness, of course, being a sine qua non. The result is that all sorts of extravagances have held sway, and we hear of the "park fold" of the knee and other nonsensical and nauseating diction. The "park fold" in a horse is probably about equivalent in merit to the "Alexandra limp" in a woman. Again at the horse shows real merit has frequently been discounted by some flat-catching weed with showy action in front that would make him useless for any good, honest, practical service. Nothing is more desirable in a harness horse than fine, bold, true action well off the ground, when it is accompanied by the power to keep it going with undiminished elegance over a journey of fourteen to sixteen miles in the hour, but the mere ability to step high without getting away makes the subject only fit to be the servant of a Jew money-lender in Hyde Park or of some nameless feminine person, less chaste than chic, when airing her charms in the Bois de Boulogne. It will be a thousand pities if breeders are tempted to try and produce these extravagant goers, to the detriment of the genuine article, which is best exemplified in the good specimens of the hackney breed. No harness horse should go with a straight leg, and good knee action is indispensable. Its goodness, however, does not consist in the mere act of lifting, but in the style in which it is done, to judge of which needs education and experience, engrafted upon natural taste altogether out of the common.

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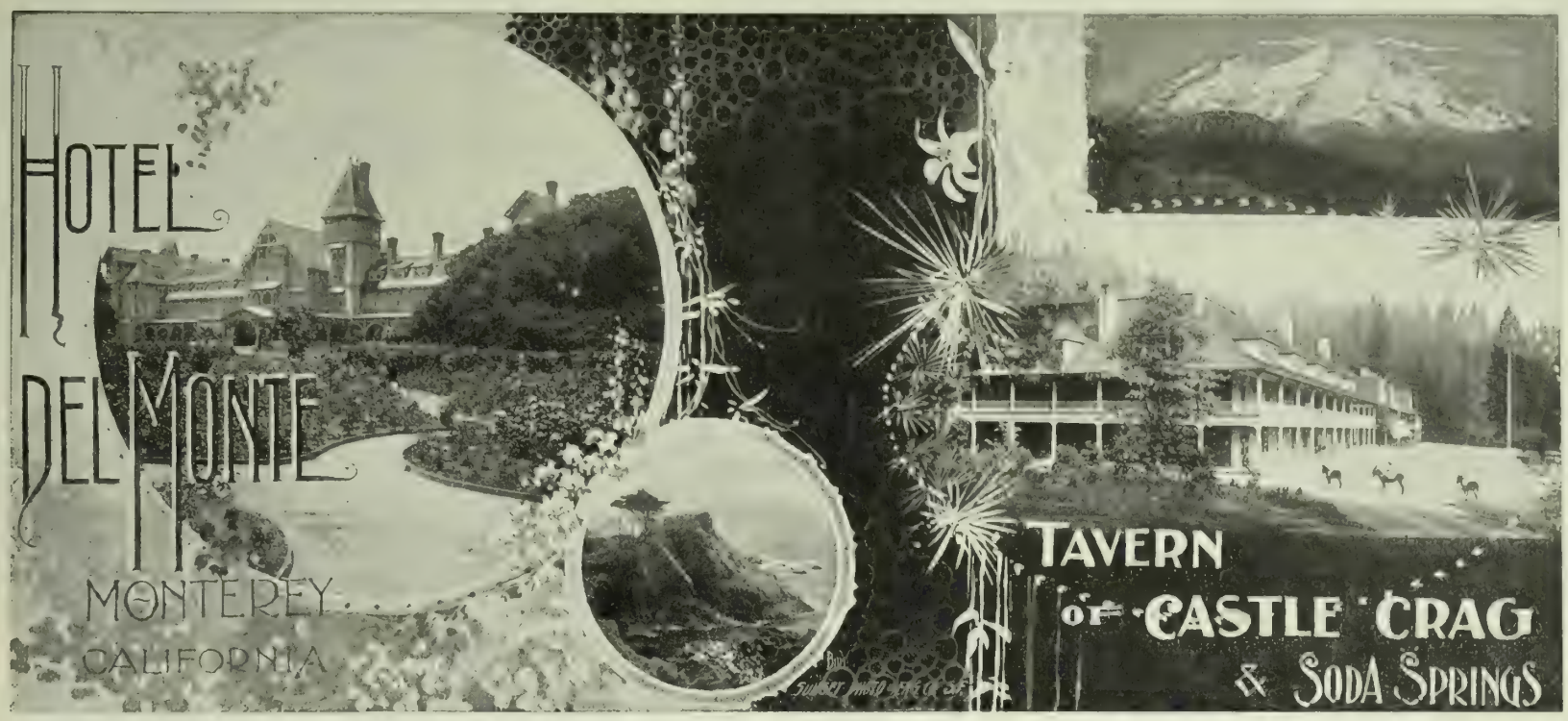
When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over. Address GEO. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

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Will take place in the Southern Metropolis April 20th, and continue five days. Unique day parade of Spanish caballeros, Chinese with their Great Dragon, Mexican vaqueros, etc. Beautiful electric night parade of California flowers. Great Water Carnival, Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers. Novel Street Carnival at night.

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To be held in San Francisco during the week commencing May 3d, promises to be the most brilliant festival ever witnessed in the west. Unique features never before introduced, and an unbroken succession of surprises and attractions. California's thrilling and romantic history since the days of '49 will be typified, and many novel creations will exemplify her marvelous industrial development. It is proposed to fix this event permanently in the Golden Gate Calendar.

The season for

### Summer Outings

Will soon be here. If your plans are not mature, and you desire more information about the many attractive retreats all over the State, send to the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company for circulars and folders describing the Camping and other Resorts of the grand Shasta Region, Castle Crags, Lake Tahoe, and neighboring attractions on the Sierra Summits, Yosemite and the Big Trees, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Lake County and Southern California. REDUCED RATES in many directions. Inquire of Southern Pacific Company agents.

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Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a.m. April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 and every fifth day thereafter.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

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BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 2d day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 54) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, San Francisco. Cal. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction: and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 27th day of April, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 37 and 38, third floor, Mills building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 55
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied March 4, 1897
Delinquent in office April 8, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, April 9, 1897
J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Storey Co., Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 111) of Ten Cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine st., San Francisco.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY, room No. 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 311 Pine street, San Francisco.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, and to all others concerned: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11, in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.
By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Three different waiters at a hotel asked a prim, precise little professor at dinner if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked the question, "Is it compulsory?" "No, sir," answered the waiter; "I think it's mock-turtle."

Henry Ward Beecher was bantering Bayard Taylor about his poetry in the presence of Eli Perkins. "I wish you would give up writing poetry and stick to lecturing and writing about your travels, Bayard," he said; "your poetry will never make you famous." "I would rather be a third class poet than a first class lecturer," said Taylor, indignantly. "Well," said Beecher, "you ought to be happy then—you're both!"

Miss Maud Powell, the violiniste, on one of her recent tours, sent her violin, a valuable instrument, by express, carefully packed in a stout wooden box, but when she came to claim it, it was missing. She described the appearance of the box to the official, and a sad and sympathetic look came over his face. He sighed and went away, and soon returned with the box held coffinwise, and said in a consoling way, "We had it on the ice!"

During a recent all-night sitting in Tasmania Assembly, Attorney-General Clark took off his boots, and dreamed in his socks on a bench, and Gill, M. H. A., snored heavily beside him. Someone called the chairman's attention to the situation, but he refused to interfere. "The remarks of the honorable member who is asleep," he said tartly, "are as much to the point as those of honorable member who unfortunately remains awake."

During the progress of the famous Beecher-Tilton trial, the celebrated preacher was reading the editorial comments in the "Sun." "I wish Dana would not say such severe things about me," he said. Eli Perkins, who was in the room, remarked that Mr. Dana had recently declared in a lecture that it was right and proper to publish in a newspaper anything the Lord permitted to happen. "Dana goes beyond the Lord," said Beecher. "He publishes things that the Lord didn't permit to happen."

A well-dressed, distinguished-looking gentleman entered the Treasury building in Washington the other day, and politely asked for Secretary Gage. "Can't see him," brusquely returned the private secretary. "He's busy and must not be disturbed," and he relapsed into profound thought, totally ignoring the caller. "May I trouble you to hand Mr. Gage my card when he is at leisure?" politely interrupted the visitor. "Certainly, sir," said the secretary, taking the card, but not looking at it. It occurred to him to do so shortly after the distinguished-looking caller had left, and he read the name, "Garrett A. Hobart." He relapsed once more into thought, and a neat note of explanation and apology was subsequently sent to the Vice-President.

When Colonel John Hay, the new Ambassador to England, was private secretary to Lincoln, a public man of some note acted rather offensively to the President, and he determined to write him a letter containing a piece of his mind. He told the President of his intention. "That's right," said Lincoln; "do so; give it to him; write out just what you think." Hay wrote the letter, brought it to the President, and read it aloud. From time to time Mr. Lincoln interrupted with "Good! Good! That fixes him!" Hay was delighted with the success of his scheme. "He will get the letter to-morrow morning," he said, when he finished; "we will see what he has to say in reply." "But," returned the President, "you don't intend to mail this letter? I wanted you to write it out, because it helps one to ease his feelings, but you must not think of sending it. You would only make the man mad without doing good to yourself or the administration." Of course the letter was never sent.

"I've heard a good deal about coercion," said the man with a heavy mustache and a big gold watch chain, as he leaned over the desk of a Washington hotel. "But it's my opinion that the public in general don't know what coercion is. Just wait till you get women in politics, then you'll find out something about it." "Have you ever had any experience with women in politics?" inquired the clerk. "Not with women in politics, but I've just had experience with a woman in business which shows how quick the sex is in recognizing an advantage and how heartless it can be in making use of it. I run a dime museum. One of my chief attractions is a bearded lady. About two weeks ago her husband came to me and said that she wanted some new costumes; that she was tired of trying to keep up appearances with her old ones. I just laughed at him, but he assured me that she was in earnest. I told him to tell his wife that we weren't paying her milliner's bills. He went away, and came back with the message that she wasn't going to be put off; that she wanted three new dresses, and that she wanted 'em made by the most expensive modiste in town. 'What'll she do if she doesn't get 'em?' I asked. 'She's awfully set in her own way,' he answered; 'I shouldn't be surprised if she resigned right off.' I laughed at him again and told him that I had a contract with her for the season, which it would cost her more to break than she could earn in six months." "That ought to have settled it," the clerk remarked. "It didn't, though. In less than ten minutes he came back to my office on a run. 'You've got to compromise, somehow,' he said. 'You've always been a friend of mine, and I don't want to see you get the worst of it.' 'She can't get around that contract,' I answered, beginning to feel a little apprehensive. 'She isn't going to try to. She says she'll stay her time out and appear every afternoon and night, as she agreed to. But when I left she had her things on, and you'll have to run if you want to catch her; by this time she's half way to the barber shop—she's going to get shaved!'"


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The California Derby, by Benedict — The Great Relay, Illustrated

# THE WAVE

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VOL XVI. No. 15 — SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10, 1897 — PRICE 10 CTS.

*HOW THE TOWN LOOKS FROM THE SPRECKELS CUPOLA*

A curios photograph of Market street, taken from a platform on the corner turret, 280 feet above the pavement, by E. W. Jensen

# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| The Bicycle Relay Race | 4 |
| The Red House: by Gelett Burgess | 5 |
| The California Derby: by Benedict | 6 |
| Race-Track Management | 6 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| An End to the "Lark"; by A. Jeune | 8 |
| The Pennsylvania Railway's President | 8 |
| An Eccentric Kaiser | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| Career of the Girl with the Diamond Tooth | 11 |
| Mrs. Atherton's Novel: a Review | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Racing: by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## A SPECTACULAR GOVERNOR.

The gubernatorial chair of this State has never before had its upholstery weighted down with such a tinseled, spectacular and altogether uncertain being as Mr. Budd. A kaleidoscope is not less fixed in its revolving effects than is the attitude of this chief magistrate of our public affairs. He shifts his opinion and changes his friends as frequently as he does his hotels in San Francisco, and perhaps for reasons quite as obvious. An examination of the legislative measures through which Mr. Budd has run the blue pencil of gubernatorial disapproval is interesting and instructive. He signed the bills which continued the salaries of the members of the State Bureau of Highways, but strangely enough vetoed all the legislation that authorized the Bureau to perform any work or accomplish any material good. He vetoed the claim of Jose Ramon Pico for some eight thousand dollars, which had received the approval of several Legislatures and which Pico declares the Governor had promised to sign. Yet he approved the claim of Dennis Jordan for sixty thousand dollars. Pico is a picturesque but broken-down veteran, who, during the early days of the rebellion, when wealthy and fired with patriotism, organized two companies of soldiers at his own expense and took them to the front to battle for the Union. Until poverty came upon him he never thought of making any request upon the State for the refunding of this money. Jordan is an ex-contractor with a claim having merit, doubtless, but not in any way superior to that of Pico's. As a member of the Board of Examiners, our Governor strongly and insistently advocated the notorious coyote scalp claims, concerning which there has latterly been so much scandal. He declared before the Board of Examiners that the State was bound in honor to pay these claims and that they were, in point of fact, judgments against the State; yet the bill which authorized the payment of these bounties was pocketed by the Governor. He approved the appropriation of one hundred and ten thousand dollars to the Mendocino Asylum, and that of fifty-six thousand dollars to the Preston School; yet he vetoed the appropriation of forty thousand dollars for the printing of the State series of public school books, and by this latter act has contributed to the delight of the book-ring that has for years been attempting to break down our admirable system of furnishing school books at bare cost. But this was not all. The Governor had a personal quarrel with the State Printer—a circumstance, by the way, that is calculated to bestow a clean bill of health upon the latter officer. To wreak his spite and hatred upon the Republican State Printer, who refused to permit a Democratic Governor to run his office and dictate his appointments, Mr. Budd closed down the whole establishment by vetoing the appropriation necessary to sustain the State Printing Office. This was a blow, not only to the public schools and to the State at large, but was damaging to labor as well, and turned many printers and book-binders out of employment. We do not deny to the Governor the right to quarrel with those whom he sees fit to place under the ban of his displeasure, but it is little short of criminal that he should be allowed to punish the State, disrupt its affairs and close our public institutions simply to work out his spite and malice towards a public officer.

## SHOULD JUDGES FILE DISSENTING OPINIONS?

For the second time within a brief space the Supreme Court of the United States has been hopelessly divided on a grave and far-reaching question of the law. The country has been given additional evidence that vagueness and uncertainty enter largely into our jurisprudence, and license has been granted to defeated litigants to question and doubt the wisdom of our courts. The law is not an exact science, but to the mind of the thoughtful layman it seems as inexplicable as it is unfortunate that it should not be exact enough to permit the Judges of our courts of last resort to at least approximate the harmonious in their conclusions. A division of a court, wherein the voice of one member operates to portion out a judgment favorable to the appellant or respondent, is neither a healthy nor a desirable thing. It tends to strip from the judiciary its impersonality and from the law its sacredness, the two chief attributes that give dignity to our courts and induce the defeated litigant to bow in silence to their decrees. A dissenting opinion, even though saturated with wisdom, subserves no good purpose in a court of last resort. Speaking from a point of view purely ethical, such dissenting opinion should be discouraged, if not prohibited. The law of the land is established when a court of last resort files its conclusions. The dissenting opinion of an associate judge or justice is merely a criticism leveled at established law, and is a mischief-breeding device which, even though not calculated so to do, tends to break down and destroy that abundant faith and confidence that should abide with the people. To whom is such a dissenting opinion directed? To whom does it make appeal? Surely to no higher power, for than our Supreme Court there is no higher tribunal.

The dissenting opinion is a legal document written by an associate justice to point out the weakness, the shortcomings, the inadequacy and the wrongfulness of the prevailing opinion of the court, which, notwithstanding the dissent, is the declared law of the land. The effect of such an opinion is to break down public confidence in the wisdom and justice, and perhaps in the integrity, of the associates of the dissenter. It is an appeal, as we have said, not to an appellate court which may reverse or modify the prevailing judgment, but it is directed to the bar and to the people at large. No man who will give the subject a moment's thought will deny that this practice has a tendency to encourage a disrespect for our judiciary and the judgment of our courts. It is upon the impersonal character of the judiciary and the approximate certainty of the law that much depends. A five to four decision, which is just as binding and quite as conclusive upon the litigant and public generally as a unanimous judgment of the court, is destructive, not only of certainty, but of impersonality. Such opinions are becoming to be regarded merely as the views of Jones, Smith, Black, White and Robinson, against the views of Green, Brown, Doe and Roe. Sixty millions of people are expected to bow their heads in unmurmuring submission to the decrees of our Federal Supreme Court, and for the well-being and for the reputation of that august body it would be infinitely better if dissent were signified simply by a line saying, "I dissent," or "Judge ——— does not participate in this opinion." If there is any justification for the dissenting opinion in our higher courts, we should like to hear it.

## THE NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY.

There are no more eloquent or insistent opponents of monopoly than our good friends of the daily press. One cries "Down with the Sugar Trust," another vents itself against the Whisky Trust, and still others against railroads, water companies and other unfortunate institutions, which have come under the ban of the editor's displeasure which it has proved profitable to abuse. And the people, dear trustful people, applaud these sonorous editorials and call-to-arms headlines of the newspaper, uttering praise by interview and letter for these "champions of the people's cause." It is a very happy combination our press has established. "Down with monopoly," shouts the daily paper. "Hurrah for the daily paper that is down on monopoly," shouts the mob. The paper's circulation booms and the proprietor cynically chuckles at this gullibility of his beloved fellow citizens.

While the different papers have their different monopolies to declaim against (and part of every working newspaper plant to-day is a rich and ripe monopoly to attack), they are all silent, unanimously so, on one of the greatest monopolies of the day, one that probably causes the American people quite as much suffering as any other—the newspaper monopoly. They keep it to themselves, these good friends of the people, that there is a little combine between all the daily papers of the land by which it is practically made impossible for competitors to come into the newspaper field.

No one newspaper can afford to gather the news of the world for itself. Hence arises necessity for association or alliance in the newsgetting business. Out of very small beginnings in this work have developed the great press associations composed of the newspapers now in existence. Thus it comes about that the newspapers that are hold in the hollows of their hands the fates of their communities as to newspaper competition. The newspapers of San Francisco can say whether they will permit a rival in the field or not. The Portland "Oregonian" has kept its great field to itself, notwithstanding its remarkable development, by holding the press facilities. Rivals have risen out of the ambitions of men opposed by the "Oregonian," out of the desire of the Democrats of Oregon for an organ, out of the felt need of Portland for a more progressive newspaper, but all have gone down, because the "Oregonian" held the press franchises, which are to-day a newspaper's breath and blood. If one man were rich enough to take to himself all the morning papers of San Francisco he could do this same thing, and give us as much or as little of a newspaper as he pleased. As it is if Mr. Fitch or Mr. Tevis or Mr. Crocker wished to start a new daily paper as a business scheme, he would find himself unable to secure a franchise for this city without the consent of the proprietors of the papers now established. And if he should attempt to make a newspaper without such press service he would be compelled to spend thousands of dollars for the same matter which costs his rivals but hundreds—a business plan which would hardly commend itself to any man of money. So it results that control of franchise carries with it a newspaper monopoly.

A few days ago Mr. Depew was interviewed as to the growth of trusts, monopolies and great industrial combines in the United States. He referred them all to the one cause—ability at first to secure a special rate over some railroad and ability in the end to compel special rates over all. This frank statement by such an authority is but an echo of the charge made last year by President Stickney of one of the great Western roads, and before that elaborately developed in Mr. Lloyd's book upon the growth of the Standard Oil Company. Along parallel lines, as we have seen, has come about the development of a newspaper monopoly. The business of the newspaper is to give news. If they can combine and own the machinery by which this news is gathered and sell solely to themselves they need have little to fear from the coming up of new papers.

The newspaper has simply grown with the times. Combination is the spirit of the day. It is so in all industries and in nearly all professions, even in the law. In the great cities of the East now there are but few small firms. The young lawyer no longer thinks of hanging out his own shingle. He enters the office of Smith, Jones, Thompson, Groves & Tompkins, and becomes one of forty clerks. And he is gray haired and fifty before his name becomes tail to a firm name. This same tendency in the law is showing itself in San Francisco.

Horace Greeley started the New York "Tribune" on a few cases of type and his own brains. He made a great paper. But let Horace Greeley attempt to start a newspaper in New York to-day—how long would it take him to find out that things are not now as they were in the forties. It may have been noticed that when a W. R. Hearst or a Joseph Pulitzer goes to New York now to engage in the newspaper business he doesn't start a paper of his own. He buys one already in existence, even though, like the "World" or the "Journal," it is a losing property. The franchises are valuable; indeed, they are essential.

The result of such a situation in the newspaper business is that having a monopoly the newspapers can do as they agree between each other. No matter how they fight one another in their columns the long-headed proprietors get together on policy affecting all. If any one seeks to break into the fold they know that they are possessed of a weapon that will kill him. People are compelled to buy newspapers of a character they despise because there are none other, and can be none other until the present owners please. The newspapers may fall to the most insulting and scurrilous personality, or sink to filling their columns with filth, and there can be nothing done but idly to protest. No effectual opposition can be established.

We call the attention of our big brethren of the dailies to this little oversight of theirs, trusting that in

the discussion of the combinations of the big to crush out the little they will give us the benefit of their own experience. Possibly some of them will be as frank as President Depew or President Stickney. And it may be that they will appreciate that it is not easy to resist the current of the business world, which rushes for combination of hands and the consolidation of wealth. At any rate, if they will explain how the modern newspaper is run we think it will not be difficult for the people to understand that there must be some reason for monopoly whenever the most earnest anti-monopolists in theory are forced to become monopolists in practice.

## *SOMETHING FOR OUR MERCHANTS TO CONSIDER.*

That portion of the press and public which find pleasure in advocating arbitrary reductions in transportation rates to interior points have an opportunity of assisting to secure rate concessions in a legitimate manner if they see fit to go about it. It is a fundamental rule in the transportation business that the volume of traffic determines the rate. Indeed, in mercantile life the same rule obtains. It is a primary rule of trade, and practically states the difference between a wholesale and a retail business. Any factor that operates to diminish the volume of freight passing over the lines of railway entering San Francisco also operates to diminish the earnings of those lines, and to that extent lessens the probabilities of reduced railway rates. The reverse of this is also true. To increase the volume of traffic is to multiply the chances of rate reductions. So far the proposition is as simple as a course in a kindergarten.

It would be nonsensical to expect our merchants to increase the volume of their Eastern shipments without a correspondingly increased public demand, simply to work a reduction of railroad rates; but with little trouble to themselves they might join in an effort to influence the McKinley administration to withdraw the privileges extended by this Government to the Canadian Pacific railroad, and eliminate that corporation from the domestic carrying trade. If this could be done the tonnage of our American transcontinental railways would increase surprisingly. Such an increase would not result in reduced overland rates, for those rates are fixed by other considerations and are uniform on every transcontinental line, no matter what route you may select. But San Francisco's best interests are not promoted by a low overland rate. It is to our interest—manufacturing and commercial—to secure as reasonably low local rates to interior points as may be possible. And an increased volume of overland traffic might assist to this end. Fortunately for us, the lines of railroad that gridiron our State, many of which are constructed in advance of State development, are all in the ownership or under the control of the management that operates our transcontinental lines, and the benefits coming to a common treasury from an increased volume of overland traffic might easily be applied and made to inure to the benefit of local traffic.

The New York "Sun," in a recent editorial, directs attention to the baleful influence exerted upon the traffic of American railways by the bonding privileges and treasury regulations under which the Canadian corporation is permitted to engage in the interstate carrying trade along our northern border without being subject to the operation of the interstate commerce law. Mr. Halliday, a well-known and reputable citizen of this city, in an article upon the "Commercial Decline of San Francisco," written for "The Wave" in February, 1895, very clearly pointed out the havoc to our commerce wrought by this foreign institution. The Canadian railway was built for a political object and is maintained for military strategic purposes. It is an institution of the English Government, running entirely across the continent, with feeders pushing down into the business centers of the United States and carrying, independent of our regulative laws, a very large proportion of American domestic freight. The United States statute books are adorned with some very stringent provisions which prohibit foreign ship-bottoms from engaging in domestic trade. Indeed, the privileges at present vouchsafed the Canadian railway are expressly contrary to the declared policy of our Government. If it is a good thing to permit the Canadian railway to indulge in domestic commerce at the expense of the American common carrier, why is it not an equally good thing to permit foreign vessels to engage in the same trade and transport freight between San Francisco and Portland? There is no difference in the principle involved. The Canadian railway is merely an adjunct of the British war department. It is a military picket line established along the entire length of our northern boundary. It would be a valuable institution to that Government and a threatening one to this in case of hostilities between England or Canada and America. It was in recognition of its value for war purposes that its constructon was suggested and encouraged. Its subsidies are simply enormous. It received from the Government of Canada one hundred and five million dollars in cash or equivalent, and one hundred and ten million dollars in guaranteed securities. It has a land grant of twenty-five millions of acres, which is exempt from taxation for twenty years. It has mail contracts amounting to eight hundred thousand dollars, and controls five thousand and five hundred miles of railway, and is directly under the patronage of our neighbor, Canada. These governmental concessions enable this foreign road to enter into a lively competition for domestic freight to the disadvantage of American enterprise, and at the same time maintain an institution that may one day serve as an enemy to something besides our commerce.

But besides stripping from our American railways this domestic carrying trade, this same great institution is industriously at work diverting from San Francisco our commerce with the Orient and the Australias. It has established a line of steamers to Australia and the Sandwich Islands in competition with the Spreckels lines, and has established another to China and Japan in competition with the Pacific Mail and the Occidental and Oriental companies. The maintenance of these lines as part of the Canadian railway can only operate to the commercial injury of San Francisco, and rob it of trade running into the millions annually, and yet, strangely enough, our merchants sit supinely by and permit the mischief to continue. Here is an opportunity for an agitation along practical lines, and we offer the suggestion to our merchants, curious to see if it will result in the lifting of a single hand.

Taking up our commercial interests from another point of view. There appears to be no united or general movement in connection with the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty. San Francisco has over three millions of export trade annually with the Sandwich Islands. History is being made to-day that may result in cutting that trade in two, and yet there is no evidence of activity among the hundreds of merchants who take profit from its existence. Something is needed in our local mercantile life. Some leader, some general manager, a man who will be alive to trade possibilities, whose duty it should be to outline plans of commercial campaign, and see to it that the commercial side of our life is stirred to activity along broad lines that will accomplish permanent and beneficial results.

## *THE ANTAGONISTIC SOUTH.*

The Los Angeles "Times" insists on dinning into our unwilling and unbelieving ears the statement that the people of its section of the State are too busy and too prosperous to have either the time or the inclination to entertain or manifest antagonism toward the northern part of the State. It dismisses the subject with the self-satisfied and off-hand assurance that this antagonism of the South is a "bogie man" which we have conjured up by aid of certain "irresponsible" correspondents from that end of the State, who, being personally "unfortunate," have taught themselves to believe that there is nothing good south of Tehachapi. We have received a letter this week from another one of these "unfortunate" and "irresponsible" correspondents, which is published in another column. The author of the communication indicates, as has every other correspondent from Los Angeles writing upon this subject, that the people of the Southland are neither too busy nor too prosperous to malign the State north of Tehachapi. Indeed, these gentlemen all seem to agree that our very "prosperous and industrious" neighbors owe their prosperity largely to industrious misrepresentation of the North. We would hesitate to assume the attitude we have taken upon this subject if our only authority for so doing was the mere statement of correspondents. The knowledge we have obtained is peculiarly our own, for we have tested and proved the existence of that feeling in a recent visit to Los Angeles. The testimony of our correspondents is only cumulative evidence. Stick a pin in the ordinary Los Angeleno, and he bleeds antagonism for the North. Approach one of our Southlanders in the guise of a stranger in search of information, and manifest any inquisitiveness as to the resources of the North, or express an inclination to go thither in search of a home, and you will be astounded. From the tongue of the ordinary denizen of our south county there will roll off as well rounde and complete a series of willful misstatements, outrageous lies, and gorgeous inventions concerning the climatic and commercial conditions north of Tehachapi as were ever invented by Baron Munchausen. When you go south try this experiment upon our southern neighbors, test it for yourself, and nothing but the horror of a street brawl will restrain the inclination to clutch the lying rascal by the throat and choke the falsehood back into his splenetic gland. The stomach of the South holds an irritating substance, for which our contemporary should supply a cathartic. Let it institute an investigation, and it will doscover, not a "bogie man" conjured up by irresponsible correspondents, but a tangible something which needs discouragement rather rather than defense. It is a mischief-breeder, not only to the South, but to the North as well. If a similar sentiment existed here against our Southland, The Wave would cheerfully give it the attention it deserved. Why should our contemporary dally with the subject?

The following communication on the antagonistic South has been received from Los Angeles. Another communication, which is not published, is purely a personal attack upon the proprietor of the Los Angeles "Times." The enemies of Mr. Otis will have to find some other channel through which to vent their feelings, and in this connection we assure our southern readers that personal feeling is absent from our strictures on the South. There is a bad feeling down there, which we hope by exploiting to minimize. Already there are signs of improvement, but we hope for more still:

To the Editor of the "Wave": Sir: I have read your comments as to the attitude of people in the Los Angeles region in misrepresenting the upper part of California, likewise the editorials in the "Times" of that city condemning the motives of your paper, and sneering at the correspondents and informants as men who "could not make a living in the lower part of the State." I have an idea that the charge may be true in some instances. I have been residing at Los Angeles, having been induced to locate there instead of coming northward, as I originally intended. I have been able to make a living there, and presume I could continue to do so, though it would be no reflection on my ability or industry should I get left or pushed aside in the eager scramble for the places when there are too few for all. Most of the employed are practically working for their board and clothes, and many for even less, cheap though commodities and living are. The employed are not individually or collectively able to command higher pay, because there are hordes of applicants waiting for every position, regardless of the amount of compensation.

A large proportion of the farms are for sale, because they were bought on boom valuations, and as prices of products have declined, there is either too much money invested or the debt is a burden because of interest. These owners echo the cry of real estate agents that the sun rises and sets in Southern California, albeit many of them would hasten eastward if they could sell out. Few would come to Northern California, for they have been misinformed concerning this section, and believe what they utter against it to homeseekers. It takes not only hard work, but capital, to succeed in orange, olive or lemon-growing, and in other specialties, and as most men generally run short of either money or energy, there are not a few disappointed, unable to make a living, and ready to sneer at the entire State. Take it in the city. The lodging-houses and furnished rooms hold thousands of people who live on the oil-stove scale for ten or fifteen cents per day with their vanishing funds, or with remittances from relatives, or from eastern homes rented to others. Some are kept from leaving by climatic attractions, and some because they have burned their bridges behind them, or they might go home, as the "Times" loftily advises them to do. This class of people may have been thrifty all of their lives—industrious and ready to grasp any promise of employment—but it avails them naught if there are too few opportunities to go around. It is their persistence that forces down the compensation of those who are employed. They are also the victims of scores of keepers of lodging-houses, restaurants, drug stores, saloons, delicacy stores, and other places that are established and conducted mainly with a view to selling, for a part cash payment, and reverting to the original owners, thus going through the process time and time again. The "Times" fattens on advertisements of this character. The columns teem with ads of fake business opportunities, and when an eastern man has bit, gone through the mill, and is moneyless and out of work, he becomes one of these gentlemen who cannot make a living. The city is full of discontented men, unable to make a living—doctors, lawyers, laborers—many unwilling to admit their real condition, or to own up to their reasons for hanging on, but all are ready to say that there is nothing good above Tehachapi, because they have heard that song before, and since coming to California, and being secretly disappointed in their hopes of success in the "garden spot," they decry the balance of the State to give vent to their energy. It would not be popular to condemn the Sunny South, but it is to denounce Sacramento and San Francisco.

From inquiries and knowledge I can safely assert that in Los Angeles, barbers, clerks, drivers, cooks, cashiers, salesmen and all classes of employees receive from 25 to 50 per cent less pay than they do in any northern town or city. I have obtained facts and figures, but will take space only to make the above general assertion, except that I will cite one class of work that is poorly paid, though that is no worse off than the others where brainwork is required. I refer to newspaper work. In order to be sure of my ground, I went to an active, up-to-date reporter who is my friend. I chose to go into details in this line because I wished to know how generous the paper was with its people when it attacked "the man who cannot make a living." The "Times" is the one successful paper in the city. When one of the thousand luckless lawyers wishes to sell his books, the "Times" takes toll. When one of the ninety drugstores wishes to sell out for "part cash," it throws out its line into the pool from the "Times" deck. The "Times" has severed all relations with the Typographical Union so that it may pick up hungry printers, lured westward, who ignore union prices. It pays reporters and staff from twenty to fifty per cent less than is obtained by their equals in northern places. There are a score of applicants waiting for employment at the terms offered, and there might be just as many waiting if the rates were put lower. The afternoon papers, of course, pay less, one daily setting the limit at $10 per week, regardless of a man's ability and past experience as editorial or local writer, while some of the employees get $5. The "Times" values its plant at $250,000, in a sworn statement, and the editor's property at $100,000. His wife, daughters, and a son-in-law are, to the exclusion of some of those unable to prosper, on the pay-roll of the stock company of what a reporter facetiously termed this "great family paper." Being so well fixed to make a living, the editor has only a fling for the immigrant who cannot, and hurls anathemas upon the unfortunate who dares blame the country or prevailing conditions, or hints that there is a better land, far, far away. The fact is, that newspapermen, as well as all classes of people, "including a few hack-drivers and real estate sharks," of which "few" is hardly the word, habitually talk down Northern California—except a small number of citizens who have drifted there from the upper section. They are usually found oyal to their former homes. EXPERIENCE.

## THE BICYCLE RELAY RACE

### Bay City Wheelmen Achieve the Varney Grail.

For the third successive year the California century bicycle relay race has been won by the Bay City Wheelmen, and the Varney cup is now the undisputable property of the club. The third race was run last Sunday over the one hundred mile route down the peninsula to San Jose and up the further side of the bay to Alameda. It was an exciting race, beset with hardships and mishaps throughout its course, but was won only by the indomitable pluck of the victorious club against what seemed a disastrous handicap at the start.

The trophy must, under the rules governing the competitions, be won thrice before it can become the permanent property of its owner. The Bay Citys won in 1895 with a record of 4h., 56m., 47s.; in 1896 it covered the same course in 4h., 56m., 12 3-5s., and last week it cut down the time to 4h., 49m., 39s., on a slightly different track.

The race was conceded to lie between the Olympic Club Wheelmen and Bay City Wheelmen of this city. the young giants of the Acme and Reliance Clubs of Oakland and the Garden City Cyclers of San Jose. But just for true sportsmanship, and to keep up the interest, the Alameda Cyclers, California Cycling Club, Capital City Wheelmen of Sacramento, the Imperial Cycling Club and the San Francisco Road Club sent in their teams and fought their best all the distance.

Promptly at nine o'clock the ten men who were to ride the first relay were instructed to line up by Starter John F. McGlynn. Owing to the immense crowd around the starting point, at Tenth and Market streets, it was some little time before a space could be cleared sufficiently wide to allow each man a fair start, but at ten minutes past nine everything was in readiness and he gave them the word to go. The course lay down Market street one block to Ninth street, and each man was desirous of reaching the corner first, so as to lead on the ride down the Ninth-street cable slot as far as Folsom street.

The sharp turn was safely made, an immense crowd of spectators being present at this point to see the men pass. Out the asphalted boulevard the men flew along, Davidson and Hardenbrook setting most of the pace. Another turn was made at Twenty-fifth street, and here the first accident of the race occurred—Davidson's rear tire went flat from a puncture, and he soon found himself riding on the rim of the wheel and losing ground at every turn of the pedals. At the Potrero avenue turn he secured the loan of another wheel from a boy standing by and was soon chasing hotly after the bunch, now some distance ahead of him. Scott of the Acmes meanwhile had also a puncture, and suffered two more and rode three strange wheels before he finished his relay. Davidson punctured again, got another wheel from a clubmate close at hand, pulled the handlebars out of that one on the Six-mile hill, got another wheel from John Leavitt, whom the Bay Citys had stationed on the hill for just such an emergency, and again punctured that before he finished.

In the second relay Noonan and Coulter collided, and Curtis, the Alameda athlete, met disaster and was replaced by his trailer. The Olympic rider slipped and smashed his wheel at the beginning of the third relay, but jumped upon his predecessor's machine and finished only one second behind the fastest messenger.

The remainder of the history is but a record of minor accidents, and a hard race ridden pluckily in spite of all obstacles. Davidson of the Bay Citys was the most unfortunate of all, breaking four wheels on the first relay, that includes the dreaded "six-mile hill." This handicap could not have been made up but for the good work done by the Noonan brothers in the second and third relays, and Ben Noonan shares the honors with Krafts for the hard pace he set in the third, which he finished sixty yards ahead of his competitors.

When it is remembered that there were 100 riders in that race, with one hundred trailers and helpers, judges and timekeepers innumerable, an idea may be gained of the excitement on foot and a-wheel along the course.

The scene on Central Avenue in Alameda, across which was stretched the tape marking the finish of the race was a repetition of that of former years, but with the exception that there was a far greater crowd there to welcome the athletes who pedaled the last ten-mile relay, and far more excitement and enthusiasm than ever.

For blocks and blocks along the avenue—in fact, throughout the entire last mile of the course—the sidewalks were black with spectators, and finally the throng reached such proportions that the walks would no longer provide the necessary room for the waiting thousands, and they began to encroach upon the avenue, despite the fact that it had been stoutly barricaded with ropes and was patrolled by specially appointed marshals and the Alameda police.

The critical portion of the run lay in the ninth relay, a hard stretch from Alvarado to San Lorenzo, where in the two last races Emil Ulbrecht of Los Angeles has saved the day for the Bay City Club. This division was ridden by C. A. Krafts, who was easily the hero of the struggle. Krafts is considered one of the greatest unpaced roadsters in the country, and his phenomenal work last Sunday warranted the estimation in which he was held. The Bay City, Olympic and Reliance riders were only twenty-five seconds apart at the beginning of the fight, but Krafts' terrific spurt after passing Alvarado opened a gap that the rivals could not make up, and Kenna, with the two-minute lead presented him by his doughty partner, sailed up the homestretch, banging in with a collapsed wheel.

There was a wild scene when this athlete crossed the tape just as one of the pedals snapped from his wheel and the machine itself collapsed. Kenna did not fall. He cleverly disengaged himself from the wreck and delivered Mayor Phelan's letter—the document that had been carried over the century circuit—to Chairman Foederer of the Alameda Board of Trustees. Had Kenna been compelled to ride another hundred yards he could not have finished without an accident.

The wonder is that he ever got home on that wheel. Two miles from the tape his rear tire flattened and he was compelled to ride on the rim. Then one of the pedals loosened and the whole machine began to wobble; but he kept on as long as he could keep his balance on the machine.

Wing of the Olympic Club was next to Kenna in the last relay, and crossed the tape within a few seconds of two minutes behind the Bay City man. Bates of the Reliance Club came in third, three minutes behind Wing; Decker of the Acme Club was fourth and right on the heels of Bates. The representatives of the other contesting clubs came straggling in during the succeeding eight minutes. The color-bearer of the Alameda Cyclers was the only one who did not finish.

The minor interest centered in the struggle between the Acme and Reliance Clubs, the rival Oakland organizations. Bates succeeded in landing the Reliance packet in third place by a short length, and made his club's showing the surprise of the day.

So it was the race was lost and won—six minutes and thirty-three seconds better than ever before. The fastest time made by any rider in a relay cannot be accurately told, because the third relay is ten and one-half miles and the tenth only nine and one-half. But E. J. Smith of the Acmes has the credit of the fastest ten-mile relay—the fifth, into San Jose—which he negotiated in the snapping good time of 25 minutes and 52 seconds.

But it's Krafts and the Noonans of whom the tales are told—and the trophy is Bay City's for ever and a day.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN'S VICTORIOUS RIDERS
Boye & Habenicht, photographers

START OF THE 100-MILE RELAY RACE AT TENTH AND MARKET STREETS

M. Stanislas Meunier, the French geologist, has advanced a theory in regard to the two mysteries connected with the planet Mars, the nature of the so-called "canals" and the phenomenon of duplication. The strange dark lines which criss-cross the orange-colored area of the planet with geometrical regularity, and which have a breadth of about thirty or forty miles, are sometimes numerous and distinct, while at other times few and faint. A large number of canals which have once been observed, but were utterly invisible a few years later, have subsequently been seen again in precisely the same place as before. The appearance of a second line, of the same general character as the first, parallel therewith, and at least seventy-five or a hundred miles away, is of infrequent occurrence, and the duration of the spectacle is comparatively limited. M. Meunier's theory, briefly stated, is that the second line is a shadow, reflected from the surface of the real canal upon a translucent cloud sheet suspended above the surface of the planet. And in support of this hypothesis he is able to cite a series of laboratory experiments.

It has been found that myopia, or nearsightedness, may be cured. This effect is to be obtained by an operation upon the eye, in which a cataract is artificially created by puncturing the crystalline lens, and after this has been done extracting the lens themselves. This will enable the patient to see long distances without the aid of glasses. The dangers accompanying the operation are so slight as to need scarcely any consideration. It offers no difficulties to the physician and very little inconvenience to the patient. The famous scientist, Professor Fukala of the University of Vienna has made numerous and successful experiments with different cases of myopia on patients of every age and sex, and unhesitatingly recommends the operation.

# THE RED HOUSE

## A Midnight Colloquy on Happiness in the Latin Quarter.

The black, noisome alley that climbs out of Broadway near the "Buon Gusto" and the "Fior d'Italia," and stealthily threads the shadows cast by the gloomy wall of the County Jail, debouches into the slimy passage wherein is hidden the "Red House." Here is the outpost of Decency, lying hugger-mugger in the very sink of the town, fallen below even the disrepute of the Quarter.

It is a narrow way, shut in by low, hollow-eyed houses, unregenerate of aspect, decrepit with premature old age, slatternly of door and window, marred and pocked with evil use, foul under foot and over head, peopled with beggars, tongued with foreign curses — a slinking haunt of the human jetsam of the town — gone down through spending to saving, through saving to scrimping, through scrimping to starving, through starving into the shelter of the Red House, to snatch a moment's respite before the end. Here is the insecure haven of the castaway, for whose meagre salvage a dark-browed owner bandies with pauper derelicts for the few cents that their want has spared them. Here, for a nickel spent, one may drown sorrow for a while in a tin pint-pot of rancid wine. A frugal spendthrift may nurse the potion all afternoon, and put out the fire that is left in him, strangling the few wild memories in sour grape juice. On the morrow the fog of fears has closed in again, and the gift of stale oblivion must be renewed at what price Fortune charges.

Misery pinches in Hinckley street. Behind scurvy doors the last wail of dying manhood sounds in one's fancy as from far away — far as the shores of Youth — hidden in the smoke of passion — over seas of death-in-life, sordid, unclean, hopeless, tainted with despair. Why listen to its echo, when for a nickel one may dream torpidly for an hour — a smack of the dry lips, and the squalid, filthy street opens — one's arms are untied and one may swim forth for a while into the Sea of the Impossible, and fend warily with the things that never were.

In the evening mist, Hinckley street is blurred, mysterious — a reach of lane, groping upward toward the Hill. It is thick with vapors; it is tense with restless silences; a little purlieu of despair. Half way up — one splotch of yellow light—the bleared windows of the Red House. And here, one night, I came with my friend, bent on no morbid inquisition, neither. We had gone from place to place in the Quarter, touching elbows with lights-o'-love and Bohemian. We had chaffed the pavement stragglards and jostled the night-wasters, eddying with the currents of humanity that drifted hither and yonder along the Coast. Here was a people living out its simple life, candid and unashamed. And so we made our way to the Red House as a last resort.

A knock; and then two tumbling steps down into a crazy, unclean room. Rotting wreaths of smoke wavered, clinging to the papered ceiling. A sanded floor rasped the soles of our shoes. There were those here who had been men. A few looked up as we entered, and stared doggedly. At a near table were two that sipped their tin measures of wine silently, with more than one look cast over their shoulders at our intrusion. We, too, were silent, for the air was thick and sodden. It was a room for whispers, save when the turn of a card forced an oath, or the surly bubble of some feud boiled into an instant strife. There have been mad times in the Red House. It is not so sleepy of a Saturday night, when there are coins loose, and the raw-boned Swede at the bar hardens for the clinch that is imminent.

We hitched our stools toward the men by the window, and answered a surly welcome. We clinked tins with them, and played nervously for their confidence. By degrees the men thawed and accepted us. There was an Irish sailor there who had buffeted every misfortune that man and the elements could send. He had a long yarn of tropic horrors, of rape, mutiny, desertion, long peril in the sea, the shark's clutch ashore on the water-front, where Jack turns child again and is fooled out of his wage at every landing. He had broken across the Isthmus, and fought the fever barefooted. Fate had wantoned with him since his birth, and had left him empty of all save rage against the wreck of his hopes that he broke his shins on at every play for a new deal.

The mood was on us both for a bargain with these souls. Here was a nut to crack, with small hope for meat inside, but it was worth trying. My friend is of the artist's temperament, and the scene swayed him like the page of a tale. He was himself a strange figure on that stage — a man to be remembered anywhere, but he was more than usually picturesque set in that group like Prince Florizel in the waterside bar.

"Gentlemen," he cried, slapping the board, "What is happiness? That's the question! Here we are all hungry for something that we have not. You are, and I am — and this Irishman here that has just told his story — you have lived dogs' lives, all of you, by your own confession, blown crosswise by every ill wind out of Heaven. What's in this thing, mates, that keeps us afloat?"

The bunch of men started up into life at the enthusiasm, and groped inwardly to find the words to respond. It was a long pull up out of the talk of the place, and it set their wits a-sailing.

"A belly full of grub — that's happiness!" said the Irishman. "That's enough for me, and enough for any man after he's put up with what I have! You're a book-learned man, sir; I see by your clothes; and what you're after in a joint like this with the likes of us, when you have your club to go to, that's none o' my business, but if I was as full inside as you, I'd stay at home nights and keep warm. Yessir, that's happiness; ain't it, mates?"

There was a whine of the door, and a drab came down two steps. "Yah!" sneered the man, "there's happiness, and damned cheap at that!"

The Swede took her by the elbows and forced her out again, and came over to us.

"Look you here," said he; "I've been a seafaring man myself, and I know hard lines and tarred ropes. I've been a master, and I owned a bark onct. I own this place here, and I made fifteen hundred outen a sailor-boardin'-house. I got the call on the whole gang; that's happiness — to have the right to say so, and it goes. What's money if you don't know how to use it? Look at these bums here—ain't I got all the money out of 'em by Sunday morning? I got a pull, too, and I'll be fixed soon, where I can do what I want. That's what I'm after. I got the money, and I'm going to make 'em stand around and do what I say. And they'll do it, too!"

"I'm a married man," began a blear-eyed Russian that had been mumbling and tracing patterns on the table with his finger-nail as we talked.

"God help you!" said the Irishman.

"Lemme talk!" whined the Russian. "I've got two half-caste children in Sitka. They're happy! Hap-py! That's where it is — you're happy when you don't know no better. When you're goin' to school and you don't think—when you ain't got nothin' to remember, and all the dirty work's ahead—that's happiness—along o' fourteen years old—twelve to fourteen—that's happiness! Ain't that so, sir?" He had been maundering on as in a trance. He pulled himself together, and looked hungrily at us, with his jaw dropped.

"Ah! It's a big question," said my friend, "and I don't know just who of us has the rights of it; but it's something more than a full stomach, which is all right for a start. It's more than power, too. Perhaps the kids are happy; but, by God, we're men, are'nt we? See here—

THE "RED HOUSE" ON HINCKLEY STREET

I stand for beauty. Who's going to be happy in a cesspool like this? We're not swine — we're men, and we've had a big, wide world made for us. Put me in the open under God's sky, and let me hear the leaves rattling and feel the tickle of the wind, and I'll be happy!"

The men gave him a stupid smile, and we drank again.

"That's all right for dude talk," said the Irishman. "I don't go much on the pretty—it don't feed ye!"

"And what do you say, youngster?" said the big Swede.

"I'll starve and I'll hide," said I, looking at him squarely, "but it seems to me a man's got to fight for something more than that. Why not call it Fame, and have done with it? We'd all like to be big."

"You're a newspaper-man, sonny. I'm a-thinkin'," said the Swede. And there was no more talk in him for that night.

The conversation sagged again as each of us looked into ourselves for a better argument. The shuffling cards dropped upon the table behind us, and finally the men at our side alone were left.

"Well, gentleman," said the artist, "good night to all of you, and we'll be off, each man to his own business. God help us—and good luck to every man, with a friend to stand by him. Good hunting, little brother!" and he grinned at the Irishman.

We rose to go at last, shaking their knotted hands, but of a sudden the door opened, and a slim girl came down into the smoky room to us with a smile. Not such a painted woman as the other, thank God, but blue-clad, with the bonnet of the Army circling her pale face, and the papers under her arm. She, too, was alone, though she would have said Someone was with her.

"Madam," said the artist, pulling off his hat, "you have come in the nick of time, for we are on all sides of a grave question, and can come to no conclusion. You have found happiness, no doubt, and I would you might convince us. Here is a man who is all ready for you," and he set a hand on the Russian's shoulder; "but the rest of us are invulnerable. God knows, I wish we might accept what you bring us."

The girl stared at him blankly. Here was something out of her experience. She began to speak, but I stopped her.

"Tell him that perhaps there is something better than happiness," said I.

I glanced back at the picture as we opened the door and stepped into Hinckley street. The Swede had returned to the bar that he was polishing aimlessly. The two men had gone back into oblivion again. The girl had dropped to her knees on the sanded floor.

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It is a true story, this, far too true and too big for me to write. Here we were, five men faring on different roads toward the unattainable. If my characters are but sketchily done, with a scant palette, it is because of the size of my canvas and the mastering strangeness of the rencontre. Call it but a beginning then, with the shadows only half indicated, for we pass our romances hastily by, with a meager glance, in the hurry of our living.

The Irishman you, too, may have seen outside the little avenue of despair—you may have hob-nobbed with the Swede, too, or crouched to him, under the lash. And I make no doubt there is a trace of the Russian in us all.

But the lass should be left in the foreground, for she was not one of us. She had something, too, that was bigger than she could understand or describe.

GELETT BURGESS.

A COLD WELCOME IN THE HEART OF THE LATIN QUARTER

# THE CALIFORNIA DERBY

## Triumph of Scarborough at the Ingleside Course.

A fresh page in the history of racing on this Coast was turned over on Saturday last, when the first California Derby was brought off at Ingleside.

JOCKEY COADY

The actual contest itself was not productive of any great excitement as a spectacle. To the hard-shell Westerner there was vouchsafed a good big crumb of satisfaction in the success of a colt bred on the Pacific slope from an old-time strain that has coursed through the veins of many a rare bit of blood holding pride of place in days of yore; and this, moreover, when prophet, scribe, tout and talent had been busily broaching and backing their contrariwise opinions.

To the traveled spectator whose good fortune it may have been to have done his share towards making a crowd on courses over the sea, whether in Europe or the Antipodes, not to mention those of this continent across the divide, it perhaps seemed strange to observe so comparatively small an assemblage within the gates of Ingleside for the first local Derby, and it would not have taken such an onlooker long to discover that here racing almost entirely lacks that holiday element which is elsewhere noticeable on special occasions.

By way of protest against the matter-of-fact spirit of the community one intrepid sportsman proudly approaches the scene, and bravely swinging his six-in-hand

JOHN ATKIN
Bushnell, photo

coal black steeds, harnessed to an unique description of chariot, alongside the rails across from the stand draws up in solitary and stately grandeur, and then dismounts with his party of one—a man like unto himself—to view the proceedings of the day from the same point of vantage as the common or garden holder of the Ingleside franchise at a "dollar a nob," seat included. Methought it was a cruel triumph for the prudent citizen or citizeness—and the latter was in great force—who had achieved the same goal in consideration of the rash outlay of one nickel for electricity. And my heart was sore, for I dearly love to see the ways of the good old days preserved in gallant style. That there seemed to be . thing dramatic, nay, well nigh tragic, in this little bit of the show, need cause no wonder, when it is remembered that the great and only Walter Morosco had improvised this touch of realism for our benefit. If, then, it be not possible to emulate in San Francisco the glories of the hill at Epsom, the gathering of carriages

*BAY COLT SCARBOROUGH, WINNER OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA DERBY*
Photo by Green, Oakland

at the Grand Prix, nor yet the features of an American Derby in a World's Fair year, nor those of Morris Park or Sheepshead Bay on great days, let it at least be seen that we had material good enough to make our first Derby a race worthy of a niche in the temple of sporting fame.

Mindful here, however, as every sporting writer needs to be, to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," it may now be said that the event of the day was fourth on the card, which thus displayed the conditions of the race with the names and other particulars relating to the runners:

E. Ryan's br. c. Howard S. (imp. Whistle Jacket-Zelica) 122 lbs.
W. Boots & Son's b. c. Vincitor (imp. Brutus-Mollie H.) 122 lbs.
Burns & Waterhouse's b. c. Candelaria (imp. Midlothian-Cosette) 122 lbs.
Burns & Waterhouse's b. c. Altamax (imp. Maxim-Altitude) 122 lbs.
P. Dunne's b. c. Good Times (imp. Rossington-Famine) 122 lbs.
S. C. Hildreth's ch. c. Lincoln II (Bramble-Mary M.) 122 lbs.
E. W. Purser's ch. f. Scarfpin (Springbok-imp. Emerald) 122 lbs.
Atkin & Lottridge's b. c. Scarborough (El Rio Rey-Fonsette) 122 lbs.
E. Corrigan's ch. c. Joe Ullman (Riley-Hattie Harris) 112 lbs.

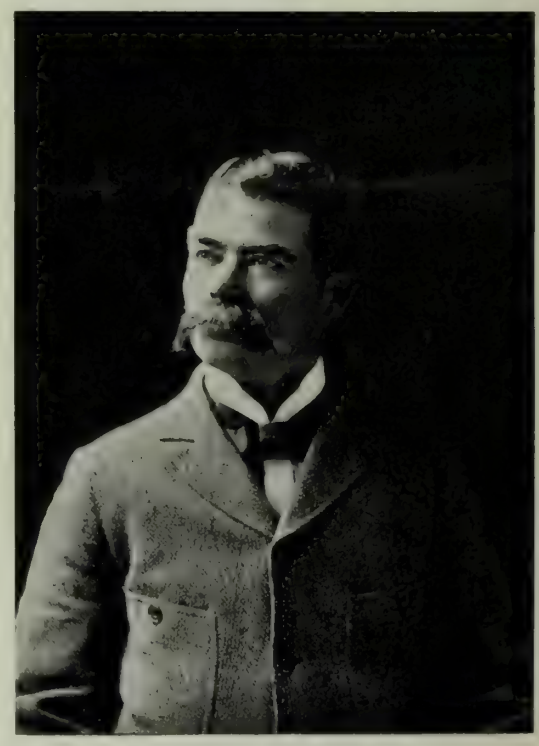
The California Derby. A sweepstakes for three-year-olds (foals of 1894). The Association to guarantee the value of the stake, $5,000; $4,000 to the first, $500 to the second, $300 to the third, and $200 to the fourth horse. Entrance $15 each to accompany the nomination; $100 additional to start. Maidens allowed 10 lbs. Acceptance to be made through the entry-box the day preceding the race. One mile and one-quarter.

The inspection in the paddock showed Scarf Pin to be the fittest-looking animal of the lot. Howard S. looked sleek as a mole, and just in that sort of order to set off his beautiful quality. He seemed short of muscle, however, and as if another week's work would put him into better shape to answer a question. Altamax and Candelaria were in nice order, Good Times about as fit as hands could make him, Lincoln II. as clean as a smelt, hard in condition and glossy in coat; Scarborough by no means in prime health, but drawn fairly fine, considering that his near hind fetlock joint had been badly cut recently and showed a severe wound, with the marks of another gash on the point of the off side hock. Joe Ullman looked fit and Vincitor tolerably so likewise.

In the betting ring at the close of operations, which were fairly lively, prices ruled as follows: 8 to 5 Howard S., 7 to 2 Scarf Pin, 7 to 2 Burns & Waterhouse stable, 5 to 1 Good Times, 15 to 1 Scarborough, 25 to 1 Lincoln II., 40 to 1 Joe Ullman, 70 to 1 Vincitor.

With but a brief interval occupied by the riders in maneuvering at the barrier Starter Havey sprung the strings to a perfect getaway, and the race for the first California Derby was on.

As the horses settled down to work Scarborough appeared slightly in the van, with Howard S., Altamax, Lincoln II. and Scarf Pin next until reaching the paddock, when the order changed, and Joe Ullman, coming up on the outside, showed the way past the stand, Scarf Pin, Candelaria and Good Times close up and Howard S.—whose position had been thus early sacrificed—Good Times and Vincitor tailing off. Rounding the first turn Scarf Pin assumed the lead with Candelaria at her girths,



THOMAS LOTTRIDGE
Bushnell, photo

Good Times a length behind and Howard S., who had lost half a dozen lengths, making a big effort on the outside of the course to overhaul the leaders. The half-mile post being reached the pace got hotter, and Scarborough was seen to be forging his way to the front, getting on all but even terms with Scarf Pin at the three-quarter mile post, with Good Times a length behind, Howard S. at his shoulder and Candelaria close up to the latter. Rounding the turn Good Times was seen to falter, and soon after Howard S., when called upon, failed to respond, and there seemed nothing then but a clear run home through the stretch for the two leaders, Scarborough and Scarf Pin, the former having got to the front at the beginning of the last furlong, and Altamax alone of the others seeming to have any running left. Then came the final tussle, Scarf Pin being urged along hard by Tod Sloan, but worn down by the sweeping strides of the El Rio colt and, notwithstanding all her gameness, forced to succumb by a head on the post, Altamax running into third place three lengths in the rear, with Howard S. half a length behind and Lincoln II., Candelaria, Good Times, Vincitor and Joe Ullman strung out in the order named. Time, 2:11¼, on a somewhat heavy track. Coady, a San Francisco boy, rode the winner with excellent judgment, it being his first mount on the horse. Scarborough was trained by his owners, in whose stable Ed Purser's Scarf Pin also received her skillful preparation.

Scarborough was bred by Theodore Winters of Cali-

*THE FIRST CALIFORNIA DERBY*
*ATKIN & LOTTRIDGE'S SCARBOROUGH, RIDDEN BY COADY, WINS BY A HEAD*
Photo by Green, Oakland

fornia and Nevada, and sold as a yearling in this city in November, 1895, for the sum of $800, being purchased by his present owners. As a two-year-old he ran twenty-eight times, being in the money on twenty occasions, and winning twice at Ingleside, once at Milwaukee and once at Windsor, Canada. As a three-year-old he has started in seven races, winning once previously, while it may be mentioned that he has met the favorite, Howard S., since first coming out on six occasions, and in each has finished in front of him. In appearance the son of El Rio Rey is a well-proportioned colt, with a plain, but clean-cut, intelligent head, having a narrow blaze widening between the nostrils and near hind fetlock white, a long rein, well-placed shoulder, moderately high wither, full girth, loins a shade light, but muscular, standing about the same height, sixteen hands, at the shoulder as behind, and with a rare good set of limbs. His strong points are his make-up in the stifle and his wide, flat, muscular thighs and gaskins, excellent feet and an over all wear and tear, blood-like look. While a level-headed colt, he is a handful to ride, and needs a strong boy to do him justice.

Concluding with a few words about the owners of the Derby winner, it may be noted that John Atkin was born at Scarborough, Yorkshire, England, in 1860, and came to this country in 1880, since which time he has been in California and New York at alternate intervals. Since 1884 he has been connected with the turf, and for the last three years has had a stable with his present partner. Thomas Lottridge was born on a farm near Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1862, and is a good specimen of a steady, smart, young American turfman, who has graduated in the ranks of the stable boy, jockey, trainer and owner.

Scarborough has no engagements at present, but, if all goes well with him, will probably appear next in the Spreckels Cup (handicap) at Ingleside. About the middle of the ensuing month the stable will proceed to Saratoga, and after a few weeks' rest there will take in the New York circuit. An endeavor has been made this week to arrange another meeting for the Derby candidates, but as the winner is at present on the shelf in consequence of the injury to his near hind fetlock previously alluded to the race cannot be arranged. A good deal of comment has been made on the bad showing made by Scarborough in a race at five-eighths of a mile a few weeks ago, where the other competitors were of inferior class, but it is not generally known that the horse struck into another in front of him fifty yards from the start, fell down on his nose and knees, the mark of which he bears to this day, and was practically pulled up by his jockey. All things considered, my own impression is that no wise man will take liberties with this colt whenever or wherever he sports silk.

BENEDICT.

## RACE-TRACK MANAGEMENT

### The Changed Executive at Ingleside Determined to Foster Pure Sport.

So extensive and growing is the interest displayed in turf affairs in this section of the country that it may be well for this journal to offer to the public some little information with regard to recent happenings bearing upon the management of the local tracks, and to venture upon such comment and advice as the situation would appear to suggest.

The main difficulty underlying all turf government in the United States is that the betting ring, composed of two opposing elements of layers and backers, is taxed to provide resources which are needed by jockey clubs and other racing bodies to meet the expenditure for stakes, purses and the general outgoings of the various meetings, as well as of the establishments devoted to their conduct. Such being the case, and bearing always in mind that the man who pays the piper has a right to call the tune, the authorities are compelled to recognize in the manner and effect of their administration that particular element in the racing world, which is of all others most dangerous to its well-being. No one is so quixotic as to hope or believe that racing can be carried on without the adjunct of gambling, but, even so, few will be found bold enough to maintain that it should be exploited for the benefit in the first instance of what is most obnoxious in its surroundings. Living as we are in a world not yet perfect, it will often be found that the middle of the road in many instances affords the best and safest going.

Now it may be remembered that, when some three years ago the project of establishing a second race-track in the vicinity of this city was uncovered, the opinion was very generally expresed that its promoters were influenced by motives which were reckoned to be on a par with those of only such men as are qualified for a prolonged term in San Quentin. Time has gone on, however, the old Bay District, which had so long held the fort, has succumbed to city development, and we this winter have had two new tracks, Ingleside and Emeryville, the former in its second season, at work in friendly rivalry, whereby owners and the race-going public have not been otherwise than benefited. Up till a month ago everything was running at the former track under the proprietorship and management of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, with ostensibly the utmost smoothness. The sport was accounted clean, the officials were regarded as au fait at their work and their patrons, both owners and visitors, were apparently thoroughly satisfied. With a sudden shock came the news that Mr. A. B. Spreckels, the President of the club, was so disgusted with the internal working of affairs that he had resigned his position, would no longer continue to maintain the large racing stable he had gotten together for sport and pleasure, and that his large holding of stock in the incorporated club was for sale at a considerable discount on par, notwithstanding that large surpluses were coming into the treasury from every fortnightly meeting. With the exception of the dispersal of his stable Mr. Spreckels has since carried out his programme, and in the early part of this week the transfer of his stock holdings was effected to Vice President Henry J. Crocker. As to the former gentleman's motives and reasons for his action we are not precisely informed, and therefore prefer to regard them as concerning himself alone, until he may choose to take the public into his confidence. But in the meantime, according to published reports, it has been made to appear that Mr. Spreckels' resignation was prompted by his failure to secure the entire control of the stock of the club, and not for the reason that the racing methods were unacceptable to him. In the columns of this paper regret, to which we still hold, has been expressed that his retirement had been gazetted and that there should be any prospect of his relinquishing his role of sportsman and race horse owner. What does concern the public and ourselves, however, is that so long as gentlemen of standing and repute in the community are willing to devote their time, money and influence to the support of important racing organizations, they should be deemed as little likely wittingly to permit any chicanery or sharp practice in the conduct of racing under their ken as they would in their own private or business affairs, much less to act on the same Board with a colleague who would deliberately plan and carry out schemes for defrauding the primary supporters of the club, namely race horse owners, for the benefit of his own pocket. Those who have perused the press reports relating to the first California Derby run off on Saturday last will not fail to follow the allusion and many who may not must have heard the talk of the street, where those who take an interest in racing are gathered together. But this point of view has not so far apparently occurred to those who have had the most to say on the way matters have progresed at Ingleside since Senator Androus succeeded to the presidency and Vice President Crocker felt called upon to give further hostages to fortune in his commitments in respect of time and money to the P. C. J. C. In the West we are of necessity ever face to face with contradictions, and a striking one is that while less particular to avoid the appearance of evil we seem more prone to condemn on suspicion. It may be well, therefore, to remind the public, and especially those who are broad-minded enough to wish to see the sport of horse racing flourish, and not sink into a mere merry-go-round gambling medium in this State, that much has already been done by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club to improve the tone of racing in California, and that those responsible for its proper conduct are more interested than anybody in the furtherance of the good work already done.

On many counts it is an advantage that members of the executive should not themselves be directly or indirectly interested in the running of horses, and this is pretty much the present status. In Mr. Henry J. Crocker and Mr. Walter S. Hobart we have young, energetic men of means and spirit, who, though not claiming any extended experience of the racing game, have both graduated as leaders in horse circles, and are entirly above anything derogatory or unsportsmanlike, besides being able to fall into line with their colleagues in all matters needing business sagacity. It is in the association of men of their stamp and inclinations with older men of the world, who know some of the ins and outs of the game, that is calculated to benefit the cause, and in time possibly lead to other developments which will keep California abreast of the movement that is being quietly persevered with in other parts of the country to make racing a fit pleasure for men of character and position.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

There is no poor music in San Francisco. Read the papers and see for yourself. Read (if you can) poor Bosworth's efforts to distribute saccharine to our musical fraternity. The life of the musical critic in San Francisco is not a happy one. It is a small town, too small and too remote to permit critical comment and comparisons with the achievements of the world to the East. Musicians are narrow and prejudiced enough anywhere, but in this place their sensitiveness amounts to a disease. I am told that Stewart was forced to retire from his Sunday column in the "Examiner" through antagonism aroused by his attempts to review the musical events of the week. It would seem that an honest expression of opinion, by such an able musician, upon any performance, might be accepted with as much assurance of honesty and fidelity to his ideals of art as any dramatic or literary review, but it is not so. It is not advisable for a musical critic to criticize. If he says a singer appeared nervous, or did not come up to a former achievement, he must expect personal abuse, he must be insulted with accusations of partiality or pique, and the Managing Editor next day receives hot-headed inquiries as to why his critic is permitted to vilify our "local talent." A feud may be raised by the mere statement that a leader used four bassoons where the composer's score called for but two, and so week by week his critiques must become more and more vapid, until he contents himself with the reprinting of the bare programme or honeying it with a dash of praise haphazard, so that each performer gets an equal share. This is the Bosworth's method of escaping the embarrassments of his office, and his remarkable efforts in the use of complimentary synonyms are laughable. When H. M. Bosworth dares unfavorable comment the pill is so thickly coated that a little expurgative will suffice in order that an "Examiner" review may be quoted in the artist's scrap book of puffs. "Mme. Berthet's Marguerite (may not be great, but she) seems to fit the role admirably," and "(though evidently annoyed by hoarseness) Prevost was more acceptable than on any previous occasion."

Phil Hastings is married; and to a girl who will undoubtedly keep him in the way he should go. Not to know Phil Hastings, the most popular theatrical press agent in town, is a misfortune to the Bohemian who is in search of a true friend. There are enough that do know him, however, to attest their appreciation of his good fellowship, and to congratulate him upon the luck that has fallen upon him. Literally from the clouds, one might say—as Miss Ruby Hawkins has won fame in the gentle art of parachute descensions at the Chutes. Phil is an all-around clever man in his line as well as out of it—gentlemanly, well educated and well bred. His association with vaudeville artists and professional people generally has made him especially popular with the theatrical fraternity, and his talents as a song writer have won him a place in the hearts of their audiences. He will be chiefly remembered by his "O, what a Difference in the Morning," which had such a run two or three years ago. The couple were married last Monday at the Church of the Good Samaritan, and left for a honeymoon in Monterey, with the most enthusiastic good wishes of their friends.

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"Spike" Hennessey, who is exploited on the bill boards as an ex-convict, is remarkably diffident anent his career, behind the scenes. It has been a good "card" in the past, and his technical knowledge of burglary has kept him his engagement for several years. What is a good recommendation on the stage, however, proves a bit uncomfortable one in private life, and the notorious crook is very willing to lay it aside with his costume and his tools. The sight of a real criminal cracking a real safe with real gunpowder is a marked contrast to his hang-dog demeanor when any information is desired as to the minor details of his actual adventures. "Oh, say I'm 'Spike' Hennessey," says he. "That's all there is; the newspapers never go into personalities—no, I dunno nuthin' at all about no jobs nor no gangs—the papers never say nuthin' about that—they never do, sure. Say I'm 'Spike' Hennessey, that's all!"

He "doesn't know nothing" about no penitentiaries nor no "lays" nor no nothing. If this transpires "Spike" Hennessey may lose his job. He would better talk.

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What an interesting book might be made out of mining romances. I have heard dozens of delightful tales, in which Dame Fortune appears in a guise so generous as to discount all prevailing envious rumors of her fickleness. It may be that she hides for a time from her favorites the light of her countenance, but when she smiles there is a golden radiance that beams from her eyes, which, if it be not happiness, is a substantial accessory thereof. Of course I am referring to that Dame Fortune who presides over mines and miners. She beamed the other day on an old wooer of hers, a Colorado man, named H. B. Gleason, who, save that he had followed her arduously, had no reason to suppose himself destined for her gifts. Somewhat dispirited by the reverses of life, Gleason found service in Yuma in charge of an electric light plant, which furnishes light and power for that exceedingly hot country. The air there is charged with old mining traditions, and Gleason's thoughts running that way, it is not astonishing that he decided to grubstake an unfortunate Dutch prospector, C. G. Eichubleer, who had come to him for assistance. That was the stroke of fate. Eichubleer set off with his kit and his mule into the Short Horn mountains, and a few weeks later word came that he had found a claim. Gleason accompanied the messenger to a place some miles northeast of Yuma, and there, in a box canyon, found his partner pounding and washing some pieces of black rock which showed no sign of free gold. Yet the bottom of the pan, when emptied, was covered with the yellow metal, and he soon realized that they had struck a veritable bonanza. The ore is the richest found in the region. It seems he had wandered casually into this box canyon, and had literally stumbled across a ledge twelve feet wide with an ore streak across four feet of it. Some of the rock assayed $2,000 to the ton, and there is such a splendid development that Gleason and his partner ask half a million each for their find. One of the first miners to see the property was C. D. Lane of the Utica, whose La Fortuna near by has paid several hundred thousand in dividends. As soon as Gleason's boss heard of his engineer's good luck he demanded to be taken in on the find, but as the man had not participated in the expedition he was refused, and retaliated by discharging his millionaire employee.

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Since then hundreds of prospectors are traversing the Short Horn mountains after locations. One grubstaker told the fortunate discoverer that he had been in that canyon two weeks before, and had seen nothing to indicate gold. "I can't see how you could have missed it," returned Eichubleer. "Well, sir," explained the other, "I found some good pieces of 'float' below on the plain and followed into the hills after it. I walked over that ledge several times, and did not catch on. Why, I left the bits of rock in a cave round the corner." Sure enough, they found the ore where he had described. The southern country is full of queer stories of lost mines. Years ago there used to come to Yuma at odd interva's an old Frenchman, whose pockets were always plentifully lined with gold dust. No one ever saw him come in, and when he left he succeeded in baffling the cleverness of those who tried to track him to the source of his wealth. Finally his visits ceased, and it has never transpired whether he had been murdered or had returned to Paris. It is thought that this mine of Gleason's is where he gathered his gold, and the presumption, zealously credited, clears up another mystery of the desert.

BOSWELL JR.

## AN END TO THE "LARK"

### The Brief History of a Freak Among Freaks.

In 1895 the Chap Book had already begun its successful career as a less radical exponent than the Yellow Book of the remarkable literary revolution that made the year typical of the vagaries of the "end of the century" madness. It was smart, unbridled by convention, emancipated from the "Home Circle" policy of the standard monthlies, sufficient unto itself, and by alliance with Henley's "New Review" enabled to bring out the works of a younger set of writers whose vigorous work was in such contrast to the "safe" stories of the monthly magazines. Suddenly, without warning, the storm broke, and a flood of miniature periodicals began to pour over the land. The success of the "Chap Book" incited the little riot of decadence, and almost all of the innumerable booklets were indifferent imitators of the Chicago bi-weekly. The stalls supplied by the news company were overrun by the "first numbers" of these amateur magazines. There was a craze for odd sizes and shapes, freak illustrations, wide margins, uncut pages, Jenson types, scurrilous abuse and petty jealousies, impossible prose and doggerel rhyme. The movement asserted itself as a revolt against the commonplace; it aimed to overthrow the staid respectability of the larger magazines and to open to younger writers opportunities to be heard before they had obtained recognition from the autocratic editors of the elect. It was a wild, hap-hazard exploration in search of a short-cut to Fame; it proposed to carry Prestige by storm. For two years the struggle lasted, one tiny booklet rising after another and disappearing in a few months from the shops where it had been tolerated.

Among the "brownies" there were not more than two or three that had any saving grace of originality to justify their existence or bore any evidence of literary quality that compelled serious aceptance. Among this few, however, was the "Lark," almost the first among the group, and at the present time closing, voluntarily, its career, just as it has succeeded in winning a distinctive place for itself in the world of letters. It has been a freak among freaks, but has made and held its place by a rare quality of spontaneity—an indefinable subtlety of humor and whimsicality that made it unique. It has been governed by a policy of optimism that contrasted vividly with the cynical satires of its fellows, and has combined sense and nonsense in such baffling proportions that one never knew what to expect or how to take it, unless one was in the fellowship of its ideals. It stood for a cult of which it was the only organ. It was not for the Philistines.

The "Lark" was started as an independent venture, more in fun than earnest, by Bruce Porter and Gelett Burgess, in May, 1895. The instant recognition it met among a class of readers, not large, but influential, induced Mr. Doxey to assume its publication, and since its first number it has borne his imprint, and made his name widely known among publishers. The first issues were exuberantly gay and irresponsible—untrammeled by considerations of popularity—the personal and intimate expression of the vivacity of its editors. It was a frolic pure and simple. Since then it gathered a set of young people of the same naive impulses. Mr. Ernest Peixotto and Miss Florence Lundborg came to assist in the illustration, Mr. Porter Garnett contributed a series of tours-de-force in the line of the literary purist, and "les Jeunes became affiliated as a group—one that represented the new Western impulse—standing for ingenuousness, freedom and freshness of life. The "Lark" has had its chief recognition among literary people rather than the general reading public, who were unable to fathom its intent. It was taken up by the press, with an amiable indulgence, as a youthful prank that was sufficiently amusing to be remarkable, while not to be taken too seriously. The "Lark," indeed, has rather encouraged this view, and has given its sermons in the guise of frolic and its nonsense the sober aspect of verity.

For a year no female contributors or advertisements were allowed, but with the second book of the "Lark" the bars were let down, and two new writers were initiated into les Jeunes—Miss Carolyn Wells and Miss

WILLIAM DOXEY
PUBLISHER OF THE "LARK"

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins—later, Yone Noguchi, the young Japanese poet, joined the ranks, and gave a new direction to the serious verse the "Lark" had been publishing, by a series of original poetical monologues.

With the April number of this year the "Lark" suspends publication, having fulfilled its mission. To keep it up longer would be to force the impulse. Its work has been done. It has made its pages known in the East as no California publication has ever been known before—it has stood for the reaction against decadence—and prophesied the renaissance. Les Jeunes have dispersed, for there is more serious work to be done. But their little straw-colored pamphlet will not be soon forgotten.

A. JEUNE.

Reviewing literary California, a writer in the Boston "Literary Review" has this to say of William Doxey, whose portrait appears above:

We have as yet but one publisher of real books (not to speak of editions of poems by women and graybeards, in padded covers and embossed ornamentation) and what Mr. Doxey could do with the material that its authors would risk with a local house has been well done, importing his own paper and book-cloth, and even his types for editions that barely pay the expenses. He has brought out three creditable books this year, and if confidence is established, there may still be literature in California. But the literary worker cannot afford to risk his efforts, he must be assured of a wide audience and generous advertising. So it is chiefly the poets that accept the nearest chance, and we have seen printed volumes that have done us scant honor. To be sure, no one reads their verses, but poets unfortunately have at times money or influence, and the stuff gets itself printed and is laid away on the shelves.

But as soon as the time shall come when an increase in the population shall ensure a market for the good literature that will be demanded, the supply will not be lacking. As yet the largest class of readers feed on the newspapers, and the feminine portion want only the "latest" books in the libraries. Society is not stratified here, culture has no empire of her own as on Boston's new made land, there are few leaders, and a book's popularity progresses by fits and starts.

Small chance here for that "dinner-party success" that Stevenson often asserted went furthest to launch an author's fame. Yet California has called more than once across the continent. It is a land of surprises and in the younger generation is our hope.

LES JEUNES
A farewell conclave in the editorial rooms of the "Lark"

## THE PENNSYLVANIA'S PRESIDENT

### How Frank Thompson Became a Railroad Manager.

Frank Thomson, the newly-elected president of the Pennsylvania Railway, has been in the service of the company for almost forty years. At the age of seventeen he entered the great shops at Altoona, and during the four years that followed mastered the craft of mechanical engineering so thoroughly that he could not only completely construct a locomotive, but also run it with the skill of an experienced engineer. When the civil war broke out, young Thomson enlisted, and came under the notice of Thomas A. Scott, who had been appointed by Secretary of War Cameron to be Assistant Secretary in charge of the trapsportation of government troops and supplies. The young cadet rapidly gained favor with Mr. Scott—so much so that he found himself at the age of twenty-one at duty in Alexandria, Va., organizing the transportation of the Army of the Potomac. This was a most important piece of work, and it entailed much labor and responsibility upon the young man, as it involved the building of bridges, construction of new lines of railway, and re-construction of old ones. It was an extremely important post, but young Thomson acquitted himself most creditably in the discharge of his duties, distinguishing himself for his obedience, quickness of perception, and prompt attention to the commands of his superiors — characteristics that he has always demanded and received from those beneath him.

In 1864 he terminated his military duties and returned to Pennsylvania, and was appointed superintendent of the eastern division of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. From this he was promoted gradually to higher positions, until in 1888, he was made first vice-president. In all these positions Mr. Thomson made careful studies of the different phases of railroad management and of the needs and necessities of a great railway system. Mr. Thomson has practically grown up with the Pennsylvania Company from almost his very beginning, and is so thoroughly identified with its interests and advancement that it is almost as much a part of him as he has been of it. He was fortunate in passing the early years of his career under the guidance of such men as Thomas A. Scott and Goorge B. Roberts — two men who took great interest in his advancement.

The individuality of Mr. Thomson has become thoroughly stamped upon the Pennsylvania Company, and is evident everywhere in every department of the great system, and it is through his individual efforts and wonderful activity that the Pennsylvania has become what it is, his military experience and discipline proving of great advantage to him in his management of the company. Mr. Thomson is a lover of books, of music, and of nature. He is fond of good plays and of good companions. He is an enthusiast of nature, and an excellent one to solve the mystery of the salmon stream. He is a man of much diversity and accomplishment, in which he differs exceedingly from his predecessor in office — the late George B. Roberts — who lived the life of a recluse more than anything else. He lived in the Bala woods near Philadelphia, and was seldom seen in the streets of the city. But when he was, and when he spoke either officially or otherwise, it was with the voice and decision of a man of force and authority.

The American people have been given an object lesson in the results of Protection which seems to have escaped the notice of most of the Republican journals. The Dingley tariff bill does not propose to alter the schedule on iron and steel manufactures, but adheres to the rates fixed by the Democratic measure, the Wilson tariff bill. Under the encouragement of Protection, the iron and steel industries of America have developed to vast proportions. While they were young and struggling, Protection gave them hope against overwhelming odds and permitted the American to compete in the home market at least with his foreign competitor. Soon the inventive American skill and daring American enterprise combined to devise improvements in methods and machinery. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were at first expended in fruitless experiments, until now, after a long series of years, perfection has been approximated. The plants, the methods and the machinery employed in the working of this metal have undergone a radical change. The advances made in that respect in America enable the home manufacturer of steel rails and sheet steel to produce these articles cheaper than England to-day, and even ship them to that country in competition with it. The steel used for pens and fine springs, once made exclusively in England, is now shipped from Pittsburg to Sheffield, and other manufacturing centers of Europe. And so the industry stands to-day almost ready to withstand Free Trade itself, and meet in the common markets of the world the products of England or any other country.

## A ECCENTRIC KAISER

### The Sanity of the German War - Lord Questioned.

The individuality of Emperor William is, just at present, troubling Europe more than his policy, and the question of his sanity is again receiving serious attention. Quite a number of people have assumed that the strange actions of the Kaiser are due to his exaggerated self-importance and his funny notions of Divine Right, but of late his oddities have taken a shape beyond the most preposterous form of self-conceit. Ever since the last visit of Empress Frederick to London it has been whispered about in the inner circles of Royalty and Diplomacy that he is quite wrong in the head, and that the question of his retirement, for a time at least, and the creation of a regency under his brother Henry, has been informally discussed by the Imperial Cabinet.

THE KAISER

The cause of William's accredited insanity is known to the medical world as "otitis media"—chronic inflammation of the middle ear. As far as heredity is concerned, William has a father, a great uncle, a great great grandmother, a great grand-uncle, a great grandmother, and a great grandfather, all of whom died from either insanity or blood taint—weighty evidence in a question of insanity. The Kaiser's actions are hardly reassuring, and his "humor" is peculiar, to say the least. Strange stories of his vagaries are told in Berlin. He was to have opened the Industrial Exposition at Treftow, near Berlin, and went thence in his yacht. In advance of him steamed a police launch. When the Emperor saw the little boat laboriously puffing and snorting ahead of him, he gave orders to put on full steam and ran away, arriving at the exposition ten minutes before he was expected. Of course there was no one there to receive him, and he was furious during his whole stay. On another occasion he wandered through the streets of Potsdam at midnight and dismissed all the sentries he encountered. Then he went to a young lieutenant on watch, who had dozed, and waking him, thundered out:

"Call out your guards."

Of course there were no guards within hearing, and the lieutenant was harshly reprimanded.

But perhaps one of his strangest acts was done one night while visiting the North Cape on his yacht. He piped all-hands aloft, and, arrayed in a surplice, he preached on the goodness of the Almighty in giving to the German nation such a ruler as himself, and the next day he went off in a small boat looking for the whale that swallowed Jonah.

The next of kin to the Emperor is his eldest son, Frederick William, a boy of fourteen, who is being educated as a soldier. He is a lively lad, full of fun, in good health, and showing, so far, none of the traits of the Hohenzollerns. This is probably due to his mother, a Princess from Schleswig-Holstein, who was selected by Bismarck as the helpmate of the then future ruler of Germany. It was first proposed to wed the young man to a British Princess, but Bismarck objected. "The race of Hohenzollerns has been spoiled enough by British blood," he is reported to have said. "This Prince must marry a Holstein cow."

Prince Henry, who will have to become regent, should necessity arise, is the idol of the German nation. He is a dashing sailor, a good fellow, and is immensely popular and democratic. He is the practical head of the German navy, and has on many occasions represented his imperial brother. His wife, Princess Irene of Hesse, is a sister of the Czarina. Emperor William's insanity is not improbable: it is in the natural course of events. Of late he has been ruling in a manner inconsistent with his earlier career. He has set himself up as the first of Kings, and as such deems it his duty to protect the rights of sovereigns. It is upon this principle that he regards Prussian capital upon the banks of the Spree, a minor European King, instead of lording over all the continent as the great exemplifier of Divine Right. And further, if Divine Right were in force William would not be styled Emperor of Germany at all, for that title lawfully belongs to the Emperors of Austria.

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The Queen of Greece, who was the Grand Duchess of Russia, was married at the age of sixteen. Her husband, King George, was five years her senior, and had already reigned in Greece four years, having ascended the throne at seventeen, and notwithstanding her extreme youth Queen Olga soon showed that she was admirably fitted for the duties of her new station. Shortly after her marriage she founded the Evangelismos, which is described as the finest model hospital in the world. She has made herself immensely popular among the Greeks by her charities, and has long since been given the title "Queen of the Poor." She is still a remarkably handsome woman, the handsomest, it is said in all Greece, and like all the Romanoff Princesses, has had a thorough training in music and the languages. The greatest grief of Queen Olga was the death of her eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, who died at the age of twenty, having been married a year previous to the late Czar's younger brother, the Grand Duke Paul. Her oldest son, the Duke of Sparta, is married to the Princess Sophia of Prussia, sister of the German Emperor, who won much popularity with her future subjects by joining the Greek Church upon her marriage. The other members of her family are Prince George, who is in the navy, Prince Nicholas, a lieutenant in the army, and the Princess Marie who is engaged to a Russian Grand Duke. Queen Olga's summer home is at Corfu. It is a beautiful place, and is full of interesting mementoes of the Russian, the British and the Danish Royal families.

QUEEN OLGA

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Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has written in thirty-two years 200 volumes of romances, numerous short stories and several plays, essays and translations, and during a large part of the time has edited two newspapers, and has taken an active part in politics as a member of the Hungarian Parliament. In his leisure moments he has become an excellent gymnast, fencer and horticulturalist, in addition to carving busts in ivory and painting pictures. This is a remarkable record of industry, unequaled, probably, in all Europe. Mr. Gladstone is another indefatigable worker. He wastes little or no time on any occasion whatever. If he is left alone for five minutes in a friend's house or in a railroad station, he will produce pen, ink and paper, or a postal card, and proceed to dispatch his correspondence. It is said he can dress for dinner in five minutes taking things leisurely, and in three minutes when in a hurry.

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Chauncey M. Depew does not believe in the idea of an aristocracy of wealth. He says that he knows of only two families whose wealth has increased in succeeding generation, the Vanderbilts and the Astors. The faculty of making money is of frequent occurrence, while the art of keeping it is rare, and instances Daniel Drew, who at one time was worth nineteen million dolars and who died in debt, and another speculator who had three million dollars in bank and now is earning about twelve hundred a year. Mr. Depew believes that the [illegible] money making inventions of the future will be [illegible] electric motor, which will supersede the overhead t[illegible] and the flying machine. In inventions, and in imp[illegible]ments in and the cheapening of transportation, that great fortunes are mainly made.

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The Duchess Maria Josepha, wife of the celebrated oculist, Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, devotes the greater part of her time to the care of the three eye hospitals of the Duke, one of which is established in the Royal Palace at Tegernsee, and the others at Munich and Meran. The Duchess is assisted in her work by her daughter, the Princess Maria Gabrielle, who takes as much interest in the philanthropy as her mother. Both these royal ladies assist Duke Charles in most of his operations and are skilled and trained nurses. The Duchess is a Portuguese Princess, being a sister of Don Miguel of Braganza, and is also sister-in-law to the Empress of Austria.

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Theodore Moss and Marc Klam, two Gotham impresarios, had an argument over the relative weight of a complete ballet costume with that of an ordinary outfit for street wear. Moss claimed that the regulation ballet costume would weigh about one-fifth as much as the ordinary street costume. Klam insisted that there was a greater difference in their relative weights, and a wager was made of a supper and champagne for the entire "In Gay New York" company, which was appearing at Wallack's Theater. The wardrobe mistress of the company was sent for, and one of the Fougere costumes secured. It was put on a postal scale, and the entire affair, consisting of silk tights, gauze skirt, bodice and slippers, marked exactly on the pound. A street costume was then weighed, and showed just sixteen pounds.

A NEW HAWAIIAN SCARE

The U. S. "Philadelphia" anchored in Honolulu harbor. This photo was taken during the disturbances which preceded the deposition of Queen Liliokalani

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The opening of the restored Borgia apartments in the Vatican may be termed the greatest artistic event of the latter half of the century. The work has taken four years to complete and an expenditure of $100,000, great economy having been observed. The apartments consist of the Borgia Tower, three large halls of one hundred meters each, and an immense salon called the Hall of the Pontiffs, two hundred and fifty meters in size. The restoration has been a complete triumph, and the gorgeous rooms, with their precious tapestry, frescoes by Pinturicchio and di Betto, and their beautiful majolica pavements, look exactly as they did in the time of the magnificent Borgias.

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There are indications that the product of the famous Cripple Creek district in Colorado will be surpassed in richness by that of the West Kootenai gold fields in British Columbia. These mines have developed wonderfully in the few years in which they have been worked. This year the entire product of the region is expected to go over $12,000,000, or more than half what it has been in all the twenty-five preceding years in which the mines have been in operation. The Kootenai district is a good place for prospectors, as more than half of the region in which the paying ores are supposed to be is as yet unexplored. A great majority of the mines are owned by American citizens, and the big smelter at Trail is controlled by Montana capitalists, who have there an investment of $1,000,000 or more.

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The death of the Japanese Crown Prince brings into notice the extravagant sums expended upon royal obsequies in the island empire. When the Dowager Empress Asaka died, last Jaunary, the Diet voted an appropriation of $700,000 to defray the cost of her funeral. The preparations consumed almost a month, and before they were completed $100,000 from the imperial fund had to be added to the original grant. The ceremonies took place at Kyoto, the ancient capital, and continued for two days. The coffin, a boat-shaped box of white wood, was placed on a large chariot drawn by two yoke of oxen, and was followed to the royal cemetery by an almost endless procession, including all the high officers of State, a multitude of nobles and an entire army division.

A DRILL OF UNITED STATES MARINES IN HONOLULU

The privilege of landing armed men in the Hawaiian Capital is granted only to the United States

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Think of it, Diary dear, only ten more days of Lent. Hurrah! then, for Easter and gaiety. I hope old Father Time will put wings to his heels for these last ten days, as mamma has issued her fiat that no child of hers shall go out during holy week. I pouted and fumed, but it was all put on, as, of course, there is no amusement to speak of, and I shall be all the fresher for Easter. I had a perfect love of a gown, a Baer creation in the newest spring shades, and a hat that will, I fancy, please even Arthur's fastidious eye. Nothing of any great importance has occurred this week. There was Aileen Goad's wedding, of course, but that was a simple affair. You should have seen the decorations, though—they were magnificent; myriads of American beauty roses were massed everywhere and the mantels banked in violets. Bishop Nichols performed the ceremony. Aileen looked even lovelier than I anticipated, in a heavy satin gown, her corsage cut square and filled in with point lace. Genevieve was maid of honor, also in white, and four little girls held the ribbons. After the ceremony the sixty guests, who were all old friends of the family, went to the dining-room, where breakfast was served. I hoped to get the ring when Aileen cut the cake, but was, alas, doomed to disappointment. Never mind; Mamie McNutt got it when Ella was married, and she has not yet said yes to any of her adorers. That is a consolation. Afterwards Aileen and Mr. McIntosh went off to Sausalito, we think, although they would not give us any definite information as to their plans. Genevieve and I went to see their Sausalito home the other day. It is a quaint little cottage with three bedrooms upstairs and a living-room, dining-room and kitchen down stairs. Aileen has furnished it in real country fashion, with dotted Swiss curtains, rugs and very light chairs and bric-a-brac. It is an ideal place and I quite envy her such a charming summer home. Genevieve and Mr. Goad are going to Santa Barbara at the end of the week.

I do love engagement dinners, and am on the qui vive of expectation over the Baldwin-Glascock affair, to be given at the Varsity Club on the nineteenth. Mrs. Baldwin has invited twenty young people, all Aleck's and Jessie's best friends, and as we are congenial spirits we anticipate a capital time. We are to wear high-necked organdies, with bright stocks and sashes. I have a new one, white over orange, which is most becoming to my peculiar style. Talking of weddings and engagements, Mattie Whittier's cards are out. I don't know who are to be her bridesmaids, though I hear Ethel Cohen has selected hers. Helen Hopkins, Emma Butler and Ida Gibbons are among them. You know a great deal of her trousseau was destroyed in the fire—was not that unfortunate? She is to live at the Presidio and keep house on an infinitesimal scale, as Lieutenant Bents' quarters comprise a three-roomed cottage—fancy that!

Frances Curry is greatly improved, and the doctors say her face will not be even scarred; is not that fortunate? Della Mills is laid up with an abscess of the ear and is suffering intensely. We are all so much interested in Will Andrews, who is preparing to go to Europe to study. You know he sings at St. Luke's and has a fine baritone voice of quite unusual volume, besides which he is young—only twenty-four—and exceedingly good looking. He is to give a concert at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on April 29th, which promises to be a smart affair. Mrs. Salisbury has taken him up and is to give a reception in his honor before the concert. Mamma, Leila and I have been attending Archdeacon Webber's addresses, and Papa and Arthur are quite enthusiastic about the half-hour noon services at the Merchants' Exchange. They say they are simply packed, which seems surprising when one considers how indifferent men are as a rule to all things connected with religion. I don't believe I have ever met a more inconsistent woman than my mamma. You know she has condemned all my lenten junketing, and yet she did not even dream of refusing Mrs. Alvord's invitation to lunch on Tuesday afternoon. It was a pink luncheon, and the table was so pretty, mamma said. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was very handsomely gowned. I believe the affair was to have been given after Easter, as Mrs. Alvord is a close stickler for Lenten observances. However, as Mrs. Reid is to leave for the East on Saturday it had to take place this week or not at all. And now, diary dear, I must be off to church. I am going regularly every afternoon for these two weeks. So farewell. MISS CRICKET.

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The spirit of Lent is observed among the church people of Oakland far more rigidly than on this side of the bay. This is especially noticeable among the young people, who heroically refuse invitations to opera or theater, and have actually been known to say an unwilling nay to that joy of maidenly hearts—a girls' luncheon. Among the matrons the tea and thimble parties abound, and the Grandmothers' Club continues to grow in numbers and in popularity. These ladies, in addition to the milder amusements of sewing, have introduced cards into their afternoon program with much success. Mrs. Robert Watt entertained the Lenten "Thimble Bee" again last week. All the articles that they are now making will be sold at a sale to be given after Easter. These ladies have also organized a sewing school in West Oakland, and have seventy pupils, ranging from six to thirteen years of age.

Few children's entertainments are as amusing as the "dolls' party" given last week by Misses Freda and Helen Button to twenty-three of their little girl friends. The house was trimmed in yellow buttercups, and each little maid appeared carrying her doll. The youngsters were charmingly dressed in soft silks and organdie frocks, while the dolls were gorgeous Parisian importations for the most part. They played games, fed the dolls and dilated upon the virtues of their respective babies, as is the fashion, I am led to believe, among mothers of an older growth.

A birthday surprise party was given to Mrs. John Stanly on Tuesday afternoon by her daughter, Mrs. Cayhill. The afternoon was spent in playing cards. Mrs. Wheaton, Mrs. Folger and Mrs. Bromwell carried off the prizes. There are a few informal lunches to chronicle this week, among them: Mrs. T. L. Barker gave a married ladies' affair to fourteen on Wednesday last, and Mrs. Will Henshaw entertained several of the Deux Temps set on Thursday. The only tea of any degree of interest was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Frank Brigham in honor of Miss Peck. About fifty people were invited. During the afternoon several musical selections were given.

Mrs. F. M. Smith gave a very smart entertainment on Friday evening to the members of the First Congregational Church. An interesting musical program was followed by supper in the ball room on the third floor. The two hundred guests were seated at round tables decorated in pink begonias and maiden hair ferns. Special cars were run during the evening from Oakland. Mrs. Smith was very prettily gowned.

Mr. H. O. Hunt, formerly the organist of St. John's Church, announces an organ concert at Hamilton's Hall on April 29th.

Miss Lou Wall is rapidly recovering from her injuries and anticipates leaving New York for home on April 13th. Miss Wall is now able to walk with a crutch. There seems to be a peculiar fatality attached to the Oakland maidens as far as casualties are concerned. While the bicycling craze prevailed numberless girls were laid up with sprained ancles, broken knees, etc., and the scourge still continues, Miss Florence Hush being the latest addition to the list. She was exercising in the gymnasium, and jumping over some of the lower bars, when she fell and dislocated her knee. She was taken home and on alighting from the carriage again injured it, tearing the ligaments. It is now in a plaster cast, and Miss Hush hopes to be able to walk in the course of the next two months.

Now that the Transvaal is again a great question, and Cecil Rhodes is the hero of London, there ought to be something more than a passing interest in the lecture which Mr. H. A. Butters has promised to give in aid of the Balboa boulevard. No one knows more about South African than Mr. Butters. He amassed great wealth there and had many experiences. He made a collection of fine photographs, with which he will illustrate his talks—there are to be two of them—and the Christian Association has tendered the use of its beautiful hall. The first lecture is to-night and the second a week hence.

*MISS GEORGIE CAYVAN*

Who begins an engagement at the Columbia next Monday in "Squire Kate"

A full assortment of the latest Eastern novelties at Gruenhagens, 20 Kearny street. Ice Cream Chocolates—a superior make—a specialty. Goods delivered free to Oakland, Alameda or Berkeley.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

Pupils for the Zither will be received daily at my studio, 22½ Geary street, from 1:30 to 3 P.M. Charles Mayer, Jr.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

## MODES FOR MALES

### What One Must Wear to be Saved From Unfashionableness.

The waistcoat is the garment of premier importance this season. His Highness of Wales has so decided, and so must it be. There are all sorts of them, and they may be worn at any time. Silk waistcoats of various degrees of conspicuousness are much in vogue, but the double-breasted Newmarket is probably the most popular. It is made up in wool, plaids or brocaded mixtures, and has buttons and buttonholes, so it may be fastened close up about the neck, if the owner be so ill-advised as to desire it.

Double-breasted sack coats are the proper thing for business purposes, and the three-button cutaway, which is about as appropriate, is to be long of waist and short of skirt. There is a call for slightly padded shoulders. The full dress coat is about the same, but it has a rival which promises to be popular among men of fine form. It is a species of double-breasted swallow-tail, which one is supposed to wear buttoned, and with it is worn a waistcoat, the edges of which show beneath. Trousers are to be very much smaller, measuring sixteen inches about the bottom. They are long at heel, the curve catching the instep. The loose hanging Chesterfield, the top coat for universal wear, will have its looseness exaggerated to absurdity. The edges will be corded, and the cuffs, collar and revers decorated. The paletot, which is graceful in contour, may be worn safely on all occasions.

In haberdashery, color will run riot; jacqueminot, old pink, olive, reseda, charmille, and blue in every comparative stage from ciel to navy. In shirt materials batiste, percale, divinity and madras divide honors, and clouded and stripe effects are to be quite the thing. They are very popular at present. Shirts for full dress wear, one authority informs us, may have soft full fronts, or if so desired, plaited bosoms, but I presume the plain effect will remain proper among conservative dressers. Cuffs are rounded at corners and worn with chain links. In shirts for ordinary wear, pinks and blues are quite correct. Clouded effects are smart, but the stripe's the thing—those running diagonally across the bosom for the whimsical, but for the ordinary man of quiet taste stripes running vertically are more desirable. Real novelty shirtings have a touch of black in their construction. A thread of black among the brilliant pinks, blues and greens, gives tone and lends a subduing influence. Windsor scarfs take the lead for neckwear, and are to be broader and longer than ever. Old-time scarfrings are used to some extent in tieing them, and by this means flowing ends and puff effects are obtainable. The broad tie is proper for a business shirt; handkerchiefs and tie must invariably match or be in harmony. Undressed kids fastened by one button of smoked pearl are the gloves for street wear, and lavender and white decoratively stitched are worn with frock coats and Tuxedo jackets. White gloves are permissable only for evening use. Like to the rainbow will be underwear—it is to be seen in green, lavender, sky blue and old rose mixtures, in in some instances in red of bewildering shades. The garments will have broad satin facings and bindings of galloon. Hosiery is to be vivid in coloring, but black with embroidered instep will be most popular.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

ROYAL

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Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

## FROM 3 TO 23 (?)

### The Eventful Career of the Girl With the Diamond Tooth.

An ex-Human Fly with a diamond tooth, gowned in lavender and lace, with a tot in her arms, seated upon a divan sprinkled with dozens of photographs of herself and booked for contracts till the end of the year 1898. A puzzle. Find the heroine!

It is easy to find the diamond tooth; there it is, glittering in the southeast corner of her smile, as if she had taken a small bite of an arc light.

It was easy to find the photographs, too,—there they were, of Mollie Thompson as Topsy in Kiralfy's Spectacular Combination, as the "Gay Parisienne," when she drove onto the stage of the Oxford Music Hall, London, in a victoria drawn by two live horses trained for the stage, with a little coach dog trotting between their feet,—as she was when she sang her great song, "You Don't Dare

To!" in Johannesberg,—and all the rest of them.

But was this she who had been the "Human Fly" and had walked in vacuum shoes across the roof of Barnum's big tent, with her hair hanging down like a No. 7 sable paint brush? She will never do the Human Fly again, for the last time she missed the net, and fell upon a pile of stones, and it cost her four months in the hospital. The life of the Human Fly is likely to be eventful, for a Human Fly has no wings.

Mollie Thompson swore with tears in her eyes that she was NOT born on the stage, and that she never went NEAR a theater till she was three years old! The child in her arms was all of that, but had never danced the Highland Fling in the Bella Union Theater as her aunty had, nor had she traveled with her father's company and done children's parts until she was promoted to be a full-fledged soubrette—with a diamond tooth.

Mollie Thompson may be twenty-three years old, as her agent asserts—as, too, her diamond may be worth $500—one wouldn't like paste in one's mouth and so it is undoubtedly genuine;—but if she is only twenty-three and could possibly have done more things than she has done, she would have had to work Sundays. After her Highland Flings she went on the road. Her father was a star and she a juvenile asteroid, having learned to talk and to dance of the same nurse. Mlle. Aimee excited her to interest, and Mollie Thompson aspired to become a Human Fly. She discovered the maker of Mlle.

Aimee's vacuum shoes, and for two years she crawled across the roof of a circus tent. After her tumble she forswore the pendulum gait and the flying trapeze, and transferred her acrobatic varieties to the stage.

See Mollie Thompson now, the inventor of a skirt that will preserve a lady's modest aspect while she stands on her head; an umbrella-like costume with springs

that keep one's petticoats from opening. It was a great achievement, invaluable to ladies who turn flipflaps, head over heels, for other people's amusement.

A few years as a Human Umbrella, however, was enough for one who had been a Fly in her time. Her ambitions soared toward the possession of a diamond tooth.

She played in "A Pair of Jacks" and she played in "The Hustler," but still no diamond tooth! A six months' journey across the Oxford Concert Hall stage in the Gay Parisienne's victoria brought her at length to the promised land. To Paris for a diamond tooth went Mollie Thompson;—out went ivory, in went gold and now she smiles a $500 jeweled smile.

There is money in vaudeville. Mollie Thompson was booked for years ahead, like a bud at her first ball. She sang "You Don't Dare To!" in English on the Continent with foreign gestures and cosmopolitan cart-wheels. Mollie Thompson must have her heels in the air, or she's not happy.

A whirl in South Africa, a season or so doing handsprings in Australia, that all the world may see the diamond tooth, and behold her back in San Francisco in boy's clothes for the first time in her life, trying to smoke cigars on the Morosco stage, wondering what men do with their hands, anyway, and longing for skirts again, no matter how short they may be. And engaged up to the end of the year 1898! Small need to patronize local fortune tellers has Mollie Thompson. She has her future in cold black and white, and, like the Milkmaid, while she has the diamond tooth, "her face is her fortune."

*MISS MOLLIE THOMPSON*

Starring as a soubrette at Morosco's Grand Opera House
Bushnell, photo

The scene of "The Spirit of an Illinois Town" Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is set in a prairie settlement called Trail City, a place of scattering homes, real estate offices and twirling windmills. The story, which has appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," is well written, very well written, but one arises from a perusal of it sad and unsatisfied, with deepened impressions of the melancholy of existence. One is relieved to know that Sam marries Lucia, but that is all there is to be glad for. Poor Kate, "the spirit of the town," is killed by a cyclone just when she has had her greatest happiness, and Seth's ungrateful wife makes his life miserable by turning up inopportunely instead of obligingly dying, or at least staying away. There is litle pleasure in reading such a tale as "The Spirit of an Illinois Town." Like the incidents of life, its action leaves one longing for happy conclusions.

An interesting book on birdology is Olive Thorne Miller's "Upon the Tree Tops" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mrs. Miller is an authority on birds and she writes of their homes and habits with an enthusiasm that is most infectious. The book is illustrated by J. Carter Beard.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

## AT THE PLAYS

### The Personality and Performances of Otis Skinner—Shows of the Week.

Mr. Otis Skinner should have commenced his engagement at the Baldwin with "A Soldier of Fortune" rather than with "His Grace de Grammont." The former is infinitely the more pleasing play of the two, and the company appears to decidedly better advantage in it. There is less of the impossible in the matter of situations and the like, although heaven knows there are enough of impossibilities to startle one out of his senses. Skinner has my sympathy, and something of my affection. He is a manly, dashing, heroic figure of a man, nas a full neck, a well-rounded head, and eyes clear as a hawk's. His voice is full and round, and he is, indeed, a typical soldier of fortune. He looks and acts the dare-devil soldier who would willingly lead a forlorn hope, or carve out his destiny with his blade. But you have the impression all the while that in some way he is "missing it" in the selection of his repertoire. You have seen women who have just missed being beautiful. Well, Skinner impresses me somewhat in the same fashion that this kind of woman does. You feel there is merit there, but you feel, too, that it is just missing success. He seems not to have found a play that will fit his abilities and yet draw. "A Soldier of Fortune" and "His Grace de Grammont" are not up to date. They do not come within a mile of touching the demands of the theatre-goer, and this weighs heavily against him. His company is good. For instance, Maude Durbin made a most attractive Blanche Daubigny. She has a sweet manner and a pair of handsome eyes, which she uses to advantage. Sara Truax, Miss Aberle, Naomi Roberts and Mary Breyer were all most acceptable, the house was appreciative, even enthusiastic, but it was not crowded, and that's the test, after all.

"The Waifs of New York" will be the attraction at Morosco's next week. It is the play that made Kate Emmett famous, and it contains any amount of realism, including a real fire engine drawn by real horses. Miss Mollie Thompson as Willie Rufus introduces some new songs and dances, jumps into a net from the third story of a blazing house with the baby heoroine in her arms, and, later on, again saves the life of the child by clinging to a trestle while a train rushes furiously over it. Mlle. Loretto, late of the "Prodigal Father" company, introduces several specialties, and Fred Ford, a boy tenor of remarkable register, is also to sing.

The new people at the Orpheum next week include the Merrilees Sisters, premier singers and dancers. They are clever young women, and have been for two seasons with "Old Hoss' Hoey of Evans and Hoey. Harris and Walters, eccentric comedy duo, who introduce a lot of up-to-date songs and topical hits, are also on the list, as are Kronemann Bros., grotesque gymnasts, and Evans and Vidocq, conversational artists. The Rays make their final appearances.

Primrose and West's minstrels follow Otis Skinner at the Baldwin, opening on Sunday evening, April 18th. The company numbers over one hundred members, and is the most complete minstrelsy organization before the public. The combination is first rate, and includes, besides George Wilson, George W. Primrose, William West and a number of colored singers, who give a distinct character to the ensemble.

Miss Dorothy L'hote's debut at the Calliornia last week in "An Unequal Match" was very much of a success. In the trying role of Hester Grazebrook, Miss L'hote looked charming and made a most agreeable impression. She is a tall, slender blonde, with good features and engaging personality. Miss L'hote, who is, by the way, a Stanford girl, will leave shortly for the East, where several good openings are awaiting her.

Next week the Tivoli will put on Sir Jules Benedict's beautiful Irish opera, "The Lily of Kilarney," with Laura Millard as Eily O'Connor, Elvia Crox Seabrooke, Anne Chute; Rys Thomas, Hardress Cregan; J. P. Raffael, Danny Mann; Ferris Hartman, Mr. Corrigan, and W. H. West, Father Tom. A number of new pieces will be given after the Easter holidays, including the first production of an annual review entitled "Miss Frisco."

The benefit for the new club house of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association will come off at the California on Friday evening, April 23. The feature of the performance will be a fairy extravaganza, "The Fairy Bride," in which one hundred children will take part, introducing a number of pretty songs and dances.

Miss Pearl Ladd will shortly give a piano recital at the California. Miss Ladd, who is only thirteen years of age, is exceptionally talented, and plays the most difficult compositions, including Beethoven concertos and Liszt rhapsodies.

Hugh Conway's famous drama "Called Back" will be given at the Alcazar next week. The play has been one of the greatest dramatic successes of the time, and in the hands of the Alcazar Company should have a satisfactory production.

The sixth and last concert of the most successful series of symphony concerts ever given in this city by a local organization will take place at the Columbia Theatre Thursday, April 22d, instead of the 15th, as that day falls on Holy Thursday.

Wadsworth Harris of the Otis Skinner company gave a dramatic recital in Marysville on Saturday, March 27th, at the residence of N. D. Rideout. Mr. Harris, who is a reader of much ability, delighted a large audience.

Ward and Vokes are soon to appear at the Columbia in their success "A Run on the Bank," now in its third and last season.

Indications do not promise that we shall see any "elaborate simplicity" this season or simplicity of any kind—nothing but general "fussiness" and frivolity from the top of a bunchy neck ruche to the hem of a much-ruffled skirt. Stately belles and "Gibson girls" have had their day, at least for a time, so would seem to say the first installment of spring models which you know are always designed for the American market. This would imply that we know what is to be worn in America before we have any reason for discovering what the Parisienne is going to adopt; which is largely true, although the couturiere is not the sole autocrat in the matter. Between her and the defined modes of the spring stands the buyer; generally a man or woman of such long experience that one wonders where his apprenticeship was passed, and perhaps, after all, successful "buyers" are born, not made, and know instinctively what their feminine public will choose, like a successful manager of foreign stars and music-hall novelties.

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J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, for a complete line of Spring shirtings and neckwear.

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## MRS. ATHERTON'S NOVEL

### An Excellent Story, in Which There is Both Action and Reflection.

There have been published within the twelve-month two interesting novels purporting to treat of contemporaneous American life. "Rose of Dutcher's Cooly" essayed to present the girlhood and growth of a daughter of the middle West. She was born and reared on a Wisconsin farm, was trained under the coeducational system at Madison University and escapes from the travails and restrictions of farm life to find work and recognition in Chicago. In "Theron Ware" the problem is less a question of environment, though the conditions which govern both dramatis personae and plot are as purely American. That book exhibits the disintegration of an individual by stress of exterior relationships with which he was too weak to cope, and introduced, incidentally, a phase of church politics which made an excellent and novel background. The life of a country town and the play of a set of original characters on one another contributed to produce a brilliant if unconvincing effect. Quite as interesting as either of these, if less broadly founded, is "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," (John Lane) by Gertrude Atherton.

Sitting aside, for an instant, the plot, one realizes there is an immense amount of material in this book—material in the sense of observation of certain phases of American life. They are not the phases which Hamlin Garland or Harold Frederic have treated, nor will an acquaintance with the works of Edgar Fawcett or W. D. Howells instruct one as to the existence and principles of this world of Mrs. Atherton's. She has devoted thought and study to the creation of her heroine and the composition of her background, and she has produced a book that will surely attract attention and induce discussion. It is radical in its interpretation of social questions, daring in its conclusions and most uncompromising in its criticism of religion, journalism and matrimony. Withal it is brilliant with color. The narrative is kaledioscopic. One flits from the parlors of a Christian Temperance home to the apartments of a comic opera prima donna. Existence in the ancestral parlors of an aristocratic mansion on the Hudson is suceeded by life in a hall bedroom in a New York boarding-house. From society which Patience adorns as the beautiful wife of Beverly Peel, a scion of the Four Hundred, she flits to journalism, in which she gains prominence as a reporter on the "Evening Day." Returning to nurse her invalid husband, she is accused, at his death from an overdose of morphine, of having administered the drug to release herself. She is tried and defended by a brilliant advocate, whom she had known in her childhood and who realizes all her masculine ideals, but is convicted, sentenced to be electrocuted and is actually in the execution chair at Sing Sing awaiting the death shock when a reprieve delivers her into the arms of the advocate, who has finally proven her innocence. Add to this the scenes of her childhood in Monterey, her life with a drunken mother on the Sparhawk ranch off Carmel Bay, and you have a narrative sufficiently varied to win the sufferages of innumerable readers.

After reading "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times" it would be preposterous to deny Mrs. Atherton's ability. Even if the characters be superficially constructed they are extremely well done and decidedly interesting. One's experience may not contain a woman who has such an undue allowance of beauty, magnetism and intelligence as the heroine, but that renders her none the less delightful. One may realize that the vicissitudes of of Patience's career represent rather the ambition of her creator to rehearse phases of life than the essential outcome of the elements in her character, but the scenery and the details are so intrinsically fascinating that one forgives the artifices by which they are introduced. Besides, there is no artificiality about the style, which is excellent, being direct, decisive and graphic. Indeed, barring the chapters of Patience's childhood, which lack conviction and the final scene which is mere melodrama and untrue this is certainly a capital piece of fiction.

There are a number of well-planned and highly dramatic situations, most of which fit naturally into the narrative. Mrs. Atherton is certainly to be congratulated on her management of the case against Patience. The chain of circumstances compels the verdict.

Quite recently Mrs. Atherton attracted an international unpopularity by her characterization of the American male as a mere machine of commerce and vastly inferior both to the female product of this glorious country and to the ordinary Englishman. This view she emphasizes in her book. She is especially severe on the manner of wooing which the New York man affects. Patience is complaining to Hal, the sister of Beverly Peel, whom she subsequently marries, of the attempt of said Beverly to kiss her. Hal, who is up in the ways of society, men, responds:

"You mustn't take life so tragically. I've had several weird experiences myself, although I'm not the kind that men lose their heads about as a rule; only given the hour and the occasion, some men will lose their head about any woman. Perhaps I should have said New York men. They are a rare and lovely species. They admire God because he made himself of their gender and knew what he was about when he invented woman. I was out on a sleighing party one moonlight night last winter, and on the back seat with a man I'd never seen out of a ballroom before. The way that man's legs and arms flew around that sleigh made my hair curl. You see, a lot of us are fast, but then plenty of us are not. The trouble is that the men can't discriminate, as we look pretty much alike on the outside. They're not a very clever lot—our society men—and they don't learn much until they've been taught. Then when they are forced to believe in

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

your virtue they feel rather sorry for you, and later on are apt to propose—if you have any money."

* *

Subesequently Latimer Burr, whom Hal is engaged to marry, is introduced to Patience, and is much taken with her. It is their first meeting mind, and this is how he comforts himself:

"I never talked so well," he said. "You inspired me;" and he took her hand in the mater-of-fact manner she knew so well.

"You talked quite as well before you saw me—"

"I knew you were there—"

"Kindly let me have my hand. I have only two—"

"Nonsense! Let me hold your hand. I want to! I am going to— Why are you—"

"Haven't you Hal's hand?"

"Oh, my God! You don't expect me to go through life holding one woman's hand? Hal is the most fascinating woman in the world, and I love her—but I want you to let me love you, too."

"It is quite immaterial to me whether you love me or not; and, I think, if you want plain English, that you are a scoundrel."

"Oh, come, come. You—you—must know more of the world than to talk like that. Why am I a scoundrel?" He looked much amused.

"You are engaged to one woman and are making love to another."

"Well, what of that so long as she doesn't know it? I shall be the most uxorious and indulgent of husbands—but faithful—that is not to be expected."

"You must have great confidence in me. Suppose I describe this scene and conversation to Hal?"

"You will not—not out of regard for me, but because you love Hal—dear little girl!"

* *

Though rebuffed on this occasion, Burr tries again, and airs some theories which Mrs. Atherton would have us believe are generally lived up to by Gotham gentlemen:

"A beautiful woman that does not love her husband always loves another man."

"Or is willing to be loved by the first man that happens to have no other affair on hand."

"You have said that you like me."

"I didn't say I loved you!"

"I'd make you!"

"Oh!" with a deep contempt he was incapable of understanding, "you couldn't. But tell me another thing; I'm very curious. Has it never occurred to you that a woman must be wooed, that it is somewhat necessary to arouse sentiment and feeling in her before she is willing to advance one step? Why, you and your kind demand her off-hand in a way that is positively funny. What has become of all the old traditions?"

"Oh, bother," he said. "Life is too short to waste time on old-fashioned nonsense. If a man wants a woman he says so, and if she's sensible and likes him she meets him half way. Men and women of the world know what they want."

"That is all there is to love, then? It no longer means anything else whatever?"

"Oh—you are all wrong. If you were not a spiritual woman I wouldn't cross the room to win you. One can buy the other sort. It is your spirituality, your intellectuality, that fascinates me as much as your beauty."

* *

Not alone to the male element of New York society does this critic confine her strictures. The women impress her as thin, artificial creatures:

He glanced about at the girls in their bright gowns, which clung to their tiny waists and hips, their narrow chests and modest busts, with the wrinkleless perfection that has made the modern milliner the god he is. Their polished skin and brilliant shallow eyes, their elegant sexless forms, their haughty poise and supercilious air, laid aside among themselves but always in reserve, their consciousness of caste, were the several parts of a unique and homogeneous effect, which, Patience confided to Mr. Wynne, must mark out the New York girl in whatever wilds she trod.

"Oh, it does," he said. "The New York girl is sui generis, and so thoroughly artificial a product that it seems incredible she can exist through another generation. I will venture to predict that the species will be extinct in three, and that American women of a larger and more human type will gradually be drawn into New York, and found a new race, so to speak. Why, it seems to me that the children of these women must be pigmies—imagine one of those girls being the mother of a man. It is well that New York is not America."

* *

The most entertaining pages of the narrative are those in which Patience Sparhawk turns journalist. There is a James E. Field, the editor and proprietor of "The Day," evidently a portrait of Charles A. Dana of the "Sun"—a clever characterization—to whom she applies for a post. She traverses the "Day" building and is turned over to Morgan Steel, who incarnates the type of man evolved by the "new journalism" of which we now hear so much. This is an abbreviated rendering of the scene:

"What can you do?" he asked coldly.

"Oh, nothing," she said desperately, "absolutely nothing. I suppose you feel like remarking that the 'Day' is not a kindergarten."

"Well, it certainly is not. Nevertheless, as Mr. Field thinks that you have ability, and wishes you to write for his paper, I, of course, shall do all I can to abet him. I shall begin by giving you a few words of advice. Have you a good memory; or should you prefer to write them down?"

He spoke very slowly, as if he had a deep respect for the value of words.

"I have read a great deal," said Patience, proudly, "and my memory is very good indeed."

There was a faint twitching of one corner of Mr. Steele's mouth, but he continued in the same business-like tone:—

"Read the 'Day' through carefully, morning and evening. Observe the style in which facts are presented, and the general tone and atmosphere of the paper. Cultivate that general style, not your own. Remember that you are not on this newspaper to make an individual reputation, but to become, if possible, a unit of a harmonious whole, and to give the public the best news in the style to which this newspaper has accustomed it. When you are sent on an assignment remember that you are to gather facts—facts. Keep your eyes open, and cultivate the faculty of observation for all it is worth. When you have gathered these facts put them into as picturesque a shape as you choose—or as you can. But no rhetoric, no rhapsodies, no flights, no theories. If the facts admit of being treated humorously, treat them in that way, by all means—that is, if you can imitate a man's humor, not a woman's flippancy. A good many women can. And never forget that it must not be your humour but the inherent humor of the subject. Be concise. When you feel disposed to say a thing in ten words say it in five. That is all I can think of at present. Be here at 8 o'clock to-morrow, and I will give you an assignment."

C.

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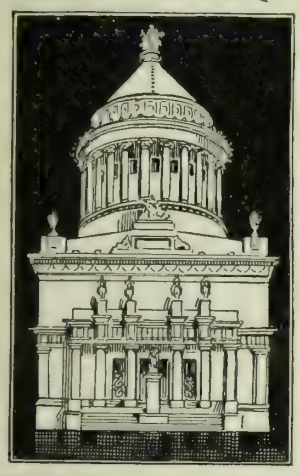

GRANT MEMORIAL NUMBER

General Horace Porter describes the new Tomb of General Grant and writes most interestingly on "Campaigning with Grant." There are other articles on General Grant and much besides, including first chapters of a new serial story.

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## THE THEATRES

### Certain Tribulations of a Disillusionized Playgoer.

Sone one ought to write a book on theater nuisances. The lady with the all-obscuring hat is not the only nuisance in the house. There are others. I expect it was realized long ago that indifference to the rights of our neighbors is merely a development of one form of selfishness. I remember being assured once that the best way to discover a man's real character is to go camping with him. Three nights at the theater, however, will evoke all the selfishness and vanity there is in a man quite as effectually as a camping trip.

But, to my nuisances, or at least the most common of them: You all know the chatter-box, usually female, but often otherwise. She, or he, is one of my particular detestations. Probably "she saw the same play in New York," and rattles off the minutest circumstances under which she was vouchsafed that pleasure, and is so permitted to contribute to my discomfort. The curtain has gone up, and just as sure as there is a touching dramatic scene, she is bound to declare: "Why, that is not the same man who had that part in New York. This company is not half as good as the one I saw in New York. Now look! That is the villain. Isn't he handsome! Just delicious. Now he'll come in again—no, they don't kill her, they only think they do at first. Now watch him." And so she rattles along happy in the sound of her own voice, but she prevents all of her neighbors from enjoying the performance. One night at "Gismonda," two young gentlemen from New Zealand wore my patience thin in the same manner. They sat behind me and discussed the manners and customs prevailing in Antipodean theaters, and I fervently wished they were back in their island home never to return.

"The man who goes out to see a friend" has been worn almost threadbare, but still he is the same old nuisance. Recently at the French opera they were singing "Les Huguenots." I noticed an old gentleman and his wife who were located in the end seats and had settled themselves down comfortably to enjoy the music and the singing, but an unkind fate had placed a stupid young idiot in the same row, who insisted on going out after every curtain fall and not returning until the next act had fairly commenced. I watched the old gentleman's ire rise with a good deal of sympathy, and I did hope that he might finally smite the Jack-a-napes the last time he performed the trick, but he didn't.

They are running a spectacular burlesque entitled "Don Juan Ad Lib." at the Tivoli this week, and are doing very well with it. Ferris Hartman's costume in the first act offers the student of surgery an admirable opportunity to study anatomy. I don't think it is possible for any other human being other than Hartman to devise such weird and ridiculous garments as he manages to invent. One cannot but think how Ferris would shine in the back row of the French ballet with the costume he wears in "Don Juan." William H. West is amusing as Lambro, a retired Irish pirate. He is a versatile actor, and his work is entitled to a great deal of credit. Some friend of Laura Millard ought, in all kindness, to advise her to practice before a mirror, so that she might avoid the muscular tension that draws her mouth so out of shape. She is a comely young lady, and has a most pleasing voice, but her production is marred by this habit, which she has probably unwittingly fallen into, and which I am inclined to think could easily be corrected. Otherwise it is a most acceptable performance she gives, and my criticism is intended as suggestion rather than as censure. Besides the stars, there are in "Don Juan" pirates, sea-nymphs and fishermen, slaves and fisher-girls, with ballets and dancing to suit the most exacting. B.

* *

In "Wild Oats" the Alcazar company makes its first attempt at old English comedy, and the attempt may be termed a success. The best work in the production is done by George Osbourne as "Ephriam Smooth," Francis Powers as "Rover," and Adele Belgarde as "Lady Amaranth." Mr. Osbourne's "Smooth" is an exceptionally good bit of acting, thoroughly artistic and consistent. Mr. Powers looks well as the strolling player, and his work is excellent, the best he has given us for some time, but his habit of elevating his eyebrows is very bad and should be discouraged. Miss Belgarde as the demure "Lady Amaranth" awakes to love and the vanities of life in a most charming manner. Her simple gown becomes her as well as her modest demeanor. May Buckley's "Jane" is a dainty bit of work, and Gordon Foster's "Sim" amusingly clever.

Otis Skinner gives a double bill at the Baldwin this evening consisting of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio," a condensed version of "The Taming of the Shrew." The third and last week of Mr. Skinner's engagement commences Monday evening with a production of "Richard III." Tuesday evening "The Lady of Lyons." "Richard III." will be repeated on Saturday evening and "The Lady of Lyons" at the Saturday matinee. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio" will be given a second time Wednesday night. "Romeo and Juliet" Thursday, and "Hamlet" Friday.

The performance of the French opera company at the California this evening will be the most notable of the entire season. It will include the overture of "William Tell," second act of "L'Africaine," intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," third act of "La Favorita," with Albers in the cast. "La Navarraise," with Mme. Feodor as Anita, and the grand ballet from "Faust." To-morrow night the company will make its farewell in a performance of "La Traviata." Popular prices wil prevail and the ballet arranged for the occasion will be the most brilliant of the season.

Miss Georgia Cayvan will open at the Columbia on Monday evening in Robert Buchanan's pastoral play, "Squire Kate." Miss Cayvan has had exceptional success throughout her entire season, her new plays and excellent support attracting much attention. "Squire Kate" will run through the first week, and for the second "Mary Pennington, Spinster," will be produced, and also the double bill of "Goblin Castle" and "The Little Individual."

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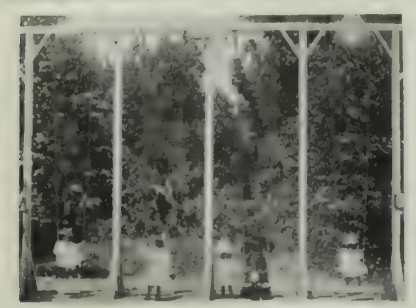

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## RACING

### Excellent Two-Year-Old Running—The $10,000 Burns Handicap.

So much has been going on in the racing world during the last few days that special mention is made in other columns of this issue of matters of more than usual importance.

In the latter part of last week some little fickleness on the part of the weather tended to make the going at Ingleside a bit heavy for the close of the meeting, but since the change of scene to Emeryville the moderate amount of rain that has fallen has not been of any serious consequence.

---

The two-year-old form is being gradually reduced to an ascertainable quantity, and, as the distance of races increases with the progress of the year, the difference between good, bad and indifferent begins to display itself; but, as some owners are too persistent in their efforts to make hay while the sun shines, it is not to be expected that the youngsters wil every time run true to form.

Profiting by a somewhat ragged start, in which Michael and Juan del Rico were chopped at the outset, the latter's stable companion Rey El Salto, Flushington and Hermoso made a good showing in the half mile on Thursday week, and finished close together in the order named. The following day Marcus Daly's smart little filly Salmera, sister to Salvation, made a runaway race for a similar distance, nothing else in the field being near her at the finish. On Saturday, in the opening 4½ furlongs, a field of fourteen faced the starter, and were kept dallying at the post some considerable time, owing to the fractiousness of Outlay, who eventually jumped off to a rising barrier with a clear lead of three or four lengths, and, remaining in the front all the way, scored an easy victory, the Baldwin filly Los Prietos just stalling off for second place, Miss Remsen, a neat filly by Owas, the sire of Outlay, who, in turn, was but a head in front of Morniga. On Monday, at Emeryville, the Sir Modred colt Hermoso took the lead in the four furlongs purse, and on this occasion maintained his undoubted speed to the end of the journey, managing to land in second place, with the Salvator colt Bliss Rucker closing up a big gap pretty fast in the last fifty yards. The following day brought to the post a field of 15 maidens for 3½ furlongs, some half the number sporting silk for the first time. The start was an even one, but failed to produce anything like a race. The winner turned up in the unfashionably bred Melvin Burnham (Joe Norwood—Sound), who scored a clever half length victory over Allie Belle, a daughter of the Kentucky sire, imp. Pirate of Penzance. On the same afternoon we were treated to another short cut for the babies, in which no less a number than seventeen tempted fortune. With a position next the rail, and good handling on the part of Slaughter, the imp. Ormonde filly Rosormonde, running in the colors of her lessee, Mr. J. Naglee Burke, held her own throughout the journey and finished up a clear length in advance of Front de Boeuf, notning else in the field being in within reasonable distance of the pair as the winning post was passed. The filly is the second of Ormonde's get to race in America and the first winner born in this country to the great horse.

Wednesday furnished two good two-year-old events, in the first of which Bliss Rucker well earned his first bracket, though the Torso filly Torsida, who ran a close up second, made a great run from a bad start. In the General Arthur Stake, nine-sixteenths of a mile, only six went to the post, all being of the better class. The running was made by Miss Rowena to the head of the stretch, but she had to give way to Michael and Gypceiver halfway down the straight, when it looked as if the Islington colt was going to land the stake. Like a flash, however, Miss Rowena's stable companion, Recreation, who was giving him ten pounds, shot out and with a desperate effort beat the chestnut by a short head on the post, Gypceiver third upwards of two lengths back. The winner thus confirmed her right to be considered especially smart, and it is only a pity that Rey El Salto declined the contest, as the meeting of these two youngsters would have added further interest to the race. It must be remembered that Michael has lately had a pretty good doing and was perhaps hardly at his best. The time for this race was 55 seconds.

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Since the meeting opened on Monday at Emeryville the fields have been more remarkable for quantity than quality, furnishing little of interest to any but inveterate punters, who have but to find the pea and they are happy. But all this should be sharply corrected when we come to assist to-day at the great $10,000 Burns Handicap for all ages, 1¼ miles, supplemented by the Waterhouse Stakes, $1,250 for two-year-olds, 4½ furlongs. Out of the 72 entries for the former, the richest stake on the coast, 17 have accepted, and from 12 to 15 horses seem likely to come to the post, drawn from the following list: Salvation 120, Vinctor 120, Wheel of Fortue 117, Ruinart 116, Schiller 113, Installator 112, Argentina 112, Yankee Doodle 110, Lobengula 107, Judge Denny 106, Nebuchadnezzar 106, The Roman 105, Grady 102, Candelaria 102, Altamax 100, Osric II. 96, Mollie R. 90. Wheel of Fortune won the event last year, but whether she can repeat the performance under present conditions is doubtful. Much will depend on how the race is run, but Salvation, Ruinart, The Roman and Altamax should be able to give a good account of themselves.

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The comparatively limited extent to which breeding is now carried on at Palo Alto, and the impending break-up of Mr. William Corbitt's stud farm at Burlingame, must tend to relieve the market, and help others who hold good track and road horses to realize in the future to better advantage than if those two important concerns had continued to breed on the scale that formerly prevailed. California has been a source of supply for the rest of the country for many years now, so far as fast harness horses are concerned, but with the disposal of Mr. Corbitt's stock in New York this month local resources will become notably reduced. The remembrance of this fact should give encouragement to those breeders who are still in the ring. Under the circumstances this does not seem to be the time for them to throw up their hands, especially in view of the steadying effect produced upon the market in the East by considerable purchases to meet the European demand for the American trotting horse. France, Germany, Austria and Russia are all importing good fast horses for speed contests, while the British Isles continue to be a good market for shapely, well-bred animals, with power and action suited for carriage work. Throughout the older countries individuality is of more moment than pedigree, and one perhaps would hardly err in thinking that a like tendency is being developed in the United States.

No one need be afraid to breed good horses, and the scare that has been caused by the absolute cessation of all demand for scrubs has worked nothing but good. Those who raised such animals had really no claim to a profit. The experienced horseman knows well that good horses always are and always will be in demand, for they come but too seldom, and, even when born and raised, remain to be made before any satisfactory disposal can be made of them, excepting racing stock, in which case the buyer must be prepared to run the risk attached to establishing the full market value of the animal, and which is always discounted in the price he pays to the breeder.

It is a strange commentary on the condition of the horse-breeding industry in this State when men who are interested in the largest concerns of the kind, nominally raising fine horses of every description, have to supply their own requirements by buying Eastern horses—when they want carriage horses. This is an actual fact, however, and the horses that are bought are nothing special, but ordinary useful animals. No State or group of States in the Union can do better than California in the matter of thoroughbreds and trotters, and in the face of such a fact as is mentioned there would appear to be a fine opening for the use of capital with intelligence and the requisite horse judgment and experience in breeding and making good carriage horses, not only for local sale, but for outside markets. Indeed, in this regard, the State has not got beyond the days when people used to bring ready-made wooden houses round the Horn, while her forests were full of magnificent timber, just as the fields are now of horses.

BENEDICT.

---

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## LIBRARY NOTES

There is a most unnatural young woman in "The Mistress of the Ranch" (Harper & Bros.), and her name is Phoebe Ellen. Her sister Anne, however, is charming and amiable and is beloved of Sam Tinker, who does prodigious things on her behalf and finally saves her from the poison which the said Phoebe has administered. There are other sensational incidents—a landslide, an operation on the brain of sister Anne, from which the doctor dies, and sundry other events. There is a certain plot interest in the tale which persuades one to follow it to a conclusion, but otherwise the construction is not brilliant.

"Easter Bells" (Harper & Bros.) is the timely title of Margaret E. Sangster's latest book of verse. The most noticeable, and at the same time the redeeming feature of the work, is the deep religious and sympathetic sentiment.

In her latest book, "A Virginia Cavalier," Mollie Elliott Seawell treats of the boyhood and youth of George Washington. The work is full of local color of the time, brings in some thrilling adventures with Indians, and gives a vivid idea of the maneuvers and customs of the period. (Harper & Brothers.)

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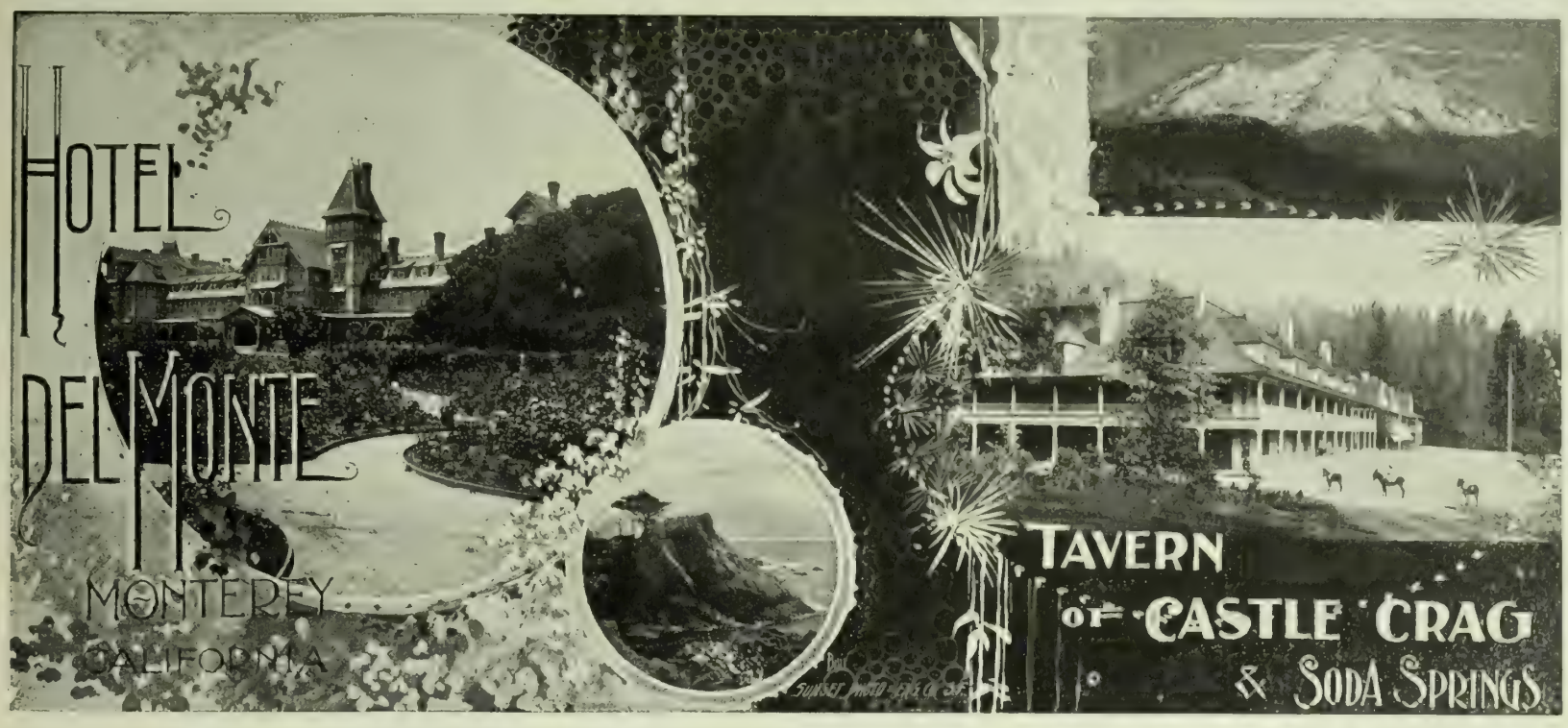


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Storey Co., Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 111) of Ten Cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine st., San Francisco.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY, room No. 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 311 Pine street, San Francisco.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, and to all others concerned: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11, in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.
By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A gentleman recently entered the Salon d'Or at Monte Carlo, approached the tables where the cards were being shuffled preparatory to beginning the play, and placed notes amounting to $2500 on black. This staking a maximum before the play had begun attracted much attention, and a bystander remarked: "Rather bold play, sir!" "Well," said the player, "I dreampt last night that I saw the table exactly as it is now, and on the first coup black won." The cards being duly cut, the tailleur proceeded to deal out the cards for the first coup, and black won. A suppressed "Oh!" from the bystanders greeted the announcement, and then, from across the table, came, in tones of agonized entreaty, a lady's voice: "What did you have for supper last night? Do tell me!"

M. de Sartines, at one time Chief of the Paris Police, was a master of his profession, and he almost invariably brought to justice any criminal to whom he gave his attention. He was once requested by the Chief of the Vienna Police to discover and seize a fugitive criminal who had fled from Vienna to Paris, and a description of the man accompanied the request. Sartines gave orders for the search, and after two months wrote to the Vienna officer: "I have sought the criminal you described on all sides, and for a long time in vain, but at last the efforts of my agents are rewarded. He is in Vienna, which city he has not left at all. You will find him at Fauborg X——, No. 56. There is a flower-pot in his window."

A gallant captain was called up by his colonel to explain his assaulting the sentry on his return to barracks after dinner on the previous night. The captain had forgotten the incident entirely. The sentry declared that the officer was evidently drunk. The captain's Irish soldier servant, however, emphatically protested that his master was sober. "How is it that you are so sure that he was sober?" asked the colonel. "Did he speak to you?" "He did, sorr." "What did he say?" "He tould me to be sure and call him early in the morning, sorr." "That seems all right," said the colonel; "and did—ah—did the captain say why he wished to be called early?" "He did, sorr. He said he was going to be Queen of May."

In a remote settlement of the Northwest, far away from lawyers and law books, a man was charged before the local solon with having unlawfully taken a small flat-bottomed boat, the property of a neighbor. The charge having been proved, the justice went carefully through the criminal statutes, but could find nothing, in his opinion, bearing on the case except a clause relating to "piracy on the high seas," and accordingly sentenced the offender to death. On the application of the prosecutor, who had no idea that the offense would entail such terrible consequences on the accused, who was the "sole support of six," the sentence was commuted, by consent, to a fine of two dollars and costs.

An old gentleman in Hungary, a short time ago, left all his property, valued at about $10, to Pope Leo. In obedience to the law, the mayor of the town sent His Holiness the following summons: "To His Holiness, residing in the Vatican, Rome, Italy—You are hereby summoned to appear, without fail, on the 15th instant, before me, the undersigned mayor, in the matter of the bequest of the priest, Anton Syurky, deceased. You are further requested to bring with you the amount of the official fee, namely, five florins seventy-five kroitzers." How aggravating it must be for the Holy Father to realize that he is a prisoner, and can't get out!

It was at a table d'hote dinner at a hill station in India that a very young officer just up from the plains found himself seated next to a lady whom he took for one of the grass widows common in those parts. He made himself agreeable, but his neighbor seemed a good deal out of spirits, so he said, sympathetically, "I suppose you cant help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?" But the lady was a real widow, and when he learned that he changed his seat.

The summit of his ambition had been reached by an aspiring Scotchman. He had been promoted to the Magisterial bench. With head as high in the air as he could carry it, he swaggered along till he went bolt up against a quadruped, which had not the manners to get out of the way of the newly-made dignitary, and was lazily browsing by the wayside. "Man, mind my coo!" cried the indignant owner. "Woman, I'm no longer a man—I'm a bailie!"

The late Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher once made a rather savage remark to her husband concerning Theodore Tilton. "You shouldn't be so bitter against Theodore," remonstrated the famous preacher, in a sympathetic voice: "you shouldn't be so bitter—there's some good in him." "Yes, Henry, I s'pose there must be," said Mrs. Beecher, knitting her brow; "I s'pose there must be, for no good ever came out of him."

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love-letter, and he felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothings. It was as follows: "Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's 'riting it is a married man, and he says he can't 'bide any soft soaping—it allus gives him the spazzums."

An Irish gentleman was dining out the other night, when somebody insulted the Queen. The gallant and loyal Irishman was on his feet in an instant. "Sir," said he to the culprit, "the duello is not now in fashion, but if you had made that remark fifty years ago, I would call you out to-morrow morning!"


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# THE WAVE

VOL XVI. No. 16  SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 17, 1897  PRICE 10 CTS

Squire Kate is the elder of two sisters, and is struggling with poverty

She is in love with George Heathcote, whom she believes returns her regard

But George's affections are set upon her younger sister, Hetty

He is bitterly opposed by his miserly step-father, Gaffer Kingsley

Kate overhears George and Hetty plighting their vows of love

Overcome by the wreck of her hopes, she denounces and repudiates her sister

The shepherd discovers Gaffer's attempt to break up the match by poisoning Hetty

And Kate, exonerated from suspicion, gives her fortune and blessing to the happy pair

## "SQUIRE KATE"

A graphic synopsis of the new play at the Columbia Theatre as rendered by Miss Georgia Cayvan's company.

# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 17, 1897

CONTENTS

Editorials . . . . . 2-3
For Pure Food . . . . . 4
Evolution of a Dispatch . . . . . 5
Things and People: by Boswell Jr. . . . . 6
A Biter Bit: by Justin Sturgis . . . . . 7
Wu Ting Fong . . . . . 8
Stellar Extremes . . . . . 8
A Spring Fancy (Neuvain) by Gelett Burgess . . . . . 9
Views of Leona Heights . . . . . 9
In Society . . . . . 10
The Burns Handicap: by Benedict . . . . . 11
Bas Bleus: a Lenten Literary Discussion . . . . . 12
On Leona Heights . . . . . 12
The Theatres . . . . . 13
Turf Government; by Benedict . . . . . 14
New Stories Re-Told . . . . . 16

## A NEW CONSTITUTION.

It is not in human nature to be satisfied with things that are, and this characteristic finds expression from time to time in governments. Twenty years ago there began an agitation in California for a new constitution, which in 1879 resulted in the adoption by the people of a new fundamental law that was as novel as it was vicious and impracticable. The people who wanted the change were deaf to pleading, blind to reason and possessed with an all-consuming itch to bring about a change simply for a change's sake. They wanted a change in a blind, stubborn, unreasoning way, and they got it; and with it came all the ills and misfortunes that conservative predictions had declared would inevitably follow in its train. If punishment could have been confined to the citizen responsible for the innovation we might have made merry over their deserved discomfiture, but this pernicious document affected all men alike, affected the State itself, and drove millions of dollars hurrying eastward for investment, never to return. We have had nearly seventeen years of constant litigation over this abortive "improvement." The dockets of our courts have been crowded, and the State and its citizens put to immense and unnecessary expense in order to establish, defend and assert rights under its provisions. Many of the most objectionable features of the document have been practically nullified and rendered harmless by the judgments of our courts. Property and other rights have been adjusted, settled and determined under it. From all appearances we are about ready to settle down with a knowledge that at last public and private rights have been pretty clearly defined under our present fundamental law. Just as this auspicious hour is approaching there appears a movement to call another constitutional convention and submit to the people another instrument. A demand, general in its nature, for such a change, which is silent as to the specific amendments proposed, is pregnant with mischief to us all. So far no clear statement has been made as to the character of the constitution sought, but in a general and indifferent way it is said: "We need a new constitution," or "Conditions have changed," or "We must keep abreast of the times." These things mean nothing; or they may mean much. The "Call," which seems to be particularly enamored of this movement in behalf of the new constitution, may perhaps offer some reason for its interest. If it has in mind specific changes which it considers necessary or advisable to make, will it suggest what they may be, so that the wisdom of them may be discussed? If our constitution is lame in any particular then it may be amended. If it is lame in many particulars, then also may it in those particulars be amended, piece by piece, section by section, provision by provision, and we shall not take the desperate chance of having the hand of cunning inject into it provisions which may seem innocent upon their face, but which carry with them sinister design and purpose. There is danger in this constitutional convention. There is danger that it may be just as was its predecessor, loaded with gilded nothings to catch the public eye and so blind the people to faults of omission and commission that may not be easily remedied. Will the "Call" suggest wherein it would have our laws amended? And then let us set about in an orderly way to secure such amendment, after a full and fair discussion. It is a little early to discuss this question, but it is one that will be fruitful of discussion in the future, and fruitful, too, of harm, mayhap.

## THE FOREST RESERVATIONS.

More than a year ago the President of the United States, in pursuance of a resolution of Congress, requested the National Academy of Sciences to designate a commission, to be composed of men known to possess some knowledge of forestry, who should recommend to the government some course by which a portion of what remains of the public domain might be reserved in perpetuity for the public purposes. The gentlemen appointed on the commission examined, as carefully as the time at their disposal allowed, the remaining areas of public land in which they thought it possible to make such reservations as would tend to preserve the mountains from denudation and to preserve a source of supply for the natural streams and the ditches of regions which depend on irrigation. As a result of their examination the commission recommended to the President to withdraw from entry and sale certain tracts, aggregating about 35,000 square miles of wild lands in remote regions, mostly mountainous and unsettled. Under the authority conferred on him by law, President Cleveland, in the last days of his administration, issued a proclamation reserving the tracts so recommended for public purposes. It was understood, and so declared at the time by the Forest Commission, that their recommendation for the withdrawal of this large area looked, in effect, only to the securing of tracts out of which, after more complete and careful investigation, the final reservations might be carved. It was to give time for a full consideration of the great problem of forestry, and for the elaboration or development of a system of forest administration, that they recommended the immediate withdrawal of a sufficient area to ensure that, when a system of forestry shall be ready, there shall be some forest land remaining to be administered in the public interest.

No sooner was the executive proclamation issued than there arose a clamor from the regions in which the reservations had been made, from which it might easily have been inferred that the people of those parts had been made the victims of the most high-handed robbery and oppression. Protests rained in on the Executive and the legislature. It was whiningly represented that the "poor man" would by the President's action be cut off from his opportunity to make a home for himself in the wilderness; that he would not even be permitted to cut the logs for his humble cabin; that the hardy prospector would be shut out from all opportunity to uncover the stores of mineral wealth within the reserved acres; and that the gentle and honest shepherd would find no pastures for his flocks and must be ruined, in spite of the encouragement given him by the new Dingley tariff, if his sheep were not to be at liberty to devour every green thing that grows on the remnant of the national estate. And the protests and denunciations invariably wound up with the demand that the forest reservations be forthwith "restored to the public domain." The fact that the sole purpose in establishing the reserves was to preserve them as a part of the public domain did not seem to strike the protestants at all. It is one of the remarkable results of the extravagant liberality of our national land policy that land which is protected from private greed, by being reserved for purely public uses, is no longer regarded as "public land."

But it is not the poor settler who is whining and protesting against the policy recommended by the Forest Commission. The lands reserved are not such as are, at this day, attractive to the home-seeker. It has been the aim of the commission not to include agricultural lands in the reserved area. The prospector has wider regions still unexplored than all that are included in the reservations yet made. And as for the sheep-herder and his all-devouring flocks, they are a pestilent nuisance, and we are glad to see them shut out from some portions of the fair wilderness that nature has given us. We in California have had ample experience of the imported barbarian who leads his flocks through the mountains and valleys, leaving behind them not a green thing from the grass roots to the highest reach of a sheep's neck, and we would be glad to see every sheep-owner compelled to keep his sheep on private land, on pain of having them turned into mutton if found trespassing on the public domain. The improved condition of the national parks in this State since the army officers in charge of them have made it unwholesome and very unprofitable for sheepherders to trespass on them, and the contrast with the unprotected forest areas adjoining them, furnish a valuable lesson as to the destructive effects of free sheep-herding on the public lands.

The outcry against forest reserves is not the voice of the people. It is nothing but the selfish clamor of a few individuals who see their opportunities for gratifying their private greed unexpectedly abridged. That Senators and Representatives in Congress are found ready to voice the sentiments of these disappointed land-grabbers is not to be wondered at, and nobody should be deceived by it. The time is past when a representative of the public interest could be expected to refuse the assistance of his official position to a powerful constituent whose interest might be adverse to the real interest of the people. One saw-mill owner can make more noise over this matter than a thousand citizens whose interest is merely that of all other citizens not interested in saw mills.

The people of the State of New York have, at great expense and with much difficulty, bought for the State a small area of timber land in the Adirondack region. This year they are about to devote a million of dollars to effect an enlargement of the area. Of course the saw-mill men and the wood-pulp interests are loud in their objections, but the people of New York pay very little attention to them. So proud are they of their little forest reserve that they have declared in the Constitution of their State that no portion of it shall ever be alienated; and when there was submitted to the people an amendment of the Constitution by which it was sought to authorize the State authorities to dispose of some small portions of the area the amendment was rejected by a majority of more than 330,000 votes.

The proclamation of President Cleveland made, in effect, a free gift to many States of forest areas much greater than that which the people of New York were glad to purchase at a great price. In California we have large areas reserved in the Sierra Nevada which will prove to be more and more valuable to the people of the State as the years pass by. Some time we shall awake to the knowledge of their vital importance to us, and we shall insist that the whole reserved area shall enjoy the admirable protection which the National Parks now receive from the troops assigned to guard them. And now it might be well for the gentlemen of the Sierra Club, and of other organizations of men who want to see some part of our great forests preserved for later generations, to find some means of assuring the government at Washington, and, more especially, our own Senators and Representatives, that the sentiments of Californians on the subject of forest reservations are not accurately voiced by a lot of sheep herders and saw-mill men.

## CALIFORNIA AND THE CANAL.

We stand woefully in need of a commercial awakening here in San Francisco, and if harping upon our neglected trade possibilities, and dinning into the manufacturing and commercial ears tales of diminishing trade opportunities, will have a stimulating effect, then we stand ready to contribute to that end. One grows tired of having the public spirit which exists in Chicago constantly brought in view, but even though the illustration be stereotyped, Chicago stands typical of American advancement, and reference to it is necessary in the nature of things. Chicago long ago recognized the danger she might suffer through a Nicaragua Canal, and long ago took steps to obviate those dangers. With the outer world she had no water communication, but her mercantile life set industriously to work, and has finally succeeded in inaugurating a series of canal improvements that will make it possible for foreign ship-bottoms to dock at the Chicago wharves, entering the great lakes by way of the St. Lawrence river. And further than this, the same forces have underaken the great project of connecting the lakes with the Mississippi, and so enabling Chicago to distribute in the river flat-boat the output of her manufacturies and the products of wheat, flour, beef and hams in competition with the world. The construction of the Nicaragua Canal to-day would not be a detriment to our inland metropolis, for it would add markets now impossible to her. We venture to prophesy the early approach of the day when Chicago's commerce on the seas will strike terror to New York mercantile life. We need some Chicago spirit here. We need unity of action. The importer who handles half a million dollars worth of goods per annum in San Francisco, and in the handling employs a dozen clerks, under the present arrangement has no interest in common with the local manufacturer, who, if he must turn out the same amount of goods, is compelled to employ labor by the hundreds. The importer's fight is for low rates of

transportation from foreign ports of manufacture, while our local manufactories depend for their very life upon the establishment of a transportation rate which will operate as a protective tariff against cheap labor and cheap fuel of other countries. Producers are the bone and sinew of a country. Our prosperity depends upon the prosperity of our producers. The increase of our consuming population depends upon the increase of our manufacturing interests. A whole block of importers, with buildings crowded from basement to attic with the wares and manufactures of other countries, is not of half as much importance to the welfare of this community as is a single home factory employing one hundred hands.

Mr. Merry, the advocate of the Nicaragua Canal, says: "No one can value manufacturing interests more than myself. To make manufactures profitable it is necessary that raw product shall be abundant and cheap; that labor shall be low as at any point in the republic (even with a protective tariff); that coal and water power shall be cheap; that there shall be a large population for consumers in the vicinity, and that transportation to consuming markets shall be at lowest cost."

Note well what the gentleman proposes for California: "That labor shall be as low as at any point in the republic" if we are to have home manufactures, and that "raw product shall be abundant and cheap." These, according to his views, are the two prerequisites for successful home manufacturing, and it is to these ends Mr. Merry promises the construction of the Nicaragua Canal will promote. That the price of labor will fall in California with the completion of the Canal there cannot be the slightest doubt, yet we will venture to assert that every representative of labor who has spoken upon this subject has advocated the construction of the canal, and regards it as a holy duty to shout for its completion. "Abundant and cheap raw product!" Will Mr. Merry explain where this material is to come from, and what its character may be? The gentleman also points out that "were the canal open, steamships from Europe would crowd our wharves laden in their holds with merchandise, and with immigrants in the between decks; our population would at once increase; our lands would be settled up; with increased population would come a clientage for manufactures, and we should gradually build up a home market for them, while the surplus would have cheap water freights for distribution."

More ships from Europe, no doubt, would come to our wharves laden with the manufactures and merchandise of the older countries, and with "immigrants between decks," but are these things desirable? Our city is crowded now with idle, houseless, workless men. California needs men with mouths to feed and purses to pay for the feeding. We need money to develop, not "between decks immigrants," who are deterred from coming here overland, because "it costs all they have got to reach here." We have more than our quota of idle men. Think of it! Mr. Merry would have us treble and quadruple the army of our poor and unemployed, for the purpose of increasing local consumption, and so encouraging local manufactures. It is ridiculous upon its face. According to this gentleman, these "immigrants" are to be developed into "producers" in some mysterious way, and the canal will then offer these "producers" a market. Meanwhile, the success of these "immigrant producers" will increase the home market for our manufactures. This is a heavenly condition of affairs upon paper, but it scarcely seems practicable. We have not the space in this issue to reproduce Mr. Merry's entire communication which was sent to the Evening Bulletin, but we will be glad in the future to publish whatever he or any other gentleman may have to write us upon this subject, and discuss their attitudes pro and con.

## *NEW PHASES IN THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.*

Pent up against the dam of political debarment from the franchise, the Woman's Rights question, like a steadily rising flood, has begun to overflow its banks, and is inundating the whole field of Emancipation. It is doubtless only a question of years when the movement in favor of the equal rights of women shall break down Legislalative barriers, but meanwhile the agitation finds vent in the hitherto undeveloped ramifications of the main question.

The most recent evidence of this unrest has been given in Mrs. Clara Foltz's late sensation at Delmonico's in New York. Mrs. Foltz has remarkable ability in finding a quarrel when she wishes one, and she usually has such a desire. The exploiter of the famous California Venus has been politely ejected from Gotham's famous restaurant, in compliance with an order that denies women the right to enter the place after 6 o'clock in the evening without an escort. There is rough skirmishing to be done in the van of every reform before the way is cleared for the less ardent supporters, and the world cannot progress without fanatics to bear the brunt of the ridicule, which is the first weapon of the upholders of Mrs. Grundy's regime. It has been the women who have flung sneers at these cranks that have reaped the results won by their short-haired sisters. Mrs. Foltz has not, from a man's point of view, an attractive personality. We have become reconciled to the woman in medicine and in art, but we still shrink from her appearance in law, or upon the lecture platform. We do not, as a general thing, admire the woman who raises her voice when she talks, and would debar her from all professions requiring that exhibition. But if men will not champion women, women must champion themselves, and if we must have female lawyers, they can do worse than leading the attack upon the rights that have been so long witheld from them and their sex.

Mrs. Foltz undoubtedly has justice on her side; such a regulation as Mr. Hollender of Delmonico's has adopted should be enforced with discretion. But some such rule is needed to keep out the undesirable customers that have given such places bad names, still it would seem that an ounce of discrimination would have prevented the pounds of trouble the restaurant now has upon its hands. Mrs. Foltz' aggressiveness has been various. She is now making another hot fight for the Public Defender Bill; a measure providing for the services of a public official gratis to defendants in criminal cases. Mrs. Foltz's sympathies are here again with the under dog, and she would facilitate the feuds kindled by the back-yard amenities of the lower walks of New York life. She has seen women "strip their wedding rings from their fingers and pawn the shawls from their backs" to pay retainers to shyster lawyers to secure help for a wayward boy, or escape the malice of a neighbor whose purse enables her to punish the defendant with "costs," whatever be the issue of the case. There will be a great deal of fish to fry in the New York courts when this bill is passed, and it is more likely to increase teapot tempests than lessen them.

So much for these trickling outlets of the Woman question. A still more radical movement has been started in England for the facilitation of marriage, and London is now discussing the possibility of the establishment of matrimonial bureaus to work along respectable lines, for the benefit of the "masses." It is characteristic of the middle classes that almost every woman looks forward to marriage as the horizon of her hopes, and it is properly so. To the common woman marriage means an enlargement of her life impossible under other conditions. It is also characteristic of the men of the same caste, that when they come to a marrying age they "look around" to find a desirable partner; they are moved by the instinct of the "Genius of the Race," seeking to prolong the existence of the Race rather than by sentiment. To bring these two factions together legitimately is the effort of the movers in the new enterprise, and the subject is receiving a great deal of attention from the English press and from prominent people.

William T. Stead, as might be expected, approves this radical movement, and asserts that the conditions of modern civilization require such an institution to break down the barriers of formality, and the thoughtless and haphazard selection of large cities. Mrs. Swan, the novelist and editor of the "Woman at Home," calls it a "human as well as a humane work," and thinks it could be made beneficial to the middle classes, especially those secluded from the opposite sex. The British Weekly, one of the leading religious journals, refers to the "important symposium," and "St. James' Gazette" has come out in favor of the work. Sir Walter Besant finds a Matrimonial Bureau a thing of ugliness, unnatural, artificial and shameless, and advocates as a compromise the establishment of parish social clubs to promote the mutual acquaintance of young people.

As a contrast to this effort to increase the number of marriages comes news from New York of a restrictive league, as necessary, perhaps, as the other. A society is said to have been formed among the more serious-minded of Gotham's maidens pledged to refuse marriage to men tainted by consumption or other transmittable disease, or to any man in whose family there is a predisposition to such affliction. It is a beautiful superstition of the super-civilized feminine mind that Cupid can be broken to harness and driven by the head line. But Cupid is a balky little beast. He will start and not stop, or stop and not start. His blindness can be remedied by no known operation of the human intellect. Love laughs at legislation. The subject, though a little unpleasant, will do for afternoon teas, and weak-lunged lads may be very pleasantly damned over the cups, but a girl that has a head strong enough to govern her heart has little need of alliances to purify the race, and the ponderous question of heredity will work itself out among those that have preserved their sentiment, and who won't care whether their lovers' grandsires were consumptive, paralytic, apopletic or otherwise; they will let Love pass Quarantine.

## *THE NICARAGUA CANAL.*

We are in receipt of another communication from Mr. Frederick S. Samuels concerning the Nicaragua Canal. It is a partial reply to a letter which appeared in the Evening Bulletin from Mr. William L. Merry.

Editor of "The Wave:"

William L. Merry, than whom the Nicaragua canal has no more doughty champion, and whose personal interests are closely identified with that undertaking, takes exception to my assertions in your columns of recent dates that the Nicaragua canal would be detrimental to California, and San Francisco particularly, and in the columns of the "Bulletin" presents his arguments, which to reply to in extenso would occupy more space in your valuable columns than you could spare, even for this important subject.

I wish it distinctly understood at the outset that I believe a canal would be of the greatest importance to the world's commerce, including the United States in general; but that, once constructed, it will displace California, and with her, San Francisco, from the great commercial position which she ought to occupy relative to the trade of the Pacific ocean. I feel confident that we are going to face the issue, sooner or later, but I feel equally confident that when we understand what that issue means, we shall not petition Congress to speed the enterprise. Rather, we shall wake up from our present somnolent condition, and endeavor to strengthen ourselves in markets which we can now reach, with a view of holding them when the great scramble comes. San Francisco once had the trade from Mexico to the Arctic ocean. How her boundaries have been forced inwards by competing railroads north and south, is a matter of local history. This, however, was inevitable, and equally inevitable will be the still greater loss following the completion of the canal.

In Mr. Merry's pamphlet entitled, "The Nicaragua Canal, the Gateway Between the Oceans," which has the advantage of having been issued by authority of various Chambers of Commerce on this Coast, he points out the possible cost of transportation on California products through the canal to New York, viz: $3.87 per ton of 2240 lbs., and assumes the time en route from San Francisco to New York to be less than seventeen days. If this rate of freight and time of transportation hold good for one direction, they hold good for the other, and how long would the rolling mills, iron foundries, machine works, packing houses and a host of other industries exist, with less than one-fifth of one cent per pound freight as their only protection against the cheap manufacturing centers of the Eastern and Southern States? If refined sugar could be landed direct at San Diego, San Pedro, San Francisco, Portland and Tacoma at the rate quoted, would not our refining industry be affected, to the detriment of the beet grower? Would not the importation of ham, bacon, lard, butter, cheese and kindred articles, be vastly increased, to the injury of our farmers? This rate and time for transportation would simply mean annihilation to many industries in a State that can ill afford to lose any.

If the cost of transportation through the canal can be brought to such a low point, we can bid farewell to Mexico, Central and South America, as markets for our flour, and possibly we may meet the competition of the Middle West in the markets of the Orient, where we must look in future for the disposal of our surplus grain. bread will largely supplant rice as the staple food in Japan and China.

Mr. Merry proposes the influx of immigrants to fill up our lands. Our great need just now is more consumers and fewer producers. We want a home market, which is the best in the world for the farmer. If San Francisco had 700,000 population instead of 350,000, the State would sell to itself a much greater quantity of cereals, fruit, dairy produce, wine, meats, vegetables, etc., and fewer potatoes would rot in the fields, and less fruit be left unpicked on the trees. To increase this consuming population, we want to promote our manufacturing, commercial and other industries, and that surely cannot be accomplished by making this a distributing point for Eastern manufactures, to the exclusion of home-made products. In an office 10x12—and there are many such, and constantly augmenting in number in this city—sits an agent of an Eastern manufacturer. Probably the only tax he pays in the State is the poll tax, and he will by his competition cut down the value of local manufactures to a point which either leaves little or no profit or closes the factory doors. If this can be accomplished now, with present rail freights from the East, what could be done with cheaper freights and quick transportation via canal?

In 1895 a circular was issued calling for a manufacturers' convention to be held in San Francisco. This circular contained the following: "Eastern manufacturers are virtually sapping the life blood of our home industries, which will be almost entirely swept out of existence unless steps are taken to check the evil." This circular was signed by the Mechanics' Institute, Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, and Manufacturers' and Employers' Association. Are not the conditions today the same, if not worse than in 1895? And yet we memorialize Congress, and even subscribe money to obtain still cheaper transportation than is working us the injury at present. Are we consistent, or only ordinary asses?

This one question alone, Mr. Editor, could be carried to an indefinite length, and when it is considered that but a small percentage of our population are farmers, and that the balance depend upon our mining manufacturing, transportation and commercial industries for their livelihood, you will appreciate the importance of making Californian seaports entrepots for the commerce of the Pacific, and not reducing them to mere way ports or coaling stations for the convenience of those nations or States whose people have the spirit of commercial conquest to a degree that bodes ill to our future.

FREDERICK S. SAMUELS.

Inspector Dockery sampling a can; showing the marshes whose drainage used to fatten consumptive kine

A roadside analysis: Examining milk with the Babcock machine

The cow that wheezed: Inspecting a suspicious bovine

## FOR PURE FOOD

### Health Inspector Dockery's Picturesque War Against Adulteration.

If any man has tasted romance in this last year in San Francisco it is James P. Dockery, the Terror of the San Bruno Road, as he might well be called, were a half-dime novel to be written of his exploits. If he has become famous before this, he has fairly earned his reputation of being one of the nerviest officers in town.

Mr. Dockery was appointed a year ago last October as Milk Inspector for the Health Department, to enforce a long-neglected ordinance respecting the adulteration of milk. He was given $100 a month, and he had seven square miles of territory (consuming some 900,000 gallons of milk per day), to protect, single handed, doing his own inspection, analysis and clerical work. The office was sneered at as a sinecure, and he was expected to use it as such, keeping hours from 9 till 4 with the rest of the tax-eaters. Had he done this, and other even less savory things that were in his power, the existence of a Bureau of Food and Milk Inspection would not today be a possibility.

The San Bruno Road has never had a very pretty reputation; it is shut in on one side by the hills, on the other side lies a stretch of foul marshes, the cesspool of the Army street sewer, and of the refuse of the tanneries and soap works. It is not too pleasant by day, but at night and in the early hours of the morning it is a bad part of town. Many things have happened on the San Bruno Road. Here night after night Dockery drove alone and began his work. There were exciting times for the stout little man with the gray eyes. The drivers of the milk wagons did not take kindly to his curiosity, but he held them up as cavalierly as any highwayman of the old days. With a six-shooter in one hand and a lactometer in the other, he mixed his romance with realism. Many a wild-eyed Portuguese or Italian driver has struck at him from behind, more than one shot has been fired, and many a wagon load of milk has been poured into the dust of the San Bruno Road. He was here, there and everywhere. His nocturnal raids read, in the papers, like the exploits of an outlaw.

It was not an uncommon thing for him to go ninety hours with but six hours' sleep in that period. For a

Laboratory of the Department of Food and Milk in the City Hall

year he kept up the reign of terror, until the dairymen dared no longer send watered milk into town. His report shows for nine months, 228 arrests, 127 dairies visited, 1,722 samples taken from wagons and 265 from hotels, groceries and restaurants, 7,280 gallons of impure milk destroyed, 3,784 cows inspected and 36 consumptive cattle killed. Mr. Dockery earned his $100 a month. How much more than that he earned may be seen by the existence of the bureau of which he is now the chief inspector. It would not have been possible without his efforts.

It would be impossible for such a campaign not to produce enemies, but in the only charges that were ever preferred, the complainants (who had been convicted of adulterations) refused to appear at the trial. There is no doubt of the confidence in which he is held by the Health Department, as there is no doubt of the salutary effect his work has had upon the dairies, and in his present position his efforts will no doubt be still more effective and of wider influence.

The inspection of milk as at present organized is conducted under the municipal ordinance passed last January. The Board of Health is by this law invested with full authority "to inspect milk and dairy cows and to regulate the sale of milk as well as to prohibit it and punish the disposition of unwholesome, impure or adulterated milk." Under an enactment of the State Legislature two years ago, the same department is authorized to enforce the pure food law, which greatly widens its powers.

The Board of Health has therefore created a sub-department for the inspection of food and milk, of which Mr. Dockery is at the head, controlling the operations of some eighteen assistants. His inspection of milk as at present carried on is modeled upon the usage in Ohio, and is in this line the most effective supervision in effect in the United States. Every can of milk coming into town is inspected at one of four stations, and as a check to subsequent adulteration several outside officers are continually at work at the hotels and restaurants and grocery stores, seizing samples for analysis. As it is against the law to sell impure milk, these retailers are held strictly liable for the offenses they may commit, and

Running the gauntlet in Station No. 3: The Lactometer test

the result has been a marked improvement in the supply of the city.

Of the four stations, No. 1 is at the Ferry, No. 2 is at Fourth and Berry streets, No. 3 at Army and Alabama streets, and No. 4 at Geary street and Central avenue. At one of these posts each wagon must report on every trip, and every can must be inspected with the lactometer. If the milk comes up to the required specific gravity the wagon is labeled and a record filed, showing the number of the permit and the result of the test. As each dealer has filed an affidavit with the Board certifying to all data in regard to his business, it is easy to see by the daily station reports what wagons have failed to pass in for examination, and those running the gauntlet are held strictly acountable. Should the quality of the milk be suspected by the approximate test of the lactometer, samples are taken for a more thorough analys:s by means of the Babcock machine. This test consists in mixing 17 cm. milk with the same amount of sulphuric acid in a flask which is revolved in the centrifugal machine for eight minutes. Upon the addition of hot water, the butter fat is separated from the fluid and should show 3 1-5 per cent. of the volume. There are several other rough tests—the graduated cream gauge and the "little detective," which shows the specific gravity of the liquid.

The milk supplied to all public institutions must also be tested at the stations, and if up to the standard is sealed with leaden pellets.

Too much credit cannot be given to the unselfish work of J. B. Reinstein in the organization of this department. Although not directly interested in any way, he has, in the capacity only of a citizen, brought his influence to bear in the institution of the movement for pure foods, and has devoted much of his time to the establishment of its routine. The investigation of foods outside of the milk supply has only just been commenced, but it is being carried as far as the insufficient appropriations permit. The first amplification of the work of the department was directed toward the detection of adulterations in jellies, ketchups and condensed milk, and the same procedure is used as with the seizure of milk. Agents are sent out to buy samples of the articles suspected, which are taken to the laboratory to be analyzed by the chemist. An idea of the beneficial nature of these raids is shown by the fact that in less than one month the evidence secured by Mr. Dockery's assistants resulted in 38 arrests, of which cases 7 resulted in convictions, and in two of the others the jury stood 10 to 2 for conviction, and $385 in fines was collected.

Daily reports are filed in the office of Food and Milk Inspection, showing the tabulated results in each department; from the milk stations, outside inspection of milk and other foods, and the veterinary expert's examination of the conditon of dairies and cattle. The new department has in the few months it has been in existence amply demonstrated its usefulness and has produced remarkable results from the appropriation at its disposal. It should not, however, be dependent upon the patronage of politicians, and as soon as it is emancipated from the uncertainties due to changes of office, it may be expected to do still more efficient work.

## EVOLUTION OF A DISPATCH

### How the Associated Press Gathers and Distributes the News.

In a saloon at Mojave two miners conversed in whispers. One explained; the other listened. They began to dispute; raised their voices. The lie passed. The first drew a fistol—fired. The second fell with a bullet in his heart. Blood ebbed out to the floor. The murderer fled through the door, mounted a horse tethered to a post and fled out upon the desert.

That is the action of the story. In the parlance of journalism it is worth in that condition about one hundred words. The correspondent of the Associated Press in Mojave—who is also the proprietor and editor of the "Weekly Mojavean"—telegraphs the facts to the Los Angeles office, and is told in reply to learn the cause of dispute, the identity of the victim, his birth-place, history and occupation. He discovers that the two men have just returned from a prospecting tour, and that the murdered had found a ledge which both sought. It promised rich developments, and they had quarreled about its ownership. In his satchel are specimens of quartz heavy with gold. It is evidently an important discovery—maybe a second Randsburg. The story grows more interesting. Two hundred words in addition are ticked off to Los Angeles, and the day editor in Western headquarters of the Associated Press in San Francisco is sent a dispatch with the bare facts stated and the possibilities indicated. He recognizes the name of the victim as the scapegrace scion of a wealthy New York family, and the murderer as a well-known Colorado prospector. To Los Angeles he wires at once, asking for full particulars, then sends the news to headquarters in New York and then to Denver, where the prospector is known. In New York a reporter—the Associated Press has a regular staff of correspondents there under Assistant Ma[illegible] Charles L. Diehl—is sent to the parents of the s[illegible] grace, and breaks the sad news, obtaining also details of the boy's career and the reasons of his banishment. In due course, the event finds its way to the news editors of the big morning dailies, who telegraph to their special correspondents in Los Angeles for further particulars, and then proceed to gather, through their city editors' departments, all current gossip about both victim and family, elucidated with photographs. All this is meat for the Associated Press, which has the privilege of examining all the proofs of the story filed for that purpose and supplementing its own report, which is sent then to Chicago, Washington and San Francisco to be re-distributed according to the discretion of the night editor, who grades the message according to certain well defined rules of journalism, which he has had instilled into him by a long apprenticeship as a reporter or correspondent.

At three-thirty o'clock the afternoon papers are out with a dozen lines and a scare head. At 4:30 the message has lengthened and the head grows blacker with the commingling of murder and gold. During the night telegrams pour over the wires from Mojave to Los Angeles and thence to San Francisco. The tale is important enough to enlist the attention of Superintendent Dunning, who orders his Southern correspondent to take the first train to Mojave and interview every one concerned. The morning papers have several columns about the event—portraits, if possible, a picture of Mojave, together with statements from various mining experts about the chances of the ledge being the long lost Pegleg mine. Next day it is discovered that the unfortunate man has a wife in San Bernardino, and she is communicated with through the local reporter, who sends her story to Los Angeles and thence through the country as the demand necessitates. Twenty-four hours later the posse of sheriffs returns without the murderer, the press correspondent returns to Los Angeles. The Mojave representative sends news of the inquest, and the event passes out of the province of journalism into that of the detective, and becomes news again in case of a dispute over the dead man's estate or the capture of the assassin.

About in this way is news gathered and distributed. The Associated Press is but a combination of newspapers throughout the country banded together for the purpose of gathering and distributing the history of events. In the United States there are over seventy millions of inhabitants and towns without number. No paper is wealthy enough to have its own representatives in each of these centers, and it must rely on the journal nearest to an occurrence for the details. The value of an event is measured first by its intrinsic interest, and then by its local significance. The Associated Press gathers its reports according to the specified requirements of its patrons, and collects every month fixed tolls for the service. When you open your favorite morning paper and find in the telegraph news department dispatches from Savannah, Kansas City, Galveston, Calgary and Mexico you don't realize the circumstances and associations which enable the collection and printing of all these facts and figures. This gigantic agency has been at work throughout all the previous day and night collating the facts which are spread out so simply before you. Literally it brings the world to your breakfast table for two cents—at an expense, indeed, of hundreds of thousands a year, but contributed from so many sources that the cost is reasonable to each. It is an immense organization, administered from Chicago with ramifications the earth over, maintaining big staffs in Washington, New York and London, exchanging news with Renters' Agency for Europe and the Colonies in confidential relationship—with the big financial centers, competent to make men famous or notorious, and to mould public opinion as no other power in the world can—a tremendous potency for good or evil. Indeed, one

Operating the leased wire in the Associated Press headquarters

might call it the arterial system of the journalistic corpus, of which the newspapers are the nerves.

The Western headquarters of the Associated Press are in three rooms of the Western Union building on Montgomery street. It is not an impressive establishment, and is provided with but little in the way of furniture or machinery for the accomplishment of its functions. There are desks and typewriters. From one room comes the click of telegraphic instruments. There the operators are sending and receiving the news over a wire

JOHN P. DUNNING
Imperial, photo

leased from the Western Union. Some twenty thousand to thirty thousand words a night come in and are deftly and speedily transmitted to sheets of tissue paper with manifold layers between on the typewriter, and copies sent to the telegraph desks of the papers. The "Examiner" and "Chronicle" have loops connecting their offices with the leased wire of the Associated Press, and their own operators take the messages simultaneously with their delivery in the Press rooms. This is a tremendous convenience, as it saves valuable moments in transmitting the matter to the composing rooms—and time is important at midnight in a morning newspaper office. The reports vary according to the events—sometimes the "Chronicle" has delivered to it but fifteen thousand words of Associated Press. The next night it may be served with thirty thousand. That it prints all it receives is rare, for every great paper has its own correspondents and supplements the routine report with specials. The New York "Herald," for instance, seldom uses the Press material, save as a barometer of events; it selects what it desires and orders the facts from its own representatives. But this is only possible to a paper with millions of revenue. However much is printed, the same tolls are collected—from the morning papers $1,000 per month, from the evening dailies $400 per month. Over this latter arrangement has arisen a lawsuit about the admission of the "Report," which, it seems, was to be given a franchise in return for reduced tolls to the other members of the Association—the "Bulletin" and the "Post." In charge of the Western office is James P. Dunning, who made a reportorial record by his report of the great Samoan disaster. His duties are executive and supervisorial, for on him fall the responsibilities of the circuit which includes all the States west of Montana. A force of day and night editors collate the news as gathered from the proofs of the newspapers, and send it ticking north, south and east, according to the requirements of their patrons.

## WU TING FONG

### Arrival of the New Chinese Minister En Route to Washington.

The steamer Gaelic brought last Sunday the new Chinese Minister and his suite, a company of sixty very distinguished and brilliantly robed Cedestials, en route to Washington. Wu Ting Fong, who is to represent the Flowery Kingdom at the court of President McKinley, is about 50 years of age; a capable looking Mongolian, with a strong, determined cast of countenance. He speaks English fluently, being a graduate of Oxford, where he studied law, and he has held several important positions under the Imperial Government. He is accompanied by his wife and his son, Wu Chu, an attractive boy of 11 years. Ho Yow, brother-in-law of the Minister, and Secretary of the Legation, and Li Ching Hsu, a nephew of the famous Li Hung Chang, beside a cortege of attaches and servants. The Minister was met at the dock by the Consul and his personal suite, delegations from the Six Companies, and other prominent Chinese, and was escorted to his quarters at the Occidental Hotel, where he occupies nearly the entire Montgomery and Sutter street fronts, on the sceond floor.

Wu Ting Fong has important commissions to perform in this country, and before he goes to Washington will endeavor to reconcile the feud between the Sam Yups and See Yups, whose rivalry has so recently made trouble in San Francisco. He is also empowered to select a successor to Fung Yung Heng, whose term as Consul in San Francisco has expired, and it is probable that Ho Yow, the Minister's brother-in-law, will be appointed to this post, which is one of the most important in the service. Ho Yow is a Sam Yup man, and is au fait with the situation in this city and much interested in the term. Besides several appointments to be made as soon as the party arrives in Washington, the Minister has to negotiate treaties with Mexico, Hawaii and Spain, and perhaps with Cuba. Wu Ting Fong has taken great interest in the question of Chinese immigration, and is strongly in favor of a more liberal treaty in its regard than the exclusive policy now in force. During his stay here he has made many friends by his cordial interest in the country which he has not visited since 1877. Indeed, the hotel has been besieged by all kinds of applicants for favors, and the Minister was actually given a reception by a deputation of clergymen, who undertook to discuss the missionary question with him.

## A BITER BIT

### Justin Sturgis is Interviewed by a Wily Diplomat.

A pleasant greeting of the most democratic informality assured me. The Chinese Minister motioned me to a seat, and smiled as if he expected to have a good time with me—a quiet cordial smile it was, undimmed by reserve. At his side sat his aide, with a forked Spanish smile to twist me upon when I was well done.

"Is this your first visit, Your Excellency?" I began.

"O, no! the second," he answered. "I was here first in 1877. Do you have earthquakes here?"

"Oh, frequently," I hazarded, a little distractedly.

"Aren't you afraid of your tall buildings," said he.

"Oh, they're well put together," I replied. It was more than I could say for my wits. "How many persons are there in your party?"

"Sixty," said His Excellency; "but do your cable-cars run all night?"

I countered with an inquiry as to the ladies of his party, but he set the pace a little faster.

"Are you a native of California?" said he. You'll not be interested in my answer, nor whether I'm married or not, but he was, or seemed to be. "What is the 'Forum'?" he asked next.

I began to writhe under the catechism, but his aide cut short my archæological dissertation by asserting that it was a bar-room.

"And what is the Diamond Palace? I had an invitation to visit," said Wu Ting Fang.

I snubbed that advertisement, and opened upon him again, but his wind was better than mine.

"What is the population of San Francisco?" he quizzed. For the life of me I couldn't remember whether it was three hundred thousand or thirty thousand. So I made a wild bluff which he didn't seem to suspect.

"They say your city is built upon a mountain," he continued.

"Oh, yes," I assented; "in fact, upon several. Do you bring your own cook?"

"Certainly," said the Minister; "and barber also. Now who is the President of Stamford University?—or is it Stanford?"

"David Starr Jordan," I said.

"He invited me to visit. They say there is a professor of the Chinese language."

"It is at the State University," I explained.

"Indeed? What are the most interesting places in the city?"

"That depends upon what one is most interested in," I said, a little coldly, though it is true enough. I thought of recommending the phonograph resorts, but refrained. "How soon do you start for Washington?" I said. instead.

"In a week," replied the Mandarin. "It is very noisy here—there is much noise all night long. How long have you been writing?"

As I glanced at him I noticed something I had not observed before. It was a little silk-covered book, which he held carelessly enough in his hands. But it was his glance at the book that I noticed. The diamond button in his cap ceased to hold my eye, and the stately old gentleman with the plum-colored jacket smiled at my chagrin.

In the folds of his sleeve was a book of questions and answers, offensive and defensive, that had been lent him to use on such as I by that terrible old man, Li Hung Chang.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

Justice Field has no intention whatever of resigning from the Supreme Court bench, even though the dailies assert the contrary. He is anxious to serve until after next October, when he will have completed his twenty-five years of service, thus breaking the Court's record. The Justice contemplates writing a book of reminiscences, legal and political, and with his wide knowledge of men and acquaintance with affairs, should produce a most readable book. He is already at work on the volume.

President Faure is to have the wish of his heart—the privilege of returning the Czar's visit. He journeys to Russia this summer on an ironclad, escorted by a French squadron. He will be lodged in the new Peterhof Palace, and will have all the supreme honors extended to the sovereigns who are also to visit the Czar this year.

The Chinese Minister, Wu Ting Fong, his wife, and Wu Chu, his son, in their parlor at the Occidental Hotel

*MISS PEARL LADD*

The precocious thirteen-year old pianiste, who is to give a concert at the California Theatre next Wednesday, is a pupil of Otto Bendix, and is not only a remarkable interpreter of Chopin and Beethoven, but has several adult pupils, and feels competent to criticize Paderewski, Zeisler, and other minor artists. This versatile young lady will also give a Spanish dance, read the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and do almost everything except raise the curtain.

Photos by Thors

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

No one has yet diagnosed the Governor's system of reasoning. It is a private and personal method of logic and there is but one guide to it—the "Examiner." If the monarch admires a measure, it is reasonably certain that Budd will also favor it. On the contrary, should Mr. Hearst denounce any bill or course, depend on it our Executive, no matter what his previous condition of mind or servitude, is sure to find that public policy demands he veto it. For instance, take the coyote bill, which excited such a scandal at the close of the session. The appropriation to pay due claims was just and should have been approved. The bill which provided for their settlement was an administrative measure, drafted by the Governor himself. In the discussion which arose the Senate the measure was referred to as Budd's bill, and when it came to a vote Lieutenant Governor Jeter, in order to be right on the subject, sought a delay to confer with his chief, and was assured he might safely commit himself. Yet, in the face of all this, lo! the Governor vetoes the appropriation and assigns as a reason the scandals attending its passage. Does not this place his victim, the Lieutenant Governor, in rather an invidious position? But then the ways of our Executive are past all explanation.

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The annual election of officers at the Bohemian Club passed off very quietly last Monday. There was no opposition ticket, and the regular nominees were elected as per programme. William Sproule, the Shakespeare of the last Midsummer Jinks, steps out of the Directory into Dr. Chismore's shoes, and will be assisted by Vanderlyn Stow as Vice-President. Donald de V. Graham retains the Secretaryship, and James A. Thompson will be Treasurer for another year. Clarence Beckford, William G. Stafford, Colonel Grannis and Dr. Powers will constitute the Board of Directors, with Lawrence Buntin to fill Mr. Sproule's vacancy. At the annual meeting Dr. Chismore reported the club in good condition, financial as well as otherwise. There has been a revival of active interest in the club amongst its artists during the past year, and many valuable pictures have been added to its already famous collection. A noble landscape by Keith, "The Eternal Round;" several masterly portraits by Yates; a fine wood interior by Latimer, have been the principal accessions, and the Jinks cartoons of Matthews, Strong, Peixotto and Robinson have been prominently placed in the rooms. The bust of Uncle George Bromley and the "Laughing Pan" of Marion Wells, the latter having been modeled for the last Midsumer Jinks, have proved a welcome change in the character of the club's art contributions. The caricatures and sketches in the wine room have contributed not a little to the good fellowship in the club, and have created a renaissance of that intimacy whose lack has been deplored by the old-time Bohemians.

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There is but one excuse for the number and variety of the mining stories which "The Wave" has publishd, and it is the love of the writer for romance. Success and attainment make available climaxes, and there is no transition so brilliant and so interesting as that from poverty to wealth. Of course the attainment of riches is but one form of romance, but most of the joys of life are based upon income. Love and adventure must be financed on business principles, else there is a scarcity of bread—or at least meat and salad. In these hard times success is not being achieved out of the Sierras. Only the miners are gathering gold. Yet I cannot but believe it an incentive to brave effort on the part of others whose time has not yet come to know that men are really obtaining that substantial consideration which, if it is not happiness, is the next best substitute for it, and, at any rate, more permanent.

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Keefer, whose name has been so frequently in the papers of late, in connection with the Jupiter mine, and whose sudden disappearance has created so much consternation, is an example of a modern "pocket miner;" that is, he gives little time to digging gold, but works the pockets of his subjects. The Jupiter mine, which was utilized as the base of his operations, is situated in Calaveras county, and no one knew anything of its value but Keefer. He was an impressively tall man, of fine figure, and his method of operation was very subtle. By careful scanning of the assessor's books and the real estate offices, he woudl gather information about women with property. He would then manage to meet them in a social way, and his conversation and appearance would give them a favorable idea of his prosperity. The talk would, of course, take the direction of mining, and Keefer would describe the remarkable success which had attended his efforts. He would speak learnedly of drifts, winzes, leads, veins, dips, stopes, shafts, tunnels, upraises, cross-cuts, levels and sumps, and his ready use of all these terms was very impressive to the feminine mind. A trick of his method was never to ask anyone to subscribe, but it was, indeed, a hardened dowager who could refrain from requesting to buy stock after listening to his conversation, and he generally played them very skilfully; oftentimes to the amount of eight or ten thousand dollars. He must have made a fortune out of the Jupiter mine and its extensions. Those who don't know Keefer may recognize him by the fact that whenever the climate would permit it he used to wear a magnificent sealskin overcoat, which was really the finest thing of its kind ever architectured by tailor in San Francisco.

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A most interesting personality is Mrs. M. L. Ludington, who incarnates all the characteristics of the newest womanhood and yet is a perfect lady. She is young, a widow, and as good a business man as there is in the State. It is as a mining promoter that her identity has become notable. She has engineered several big schemes with a dexterity which her male competitors have good reason to envy. Maybe her success is due to the fact that she does not attempt impossibilities, and is contented to achieve honestly what she essays. Moreover, I have it from the lips of a very eminent capitalist that no expert ever stated a proposition more concisely or more lucidly than does Mrs. Ludington in offering the refusal of a property. Something about the career of this lady may not be uninteresting. It seems she is of German ancestry, was born in Illinois and brought to California while a baby, learned thrift and self-reliance by the loss of her mother, and was married as a young girl to a wealthy business man named Ludington, who moved to Mexico to prosecute a certain deal in mining lands. He died suddenly leaving his widow to extricate his affairs as best she could. In facing the situation she displayed a degree of grit and energy which would have done credit to a veteran, for she learned the language, studied the inheritance laws of the southern republic, and returned to California with a substantial sum. This experience developed in her a love of business, and seeing an opening in mining promotion she engaged her capital and her time in that line of exertion. It is her policy to visit districts in which there are mines whose owners have refused to negotiate with the ordinary promoter. In a frank and serious way she engages the attention and confidence of her clients, and rarely fails to come away without a bond on the desired property obtained on better terms and longer time than any of her male rivals could achieve. Once being possessed of a property, she has no hesitation in spending money to exhibit its resources. She hires the best expert service, runs shafts, and obtains every possible fact before submitting the property to an investor. Her reports are models of their kind. Quite recently she sold the Crystalline group of mines to S. Webber Parker for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, though this is but one of many transactions, and after the deal he congratulated her on her thoroughly business-like manner of statement. Otherwise, in a business parley this lady is rarely at a loss, being fluent, fertile and concise, and she can readily maintain herself in argument with the best equipped members of the sterner sex.

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The Chinese Minister's suite, now domiciled at the Occidental hotel, is not the first Celestial Embassy that has been there. A number of years ago another party of diplomats from the Flowery Kingdom stopped at the Occidental, and at that time Hughey, one of the pets of the institution, was stationed in charge of the parlor. Hughey was not a servitor of great intelligence, but he might be depended upon to carry out orders irrespective of persons. One day there came to the hotel, to pay their respects to the Ambassador, Vice-Consul Bee and the Chinese Consul, all decorated in their best bibs and tuckers. The Ambassador received them in the parlor, and the distinguished Chinese wore their caps, according to Imperial Celestial etiquette. Hughey came up to them and said, "Youse have to take off your hats in the parlor!" Consul Bee glowered at him, but said nothing. The factotum repeated, "Youse have to take your hats off in the parlor." Bee grew red in the face, and Hughey seeing that they didn't intend to comply with the order, or that they didn't understand him, or that something was wrong, went down stairs and said, "There is a lot of Chinamen wearing their hats in our parlor, and they wont take them off." At the same time Bee marched down stairs, wildly indignant, declaring that the Chinese Empire had been insulted, and that it was a disgrace that such a thing should happen in a civilized country. There were all manners of apologies and explanations before the situation was finally smoothed over.

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Apropos of the Chinese at the Occidental Hotel, I am told there is a pretty girl down there who has recently essayed to teach the Secretary and several of the swell attaches how to waltz. She had them up on the second floor hall, and put them through their paces according to the latest Terpsichorean modes. They took to the instruction enthusiastically, and subsequently have been practicing along the other passages, much to the amusement of the guests.

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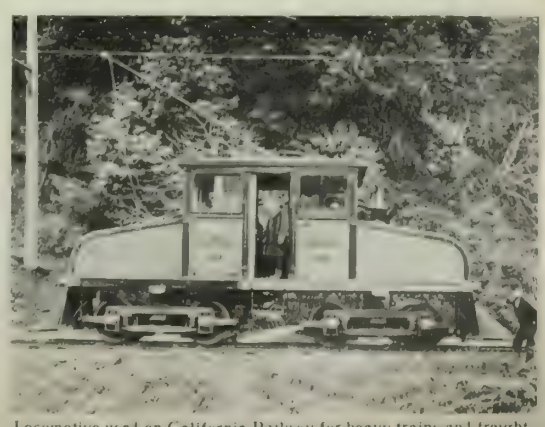
Some weeks ago the Sacramento "Bee," at considerable expense and with commendable enterprise, uncovered a nest of blackmailers and boodlers in Sacramento, for the doing of which it was and is entitled to the hearty thanks of every good citizen in that community. The name of Mr. Weinstock, a member of the firm of Weinstock & Lubin, was mentioned in the detective's report published in the "Bee," but not in connection with anything odious, criminal or reprehensible. No charges of the slightest character were made against the gentleman's integrity. It was merely stated that the "combine" crowd had imposed upon Mr Weinstock to the extent of obtaining from him a promise to invest some money in a new daily paper to be established at the capital city. Distinct and definite charges of a quasi criminal character were, however, made against a number of other individuals; but, strange to say, Mr. Weinstock, whose honesty was never brought into question by the "Bee," has been induced to commence a libel suit against that journal for $50,000. At whose instance the gentleman took this step does not appear, but to a disinterested observer his action is quite incomprehensible. He has voluntarily placed his own person and his own reputation as a buffer between public opinion and the guilty parties, which certainly is a very unwise proceeding, and one which no prudent friend would advise. Its consequences cannot serve Mr. Weinstock. It will not purge him of wrong doing, for he has not been charged with wrong doing. It will not prove him any more innocent or any more honest than the community now believe him to be, for his innocence and honesty has been clearly established and admitted by the "Bee" itself, which he is suing. Such a suit can only operate to harass and annoy a public-spirited journal, and in a measure protect the guilty, two things the gentleman should certainly avoid, for they are not to his credit.

BOSWELL JR.



Locomotive used on California Railway for heavy trains and freight. The first of its type brought to the coast.

## STELLAR EXTREMES

### A Lover of the Fleshpots and a Devotee of Art.

As far as the North is from the South, so far is Emily Soldene from Georgia Cayvan — two stars that have met in San Francisco this week. They stand for the old and the new regimes, and their mottoes might be written, "Gather the roses as you go," and "Art for Art's sake."

Life has been a sweet and succulent morsel for Emily Soldene, which she has nibbled at with a relish for sixty years. And now, ample and complacent, not yet too old for creature-comforts—an amiable vagabond, she says—the sunshine of success still warms her, and she is as ready for what may turn up as a child of six. A very youthful matron, with only the lines upon her face that pleasure has put there — if there was ever a comfortable smiler at the world's ways, 'tis Emily Soldene. There is a large package of her—room and enough on her face for a smile at the follies of men. She has been but a looker-on, she says — amused spectator at the passing show, judging them as men for the gossip that was in them, whether they were "johnnies" or aristocrats, and now serving them up with her own caper sauce for the delectation of the public. Down into her diary went Tom, Dick and Harry, and up they come now in the printed pages of her "Memoirs."

She was in the vanguard of that army of British Blondes that have permeated the stage since the beginning of the comic opera — she was the peroxide Queen of the Wings, and collected toll from many a stage-entrance frequenter. But it is not of these she would talk. There are others. There is not a city that is not mapped out on the little chart of her life, and if San Francisco has been spared, it is only because the size of her volume forbade.

In her first book, "Young Mrs. Staples," she has drawn on the local color of the town, and has selected that deep red tone abounding in Mason street, which is the scene of one chapter. The book is lurid and melodramatic, told in the amateurish and slangy diction of the Chicago Sensational Series, with as much literary quality as one should expect, perhaps, from a "footlight favorite." The Soldene's ambitions are now all literary. For a long while she was paid to contribute her own frank and unedited opinions of dramatic and musical happenings in Sydney, and while at home, her letters on "London Week by Week" were the chief cards of several Australian papers — the Melbourne "Evening News," the "Town and County," and the "Illustrated News." These were as racy and gossipy epistles as ever were catered to Antipodean readers, and Emily Soldene's wide knowledge of prominent persons (as well as the persons most likely to be talked about) warranted special editions. The Australians were indeed, Miss Soldene asserts, only too glad to get her out of their country, that more letters might be forthcoming. The success of this correspondence encouraged her to utilize the confessions of her diary, and the advertising her published anecdotes and comments have received nourishes the smile of contentment which she has been so long able to preserve.

There are more memories yet to appear — more spicy stories to set tongues wagging over the doings of the past. Emily Soldene has been a very good "watcher." And now en route to London (as much as anywhere) she is again in the only other city where she ever settled. Here she stayed two years—and she finds it a good place to stay—in fact, Emily Soldene is, as usual, contented as a cat in the sunshine. The same old town and the same show of life and love and labor. As good as London, she says, for in any place, one gets into ruts and lives a little routine. It doesn't seem as though Emily Soldene ever was used to ruts — not by her "Recollections," at any rate—unless it were the ruts of pleasure. She still sings, where the mood moves her, but while her pen can flow as freely as it has been able to, her chief interest is in writing. There are more cats to be let out of her bag, and no one knows which way they will jump.

***

It is usual nowadays to find an actress ladylike, but it is still more grateful to find her womanly. Miss Georgia Cayvan has too little Latin blood to be a poseuse; she is too much a New Englander to be picturesque in manner. She has evaded the brand of the profession by making it an art—a distinction which makes for simplicity and naturalnes. She has that essential quality of her race that compels deep-rooted motive to nourish endeavor. It is not a temperament governed by impulse, but the constant intellectual restraint.

You may trust a Yankee to put brains into whatever he or she attempts. The spirit of analysis does not often go with the artistic temperament, but when it does the results achieved have a delicacy and refinement—a sharpness of edge, so to speak—that is not obtainable by either emotion or instinct.

Perhaps the most significant change in the drama of the old school has been the organization of the "company" to work together on artistic, almost scientific lines, to produce a pleasing whole. The old stock companies did this instinctively, but it was a rare combination of talent that so played into each other's hands as to take every dramatic trick. The "star" has almost universally ignored the "unities." It is, in fact, the star's chief object to occupy the centre of the stage and keep the company down several tones in the scale of color. One can forgive this if the actor has the quality of genius, and we may accept the support as we accept wooden trees and pasteboard houses, but with those artists that occupy the middle ground the audience demands harmony in the play and an unity of effort that keeps the story bowling with a rapid, even movement.

Miss Cayvan has no small amount of this talent of organization, well trained in her art, with a rare ability to see things large and in their right proportions.

"We are still looking for a good play," said Miss Cayvan. "We get them by dozens, and my eyes are almost ruined by the manuscript. but seldom find one that is more than passable. I have never heard of a play being a success that I have refused. They say I have an uncommon faculty of judging whether a book is playable. So we must put up with revivals until some one strikes the right note."

"There is a dramatic instinct," says she, "that is like the literary instinct of an editor, or perhaps more like the feeling of a musician who plays 'musically' rather than technically. Indeed, a play is not unlike an opera, where the audience is the conductor. It must go with verve and snap, and above all, in time. One line must follow another in perfect dramatic rythm, on the beat, as it were — not too quickly, not too slowly — but at just the precise moment that must be instinctively felt by the actor. She illustrates this, partially. "Suppose here a fragment of a dialogue:

"He: 'But I love you!'

"She: 'O, no; not that!'

"He: 'Have I no right to even that much?'

"Now, to get the full effect, the second line must come in 'on the beat'—a pause, a quick, sure answer, and the impression is made. If it comes too soon, or too slowly, all the force of the situation is lost. It is hardest of all for the young actor to see the stage pictures as they are formed, and to think of himself as but a part of the whole scene; for this we must rely upon the stage manager to prevent over- or under-acting of the players. It might seem that all this should go without saying, but it is on such common-sense considerations that an artistic success depends.

"It is the same way with one's make-up, which should only heighten the hints given in the natural type of one's face — just enough to counteract the sallow effect produced by the artificial lights of the stage. Many of my kind church friends have said, 'It's so nice to see your face without any make-up,' but, indeed, I do make-up—and such a remark is the best kind of a compliment on my judgment."

*A SPRING FANCY (NEUVAIN) BY GELETT BURGESS*

I had forgotten all about the Spring;
The winter seemed not rude when in the rain
I heard the meadow lark, mad-mannered, sing!
The fields so long in sober garb had lain
I had forgotten all about the Spring,—
When April came a-trippling down the lane!
She set the orchard gayly blossoming,
The earth awoke and shyly smiled again;
I had forgotten all about the Spring!

All the Comforts of Home

A Vista of the Heights

Restaurant and Grounds

The Bandstand and Homeier's Band

The Switchback

## VIEWS OF LEONA HEIGHTS

### A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA PLEASURE RESORT SITUATED IN ALAMEDA COUNTY

See page 12

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

You should know without being told, Diary, dear, how anxious I have been to persuade Father Time to hasten his lagging footsteps during Holy Week. Alas! he has loitered by the wayside, and I have simply been bored to extinction. On Saturday I had my last pleasure. In the afternoon I went to "Carmen," and enjoyed myself tremendously. I saw any number of the girls, and all agreed it was the best afternoon performance the company had given. Later, I strolled into the Sketch Club and examined the pictures. Some of the girls have real ability, but I don't think their exhibition this time is as good as the last. Still, there are some capital bits. I always like Helen Hyde's studies, Miss Briggs' landscapes and Blanche Letcher's pastels. But there are several new members who also do creditable work. Afterwards I went to Carrie's to dinner, and in the evening we again went to the opera. All the subscribers were in evidence for the last time. The L. L. Bakers, Hellmans, Crockers, with their families, Borels, etc. There was but little dressing. Carrie says it is bad form to dress in Lent, even at the opera. I am glad to find a reason, although it is so paltry a one, for certainly San Francisco opera audiences have been, to put it mildly, a shabby looking lot. I hope, however, that the next opera will be given at the Baldwin Theatre. It is so much more roomy, and the seats are wider, softer and more comfortable.

Fancy, Miss Jacobs of San Diego is engaged to Lieutenant Drake. She went to Miss West's school and graduated with Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman, Marie Wells and all of that set, is only nineteen, and an awfully jolly girl. Her people are immensely wealthy, and have a charming place in San Diego. She is quite handsome—tall, dark, with fine coloring. I don't know when the marriage is to take place. Maraquita Collier is to be married in June to young Atherton Macondray. Won't they make a cute couple? We are all devoted to the Collier girls. I believe the wedding is to be a quiet one, but Maraquita has promised that if she has only three outsiders I shall be one of them. The most pleasing bit of news we have heard for some time is that Lieutenant Cloman has received the appointment of instructor in military tactics at the University of California. He is to have Lieutenant Winn's position. Few army officers are as popular as Mr. Cloman, not alone with girls, which, if you are an army man, is not altogether a distinction, but with men. Arthur says he is a capital fellow, and even Papa, who is blase on most points, becomes cordial when he is mentioned.

Mamma Leila and dear Aunt Sybil have been dissipating in religion all this week and are really exhausted. They find church-going quite as fatiguing as the frivolous amusements I indulge in, and come home quite worn out. On Sunday we all went to Trinity Church in the morning to hear Archdeacon Webber discourse, and found that our kinsfolk and acquaintances had done likewise. In the evening we had an early dinner and went to Grace Church. Mr. Clarence Eddy played the organ, and only Aunt Sybil has a pew I doubt whether we should have found standing room. After the service Mr. Eddy played several secular selections, among them the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. It was simply inspiring. Have you ever noticed how religious good music makes one feel? One can hardly credit the effect it has. Besides all this, we have been attending the afternoon services at Trinity regularly. Archdeacon Webber has discoursed on all subjects from a non-sectarian standpoint, and we have been exceedingly interested. However, we are none of us as good as the Catholics. I hear that a number of the ladies of St. Mary's Cathedral are holding a retreat at the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Eddy street this week. They have instruction and meditation every day in the chapel of the convent.

Mamma is a member of the Sorosis Club, and has gone there with marvelous regularity every Tuesday afternoon to hear Mrs. Fairweather lecture on Wagner. She has become quite an enthusiast, for Mrs. Fairweather has so realistic a fashion of describing mystic heroes and heroines that one can enter into the spirit of his compositions. Mrs. Fairweather illustrated the lectures by playing selections from the compositions on the piano. The maternal relative intends also going to the Browning lectures by Mrs. Fairweather.

We are all dreadfully disappointed about the ball Mr. Greenway was to have given after Easter. It seems it is not to come off, as the weather is too warm for dancing, Mr. Greenway says. I am heartbroken, but then I should not mind dancing in the tropics. That is not the real reason, though. So many of the girls are going into the country immediately that they fear the ball would be a failure.

Well, good night, Diary, dear. I fly to welcome in the summer season. Shall my winter success see summer failure or shall I gather in a bigger garland in my junketings? In any case, farewell to Lent, languor and dullness. The cricket's best season is to come.

MISS CRICKET.

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The marriage of Mr. Samuel Schwartz and Miss Helen Sutro is to be celebrated next Wednesday evening at the Sutro residence on Pine street. On account of the recent death of the bride's father, Gustave Sutro, it is to be a very quiet affair, only the family assisting at the ceremony. Dr. Voorsanger will officiate, and for their wedding tour the happy pair proceed to Costa Rica, where Mr. Schwartz is interested in coffee planting. Subsequently, they will return to San Francisco and reside with the family.

In these warm days a salt water swim in the early morning is not only holy and wholesome, but also enjoyable and exhilarating. Quite a number of young ladies have taken to gathering at the Lurline Baths of a morning and enjoying a dip before breakfast. Most of them are good swimmers, and those who are not are gaining dexterity by practice. Among those who may be met there are the Misses Sutro, Hecht, Neustadter and Frank, among others.

* *

The Lenten pall becomes deeper and grayer in Oakland as the forty days draw to a close. Only a very few luncheons and dinners offer themselves to be chronicled this week. The younger people, tired of the enforced quietude, have done most of the entertaining. Miss Marietta Havens had a dinner for several of the Friday Fortnightly young people the other evening. Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Florence Green, Miss Grace Gorrill, Messrs. Walter Magee, Bruce Cornwall, Ira Boss and Otto Wedemeyer were among those bidden. The table was prettily decked in pale-pink carnations and maidenhair ferns. Then Miss Carrie Ritter entertained the Club of 21 on Saturday afternoon. This club anticipates continuing its meetings during the summer, merely varying their form. On this occasion they spent the afternoon playing cards.

The girls of Miss Head's school in Berkeley formed a Lenten club and met once a week to sew for the poor. During the afternoon Miss Head read to the class, combining instruction with their work. On Wednesday afternoon they had a sale, the proceeds of which are to assist in endowing a bed in the Children's Hospital. At first they hope to be able to rent a room and support one or two children. Later they hope to have a ward under their charge.

Mrs. R. Y. Brown gave an informal reception on Wednesday last in honor of Mrs. Hoadley of New York. Mrs. Brown was assisted in receiving by Miss Florence Brown, Mrs. Wheaton and Mrs. Henshaw. On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., entertained the "Dinner Club" and spent a pleasant evening. Their next occasion will be at Mrs. Pierce's, in about two weeks, when the club will say farewell until the fall. This has been easily the most popular club thus far formed by the young married set. A smart affair was the dinner given on Thursday evening by Mrs. Goodfellow to thirty people. The tables were exquisitely decked with spring blossoms.

In spite of the rigorous observance of Lent, Miss Beck of Milwaukee has been entertained quite extensively during her visit to Oakland. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Brigham gave a tea in her honor, and on Friday Mrs. Charles Alexander entertained her in a similar fashion. Besides these affairs, she has been the recipient of various small dinners and luncheons.

To explain the connection between music and digestion is beyond my physiological acumen, but that there is some such connection is beyond peradventure. The condition has been recognized by Justin Ladagnous of the Maison Riche, who has an orchestra play through the dinner hour for the pleasure of his patrons. It is an excellent idea, and has proved most popular. Since its inauguration the Riche has been the scene of innumberable dinner parties—and after Lent the institution will undoubtedly be even more liberally frequented by fashionable people than before. It may also be added that it is excellent music that is being dispensed.

The new Blue Book is out—and thank goodness. It is a necessity. The old one, though but a year old, is out of date, because of the innumerable changes in address made within the twelvemonth. The '97 edition is brought out in first-class shape, and is a compact, cleanly printed book. C. J. Hoag is again responsible for the compilation of names and details, but Hartwell, Mitchell & Willis are the publishers.

## AT THE PLAYS

### Merrilees Sisters at the Orpheum — Return of Dents O'Sullivan.

The Merrilees Sisters are English—quite English, with just an attempt at the French. They wear long black gloves and long, colored gowns, and sing about—it is hard to remember just what they sing about, but they sing it in a taking sort of a way, and dance with a most taking sort of abandon. One of the young women has a wink that would do even Cissy proud. Besides the Sisters there are also the Kronemann Brothers—all the way from Europe. Their costumes are neat, all white and green, and they go through innumerable grotesque gymnastics, to the accompaniment of the most delightfully quaint English. Such an act as the Kronemanns' is a relief, an infinite relief. Mlle. Titenia is the very daintiest figure that has appeared at the Orpheum for a very long time. Her toe dancing is really remarkable of its kind, and her manner is refreshingly natural.

At the Tivoli this week "The Lily of Killarney" is given an excellent production. Laura Millard as Eily sings charmingly, and looks to the life the traditional stage colleen with her red cloak, laced bodice and high-heeled slippers. Elvia Crox Seabrooke is infinitely more pleasing as a woman than as a man, and as the vivacious Anne Chute looks very pretty, especially in the first act, where she introduces "Killarney." Rhys Thomas' role of Hardress Cregan is unsympathetic, but he carries it well, and sings with good effect. Maurice Darcy's Myles Na Coppaleen is well sustained, and Ferris Hartman as Mr. Corrigan gives another evidence of his versatility. The opera is mounted very well, the cave scene being especially pretty.

The appearance of Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan in "Shamus O'Brien," at the Tivoli on Monday evening, April 26th, is really a musical event. Mr. O'Sullivan has been very successful in England as a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and in "Shamus O'Brien" has made for himself a notable record. The opera is by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and was produced in London in March, 1896, and since then has been sung in New York, making one of the hits of the season. Correct scenery and costumes have been prepared for the production, and the cast supporting Mr O'Sullivan will include Miss Myra Morella, late of the Abbott, Conreid and Carleton companies. "The Lily of Killarney" will be continued through Easter week. It is a capital production, and has been received very well.

Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan will be the soloist at the concert of the San Francisco Symphony Society, which occurs at the Columbia next Thursday afternoon. The concert will be the sixth and last of the present series, and the programme is very fine. It includes Weber's overture to "Oberon," Rubenstein's "Fifth Symphony," the first time in this city; the "Queen Mab Scherzo," from Berlioy's "Romeo and Juliet Symphony," and the famous "Nutcracker Suite" by Tschai Kowsky.

Next week at Morosco's Mamie Sheridan Wolford will appear in the soubrette role of her own play, "The Brand of Cain." The play is a most sensational affair, with any amount of villainy and injured innocence. A number of startling scenic effects are introduced into the piece, including a realistic thunder storm in a Spanish chasm, and also a tremendous explosion, in which the power house of a quarry is totally destroyed.

The Orpheum has an exceptionally good bill for next week. Signor Achille Alberti, late baritone of the Mapleson Grand Opera Company, and Mme. Annina Orlandi, mezzo soprano of the same company, will give selections from grand opera. Marzelli and Millay, comedy acrobats, introduce a novel act, and Herr Grais and his trick baboon and donkey repeat their successful performance of last season.

Primrose and West's minstrels open a two weeks' engagement at the Baldwin to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The company comprises two minstrel bands. Primrose and West's modern minstrels, and a complete company of colored comedians and singers. There are over 100 performers in the organization, including George H. Primrose, William H. West, George Wilson and Jimmy Wall.

The Stanford University and Apollo Choral Associations, containing from 250 to 300 voices, will give two great musical festivals, one at Stanford University, Sunday, May 9th, and the other at Metropolitan Hall in this city, Saturday, May 15th. The combined associations will be under the direction of H. B. Pasmore, and will render choral works from the greatest composers.

Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas gives her song recital next Friday evening at Golden Gate Hall. She will be assisted by Mr. Samuel Savannah, a clever young violinist, and Mr. Robert E. Newell, an excellent pianist, who makes his debut here. Mrs. Thomas' numbers will include the aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute," "Les Larmes" by Massenet, and Chaminade's "Tie me Dirais."

The lady managers of the Children's Hospital announce a Parisian fete to be called the "Gingerbread Fete," to take place during the month of May. The affair will last an entire week, day and evening, and the proceeds go to the general fund of the Children's Hospital.

Mr. Wendell Easton's illustrated lecture on "California Country Homes" took place at Golden Gate Hall Wednesday evening. Mr. Easton's talk was very entertaining, the reference to orange and lemon culture being especially interesting.

The last Bacon-Minetti ensemble concert of the season will come off at the Association Auditorium on Saturday, May 1st.

### Moet & Chandon.

The cellars of Messrs. Moet & Chandon, the largest champagne house in the world, contain over eight miles of walks, and about twenty-six million bottles of champagne. The different sections of the vast cellars are named after the various countries to which shipments are made. Russia and England occupy the largest place, special provision having been made for the requirements of the Courts. In this country Moet & Chandon has also been received with great favor, and has recently been served exclusively at the Patriarchs' Ball, Washington Gridiron Club Banquet, of international Epicurean repute, the New Year Party of O. H. P. Belmont, and the renowned Bradley-Martin costume ball.—Hotel Gazette.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

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## THE BURNS HANDICAP

### Second Anniversary of the Great Ten-Thousand-Dollar Stake.

Ten starters for a stake of ten thousand dollars, and not one chance in ten for the horse that does not run his race from start to finish. Such was the state of affairs on Saturday last when the bell rang out the final call for the great Burns Handicap on its second anniversary. A perfect day, a splendid track, and an open-looking race, betokening the skill of the handicapper, had all contributed to foster excitement and furnish pleasure for a crowd unusually large.

For once the interest in the various competitors for their own merits seemed to overshadow the gambler's instinct, and there was evidence of a general feeling that we were about to see a great race run and won by a horse that would thereafter be entitled to fame. The only possibility of doubt that seemed to lurk in any one's mind was whether by some strange chance or other Dame Fortune would not bestow her favoring smiles on the stable, in honor of whose senior partner, Colonel Dan M. Burns, the great race is named.

For no other reason could Candelaria have been made the favorite, and the circumstance only goes to prove that California is as ever a superstitious land. Given now and then such a race as we had that day and the time should come when nearer 80,000 people than a mere 8,000 will turn out to see the big events of the turf on these Western shores.

In the field of ten that faced the starter all but three were bred in California, and those three formed the tail of the show at the finish, whipped in by an erratic mare that was practically friendless. Of the three first horses two could claim a winner of the English Derby for a grand-sire and the third a great grand-sire of like prowess, with a grandsire winner of the 2,000 guineas and fastest miler of his time, and well they sustained their noble lineage; for, in a hard race, run under a good test in weights about as true as was possible, they fought out the battle, straight and turn, to the death, holding on with that depth of courage which only thoroughbred blood can bestow.

In the saddling-paddock the first to claim our attention are the two sons of imp. Brutus, The Roman and Installator. The former is drawn fine as a herring, and considering his still somewhat tender age the treatment looks venturesome. His older stable companion compares favorably in respect of muscle, even allowing for the difference of years, but is not in racing points the equal of the youngster. Schiller is a fair specimen of an upstanding, blood-like race horse, fit and strong. Salvation, with head and neck in shape and contour simply unsurpassable, stout, yet lithe of limb, wins all our approval, save for the bar sinister at foot. Wheel of Fortune, game and natty mare, in order that leaves nothing to be desired; Candelaria, clean and fit to go; Lobengula, ready as Green B. Morris can make a horse, which leaves little to be said; Judge Denny, hard and sleek; Argentina in good muscle, but a bit waspish; and last, but not least, Ruinart, a fine, leathering young horse, not in perfect fettle, but strong as a lion and in make-up looking fully master of the big impost he has to carry.

The following is a detailed note of the conditions of the race and the runners:

A handicap for all ages. Entrance $20; $30 additional for horses not declared by 4 P. M. day after weights are announced; $100 for starters. The California Jockey Club to guarantee the value of the stake to be $10,000, of which $2000 to second and $1000 to third horse. Weights to be announced five days before the race. Horses not declared before 4 P. M. the day preceding the race to be liable for full starting fee. Winners of any race after the weights are announced to carry five lbs. extra; if handicapped at less than weight for age, seven lbs. extra. One mile and one-quarter.

E. A. Mizner's br. h. Ruinart (4 yrs.) St. Carlo–Queen Alta) 116 lbs., M. Bergen 1
W. D. Randall's ch. h. Salvation (5 yrs.) Salvator–Chimera, 120 lbs., Shaw 2
Elmwood Farm's b. c. The Roman (3 yrs.) imp. Brutus–Beauty, 105 lbs., Snider 3
J. Harvey's ch. m. Wheel of Fortune (5 yrs.) Gano–Jennie B., 117 lbs., H. Martin 4
Elmwood Farm's b. h. Installator (5 yrs.) imp. Brutus–Installation, 112 lbs., Coady
Burns & Waterhouse's b.c. Candelaria (3 yrs.) imp. Midlothian–Cosette, 102 lbs., Thorpe
G. B. Morris' br. h. Lobengula (5 yrs.) Hudson–Zulu, 107 lbs., W. Martin
B. Schrieber's b. h. Schiller (4 yrs.) imp. St. George–Fraulein, 113 lbs., Slaughter
McNaughton & Muir's b. h. Judge Denny (4 yrs.) Fonso–Belle of Nantura, 106 lbs., E. Jones
Santa Anita Stables' b. m. Argentina (4 yrs.) Gano–Dolly L., 112 lbs., Shields

In the betting market, business proved brisk, prices closing as follows:

Three to one Candelaria, 3 to 1 Boot's (Elmwood Farm) stable, 8 to 1 Salvation, 8 to 1 Lobengula, 9 to 1 Schiller, 9 to 1 Wheel of Fortune, 12 to 1 Ruinart, 20 to 1 Argentina, 40 to 1 Judge Denny.

Passing out from the paddock the decade paraded before the stand and cantered to the post, The Roman moving especially stiff and proppy, and Salvation seeming to feel the ground a bit hard for his liking. Of the others Ruinart, Wheel of Fortune and Lobengula best pleased the eye.

After allowing just a few moments for Argentina to compose herself, Starter Ferguson lost no time in getting the field off his hands to an even break, Salvation soon showing in front as they passed the stand, Lobengula, Judge Denny and Installator being his immediate attendants, with Ruinart, Candelaria and The Roman closing up the rear. Rounding the first turn Installator worked his way up to the leader and the pair raced together down the back stretch, Wheel of Fortune half a length away at the three-fourth mile post, with Lobengula, Judge Denny, Ruinart and The Roman following on till the far turn was reached, when the terrific pace had begun to tell. By that time Judge Denny, Schiller and Argentina were done with. The Roman was seen to be fast making up ground round the turn, and, as Salvation drew away a couple of lengths from Installator, the stable companion of the latter assumed his place. On the outside Wheel of Fortune was going strong, while Ruinart, whom Bergen had ridden under the whip for the previous six furlongs, was now receiving another strong dose and rapidly overhauling the leaders. As they came on down the stretch The Roman improved his position and drawing level with the son of Salvator, appeared to have the race in hand. But in barely time enough to fetch one's breath a vision is seen of a raking brown horse, with splendid stride and masterly rider, swooping past the son of Salvator and, closing with The Roman in one magnificent rush, Ruinart lands on the post with full a head to spare; Salvation, who had struggled with the utmost gameness throughout the entire journey, finishing up third a short half a length away.

Following on in a long tail were Wheel of Fortune, Installator, Candelaria, Lobengula, and Schiller, with Judge Denny and Argentina out of the hunt. Time: First quarter, 0:25½; half, 0:50¾; three-quarters, 1:15¾; mile, 1:41; one and one-fourth miles, 2:06¾—a new California record.

Thus were we given a race that will be ineffaceable from the memory of all who had the good fortune to witness it, and the honors of the occasion may fairly be divided so far as the horses are concerned with almost even hand amongst the first three, for each one proved himself a race horse every bit of him.

As for jockeyship the display of Bergen in the last twenty strides was in the highest form of the art, only attained by the inborn horseman, and a welcome relief to the scrambling, poking style, of which we get such a surfeit. It did one good to see Marty sitting up firm in his saddle, with the consciousness of power and skill, making ready with hand and eye to land at the moment required.

Mr. E. A. Mizner, the owner of Ruinart, is away in the wilds of Alaska, but his interests were carefully provided for by his friend, Mr. R. Porter Ashe of this city, who had entrusted the preparation of the horse to Merckel. The latter is entitled to great credit for the shape in which the horse came to the post and completed his task.

* * *

The gallant race run by Ruinart in the $10,000 Burns handicap has directed attention very emphatically to his sire, St. Carlo, the property of Mr. W. O. B. McDonough, and located for the last four years at his Menlo stock farm, Portola, San Mateo county. St. Carlo is a chestnut horse, standing sixteen hands, and was bred by the late August Belmont at the Nursery stud, Kentucky, having been foaled in 1887, making him 10 years old, or, in other words, just in the prime of life for work at the stud. For some little time past he has been generally spoken of as a coming young stallion, and would probably have been more conspicuous all along but that he fell under the shadow, both as to romance and renown, of the great Ormonde, with whom he is associated at Mr. Macdonough's farm.

St. Carlo is by imp. St. Blaise, he by Hermit out of Fusee, and his dam was Carina, by the good race horse and sire Kingfisher, son of Lexington and imp. Eltham Lass by Kingston. His second dam was Carita by imp. The Ill-Used out of imp. Camilla, fourth dam Agnes, a daughter of Black Agnes by Velocipede.

ST. BLAISE · IMP. ST. BLAISE-CARINA, BY KINGFISHER
PROPERTY OF W. O. B. MACDONOUGH

In conning over the names in this pedigree one cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary value of the blood of Fusee, the dam of imp. St. Blaise, her progeny having been in addition to the last mentioned, Match Girl, imp. Candlemas, Hallowmas and Fuse. St. Blaise won the Derby and was a few years ago sold in this country, as every one knows, for $100,000. For Matchbox, a son of Match Girl, the sum of $90,000 was paid a short time back in England, while Matchmaker, another of her sons and therefore a grandson of Fusee, promises to make a great name for himself at the stud.

Moreover, Vesuvian, a prominent Derby candidate, is out of Fuse. All this is amply sufficient to show that this particular strain of blood is right on top on the other side at this moment, while to bring things nearer home it may be pointed out that the best performer in California to-day without question is the 5-year-old Magnet, a son of St. Blaise, and therefore a grandson of Fusee. The value of St. Carlo's blood is further enhanced by his own excellent record as a racehorse, he having won the great American at Brooklyn and the Foam stakes at Coney Island, came in second in the great Futurity at Sheepshead Bay, giving the winner thirteen pounds in the best field of horses, twenty-one in number, that ever started for that event.

Amongst the stock which St. Carlo has already produced in addition to Ruinart, are the very smart 3-year-old gelding, Zamar II., Joan, Charlemagne, Dancing Girl, Alakuma, St. Dunstan, and several promising 2-year-olds, conspicuous among which are the winners Count of Flander and St. hilip, together with Lord Mormion and Charles Le Bel.

It is evident that St. Carlo is to have a permanent name as a producer of high-class race horses, and those breeders who avail themselves of his services should greatly benefit thereby.

### The Two-Year-Old Running — Emeryville Handicap.

In the Waterhouses Stakes, 4½ furlongs, last Saturday, the field consisted of Miss Rowena, Recreation, Michael, The Cheat and Rosormonde, and was a gift to the Burns & Waterhouse stable, Miss Rowena winning easily, with her companion, Recreation, hard held. Michael lost ground soon after the start, was subsequently badly crowded on the rail, and could not make his run. It may be well to repeat that Recreation is an exceptionally smart filly, and she has every appearance of growing on.

The Emeryville Handicap, $1,000, for all ages, six and a half furlongs, brought out a field of eight, of which Caesarian carried top weight, 122 lbs, and was beaten by a bare head, after making all the running, by a smart bit of riding on the part of Coady, who brought California, 118 lbs, up on the rail and neatly scored the trick. St. Lee, 115 lbs., was third, a couple of lengths away with Zamar II. a neck behind, Candelaria, Double Quick and Vincitor a couple of lengths apart in the order named and Bernardillo beaten off. Nothing looked better in the paddock in point of condition than the winner, and this, added to good judgment and bold riding on the part of her jockey, undoubtedly helped much in the result. The time, 1:21, was good.

BENEDICT.

In the article on Lenoa Heights, on page 12, read Haywards or Niles train to Sather, instead of "Niles train to Sowther."

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## BAS BLEUES

### A Lenten Discussion of Books, Heroines and Literary Morals.

The Lowell Literary Club was in session. Its president, Mrs. Sangster, had just delivered herself of a denunciation of Gertrude Atherton, and the entire membership was awaiting the onset of Miss Printain, whose joy it was to oppose the dicta of the president. They were sweeping and as moral as a church steeple, these contentions of Mrs. Sangster's, while Miss Printain was a decadent person of radical instincts and liberal views. In the president's family divorce was a forbidden topic, and the especial offense of "Patience Sparhawk" was that she had left her husband to become a journalist, and moreover had individual impressions about the Creator. Both were crimes deserving of electrocution.

"A gifted being as Patience was must be judged by other standards than those that petty conventionalities prescribe," declared Miss Printain. "She may not have been an angel, but why compel her to live with Beverley Peel? Bad temper is fatal in a woman, but it is impossible in a man. Besides, was she not honest in declaring herself about both her husband and her religion?"

"A woman should suffer in silence," declared Mrs. Rawdon, whose husband is hen-pecked. "Having married for better or for worse she must make the best of her circumstances, and the world need know nothing of her pains. Patience Sparhawk should have developed a temper as violent as Beverley's, and that would have cured him in no time."

At this remark a significant glance went round the circle.

"However," interrupted Mrs. Sangster, "if girls would only go in for physical development as Candida St. John did in 'The Career of Candida,' I'm sure we would hear less of domestic troubles. Though Adrian, her husband, committed all manner of sins, she held to him like a true woman, and refused to marry the man she loved while he lived."

"Much good her virtue and her muscle did her," retorted Miss Printain. "A useless sacrifice of self aids no one and is really an injury to two individuals—both to the object and the victim."

"Am I to understand that you advise physical culture as a means of self-protection for women against their husbands?" asked Mrs. Rawdon of the president. "It is not necessary. The women whose husbands are most solicitous are those who scream at a mouse and need helping off a cable car, I know."

"Besides, I don't think a nice woman wants her arm bunched up with muscles like those Dawson girls," declared Mrs. Davis, a fashionplate lady, whose husband is a great amateur athlete.

"Maybe Miss Printain approves of Mrs. Jack Ashton in Street's new book, 'The Wise and the Wayward,'" said Mrs. Sangster in her most sarcastic tone.

"On the contrary, it is you who have exalted success most enthusiastically," was the reply. "Mrs. Ashton is no worse than many another woman who marries a comfortable man and makes the best of her opportunities. Most of them were created for her, by the stupidity of the admirable Nelly, who, being short-sighted and tactless—which is but a specific way of declaring her brainless—deserved her fate. The least one asks of a fool like her is that she cling round the neck of her husband, and that she failed to do. He must have liked a fool anyway, or he would never have married her."

At this outburst the club murmured in disapproval.

"Is it not an admirable example of literary work?" suggested Miss Gresham, interrupting an outburst from Mrs. Sangster. Miss Gresham's pose is critical. "Really, it is capitally modeled, and one has such a lucid impression of the dramatis personae. The characterization is so true and the milieu so cleverly rendered."

"To my mind," interrupted Miss Printain, "Street is one of the most capable of the new men. He has the power to render prosaic facts in plain colors and does not stop to gird at the sad fate which overtakes those whose weaknesses have led them into difficulties. I agree with Mrs. Ashton that the world is much what we make it. If you expect little and do what you may, you will be comfortable and have a tombstone; if you are foolish and insensible of your advantages, then unhappiness is inevitable."

"Now that Miss Printain has expressed the gospel of opportunity," interrupted Mrs. Rawdon, "possibly Mrs. Sangster will tell what she thinks of 'The Impudent Comedians.' Personally I rather like Mr. Frankfort Moore's book, and I'll read this if it is proper and moral."

"It is all about actresses," replied the president. "It seems amusing enough, but I protest that Mr. Moore might have found better materials for heroine-making than Nell Gwynne and Kitty Cline and Peg Woffington, who were notorious stage favorites in the disreputable days of Charles II. They took part in the immoral plays of the period, and are not the kind of women with whom one cares to associate."

"Then I shall not permit my husband to read the book," declared Mrs. Rawdon—"I mean my girls, of course."

Again the club smiled.

"Is it fair to criticise a novel from the point of view of history?" asked Miss Gresham. "Really I was much entertained by the several stories which tell the adventures of Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Cline, and cannot see where the moral question comes in. If the manner and style of an author entertain one and if there is nothing intrinsically vicious about his treatment of a subject, why object that his characters, when they were in the flesh, were improper personages? I am sure Mrs. Rawdon's daughter will find nothing injurious in Mrs. Siddon's rencontre with the Dublin students, and I am persuaded Mrs. Sangster herself must have laughed at the humiliation of Jack Bates. Admitting the texture is thistledown, I prefer that substance to such indigestible compounds of harum scarum adventure as 'A Woman's Courier' or such an obvious imitation of Anthony Hope as Clinton Ross' 'The Puppet.'"

"I find stories by Mr. Ross in many of the Eastern weeklies," interrupted the president, who is a great respector of institutions. "He cannot be the fool you describe if the publishers will pay for his matter."

"On that basis Marie Corelli is the greatest novelist in England," Miss Printain put in. "The ability to steal a method is not an index of literary talent. It is true Anthony Hope could not have written 'The Puppet,' but we would never have had the book if the 'Prisoner of Zenda' remained in manuscript. As for the 'Woman's Courier'—though Weyman still writes of adventure, that is no reason to proscribe rivalry. One can pass a pleasant hour following the career of James Talbot, even though he is neither a first-rate hero nor an eminent scoundrel."

"I must confess having liked 'The Puppet immensely," piped Mrs. Davis from her corner. "Even if you literary people think it poor, we Philistines may find it amusing. I did, for one."

The club smiled in a patronizing and indulgent way at the speaker.

"At any rate," announced Mrs. Sangster, "though I purpose that my girls, when she grows up, shall have biceps like Candida, I thank heaven she has not hair like Patience Sparhawk. No woman could possibly be proper with red lips and such a dead-white complexion. Besides, had she not red glints in her hair?"

"I would rather have her hair and her skin than be like your friend Mrs. Jack Ashton," declared Miss Printain as a farewell shot at the president.

With which the Lowell Literary Club adjourned.


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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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## ON LEONA HEIGHTS

### A Sequestered Paradise Reached by the California Railway.

The reputation which San Francisco enjoys as a tourists' paradise is indeed well merited. After a month spent in here I am prepared to say that no large city has within so short a radius and so easy of access the numerous and varied attractions of this city of the Sunset. Among all the charming trips it was my fortune to take, I think I have enjoyed none more than the excursion to Leona Heights a few days ago. A day of restful pleasure, or action, if you will, where you see nature's rarest smile, where every prospect pleases, and you forget for the moment that even man is vile. Only an hour and a half from town—beauty and variety all the way there and back, too—round trip, 40 cents. Strange as it may seem, I have been asked quite often "Where is Leona Heights.

Out in the foothills back of Oakland is this delightfully sequestered spot, where the least little climb will open a promenade of surpassing grandeur. These "Heights" are reached by the California Railway. This was originally a steam line, and is unique in that it is the first instance where electricity has superseded steam where very heavy grades and other difficulties were encountered. The cars are the same pattern employed in regular railway traffic—reminding one of a Pullman palace car and provided with air brakes. In fact, the road is modern throughout, even to the switchback, which illustrates in a small way one of the methods of fin de siecle mountain climbing. En route we pass Beulah Park, where are several of the charitable institutions of the Salvation Army. A little further on Mills College is pointed out. This is one of the substantial and time-honored centers of learning on the Coast, and a short visit later convinced me it is indeed the Wellsley of the West.

On arriving at the heights one is put down on the broad veranda of the restaurant, where the best of accommodations are to be had from a dinner a la carte to the lightest refreshments. An air of quiet pervades the place, making it particularly delightful as a family resort. The hoodlum need not apply, for he is not wanted, and no provision has been made for such entertainment (?) as he deems necessary to a "good time." There is no bar; all refreshments being served at tables, which occupy the spacious sitting rooms and verandas. The dance floor is also lacking, the conclusion of the management being that this is not what people want who come out for a day's recreation and change in the country. There are shaded walks and inviting nooks, while every hillside is ablaze with flowers and every canyon abounds in choice ferns. The patient donkey waits to transport you to the summit for a most entrancing view or to the deep, rock-walled gorge, where dashes a brooklet forming innumerable pretty waterfalls. The Sunday concerts are an attractive feature. Horneir's band dispenses the most charming music from a band stand, which for design and acoustic properties excels any I have seen. It makes one poetical—

The hills and vales resound,
Every heart with rapture bound.

At night, when under the glow of the thousands of electric lights the grounds are indeed enchanting. There one is almost tempted to become sentimental and sit in some retired cove, where the balmy wind fans the drooping leaves, and talk soft, sweet nothings to the especial pretty girl you have brought with you.

How do you get there?

On Saturdays and Sundays take any ferry (broad or narrow gauge). If the broad gauge, you may leave the Oakland train at Twenty-third avenue, or the Alameda train at Park street, Alameda, in either case taking the Alameda electric car connecting with the California railroad direct to the heights. If you decide to take the narrow gauge boat, remember to board the Alameda train to Park street, thence the electric car as above. One may leave the Oakland local at Seventh and Broadway, and by taking the Alameda car either way may enjoy a pleasant ride through either of the Brooklyns of San Francisco. Those who prefer close connections and few changes will take the broad gauge boat on the even hour and the Niles train to Sowther, just beyond Fruitvale, where direct connections are made with the "Heights" train. On other days take the broad gauge boats only on the even hour and the narrow gauge boats as above mentioned.

The choice of routes may be had either going or coming, and I took advantage of it on my return through Alameda, and the ride revealed to me what a lovely city of homes it is. And as I sat in the bow of the boat enjoying the surpassing beauty of a "sunset through the Golden Gate" my thoughts ran back through the events of the day with its volume of sight-seeing, and I kept saying "All for 45 cents—remarkable." And, indeed, it is.

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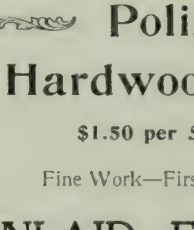


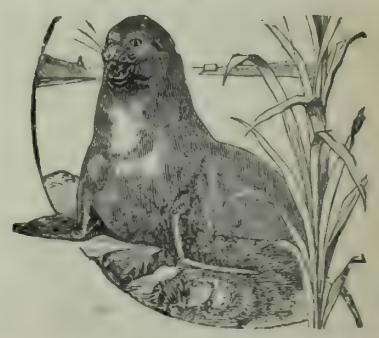

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## THE THEATRES

### Otis Skinner Goes and Georgia Cayvan Comes With a New Play.

Mr. Otis Skinner leaves San Francisco after a three weeks' engagement at the Baldwin, not richer in purse, perhaps, but certainly better off in the way of friends in the front of the house. When he returns to us, as I hope he will, some day, with a repertoire more in touch with popular ideas, he will find among his audience from orchestra to gallery a goodly number of staunch friends to give him a hearty welcome. Skinner—I don't fancy the name, though the man is to my liking—has a graceful, pleasing personality, and, moreover, is blessed with an abundance of intelligence. His Richard III on Monday night was sufficient evidence of this if we had no other, for it was a well-sustained and careful piece of acting. His figure, heroic and manly, was out of tune with the crippled and distorted Richard, but friend Skinner's face is of that plastic and mobile character that permits him one night to play the hero with the frank and open countenance, and the next the soured, embittered and murderous cutthroat with a countenance to match. I want to serve notice on the world that this man has my approval as an artist, and my pleasant prophecies for his future to boot. He is not by any means perfection, but he has every attribute and qualification necessary to obtain it. To his repertoire I file objection—violent objection. It requires a man of transcendental reputation to fill our theaters now with Richard III and the like. Had Irving played the part on Monday night, the house would have been packed from pit to dome. He might have repeated it for a week with similar success, but the public would have been attracted, not by the play, but by the personality of Irving. You can no longer conjure with the name of Shakespeare; it is the exponent who draws, not the divine William. To "His Grace de Grammont" and "A Soldier of Fortune" I file objection because they are out of date, melodramatic and distinctly unnatural, and depend upon the two latter qualities for their success. "Madame Sans-Gene" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" have educated us clear and away beyond this style of play. Some two years ago the venerable Henry Jarrett, that old prince of managers, brought out for Palmer an English actor—Heaven forgive me, I have forgotten his name, but think it was Willard—who gave us "Judah." It strikes me, and Otis may have this advice gratis, for I like him, that this Willard must have a repertoire into which Skinner would nicely fit. Then why, the American play not being forthcoming, could he not bargain with Willard, and give us a fresh repertoire until something better happens his way? This advice all runs to the dollar and cents view of the case, which is, after all, the chief desideratum.

It is not often that women are quick to recognize the fact that age and embonpoint make a difference on the stage. Ordinarily they hesitate to abandon the successful roles of more youthful days, and cling to them with desperate and stubborn determination until—well, until public disfavor forces complete retirement. Such is not to be the case with Georgie Cayvan, however. She is too wise for such an altogether foolish and suicidal proceeding. You can remember her of old, at least I do, in the society drama, when she was younger and much more lithesome. To-day she would scarcely harmonize with her former stage surroundings, but if you have the good fortune to see her at the Columbia in "Squire Kate," you will declare that she is a very wise and very business-like little woman, and you will agree with me and with her in the wisdom of the change she has made in her roles. She has a play and a company at the Columbia well worth your money and your time. It is drawing crowded and enthusiastic houses, and her engagement promises to be one of the most successful of the season.

"Squire Kate" is not a great play, but it is pleasant, clean and wholesome. You leave the house with a satisfied and contented feeling, and there is a warm place in your heart for the self-sacrificing, unselfish heroine. The third act is the gem. It seems hardly possible that the author who conceived the first two acts, which are noisy with over-boisterous and revelling yokels, could have planned and written that strongly tragic little scene in the hayfield, where Squire Kate (Miss Cayvan) discovers that the man whom she has silently worshiped for years is infatuated with her younger and handsomer sister Hetty (Miss Jerrold), for whom she has worked and slaved, and practiced a lifetime of self-denial. Squire Kate is a pathetic figure, as she leans on the old farm gate listening to the words that kill hope and happiness within her. It was a strong, moving, masterful scene, and Miss Cayvan rose with fine effort to every difficult dramatic requirement and gave us a piece of acting which shall, to her credit, live in my memory for a long while to come.

The ladies of the Baldwin Theater who were not cast in "The Lady of Lyons" had a box at the Columbia Tuesday night, and gentle little Miss Durbin (Mrs. Skinner), she of the fawn-like eyes, testified her appreciation of Miss Cayvan's art by crying heartily during that bit of tragedy in the hayfield. You might naturally imagine these stage-folk could not be moved by mimic scenes, but for my part I have found the true artist is one whose sympathies are easily aroused. Miss Durbin's tears spoke well for her, and the amusement of her companions over her display of emotion quite contrarywise.

There is a notable feature to Squire Kate. Its characters are all so clearly defined that they might well have come from the laboratory of Dickens' mind. There is Gaffer Kingsley "of the Warren," a hard, miserly, money-lending old wretch, who was cleverly handled by George Woodward. In Geoffrey Doone, a farm overseer, one had a glimpse of plain, homespun man, full of love and faithfulness and tenderness. Arundel, a shepherd, was another well-drawn bit of character. Nash, the tax-collector, Lord Silversnake, and Dr. Dutton, all have attributes peculiarly their own, and all are factors in making for the success of the play. There is a jolly little love scene between Jabez and Amanda, the farm servants, that brought down approval from the house. Young Heathcote's courtship of Miss Hetty had a delicate and charming touch. Miss Jerrold, as Hetty, was a pretty, winsome little lass, and Mr. Johnson, as young Heathcote, was quite such an earnest, handsome fellow as might engage the affections of such a maid.

There is love all through the play—good, wholesome, honest love, that entertains and pleases you. Miss Cayvan is decidedly a favorite here, and that, in my judgment, means much for one; for it is a pet hobby of mine that a San Francisco audience cannot be won except on merit.

B.


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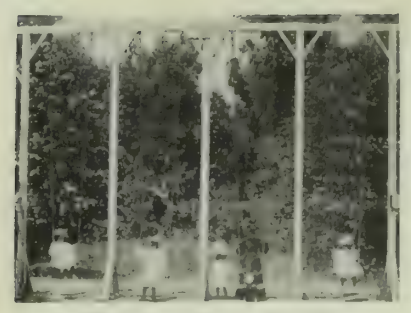

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GOLDEN GATE HALL

Next FRIDAY Evening, April 23d, 1897

Gertrude Auld-Thomas

ASSISTED BY

Samuel Savannah, Violin

Robert E. Newell, Piano

Reserved, $1.00. General Admission, 50c.

Box office at Sherman, Clay & Co's April 22-23


## TURF GOVERNMENT

### The Pressing Need of Reciprocity Between East and West.

If any justification were needed for directing public attention to turf affairs it could readily be found in the echoes from the East of the informal discussion which took place recently during the visit to California of Mr. August Belmont, president of the New York Jockey Club. On one occasion in particular, at Ingleside, both the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, a member of the Western Turf Congress, and the California Jockey Club, unaffiliated to either of the main bodies which legislate for the turf in the United States, were represented by those who control the respective destinies of our two local jockey clubs. From the properly authorized statement of Mr. Belmont's views, published since his return home, it is evident that he attaches considerable importance to the meeting in question, and is encouraged to believe that its occurrence may fortunately be found to have paved the way to the establishment of at least some measure of reciprocity between the Jockey Club and the Western Turf Congress. For the well-being of the turf in America it is devoutly to be hoped that a result so desirable may be attained.

Probably the most significant admissions made by the president of the Jockey Club were that the New York authorities do not consider that the Turf Congress has legislated in a manner otherwise than that which seemed to itself beneficial to racing interests in the territory under its jurisdiction, and that at no time have either East or West, as represented by the two organizations respectively, been hostile in sentiment or overbearing in attitude one toward the other. Mr. Belmont candidly admits that this has scarcely been the view of the position commonly accepted by the general public, but his authority on the point cannot be questioned, and the sooner the hitherto erroneous impression is corrected the better. Throughout his remarks Mr. Belmont exhibits the same diplomatic skill and courtesy of expression which were observable in his personal contact with the gentlemen whom he met at Ingleside, and is therefore careful to premise that his interviews here were in no sense official. At the same time he realized that those with whom matters were discussed were the holders of high offices in the Western racing world, so that under all the circumstances it can hardly be deemed unreasonable to invest these interviews with all the importance which usually attaches to semi-official pourparlers, when interests presumably opposed to each other are in search, as in this instance admittedly, of a common basis of agreement. If the main foundation of any compact be the regulation of racing affairs with a view honestly to secure sport for its own sake, and not for mere pelf, it is not being too sanguine to believe that a satisfactory understanding will be speedily reached, and in course of time become so strong as to be permanent.

As is well known, the Jockey Club has succeeded, in the face of much difficulty and at times bitter opposition, in upholding its authority, and has always stood before the world as being actuated by no other than proper motives in the enforcement of its rules. It can, therefore, suffer no loss of dignity in extending the hand of welcome to any organization now prepared, if hitherto unwilling, to work on its lines, even though it may have abandoned the hope once entertained of maintaining supreme control of racing affairs throughout the United States.

Assuming, as it seems almost essential we should under existing conditions, that a divided jurisdiction as between East and West should obtain, there must of necessity be at all times a community of interest, which should compel reciprocity, in various directions. The most conspicuous instance of this sort just now is the pressing need for action affecting the whole country uniformly with respect to stud book registration. In this most elementary detail the whole breeding and racing world is at present at sea, and if something be not done soon and finally, it is impossible to say how disastrous the consequences may be. There can be no sectional jealousy or divergence of interests in such a matter, and no question can afford a better excuse for initiating co-operation. The same thing holds good with regard to licenses, suspensions and general regulations affecting owners and their employees.

A movement is on foot to hold a conference at any early date in some center with the object of uniting breeders, owners and all interested in the turf in support of good government, and if united action can be secured between East and West on the points already alluded to, together with a revision of the forfeit list and a settlement of other matters needing general adjustment, the harmonious working of racing affairs throughout the country, if only in these respects, must surely tend to a return of prosperity in all quarters where the turf is or could be made popular. In no part of the States is this condition more desirable than in California, which is isolated and independent enough to be spared antagonism to any section, whatever shape it might otherwise be forced upon us.

The immense importance of the breeding interest and the wonderfully rapid growth of racing here are sufficient to compel the prompt and serious efforts of local authorities in support of any attempt towards establishing reciprocal relations between East and West, or effecting any union having for its object good government in turf affairs.

The season now drawing to a close has shown a distinct advance and an all-round improvement, not only in the character of the sport, but also in the manner in which the current business of the two local tracks has been conducted. The effect of this has been to encourage the patronage and good will of the better elements of society to an extent previously wanting, with the further result that in making their plans for the coming season the jockey clubs will add to the inducements which tend to cultivate this tendency. When the general body of racing men on this continent realize that such events as the recent California Derby (value $5,000) at Ingleside, and the Burns Handicap at Emeryville (value $10,000) are annual events, producing such sport as they have done, to say nothing of the numerous and liberal minor stakes, it is pretty certain that their steps will tend more and more in this direction as the winters come round.

Of course there will always be some who are prejudiced against racing, just as others are against, shall it be said, religion, but that makes neither bad things. It happens that the former, like some of the best things in the world, is very susceptible of abuse, and the way to reduce that to a minimum is by decent methods to render racing a pursuit for those who have and seek to retain the respect of their fellowmen. With the coming two weeks we shall see the end of the winter meeting at Ingleside, and no one who can afford the time should lose the opportunity in this beautiful weather of seeing for themselves how enjoyable a visit to the course can be made, especially if one drives out by the new boulevard, and how vastly improved everything is nowadays as compared with racing as it used to be before the new era.

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San Francisco, April 7, 1897.

THERESE SUTRO,
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHAS. SUTRO, JR.
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Duly acknowledged before Geo. T. Knox, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, California, April 7, 1897.

Filed April 7, 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Wm. H. C. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

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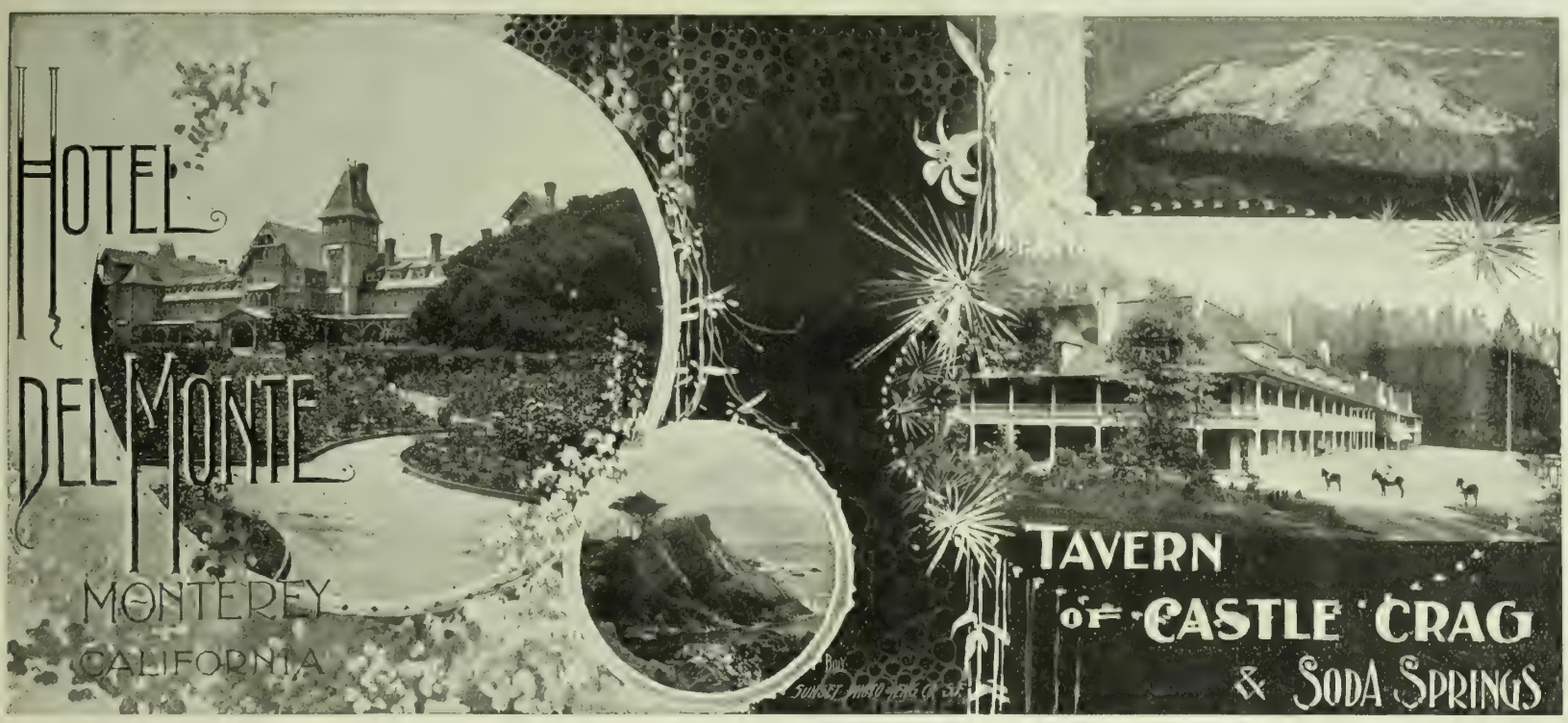


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Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp

Ferry boats leave S.F. at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 and 2:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track; buy your tickets to Berkeley.

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Storey Co., Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 111) of Ten Cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine st., San Francisco.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY, room No. 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 311 Pine street, San Francisco.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, and to all others concerned: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room No. 8 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11, in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

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Attorneys and Counselors

Room 202
Crocker Building, San Francisco

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A grand round of merrymaking throughout the land

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Will take place in the Southern Metropolis April 20th, and continue five days. Unique day parade of Spanish caballeros, Chinese with their Great Dragon, Mexican vaqueros, etc. Beautiful electric night parade of California flowers. Great Water Carnival, Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers. Novel Street Carnival at night.

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The season for

## Summer Outings

Will soon be here. If your plans are not mature, and you desire more information about the many attractive retreats all over the State, send to the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company for circulars and folders describing the Camping and other Resorts of the grand Shasta Region, Castle Crags, Lake Tahoe, and neighboring attractions on the Sierra Summits, Yosemite and the Big Trees, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Lake County and Southern California. REDUCED RATES in many directions. Inquire of Southern Pacific Company agents.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Shortly before the inauguration a young man called upon President McKinley at Canton to pay his respects. Mr. McKinley was well acquainted with his visitor, and had taken great interest in him, especially in his love affair, and he touched upon the tender topic. The young man was embarassed, but the President persisted in his questioning, and soon discovered that the prospect of love in a cottage was not pleasing to the young lady. "Do you think she would like to live abroad a little while?" asked the President. "I shouldn't wonder," said the young fellow. "Well," said Mr. McKinley, "if you think it will do any good, tell her that I will give you a consular appointment as a wedding present. Pick eight or ten places in Europe that you think would suit her, and when I take up consular matters, I will nominate you for one of them." The young man has since notified the President that he would be married early in June.

Deputy Marshal Hannah of Nebraska sometimes practices law. He was defending a criminal case recently before a Walsh County Justice, and when a legal point came up, undertook to read a little law to the court. "What book is that?" inquired His Honor. "The code," replied Mr. Hannah. "What code?" "The code adopted at the session of 1895, your Honor." "Now look here, young man," said the judge, as he opened a weather-beaten volume of territorial laws; "I've tried cases by this book for the last eighteen years, and I'm going to keep right on a-doing it, and there don't no new fangled laws go in this court. Do you hear? Sit down! You don't need to offer no objections, for I'll overrule 'em. The prisoner is found guilty as charged. Call the next case."

Justice Calvin E. Pratt of the Supreme Court of New York often said that there were too many law books and that over half of them were useless. He asserted that most lawyers read too much by far. Meeting a young law student who had just offered himself for the admission examination, Justice Pratt asked him what he had read in preparation for the ordeal. The youthful limb of the law proceeded to tell. He named about all the elementary treatises from Blackstone's Commentaries to date. Besides these, he had studied the codes, read Woolsey's Political Science, Lieber's Code of Political Ethics, "and," he said, "all the leading cases cited." "My heavens! boy!" exclaimed Justice Pratt, "you've read enough to ruin your chances as a lawyer for life!"

A Chinaman in Calgary, in the Canadian northwest, was charged with having stolen a five-dollar bill. After hearing the evidence, which left no doubt as to the guilt of the accused, the justice looked carefully into the criminal code which had just come into force. After mature deliberation he told the prisoner that although he felt sure of his guilt, he felt he was bound to discharge him. "I find that provision has been made in cases of theft by tenants, lodgers, clerks, servants and others, but there seems to be no provision regarding theft by Chinamen. It is clearly an oversight on the part of the legislature, but you are entitled to the benefit of it. You may go."

A certain venerable and benevolent judge in Paris, who was about to pass judgment on a prisoner, consulted his assessors on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he said, bending over to the assessor on the right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" "I should give him four years." The judge, with great benevolence: "Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice—seven years."

When the Duke of Leeds, the next Governor-General of Canada, was in Parliament as the Marquis of Carmarthen, he was the youngest member in the House of Commons, and the youngest-looking until he grew a beard. It is told of him that on the day of his election someone asked him: "Say, boy, does your mother know you're out?" "Yes," promptly replied the youthful politician, "and when the votes are counted to-night, she will know I am in!"

It was related of one of the members of Grant's first Cabinet, a former college professor of the "know-it-all" variety, that he was on one occasion discoursing on the subject of the Druses, when an auditor interrupted him with the remark that the cyclopedia did not agree with him. "Oh!" was the reply, "I know a great deal more about the Druses than I did when I wrote that article in the cyclopedia."

Senator Voorhees once had succeeded in delivering an appeal which had brought tears to the eyes of several jurymen. Then arose the prosecuting attorney, a gruff old man, with a piping voice and nasal twang. "Gentlemen," said he, deliberately, "you might as well understand from the beginning that I am not boring for water." The remark offset the eloquence of Voorhees, for his client was convicted.

James Payn tells the story of an old lord who, in a strange house, where he has gone for hunting, sleeps as usual in the same room with his whipper-in. "Jack," he says, "get up and see what the morning's like." He opens what he thinks is a shutter, but it is the door of a cupboard. "Dark as the devil and smells of cheese!" is his reply.

A witness about to be sworn on behalf of the defense in a liquor case in Calgary, was observed by the justice to kiss his thumb instead of the testament which he held in his hand. "Kiss that book, sir!" thundered the observant magistrate. "You may deceive the Almighty, but you can't deceive me!"


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# THE WAVE

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MILITARY ATHLETICS AT THE PRESIDIO

THE "HASTY INTRENCHMENT" RACE: THROWING UP A SAND FORTRESS IN FIVE MINUTES WITH PAN AND BAYONET

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CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Maids With Muscle: by H. L. Dietz, M.D. | 4 |
| "En Route" | 5 |
| Army Athletes | 6 |
| La Fiesta: by Justin Sturgis | 6 |
| Views of the Presidio Athletic Games | 7 |
| Primrose and West in the Greenroom | 8 |
| The Swift "Augusta" | 9 |
| In Society | 9–10 |
| Fiesta Belles | 10 |
| The Turf in California | 11 |
| An Introspective Interview | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## DREAMING OF A DAWN.

Eugene Debs, of the American Railway Union, is a dreamer of dreams. Roseate visions flit across his fancy, and he does not awaken to learn that they are unreal, but in a blissful sleep murmurs to his fellows: "Come and see the beautiful things I see; come and sit at the feast." But there are no beautiful things, save phantoms conjured up of hope, and there is no feast, but a hard-earned loaf, thinly buttered. In these pictures that come to Debs, he beholds the ideal figure of Labor, the radiance of a halo shining upon his perspiring brow, and his honest, calloused hand firmly guiding a troubled universe, while all applaud, and hail him deliverer. In the foreground are piles of shackles struck from the limbs of toil, and on either side a throng of one-time millionaires, scarcely welcome, and yet safe from violence or reproach; for selfishness is dead, and justice holds undisputed sway. None works hard, and the laborer is deemed worthy of his hire. There is no more oppression. The gentle spirit of Labor, ever benign, ever unerring, rules all men.

It is a pleasing picture, and no wonder the dreamer longs to have it more than a picture, and fain would take it from its framework of imagery and foist it upon a practical world as something tangible. Even if in the lineaments of the ideal figure in the center Mr. Debs traces some resemblance to the leader of the American Railway Union, he cannot be blamed. Any man might be proud to bring about a state of affairs that can only exist when the millennium shall come; suppressing all contention, and driving all evil from the human heart. So he joys in a faith based upon a hope that has no groundwork, is happy in a condition that may obtain in Heaven, but not where mortals strive.

The reformation, or, as he calls it, "the Dawn" of which Mr. Debs beholds with ecstacy the first gray inkling, can never appear while labor, to be the dominant, indeed the only force, has in it any element of selfishness. And what has purged labor of this quality since a few months ago it applied the torch, killed innocent men who sought nothing but to earn honest wages, and only sullenly resumed its toils when hunger had driven it to desperation, and the bayonet of law and order was prodding it in the flanks? At that time Debs did not counsel peace. At that time he expected capital to sue for mercy and to dictate to it such terms as might suit him. Capital did not sue. It felt no pang of hunger, and labor began to starve. Bitter rivalries sprang up among the strikers, and they fought each other with revilings.

If all the laboring men of the United States were of one mind; if they had the intelligence to know that the good of one was the good of all; if they had no individual ambitions; if, if—but there is no end to the ifs. As a matter of plainest fact Mr. Debs, outside of his dream, has not material to be wrought into the great economic structure he plans, and material dragged from a dream makes but the frailest of castles in the air. The working men of the country, when they band in unions, have proved themselves to be as pitiless as any corporation, as devoid of soul as any combination that corners oil or robs the consumer by arbitrarily raising the price of coal. Even the unions quarrel within themselves and among each other. One great trouble is that "Americans" are often such only in name. The title covers everything from the ignorant and vicious Hun to the impoverished Jewish exile from Russia. The Cuban, who has become an "American," rushes back to fight for his native land, using his acquired citizenship as a cloak. The ex-Greek does the same when his king calls to arms. Good Cubans, and good Greeks, but bad Americans; poor stuff to rely upon in a great scheme of amalgamation. Laborers are not homogeneous, and for many years cannot approach such a state. Ther are those who long for a Moses who shall lead them out of the wilderness. There are others who do not know they are in a wilderness, and would buffet any Moses who might raise a standard and ask them to follow.

When, in any given instance, labor has acquired the mastery, it has proved itself as hard a master as capital. When by his own efforts a laborer has become a capitalist, he has proved himself more steely hearted than the one born to riches. Thus it is clear that Labor is not yet fit to be elected ruler, even if it could stand together long enough to vote itself into power, which it will not and cannot. So fades the dream.

But Debs is wiser than of yore. No longer does he summon his men to battle; no longer does he advocate strikes and riots. Now he is for peace, and to any peaceful victory that he shall achieve, he will be more than welcome. For any closer relationship he may establish between capital and labor he will be praised. And if he can educate labor into the unselfishness it advocates for others, then will he no longer be a dreamer, idly dreaming, but awake, and great.

## IS THE DEPARTMENT STORE A CURSE OR A BENEFIT?

The great department store is coming under the ban of public disfavor, and there is a serious struggle ahead of it which may terminate in its complete extinction—a fate that will scarcely excite a particle of regret among men acquainted with its effects upon the community. Chicago has sounded the alarm of war, and now the Legislature of the State of Illinois has before it a measure which seems to have every prospect of passing, that is intended to forever put an end to the operation of these institutions within the State of Illinois. That this hostile feeling will spread seems inevitable. That it will prevail in the end would seem to be but a question of mathematics. The many are injured by it, and the few benefited.

A few years ago the department store was scarcely known in America. It was in its infancy ten years ago, and excited little comment and no apprehension among retail dealers. To-day it is feared and hated by all classes of trades people, and is graphically termed by the Chicago merchant "the deadly devil-fish of retail trade.' The modern department store is simply an offshoot of the modern trust idea, and like its prototype has grown to immense, unrecognizable, and threatening proportions. It has invaded every line of trade, from the selling of fish to dealing in diamonds. It manicures hands, or pulls teeth. It will sell dress goods and groceries, books or baseballs. It has completely demoralized the retail trade wherever it has set up to do business. It has driven thousands of prosperous retail merchants to ruin and into the courts of bankruptcy. It has deprived an army of clerks and bookkeepers of employment. It has depreciated the value of real estate, and demoralized rents. It has worked such general havoc and such a widespread blight wherever its touch has fallen, that at last the injured and threatened merchants have joined in a serious and determined revolt against its very existence. One or the other must go to the wall; the two cannot survive, and the fight is now on to the death.

In Chicago the opposition to the department store has become most bitter and intense, involving all classes of citizens. Indignation and resentment have grown strong and powerful enough to determine the results of the late municipal political contest in that city in favor of the Democratic candidate. Mayor-elect Harrison, early in the campaign, announced himself as favoring the extermination of the department store evil. The Democratic platform contained a plank which pledged its candidates to the relief of the suffering retail merchant, but the Republican party was slow in reaching a conclusion, and trifled with the subject. This lukewarmness was most unwise, for it resulted in the utter defeat of that party. Republican and Democratic citizens interested in the retail trade dropped every consideration of partisan politics, and commenced an open, aggressive, deperate and victorious fight for Harrison. Not only did they vote for him themselves, but thousands of clerks followed their lead, and they, with an army of unemployed clerks and injured owners of real estate, made a hot and determined canvas among their friends and neighbors. The department store was the issue, and those who opposed it carried the day by a handsome majority.

The measuree now before the Illinois Legislature levelled at the department store is the outgrowth of that movement. The bill is most sweeping and general in its character. In that State, as in California, special legislation is prohibited, but the measure has been carefully drawn by skillful lawyers to avoid this constitutional inhibition. It has been made to affect cities of a particular class, and divides the various branches of the retail trade into seventy-four classe, respectively. To conduct a business in any one of these classes a merchant must take out a license, costing not less than twenty-five dollars per year, and must besides comply with the stringent provisions of the new law, the penalty for violation of which is fine and imprisonment. In his application for a license the dealer must state what class and kind of goods he proposes to handle, and the license is granted only for the line named in his application. The act also prevents an assignment of one license, or the use of more than one license in one building under a general superintendency or management. A violation of the terms or of the spirit of the act is punishable by a revocation of the license and perpetual forfeiture of the right to take out a new permit.

During the late Chicago election it was forcibly pointed out that the downtown department stores had enlarged their operations to such an extent "that every conceivable thing vital to the existence and comfort of human beings could be bought under one roof. There are stores where provisions for the table can be had, and while these are being packed the purchaser may buy furniture or drygoods, have their teeth filled, her boots mended, eat her luncheon, and even consult with a doctor." The results were pointed out as being most disastrous to the material welfare of the city. The smaller retail tradesmen was forced out of business. A large number of empty stores and flats became the rule, where once there was a scarcity of desirable quarters.. The Cook County Business Men instituted an investigation and found twenty-two thousand empty stores and a proportionately large number of vacant flats and residences within the city. Retail tradesmen were driven to and attempted to hold their trade by cleaning the streets, by paying from their own purses for better lighting, and by making their stores and displays more attractive. They worked earnestly and industriously. The very existence of their business was at stake. It was a life and death struggle against large capital. They cut prices almost to starvation figures, but the trade continued to slip away from them until it became apparent that they would soon go down. As a final resort, appeal was made to the ballot and to the legislature for relief, with the success just stated.

Theoretically there may be no excuse for this opposition, but theories count for little in the face of suffering and hardship.

## THE TRIUMPH OF FLUNKEYISM.

In this country there are no titles, nor is there need of any, and yet it is probable that there is not another land in which a title is looked upon with such abject and awed respect. This phase of the subject is as old as snobbishness. The fact that rich and handsome American girls sell themselves in open market, a title being the price, is as well known as it is shameful, and that these chattels retain apparent respect and fail to consider themselves disgraced is a matter beyond discussion. It may excite disgust, and in the student of morals, even consternation, but so it is, and so one may expect it to continue. Yet it could be wished that the American girl abroad would not place herself on sale, or selling herself, had sense enough to exact a better bargain.

All this comes from the prevalent disease known as flunkeyinsm, and a new manifestation of it has now appeared to our further distress. The remarks hurled at us by the English press are churlish and vindictive, and makes the blood boil a little; but, alas! they are true. The conduct of Americans in connection with the Queen's diamond jubilee has been termed in London "The Triumph of Flunkeyism." The "triumph" is not exactly clear. For a lot of American victims of flunkeyism to get a chance to show themselves and their malady may be in a sense a triumph in that it deprives sundry Cockneys of a similar privilege, but it is a sorry triumph. The objectionable Americans have in this instance secured the points of vantage along the route of the Queen's procession; secured them at great cost, expending fortunes for a window so as to be able to see Victoria, and inspired by the vague hope that they themselves will be seen. Of course they will not attract any more attention than a gnat in a swarm, but they hope they will, and they want to lay at the fet of royalty a personal tribute. They want it understood that they

love a title and a crown, and that even if Americans, they are sorry for it, and wouldn't be if they could help it. It is nothing to them that they are simply constituting themselves a vulgar and annoying display, of which sane people this side the water are heartily ashamed.

There is no particular reason why an American should desire to see the Queen's procession. There will be tinsel and glitter, but this can be seen in a circus parade. The Queen herself is a little, fat woman, who happened to be born into a position which insured an easy living with nothing to do. She has enjoyed the living, and has faithfully done nothing. Her son, the Prince of Wales, will be there, it is true, but there is nothing about him to excite the attention of a healthy mind. His position is a sinecure. He has more debts than a private individual could have acquired. He is much given to gambling, with the understanding that for the opponent to win would be exceedingly bad form. Better looking men and abler men with better characters may be found in any walk of life. Yet Flunkeyism crowds the natives away so as to get a momentary peep. No wonder the native are wroth. They pay for the show, and they support the people in the cast.

If English tourists were to flock to the inauguration of an American president in such numbers as to get a monopoly of reserved seats, they would be voted boors and asses, which indeed, would be an entirely proper vote. As Americans have reversed the proposition, with no good excuse for having done so, the only way to spare their feelings would be to refrain from putting the matter to vote. There is no inclination to spare their feelings. The vote has already been taken.

Hail the Triumph of Flunkeyism! The best seats at the exhibition and the gibes of all who beheld the scramble to get them. This outshines the minor triumphs of appearing half nude at a "drawing-room," or of being purchased by the monocled scion of some tottering family and being permitted to repair his wasting fortunes with gold made by the tanning of hides or the packing of pork.

But there is one mitigating feature about Flunkeyism. It has a pleasing tendency to go abroad and stay there, while its opportunities to become offensive at home are limited. If when abroad it have an unhappy time, it need not look back here for sympathy. Perhaps the abuse now being showered upon it may have a salutary effect, but Heaven grant it have not the effect of driving the diseased rabble back to the native land that is ashamed of it, and can suggest no cure.

### *AMERICAN AND GERMAN RAILWAYS.*

Some time ago the German government sent to the United States an Imperial Commission to examine and report upon the railway systems of America. They were expected to set out the advantages as well as the disadvantages of the American systems, with a view to improving the transportation service of Germany.

Unless memory be sadly at fault, during the government ownership agitation that passed over this State a few years ago, German railways were held up as models for us to pattern after, and the successful governmental control exercised by that Empire was used as an argument in favor of government ownership in America. The Imperial Commission of Germany, however, has been impressed with the superiority of the American railway systems over those at home. They charge that the German railways lack speed, lack comfort, and lack the cheap rates, while speed, comfort and cheap rates prevail in America. Lack of speed in German railways is due to the limited capacity of the continental locomotives, so the Commission says; and the very considerable working capacity of the American locomotive is a matter to which they direct special attention. Lack of comfort, so runs the report, is due to the fact that the cars in Germany, and in fact in all the continental countries, are built upon the English model, which is patterned after the stage-coach of centuries ago. They are practically swinging boxes, which rattle from side to side, and, in addition to being uncomfortable, bring consternation to the American traveler who has been accustomed to move safely along at the rate of fifty miles, or even sixty miles an hour, without the slightest discomfort. The report of this Commission describes our sleeping-car system, as well as the construction and the character of the American day coaches.

The American baggage-system also comes in for many compliments. In America one hundred and fifty pounds go free; in Germany but fifty-five pounds, and then only on certain tickets. The Commissioners point out the advantages of our brass check system as compared with the red tape run off over in Germany before baggage is "checked." They also describe in approving terms our accident insurance arrangements in the stations, our free time tables, bureaus of information, and methods of selling newspapers, fruits, candies and luncheons. A round trip ticket for six hundred kilometers (three hundred and seventy-three miles) all over central Europe costs exactly five pfenigs (one dollar and nineteen cents) per kilometer, second class. Ordinarily fast trains in Prussia cost two dollars and fourteen cents, first class; one dollar and fifty-nine cents, second class; and one dollar and eleven cents, third class. In the United States the rate per kilometer is one dollar and thirty-four cents, which, our Consul-General points out, is astonishingly cheap when one thinks of the standards of value and the supposed standards of living in the respective countries.

The lighting of the trains in Germany is another matter touched upon by the Commissioners. There the lighting is wretched, while it is pointed out that in America nothing is left to be desired. Taken all in all, while the report with judicial fairness points out the shortcomings of the American railways, yet it urges the Empire to copy that which is as good as or better than what Europe offers, which is by far the largest part of the entire American system.

There is a moral here over which some of our friends to socialism might ponder to advantage.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

Suppose there rang in the Stanford University "Quad" an alarm of fire, I wonder if there would not have been a better feeling shown in lending a hand to fight the flames and save material than at the fire in the Agricultural Building at Berkeley? There surely would not have been more earnest work on the part of the students, for the U. C. boys fought like demons—but they have a way in the Stanford Faculty of taking off their coats on occasions of danger, and pitching in for the good of the 'Varsity. A spectator at the Berkeley fire tells me that the Professors who did not keep their classes in their lecture rooms while the cow college was to be saved, stood around smoking cigars and criticizing the heroic efforts of the men who were striving to assist. One or two of the younger members of the faculty and Layman in particular who had his clothes all but burned off his back, did labor manfully, but there were certain professors who even refused to remove or to ask anyone else to move a pile of notes of the department that had been thrown out of the window and left lying in imminent danger of destruction from falling walls. The plight of these valuable records did not move their strong souls and the papers were left to perish. Prof. Hilgard's memoranda of five years' labor were lost, burnt or stolen, and a valuable collection destroyed. Dr. Hayne lost a valuable miscroscope, besides the technical books of reference he had bought abroad. His collection of buds were saved from being thrown out of the window almost by force, so excited were the rescuers, but they were lost in the excitement of the event. Prof. Jaffa was equally unfortunate.

***

There were many acts of vandalism committed, that intensified the exasperation the needlessness of the fire caused—desks of private letters were opened and the contents stolen by the crowd. Books were carried away, indeed, a great deal of what was rescued was stolen for want of proper guard. The exposure of the criminal neglect of the superintendent of the grounds is appalling. There was not a hose that would fit couplings with the hydrants, and lengths of tubing were filled with mud so as to be useless. After much difficulty a hosepipe was connected, but proved ten feet too short to reach the skylight above the fire, and the tiny jet sprayed against the ceiling of the laboratory was ineffective in stopping the flames.

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Among the comedies of the situation was the heroic but misguided youth who threw three fire extinguishers out of the window and then carried carefully down stairs a glass jar of Peruvian fertilizer. The conflagration was caused by the carelessness of a student who, contrary to rules, had removed his sterilizing oven from the fireproof compartment to the woodwork, and then left it with two Bunsen burners lighted under it. To his credit be it said, however, that he came up voluntarily, directly after the fire, and owned up to his responsibility for the accident.

***

An able manipulator, who has in his time had fingers in most contemporary pies, assured me once that in politics nothing ever happens naturally. That is, for every effect you must seek a cause in some one's ambition or advantage. Following this theory I have been speculating on the shifting of the Governor's Secretary, Ed McCabe, who vacates the post next the Executive throne for the office of State Librarian. To the vacancy Budd has appointed a certain P. J. Shields, whose distinction is confined to Sacramento, just as Mr. McCabe's was to Merced. He is a very smart young man, who for several years past, has done politics under the Capitol dome; he is a trustee of the library, and in real cleverness and cuteness it is said he can give points to Sam Leake. During the session that is now history, Shields was constantly with the Governor, suggesting, advising and acting as agent in his negotiations with the Legislature. Now, a man of this caliber has great value to Budd, though that worthy does deny his aspirations—especially so, in view of his approaching departure. As soon as he is over the Sierras on his holiday, Lieutenant Governor Jeter becomes the Executive, and it lies in his power to do all manner of strange things, if the fit should strike him. Though Secretary McCabe was a zealous and self-denying helpmate he is hardly the man to guide the Santa Cruz statesman into the safest byways, and yet protect the prerogative of Governor Jim's fame from invasion. But Secretary Shields is good for the most delicate complications, and we may feel perfectly safe in his hands. By way of letting McCabe down easily, the Governor is reported to have said to him: "Ed, two years more and you are out of this, and then you'll have to get back to the law. Now, Ed, you are a good fellow, but you might become a great lawyer, if you'll only study. I'm going to make you librarian. You won't have a thing to do all day but read, and you cannot fail to be a learned man by the time we have to go home." Seeing the Governor is supreme in such connections, Mr. McCabe has decided to become a great lawyer.

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The visit of the Chinese Ambassador was an event. No mealy-mouthed, soft-spoken personage, he, incapable of resentment. Vigorous ideas of his own on most subjects he entertains, and as a disciplinarian he is in the first rank, and lines up his subordinates like an autocrat. In his suite is an excellent example of the Celestial exquisite, a son of a wealthy Pekin mandarin. The garments of this young gentleman were of the richest satins and brocades, and as he moved through the corridors of the hotel in his silken robes, he was indeed a thing of beauty. Determined in San Francisco to do as San Franciscans prescribed, he became the pupil of a charming young woman at the Occidental, who essayed to initiate him into the mysteries of dancing. He had his lessons every morning and every night, and was so taken with teacher and instruction that he devoted the other hours of the day to practising. Being a leader of fashion, his example was straightway followed by the others, and there were funny spectacles of waltzing Chinamen every night in the halls. The thing came to the ears of the Ambassador. At once he took action. He commanded the presence of the suite in his parlor, and interrogated the attaches as to the identity of the dancers. What a speech it was he then made them. Never in the history of the nation, he declared, had Chinamen danced. It was undignified, indecent, the reverse of reposeful, opposed to the genius of the race. In strong terms he cautioned his followers to be Chinamen or nothing, and to cling to their tradition as they would to life. Poor Wong, who was of course the butt of all this censure, would have given thousands to have buried himself in his brocades. That night after dinner, when the ladies gathered around him with a pressing invitation that he condescend to waltz for them, he gazed sadly at the expectant audience, and in a voice full of mournful resignation he announced in all the English he knew: "Dance no go to-night."

***

Quite the most fortunate thing which could happen for California would be the appointment of M. H. de Young as Chief Commissioner for the United States to the Paris Exposition. This is a selfish view of the situation, however, for his selection would be as important to the country as to our State. The proprietor of the "Chronicle" is possessed of a really remarkable executive capacity. Few men in the country have a stronger faculty for organization—unless, perhaps, Andrew Carnegie, Phil Armour, or Senator Hanna, whose millions and enterprises have won them national reputation. Mr. de Young can take hold of a project in the face of difficulties that would startle a weaker will, and bringing it to a successful issue. He did so with the Midwinter Fair—surely at its inception the most hopeless and futile of undertakings. An Exposition Manager, like a poet, must be born, he cannot be made. He must be a combination of financier and diplomat; he must be a blending of steel and velvet to make headway against the indifference of his clients and the competition of his rivals. Indeed, he must have a genius for the undertaking, and it is safe to say that Mr. de Young possesses the faculty in a greater degree than any man I have ever known. It is a huge affair, this Paris Exposition, and it behooves the United States to be on the ground early and to make a display commensurate with its importance. I sincerely hope to see Mr. de Young in Paris, and if President McKinley is as enlightened as we are bid to believe, he will nominate him for the place.

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The future of the Emporium engages the attention of the retail trade in general and in particular of the tenants and capitalists whose business interests have been merged in the institution. The establishment has been partially successful. It was an experiment and a subterfuge. President Feist, who is inventive and ambitious, desired to organize a big department store, and being without the immense capital essential to the enterprise, hit on the device of interesting independent storekeepers in his scheme, persuading them of the benefits and economies of a central management. The Emporium came into being—a species of united retail states—each dealer owning his own stock, but the coin and advertising being handled by the central authority, which subtracted a percentage to cover its expenditures. The result of the idea has not been disaster but conflict. It has been abundantly shown that supreme authority can alone make the concern a success, and I am told that Mr. de Guigne, the representative of the Parrott interest, has now under consideration three propositions, any of which will afford a new regime. The Emporium Company, of which Mr. Feist is president, has made one offer; the Tenants' Association is also willing to handle the institution. The third bid being entertained, is from Weinstock & Lubin, who own an immense department store in Sacramento. Rumors of success or failure such as come out of the Emporium cannot, of course, be authenticated, but I have it on good authority that the successful departments there are those devoted to dry goods, books, groceries and hats. The others have had a less agreeable experience.

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After the disruption of the Guild of Arts and Crafts (which, however, seems to think itself alive and tries to gather a handful of men every Monday night into its Pine-street rooms) the artists quieted down for a while and there was hope of peace. But their petty rivalries have clashed again and there is a new feud started, originating in the Art Association, as usual. The Hopkins Institute has found the artists so hard to manage in the past and has been so much embarrassed by their hard kicking, in season and out of season, that this year it decided to leave all the arrangements for the Spring Exhibition in the hands of the exhibitors themselves. A meeting was therefore held to select the date of the vernissage and adopt rules for the proceeding. Among the regulations that then became law was one clause excluding pictures that had previously been publicly shown. A clique of painters is now holding this rule over the heads of several members of the Bohemian Club, whose canvases have been exhibited in the Green Room, with the attempt to freeze out the work of Yates, Keith, Strong, Peters and Latimer, on the grounds that the club rooms are "public," since they are open to ladies escorted by members on Wednesdays. The absurdity of excluding such valuable additions to the Spring Exhibition was presented by the action of the directors of the Association, who decided that the rule should not be held retroactive, and so Yates' portraits and Peters' nocturnes were on view Thursday night.

BOSWELL JR.

An old bridge at Loughborough, England, was removed, a new steel bridge of eight arches put in its place, and traffic resumed within thirteen hours. The bridge is peculiar in that the arches are made of one piece of steel, and rest on steel pillars instead of brickwork.

## MAIDS WITH MUSCLE

### Beauty, Grace and Strength at the Young Men's Christian Association.

Not so very many years ago physical culture for women was regarded as a fad. Indeed, a girl who went in for exercise was called a tomboy, and considered to have masculine tendencies. To-day women, throughout the country, are flocking to the gymnasiums, and it has become fashionable to be strong. When the Young Men's Christian Association was established in its magnificent new home, it entered into the enjoyment of a well-equipped gymnasium and a swimming tank. To reserve these valuable privileges to the exclusive advantage of the men did not seem altogether just to the directors, and in response to the petition of certain prominent ladies, a female physical culture class was formed, and has proved a real success. There were difficulties and misapprehensions at first, of course, but they were to be expected. To-day it is a well organized body of young women that meets every Wednesday and Saturday morning in the gymnasium, and its standard and achievement are the highest of their kind in the country.

The training given is directed at two points—legitimate physical culture for the up-building of the body, and, also, special instruction to meet certain conditions. The membership of the class is recruited from the most respectable families in San Francisco, and the greatest care is exercised in admitting applicants; indeed, it is required that every aspirant must be endorsed by at least three ladies known to the directors before her name is considered. This care has certainly aided the development of the class, for in its ranks are quite a number of the charter members, who are as faithful in attendance as when it was organized three years ago. All are emphatic in testifying to the benefits derived from exercise, and attribute their health and condition to the regular practice in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. An interesting question that is often asked is in reference to the comparative strength of the Eastern and the California girl. My own experience shows that the latter is generally larger and rounder of figure than her Atlantic sister, and, in her proportion, stronger. That I attribute to the climate. The Native daughter takes readily to physical culture, and no one can witness a drill of this class without noting and admiring the grace and fine carriage of the participants.

Precisely at 9:30 Wednesday and Saturday mornings

Dr. Dietz's basket-ball team: Ready to put the ball into play

the girls line up for the regular mass gymnastic drills. The director gives the word, the music begins, and to the strains of a lively march the class executes a series of military evolutions, forming intricate figures at direction. These drills are not prepared for the occasion; the pupils are past that stage. They understand the regular army curriculum, and their marching is done at command, which is varied on each occasion. Thus they form fours—by the right flank—right forward fours right, and all the other maneuvers with expedition and accuracy. This is continued for ten minutes, and serves to bring the blood into circulation, and limbers the muscles for the severer work that follows. Wands are then served out. Without a break in the line members take regular positions for this drill. The initial movements are calculated to bring into play the muscles of the arm, shoulder and neck, and are followed by another series, which include the waist, back, and lower extremities. Deep breathing movements are interspersed, directed at the development of the intercostal muscles. By this time the faces of the girls are all aglow with vitality, and they are ready for the massage movements, which are next in order. For this a circular column of twos is formed, and the members take turns at rubbing one another, following a stipulated formula. The effect is to rest the limbs yet keeping the blood in circulation. An important feature of the curriculum is club swinging, at which considerable proficiency has been attained by the members. From fifteen to twenty-five minutes are devoted at every lesson to learning the various circles and their combinations. This exercise promotes the harmonious development of the entire figure, and strengthens especially the wrists, arms, and trunk muscles. Free and light apparatus work brings the class exercises to an end, and then the basket ball teams line up for a short game.

The tendency of all these exercises is not alone towards the production of muscle. The effect on the vital organs is very important. They strengthen the heart and the lungs, besides promoting the proper carriage of the figure, which is a more positive factor in health than most people realize. Proper erectness of the body in walking and sitting can only be attained by the development of certain muscles. For instance, in most persons the abdominal muscles are weak, and, in consequence, the shoulders droop forward; the abdomen also protruding. This ungraceful stoop may also be caused by the feebleness of the back muscles, which, as a rule, are weaker than those of the chest. As a muscle always pulls or draws together, the shoulders are thus pushed forward. The proper development in each instance is accomplished by light gymnastics, under careful supervision, it being the rule to mingle recreative exercises with the corrective, otherwise the pupil grows tired and loses interest. In this direction important results have been accomplished; spinal curvatures have been strengthened, dyspepsia overcome, and anaemic women converted to strength and vigor.

After the gymnastics are over, the most of the active members of the class avail themselves of the privilege of the salt water swimming tank. This department is in charge of Professor Henry Mero, whose system of instruction is so excellent that it seldom requires more than two lessons to teach the art of swimming. Indeed the majority of his pupils learn the first time, and it is not uncommon to see a young woman who ten minutes earlier had been as helpless in the water as a babe, strike out boldly and swim from one end of the tank to the other. Among the ladies are several expert divers, and the attraction of the chute is thoroughly appreciated.

At the annual gymnastic entertainment in the Physical Department of the Association, recently, evidence was given to the proficiency of the ladies' class. Sixteen young women, in the neat and modest exercising costume prescribed by the director, executed a fancy march and Indian club drill in first-class style. It was the most interesting feature of the performance, and it showed what physical culture really meant in the attainment of grace and style in walking and movement.

H. L. DIETZ, M. D.
Physical Director of the Young Men's Christian Association.

General Horace Porter, the new ambassador to France, is sixty years of age and full six feet in height. He dresses in the very latest fashion, and is a natural linguist, speaking French and Spanish as fluently as English. He is a better after-dinner orator than Chauncey Depew, has a large fortune made in railroads, possess much business ability and was for years manager of the Pullman Palace Car Company. He has an idea that the Paris Exposition in 1900 can be made of great advantage to American trade.

The most aristocratic actor on the stage is Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, Count of Lalaing, Grandee of Spain, son of the Count of Balazate, Marquis of Fontenar, brother of the Countess San Luis and brother-in-law of the Duchess de la Torre. Don Fernando is a good-looking young man, and having shown much ability as an amateur actor decided to become a professional. The Council of State has just refused to allow him to use his name and titles in his adopted profession.

CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENES IN SAN FRANCISCO AS NOTICED BY A FRENCHMAN IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE

## "EN ROUTE"

### San Francisco as it Appears to a Gallic Globe-Trotter.

As the "City of Peking," bringing us from Japan, entered the Golden Gate, the rain was falling in torrents. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and as the darkness was dissipated little by little, the ship slowly advanced into the gray and misty bay. An occasional rent in the dark clouds permitted us to receive now and then a furtive flash of sunshine, but the fog continued to envelop us until we had almost reached San Francisco. There was a lively bustle of preparation on board. The crew hurried here and there, clad in oil-skins; several passengers, whom the presence of the horde of Chinamen on the ship annoyed with fears of a possible quarantine, discussed the probabilities of a delay, while the stewards began to line up on the wet and gusty deck, barely sheltered by scanty awnings, the steerage and second-class passengers and the crew and servants. The care with which the Quarantine officers inspected these groups made the examination seem much more thorough than the ordinary practice of foreign officers, and strict enough to merit the praise of the severest executive board. Fifteen Chinese and Japanese were taken out and sent immediately to Angel Island, and the "City of Peking" might not proceed to deliver her mail and steam up to the dock until they were gone.

One of the first details of the American regulations, as soon as the steamer was docked, impressed us disagreeably, for, while the cabin passengers were permitted to disembark freely, an officer barred the gangplank used by those of the steerage, and they were forced to wait for the Immigration Agent, whose duty it is to examine all the humbler arrivals to the United States, to see that each has the $50 that is to-day the emigrant's "Open sesame!" It may be well enough to be obliged to show this amount of money when one arrives economically from Japan or China, but to be obliged to wait three or four hours for the arrival of the agent, to whom one may show one's hoard, seems too bad.

Our treatment by the Customs officers was, however, a most agreeable surprise, and the business to be transacted was made very pleasant by the courtesy and promptness of the inspectors — a very important consideration,

for it is by the experiences with the Custom House that the tourist forms his first, and almost always, his truest impressions of the country which he is entering.

The absence of omnibuses and all other vehicles provided with racks for trunks and packages astonishes the European, and particularly the Frenchman, used to the "fiacres" which carry so conveniently the baggage that one does not wish to be separated from. But the Parisian soon forgets his regrets when he understands the baggage-transfer service, which allows him to climb without troubling himself with parcels into the roomy California iandau and roll rapidly toward his hotel.

It is unfortunate that the route taken gives such a bad first impression of the city. Streets horribly paved, plank sidewalks, here and there half destroyed, wooden houses of miserable aspect for the most part, and covered with bills and painted advertisements. What! was this the much-vaunted San Francisco?

"Wait a little!" said our friend, and the landau dashed on over the rough pavements and through the mud. Twenty-five minutes later we swung into Market street, and if the pavement was little improved, the vista became more impressive, and here the carriages, the numerous cars, the lofty "Call" building, the square tower of the "Chronicle," and the crowds on the sidewalks, between which, furrowed with rails, the avenue stretched as far as the eye could reach — here we saw at last something of the American city that we had long

"We are willing to pay for cigars in Paris"

tried to imagine. But the carriage did not stop to allow us to admire this first sight, and we whirled into Montgomery street, where dozens of railroad agents displayed their signs, and stopped before the Occidental Hotel, where we alighted.

What a contrast to the little European hotels that we had patronized in China and Japan! There was but the bare formality of registering our names, and we were instantly assigned rooms and carried up to them in the elevator, to be left to the seductions of the comfortable bathrooms with which they were provided.

Pan! Pan! Somebody knocked. It was the first reporter, who came to interview us for the "Chronicle," and as several from other papers were also waiting to see us, down we went again to the parlors of the hotel, moved not so much by the desire to answer their questions as by our own curiosity, for the press is a great free-masonry, and our interviewer, after the first moments of introduction, was a comrade who did not leave us without promising to do his best to publish our portraits the very next day, to help out the possibilities of a sojourn in San Francisco.

Our first visits to the different editorial rooms in town kept us going and coming, and in our journeys we became familiar with the place and able to compare it with Paris. The contrast between the convenience and rapidity of your cars and our own slow tramways and omnibuses struck us at first, and besides the ease with which they are able to climb and descend the many hills of the city, the system which permits one to ride when one will seems, even when one is subject to over-crowding, to have great advantages over the annoyances of the Parisian method of distributing "numeros," and the limit to the number of passengers that may be carried.

Whether governed by electricity or cable, the cars appear to move of their own volition in answer to the needs of the passengers and their numbers seem great compared to the number of other vehicles. At first sight, indeed, one thinks they have killed off all the private carriages. The rails, however, interfere with the paving of the street, and are a serious obstacle to vehicles. One can see at almost any moment wheels skewing dangerously on the track, and the coachmen have a hard time keeping their seats. Why, then, O Californians, have you not adopted the Parisian safety rails?

If we are not mistaken, there are no such frequent blockades of vehicles as are customary in Paris and the European cities, and the majestic policemen who guard the crossings have not the onerous task which compels our athorities to appoint special officers for the regulation of street traffic. The habits of the pedestrians, besides, seem to facilitate the policeman's duties. We have been amused at the care with which Americans take to cross the street only where the stone crossings are laid. It seems to be left for foreigners only to dare to pass from one sidewalk to another wherever he will.

But, oh! these pavements! Our feelings as wheelmen have suffered as much as have the leather soles of our shoes! Poor Californian cyclists, who are obliged in most of the streets to follow the "slot" of the cable-track! Your Parisian brethren could hardly believe the horrors which you suffer in this town!

Besides the cars, many other appliances, already old stories in America, have provoked our admiration by their novelty — the elevators, so much more swift and familiar here than in France, the corps of messenger-boys, and the convenient letter chutes in the large buildings, and especially the white postal cable car, seemed a practical auxillary that might be introduced to advantage in all large cities. But what is most extraordinary to the Frenchman visiting America for the first time by way of San Francisco, are the little sidewalk elevators that lower freight into the basement of the stores. This is impossible in Paris, as the drains, the gas and water pipes, the electric wires and pneumatic tubes, fill up the whole area beneath the sidewalks, and in this we have little to complain of, considering the disagreeable aspects of the primitive drainage system of certain parts of San Francisco.

Typical of San Francisco life, we thought, were the curious groups of men reading the newspaper-bulletins that the large papers display upon the streets, the peddlers' wagons on Pine street and other streets where there are no car lines, and the little flower market at the "Chronicle" corner. We searched the streets for picturesque and characteristic scenes. Here, for example, a zealous Salvationist harrangued the crowd, there the promenaders on Market street, where the stanger gets such pleasant ideas of the glorious health and extreme elegance of the beautiful women of California. Everywhere we went with the curiosity of leisurely globe-trotters, camera in hand, and each new trip brought a shot or so at some unconscious object among the typical sights of which the picture will be a souvenir that will give us

AMERICAN CUSTOMS FROM A PARISIAN POINT OF VIEW: KEEPING ON THE CROSSING, RIDING THE SLOT, AND HANDS IN THE POCKETS

DENIS O'SULLIVAN AS SHAMUS O'BRIEN

A SCENE IN SHAMUS O'BRIEN AT THE TIVOLI

material to enable us to write later our more serious reflections upon the usages and customs of the countries we have visited.

The public places of amusement seem abundant and well suited to the cosmopolitan nature of San Francisco's inhabitants. By the theatres, the gamins, the races, and French Opera which was here, it seemed, indeed, that we had all but found Paris again, but this was more than contradicted by the extraordinaay popularity of the nickel-in-the-slot machines, by which the whole of the city seems bound to achieve the right to smoke free cigars. This is no more like Paris than the vaunted sights of your guide-ridden Chinatown are like the China from which we have just come.

Among the things that have appealed most to our imagination was the fortunate sight of a conflagration by daylight. Here was none of the excitement that marks such an event among Parisians, and is such a contrast to the calm and phlegmatic way in which the curious citizens of San Francisco witness a fire. Most of the spectators, indeed, stood with their hands in their pockets, tranquilly admiring the polished brasses of the fire-engines.

Oh, these hands in the pockets! That is what seems most characteristic of the Californian, free, more or less, from the cares of work or business life. Are we mistaken in our judgment?

## ARMY ATHLETES

### Picturesque Contests of Warriors at the Presidio.

The Military Tournament between the men of the Fourth Cavalry, Third Artillery, and First Infantry Regiments at the Presidio began last Monday afternoon in the presence of a larger assemblage of spectators than has ever been seen on the Parade ground. These field days at the Presidio have, under the impetus given by the recent inauguration of competition, become important features of life at the Barracks, and this week's games being the first of a series of annual tournaments, were of unusual interest. Grand stands for reviewing the exhibition have been erected, and here and around the three sides of the ground were collected fully 7,000 spectators.

The programme for the first day's competitions included most of the well known atheletic events; running, hammer throwing, and shot putting, bicycle and hurdle races, jumping, and tug-of-war. The novel features of the day were the spare-wheel race (which unfortunately for public interest had but one entry), the cartridge race, and hasty entrenchment contest. The gun wheel was rolled 100 yards by Mueller of Co. F, Third Art., in 21 1-5. The cartridge race has been frequently done at the monthly sports at the Presidio, but is always one of the prettiest sights of the day. Five mounted men stood at scratch, placed their unloaded revolvers on the ground, then rode to the farthest of five points, where each end man picked up a cartridge, returned to the starting point, dismounted, placed his cartridge in a chamber of the revolver, and then returned after the fourth cartridge, and so on until the five had been picked up. Each fired one shot on remounting. This was a good display of horsemanship, and required mounting and dismounting, and was won by Millner of Company B, Fourth Cavalry, in 2:24 1-5.

The hasty entrenchment contest was between Burke of Company A, First Infantry, and Lang of Company D, same regiment. The men, equipped for marching, were given five minutes in which to dig a trench and use the earth for protection from the enemy. They dug the trenches in hard ground, using their bayonets for that purpose, and with their tinplates threw up the earth. Both worked hard. Lang, a massively constructed warrior, made a pit that would have been an indifferent refuge for his diminutive adversary, while Burke, who is a small man, removed his burden and dug a pit long enough, deep enough, and wide enough to shield three of his size, and was declared the winner.

Tuesday's events included more of especial military interest. The broadsword contest on horseback was continued, and many company competitions with picked men were decided. The most elaborate and exciting of these was what is known as "wall-scaling in light marching order." The wall was a close-board fence, ten feet high, with a four-inch cap-piece on the top. The men were in campaign dress, equipped with rifle, bayonet and scabbard, woven cartridge belt, and 100 rounds of ball cartridges, blanket rolled in shelter tent and carried slung across the shoulder; a haversack containing knife, fork, spoon, and meat can, a canteen filled with water and a tin cup. This feat is no easy one, for it requires agility and considerable strength. At the shot of a pistol the teams were away. The men swarmed up the slippery face of the high wall like monkeys. They made themselves human ladders and climbed from back to back. Some of them got astride of the wall, and at once they began to shoot. Then they hooked up the bottom of the human ladder and dropped it without ceremony on the other side. Everybody tumbled off the wall, advanced exactly twenty feet and then began to shoot again.

In the tent-pitching race Benicia's Company C succeeded in pitching their canvas, securely driving the pegs, rolling back the walls, and lining themselves in the position of the soldier in 3 minutes and 23 1-5 seconds. The blank cartridge race is the military substitute for the potato race, and a substitute for the three-legged match of the picnic societies was found in the litter-bearer race, in which the contestant is trained in picking up a wounded comrade and rescuing him, under fire.

The other contests included go-as-you-please races in heavy marching gear, gun detachment work, dead body rescues, mounted wrestling and trick riding of all sorts. The crowds increased daily, and the fine weather gave opportunity for seeing one of the most interesting exhibitions of athletics ever held in the city.

Hon. William Peel, the eldest son of Viscount Peel, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, has gone to Greece as war correspondent of the London Times. Mr. Peel's acceptance of a post of this description exemplifies the difficulty experienced by aristocratic young men in getting employment, as Government billets nowadays are secured not by patronage, but open competition.

## THE FIESTA

(They come high, but we must have them.)

Who danced at the Ball?
"I," said the maids all—
Short and stout, slim and tall—
They danced at the Ball.
There was rather a jam, for a crowd was invited,
And Tom, Dick and Hal each was there with his gal.
The men felt like fools, but the girls were delighted;
The reporters were laughing, and the rabble were chaffing,
For doublets and tights made the youths look like frights.
But such things will befall
At a Carnival Ball.

"Who schemed the Fiesta?"
"I," said Miss Hester.
There was none to contest her—
She schemed the Fiesta!
She talked to the Mayor; she cajoled all society;
She went here and there, with a threat and a prayer,
Collecting the funds with an active propriety.
She picked out the city's elect for committees,
But she had her own say, for that is the way
That ladies like Hester
Conduct a Fiesta.

"Who trimmed up the town?"
"I," said Chairman Brown.
He walked up and down
Decorating the town.
He bought bales of flags, and innumerable banners;
He hired old nags and dressed them in rags—
Red, white, blue and yellow—in marvellous manners.
He spent weeks in hunting locations for bunting,
He built a cloth arch where the show was to march—
Oh, the way that that clown
Made a guy of the town!

"Who was the Queen?"
"I," said Miss Jean.
"Clara said I was mean.
But I was the Queen."
I wore a plush gown, and my picture was taken,
And my sceptre and crown were the talk of the town.
Clara thought she'd be in it, but she was mistaken.
I revelled in dances and envious glances,
But I won it by vote, and rode on a float.
That's the way to be seen
As a Carnival Queen!"

JUSTIN STURGIS.

## GREICIAN ROYALTIES

### The Ways of King George and His Wife and Children.

When Prince George of Schleswig-Holstein was esventeen years of age he was offered the crown of Greece. At that time he was merely a nephew of Frederick VII., the old King of Denmark. The young prince accepted the Grecian crown, and four months later was proclaimed King at Athens, his sponsors being England, France, and Russia. Four years later he was married to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, then but fifteen years of age. This marriage caused quite a stir, being looked upon as a clever stroke of policy on the part of Russia. King George became a father at the age of twenty-two, and within eleven months his family was increased by a second son, George, the heir of the present hour. King George never changed his religion, the Lutheran, but his sons were brought up in the Orthodox faith, and were made as thoroughly Grecian as possible. In consideration of this the Greeks have almost forgiven their Sovereign being a foreigner; but it has not prevented them demanding, on more than one occasion, his abdication in favor of his son. This the King would do gladly, but that he fears the results.

The sentiment in the Grecian royal family upon state affairs is somewhat unevenly divided. King George is a true constitutional sovereign, and as such wishes to follow rather than lead his people, but he is unwilling to follow them to destruction. Crown Prince Constantine, who is a far sighted and level headed prince, is even more cautious than his father, and, although realizing that the Greeks would prefer him as their monarch, would not accept the crown under any consideration. Prince George, the sailor Prince, differs altogether from his father and brother. He is full of energy and the desire for action. He would be happier flinging defiance in the face of all Europe, or setting out to conquer new worlds, than remaining at home devising new policies or making movements of conciliation. His younger brothers, Prince Nicolas and Prince Andreas, are very proud of him and are ready to follow him, if allowed, wherever he may venture.

The Crown Princess Sophia is a sister of Emperor William. She is a striking figure, with the soul of a warrior, and most ambitious for her husband. It is said that she is a trifle jealous of Prince George, whom the Crown Prince always places on an equality with himself, instead of giving him a younger brother's rightful place in the background. Emperor William has been at outs with this sister because she joined the Greek faith upon her marriage, and the very fact that he sides with the Turk against her adopted people is sufficient to induce her to exert all her influence in favor of the opposite side.

The remaining member of the family, and in some respects the most important, is Queen Olga herself. Although she has been Queen of Greece ever since she was fifteen, she is a Russian still, too much of a Russian to resign a dream of empire. Athens is the capital of Greece now, but she would have it Byzantium, and for consort or for son, she will be content with no less than an Emperor's throne.

The foundation stone of Barney Barnato's fortune was a prudent purchase of diamonds, which he deposited with a barmaid in Kimberley. After a time he asked for the diamonds, saying that he was off for Europe, and that they would be married when they returned. "I think we'll be married first," she replied, and those were the only terms on which he could recover the stones. This astute person is the present Mrs. Barnato, and her baby was not only born with a golden spoon in its mouth, but takes its daily airings on a silver perambulator.

Another English peer figuring in the bankruptcy court is Lord Norreys, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Abingdon. Lord Norreys is well known in financial circles, and has figured on the directorate of several companies. His insolvency seems to be the result of unprofitable investments rather than extravagant living. Lady Norreys is one of the most beautiful women in England, is a member of the "Marlborough House set," and was the first woman of fashion to take to a bicycle. The Abingdon peerage is old, and the Bertie family one of the most ancient in England.

Horseback cartridge race: Five cartridges to pick up and carry back to the start

The human ladders surmounting and attacking barricades

Pitching and pegging a tent against time

Mounted broadsword contest for points

Tug-of-war teams: Artillery vs. Infantry

PICTURESQUE EVENTS OF THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT AT THE PRESIDIO

Photos by Charles Weidner

Primrose and his Pickaninny Cake-walkers

Neither white, black nor mulatto

Rehearsing a new gag

West and Master Mowatt, the precocious young juggler

*PRIMROSE AND WEST IN THE GREENROOM, JUST BEFORE GOING ON THE STAGE*

## BONES AND TAMBO

### Old-Time Minstrelsy versus Modern Burnt Cork.

There is no such thing as a genuine Negro minstrel show, nowadays, any more than there is a real circus. And what the three and four-ringed Agglomeration of Monster Shows is to the delightful single exhibition with one clown and two elephants, so Primrose and West's Vaudeville specialties are to the shows of our childhood. The early companies carried eight or ten performers, whose entertainment was a side-splitting farce, a string of darkey stories, songs and dances and the good old circle of which only the form has survived. There was an interlocutor who is now a "Master of Ceremonies;" they did double shuffles and danced "Jim Crow," while your buttons flew off with your laughter.

But now the company numbers an hundred men—or at least Primrose and West's does, a complete double organization of whites and colored people, pick-a-ninies, orchestra and specialists of all kinds. They have carloads of scenery and properties, costumes and machinery, and most of the fun is gone out of the thing. The bones and tambos get little use; there is little of the excruciating sideplay of the end men that gave the dash of wit to the olio; there are no longer niggers—only professional entertainers, clad in mediaeval robes and pink tights with lace at the waists.

"We must keep up with the times," said West, as he donned his fineries in the green room; "we have to give a gigantic entertainment, to keep ahead of our competitors who are still trundling a few back-number favorites and bewailing the decadence of minstrelsy. We have to explore new fields and discover new talent to make a better show every season.

"The minstrel of to-day," he added, "is essentially an entertainer, with little regard to realism. But as an entertainer he must be more inventive and possess a readier wit than those who have gone before. It strikes me that the talent of creating and improvising a budget of gags and topical quips is just as rare and just as much of an art in its line as the truthful impersonations of the old school of minstrels. I believe the first minstrel performance in this country dates back to 1843; on February of that year, a company called the "Virginia Serenaders" gave a performance at the Bowery Anphion in New York city. This company was organized and conducted by Dan Emmett, Dick Pelham, Frank Brower, and William Whitlock. Dan Emmett, at the age of 81, is the only survivor of this memorial quartet. Sam Sanford is another survivor, now 70 years old, and Johnny Raynor is still living in England; he was the first to take over a minstrel show, called "Christy's Minstrels," in 1853. But nowadays the minstrels who amuse the British are the most excruciating parody on the genuine negro that it is possible to imagine. They make a bluff at being true reflexes of our plantation negro, which is more than Dockstadter and the rest of us attempt in this country; not because we haven't the talent, but for the simple reason that the Old Jim Crow negro is played out. I was in a concert hall in London several years ago, and heard a full-fledged Cockney, dialect and all, sing a plantation ditty, and in it told how he was picking cotton on the 'Bloomin' 'Udson', in Lowsiana,' as he called it.

Pony Moore, at present proprietor of St. James' Hall in London, was another pioneer burnt-cork artist abroad, and made a fortune in England; one of his daughters married Charley Mitchell, the prizefighter, and another became the wife of Fred Vokes, of the famous Vokes family. Dave Reed was the original singer of "Lally Come Up," and Fred, the brother of George Wilson, was the first clog-dancer in America. Billy Birch, Neil Bryant, Frank Moran, T. D. Rice, or 'Daddy Rice,' as he was familiarly called; old Joe, or 'Fattey Stewart,' and J. W. McAndrews, are among the originals of the black-face entertainers who are still living at a ripe old age. 'Fatty' Stewart started as the fat boy with the Barnum show, at his American Museum, on Broadway in New York. Old McAndrews I always regarded as one of the most realistic impersonators of the plantation darkey that the stage has ever seen. Luke Schoolcraft was another faithful delineator of the son of Ham, as he is seen transplanted to America. The tastes of the public have undergone a radical change during the past twenty years, and the character actors of the caliber of McAndrews have gone out of vogue. All the public now seem to demand of a burnt-cork performer is a string of gags, whether they are appropriate to the character or not. Artists of the merit of McAndrews and Schoolcraft seem to lack the appreciation they found when they were in their prime and flower. "To come on in a grotesque make-up and sing a topical song has got to be the real thing. Take that clever artist, Lew Dockstadter. With all his wit and up-to-dateisms, it cannot be said of him that he reflects any real phases of the negro race. His resemblance to the negro is, after all, but skin deep. But he draws twice as much money for his nondescript performance as Schoolcraft or McAndrews did at their best.

"The minstrel stage has contributed scores of successful actors to the legitimate, and among those who spread the cork in their adolescence were: Joseph Jefferson, Nat. Goodwin, Joseph Murphy, Sol Smith Russell, Billy Barry, Chauncey Olcott, the late Charley Reed, Charles Gardner, the German comedian; Jeff d'Angelis, the late J. K. Emmett, Forrest, the tragedian, Francis Wilson, Billy Scanlan, George S. Knight, Thomas W. Keene, William H. Crane, Harry Dixey, but the wittiest of all was poor Billy Manning, the partner of Billy Emerson, who died of consumption."

And, mingling with the memoirs of these old celebrities, came sailing into the dressing-room from the wings, these strains of "modern" minstrelsy:

"One day while reading a paper
My eyes on a paragraph fell,"

And so forth.

## A SOFT ANSWER

By W. J. LAMPTON

"I am very sure, if I had to do over again, I would not marry."

The only person who could possibly find pleasure in those words would be a sour old maid, a crusty old bachelor, or the individual who uttered them.

I was neither the one nor the other.

The one person who could find the least pleasure in them was the individual who was married to the person uttering them.

I was that individual.

My wife was the speaker.

"My love," I said gently, as was my wont on occasions of domestic disturbance, "I think you don't really mean that."

"What you think and what I know are entirely different matters," she responded, as I observed a small hectic spot on the end of her nose, a feminine storm signal to be heeded.

"Granted, my love," I bowed, "but you shouldn't tell everything you know."

"That isn't everything," and there was a knife-edge in the short, hard laugh which followed it.

This was not the first time my wife had sought to kindle the fires of jealousy in her husband's bosom. Nor was it the first time she had failed. One can't exactly explain why, but it is a well-known matrimonial fact that both parties to a marriage cannot be jealous. In this instance my wife's husband was not the jealous one.

"My darling," I smiled, "the comprehensiveness of your knowledge surprises and delights me. At the same time I must still contend that when you say what you said a few moments ago you do not really mean it."

The small hectic spot flashed out and lighted up my wife's face.

"I think I know what I am talking about," she said with a flirt of the handsome silk skirt I had given to her only three days ago.

"What you think and what I know are entirely different matters," I replied, for lowing the original as nearly as I could.

She had evidently heard the words before, and their force compelled her to silence.

"Consider a moment what you have said," I continued, "and you will, as a sensible woman, see that your husband, as usual, is right."

"I don't see why a woman's husband is the only one of them who should always be right," she snapped, and the hectic spot again flashed out across the gulf between us.

I had not come prepared to argue any difficult propositions of that nature, and at once began to sheer off into safer waters.

"That is merely begging the question," I said with an air of superiority which I had acquired from some years of practice as a husband. "What you said was that if you had it to do over again you wouldn't marry."

"And I wouldn't," she replied with renewed vigor; "I tell you I wouln't. A woman doesn't know what she is getting into, and when she has discovered she can't get out of it."

"But you seem to forget one thing, my love," I said soothingly, for I wouldn't have hurt my wife's feelings for all the world.

"Forget? Forget?" she answered in a tone which was of anger rather than of bitterness, I was glad to observe, "How can I forget?"

"I don't really see myself," I smiled, "but you have."

"I have forgotten nothing," and she pinched our large tomcat's tail so maliciously that the old gent arose with hurried dignity and walked out of the room. "But you have, my dear," I insisted. "You have entirely forgotten that you were a widow when I married you."

Whereupon with a toss of her shapely and pretty head my wife arose and went out after the cat, leaving her husband quite alone—and sad.—N. Y. Sun.

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International marriages come under the bane of Helen Choate Prince, and, in "A Transatlantic Chatelaine" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) she gives to American girls what reads like an object lesson. A wealthy American widow goes to Europe, falls in love with a gallant French captain, but, instead of marrying him, weds for his title an impoverished French noble, the Count de la Roche. She lives in a grand old chateau with ancient towers and darksome dungeons, with servants galore and a whole village of retainers. She becomes a great lady, a veritable chatelaine; she has wealth, position, a coronet, everything, but love, and, as a result, she is unhappy. The gallant captain goes off to the wars, where he finally succumbs, and the Countess lives on her life in a sort of a dream. When she is not with her child, "a boy from whose honest brown eyes look out the spirits of the men who made the name of La Roche a term of honor," she lies for hours under an old cedar listening to it sing a "sleep song for the dead soldier poet who had so loved it," with times now and then "when the thin veil between her and the unseen world almost sways aside." An interesting and poetical existence, but one hardly comfortable. The best bits of "A Transatlantic Chatelaine" are its old-world touches, the descriptions of the chateau and the customs of the country folk.

## THE SWIFT "AUGUSTA"

### A Description of Frank J. Moffitt's New Launch.

Considering the opportunities for cruising the bay of San Francisco offers, it is astonishing that yachting finds so little favor with Californians. Of course we have our yacht clubs and our regattas, but, in comparison with the wealth and population of our community, the pursuit has only a slender following. Admitting the coast to be a bit dangerous for extended tours, the bay is veritably a succession of land-locked harbors, in which the water is sufficiently smooth to make easy sailing for even the most sensitive of marineresses. The rivers emptying into its higher reaches are navigable for many miles to vessels of light draught. Indeed, I have often wondered why no enterprising journalist has emulated the exploits of Poultney Bigelow and R. L. Stevenson and given us an inland voyage up the Sacramento or the San Joaquin.

Canoeing has its delights; some men find their happiness in guiding the plunges of a light-winged yacht through the shining reaches of the Golden Gate. Others again demand an easier form of transportation and desire some safer motive power than that which oar or sail afford. These are the individuals who go in for steam launches and trip up and down the bay in puffing little craft which buoyantly ride the waves, conveying their owners hither and thither at the least possible expenditure of exertion. There are innumerable steamers of this variety in private commission, but quite the prettiest and speediest of them all is the Augusta. She is the pleasure boat built for Frank J. Moffitt of Oakland by George W. Kneass, the well-known launch builder. Just how long Mr. Moffitt has wished for precisely such a little steamer as the Augusta he did not specifically state, but, though it has seemed a lengthy period, he is fortunate in having realized his desires in such a thoroughly satisfactory shape. The Augusta is swift, trim and graceful; her lines are finer and her engines quieter than those of any other launch on the bay. She is admirably fitted up, can steam fourteen knots an hour, or, to be more specific, she can make a run from the Third Street wharf to the Oakland mole in eighteen minutes, which is a good deal better time than the ferry boats achieve. So Mr. Moffitt is therefore independent of that service, and, indeed, can save time by traveling across the bay in his own steamer. The general assumption that one gasoline launch is much the same as another does not apply to the Augusta. She embodies the latest of Mr. Kneass' ideas in marine architecture. In laying her lines, he departed from old models and chose a design which has several distinctive features. For instance, the keel is not parallel with the deck line as is usually the case in pleasure craft, but there is a bulge towards the stern which aids the speed and adds steadiness. Indeed, on her trial trip the Augusta showed herself a most seaworthy craft, meeting the seas without a tremor. This experiment will undoubtedly be followed by the builder in all subsequent ventures, as he as well as Mr. Moffitt is thoroughly satisfied with the result.

The writer had the pleasure of boarding the Augusta the other day and found her as admirably fitted up as she is cleverly modeled. The idea of Mr. Kneass seems to have been to accommodate on board as many guests as possible. The saloon is charmingly furnished, the windows hung with pretty curtains, which match in hue the carpet and the artistically upholstered cushioned seats, which are arranged like a divan on either side. The tone is olive green, and it harmonizes with the polished mahogany of the woodwork. At one end is a sideboard fitted with appliances pertaining to the comfort of the inner man, while illumination is supplied by a series of artistic brass lamps, which depend from the ceiling.

Indeed, all the arrangements are admirable and are designed to afford a high degree of comfort and ease. The deck is also furnished with luxurious seats for those who care to travel there. The pilot is housed in a semi-circular pilot-house abaft the forward bulkhead, and adjoining is the engine room, in which is a powerful gasoline engine of a new pattern, built by the Union Gas Engine Co. of which Mr. Casey is president. This concern has made engines for most of the launches afloat on San Francisco bay, and has gradually been perfecting its models through a series of elaborate and costly experiments. The Augusta's machinery embodies the latest ideas, and though the highest speed is achieved is so constructed as to be practically noiseless. This is an important achievement, as among the most serious drawbacks to gasoline launches has been the clamor they made while in action. Indeed this piece of mechanism is so admirably and carefully built that it resembles in its working a watch rather than a marine engine. Mr. Casey claims this model is the best yet invented.

Apropos of launches and engines it is interesting to note the excellent work of Mr. George W. Kneass of 718 Third street, to whose credit are the speediest craft on the bay—the Mascot, built for George Pope, the Arrow, George Knight's boat; the Hattie B., the Belvedere and the Yolo Belle, which traverses the Sacramento river. He also constructed the Robert W. Logan, a sixty ton schooner built for the American Board of Foreign Missions. The resources of his shipyard at Solano and Illinois streets may be guessed from the fact that he built four large coffee launches for Mexico in twelve days. As for the Union Gas Engine Co.—if you want a launch to have the latest machinery this concern commands the order, inasmuch as it has the newest models and owns the rights to all the latest improvements.

UNION GAS ENGINE CO S 20-HORSE-POWER ENGINE ON LAUCH "AUGUSTA"

MAIN CABIN OF THE LAUNCH

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Dearest Diary: I am simply bubbling over with forty days of condensed spirits, and I can hardly sit still long enough to tell you about all the fun I have had during the week. On Sunday I went to early service at St. Luke's, which was simply but charmingly decorated. There was quite a goodly crowd there, but later in the day, when I went to Trinity, I was hardly able to get to our pew, so densely packed were the aisles. I never saw so many pretty hats; the church was a veritable feast of color and flowers, and those dinkey little shoulder capes made of brilliant colored ribbons edged with black. Leila has a beauty of bullock's blood red silk, which matches her hat. I was so absorbed in my admiration that I forgot all about the responses until Aunt Sybil in her nasty way gave me a sharp pinch. I'll be even with that woman yet! The decorations were lovely—palms and ferns in the background made it look like a tropical garden—and such lilies! I went home and found the house redolent with flowers. So many of the boys sent me pots of lilies of the valley and great bunches of American Beauty roses.

On Monday evening I went to the dinner at the 'Varsity Club, given by Mrs. Baldwin in honor of Alick and Jessie Glascock's engagement. We were all seated at a big round table decorated with apple blossoms and pink ribbons. Nearly all of us girls wore pink frocks, which added to the harmonious effect. Amy McKee was in black moire covered in tulle and garlands of pink roses. Bessie Wall in pale blue. I liked Mrs. Tom Magee's gown of corn-color embroidered in purple shades especially well. Jessie Glascock, Belle Wilson, Fanny Baldwin and I wore pink satin. Afterward I went to the Saturday Fortnightly's closing cotillion, which was delightful. All the girls wore new, fresh frocks, and looked exceedingly well. It was held in the Native Sons' Hall, a cosy place, all delicately decorated in white and gold. As the german was a military affair, swords and flags were conspicuous on all sides. The figures were on the marching order, and quite pretty. Laura Bates and Lieutenant Kilburn led. Among the prettiest of the maidens were Gertrude and Edna Van Wyck. Gertrude wore white swiss with blue ribbons, the waist trimmed with ruffles and insertion. Edna's frock was of pale pink dotted swiss with baby waist. Ida Gibbons wore a charming organdie with pink ground and dainty pink flowers. Bertie Drown looked lovely in pale yellow taffeta, the waist trimmed with chiffon. Marie Oge looked sweet in pale blue; Rose Hooper wore a soft white organdie trimmed with lace and insertion with pink roses. She looked exceedingly well, as did Nettie Black in black organdie.

On Wednesday I went to Mrs. Salisbury's reception in honor of Mrs. Will Andrews. It was an immensely jolly affair. Burbank Somers and Will Andrews sang several times, as did Mrs. Bayne. In the evening I went to Mattie Whittier's wedding. It was really one of the prettiest home marriages I have ever seen. In the bay window a bower of flowers was arranged in green and white blossoms. Overhead was a perfect network of snowballs tied with streamers of gauze ribbon. The house resembled a flower garden; lilies, roses and carnations were piled and massed, and on the mantels were baskets of white wisteria. Mattie Whittier looked very sweet in her gown of white satin draped in point lace. She wore orange blossoms on her veil and at her waist, and carried lilies of the valley. Lottie Woods was maid of honor. She is Mattie's cousin and chum. Hattie Jackson, Harriet Grismer and Miss Weir of New York were the bridesmaids, and wore pale pink taffeta frocks covered in tulle. After the ceremony a big reception was held, and the supper was A1. I do enjoy collations, as Leila calls any meal but the three principal ones. Mr. and Mrs. Weir have gone south for their wedding journey, and will return here before going on to New York, where they expect to live.

On Saturday we all expect to go to the Jewett tea given to Mrs. and the Misses Withrow. I hear of no end of Tivoli opera parties next week, as every one is anxious to hear Neely O'Sullivan sing. I wish he would not call himself Dennis. You can't get a seat for love nor money for the first night now, I believe.

By the way, I forgot to tell you the principal thing of all, and that is that I'm in love, madly, with the latest, newest officer at the Presidio, Mr. Boyd. He is tallish, lithe and well built, with a

LAUNCH 'AUGUSTA" AT MOORING, OAKLAND ESTUARY

MISS ALICE KEENAN

MISS ALMA R. BINSON

MRS. JOHN FOSTER

MISS FLORENCE SILENT

MISS ROSE NEWMARK

MISS MAYBELLE RENDALL

MRS. EDWARD SILENT

MRS. OTHEMAR STEVENS

MRS. WILLIAM BISHOP

MISS HELEN BORDEN

*THE BELLES OF LOS ANGELES FIESTA*

Schumacher, photo, Los Angeles

dear little mustache and eyes. Such eyes! I have many, many rivals, but it is victory or death. And now to bed, for tomorrow I go to the Skull and Keys entertainment at the Macdonough with a number of the Chi Phi boys. So farewell for a week. From your own

MISS CRICKET.

* *

Though so many new houses are in course of erection at Burlingame, there is quite a competition for the villas belonging to the Sharon estate. There are four in all—modern residences, comfortable and commodious, and each year they have been the centers of hospitality in the environment. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin have one of them, in which they live throughout the year. A second has been the residence of the Carolans; George Newhall occupied a third last season and talks of purchasing the Carolan place, with which he has become enamored. Negotiations, I am told, are even now under way. The Kruttschnits, who had another, will, of course, go into their own villa in June. In the meantime there are several applicants for the season—Mayo, Newhalls, Russell Wilsons and McBeans among others. It is more than certain, from all indications, that the colony will be active and fashionable this summer. The George Popes have taken the Howard Bowie place. Colonel Crocker and his family install themselves in the George Howard mansion next month. The Larkins' villa is almost ready, and even more interesting is the fact that Joe Grant's charming cottage is at last to have a mistress.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the steeplechase at Burlingame this afternoon. The race is for the Francis Francis cup, and promises to be a brilliant event. The entries are numerous, and the contest should be close. I am inclined to think the run of the foxhounds, which finishes the programme, will prove the most interesting feature. During the season there have been developed a number of bold and capable riders, who have no hesitation whatever in taking San Mateo fences. I hope next week to have some good pictures of the gathering.

Socially the event of the week was the announcement of Joseph D. Grant's engagement. Mr. Grant has so long figured as, next to Colonel Crocker, the matrimonial catch par excellence, that it seemed as though he were wedded to single blessedness. But finally he has succumbed and to a very charming girl—a stranger, Miss Macleay of Portland. Her father was a member of the rich pioneer firm of Corbett and Macleay, and it was at the Corbett place in San Mateo, where Miss Macleay has been as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moody, that she met Mr. Grant. The prospective bride is a young woman of character, and has had the advantage of an unusually good education. She has been prominent in charitable work in Portland. A second engagement, in which society has more than a passing interest, is that of Miss Addie Mills, the eldest daughter of the late Edgar Mills, and a niece of D. O. Mills, to Mr. Chester Halcomb of the Chinese Legation at Washington. Miss Mills is a distinguished-looking and highly educated girl, who is well known in San Francisco society, though recently she has been somewhat withdrawn from participation in its frivolities, as she has resided with her brother and sister at their home at Menlo.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sutro and Mr. Samuel Schwartz was very quietly celebrated at the home of the bride on Pine street. The immediate family assisted, together with the intimate friends. Dr. Voorsanger performed the ceremony, and the happy pair will go to Costa Rica for the honeymoon. Miss Sutro made a very handsome bride. The wedding presents were both numerous and valuable.

The marriage of Miss Minnie Bradbury and Colonel Isaac Polk is really a Los Angeles event, though the ceremony was celebrated in San Francisco. The bride is very wealthy in her own right—the only daughter of the late S. M. Bradbury, whose mining interests in Mevico netted him a great fortune. Colonel John Bradbury, who married the beautiful Miss Banning, is her brother. Colonel Polk is an immensely tall and decidedly smart Southerner, who has had a successful career in California, has made a great deal of money, and now officiates as general manager of the Bradbury mining properties. They were married at the temporary home of Mrs. Bradbury, 1132 O'Farrell street, by Father McSweeny.

The reign of Fast and of gloomy quietude is over, and we hasten to welcome mirth, pleasure and youthful jollity. With the sound of the church bells on Easter morning the Oakland maids and matrons cast aside the habiliments of penitence and donned their gay spring attire. The dull toque was exchanged for a big picture hat heavy with flowers of every color and hue. The churches in themselves seemed permeated with the spirit of joyousness. The chancels, fragrant with the scent of myriads of lilies, lilacs and delicate apple blossoms, welcomed in the spring sunshine. The First Congregational Church took precedence of all the rest. It would have been difficult even to compete with it. Upon a foreground carpeted with maiden hair ferns, orchids, begonias and other rare exotics were placed. Behind, raising their proud heads, were tall Easter lilies against a background of palms. Mrs. F. M. Smith superintended the decoration, and placed her hothouses and the services of her gardens at the disposal of Dr. McLean. The music was good, but not markedly so.

The event which has swamped all others for the nonce is the Masque Ball, which took place in the Ebell Hall on Tuesday evening. The spirit of carnival seemed to have taken possession of the young people, and all dropped their dignity and had a perfectly glorious time. The girls were most enthusiastic, and spent the days of Lent in designing costumes, dominoes and ruses of all sorts to conceal their identity. The hall was prettily decorated with palms; cosy corners concealed by screens were located in every convenient angle, and the scenic effect heightened with calcium light of different colors. Numbers of the girls wore dominoes of the most brilliant hues; groups of red-clad maidens, yellow masks and brilliant greens intermingled in a perfect glory of color. Among the prettiest of the dominoes were those of Miss Florence Stone, a simple affair of very thin pale blue India silk, by which her white tulle gown was but semi-concealed. Her disguise was excellent, many of the men mistaking her for Miss Kate Clement. Miss Fanny Baldwin wore a white crepon domino with big pink hood and mask of lace and crepe.

The most effective costume was worn by Mrs. George McNear, who represented "The Black Cat." Her gown was of white satin with a deep border of black cats in every conceivable position around the bottom of the skirt. On her head she wore fur cats' ears, and on the front of her waist was a big head of a black cat. Miss Agnes Duff as Mrs. Mephistopheles or queen of the infernal regions, looked stunning. Her dress was short; the material of red silk with forked lightning embroidered over it in gold; her stockings were red, her shoes black with red heels. On her shoulders was a small black velvet cape embroidered in ogld. A cap of red with horns and a pitchfork

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The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

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Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
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completed this costume. Miss Juliet Garber as a Dresden shepherdess looked very quaint. Her petticoat was of pink with overdress of flowered blue brocade. Miss Grimes was well disguised as Folly. She wore a pink petticoat covered with roses with baby faces. Her waist was much beruffled, and her blonde wig and big hat had a curious effect. Miss Mary Whitney made a fine Queen of Diamonds in white tulle covered with red diamonds. Of the men the most effectively costumed were Mr. Will Hubbard and Mr. Horace Miller. Mr. Hubbard represented old Father Christmas, with big blanket coat, long beard and snow white hair. Mr. Miller wore the costume of an old-time astrologer. His long black velvet robe, black wig and mustache, with soft black cap, was quite picturesque. A light supper was served at midnight, when the young people unmasked.

Several small but exceedingly smart affairs have been given during the week. Among these the most notable were the reception given on Monday evening by Mrs. F. M. Smith of Arbor Villa, and the married ladies' luncheon on Tuesday by Mrs. Henry Butters of Piedmont. A jolly little card party was given by Mrs. J. C. Hampton on Saturday afternoon, and a large card party on Tuesday evening by Miss Stevenson at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. C. Clay.

## PURE FOOD SYRUPS.

No one with the interest of the community at heart will fail to commend the pure food crusade which the Board of Health has inaugurated. It certainly interests every man, woman and child, but it will also, we are assured, aid in advancing our home industries. It is impossible even in this country of fruit to compete with the artificial productions of Eastern manufacturers, which are put up by cheap labor and are composed of all the ingredients but those which they are supposed to contain. These productions are jobbed here on commission by industrious drummers, and the California concern, to preserve its trade, must meet this competition.

Among the most prominent of our industries is the Pacific Coast Syrup Company, established here by Colonel Welker. This institution has had a hard fight from the start, but by dint of the industry and ability of its management it has forced itself into the front rank of syrup manufacturers. It prepares table syrups of all kinds, and has recently gone into the manufacture of jellies and marmalades. There are various ways of making this commercial jelly, but fault has been found by the Board of Health on the ground that impure ingredients are used. For example, it is claimed that the product called orange jelly is really not an orange jelly at all, but another compound. This is the fact. The ingredients are apple jelly, fruit syrup and glucose, in themselves absolutely pure products. It is well known that oranges will not jell, and the combination is essential. Glucose itself has been thoroughly analyzed by the United States government, and pronounced excellent food.

There is no institution on the coast in which more attention is paid to cleanliness and more care taken in the preparation of its products than in the establishment of the Pacific Coast Syrup Company. It has made a great success of its business, and its factory at 713 Sansome street is open at all times, not only to the Board of Health, but also to the public.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

## THE TURF IN CALIFORNIA

### Summer Meetings Near San Francisco Condemned—The District Fairs.

With a further three weeks racing the winter meetings will come to a close in the neighborhood of this city. Several of the principal stables have already gone or are on the point of going eastward, to fulfill their engagements for the summer; others will move on to Montana with a like object, and of the strictly local owners many will avail themselves of a quiet interval to rest up and recruit their forces for the campaign opening here next fall. The result will be therefore that no legitimate inducement can be afforded for continuing local racing operations. During the last week or so, however, a proposal has been set on foot to establish a new track across the bay on the Marin county side, with the view of conducting a summer meeting as an attraction to the residents of San Francisco and the other bay cities, the main object of which would be to secure continuous racing in this locality. Such a scheme is entirely opposed to the views and wishes of those who have the best interests of the sport at heart, and it is certain to be met with the strongest opposition by the California Jockey Club and the Pacific Coast Jockey Club. It is beyond question that these two organizations are amply sufficient to handle all the racing that San Francisco and the vicinity can support, and any attempt to force the public appetite will react disadvantageously to the turf in California.

In the first place no new race-track here would be able to obtain the recognition of the Western Turf Congress, and owners, trainers, jockeys, and everybody concerned in its operations would be treated as outlaws and be deprived of all privileges on legitimate courses. The suggestion of Marin county as the scene of action raises the suspicion that the chief object of the promoters is the establishment of a foreign book and pool-room facilities, which the laws of the counties in which the two existing tracks are located expressly forbid. So far as sport is concerned, it is perfectly certain that any such meeting would not be worth consideration, and for that reason alone, if for no other, the sooner the idea is abandoned the better.

But what makes it in the next place the more undesirable that any plan of the kind should be in contemplation, is the known hostility of the State executive to racing in any form whatever. To this may be ascribed the recent veto by Governor Budd of the bill for appropriation of State funds in support of district fairs, a piece of injustice to the long-suffering agricultural interest that seems to have been prompted by a short-sighted pettiness of spirit that renders any man so afflicted wholly unfit for the direction of public business, more especially when his office is supreme. Any one acquainted with the life and needs of the country districts must realize the importance of the annual fairs, and, even if they are not always conducted in the way that might be most beneficial to the districts served, it would certainly have been a more reasonable and enlightened policy to have established some control whereby the contributions of the State could have been utilized for such purposes as would generally be deemed suitable for the employment of public funds. No one would maintain that racing should be subsidized by the State, but if a little sport of the kind is found to be an attractive adjunct to the fairs and at the same time self-supporting, the main function should not be deprived of existence, in order that there may be no excuse for gratifying the tastes of those who are manly and broad-minded enough to think that attendance at races is not necessarily the first step on the high road to perdition.

Seeing then the animus that is directed in high places against racing, it behooves every one interested in its well-being and continuance as a feature of life in California to use every effort to preserve it from attack by fanatical faddists, who are never so happy as when they are destroying the pleasure of others. The only way to do this effectively is to back up any movement for the proper regulation of turf affairs, and to refuse support to any schemes of illegitimate appearance or character. On a previous occasion it has been shown in these columns that there is a well-assured prospect of a better understanding being arrived at on both sides of the country with regard to turf government, and it would be exceedingly unfortunate if at this juncture anything should occur to weaken the adhesion which appeared to be forthcoming on the part of California to any feasible plan for unity or reciprocity of action between sections of the country not at present altogether in touch with one another.

Should it be argued that there is no good cause why people in California should not be able to enjoy race meetings in summer, just as those in other states do, leaving trotting races out of consideration, it may reasonably be urged that at Sacramento and Los Angeles, as well as in some other smaller towns to a less extent, there is plenty of opportunity for them to do so, but San Francisco has chosen to devote itself to winter racing, and under no circumstances and in no part of the world is perennial racing at one point permissible or practicable. No other city on earth indulges in racing to the same extent, as it is, and to extend the programme to every week day from year's end to year's end would be to invite disaster and not improbably demise.

As matters stand the turf is never in want of enemies, although too frequently their strictures lack truth and reason, and therefore the best thing to be done at all times is to avoid cause of offense. That San Francisco is not any more wicked than it was before it became one of the great racing centers of the country is without doubt, and possibly in course of time, if the sport should continue to thrive under its auspices, as it has done in the last four years, it may have the same enviable reputation as is enjoyed by the town of Newmarket in England, which, while being the headquarters of racing in the world, is also as quiet and orderly a place as can be found on the globe. It is safe to say that persons unacquainted with the conditions of racing society, from the highest to the lowest of its strata, and possibly prejudiced against its members, would be greatly surprised if they visited the race-track occasionally and observed how little there is to object to in the way people who take any part in racing conduct themselves, or the manner in which the affairs of the tracks are administered. What is most wanted now is an increase in the support and goodwill of the best elements of the people, and that nothing should be done by any piratical clique to reflect discredit on the general body of legitimate racing men or weaken the cause of good government at the hands of central authority.

The breeding and training of horses is one of the most valuable industries we possess, representing an investment of vast extent and doing much to make California prominent in many important respects, and if anything should arise to injure the hitherto satisfactory progress of the connected business of racing, it is bound to reflect unfavorably on the position of the State in the eyes of the world as well as on its advancement in material well-being.

No tipping of waiters at Johnson's family restaurant, 28 Montgomery street, opposite Lick House. Moderate prices.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

A genuine Southern cakewalk will be the feature of the second and last week of Primrose and West's minstrels, which begins at the Baldwin Monday evening.

Following the minstrels De Wolf Hopper will come to the Baldwin presenting the great comic opera, "El Capitan," by Charles Klein and John Philip Sousa. The opera had a run of sixteen weeks in New York last year and is altogether one of the most taking compositions of the season.

Miss Pearl Ladd's piano recital at the California, this evening, will be an interesting event. Miss Ladd's playing is unusually good for one so young, and her dancing and elocution are said to be equally clever. The young artiste will be assisted by Nathan Landsberger, and by Mathildita, the Royal Spanish dancer.

Mamie Sheridan Woolford commences her final week at Morosco's Monday night in her own sensational drama, "The Smugglers." The play is full of startling scenic effects, including the burning of a ship at sea. Miss Woolford will give an evidence of her versatility by being the heroine, a character directly opposite to the one she is playing this week. Mollie Thompson will appear in the soubrette role and will give a number of new songs and dances.

Ward and Vokes will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday evening in the farce comedy success, "A Run on the Bank.' The piece is thoroughly up to date, and is said to be brimming over with music and fun. Ward and Vokes are clever comedians, and have few equals in the particular line of work. The supporting company includes Chas. Guyer, Tony Williams, Lucy Daly of Pickaninny fame, Gilbertie Learock, a clever soubrette, and Margaret Daly Vokes.

The new people at the Orpheum next week will be headed by Alexander Taciano, a male soprano, whose imitations of the female voice are said to be marvelous. The Midgleys, Sager and Fanny, juvenile character delineators, will appear, as will also The Andersons, colored singers and dancers, who will be remembered for their great hit of last year. Harris and Walters will present a new sketch. Signor Alberti and Mme. Orlandi, the grand opera singers, give some new selections, and Marzello and Milloy appear in a laughable burlesque bar and wrestling act.

The villainy in "The Brand of Cain" is not as deep dyed as it is in most Morosco plays, but it is deep enough to sustain interest till the fall of the last curtain when virtue is rewarded, and vice punished to the accompaniment of a quarry explosion. Mamie Sheridan Wolford, the star of the production, plays the soubrette role of Nora Logan, with much energy, and her comedy "foil," Nat M. Willis, as Hawkins, was a typical cockney. The double part of John Doe and John Leighton is very similar to that of Dubose and Lesurques, in "The Lyons Mail;" it is played by Fred J. Butler, and is rounded very well. Julia Blanc as Juana, a Spanish maid of an inn, has an effective scene in the first act.

The production of "Shamus O'Brien" will be the most notable the Tivoli has given for a very long time. It will be interesting from the novelty of the work as well as from the appearance of Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan. The opera is a story of Ireland a hundred years ago, the book by George H. Jessop and the music by C. Villiers Stanford. Mr. O'Sullivan will sing the title part of Shamus O'Brien, in which he has been successful in London and New York. Rhys Thomas will be Captain Trevor of the British army, Maurice Darcy Mike Murphy, the villain of the opera, W. H. West Father O'Flynn, the parish priest; Laura Millard Nora O'Brien, wife of Shamus, and Myra Morella, a new member of the company, Kitty O'Toole, Nora's sister. Miss Morella has been prima donna with Emma Abbott, and also with the Conreid company, and has sung with success both in grand and comic opera. The scenery and costumes have been prepared with historic accuracy. "Shamus O'Brien promises to be as great a success here as it has been elsewhere.

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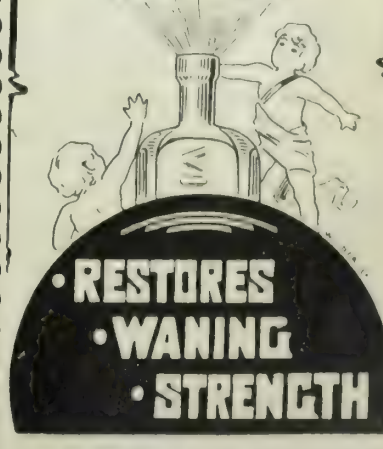

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## AN INTROSPECTIVE INTERVIEW

### How Guster of the "Awakener" Exploited His Imagination and Madamoiselle Chispa.

### THE FACTS

"You might try Chispa," said the editor. "Get a story if you can, about 500 words."

Guster got around to the hotel at about 5:30 and sent up a card to No. 354. It was 5:55 before he received an answer. Mlle. Chispa would be pleased to see him in a few moments. Guster waited till 6 o'colck and then sent up another card. Word came down to show Mr. Guster up. He was badly out of sorts by this time, for he had been trying to think of some novel inquiries to make and had failed, miserably. It didn't make any difference, anyway, he thought; actresses never mind what you say, and as long as the stuff is readable the editor wouldn't care, and as for the subscribers—well, they wouldn't know anyway—even if he did it realistically they'u swear it was a fake. Guster knocked several times at room 354 before he received an answer. It was a tall and particularly white door with a keyhole through which he could hear several voices. He knocked again and an unmeaning English maid opened the door and he walked in.

"Oh, is that you?" said an untidy object in a Japanese kimono. "I had forgotten all about you—I had no idea you were waiting."

Her manager and another man were there, and they were much excited over a bunch of legal papers.

"I hope I'm not interrupting you," began Guster.

"Oh, I'm all upset about this injunction business," said Mlle. Chispa, and she turned and began a long conversation with the two men.

Guster interested himself in the Chispa's puppy. How in the world was he to talk in such confusion? If it were only the regular thing he was after—her opinion of the city, how long she had been acting, whether she wheeled or not, and all that, he would have got out his questions and left. But it was a character study he was after—a Sunday supplement story, and he grew desperate.

Finally Mlle. Chispa came over to his sofa and sat down. "I'm awfully worried," she said. "I lost $400 out at the track yesterday and I'm all upset. Just think, if I'd played my system I'd have been $90 winner, and I had a good thing, but I turned over on the last race—you know that 'Hobson's Choice' ought to have come in a block ahead if he hadn't had a fool jockey—if I had only played my system clear through!"

Chispa had plaited golden hair and shoe-button eyes without expression—she looked hard at Guster and waited for him to talk, but before he could think of anything to say the manager had come over and they were deep in the injunction again. The puppy had left, and Guster felt quite alone.

The door opened and another tousled-looking female entered. "Oh, Minie!" cried Mlle. Chispa, "did you hear about yesterday? I played 'Hobson's Choice' for place, and he got anchored at the turn. I'm out $400, and if I'd played my system I'd have been way ahead. And just look at the tiresome papers! It's awful—say, are you ready to go to dinner?"

Mr. Guster rose to leave. "I'm awfully sorry you've got to go," said the actress. "Were you in front last night? It's a shame to have to work for a dead house like that!. Well, I hope you'll say something nice. Wasn't it a shame though?"

She had turned to her manager, and Guster had left, muttering to himself.

GELETT BURGESS.

### THE FICTION

If you have seen Mlle. Chispa, the pert and saucy flyaway, doing her balloon-dance, at the Globe Theater, you may have wondered how much of her refreshing cajolery was assumed, and how much was part and parcel of "La vraie Chispa."

I wondered, at any rate, I must confess, and I determined to solve the mystery, and pay my suit to this footlight princess in her own boudoir. Mlle. Chispa's smile was surely her own—of that much I was already convinced. I anticipated some metamorphosis would result at the disappearance of the blonde wig, but I argued that this at least would count a charm of naturalness. Her costume, too, however becoming, was an artificial attribute that might add or detract from her daylight personality.

It was, indeed, her smile that I recognized first. Chispa's smile was an invitation, mysterious and elusive as the south wind in spring, a little promise of joys that might yet be. Chispa's hair was a bit of a surprise—aureate, minted into tiny ringlets of a very mad and naughty coquetry. In a very blue gown was Chispa, a gown that clung to her jealously careless of its insistence.

We got to talking at last, and Mlle. Chispa, the woman, spoke of Cnispa, the soubrette. I saw a faint reflection of her stage audacity as we talked—the same flashing interrogatory quiver of the eyelids, the prim shrug and the whimsical madsome toss of the golden head, all more subtle, and adjusted to the fascinations of a tete-a-tete. Her mood was to her footlight exuberance what her pearly complexion was to the make-up of rouge and hares-foot.

She talked of her week-day pleasures and noon-time fancies. She was fond of animals, of horses especially, and she had one pet of whose naughtiness she made mock sorrow, and elaborated her little disappointments when her favorite nag wouldn't show off when he was expected to, no matter how lavishly she encouraged him.

She would be a modern Portia, too, would Chispa—and she made a fad of law, speaking with a queer earnestness of forms and filings, remandidatures, contracts and injunctions. She seemed almost "new" in this phase of womanhood; who would have suspected a love of learning to be a garment la belle Chispa could wear becomingly? Chispa a lawyer? Never. The very make-up of the room, the picturesque arrangement of bric-a-brac, a certain studied abandon of her Lares and Penates showed her essentially the artist, and she, tremulous, effervescent, of the temperament that flutters Beauty-ward rather than toward the scales of Science and Justice.

There was a little Spaniel there, too, that had caught the trick of Chispa's moods, by which sub-study I completed my theory of her ways and manners.

There was much to say, and little time to say it. She promised to show me her equine favorite and let me judge of his intelligence and powers. She told me many things that I was not to tell, for they were but to help me out in my character of analyst, seeing I was no ordinary reporter. The talk, indeed, was of that film of fancy that breaks in type; it would be like photographing a fairy.

And as I left I carried the picture with me of a charming little family group. A sweet stage sister had entered, and with the patron of the troupe they gathered by the window and chattered of the last night's memoirs.

FRED GUSTER.


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## THE THEATRES

### Up-to-Date Minstrelsy and Latter-Day Matrimony.

"By special request our next number will consist of the beautiful ballad, 'Take Back Your Gold,' sung by the author, Mr. Louis Pritzkow."

The distinguished personage making this announcement to the Baldwin audience was Mr. W. H. West, master of ceremonies, in "minstrelsy up to date," and a gorgeous spectacle he was. He held a red fan in one hand and a lace handkerchief in the other. With a mincing gait, stooping like a boy with the colic, he affectedly ambled to the front of the stage, delivered this little speech, and wiggled back to his seat. There was a chord from the orchestra, then up rose Mr. Louis Pritzkow, the minstrel-author, clad in pink tights, red paint and a trade smile, and vocalized concerning a very high-minded female person who had evidently been wronged by some not overscrupulous or very loving male person. The lady of the verse was properly insisting that the male individual "give her the love he had promised," but the gentleman in the song had more money than love to spare, and freely proffered her ducats of gold, which the maiden spurned in an indignant and chaste chorus, commencing, "Take back your gold." The gallery seemed pleased over this transaction. And then came Charles Kent, "the wonderful California barytone," whose voice was more acceptable than his song. He essayed the touching ballad, "Don't Tell Her That You Love Her," which, it appeared, was the advice given to a young sailor boy by his more experienced mother, just before her son was departing for the high seas. The maternal ancestor of the young man, with an earnestness that spoke slanderously of his father, implored her son not to confide his great affection to his lady-love before going to sea, because, she said, "Mankind is seldom true." This sentiment also found great favor with the young men in the gallery. And then there was another soul-moving and tear-stained ballad, also "sung by the author," Mr. W. H. Wyndham, entitled, "Father, She's My Sister," just as though the father needed some kind of evidence to establish his daughter's identity. If it was possible, this little ballad was more wonderful than those which preceded it. The programme carefully announced that these songs were to be rendered "by the authors;" this, doubtless, to enable the audience to fix the responsibility just where it belonged and to act accordingly. It is something to know a man who could write such rubbish, but it is something more to know that he is compelled to sing his own songs. Next season, doubtless, the "up to date minstrels" will have "Father's Teeth Are Filled with Zinc, Dear," or "Uncle, She's My Wife's Sister."

Now, honor bright, you don't like this new-fangled minstrelsy. The old-time semi-circle, where everyone "blacked-up" and everyone "did something," except possibly a few "chair-stuffers," was infinitely the better of the two. These "up to date minstrels," with four end-men in black face, and forty other people in silk doublets and lace—forty people smeared with red paint and powder, with heads made abnormally ugly with ill-fitting wigs—they are not minstreis, nor are they to my liking. Give me the old-time minstrels of twenty years ago, and keep these poor, painted, uncomfortable devils out of sight. And what has come over the public that it tolerates songs with such mawkish sentiment as "Take Back Your Gold" and "Father, She's My Sister?" They are the purest rubbish.

The funniest men in the troupe are Jimmie Wall and George Wilson. When this company was here a year ago Jimmie and George carried off the honors, just as they are doing at the Baldwin this week. Jimmie is an all-round clever "nigger singer," one of the type whose advertisements long ago appeared in the New York "Clipper," then the great paper for show people, about as follows:

At Liberty End of Season.
Jimmy Wall.
End Man; Plays Horn; Good Dresser.
Regards to George Wilson.
Address "Clipper."

Those were the palmy days of minstrelsy, and I long for them, long for one more sight of the old-style first part and an "olio" sprinkled with real, simon-pure negro plays, like "Beazley's Dog," "Handy Andy," "Wanted—A Nurse," and the like. I think Mr. West next season might avoid the "up to date minstrelsy" with profit to himself, and give us a little out-of-date minstrelsy.

They have some club-swinging on the programme, and a lad not over ten gives a wonderful exhibition of skill with the Indian clubs. Two little darkeys, as "pickaniny cake-walkers," did a neat little turn, and were well received by the audience. I think the finest voice in the company comes from a simon-pure darkey, who sings bass in the negro quartette. The house was well filled.

***

An engaging little comedy is that of "Mary Pennington, Spinster," presented by Georgia Cayvan at the Columbia this week—not a roaring farce, but a quiet, pleasing, and, what is more, an instructive tale that underscores the sentimental side of woman, even though she be a "woman with a mission." Miss Pennington starts out for a "career." Marriage to her is a frivolous and unnecessary arrangement, designed for the relief of dependent women who are dull of wit. To cling to and depend upon an ordinary man is a proceeding repugnant to this young lady Pennington. Connubial bliss does not enter into her "scheme of life," and she will have none of it. But she soon finds that she has bargained without her host; for nature has planted somewhere under her well-fitting basque a little neglected seed of sentiment that develops into a healthy and womanly love. The sentiment appears in evidence only in a small way at first, but finally overmasters and drives out all else, leaving her simply a woman very much in love.

This Miss Pennington has a little cousin, Prudence, into whose young mind ideas of a "woman's career" have been carefully instilled. But she, too, falls by the wayside, and surrenders herself up to setiment by falling hopelessly in love with Algy Bloomfield, a not altogether agreeable young person. The little love scenes between Algy and Prudence were prettily handled, however, by Miss Jerrold and Mr. Thropp, though the manner of the Thropp young man was scarcely that of one familiar with fetes, balls, and the best London society.

The motive of the little comedy is contained in a line or two delievred by Miss Pennington when Prudence confesses to her cousin her great love for this young Bloomfield, and weeps with shame because she has forsaken the earlier teaching of her elder cousin. Miss Pennington replies:

"Be a true wife. That is the only career for a true woman. All the rest is dust and ashes."

Of course, this is all right upon the stage, and for the world's sake it is a geat deal better to have such doctrines widely preached. But how about Miss Cayvan, herself? I should like to know her individual views upon this subject, for she has adhered pretty closely to the scheme of life originally set out by Miss Pennington, and which she only entirely abandoned in the last act of the comedy. Throughout the play there are bright lines, full of wit and wisdom. They come mostly from the old physician, Dr. Timothy Hale, who is admirably interpreted by Mr. George Woodward. Woodward is a clever actor, and is of the old school of which I am most particularly fond. He is, in "Miss Pennington," an impracticable old busy-body, continually interfering in other people's affairs in a most kindly way, but, of course, scarcely possible in real life. Altogether, he is a very lovable old chap, and is quite as clever as Dr. Hale as he was as Gaffer Kingley in "Squire Kate." Miss Anne Sutherland, as Lady Matland, was not nearly so interesting, nor did she look so attractive as she did in Amanda Jane Thistledown, the farm servant, in the former play.

B.

## NEW BOOKS

The opening chapter of Mrs. Hungerford's posthumous novel number one, "The Coming of Chloe" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), finds Mrs. Fitzgerald, a pretty widow, at breakfast with her two charming daughters, one of whom is called Cissy. The table cloth is delicately, but sparsely laid—there are on it four little bowls of sweet May roses and some china and silver that is as old as it is exquisite. There are also on the table, by way of incidentals, some new laid eggs (gathered, probably, by Cissy in a white muslin frock and a hat trimmed with pink roses), a mere suspicion of jam in a little glass dish, some fresh rolls and a few pots of delicious-looking butter. Miss Fitzgerald has just finished reading a letter, and she is too surprised to pour out the tea. The letter is from an old friend, and asks her to receive as a "paying guest" a young woman named Jones—Chloe Jones. Necessity finally overcomes pride in the Fitzgerald household, and Chloe comes. She is "a small, slim, exquisite creature, filled with the gaiety of youth, with eyes like dewy violets, and soft and loose brown hair that lies in dainty ripples on her dainty head," which, by the way, is "delicately poised." Chloe appears—she comes and she conquers, she conquers everyone, even old "Feeney," who has been with the Fitzgeralds for generations. She is a gay, lively young creature, in reality the wife of a disagreeable Marquis from whom she has run away. The aged husband obligingly dies at the end of the book, and Chloe marries an old lover who turns up in the meantime. "The Coming of Chloe" is altogether harmless; it is at least consistent, as it has pretensions to nothing more than what it is. It is light and pleasing,, and infinitely more agreeable than most novels of the more modern and problematical schools.

Stone and Kimball have published a most valuable work on collegiate matter and collegiate athletics in "The College Year-Book and Athletic Record for 1896-97." The book has been compiled and edited by Edw.n Emerson, Jr., and contains an alphabetical catalogue and discription of all American Universities, Colleges and schools of learning qualified to confer collegate degrees, a miscellany embracing degrees, college fraternities, college colors, yells, publications and politics. There is also an index of all professors, instructors and college officers, and a most complete athletic record.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Impudent Comedian and Others," by F. Frankfort Moore. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

"A Woman's Courier," by W. J. Yeoman. Stone & Kimball, N. Y.

"The Puppet," by Clinton Ross. Stone & Kimball, N. Y.

"The Wise and the Wayward," by G. S. Street. John Lane, N. Y. William Doxey, S. F.

"The Career of Candida," by George Paston. D. Appleton & Co. William Doxey, S. F.

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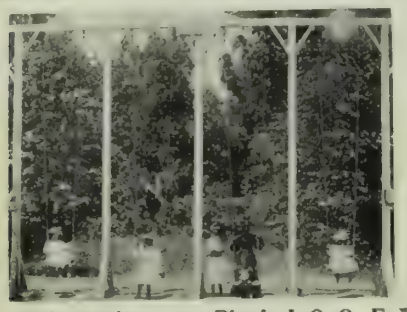

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## RACING

### The Waterhouse and Palace Hotel Stakes—Ruinart's Further Victory.

By a very unfortunate slip in our last issue, the picture of Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough's good stallion, St. Carlo, was entitled St. Blaise, his sire. Readers, however, will not have failed to detect the error.

On this occasion we are enabled to present a life-like portrait of St. Carlo's distinguished son Ruinart, who has set the California racing world ablaze by winning two first-class events in the course of a week, and capturing no less than $8,600 in prize money thereby. Neither of his victories have determined how good a horse he is, and it is to be hoped that, whatever further opportunity may be afforded of testing the question before racing ends here this season, he may be given a chance of measuring his ability with some of the cracks in the East.

MARTIN BERGEN
NATIVE SON AND JOCKEY

The conclusion of the two weeks' racing at Emeryville was marked by perfect weather and on Saturday last an exceptionally good day's sport was afforded to a full attendance.

One of the leading features of the day was the Candelaria handicap, $1,500, for 2-year-olds, five furlongs, for which nine youngsters sported silk. The Burns and Waterhouse stable again slipped the pair they have been relying on for most of the 2-year-old stake races, namely, Recreation, 122 pounds, and Miss Rowena, 117 pounds. The speedy Sir Modred colt Hermoso, 107 pounds, cut out the work for the first three furlongs, with Rosormonde, 100 pounds, in close attendance, and Miss Rowena at the heels of the latter. Entering the straight the Ormonde filly assumed command and, running very gamely, had sufficient speed to carry her to the end of the journey with a length to spare in advance of Recreation, whom Hennessy brought up with a dash in the last half furlong, landing her in second place, a couple of lengths in front of the useful Deceiver colt, The Cheat, who finished up third, a like distance ahead of Front de Beouf. Time was slow—1:02¼.

The event of the day was the Palace Hotel handicap, $2,000, all ages, one and one-eighth miles, and it resulted in a first-class contest. Of the eight runners half a dozen were well fancied by the public, to-wit: Installator, 112 pounds, The Roman, 103 pounds, (these two representing the Boots stable), Buckwa, 125 pounds, Redskin, 108 pounds, Ruinart, 118 pounds, Wheel of Fortune, 114 pounds, with Schiller, 105 pounds, and Candelaria, 95 pounds, in no great favor. Starter Ferguson got the lot away in perfect style with little loss of time, the heavily-weighted Buckwa going to the front at once, closely followed by Installator, Wheel of Fortune, Redskin, The Roman, and Candelaria; Ruinart and Schiller bringing up the rear. On rounding the first turn, the lot traveling at top speed, Installator improved his position and exerted himself to the utmost to overtake Purser's big gelding, but without avail, and as the back stretch was covered the field closed up together, save Schiller and Redskin, who both began to die away. Entering the straight for home Snider called upon Installator, but failed to get a response, and Piggott next proceeded to bring Wheel of Fortune up to the leader, who commenced to draw away, and for a moment seemed to have victory within his grasp. Bergen, however, on Ruinart, had kept his mount sailing along in easy style for a final effort. Nearing the paddock he brought up the slashing son of St. Carlo hand over hand just in the same fashion he had treated us to a week back, with the result that Buckwa, notwithstanding his speed and thorough gameness, was fairly settled and the 4-year-old secured the verdict by a neck in handsome style. Served by his comparatively light weight Candelaria had made up ground in the home-stretch, and ran into third place half a length behind the second horse, and the same distance in front of The Roman, who, though not disgraced, failed to run up to his best form, Wheel of Fortune finishing close up to his girths. Time, 1:53¾. The race was a fine exhibition, and fully confirmed the running in the Burns handicap, which was undoubtedly a truer-run race than one often sees.

Too much praise cannot be given to Marty Bergen for his well-judged and masterly handling of Ruinart on both occasions. There has been much ignorant comment for some time on his ability as a rider on the part of people wholly incompetent by education and instinct to form an opinion on jockeyship. If some of the other boys and those who employ them would take example from his seat and hands, as well as his cool and patient way of rating his horse and collecting him for a finish, racing on this coast would be a far more interesting spectacle than it is as a rule. The whole secret is that, in addition to being a horseman naturally, Bergen learned to ride from a competent teacher and was not allowed to know it all from the start. BENEDICT.

RUINART BY ST. CARLO-QUEEN ALTA, BY ALTA

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The Corrigan Stakes, Monday, April 19th
The Spreckels Cup, Saturday, April 24th
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"SUTRO & CO."—TO WHOM IT MAY concern: Take notice that we, Therese Sutro and Charles Sutro, Jr., have formed a co-partnership for the transaction of business in the State of California and elsewhere, the office and principal place of business of the partnership being located in the City and County of San Francisco. The name, style and designation of the firm is SUTRO & CO. The full names of all the members of the said partnership, and their places of residence, are subscribed hereto.

San Francisco, April 7, 1897.

THERESE SUTRO,
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHAS. SUTRO, JR.
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Duly acknowledged before Geo. T. Knox, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, California, April 7, 1897.

Filed April 7, 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Wm. H. C. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 75, [illegible] corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Storey Co., Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 111) of Ten Cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine st., San Francisco.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY, room No. 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 311 Pine street, San Francisco.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, and to all others concerned: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11, in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

FRANKLIN K. LANE — G. WHITFIELD LANE

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For recreation or rest, this resort is unexcelled.

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You will love your neighbor better and hate the Devil more heartily after a season spent in the ozone-producing mountain range at Napa Soda Springs.

Will you come?

**C. E. SMITH, Lessee.**


## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Thomas Corwin, the famous lawyer, went one night to listen to Father Collins, the eloquent Methodist preacher, who was then holding a revival meeting in an Ohio town. During the sermon he kept his eyes turned to the floor, and seemed studiously to avoid looking at the preacher. "Did you notice the expression of his face?" asked a friend, after the service. "I did not," Corwin replied; "I did not dare. Soon after he had begun speaking he called to some men behind me, 'Come!' They just marched up to the front whether they wanted to or not." "And you?" "The truth is," answered Corwin, "that I wanted to, but I just clung on to that pillar beside which I stood, and that kept me back. And as it was, you'd better believe the next time he said 'Come!' I didn't dare look up to see whether he meant me or somebody else!"

An inventor recently went to the British War Office with an explosive that he said would destroy any army against which it was directed. "It is the most powerful explosive the world ever saw," said the visitor, "and I propose to send up a baloon over an army that would attack ours, setting the fuse so that it might go off the moment the baloon floated over the army of the enemy." "That is all very good, indeed," said the Secretary of War, interrupting; "but suppose that a current of air should carry your explosive baloon over our army — what then?" "Well," said the inventor, laying his hand on the right honorable gentleman's arm, "I tell you what it is, my friend — our army would have to get up and run like the very dickens!"

A popular baronet had risen to address the House, and left his hat on the seat he had occupied. A waggish reporter made a bet that when the speaker sat down he would sit upon his hat. Just as he was about to resume his seat, an occupant of the seat behind removed the hat, in the very nick of time. Thereupon arose an interesting discussion between the two people who had made the bet. One contended that he earned the wager, inasmuch as the baronet had not sat upon his hat. The other alleged that he would have sat upon it had not somebody removed it. The delicate point was referred to a sporting paper, which declared its inability to decide it, and the highly important bet has not been decided to this day.

Shortly after Henry Irving had returned to London from America, he met Wilson Barrett, who has become very much puffed-up over the great success of his scriptural dramas. After listening to the history of his achievements, Irving said: "After 'The Sign of the Cross,' what will you give us?" "Why, I will produce 'The Daughters of Babylon,' the 'Pool of Bethesda,' and 'Hamlet.'" "Ah, ha! and so you are going to play 'Hamlet,'" remarked Irving. "Yes," said Barrett, "do you think you are the only man who can play 'Hamlet'?" "No—an—but I think—ah—that you are the only man who cannot play 'Hamlet'."

Eli Perkins once asked ex-Senator Evarts how a man should lie to sleep well in a Pullman car—head to the engine or feet to the engine. "You shouldn't come to a lawyer with such a question as that," replied Mr. Evarts; "that isn't a law question—that is an engineering question. You should go to some railroad president—ask Depew." "But Depew is a lawyer, isn't he?" said Eli. "Well, y-e-s! Depew is a lawyer; but," continued Mr. Evarts, slowly and thoughtfully, "all the law Depew knows wouldn't bias him in answering any question."

The Duchess of Devonshire asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home. "Oh, madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, and for the honor of their country no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled!"

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night. "While cruising in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters." "But," said one of his guests, smiling, incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled." "Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs!"

A story is told of a very enterprising Jew who would give himself away and go to any length of self-abnegation in order to effect a sale. He was showing off a cloth on his arm. "Just feel de closch, butiful, soft as shilk, make you a lovely schuit of closch." Customer: "Yes, but (sniffing) it smells so!" Jew: "Thash not the closch—thash me!"

Speaker Reed, who has begun to grow very stout, was asked by a friend recently, "How much do you weigh?" "I weigh two hundred pounds," he replied, smiling. "Oh," said his friend, "you weigh more than that. You must weigh nearly three hundred pounds." "No," said the Speaker, "no gentleman weighs more than two hundred pounds."

Senator Heitfeld, the farmer-statesman from Idaho, was asked the other day if he intended to learn to ride a bicycle while in Washington. "Gosh, no," he replied: "it is all I can do to learn to get on and off these pesky cable-cars."

Charles X., affecting a heroism that was foreign to his nature, once said to Talleyrand, "For a king who is menaced, there is no choice between the throne and the scaffold." "Your Majesty," replied the wit, "forgets the post-chaise!"


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# THE WAVE

VOL XVI. No. 18 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 1, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

A SCENE ON BALBOA BOULEVARD

Photo by Charles Weidner

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 1, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| Pictures to Burn; by Justin Sturgis | 4 |
| The Cost of War | 4 |
| Alas, Poor Journalist | 5 |
| The Meet at San Mateo | 5 |
| The Woman's Congress | 6 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 7 |
| Views of the Fiesta Parade at Los Angeles | 8-9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| His Name Denis; by Etc. Jr. | 11 |
| The Racing Season | 11 |
| Evolution of a Trappist: a Review | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Marriage at a Discount | 13 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## AN AMERICAN HERO.

War brings its curses upon a land—death, misery, desolation and lasting bitterness, but with these come also many glories, and not the least of these has always been the production of the hero. Man must worship, and his most devout worship is given to man. We are such egotists that our natures demand some one of our kind on whose head to rest the wreath of bay. And him we glory in most who has led men into battle and won victory. The world has not yet been Christianized. We still have the blood-thirst. The ideals of the nineteenth century are not so very far from those of the first. The strong man, the bold, the unflinching and the sometimes cruel—if cruelty is necessary to success—still remains hero of the world. From the Ulysses of the Trojan war to the Ulysses of the American Civil War is not the distance history would have us think. From Julius Caesar to Napoleon Bonaparte is no step at all.

The people of the United States have spent much of this week in a revival of interest in and sympathy with the greatest hero of our greatest war. We have built for him a tomb more splendid than any other that stands upon our soil. Our countrymen by hundreds of thousands gathered on the banks of the Hudson to show how great their love for this short, sturdy, stocky fighter of his fellow men. It was not as President that they did him honor, but as the hero of Vicksburg, the victor at Appomattox. The flowers that fell upon that tomb from the hands of that grand army of late followers and foes, who rivaled each other in their evidences of devotion to his memory, were not cast upon the civil officer, not upon President Grant, but on the General. He had been as great to many had death taken him before the politicians. "He won our fight for us," cried the soldier of the North. "He fought us fairly and was magnanimous," exclaimed the soldier of the South. And all the people of the land, of the States of the South and of those in the North, rejoice that America has produced so great a master in the art of war, so grand a chieftian.

But Grant was a bigger man than the people think. We have never had an unworthy hero—be it said to our national honor. The men whom we have placed within the Pantheon of our eternal memory have been not merely brave and skillful fighters, but large men. Once or twice we have slipped, but never fallen. The instinct of the people, more certain guide than the reason of their leaders, has kept the national standard high, so that we may now say what no other nation on earth can say: "Our heroes have lives that our boys may read and follow without danger." And it needed the closing of Grant's life to prove his fitness to stand high up about the place where Washington and Lincoln sit. For it was not on the battlefield Grant showed greatest courage, nor around the council table in his tent that he showed greatest steadfastness, but in the closing years of his calamitous civil career. Ignorant of business he was caught by a schemer, and down both went together. But every cent that Grant owed he paid, and the work took his life as well as his fortune. The mind of the discriminating man who can appreciate the heroic off the battlefield as well as on, prefers to conjure the picture of the dying Grant writing the story of his life to the more brilliant panorama of his war victories. And what a book he did make! It should go into schools as a text book, not, perhaps, for its history of events, but for its simple and virile English. And it should be found in every household, where are boys or those who have been boys or those who may raise boys, for it is the modest record of a man who had two things not too common, purpose and principle. A national hero is Ulysses S. Grant. Not because he won battles, nor even because he loved his country to the point of deepest self-sacrifice, but because he had an admirable character—these words sound modest, but they mean much. And here he differs, as do all American heroes from most of the bay-crowned warriors of other lands. Grant cannot make us love as Lincoln, nor reverentially bow as does Washington, but his place is his own and honored.

## THE CAMPAIGN FOR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

The Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution calling the attention of the San Francisco merchants to the "advisability of increasing their commerce with the west coast of South America and with South Africa." Such a resolution is infinitely better than listless indifference or complete silence, but it will fall to the ground a meaningless heap of consonants and vowels unless it be followed up by action. All of our merchants are not directly interested in that trade, but such as are should come toegther and discuss ways and means; otherwise, the movement will begin and end with a resolution.

We lack public-spirited men in mercantile life, and have fallen into the very bad and very stupid habit of referring to a half-dozen merchants as being "representative" of mercantile activity. It is an abominable practice and serves to dignify men unworthy of the distinction. Many of these merchant princes are, in point of fact, but mere figureheads, whose horizon is limited and bounded by their own purely personal interests. It is a serious mistake for the smaller but more enterprising merchants to wait upon the action of these gentlemen if they expect to revive our seaward commerce, or broaden or extend our trade. We will never quite awaken to our manufacturing possibilities or our manufacturing shortcomings until this subject has been thoroughly exploited. Deplorable as our condition is with respect to manufacturing, there is still enough to justify a thorough investigation into the possibilities of this trade and an effort to secure it. But it requires something more than words to breathe life under the ribs of death and awaken a thoroughly aggressive mercantile spirit in this community. Since this resolution was adopted by the Chamber of Commerce, the writer has interviewed several merchants of this city as to the best means for securing and maintaining this trade. The most comprehensive suggestion is offered by a gentleman in mercantile life, who requests that his name be withheld for the present. He says:

"My idea would be for the Board of Trade, Manufacturers' Association, Produce Exchange and Chamber of Commerce to jointly form a Bureau of Foreign Commerce, and select some wide-awake, up-to-date man to manage it. Support the Bureau with public subscriptions. Pay the manager a good salary, he to devote his time exclusively to the matter. Let him have a cabinet of advisers, of his own selection, consisting of one member of each of the aforenamed organizations; but his to be the controlling vote, so he can be unhampered in his plans. Let him agree with his cabinet upon certain men to act as agents—say three, to start with; arrange salary to suit. Send one agent to Guayaquil, with instructions about as follows: Report on imports of country, quantity, quality, style of package, prices, duties, warehouse facilities and charges, customs as regards consignments, commissions. Send to the Bureau samples of such class of produce, merchandise, etc., as California can produce (these samples to be placed on exhibition in San Francisco, so that our local merchants may know what they have to compete with). Give particulars of time of transportation, and rates of freight from other countries. Let him confine his investigations not alone to what goods are actually imported, but consider what other productions of California might be salable.

"When the merchants here learn what they have to compete against, and they see an opening for their goods, they can send their commercial travelers to the scene with samples, and solicit business or make consignments. Let the agent communicate with the Bureau frequently, and the Bureau issue monthly bulletins to the merchants for their information. No doubt a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, paying from $20 to $100 per annum, to support such a bureau.

"I would suggest agents at Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, to start with. Those agents can be shifted to other countries after they have thoroughly canvassed their first territory. Any merchant may forward samples of his goods, etc., through the Bureau to foreign agent at his own cost, and the agent should be instructed to report on them through the Bureau."

This is a practical idea advanced by a thoroughly practical man, and one who is familiar with foreign commerce and its requirements. It is the basis for a start, and we offer the suggestion to the members of our Chamber of Commerce who take an interest in the subject.

San Francisco has had forty years of commercial history, and yet her mercantile community has not altogether awakened to the possibilities and advantages of foreign commerce, nor become accustomed to the business methods in vogue in other neighboring countries. In 1885 our exports to Mexico amounted to $1,395,400, while in 1895 the total amount was only $1,204,000, showing a decrease instead of an increase. Our commerce with South America has been irregular and almost entirely neglected by San Francisco merchants. Occasionally, cargoes of wheat or lumber have been sent to Peru, Chili or Brazil, but shipments of general merchandise have been insignificant. Our merchandise rarely goes further south than the United States of Colombia. An ex-President of Guatemala informed the writer some time ago that trade with his country might be doubled and quadrupled if properly managed, and that, too, along lines of produce in which we might compete with the East, and with the whole world, for that matter, despite our disadvantages in the way of facilities for cheaper production.

Consul-General Hosmer of Guatemala reports: "Outside of political reasons, even, the preference for American products and manufactures has pre-eminence. A good article from the United States is sought after and a higher price paid therefor than for its European competitor. This is the rule for many things, but does not always apply, on account of the cheap imitations of certain American goods which command a sale for that reason. Cheap goods will always attract attention, while good judgment does not, in every case, commend their purchase. It is the application of good judgment which gives preference to American manufactures and produce. But our people must cultivate the market by acquaintance with its merits through their own commercial agents. They must extend long credits, must furnish the kinds and qualities of goods called for according to representation, must be careful in packing," etc.

Indeed, there is hardly a Consular report from any country bordering on the Pacific ocean that does not contain a stereotyped notice to the American manufacturer and producer, and the California manufacturer in particular, that it is within the possibilities of trade to largely increase our export business. Embodied in almost every Consular report is the suggestion that we lack special agents in those countries, whose duty it should be to familiarize themselves with the people and their customs, advise their principals as to what credit to extend, the condition of the markets, and to push the sale of the products he represents.

The American Consul at Nicaragua says:

"The establishment of trade depots or sample houses would be a long stride in the direction of the extension of American trade in this republic, and in the other Central American republics. These houses should be under the direct supervisions of competent men, capable of appreciating the question of international trade. American merchants must let Central America know that they desire trade by coming here and seeking it, and must be willing to give terms equal to those given here by English and German houses," etc.

Our exports to Nicaragua exceed those of all Europe, and as the State Department advises could be greatly increased if our exporters would follow Consular advice and press their trade as do their European competitors.

In Salvador the United States Consul reports that we lead in wheat-flour and machinery, but that we are behind in wines and liquors, while in beer we exceed France, England and Germany combined. From Japan, from Manilla, from Bangkok in Siam, and, indeed, from almost every other Pacific port, our American Consuls report that our commerce might be increased doubly and trebly if our merchants would simply employ modern methods to secure the trade. With the growth of this export trade would come inevitably the growth of our manufactures. Possibly, in that trade we may look for an incentive that will build us up as a manufacturing community, for, after all, the welfare, the prosperity and the entire future of our State depend largely upon our ability to manufacture.

## THE WAR IN GREECE.

Three weeks ago the Athenian mob was clamoring loudly for a war of conquest against the Turks, and the King of the Hellenes was openly threatened with the loss of his crown and the destruction of his dynasty if he failed to comply with the demands of his subjects. The King yielded, and two weeks ago the first clash between the Greek and the Turkish armies occurred on the frontier of Thessaly. The projected invasion of Turkish territory was promptly turned into an invasion of Greece, and in ten days after the first hostile contact the arms of Greece were prostrate before the victorious legions of the Sultan. The supposed lethargic Turk has

proved himself a surprisingly active and energetic soldier, and the Commander of the Faithful, long believed to be at the end of his military and financial resources, has demonstrated that he is still master of an army with which the best troops of the Christian powers may have a long and bloody reckoning before they can be in position to administer the estate of the Sick Man of Europe. The Eastern question, always mysterious, seems now more than ever difficult of solution since the collapse of the power of Greece before a mere fraction of the Turkish army. And to-day the King of the Hellenes is in peril of dethronement and exile, even of assassination, at the hands of that Athenian mob which only two weeks ago threatened him and his house with ruin if he failed to do the very things for which his punishment is now demanded.

Undoubtedly the sympathy of the Christian world has been on the side of the Greeks during the whole course of the dispute which has resulted in war, and for no better reason than that the Greeks are a Christian people, and their adversaries are unbelievers. Such sympathy is unwarranted on any but purely sentimental grounds. The conduct of the Sultan's government throughout the crisis has been patient, dignified and forbearing in the face of the greatest provocation. The landing of Greek troops in Crete was an affront such as no government possessed of a battalion under arms or a ship afloat could reasonably be expected to endure, yet the Turks forbore a declaration of war, offered unreasonably good terms for the withdrawal of the invaders, and patiently awaited the result of the efforts at conciliation with which the vacillating, impotent and inharmonious "concert of Europe" regaled the world. Relying, doubtless, on the unreasoning sympathy of the people of Western Europe, and trusting that when once the issue was forced upon them the powers, or some of them, would come to their assistance, the Greeks ostentatiously concentrated their forces on the frontier of Turkey. Still the Turks were patient, and it was not until after Turkish soil had been more than once violated by the armed Greeks that the Sublime Porte issued the declaration that war existed by the act of Greece, and finally launched the legions which in ten days have crushed the military power of the Greeks. To-day the Turks are masters of the plain of Thessaly, the road is open to them to Athens and there is no reason to believe that the army which could not hold the strong military position of the Pass of Milouna can offer any effectual opposition to the further advance of the troops who stormed that Pass.

It is impossible at this writing to make any reasonable forecast of the final outcome. At the very outset the Turks announced that they would wage a war of defense and not of conquest, a generosity of renunciation which may be regarded as superfluous, as any increase of Turkish territory on the continent of Europe in this age may be safely set down as an impossibility. But the unexpected display of energy which the Turks have made, and the demonstration of the quality of the Turkish troops and of the ability of Turkish generals will probably serve to prolong the Sultan's tenure of the remnant that previous wars have left to him of his European dominions.

For the Greeks and for the present reigning family of Greece nothing but disaster is in sight. The realization of the dreams of Pan-Hellenism for the union of all the Hellenic people under one flag is indefinitely postponed if not rendered impossible. The Greeks may violently change their King, as they have done before, but such a proceeding will work no advance in their political capacity to maintain a stable government. They have demonstrated that Hellenic sentimentalism is a peril in their politics, and a worthless substitute for calm courage in war. They may proclaim a republic, but a republic of such a people would probably furnish a spectacle even more deplorable than a monarchy ruled by a mob.

## *THE NICARAGUA CANAL.*

Here is another view of the Nicaragua Canal controversy, contributed by a gentleman who prefers to withhold his identity:

Editor of The Wave: Usually I am able to agree with your editorial attitude, but your stand in reference to the Nicaragua Canal hardly meets with my approval. San Francisco is scarcely in the world under present conditions. You concede that wages, fuel, and the like are all higher here than in other parts of the country, and yet you propose to continue this unnatural and artificial condition, and effect practical isolation by maintaining a protective tariff about us in the shape of transportation charges. We can never enter the lists as a manufacturing community if we insist on keeping up the cost of home production, nor can we by such a plan secure foreign markets for our home manufactures in competition with the manufacturing world, which you admit is able to do its producing cheaper than we can. It is possible there will come trouble, and doubtless some of the evils you prophesy will follow the completion of the Nicaragua Canal, but such as may come will be short lived. In the end we will be placed on an equality with the remainder of the world. Whatever of manufacturing we have will be established upon a firmer foundation and a more permanent basis. There is no reason why labor should be higher in California than in the East. On the contrary, there are several reasons, chiefly climatic and cheap cost of living, that should make wages lower here. The condition prevailing here is unnatural, and we may as well face it.

The writer of the above communication admits, as does Mr. Merry of the Maritime Canal Company, that with the opening of that great waterway, wages in California must come down to the level of wages paid in the East. When Mr. Leeds was struggling in behalf of the Traffic Association to secure lower Transcontinental rates, he took the same position, and the only remedy he offered to the local manufacturer who complained that low rates would ruin his business was, "Cut your wages to meet the conditions."

We dread the day when the inevitable contest will come with labor, and tremble for the consequences. That the future holds a wage struggle is something more than reasonably certain. It is inevitable. That in the end labor will be compelled to submit to the force of a natural and irresistible law is inevitable. But labor is not educated to understand the true condition of affairs, and it is wrong, almost criminal, not to prepare it for what is coming. Whenever labor organizations have given expression to labor's views in the matter of forcing down transcontinental freight, or in the matter of constructing the canal, their attitude has been favorable to both of these movements, yet both are fraught with danger to it, and the accomplishment of either would precipitate labor troubles the magnitude of which could only be measured by the extent of Western America. It is time that a knowledge of cause and effect shoudl be brought home to labor, and discussed in advance, so that there may be the least friction when action becomes imperative.

## THE STATE UNIVERSIT

### Relations of Faculty and Regents Which Makes for Disorganization and Disloyalty.

In an address before the students at Berkeley last Friday, Hon. W. R. Davis, president of the Alumni Association, made an eloquent plea for loyalty to the whole University, and to the common interests of society. Mere scholarship, he said, is nothing, unless back of it there is moral enthusiasm and the disposition to work together with our fellows. As an offset to the individualism that runs riot at Berkeley, it was a timely and significant appeal. Unfortunately only about 100 of the 1,200 students in attendance, and none of the Faculty heard the address. It could be wished that his words might have been heard, yes and felt, by every friend of the University.

The standard of scholarship and ability at Berkeley, while, of course, not yet up to the wishes of its most enthusiastic friends, is yet high enough, as universities go in America, to justify a reasonable satisfaction in the present, and to offer a fair guarantee for the future. What causes serious alarm to all who have California's welfare at heart is the lack of character manifested everywhere within the institution. Petty department jealousies and a spirit of intrigue have taken the place of that single-minded devotion to a common ideal which ought to characterize a great educational institution. There is only one point on which the Faculty seem to unite. They agree in condemning any one who dares to imply that the University is in any respect lacking, This intolerance of any kind of criticism combined with a slavish pursuit of popularity, or dread of unpopularity, does not constitute a congenial atmosphere for men of ideals nor does it set quite the desirable example for the students.

It is not that the average character of the members of the Faculty, considered individually, is lower than in other institutions. In a body of men there is always a general character, which may be either below or above the average of the individuals in it. Circumstances have combined to make the general spirit at Berkeley far below the individual average. Instead of being guided and inspired by its best men, it has fallen under the leadership of its worst. Of course, these "worst" are not bad in the usual sense of that word. On the whole they are fairly good men. But in a great University we expect more than ordinary men. The people of the State expect, and have a right to expect, that their crowning educational institution shall represent a high moral standard. That it shall be above everything that is mean and small and petty; so eager to attain its ideals that it welcomes any criticism which points out a possible improvement.

The faculty at Berkeley contains men of three kinds. First, there are the men of, comparatively, inferior character, who have no souls above petty intrigue, no enthusiasm, no real loyalty. These men see nothing to regret in the present condition of affairs, and consequently throw themselves into the local "politics" of the University unreservedly. It is they who have given the predominant tone to the institution. Then there is a second, very large group, who would much prefer something better, who in their best moments condemn the spirit which rules, but who have become reconciled to it. Then there is a small body who withdraw from the whole business, who see no way to improve matters, but decline to approve.

The gradual coming into ascendancy of the inferior element at the University is a long story. To understand it we must remember that the ultimate authority at the University, as at other similar institutions, is a body of men knowing little or nothing about its internal affairs and hardly able to judge of its needs, even were they disposed to take the time necessary for informing themselves. Under these circumstances the president naturally becomes the real head of the University, the leader and inspirer of its policy, and the man responsible to the people for its growth and development. But during its brief career the University of California has had so many presidents, none of whom have enjoyed the full confidence of either Regents or Faculty, that this normal condition of affairs has never developed. The result has been anarchy—each professor, especially each head of a department, devoting himself to securing for himself and department as much as possible. Now there is nothing wrong in such action under the circumstances. The professor of physics is the natural guardian of physics in the University; the professor of history is the proper person to see to it that history is not neglected in the growth of the institution. The trouble comes from the fact that the men to whom their appeals are made, and who must decide between the relative claims of different departments and different men, are simply busy men of the world, ignorant, comparatively speaking, both of universities and the special subjects taught therein. As a natural result the man who is the best bluffer, who has the biggest pull, gets the most. Nothing like an ignorant judge to corrupt the morals of counsel. Long years of this sort of government has had cumulative effect at Berkeley. The most successful wire pullers have gradually come to the top. The man who was modest in his demands, loyal to the whole institution, and who had a decent regard for his neighbors, has been at a discount. In self-defense he has been forced to adopt the tactics of his colleagues. There are, as we have said, some few men on the Faculty who approve the present system, who like it. With the majority, however, participation is forced. But each man thinks that his neighbor intrigues from low motives, he from necessity. Result—mutual distrust. The primal necessity for the development of esprit de corps, mutual respect and confidence, is lacking.

Now we do not condemn individuals for this state of affairs. It is an unfortunate growth from a bad system. What the friends of the University do want to see is a healthy recognition of the evil and an earnest effort to nail it. We want to see in the Faculty a truer evidence of loyalty than hysterical outbursts of indignation at honest criticism, and the disposition to indulge in rhapsodical panegyrics of the University, at every opportunity. We want to see an atmosphere of freedom which will break down the barrier of silence, which at present keeps those who have the highest welfare of the University at heart from knowing each other and combining. We want more evidence that the best elements in the University are alive. We want to see the truly high-minded and progressive spirits in the University take the lead, and set the pace for the whole institution.

To make a trust possible the rare combination is required of diplomatic ability and financial knowledge. The fees received by organizers and promoters of trusts are fabulous amounts, some of them exceeding one million dollars. Charles R. Flint, who assisted in forming the Rubber Trust, was paid more than President McKinley will receive for his entire term of office. His fee was $200,000 cash down, and an additional sum in stock of at least $100,000. This amount was exceeded by the honorarium of $250,000 given to Joseph H. Choate by the Tobacco Trust. Mr. Choate also received in additional fees not less than another quarter of a million. At the close of the war John D. Rockefeller kept books in a small produce store in Cleveland. A partner in the concern invented a new plan for refining petroleum. Rockefeller borrowed capital, built a small refinery, and promoted the enterprise, and since then has received for his work not less than $50,000,000, making him one of the richest men in the world. Rockefeller's profits may hardly be termed fees in the same sense as those of Flint and Choate, but he promoted the oil combine in the very beginning, and instead of withdrawing from the enterprise in the general way of organizers, remained with the work, and is now the principal stockholder in the company. J. Pierpont Morgan, of syndicate fame, has organized, aside from his great bond deal, any number of combines, the principal one being the gigantic Coal Trust, which he was able to form through his practical possession of the Erie railroad and his influence with the Philadelphia road. Morgan is the principal promoter of trusts in the financial world. Some of the railroad reorganization schemes have brought him as high as half a million dollars. John R. Dos Passos, a New York lawyer, who organized the Sugar Trust, realized $700,000 for his work, and Lawyer Samuel Untermyer, who promoted the big brewery syndicate some years ago, was given $250,000 in stock and cash by the English capitalists back of the enterprise.

## PICTURES TO BURN

### A Slim and Dreary Art Exhibition at the Hopkins House.

There are three kinds of visitors at the Hopkins house upon the Art Association's opening night:

Those that come to see the pictures.

Those that come to see the people.

Those that come to eat the supper.

It is pretty much the same crowd every year. One gets to know, after a decade or so, the face and figure of the Patron of Art. But this year all three sets were disappointed. Those that come for the supper are, in fact, always disappointed. It costs a dollar a month to be a member of the Art Association, and in return for the twelve dollars per year one has the blessed privilege of two little feasts per year in the tesselated cellar refectory of the Hopkins castle. One usually must first stand waiting for some bevy to break and scatter, leaving a dark and dreary table, and then jumping the bystander's claim, camp at the ruins of the former festivity, and wofully wait and watch wearily for the wanted waiter. The refreshment seems little enough for these, for they remember that it is practically a six-dollar supper, this being all they get for their money.

Those that came to see the people too, were disappointed, for the attendance was slim, and there were fewer freaks than usual. The only Young Person that goes to the Art Association reception is the female Art Student, or Art School Girl, as she is sometimes called—an unique creation, whose tongue is trained to the terminology of picture-craft. There was a spattering of the more faddish society people—those who would paint if they could, but not being able to, don't. These make a point of fellowship with artists, and learn to prattle of values and all that, in a few lessons.

There are usually a few Berkeley professors present, they being all on the complimentary free list. But even the fascinating opportunity to stand around in evening dress (counting up black and white ties to discover numerically if one is en regle), to wait and wonder what to do next, and pray for one familiar face to fly to, did not exert its charm, and they stayed away, thereby removing one cause of enjoyment. Perhaps they have discovered the loneliness of a crowd of dressed-up strangers in a huge building, and hesitate now to punctuate the dreariness with their visible nostalgia. The vernissage was a depressing contrast to the gay and crowded opening nights in the old rooms on Pine street, where artist and swell rubbed elbows, and everybody was well acquainted, and went, though it rained pitchforks. The few tete-a-tete rendezvous were filled, and up in the gallery there was a smile or two, that tried occasionally to leak into the sullen air of discontent.

Those that came to see the pictures also commented upon the meagre exhibit, and the few interesting paintings and the indifference of both public and artists. Though the important canvases could be numbered on one's fingers, there were not so many as usual that were frankly bad. The jury has been extraordinarily severe this spring and many applicants were refused exhibition. There was much criticism of the work of the hanging committee, which did worse than usual at its thankless task. The house is miserably adapted to the uses of a gallery, but with such a small exhibition there was little

"CYPRESS TREE, MOONLIGHT"
BY CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

enough excuse for the crowding of the pastels and water colors, packed frame to frame in the reception hall, for no use was made of the southern suite of rooms, where the smaller exhibits might have been generously spaced.

The exhibition as a whole was insipid and lifeless. In spite of the conglomeration of subjects, there was a banal monotony. It was on a par with the whilom Mechanics' Fair art—the same old thing, done in the same old way—landscapes with marshes and hillsides, and dingy, colorless interiors, and others that were never meant to be painted.

Matthews and Peters aside, the artists did what they have always done, and did it about as well as usual. Mrs. Chittenden's chrysanthemums reappeared, familiar to the veteran, so well done it is a pity she does not try something else for a change. Latimer had landscapes, petty and pretty. Yelland did the same thing that he has done a hundred times before, It makes one sad to think how few good canvases have been done in the year.

Jouillin's name did not appear on the catalogue, though his effigy in plaster adorned the reception-room, but in his stead Miss McCormick showed a very painty sand dune, not remarkable in color, and Pages took his place in Chinatown genre, for the Chinatown painter we have always with us. Let the bad work go on!

The place of honor, if there is any such location in the rooms that reflect cross-lights and shadows bewilderingly in every direction, was justly given to Matthews' "Adam and Eve," which ambitious subject is easily his best work for a long time, and won the chief interest of the exhibition. It is a painting full of sentiment and of direct impulse, well composed, and though quiet in color, full of light. It is a real angel that holds the uplifted torch, and not a flying man. The foreground seems worked out with surprising detail as compared to the simplicity of the nude figures. His "Girl Reading" is a commoner subject, but happily handled, especially as it is the work of but one afternoon.

Charles Rollo Peters' nocturnes still show a marked Japanese influence, extremely decorative in composition, with nice attendance to line and form, but at some sacrifice of the subtlety of his former coloring. His work is of the freaks, freaky, but honestly and consistently enough pursued as a hobby rather than a fad.

Among the many portraits shown, Fred Yates' easily took the lead in strength, that of General Barnes giving one a most intense sensation of vitality and power. There were other notable portraits, however, which almost saved the exhibition. Mrs. Richardson's work was strikingly contrasted with that of her cousin, Mrs. O'Sullivan, one's canvases being very juicy, the other very dry. Miss Lundborg and Mrs. Sargent each contributed good and consciencious portrait-studies, which, had they been carried a little further, would have been among the best of their class.

Mrs. Wormser's "Elsie" is a warm and attractive presentment—a large russet-brown canvas and a small russet-brown girl, very well done.

A new name among the portrait-painters is Miss Mabel Deming, whose painting in the Conservatory is very pleasantly done, and shows unmistakable merit and more promise, this being the first exhibited work.

Among the students, Aiken has contributed the only sculpture deserving attention, and his woodchopper takes the edge off the horror of the reception-room show. Martinez has not quite come up to his last season's Aztec painting, and Miss Schwamm's and Mrs. Matthews' pastels in the hall, though fresh and charming, are too painfully crowded on the walls to be properly appreciated.

Keith, for some reason, always keeps his best canvases in his studio. His chief effort of the year is now at the Bohemian Club, and he is represented in the exhibition by far less interesting scenes.

Stanton has a trying subject in conflicting colors, not too successful in chromatic adjustment.

Among the nondescripts of the sideshows are a very devilish little portrait bust of Douglass Tilden, a velvety hollow hill, minutely rendered as a colored photograph, by Yard, six lonesome black-and-whites in the reception-room, a toy bronze without the onyx clock attachment, and several explosive, overripe sunsets.

But the band played on!

JUSTIN STURGIS.

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One of the most extraordinary funerals ever given a public man in France was that accorded two years ago to M. Burdeau, President of the Chamber of Deputies. He was eulogized as a self-made, self-educated statesman and a rugged patriot, who died in Spartan poverty, having served France all his life, and was decreed a national funeral and his widow a noble pension. It has now been discovered that Burdeau was quite the worst and most dangerous villain in the whole Panama conspiracy. Work on his half finished statue, for one of the public squares, has been ordered stopped, and some of the papers are even clamoring for the exhumation of the remains.

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Influenza is again prevalent in London, and nearly every person of note has either had it, or is in process of acquiring it. The House of Lords has been temporarily depleted by the epidemic, while the Commons daily supplies bulletins of interesting and distinguished patients who are on the sick list. The young Countess of Dudley has been one of the most acute sufferers, and both she and her husband have been invalided for several weeks.

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT"
BY ARTHUR F. MATTHEWS

## COST OF WAR

### The Combative Spirit a Terrible Source of Expense.

The cost of war is almost incredible, from the standpoint of finance as well as of mortality. The American Civil War involved an outlay of $10,000,000,000, a sum sufficient to have paid the purchase price of every slave in the South. The Cuban conflict has already cost Spain about $150,000,000 in military expenditures, and her expenses are daily amounting to over $300,000. The British expedition to Dongola last year was a small affair, but it cost over $5,000,000, and the march to Comassie during the Matabele war, in which a mere handful of men were employed, used up $800,000. In 1871, during the Franco-German war, France expended $1,580,000,000, apart from the enormous war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs.

The loss of life has been proportionate. Since 1850 nearly two million and a half lives have been lost in war. In the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 there were 225,000 victims; in the Franco-Italian of 1859, 45,000; the Austro-Prussian of 1866, 40,000; the Indian Mutiny in 1857 and the Chinese war three years later, killed, 52,000. The series of British wars in Africa, India, and Zululand, from 1878 to 1885, involved the slaughter of 60,000 men, while the recent Chino-Japanese war had 25,000 victims. In addition to the loss of life, and financial outlay, precipitated by a war, the destruction and waste of property is almost beyond calculation. This has been evidenced in Cuba, where the rebels are more active than the Spaniards in destroying plantations. The loss of animals is equally disastrous, hundreds of thousands of horses being slain. This is taken as a mere matter of course. In the Soudan War of 1885 there was a terrible slaughter of camels. Out of 7,000 camels purchased for the British Army during the campaign, 4,000 perished. Indeed, the very prospect of war, without its actually happening, is often disastrous, as was instanced during the Anglo-American crisis over the Venezuela boundary, when there was a drop in the value of American securities of over four million dollars.

So much for the cost of actual war. Yet it pales into insignificance when compared with the yearly expenditure on the armies and navies of Europe. For this purpose the sum of $1,063,738,195 was put forth by the European powers for the year 1896-97. In this expenditure Russia ranks first, with $258,176,350; Great Britain comes next with $191,670,000, which is to be increased by $27,500,000 for the coming financial year; and France a close third with $185,120,420. Germany's outlay was placed at $132,679,500; Austria's at $89,085,210, and Italy's at $65,849,200, while Servia spends the least, her figure for 1896-97 being $2,493,000. In 1874 the six great European Powers spent directly in time of peace, on warlike material and expeditions, the total of $480,000,000; and ten years later the same six States spent $750,000,000, being a total increase of $270,000,000. To-day the aggregate expenditure of the six great Powers stands at $925,000,00, or a further increase during twelve years of $175,000,000.

## ALAS, POOR JOURNALIST!

### The Newspaper Man as He Now Appears in Fiction.

The new journalist is a dangerous species of indivual, according to the current commentator. The rapidity of thought and judgment which the exigencies of his profession compel in him are recognized as productive of superficiality and moral laxity. Though he may be a power to be reckoned with in the transactions of the world, his own life is apart, and his mode of reasoning is different to that of the doctor, the lawyer and the business man. The reporter has no concern in events that make or mar the fortunes of other men. His metier is merely that of a transcriber—he records the sayings and doings of others, and his virtue, in no small degree, is in his anonymity. Seldom is he allowed to express his own opinions. Opinion is the function of the editorial writer, who places the proprietor's construction on current happenings according to a preconceived policy, which is founded on specific interests and investments. The journalist is asked by his editor to use his eyes and his brain, quickly, not necessarily truly. His virtue is in the graphic presentation of a scene, in the rapid, nervous, clever narrative of a proceeding, in which other men—the men who make life a history—take part. He dares not pretend interest or concern in what they do—it is not his business. That this aloofness breeds a disregard of the system and principles of society is inevitable, and it also makes a definite type of individuality.

The man who is in the world but not of it pays high for his exemption. In a capital criticism, "The Reporter and Literature," in the April "Bookman" Norman Hapgood says:

"But there is a strong social penalty for the individual. The young man in society often meets a coolness because he is a reporter, and his friends do not use that word in introducing him. Often he appears as a 'journalist' in the directory. Naturally, the youth who belongs to a class which gets by shrewd means the facts which the taste of the better part of society thinks should not be made public must be looked upon with a feeling of distrust. However sure his friends may feel that apart from his business, his standards are as high as theirs, the general contempt for the methods of the profession must fail to some extent on him; and usually, whatever his paper, he has, inevitably, breaches of taste to answer for. However strong his social position, he sees that his associates watch him with regret, as a good man walking in dark paths. They laugh at his stories, and are interested in his experiences more than in those of the lawyer or the doctor, but they seem to feel that some of his essential dignity is gone. And even where there is no condemnation there is often aloofness, as among business associates. He is regarded as a creature apart, one who may tell things, and whom events interest only from the point of view of fitness for his use. He cares for the outcome of nothing. "Go on and stir things up,' said a reporter to a politician. 'I do not care what you do, so you do something. It is all good for me.' This is the attitude with which the world has identified him. Two reporters were discussing the Venezuela trouble. 'The doctrine has cost a terrible pile,' said one. 'It has made lots of columns,' the other replied. 'Yes,' said the first, 'I suppose on the whole it has paid.' The world does not like that standard of judgment, but it is only too typical of the characteristic irony of the newspaper man."

Among the journalists both of California and New York Gertrude Atherton has had many subjects of study, having enjoyed intimate acquaintance with managing editors and special writers of the most varied dispensations. In "Patience Sparhawk" there is a new journalist in the role of subsidiary hero, and his condition and mental attitude are abundantly discussed. Here is the portrait of this remarkable person, and, as the context shows, the author considers him typical:

"Morgan Steele was a type of the precocious young United States newspaper man which only this end of the century has evolved: Prematurely wise in the way of the world and the nature of woman; with young blood and cold judgment; wary, deliberate, calculating; full of kind impulses; generous with his money, yet careful of it; ready to make cold-blooded use of a man to-day and offer him a free lodging to-morrow; possessed of more self-control than the club man of forty; without sentimentality, yet with a certain limited power of loving; having a thorough appreciation of the finer as of the coarser shades of woman; incapable of a blind supreme rush of feeling, through the habit of eternal analysis; placidly and philosophically content with the present, and fully expecting to be laid away in the past at forty; blase, yet full of boyish delight in outdoor sport; having faith in no woman, yet treating the lowest with cynical kindness and consideration which was part of his philosophy."

Rather a more sweeping characterization of the modern journalist is that of the veteran newspaper woman, Miss Merrien. Discussing the disillusionment of Patience after her first visit to the office of the "Day," she says:

"Oh, when you get used to newspaper men you'll like them better than any men you've known. What is objectionable is counteracted by their brains and their intimate and wonderfully varied knowledge of life. A newspaper man who is at the same time a gentleman, is charming. It is true they have no respect for anybody nor anything. They believe in no woman's virtue and no man's honesty—under stress. Their kindness, like Morgan Steele's—is half cynical, and they look upon life as a thing to be lived out in twenty years—and then dry rot or suicide. But no men know so well how to enjoy life, know so thoroughly its resources, or have all their senses so keenly developed, particularly the sense of humor, which keeps them from making fools of themselves. No man can feel so strongly for a day, and that after all is the philosophy of life. All this makes them very interesting, although, I must confess, I should hate to marry one. It seems to be a point of honor among them to be unfaithful to their wives; however, I imagine, the real reason is that no one woman has sufficient variety in her to satisfy a man who sees life from so many points of view daily that he becomes a creature of seven heads and seven hearts and seven ideals."

Rather a dangerous style of monster, is it not? Unreliable as a friend, treacherous and unbridled in his enmities, he makes no good use of his great opportunities. Apparently he is cruel in his indifference to the pain and destruction he may precipitate, and, if Mrs. Atherton be right, the ordinary loyalties of life must not be expected of him. He is a creature at once superficial and bloodless, leading a butterfly existence and yet seeing nothing in the flowers but their derivatives and in his fellow butterflies but a chrysalis. However, this is an extreme view. Most of the newspapermen the writer knows are married, and they value high such shreds of domesticity as their labors leave for them. Some, it is true, devote their leisure to poker at the Press Club, and but few even of the best realize the vital problems and solemn obligations of civilized life. That is because they are concerned with the imperfections of human institutions, not with their creation or maintenance. However, most journalists are firm respectors of the conventionalities, go home at night as early as possible and would never dream of betraying a source of information. When bright at all, they make the cleverest talkers imaginable, broad of view even if cynical, and intimate with the inner details of the life of the day.

GROUP OF HOUNDS AND HUNTERS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ECWIE PLACE AT SAN MATEO

## THE MEET

### With Hounds and Anise Seed Bag at Burlingame.

Last Saturday there was held at Burlingame one of the functions that keep the public gaze fixed on that center of sport and fashion. The fixture consisted of two events, a handicap steeplechase for polo ponies, two miles, and a three-mile steeplechase for horses that have been ridden with the San Mateo hunt. The prize in each instance was a cup presented by Mr. Francis Francis.

For the first mentioned race there were six entries, as follows: Mr. W. Hobart's Jack, 163 pounds; Mr. Tobin's Galloping Dick, 160 pounds; Mr. Lawson's Gray Gown, 150 pounds; Mr. Breedan's Texas Siftings, 148 pounds; Mr. Hobart's Laddie, 145 pounds; Mr. Howard's Unknown, 140 pounds, the result being a hollow victory for Mr. Lawson on his Gray Gown, Texas Siftings, ridden by Mr. R. M. Tobin, being a distant second. For the longer journey the entries were Mr. McCullough's Franco, Mr. Lawson's Blucher, Mr. Hobart's Jack, Mr. Tobin's Li Hung Chang, Captain A. Wainwright's Jim, F. J. Carolan's Wrestler.

A win was scored by Mr. Hobart's Jack, Blucher landing second, notwithstanding that his rider had a somewhat awkward-looking stumble in the course of the race, but he managed to remount and continue between the flags to the end.

As soon as the proceedings had been brought to a close on the race course, the drag-hounds were brought on the scene, and were at once taken in hand by the master, Mr. W. S. Hobart, who got them on the line laid out towards the Spreckels farm, and thus afforded the assembled horsemen an opportunity for a good gallop. The weather was a trifle warm for hunting, espesion furnished a good deal of enjoyment for everybody cially so late in the afternoon, but altogether the occapresent.

The following gentlemen acted as officials in connection with the races: Committee—J. D. Grant, W. P. A. Brewer, J. Lawson, R. M. Tobin. Judge, Major J. L. Rathbone; starter, W. S. Hobart; clerk of the scale, F. J. Carolan, and their efforts were rewarded by a gay and fashionable assemblage of spectators and an altogether successful little meeting.

The X ray has been put to new uses, aside from surgical diagnosis. It has ascertained the genuineness of jewels, and has also been made use of by French postal officials to investigate the contents of suspicious looking parcels in the mails. The latest story of the ray comes from Germany, and concerns the identification of a painting by Albrecht Durer. The canvas in question was a head of Christ, and was accredited to the famous Nuremberger. It was on wood, and was believed to have been executed in 1821. It was much discolored and dingy with age, and had been retouched by a "restorer." In order to settle all doubts as to the authenticity of the work a photograph was taken by means of the rays, and much was revealed that the eye could not see. The features and the drapery appeared much more distinctly than in the painting, and there also came to light a Latin inscription in quaint Gothic characters, the monogram of some Grand Duke (for whom, perhaps, the picture was painted), the artist's initials, and the date 1524.

Dr. Lueger, chief of the anti-Semites in Austria, has been again elected Mayor of Vienna, and it is scarcely probable that the Emperor will refuse to ratify the election, as on two previous occasions. Lueger is the idol of the anti-Semite agitators, and their fury is strong enough to overwhelm many conflicting political sympathies. Anti-Semite feeling runs high among Austrian voters, and to this is due the recent all round defeat of the Socialists, who made opposition to anti-Semitism a part of their programme.

## THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS

### A Spirited Symposium on "Education" in Golden Gate Hall.

The fourth annual convention of the Women's Congress was opened, says Mrs. Helen Gardener, in as dignified and impressive a manner as was ever any assembly in the country, whether of men or of women. The State was gracefully represented by Mayor Phelan in an address of welcome, the church gave its encouragement to the work through Dr. Wolk, and Education, whose advancement is the especial study of the Congress, found a delegate in President David Starr Jordan.

The theme of discussion as set forth in the programme of the congress is education: divided under the heads of child psychology, industrial art, mental training, morals and religion; one subject for each day of the week. This programme has been very carefully planned by the ladies of the Executive Board, Mrs. Swift, Mrs. White, Mrs. Van Pelt, Mrs. Dutton and Mme. Sorbier, with the advice tendered by President Jordan.

The annual conferences have taken up in turn, women's influence in the affairs of the world generally, in government and in education, and the interest in these congresses has increased in strength each year. The most important papers read at this week's session were by Mrs. Helen Gardener on "Heredity," and by the Bramacharin Bodhabhikshu on "Religion as a Synonym for Education," and their strongly marked personalities gave flavor to the sessions.

Mrs. Gardener, whilom associate editor of the "Arena," has become famous as an author, having written several books with-a-purpose. The best known of these is "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" a novel whose motive is the social purity question. She has written several other earnest stories, beside a book of essays scientific in character, dealing with sex and heredity and different

THE BRAMACHARIN BODHABHIKSHU

phases of the woman question. Her "Unofficial Patriot" has recently been dramatized, and will be put on the stage by Herne, after his "Shore Acres" tour is completed.

Mrs. Gardener is a diminutive, cheerful and curly-haired woman, but nevertheless dead-in-earnest type of congressional delegates, and combative in inverse proportion to her size. Her defense when she was unintentionally misquoted by the Mayor as to her surprise at the quality of Western culture, proved her wit and readiness. She is, indeed, a strong supporter of our claims to intellectual energy, and especially of the activity of California women in the agitation of social problems. The evident reluctance on the part of the managers of the conference to allow discussion to approach the question of socialism did not escape her. Could the little tilt with the Social Democrats on Monday have been conducted in a dignified way and with the proper spirit, it would have been interesting to have heard her answers to the socialistic fanatics, whose manifestations were so cleverly suppressed by the chairman, Mrs. Swift.

The Bramacharin is a fine type of the Oriental mystic of which we have heard so much but seen so little. The recent visit of Dharmapala gave one an admirable opportunity to contrast the Buddhist and the Brahmin.

Bodhabhikshu is as picturesque a character, but a long way the superior, intellectually, of the Anagarikan priest in yellow. His use of English is admirable, and his readiness of comprehension and of reply is a marked contrast to the dreamy-eyed philosopher who was so cruelly outwitted by the sages at the Berkeley Philosophical Union. The Bramacharin's conversation in private, with one well enough versed in Brahminism to appreciate his point of view, is ingenious, absolutely self-reliant and marvelously swift. His lofty conception of life, variant at every point with our Western ideas, do not so much make him appear a foreigner in his intercourse with Americans, as do they seem to enlighten the discussion by a light from an unknown direction. Well trained in science, in philosophy and in our methods, he is a man to meet an argument on any plane, and usually to convince one that he speaks whereof he knows.

To the coldness and soullessness of science he adds a fire, for which his knowledge gives one respect. It will be unfortunate for the Orientalists here, if he is not given an opportunity not only to lecture, but to meet in amicable debate our best thinkers, that Dharmapala's defeat may be wiped out.

Not since Annie Besant was here has there been such a chance for the Theosophists to dignify a cause, which has gained disrepute by the fringe of cranks that have alienated from the movement the most respectable of its fraternity. These freaks, the Hindu calls "howling Theosophists," and considers the reaction is natural.

"Modern science," says he, "is not truly scientific in spirit, despite the great progress that has been made in this century. Its procedure is Aristotelian rather than Platonic—consisting of mere classification. Since its deductions are made from so few out of the overwhelming number of phenomena of nature, its results are doubtable, inferences from insufficient data being illogical. In the perfection of scientific method the Greeks were far ahead of the achievements of modern Europe. The only true scientific procedure is that used by Euclid, which is, first, enumeration of the proposition; second, demonstration of its reasonableness by inference and experience; third, verification by proof. That is the proper way of receiving the truth. As to the origin of the proposition, that is, of course, where the Eastern and Western philosopher differ. We, by rising above material conditions of the sense-world, by emancipating ourselves from the material phases, believe we can experience the nomina rather than phenomena, and as the greater includes the less, the knowledge of the essence of things enables us to understand their phases on lower planes."

Bodhabhikshu's address to the conference included a beautiful tribute to woman—"the heavenly flower stolen from Paradise to adorn the home—but when she abuses her power she is the most dangerous creature in the world."

Mayor Phelan's most vigorous thought was given in the words, "Civilization has ever moved Westward. Its best should be in California, and since it cannot go onward, it should go upward."

Dr. Jordan caught the congress with his phrase "in the past women have been acting under sealed orders. The spirit of Democracy is the breaking of these orders. Now the time has come for them to think and act for themselves."

Mrs. Gardener spoke of the conference as "a social rather than a sex congress," and the unusually large number of men speakers gave the meetings a different character from those of past years. The congress has indeed sobered down to work in quite a different spirit than that manifested during its first years of existence. There was not the enthusiasm, almost fanaticism, of the former suffrage agitations, and there was neither the spice of wit and clever repartee that made Miss Anna Shaw's presence at last year's meetings so enjoyable. This conference is more conservative, more restrained and a little less exciting than those of previous years.

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With the rumors of Justice Field's retirement, which, it is said, will take place in July next, one hears in Washington much gossip about the succession together with more concerning a probable recasting of the Cabinet. It is understood at the White House, and in the Cabinet circle, that when Justice Field does betake himself to private life Judge McKenna is to be his successor on the Supreme Bench. This change in the Cabinet would make the office of Attorney-General vacant, and there are many aspirants for the position, the most prominent being Colonel John J. McCook of New York, who was talked of as a probable Attorney-General before the appointment of Judge McKenna. There are several legal lights in California who would be willing to accept the portfolio, however, but it is hardly probable that this State will be thus honored twice in succession. If Colonel McCook receives the appointment, it is said that Secretary of the Interior Bliss will resign in order that New York may not have any more than her just share of Cabinet representation. The Interior portfolio Mr. Bliss accepted very unwillingly and would gladly rtire at the first opportunity.

It is on this possible retirement of Secretary Bliss at the same time that Judge McKenna is promoted to the Supreme bench that certain California aspirants count

MRS. HELEN GARDENER

greatly. Principal among them is Judge Waymire, who wants to be Attorney-General, but if that is to go to Colonel McCook then he has no objection to being made Secretary of the Interior. Judge McKenna's old position remains unfilled, and the trouble about this is there are too many applicants and too many interests involved, to dispose of the matter hastily. The President and his advisers have thought that having given California a position in the Cabinet the vacant Circuit judgeship should be filled by a man from some other section of the district, and it is said that the Senators from Washington and Montana have been notified that if they could agree upon a man for the place he would receive the nomination. Montana Senators are supporting Judge Hunt of the Supreme Court of that State, and ex-Senator Sanders has a strong following. Washington presents the names of Judge C. H. Hanford, who is District Judge, and of B. S. Grosscup, a prominent attorney of Tacoma, who is a brother of Judge Grosscup of Chicago. Should California not get a place in the Cabinet again, and should the Circuit judgeship be filled by one of the applicants who are residents of this State, it is on the slate now that Judge Morrow will be promoted to the Circuit judgeship and that Judge Waymire will be appointed to succeed Morrow.

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Sarah Bernhardt gave a matinee performance at the Renaissance Theater a few weeks ago, the entire proceeds of which were handed over to the Greek Government. The play was Racine's "Phedre," one of Sarah's oldest and most brilliant triumphs, and she acted with unusual strength and brilliancy. Mme. Bernhardt is to produce a new play by M. Gustave Guiches entitled "Snobs." She will content herself with being stage manager, the principal role being played by Mme. Jeanne Granier, who has risen from the music hall stage to the boards of the Renaissance.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS—A GROUP OF LEADERS

DE WOLF HOPPER

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

THE STARS OF "EL CAPITAN"

TO BE PRODUCED AT THE BALDWIN THEATRE NEXT WEEK

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The controversy which threatened to make Montagues and Capulets of the Ashes and Mizners has been settled, and the custody of Ruinart is permanently vested in R. P. of the former ilk. I am told that the California Derby winner, among its owner's friends, is known as Will Ashe's Baby. It seems Mr. Ashe has long cherished original ideas about horse rearing, which had grown stronger because of repression. Being in charge of the ranch at the time that Ruinart was born, he proceeded to put these theories into execution, and there being no one to interfere, he had a fair chance. This idea consisted in the assumption that the bigger and stronger a colt could be made, the better horse he would become. This, he calculated, would be achieved by means of milk—not mare's milk alone, but also the lacteal fluid of the cow. So twice a day Ruinart had to consume a bucket of milk, and he certainly throve and grew fat thereon. There is not to-day a stronger animal in the country than Ruinart, whose only difficulty is that he takes rather too long to get up speed. For a two-mile run there is no horse in the country to beat him.

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Though times are hard and money scarce one hears at intervals of brilliant chances to make one of those big turns that means fortune. We all know that the gap in the Coast division line is soon to be closed by the completion of the railroad between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. When the Southern Pacific has a direct road via the Salinas Valley and San Jose to the South, it will make it the main passenger thoroughfare and overland travel will take it in preference to the San Joaquin. The Sunset limited will come north and go south this way, and the fertile valleys of the Southern country will appear to travelers in their best guise. Undoubtedly all this will aid materially the prosperity of Santa Barbara, which will then take on its destined importance as the Mentone of the West. This is apropos of the fact that I am told the Arlington Hotel, the prominent hostelry of that environment, is for sale at a very moderate figure. I cannot but think there is here an excellent opportunity for some one with ability and business intelligence to make a moderate fortune.

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The patriotic tendency of the Governor to reward with political preferment all his compatriots from Stockton inspired a certain ironical politician to pen to him the following letter immediately after the announcement which appeared in Thursday's paper of the suicide of two Stockton men in a river boat:

Hon. James H. Budd: Will you consider my application for one of the positions which the death of Dr. McCall and Frank Bolen has vacated, or in case they had not yet been placed, I hereby apply for any positions which they had been promised and were to receive.

JOHN JONES.

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The presumption that training for a prizefight is a costly proceeding is nullified by a story which comes to me from Nevada. Possibly, however, the transaction should not be considered a precedent, for it should be remembered the business management of Mr. James Corbett has proved itself as fine-pointed as a needle in discerning exactly where the interests of Mr. Corbett lie. When his representative went to Carson to establish Jim at suitable quarters he first entered into negotiations with the Steamboat Springs. It is an earnest, modest female who conducts the place, and she listened quietly to the representations of the pugilist. Corbett asked in general only that his party, trainers and all, be housed and boarded free of charge, that quarters be fitted up for exercising purposes, that each morning his first man should go to the butcher's and pick out choice cuts for his consumption, and that the bar be plenteously stocked with liquors of all kinds—all this at the cost of the owner. Now, a fighter preparing to become a world's champion is the devil of a fellow, and crowds come to see his condition and bag-punching from everywhere. Of course, it is proper that they should drink plenteously at the bar, and that the pugilists should assist them. The bar, then, is the source from which the Springs is entitled to recoup itself. Corbett was not satisfied to have board and lodgings free, however; his agent actually demanded 60 per cent of the liquor receipts, leaving but 40 per cent for the landlady. This decidedly one-sided contract was legally formulated, and it would undoubtedly have been executed had not a friend of some discernment pointed out its inequalities to the misguided landlady. The result was that the negotiations were broken off and Corbett entered into an arrangement with Shaw Springs on the same basis. That institution was a generous loser by the transaction, and will never again entertain pugilists in hope of liquor rewards.

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An amusing example of the inefficacy of expert judgment was recently given in the Proivdence mine. This is a claim located near Hobart and Hayward's "Dead-Horse." For some time it was worked by Captain McMurty of Stockton, whose superintendent was a man named Ogden, an energetic and honest fellow whose intuitions were rather better than his knowledge of mining. Ogden expended several thousands of his principals' money in tunnels and shafts, but in vain. Just at that time an eminent expert representing millions of Boston capital happened to learn of the property and he made an investigation accompanied by Ogden. At the operations he turned up his nose, especially at the location where the superintendent told him he expected to strike the vein. "Why, man," he said, chipping a piece of the rock, "that is diabase, and it is an axiom of geology that where this is found there can be no gold. You are simply wasting your time." Of course, he refused to deal further, but Ogden, angry at the indictment of his intelligence, went to work on his own account with some savings he had in the bank. He started a tunnel just where the expert had declared no gold could exist and some twelve feet further on he struck the vein—a splendid ore body, six feet wide and assaying $15 to the ton. The discovery alone made the Providence a mine, and later developments show better prospects.

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Apropos of the Bohemian Club's pictures, I am told that the Art Committee of the Directory recntly installed, is earnestly in favor of furthering the opportunities of the members to exhibit their work in the Green Room. Much interest in the many fine canvases recently shown has been evidenced by the members of the club, and it is the desire of the Committee to make this loan collection of benefit both to the institution and the artists. Almost all the available wall space is now taken, but several new easels will be purchased to increase the capacity of the room. A circular has just been addressed by the Art Committee, of which W. S. Stafford, secretary of the Hopkins Art Association, is chairman, to the artist-mebers of the Bohemian Club, inviting their cooperation. Each member is to be allowed to exhibit one framed picture at a time for two weeks in the Green Room, and a Register is to be kept in the office containing a record of date of entry and other information, not the least of which is the price of the painting. This will give the artists an uncommonly good chance of displaying and disposing of their work, and it is hoped that not only will the continuous exhibition mutually benefit the members and the painters, but will draw into the Club other artists not now upon the list. Mr. Stafford deserves no little credit for the encouragement he has given to the artists of San Francisco, not only in his position as Secretary of the Art Institute and in the Bohemian Club, but as a private citizen, for he has one of the most complete collections of local work in the city. Not only is the name of almost every painter in town upon his canvases, but what has much more to do with the case, he has paid hard coin for his acquisition.

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Meanwhile, Ernest Peixotto and Wilbur Reaser, who have strayed from the fold, are upholding the credit of California in New York. I have just seen the first proofs of Peixotto's drawings of the Congressional Library at Washington, and he has made excellent use of the fine opportunity that the Scribners' gave him. He is undoubtedly at his best in his black and white rendering of architectural subjects, though it is a line he has been forced in to rather than selected. The drawings are even better than his illustrations of the Boston Public Library. He is living in a cosy set of apartments on Washington Square. Mr. Reaser is now receiving the congratulations of his friends for his success in landing the $300 prize of the National Academy. This was awarded him for his portrait of his wife and child, a canvas as successful in color as it is interesting in composition. The painting shows Mrs. Reaser seated on a bench, holding a mirror, into which the child, leaning over her mother's shoulder, is looking. This portrait of his dark-haired wife is as striking as that exhibited here at the last exhibition of the Art Association, and the sunny-haired child is a charming contrast of color. Mr. Reaser is doing well in New York, and besides his studio work has found time and opportunity to give a series of suburban lectures in Dutch and French Art, besides having, I am told, begun the illustration of two books.

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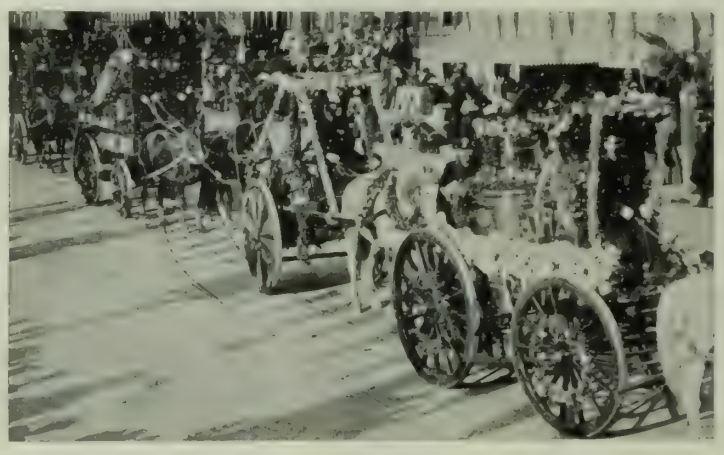
Since the visit of President Diaz to the Atlanta Exposition, he has evinced for Americans a partiality which must eventually make prosperous our countrymen in the sister republic. Heretofore the Germans have ruled the commercial world in Mexico, and have had all the best opportunities. Americans have been regarded with distrust, for there has lurked a suspicion in the minds of Mexican statesmen that our Government continues to cherish designs upon their nation. Once being convinced of the contrary, however, President Diaz has evinced numerous proofs of his favor. To a prominent Californian who had an audience with him recently, he expressed the belief that the destiny of Mexico is inseparably interwoven with that of the United States, and that the prosperity of the one involves the good fortune of the other. It must be the policy of Mexico to cement this relationship in every way, so that in the course of time the republics might be one people with two governments. It is interesting to learn that among the projects of improvement which Diaz has inaugurated, his latest is a scheme of public education. He has just entered into an arrangemnt with Charles Strange, a young Los Angelan, who has excellent financial relationships, for the erection throughout the republic of school houses. The contract calls for the expenditure of five and one-quarter millions in this direction. The results cannot but be of the greatest importance to the country.

BOSWELL JR.



*CARNIVAL TIME*

*THE CITY OF THE ANGELS IN GALA ATTIRE DOING HONOR*

Photos by Gard

*THE SOUTHLAND*

*HE QUEEN OF THE FLOWER FETE WITH PROCESSIONAL PARADE*

o Co., Los Angeles

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My Dear Diary—This week I am going to describe my frolics betwen breaths, so to speak. I am a physical wreck—exhausted but not satiated with pleasure. Time seems all too short for me now. I wish I could borrow some of the hours from Lent, and thus get in some little extras. Mamma talks of going to the country, and suggests Burlingame or San Mateo. Those are to be the really smart places this year; everyone is buying and building. W. H. Mills is one of the latest purchasers, and proposes making San Mateo his summer home. The Jarboe house is so pretty, and the Frank Carolan place, which is fast approaching completion, promises to be a delightful home. Mr. Carolan went East on Tuesday to fetch Mrs. Carolan, who has been purchasing furniture and things in Chicago.

I am not a bit anxious to go to any of the California resorts until later, but am wild to go East. So many of the girls have gone already, and ever so great a number are planning to depart. Mrs. Russell Wilson, Helen Hopkins and Caro Crockett left on Tuesday, and will remain away until the end of June. Mrs. Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon leave for Europe on Sunday next. They will be in London for the Diamond Jubilee. Is not that glorious? How I wish I could go. I tried all my arts to persuade papa, but he said until Leila was married he would not even think of it. So, alas, for my dearest hopes. However, she is still engaged, and Lent is over. I am trying to get her to set the date for her wedding, but thus far have been merely snubbed. It is hard to be a younger sister and have no one to sit upon!

Never mind, I have simply revelled in pleasure this week. There was the closing meeting of the Howard Adams Cotillion Club on Friday evening. I had a fine

MISS DAISY WHITELAW
Who is to be married next week to Mr. Walter Brunt
Taber, photo

time, but missed my officer friends. Very few of the older crowd were there. Florence Stone and I were the only debutantes, so simply had things all our own way. Florence wore cream and looked well. The german was led by Howard Adams and sweet Edna Van Wyck, who was simply bewitching in pink organdie over pink silk. Marie Oge looked lovely, as usual, in pure white. Clara Carpenter, a very pretty girl from the Southern part of the State, wore white organdie over pink silk. Beulah Stubbs was in pale blue, and Nettie Black was effectively gowned in green-flowered organdie over green silk. I begin to think, however, that Mr. Greenway has a prophetic soul; dances after Easter are not all one's fancy painted. Now on Friday it was too warm, and there seemed a lack of enthusiasm. Lent seems to deprive the girls of that esprit and verve which lends a piquant flavor to pleasure.

On Saturday afternoon mamma, Leila and I went to Mrs. Jewett's reception given to the Misses Withrow. It was a regular crush, but very enjoyable. Every one one knew was there, and a whole lot of interesting looking people that I had not met heretofore. The Misses Withrow go to London in June, and expect to remain away several years. Then I flew home, packed my grip, and caught the five boat to Berkeley. The Fiji boys gave a dozen of us a dinner at their fraternity house, and we had great fun. Edna Dickens, Edith and Beulah Stubbs, Nettie Black, Ethel Parker, Gertie Bates, and Charlotte Field were there. Afterwards we all went to the play given by the "Skull and Keys" at the McDonough Theater. Phew! I never saw so crowded a house, and as for smartness, the first night at the Opera was not in it. Numberless light waists and dark skirts, but nothing remarkable was observable in the dressing. Mrs. Tom Magee chaperoned a party of young people, including Helen Hopkins, Lawson Adams, Carl Crockett, etc. The McNutts had a box party. I noted Ruth McNutt and Edith Preston, who are among the belles of the future. Then there was Clara Hamilton, and Joe and Jack Sullivan. Sarah Dean, with a party, had another box, and endless other people. The play was dull, flat, and unprofitable—not in it with the last year's show. That was really fun. I don't see why the boys chose "London Assurance." It is all very well in its way, but 'Varsity plays are infinitely better adapted to amateur effort, at least that is Miss Cricket's humble opinion.

On Sunday I was so tired I did not go to church at all, but remained quietly in bed all day. On Monday I paid a number of calls, and in the evening went to see Neely O'Sullivan in "Shamus O'Brien." I never saw San Francisco so enthusiastic, but then Neely is a Native Son, and when the Lord returns to his own! I did not care particularly for the opera; it is not Irish enough. I mean the music is not. It has neither the sad strain of Moore's melodies, in which the spirit of music appears as a captive, nor the light liveliness of the popular songs. I liked "Now Boys, Listen to Shamus," and think it will become popular, but one cannot cling to many of the airs. Of course the whole world and its family were there, and I believe during the rest of the week Neely played to crowded houses.

On Thursday evening I went to the Riding School Exhibition, on Pacific avenue, under Captain Dilhan. The exercises were charming; some of the members ride as well as professionals. Mrs. Webster Jones and Miss Rose Hooper drove tandems, and managed their horses with surprising skill. Miss Komer and Mrs. Lent are among the best riders. Then there was the musical riding, the rosette figure and others. Mr. Burbank Somers and Mr. Webster Jones are splendid horsemen. Every Friday afternoon there is a children's class, and the little ones jump over hurdles and perform other feats.

Well, now, I must be off. I am going to a dance at Stanford to-night. Quite a party of us are going down to stay at the Sigma Nu's house. Jessie Cheever, Florence Stone, Nettie Black, May Crowell and your Miss Cricket. I have a perfect love of a frock. Then I am going to Mrs. Will Myer's tea on Saturday; to the basket ball game and to Mrs. Darling's reception on Tuesday afternoon. So now good bye. Yours till the end,

MISS CRICKET.

Mrs. Clark L. Crocker's commodious house on the corner of Sutter and Octavia streets, is to be the scene of an original entertainment in aid of the Children's Hospital. As formulated, it is to be a gingerbread fete, commencing May 11th and extending through the week, open afternoon and night, with all sorts of attachments and pretty girls in abundance. The house is to be converted into a species of Mid-Winter Fair with all sorts of departments. An Oriental room, an art museum, a room full of Indian baskets and weapons, together with kinetoscopes, animatoscopes, phonographs, musical boxes and other adjuncts will be sources of interest. Besides there will also be dances and concerts. In the art room Toby Ronsenthal's latest canvas will be hung, together with many other new canvases of importance. Each night the grounds will be illuminated with electricity, and altogether much fun may be anticipated. Admission is set at 25 cents in the afternoon, and 50 cents at night.

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The Easter season in Oakland has never before been so festive. Gaiety succeeds gaiety, and even in the midwinter the list of entertainments has never been so long. There are dinners, lunches, endless receptions and teas to chronicle, and still the invitations pour in. Most Easter-like in its atmosphere was the dinner and reception given on Monday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. McLean by Mrs. F. M. Smith The house was decked from garret to cellar with myriads of Easter lilies. During the evening musical selections were given by Miss Carrie Little and Miss Bowes. Another characteristic entertainment was the luncheon given on Tuesday by Mrs. Henry Butters of Piedmont, when even the ice cream was frozen to represent an Easter lily. Among those bidden to the luncheon were Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Joseph Moody, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury.

A pretty dancing party was given to the Friday Fortnightly set by Miss Grace Baldwin at her home on Vernon Heights. The music was particularly good, and the evening passed most pleasantly. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Jean Hush, Miss Marguerite Cole and Miss Bessie Palmer. A jolly affair was the "Keno" party given by Miss Alice Stephenson and Miss Sinclair in honor of Miss Clay on Tuesday afternoon. The first prize, a silver shoe horn, was won by Miss Bernie Drown. The booby prize, a rabbit's foot, was carried off by Miss Jean Hush. During the afternoon Miss Josephine Chabot sang some pretty ballads and Miss Clay recited.

The Neighborhood Club, 406 Third street, held its usual tea on Monday afternoon between the hours of 3 to 5. This society, which was started in 1893 has been most successful. The officers and workers are Miss Ethel Moore, president; Miss Delaney, vice-president; Miss Potter, treasurer, and Miss McChesney, secretary. Miss Booth, Miss Flint, and Miss Pendleton are among the directors. All the girls are most enthusiastic, devoting much time to the club. Several spend two or three afternoons each week in teaching the children or talking to the mothers about ways and means.

Quite a function was the tea given on Friday by Misses Holt, Simmons and Kittredge. The members of the "13" Club assisted in receiving. All the girls wore light frocks. Miss Simmons was daintily gowned in white organdie over pink silk. The decorations were in palms and La France roses.

The different fraternities of Berkeley have sent out invitations for the various luncheons to take place on Class Day, May 8th. Mrs. Wilkinson is to give a tea on Saturday, May 1st, in Berkeley, and Mrs. Will Magee has invited a number of people to meet Madame Urso on Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5.

A big reception was given by the members of St. Paul's church to Dr. Robert Ritchie on Thursday evening, in the parlors of the church. The decorations were really beautiful. The walls were hung with tapestries and Oriental embroideries and Easter lilies were massed everywhere. Dr. and Mrs. Ritchie were assisted in receiving by Mrs. McElrath, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Bromwell and Mrs. Babcock.

There are many pretty places around Oakland, but I know of no resort to equal Leona Heights. On Wednesday night last there was a formal opening with music and electric illumination, and quite a number of people from Oakland and Alameda made the trip. The grounds are looking charming in their spring lining of bright green, and every one had a good time. This afternoon the May Day picnic of the Alameda Public School will be celebrated at the Heights, and the prize awarded in the poem competition, which has been raging so ardently in Alameda.

MISS KEITH WAKEMAN
A California actress who has made a success in London
Elite, photo

The success in London of Miss Keith Wakeman, a California girl, born and reared in Oakland, where her family still resides, will be good news for her many friends. Her latest laurels have been won in the new Nelson drama, "The Mariners of England." Speaking of Miss Wakeman, the "Land and Water" says: "Graceful and gracious, she acted with distinction; her comedy was natural, and in the more sombre scenes she was convincing without whining." The "Sporting Life" has it that: "Miss Wakeman makes her part a perfect picture of a charming and unaffected girl of the period of the play, and her pathos sounds real and true." The "Topical Times": In Miss Wakeman we have an actress capable of expressing ardor and anguish, tenderness and truth, with well contrasted skill and intensity."

Miss Wakeman made her last appearance in this city some years ago as leading support with Minna Gale. She afterwards went to England with E. S. Willard, and this association with the celebrated English actor gave her a standing in London that it would have been difficult for her to have otherwise obtained. She remained for a time with Mr. Willard and soon attracted general and favorable attention. One of her late appearances has been in Sutton Vane's drama, "In Sight of St. Paul's," in which she made much out of rather dreary surroundings.

### A Splendid Showing.

Since assuming the agency at the beginning of the year of Moet & Chandon White Seal (Grande Cuvee), Messrs. William Wolff & Co. have imported twenty-six hundred cases—in view of the dull season, a remarkable sum—of which the agents, as well as the shippers, may well be proud. Californians also know a good thing when they can get it.—Pacific Wine and Spirit Review.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

The Nelson Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Mr. Frederick M. Biggerstaff, the pianist, announces a farewell concert for Tuesday evening, May 13th, at Golden Gate Hall. Mr. Biggerstaff will be assisted by Mrs. Sedgley-Reynolds, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham, and Mr. Arthur Weiss.

The musical evening at the Byron Mauzy piano warerooms last Thursday was one of the most enjoyable of the entire series. The programme was given by Mme. Alice Waltz, the Misses Sherwood, A. Harold Kayton, Dr. Arthur Regensburger, H. Clay Wysham, S. Martinez, and James Hamilton Howe.

Mr. Otto Benedix will give his piano recital at Byron Mauzy Hall on Post street next Thursday evening. Mr. Benedix's programme has been carefully arranged and contains, among other numbers, Liszt's "Will O' Wisp Studie," Brahm's "In Memorial," Schubert's "Margarethe at the Spinning-Wheel," and Chopin's "Sonate, op. 58."

The play at Morosco's next week will be "An American Hero," a spectacular comedy-drama by Con. Murphy. Among the scenic and mechanical effects will be a realistic storm at sea, and a magnificent tropical island. One of the features will be the first appearance in this city of Harry Shock, a boy singer with a remarkable voice.

Shamus O'Brien is proving a tremendous success at the Tivoli. Never has there been such a demand for seats. Each night the house has been crowded to its utmost capacity, and there is no doubt the merits of the opera grow on its hearers. It is excellent work that Mr. O'Sullivan gives, and the cast is quite as good as that which originally produced the opera in London. Shamus will be kept on the boards until further notice, and will be succeeded by "Miss Frisco," the annual Tivoli extravaganza.

The Orpheum offers a capital bill for next week. There are some very pretty girls in Fleurette's quarette of novelty dancers, and there is also a trapeze lady, Mlle. Airi, whose muscular development rivals that of Alcide Capitaine. The great sensation this week has been Tociann, the male soprano, a remarkably clever artist and mimic, who gives a brilliant and at the same time very amusing performance. Though this week's show is first class, the specialty menu for next week is among the best the Orpheum has ever presented. The singing of Senor Alberti and Mlle. Orlandi has also proved a strong feature.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.**

A full assortment of the latest Eastern novelties at Gruenhagens, 20 Kearny street. Ice Cream Chocolates—a superior make—a specialty. Goods delivered free to Oakland, Alameda or Berkeley.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

The Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Munier & Ieuch, proprietors.

**Faster Time on the Santa Fe Route—3½ Days to Chicago or St. Louis, 4½ to New York.**

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## HIS NAME DENIS

### Tribulations of a Popular Baritone in Philadelphia.

"No, I'm through with helping choristers, if I saw them starving in the gutter," said Dennis O'Sullivan with a grin; "a fellow creature, yes; but no chorus singers—not if I know it, and I want no more experience managing a company. Never in my life have I heard of such black ingratitude—here's the straight story of it:

"After we finished our London tour with 'Shamus O'Brien,' the American rights were sold to a pirate named Cowdrey, and we went on the road. Well, in Cincinnati the town was flooded; the people had to come in boats almost, and drove in from the suburbs in carriages, and we didn't take in much money. We got hung up high and dry in Chicago, where every company in town but one was in the soup. Cowdrey had been blowing in his money on a hare-brained show by J. C. Duff—'La Falotte'—which blew up after two weeks' run.

"Cowdrey, I knew well enough, was worth $150,000, if he was worth a cent, and had it stowed away in a stocking here and a stocking there. He had made over his real estate to his wife and his programme publishing business; you know what that means, having the run of five or six New York theatres,—to his son. But he squealed before he'd dig down into his pockets to square a couple of thousand dollars expenses for 'Shamus.' He owed the company $600 then; the chorus was only a week behind, and the principals had agreed to wait and play the tour out, so we were about two and a half weeks in arrears. Cowdrey came on the stage in Chicago and whined about his losses. 'I'd like to do what I could,' says he, 'but I can't do anything.' 'Can't your son dig up $600 out of his publishing business to save you from everlasting disgrace?' I said. 'O, my son, Eddy is very close, and he's very hard pushed now,' said Cowdrey. 'Couldn't your wife spare a few months' rent?' I asked, and he squirmed out a few miserly apologies. Well, I had talked over the situation with the principals, and had spent night after night going over the accounts. I had paid a man to watch the box-office in front, for the rascal had been actually sending money to Duff in New York to cover 'La Falotte;' I had retained a lawyer, for our show was paying expenses, but it wasn't worth our while to prosecute him, as I had to come West so soon, and, besides, it would have cost too much to prove it on him. Will you believe it, that while I was actually making their fight for them, some of the principals were trying to compromise for their salaries on the outside, but I didn't hear of this till later.

"So when Cowdrey had thrown up everything and whined about his wanting to help them if he could, I said to the chorus: 'See here; you've heard Mr. Cowdrey, and I hope you're properly grateful for his generosity. But the principals have agreed to pay the company to Philadelphia (where we were booked for five weeks),' and that's what we did, out of our own pockets. We forfeited our salaries, too, and came down to a pro rata agreement with the chorus people. There wasn't many that we hadn't already helped out with a dollar lent here and a dollar lent there, and three who got too drunk to perform were sent back to New York at our expense.

"Anyhow, we got to Philadelphia, and when we were ready to ring up the curtain at the Chestnut-street Theater there was a thousand dollars in the house, besides $400 advance sales."

"So when the chorus saw that they struck. They actually wouldn't go on unless their week's back salary was paid, their wages raised $3 a week, and their tickets given them to New York!

"The manager of the theater came back furious. He had $1,100 bulging in his pockets, but he wouldn't pay the sharks with no assurance they would go on after he had settled. 'I'll pay you in full after the show,' says he, 'and I'll re-engage every man and woman for the five weeks, but not a cent now.' There were five ringleaders and they pulled the whole show off and went outside and sent for O'Sullivan. I went out and they yelled for their tickets for New York that I had bought and paid for with my own money. 'I don't know who you are,' I said. 'You were members of the 'Shamus O'Brien' company but now you're a mob in the street, and I don't know you.' 'Give us our tickets!' they yelled, and I walked back into the theater, where there were five persons who hadn't walked out, and I sent them home.

"That crowd went chasing down the street yelling like a Roman mob: 'O'Sullivan has got our tickets! O'Sullivan has got our tickets!' They were half crazy and the people thought there was a mob afoot, and second story windows flew up and the town was humming. They ran down to the police station and tried to charge me with embezzlement. The captain had just heard about the state of affairs from a detective at the theater; he told them they were getting themselevs into trouble, and sent them flocking. They gang looked up a lawyer, and came back next day and sent in three spokesmen to renew the charge backed up by some shysters. 'See here,' said the captain, 'you'll be run in for conspiracy, if you don't take care—get out of here!' They tried to bluster and he arrested the three, and locked them up in the tank for five or ten minutes, and then spilled them down the steps of the station.

"Well, I was $576 out by the transaction, as it stood then. We lost five weeks in Philadelphia where they had held the theater for a roaring success. We were queered in Boston that was waiting for us, and in Brooklyn and Washington it was the same thing, and I had forgone a new contract offered me.

"The news spread all over the East like wildfire. The press took it up and the managers were red-hot indignant at the outrage, and the beastly ingratitude, for the chorus had left the principals in such a hole that they couldn't leave town with their trunks, even. Hoff and Malone and Marcus Meyer, the biggest agencies of choristers, sent to me for the story and the names immediately, and in two days that set of ingrates were blacklisted in fifty-eight New York theaters, and when they began to turn up at Malone's to secure situations they got it in the neck.

"But wait till I tell you about Cowdrey. Just before I came West to open at the Tivoli I went to him for the music. He had a bundle nicely wrapped up in beautiful shape. I said I'd like to look at it, for I had learned to keep thinking pretty hard, when I was with that kind of swine. 'Oh, it's all right,' says he, but I cut open the bundle and there were just two vocal scores and a few for extra string parts, and not an orchestral score; no wood, no brass, no wind instruments, and he actually tried to make me pay for the rest, after I had compromised with him (at Joe Redding's advice) for $75. That's the kind of a man Cowdrey is, and that's the kind of animals chorus singers are. And as for other managers, I could tell you some stories of London experiences with the Carl Rosa people that would accompany the same tune!"

ETC. JR.

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Up Guerneville way the residents are striving for the favor of campers, and actually offer to aid them in securing comfortable locations amid the redwoods for their summer abodes. Tracts of land appropriate for the purpose have been secured, and whosoever goes up there will be driven around free of charge. The S. F. & N. P. railway affords a double daily train serivce with Guerneville.

Haywards Park is one of the most delightful resorts during the summer season. Concerts are given every Sunday afternoon from 1 to 5. Take the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway the ride is a delightful one, and insures a pleasant Sunday outing. The Club House at the Park provides excellent refreshments. Round trip, 50 cents

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Beyond all question of doubt the greatest sale of Japanese goods ever held on the Coast is now being carried on by Ito, Sotomi & Co., at 116 Sutter street.

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## THE RACING SEASON

### An Extension of Time Cannot Conduce to High-Class Sport.

The question of immediate interest to Turf followers on the Coast is the proposal that has been put forward during the last few days to extend racing at the two local tracks for a further period of one month from May 15th, the date definitely agreed upon early in the season for the close of operations. It will be remembered that formal articles were entered into by the two Jockey Clubs limiting the racing season to the foregoing date and this action met with general approval at the time. It would be hard to discover any reason worth serious consideration for making such an addition to the existing programme. But as it is understood that the suggestion has been prompted by a desire to benefit a large number of owners, who have unfortunately failed to earn expenses during the current meetings, the officials will no doubt be tempted to give the matter as favorable a hearing as possible.

In matters of this kind the larger question of policy, as affecting the public and the general interests of the Turf, has to be kept in view, and it is on this basis that the authorities will undoubtedly be called upon to act. It is perfectly well known that they are opposed to any plans which would permit of racing being carried on in the neighborhood of San Francisco, beyond the season from fall to spring, and we may reasonably assume that they would not venture themselves to take such action as they would condemn if adopted by others. We have had events at Ingleside and Emeryville that are bound to have a marked effect on the future of the Western Turf, and this is likely to be further added to before the season, as already prescribed, has finally closed. In the face of such a success, why not leave well alone? The race-going public have been well treated and have gone away satisfied, likewise the best class of owners. It is true that the proposal to extend the racing term has been supported by some of the latter, but, if inquiry be made, it will be found that this has been because of a feeling of kindliness for their less fortunate brethren, and not from any wish or intention to continue racing here themselves.

It is in the nature of things for some to get left in the great game, and as a rule the longer the route the further the beating. The Turf is not a suitable pursuit for a poor man, and while every one rejoices when such an one meets with the favors of fortune—and there have lately been conspicuous instances of the kind on our local tracks—to turn racing into a benefit institution for the needy, even if possible, would soon produce decay and ultimately death. It is unnecessary to specify the more striking cases where owners known to be of limited means have lately captured rich stakes and at the same time gathered in large winnings at trifling risk from the betting-ring, but readers may have noticed the romantic story which has been told in the daily journals, where Mr. Corrigan's timely generosity contributed towards saving disappointment to a poor owner in a sudden difficulty, just when in reach of success. It may thus be given to a ruler of the Turf to exercise creditable feelings in his private capacity, which duty to the public under other circumstances would compel him to subdue.

The poor, we know, we have always with us, but as on the Turf all men are equal, it is well to regulate its affairs without respect to rich or poor, lucky or unlucky All that anybody should ask for or expect is a fair show and a clear course from the fall of the flag, or to adopt a metaphor more exactly fitting the case, from the rise of the gate, and if defeat has to be met, then wait the next opportunity. Even supposing another month's racing were provided, at the end of the time there would still remain a large class of non-winners, who might argue that they ought then to have a turn and so on ad infinitum.

The fact is that the number of poor horses is everywhere, not only in California, out of all proportion to the number of good ones. This State is in many ways a paradise for man and horse, but it is not desirable that its advantages should be bestowed on animals of either type, if they are bad. The best policy is therefore to discourage both, and this can only be done in the case of the race horse by working on such lines as will make it unprofitable for men to own, train and race inferior animals. Let any one look over the records of the waning season and he will not be long in discovering that, out of the thousand or so horses that have faced the there are only about fifty that have themselves really good property. being the case, is it not better to owners of the residuum a little time for reflection or a chance to seek fresh fields, wherein to try their luck or put in practice whatever may have hitherto been wanting in their system? We have had a good season in every way, and no greater mistake could now be made than to annex to its legitimate existence a term which obviously could produce nothing but sport of an inferior character.

It is not incumbent on us here, even were we able, to make clear to unsuccessful owners how they can best remedy their disappointments, but in a general way it may be suggested that they should look matters squarely in the face and ask themselves whether, if they are not prepared to improve the caliber of their studs, both in respect of original qualifications and training, it would not be well for them to find some other outlet for their energy and resources. Without good supply of ready money—in these days a terribly uncommon quantity—the right sort of experience and skill in its application, a man has no chance whatever at any part of the racing game, and even with all these combined success is no certainty. At the same time the fascinations are so great that no one who will give it a fair trial will go away altogether unrewarded, more especially if by the good management and enterprise of those in power, the best class of sport is provided for, and the true aim and object of the Turf, namely, the improvement of the breed of horses, is kept steadily in view.

In the course of a very few years this State has become the producer of horses that have earned the highest honors on this continent, while some are now trying their mettle across the seas. At the same time, as regards breeding, the outlook for the future is most taking, as there are on our farms stallions and mares of the very highest class. To secure the full benefit of the good work that has been going on and is still being persevered with, it is essential that racing should be maintained on a high level. To inaugurate a benefit for the failures and misfits of the local racing world would be to take a retrograde step that would produce nothing [illegible] now and hereafter, and would give point to the objections which the opponents of racing are ever ready to make. It is therefore sincerely to be hoped that the date originally fixed for the close of the season will be strictly adhered to.

When the work of the season comes to be taken count of the results will attract attention in all parts of the world, and, situated as we are, geographically and climatically, there is nothing to prevent our friends in Australia taking a hand here, as has already been done by them now and again on a small scale, and trying to land some of the good stakes which can be depended upon so long as high-class racing is promoted on our tracks.

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# EVOLUTION OF A TRAPPIST

## The Strange Story of a Sinner's Conversion — Life in a Monastery.

The horrors of religion has expression both powerful and poignant in "En Route" (Kegan Paul, French, Trubner & Co.) This book is the sequel to "La Bas" and describes the revulsion of feeling in the heart of the hero Durtal, who, having plunged in the depths of sensuality and assisted at all the ceremonies of diabolism, turns Catholic, and finally Trappist. The fact that the two volumes describe the personal experience of their author, Joris Karl Huysman—a leader of the symbolistic cult in Paris, and a writer of a prose that glows with the color of rubies and sapphires, adds to the interest and importance of the narrative. The report is that this supremely gifted writer having exhausted the joys of voluptuousness, joined one of the Devil Worshipping fraternities in Paris, and assisted at the black masses and other mysteries of that strange sect. In "La Bas" he tells of the extravagances of vice, the strange, unnatural enormities practiced by men and women, whose surfeited passions demand new sensations. It is a monstrous, painful and degrading portrayal, the tale of Durtal's progress, and it is easy to realize how a man of poetic genius and brilliant intellect, such as Huysman possesses, would turn from it all with a terrible loathing and fly to the extreme of religious frenzy.

In "En Route" we have a study of a conscience in an agony, and a soul wrung by obscene memories. Durtal feeds on the lines of saints; it is an ecstacy for him to kneel and pray before the altar, but an ecstacy tempered with most poignant regrets, self-contempt, and misgivings. Only D'Annunzio could convey more literally, more vitally, the awful agony of that soul racked by its doubts and fears, and its back-slidings trembling between hell and heaven. Yet the Italian with that strange skill in expressing the shades and colors of corruption could not compass the sustained spirituality and chastely beautiful coloring of these passages—episodic essays on the saints, on church music and architecture, which form part of Durtal's experiences in "En Route." Especially penetrated with this deep and worshipful spirituality are the chapters which describe his retreat in the Trappist Monastery—Notre Dame de L'Atre. Into the life of the white monks of La Trappe we are given an insight beyond the common experience. It is really the conversion of Huysman, his own confession, his own hesitation that are here set forth, for since the publication of this book the author himself joined this stern and austere branch of St. Benedick's order, and his great talent is buried under the cowl of a monk.

Something of the quality of the style may be gathered from the passage which describes the early morning prayers in the Monastery. Durtal, after a night of agony, in which his imagination tortures his conscience with innumerable temptations to forbidden thoughts, comes down stairs to the great hall.

He descended the staircase, whose walls seemed not to keep their place, and danced in the light of his candle, threaded the corridors, blew out his light, placed the candlestick near the auditorium, and rushed out.

It was pitch dark; at the height of the first story a round window in the wall of the chapel cut a hole through the darkness like a red moon.

Durtal took a few whiffs of a cigarette, and then made his way to the chapel. He turned the latch of the door gently; the vestibule into which he entered was dark, but the apse, though it was empty, was lighted by numerous lamps.

He made a step, crossed himself, and fell back, for he had stumbled over a body; and he looked down at his feet.

He had come upon a battle-field.

On the ground human forms were lying, in the attitudes of combatants mowed down by grape shot, some flat on their faces, others on their knees, some leaning their hands on the ground as if stricken from behind, others extended with their fingers clenched on their breast, others again holding their heads or stretching out their arms.

And from this group in their agony rose no groan, no complaint.

Durtal was stupefied as he looked at this massacre of monks, and suddenly stopped with open mouth. A shaft of light fell from a lamp which the Father Sacristan had just placed in the apse, and crossing the porch, it showed a monk on his knees before the altar dedicated to the Virgin.

He was an old man of more than four-score years; motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed, leaning forward in such an access of adoration, that the faces in ecstasy in the early masters seemed, compared with his, forced and cold. Yet his features were vulgar, his shaven skull, without a crown, tanned by many suns and rains, was brick-colored, his eye was dim, covered with a film by age, his face was wrinkled, shrivelled, stained like an old log, hidden in a thicket of white hair, while his somewhat snub nose made the general effect of the face singularly common.

But there went out, not from his eyes, nor his mouth, but from everywhere and nowhere, a kind of angelic look which was diffused over his head, and enveloped all his poor body, bowed in its heap of rags.

* * *

In this old man the soul did not even give herself the trouble to reform and ennoble his features, she contented herself in annihilating them with her rays; it was, as it were, the nimbus of the old saints not now remaining round the head, but extending over all the features, pale and almost invisible, bathing his whole being.

* * *

The dawn whitened the windows, and as the darkness was gradually dissipated, the other brethren were visible in turn to Durtal; all these men, wounded by divine love, prayed ardently, flashed out beyond themselves noiselessly before the altar. Some were quite young, on their knees, with their bodies upright; others, their eyeballs in ecstasy, were leaning back, and seated on their heels; others again were making the way of the cross, and were often placed each opposite another face to face, and they looked without seeing, as with the eyes of the blind.

And among these lay brethren, some fathers buried in their great white cowls lay prostrate and kissed the ground.

"Oh to pray, pray like these monks!" cried Durtal within himself.

He felt his unhappy soul grow slack within him; in this atmosphere of sanctity he unbent himself, and sank down on the pavement, humbly asking pardon from Christ, for having soiled by his presence the purity of this place.

* * *

Then he again realized this chapel, where his animal part had alone remained, and he looked round him with astonishment; the greater part of the brethren had gone, one father remained prostrate before our Lady's altar; he quitted it in his turn, and went back to the apse, as the other fathers entered it.

Durtal looked at them; they were of all sizes and all kinds; one fat and bald, with a long black beard and spectacles, some little fair and puffy men, some very old, bristling with skin like a wild boar, others very young, with a vague air of German dreaminess, with their eyes under their glasses; and almost all except the very young had this feature in common; a large belly, and cheeks with little red streaks.

Suddenly through the open door in the apse itself appeared the tall monk who had conducted the office the evening before. He threw back on his chasuble the woolen hood which covered his head, and assisted by two white monks went up to the high altar to say mass.

And it was not one of those masses served as so many are are cooked in Paris, but a mass slow, meditated, and profound, a mass where the priest takes long to consecrate, overwhelmed before the altar, and when he elevated the Host no little bell tinkled, but the bells of the monastery spread abroad their slow peal, brief dull strokes, almost plaintive, while the Trappists disappeared, crouched on all-fours, their heads hidden below their desks.

When the mass ended it was nearly 6 o'clock.

Balzac wrote once the story of a purchase—to show the possibilities of drama and intrigue in a mere retail bargain sale. The confession of Durtal—his first confession in the Trappist Monastery, is made by the genius of Huysman a veritable tragedy. No one ever portrayed with such burning insight the terrible struggle which may rage within the conscience of an individual—a struggle as intense, as important, as the clash of soldiers in contest, of warships in action. He is finally at the feet of the father who listens to the litany of his offenses.

He tried to collect himself, to compose himself—and he drew himself up quickly; he heard the footsteps of the monk. The door opened, and, for the first time, Durtal dared to look the prior in the face; it seemed to be hardly the same man, nor the face, he had noticed from a distance; the profile was so haughty, and the full face so sweet; the eye dulled the proud energy of the features, an eye familiar and deep, when at the same time there was a quiet joy and a sad pity.

"Come," he said, "do not be disturbed, you are about to speak to our Savior alone, who knows all your faults." And he knelt down and prayed for some time and came, as on the day before, to sit by the pre-Dieu; he bent towards Durtal and listened.

Somewhat reassured, the penitent began without too great anguish. He accused himself of faults common to all men, want of charity towards his neighbor, evil speaking, hate, rash judgment, abuses, lies, vanity, anger, etc.

The monk interrupted him for a moment.

"You said, just now, I think, that in your youth you contracted debts; have you paid them?"

And on an affirmative sign from Durtal, he said, "Good," and went on,

"Have you belonged to any secret society? have you fought a duel?—I am obliged to ask these questions for they are reserved cases."

"No?—Good"—and he was silent.

"Before God, I accuse myself of everything," resumed Durtal; "as I confessed to you, yesterday, since my first communion I have given up everything; prayers, mass, everything; I have denied God, I have blasphemed, I had entirely lost faith."

And Durtal stopped.

He was reaching the sins of the flesh. His voice fell.

"Here I do not know how to explain myself," he said, keeping back his tears.

"Let us see," the monk said gently; "you told men yesterday that you had committed all those acts which are comprised in the sin of lust."

"Yes, father," and trembling, he added, "Must I go into the details?"

"No, it is useless. I will confine myself to asking you, for it alters the nature of the sin, whether in your case there have been any private sins, or any sins committed between persons of the same sex?"

"Not since I left school."

"Have you committed adultery?"

"Yes."

"Am I to understand that in your relations with women, you have committed every possible excess?"

Durtal made an affirmative sign.

"That is sufficient."

And the mnk was silent

Durtal choked with disgust; the avowal of these horrors was a terrible effort to him; yet crushed as he was by shame, he was beginning to breathe, when suddenly he plunged his head again in his hands.

The remembrance of the sacrilege in which Madame Chantelouve had made him share, came back to him.

Hesitatingly he confessed that he had from curiosity assisted at a black mass, and that afterwards, without wishing it, he had defiled a Host which that woman, saturated with Satanism, concealed about her.

The prior listened without moving.

"Did you continue your visits to that woman?"

"No: that had given me a horror of her."

The Trappist reflected and said:

"That is all?"

"I think I have confessed everything," replied Durtal.

The confessor was silent for some minutes, and then in a pensive voice, he murmured:

"I am struck, even more than yesterday, by the astonishing miracle which Heaven has worked in you.

**The life of the Trappist is indeed a living death. Apparently the claims of nature are ignored by these ascetics, whose practice it is to deny themselves sleep and food in order that they may subdue the body and exalt the soul. To the unitarian mind it may seem like useless endeavor—this passionate devotion to abstinence, this concentration of life to prayer, when so much of the world is left to subdue and souls are longing for comfort and assistance in every clime. But there must be refuges for tortured souls, there must be asylums where men may glut their regrets with penance and fasts. The following passage gives a vivid idea of the life in such a Monastery as Notre Dame de L'Atre.**

"It is a mistake to suppose that most Trappists have lived in the world. The idea, so widespread, that people take refuge in La Trappe after long sorrows or disorderly lives, is absolutely false; besides, to be able to stand the weakening rule of the cloister it is necessary to begin young, and not to come in worn out with every kind of abuse.

"It is also necessary to avoid confounding misanthropy with the monastic vocation; it is not hypochondria, but the divine call, which leads to La Trappe. There is a special grace, which makes all young men who have never lived in the world long to bury themselves in silence and therein suffer the hardest privations; and they are happy as I hope you will be; and yet their life is still more rigorous than you would think; take the lay brothers, for example.

"Think of their giving themselves up to the most painful labor, and that they have not, like the fathers, the consolation of singing and assisting at all the offices; remember that even their reward, the communion, is not very often conceded to them.

"Now think of the winter here. The cold is frightful; in these decayed buildings nothing shuts properly, and the wind sweeps the house from top to bottom; they freeze without fires, they sleep upon pallets, and they cannot help or encourage each other, for they hardly know each other, as all conversation is forbidden.

"Think, also, that these poor people never hear a kindly word, a word which would soothe and comfort them. They work from dayn till night, and the master never thanks them for their zeal, never tells the good workmen that he is pleased.

"Consider, also, that in summer when men are hired from the neighboring villages to reap the harvest, these rest when the sun scorches the fields; they sit in their shirt sleeves under the shade of the ricks, and drink, if they are thirsty, and eat; and the lay brother in his heavy clothes looks at them and goes on with his work, and neither eats nor drinks. Ah! men must have well-tempered souls to stand such a life."

"But surely there must be some off days," said Durtal, "when the rule is relaxed?"

"Never; there is not even, as in some very strict orders—the Carmelites, to take one instance—an hour of recreation, when the religious may talk and laugh. Here, the silence is eternal."

"Even when they are together in the refectory?"

"Then they read the Conferences of Cassien, the 'Holy Ladder' of Climacus, the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, or some other pious book."

"And on Sunday?"

"On Sunday they rise an hour earlier; but on the whole it is their best day, for they can follow all the offices and pass their whole time in church."

"Humility and self-denial carried to such an extent are superhuman!" cried Durtal. "But they are surely given a sufficient quantity of strong nourishment to enable them to give themselves up from morning till evening to exhausting work in the fields?"

M. Bruno smiled.

"They simply get vegetables which are not even as good as those which are served to us, and, by way of wine, they quench their thirst with a sour and insipid liquid, which leaves half a glass full of sediment. They get a pint each, and if they are thirsty they can add water."

"And how often do they eat?"

"That depends. From the 14th September to Lent they only eat once a day, at half-past two—and during Lent this meal is put off till four o'clock. From Easter to the 14th September, when the Cistercian fast is less strict, dinner is at about half-past eleven, and to this may be added a light meal in the evening.

"It is frightful! to work for months on one meal a day, two hours after noon, after being up since two o'clock in the morning; having had no dinner the evening before."

"It is sometimes necessary to relax the rule a little, and when a monk fails from weakness he is not refused a morsel of bread.

"It would be well," continued M. Bruno, pensively, "to relax still further the grasp of these observances, for this question of food is becoming a veritable stumbling-block in recruiting for La Trappe; souls which delight in these cloisters are forced to fly them, because their bodies cannot stand the rule."

"And the fathers lead the same life as the lay brothers?"

"Absolutely—they set the example; they all swallow the same pittance, and sleep in the same doromitory on similar beds; there is complete equality. Only, the fathers have the advantage of singing the office and obtaining more frequent communions."

The translation by C. Kegan Paul seems excellent. The style with its extreme flexibiliteies, its mystic subtleties, is most difficult of English representation. The effect is attained, however.

(For sale by Wm. Doxey.)

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## THE THEATRES

### A Nonesense Play at the Columbia—An Impression of "Shamus O'Brien"

Of all the plotless, farcical, theatrical nonsense that ever ventured upon a Western tour, "A Run on the Bank," which was presented at the Columbia this week, is the frothiest of them all. It is a hodgepodge of the most virulent type; nonsensical in the extreme. In fact, the very nonsense of it is what makes it amusing. Imagine six sons of the Emerald Isle, with plug hats and clay pipes, singing and dancing to the click of castanets and the tap of tambourines, like Carmen in the Spanish opera. It is incongruous and ridiculous. Its very incongruity startles you into laughter. The jokes are not all new, and if Ward and Vokes were at all puzzled over the fact that some of their witticisms fell lifeless, they must not attribute our unresponsiveness to a lack of humor, but rather to the age and weakness of the witticisms. We have laughed over many of the Ward and Vokes jokes before those gentlemen had achieved popularity on the vaudeville stage, and it is a little difficult to conjure up the same old smile over the same old jokes every time you hear them.

The beauty of "A Run on the Bank" is its absolute recklessness of plot or effort at continuity of action. The people come on and go off the stage in the most unconventional manner, and if anyone is particularly bad you don't see much of him. Practically the show is a vaudeville entertainment, held together by a very thin and attenuated thread of a plot, that may mean anything or everything, or it may mean nothing. The play simply gives the curtain man a chance to raise and lower the curtain three times for a shifting of scenes, and allows a dozen or so of specialty people, some very clever and some otherwise, to sing and dance and perform acrobatic feats as they may choose. You catch yourself laughing, but you are not alone, for the house is crowded, and merriment rules from first to last.

The Tivoli has also been blessed with crowded houses during the week. "Shamus O'Brien," a romantic comic opera in three acts, with Denis O'Sullivan in the title role, has been the attraction. I think the disappointment was general over the music of the opera. We have associated with Irish music two attributes, rollicking choruses and tender melodies, and one canot justly say that either was present in "Shamus O'Brien." The fault of the piece lies with the composer. The story is interesting, and the people apt. O'Sullivan presents a manly and handsome figure, but there is not a song, nor a strain, that one carries away, or that lingers for a moment in the mind. With this type of opera such an omission is a fault, and the composer should make an effort to introduce a little of the popular in his work; otherwise he cannot hope for success. B.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

There is a second week of Ward and Vokes at the Columbia. Some new songs and specialties will be introduced. Rice's "Excelsior, Jr.," follows, with a cast including Sadie Martinot, Joe Cauthorn, Johhny Page, Nelly Strickland, Gerge Olmi, and Neil McNeil. The piece has had a long run at the Olympia in New York and is said to be way ahead of anything of the kind seen in late years.

De Wolf Hopper opens his engagement at the Baldwin Monday evening, with his new opera "El Capitan." The piece has been a great success, is full of dainty, catchy, melodies, and any amount of taking comedy. Mr. Hopper is assisted by Edna Wallace Hopper, and an unusually good company, including Mella Bergen, a beautiful and talented prima donna, and Alfred Klein, a clever comedian. Nat Goodwin follows De Wolf Hopper at the Baldwin, and will present "The Rivals" and "David Garrick" in addition to "An American Citizen."

That Moroscos put on a melodrama more elaborately than any other house in the country has abundant proof every Monday night, in the mounting of the various plays that are presented for the week's run. No scenic effect is too difficult to be represented. The stage manager and his force of assistants are able, apparently, to build anything and will produce any effect asked with fine realisms and little dwelling on the achievement. In "The Smugglers" there are some very remarkable scenes—the heroine is snatched from the jaws of death scores of times, and the sensational interest is heightened by the realism of her surroundings. Mamie Sheridan Wolford does excellent work in the heroine's role, and John J. Pierson as captain of the smugglers gives a clever performance.

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## MARRIAGE AT A DISCOUNT

### Managers Claim That Hymen Mars the Popularity of Stage Heroes.

The self-consciousness of stage folk is so generally recognized that one feels it the invasion of a blissful privilege to discuss with a great actor or an eminent actress the vulgar subjects of which the outside world is talking. The interest of the player is in himself. He thinks of others only in comparison with his own personality. He becomes autobiographical almost wthout provocation and in spite of your best efforts, and will resent as a serious holdup of privilege any effort on your part to cap his experiences with your own. This exaggerated assumption of importance is due, doubtless, to the newspapers which are devoting their columns to the serious discussion of dramatic affairs. No other branch of human eddeavor, save the law, has half the space accorded to it that the stage has. No wonder that Brown, the tragedian, and Miss De Berry, the far-famed actress, gave themselves airs and are aggrieved if you prefer talking about the Cretan insurrection to conversing about the conception of their latest roles. The way in which "I did this," and "the posture with which I accompanied that," are really more to them than the recommendations of the President's message.

Apropos of the separation of Julia Marlowe and her husband, Robert Taber, who are to head separate companies, the question of marriages between players has been made a subject of controversy in New York. Is it a drawback to the enjoyment of the audience, if it knows the impassioned Robinson who woes so ardently the captivating Miss Green has long ago legalized the fervid embraces and legitimatized the burning kisses which he impresses on her rich, red lips? Would it not prefer to think of them as inimitable suitors—perhaps loving one another under the disguise of their roles—but not authorized and sanctioned to hug and kiss by dell, brook and candle? Some managers object to married or even engaged couples in the same company; others do not, and claim it is beneficial. There is Charles Frohman, for instance, who has no objection to married people in lover's roles, and Daniel Frohman asserts that the presence of a respectable married or engaged couple in a company heightens the tone of the organization. The excellent Frohmans, and as they think, thinks Al Hayman. The ingenious Minnie Madden Fiske cannot see what ground there is for disapproval if husband and wife can only fill the artistic requirements of opposite parts. On the same side is Olga Nethersole, who believes that love-making is a question of art, not personality. You may remember the celebrity which her kisses attained? There is also E. H. Southern, who suggests that it would be a sad thing for the stage should a rule be adopted forbidding people who are married to take any parts for which they are otherwise fitted. Which is cunning of Mr. Southern, as he is on the verge of matrimony with Miss Virginia Harned. But here is the other side:

David Belasco would never cast a husband and wife in lover's roles; Jessie Bartlett Davis says a married couple in a company is a hazard, and Oscar Hammerstein won't even permit wedding rings to be worn on his stage. Among these matrimony is decidedly at a discount—is a detriment indeed. But May Irwin c[illegible] to the rescue. She has an old-fashi[illegible] fondness for matrimony, and believes i[illegible] married actors. She says she wants to go squarely on record in favor of married members of the profession playing together whenever it is possible for them to do so. Bully for May: Is not her commitment to one side or another of any question a weighty argument? Who dares doubt it?

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## CHARLIE HEARD HER.

The recently engaged girl was so blue and disconsolate that all the other club members fell to questioning her excitedly.

"I'll tell you girls about it if you'll promise never to breathe a word of it to any one else," she said miserably, and she hardly waited for the required vow before beginning her story.

"The Gibson family was over at our house yesterday afternoon," she explained, "and when they went away we walked up to the car with them, Charlie and I. I'd asked Charlie to take the girls home, you know; I wanted them to see how nice he was. So he walked with the youngest girl, and I was right behind them with the other. When we got near to the car tracks we heard the car coming, and that silly youngest girl ran for it, and of course Charlie ran with her. So, seeing that he was gone, I thought I'd talk a little for the other girl's benefit. She'd been guying and teasing me a[illegible] afternoon, you know. So I told her that I really didn't love Charlie. That he begged me to marry him until I couldn't stand it any longer, and I only liked him for his flowers and theater tickets, and so on. You all know that sort of thing."

"Yes, yes; go on," exhorted her listeners as she stopped to bury her face in her hands dejectedly. "We know all about it. But what did it matter, so long as he wasn't there?"

The recently engaged girl groaned. "But he was there," she explained, miserably. "You see, they missed the car, after all, and were waiting for us on the corner. And he was right behind me and heard every word I said. So he never said good-by when they did go finally, and he hasn't been near me all day. O[illegible], girls, I don't know what to do about it, I'm so heart-broken, for he thinks I meant every word."

"Get suddenly and dangerously ill and have your mother send for him to bid you a last good-by," suggested the practical member of the club calmly, "and tell him you were speaking of your cousin Charlie. That'll do the business all right."

"You dear thing; you clever darling," cooed the recently engaged girl admiringly. "I'll do it, and right away. If you girls hear of my death being momentarily expected you needn't be scared."

Chicago Times-Herald.

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## RACING

### Two-Year-Old Running at Ingleside—The Spreckels Cup.

Monday week the scene shifted to Ingleside, with the Corrigan stakes, $1,300, a handicap for 2-year-olds, five furlongs, as the principal race for the day. Nine youngsters faced the gate including Morellito, 119 pounds, Michael, 116 pounds, The Cheat, 115 pounds, Front de Boeuf, 107 pounds, and Rosormonde, 102 pounds, amongst the lot. As the barrier flew up the last-named filly was quickest on her legs and by the time the three-fourth mile post had been reached was four or five lengths in front of her field. Rounding the turn, however, Clawson took her out from the rail and was soon challenged by Front de Boeuf, while Coady on Michael seized the opportunity to bring his mount up with a well-timed rush and just squeezed home by a head in the good time of 1:01¾, Rosormonde second, half a length in advance of Front de Boeuf. The running of the race left much to be desired, but no useful purpose is served by speculating how different it might have been. The point to notice is that the Islington colt Micheal proved himself somewhat of a clinker, especially when his frequent races of late are taken into account.

HOWARD S.: BY IMP WHISTLE JACKET-ZELICA, BY VIRGIL

On the following day the Torso filly Torsida scored another victory in a four-furlong purse, helped thereto by a slack ride on the part of Thompson on Miss Dividend, who had a ten-pound pull in the weights and finished a neck in her rear.

On the same afternoon Howard S. spread-eagled his field in a seven furlong race, Vinctor and Wheel of Fortune being his most notable competitors, but neither running in their best form.

On Wednesday a big field, fifteen runners, showed up for the four and one-half furlong, 2-year-old race, which Hennessy won on the Morello colt, Elsmore, 110 pounds, by snatching the inside place, to which he was not entitled, and so getting the pull of the Baldwin colt, Rey Salazar, 99 pounds, who would otherwise undoubtedly have landed the money. The Islington colt Flushington stuck to his work well, and put Mr. Corrigan in receipt of the third prize.

On Thursday The Cheat earned another bracket somewhat easily over a five furlong course, his only capable opponent being Outlay. The following day another Deceiver colt rejoicing in the awful name of Dousterswivel broke his maiden and the jaws of all who recognized his claim to be spoken of, while the Emperor of Norfolk colt, Rey Salazar, also scored his first win in a pretty good field and in fair time.

Saturday was the P. C. J. C.'s great day, appointed for the decision of the Spreckels' cup (handicap). Value, cash $7,500, and plate $1,500, one and one-fourth miles, seventy-eight entries, of which eleven came to the post, viz:

E. Ryan's br. c. Howard S. (3 yrs.) imp. Whistle Jacket–Zelica, 122 lbs., Piggott 1
Burns & Waterhouse's b. c. Altamax (3 yrs.) imp. Maxim–Altitude, 118 lbs., Hennessy 2
Boots & Son's b. c. Vincitor (3 yrs.) imp. Brutus–Mollie H., 107 lbs., Shaw 3
Scarf Pin, 119 lbs.; Estaca, 110 lbs.; Reydel Tierra, 110 lbs.; Horatio, 105 lbs.; Lode Star, 110 lbs.; Bernardillo, 120 lbs.; George Palmer, 104 lbs.; Lou Lou R., 92 lbs.

Judged by their appearance in the paddock nothing looked better in point of fitness than Estaca, who was certainly as good a specimen of a thoroughly trained horse as one could wish to see. Howard S. showed improvement on the condition he was in when he ran for the California Derby three weeks back, while Scarf Pin had gone off a bit as compared with her appearance on the same occasion. Altamax presented a taking front, but being a light feeder lacked that well-set look, which one likes to see when a horse has to answer a difficult question. Of the others none was in better trim than Bernardillo. The start was satisfactory, the feather-weight, Lou Lou R., going to the front at once and maintaining her position for the first mile. In the early part of the run Howard S., the favorite, kept behind the body of the field, and not until more than half the journey had been traversed did Piggott begin to stir him up, when he steadily overhauled Vincitor, Estaca and Scarf Pin. Reaching the head of the stretch he proceeded to try conclusions with Rey del Tierra and Altamax. The latter alone hung on, and with Hennessy riding in great form a neck-and-neck tussle ensued from the paddock on, ending in a finish that judges alone could decide. Howard S. was proclaimed the victor after a few moments' delay, in every way regrettable, and every one admitted that it was a gallant victory. Vincitor landed in third place, four lengths away, with Scarf Pin and Estaca following on.

The winner was bred by Mr. Milton Young of Kentucky and purchased by Mr. J. H. Shields as a yearling for $500, he racing him as a 2-and 3-year-old until a few weeks ago, when he was bought by Mr. E. Ryan at the reported price of $6,000. In color Howard S. is a brown with near hind foot white, stands 16.1, and is a remarkably well-proportioned colt, of high quality. Though not by any means a hard-looking type, he is a horse that with care will probably keep sound and pay his way, as he enjoys great health and has an easy, level style of going. His performances have been somewhat variable hitherto, but he has stamped himself as a high-class colt, and rightly placed and ridden will always be hard to beat, even in the best company. His mission is now in the East, the exact quarter remaining to be determined.

Altamax ran really well and answered gamely in the run in.

The result was a fresh tribute to the Hermit blood, so prominent here recently. Of the three first horses the winner and the third horse trace back in the second generation to winners of the Epsom Derby, Hermit and Macaroni respectively, while the second is a grandson of Musket, the imported English horse that made such a mark at the stud in Australasia.

To-day comes the wind-up for the season at Ingleside, and a fine day's sport is looked for. The Ingleside stakes, $4,000, four miles, is expected to attract a big crowd, with a special purse to be competed for by the cracks, Buckwa, 125 pounds; Ruinart, 122 pounds; Altamax, 107 pounds, and The Roman, 104 pounds—distance, one mile.

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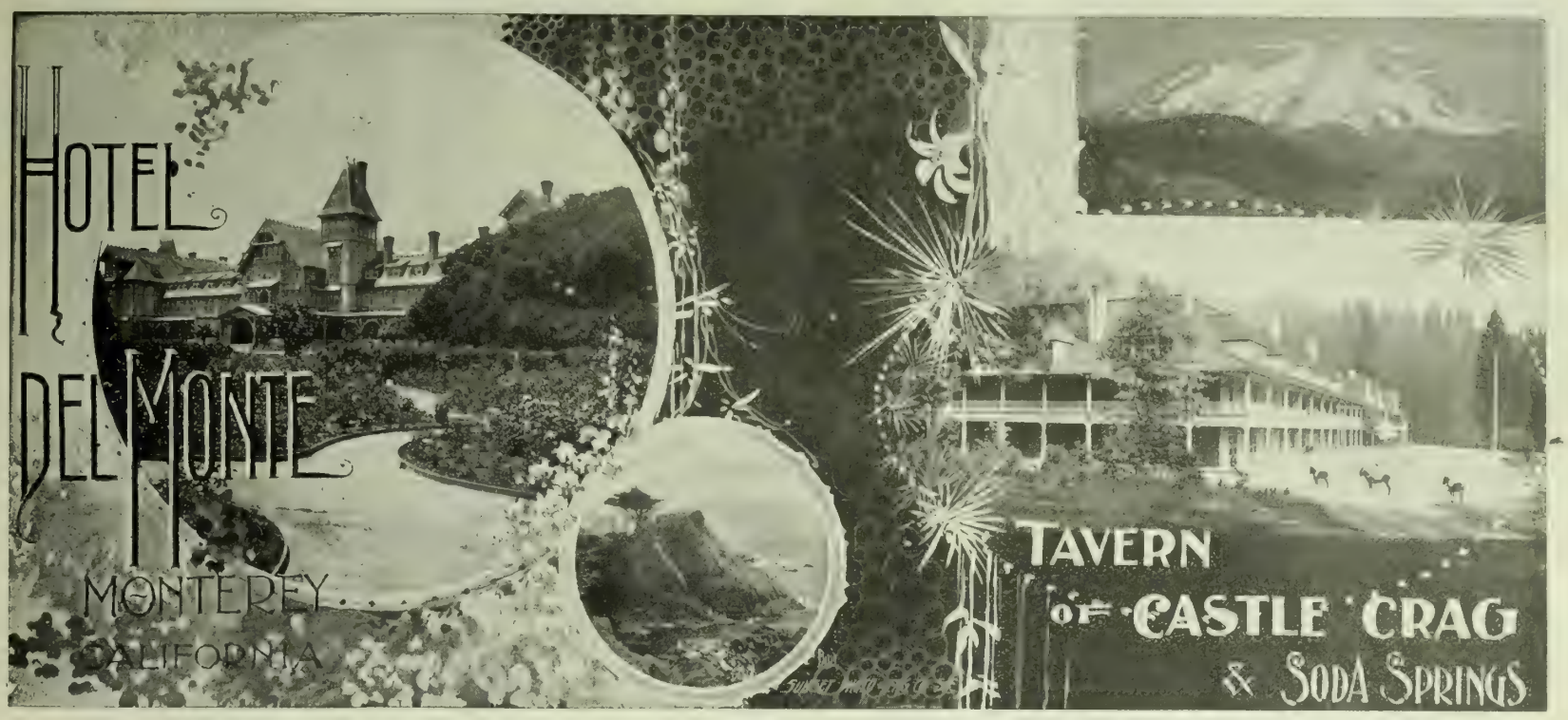


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The Spreckels Cup, Saturday, April 24th
The California Hurdle, Wednesday, April 28th
The Ingleside Stakes, Four Miles, Saturday, May 1st

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To any person interested in humane matters, or who loves animals, we will send free, upon application, a copy of the "ALLIANCE," the organ of this Society. In addition to its intensely interesting reading, it contains a list of the valuable and unusual premiums given by the paper. Address

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**410-411 United Charities Bldg., New York**

"SUTRO & CO."—TO WHOM IT MAY concern: Take notice that we, Therese Sutro and Charles Sutro, Jr., have formed a co-partnership for the transaction of business in the State of California and elsewhere, the office and principal place of business of the partnership being located in the City and County of San Francisco. The name, style and designation of the firm is SUTRO & CO. The full names of all the members of the said partnership, and their places of residence, are subscribed hereto.

San Francisco, April 7, 1897.

THERESE SUTRO,
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHAS. SUTRO, JR.
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Duly acknowledged before Geo. T. Knox, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, California, April 7, 1897.

Filed April 7, 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Wm. H. C. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

## COTTON SAIL DUCKS

22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard

ALSO

**Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks**
From 30 to 120 inches wide

**Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks**
Manufactured by **Mount Vernon Company Baltimore**

**Murphy, Grant & Co.** Pacific Coast Sole Agents

## GEO. GOODMAN

Patentee and Manufacturer of

**Artificial Stone** in all its branches

Schillinger's Patent Sidewalk and Gardenwalk a Specialty

**Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.**

THE LATEST NEW YORK STYLES
IN
**Men's Hats**
AT
**FISHER'S** 9 Montgomery Street

## La Grande Laundry

Telephone Bush 21

23 POWELL STREET

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM O. BERG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of Wm. O. Berg, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 18, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING CO. — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Cal.; location of works, Storey Co., Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1897, an assessment (No. 111) of Ten Cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of April, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday the 14th day of May, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine st., San Francisco.

OFFICE OF THE HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING COMPANY, room No. 11, San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 311 Pine street, San Francisco.

To the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, and to all others concerned: Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the consent, in writing, of the holders of two-thirds of the capital stock of the Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company, duly filed in the office of said company, the principal place of business of said Hale & Norcross Silver Mining Company has been changed from room No. 3 of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange building, No. 331 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to room No. 11, in the same building, where the business of said company will be hereafter transacted. This notice is published in accordance with Section 321 of the Civil Code.

Dated March 19, 1897.

By order of the Board of Directors.
R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

## The German Savings and Loan Society

**526 California St., S. F.**

Guarantee Capital and Surplus - $2,040,201 66
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash - 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896 - - 27,730,247 45

OFFICERS

President, B. A BECKER
First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

## San Francisco Savings Union

*532 CALIFORNIA ST.*

Deposits December 31, 1896 - $22,885,377
Paid Up Capital and Surplus - 1,594,503

ALBERT MILLER, Pres. E. B. POND, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

DIRECTORS

GEORGE W. BEAVER ROBERT WATT
THOMAS MAGEE GEO. C. BOARDMAN
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ALBERT MILLER GEO. TASHEIRA
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Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

**Capital Fully Paid - - One Million Dollars**

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits, payable on demand or after notice.
Acts as Executor, Administrator and Trustee under wills, or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the Company's Attorneys and are taken care of without charge. **Safe Deposit Boxes** to rent at prices from $5 per annum upward, according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS: J. D. FRY, HENRY WILLIAMS, I. G. WICKERSHAM, JACOB C. JOHNSON, JAMES TREADWELL, F. W. LOUGEE, HENRY F. FORTMANN, R. B. WALLACE, R. D. FRY, A. D. SHARON, J. DALZELL BROWN.
OFFICERS: J. D. FRY, PRES.; HENRY WILLIAMS, VICE-PRES; R. D. FRY, SECOND VICE-PRES; J. DALZELL BROWN, SEC. AND TREAS.; E. E. SHOTWELL, ASST. SEC.; HUNTINGTON, BOOTH & BARTNETT, ATTORNEYS.

## Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

**33 Post Street, below Kearny, Mechanics' Institute Building**

**Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000**

JAS. D. PHELAN, Pres. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier
S. G. MURPHY, JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Pres.

DIRECTORS—Jas. D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.

Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

## California Title Insurance and Trust Co.

Paid Up Capital, $250,000
Cash Reserve Fund, $25,000

A. J. CARMANY : : Manager

OFFICE, MILLS BUILDING

Policies of Insurance issued, guaranteeing titles to be [illegible] and maintained

## ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

OF LONDON

Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1726

Capital Paid Up, $3,406,200 Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,989,251

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager
B. J. SMITH, Assistant Manager
NATHAN & KINGSTON, San Francisco Agents
501 Montgomery Street

**The Lion Fire Insurance Co.** Limited of London. Total Cash Assets in United States, $885,797.09

**The Imperial Insurance Co.** Limited of London. Established on Pacific Coast in 1852

WM. J. LANDERS, Resident Manager

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH

205-207 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A. D. Chesbire, Pres. and Man. A. Larsen, Vice-Pres.
W. O. Macdougall, Secretary

## California Undertaking Company

Finest Funeral Parlors in the City

Tel. Main 971 S. W. Cor. Stockton & Geary

Embalming a Specialty. Open Day and Night


## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

When prohibition was the thing in Saskatchewan, the police made every effort to suppress the illegal possession of liquor, but with little success, as it was noticed that at the close of every large social gathering, some of the male guests betrayed unmistakable evidences of alcohol. As this happened frequently, the officers of the law determined to be extra vigilant, and at a dance given by an old-timer, a constable was detailed to watch the actions of the guests carefully. He noticed that a number of them frequently adjourned to a small stable, and, on making an investigation, found the attraction to consist of a keg of whiskey, surrounded by a number of men, including two justices of the peace. This made the matter serious, and the judges were called upon to sit in council. They did so, and had the constable arrested as "a common night-walker, wandering in a public place, and not giving a satisfactory account of himself," and after a protracted hearing, duly convicted him. In their conviction they set out all the evidence, as well as their own opinion that Mr. Blank, the host, was a most respectable man, and a friend of their own, and should not be interfered with if they could help it. The conviction was quashed on appeal, but the danger had been averted.

One of Her Britannic Majesty's Consuls on the African coast, whose temper is none of the sweetest, chanced to be on board the steam-launch belonging to the Consulate. Wishing to go on shore, he called to his boy to get out the boat. He received no reply, however, and, on making inquiries, found that his sable attendant had taken the boat without leave about an hour before. At that moment he espied the boat returning to the launch. No sooner was it alongside than, having seized a stick, he sprang into it and proceeded to thrash the delinquent. The boy immediately dived overboard, and the irascible old gentleman, being determined not to let him escape punishment, dived after him, and, managing to catch him by the leg, never let go until they were both safely hauled back into the boat, where he finished the castigation. Some naval officers who were present wrote home by the next mail, asking that a Royal Humane Society's medal might be given to their gallant Consul for his bravery in saving a poor native from drowning. The society recognized the claim, and, to the Consul's mortification, the medal arrived.

In Michigan, some years ago, a bill was before the Legislature to restore the death-penalty for the crime of murder. Three of the ablest members of the House made long speeches in favor of the measure — so long as to be found wearisome, especially by those who differed from the opinions expressed. When the third speaker had finished, a young member on the other side of the chamber rose and said, very sarcastically, "Mr. Speaker, I wish to inquire of our friends on the other side of the House, which they think is preferable—to be hanged, or to be talked to death?" The question was greeted with applause; but the questioner collapsed when suddenly one of the supporters of the bill exclaimed in a loud voice, "Oh, well, if you're going to talk, we prefer to be hanged!"

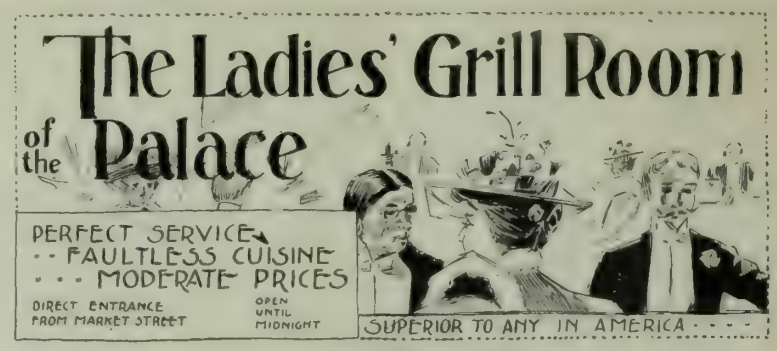
At one of Lord Westerby's famous dinner-parties, there arose a discussion as to the relative humor of the north and south of England. Illustrative of the wit of the south, Cardinal Manning told an experience which occurred when he was Rector of Lovington, in Sussex. He went to visit a poor old parishioner, a widow of between seventy and eighty years of age, who had had nine or ten children, of whom all but one daughter had gone out into the world and left her. At last this daughter married, and she was alone. The Archbishop said to her, "Dame, you must feel it lonely now, after having had so large a family!" "Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I have brought up a long family, and now here I am living alone. And I misses 'em and I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

"Do you know this woman?" asked a lawyer of a negro who had been summoned to give evidence. "Yes, sah; I knows her." "Do you know her very intimately?" "No, sah; karn't say as I do." "How long have you known her?" "Wall, I got 'qainted with her short time before I married her." "She's your wife, then?" "Yes, sah — sorter." "Thought you did not know her intimately?" "Dat's what I jackerlated." "I don't understand, then, how she can be your wife." "Well, yer see, sah, she 'longs ter de church, de singin' s'ciety, de Sisters of de Sacred Broom, de Daughters o' Ham, an' two or three little side-shows. Er' 'oman whut is kept so busy, sah, ain't got no time ter fool er roun' home."

An old Peebles worthy and an English lady were recently occupants of a railway-carriage in an Edinburgh-bound train. The train having been waiting long at a certain station, the worthy remarked, "They're a gey taiglesome lot here!" "I beg your pardon," said the lady. "I'm sayin' they're an awfu' dadlin' squad here!" said the old man. "I really beg your pardon, sir," the lady repeated. "I'm remarkin' they're a vera dreich lot here the nicht." "Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the lady, with marked embarrassment, "but I do not comprehend you." "I was just tryin' to say the train was late!" "Indeed, sir, it is very late," the lady agreed. And the conversation collapsed.

When King Cetewayo was sent into exile by Lord Wolseley, he was allowed to take with him only three of his several hundred wives. This broke the King all up, and he pleaded again and again for his wives, but without avail. Finally, hearing of Lord Wolseley's intended departure for England, he sent a last message, asking pathetically, that if he would not send him any more wives, he would at least exchange the three he had for three others.


## HOTELS AND RESORTS




## The California Hotel

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

The only hotel with dining-room and kitchen on top floor overlooking city and bay
Fitted up with the most modern and improved appliances

Bush Street : : near Kearny

SAN FRANCISCO

R. H. WARFIELD & CO.

**Proprietors**

Personally supervised by General Warfield of HOTEL RAFAEL, the Society Resort, Winter and Summer, of the Pacific Coast.

## Pacific Congress Springs

HOTEL

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS
SANTA CLARA COUNTY

**Remodeled and under New Management**

**Only Two-and-a-half hours from San Francisco**

6 miles from Los Gatos 10 miles from Santa Clara
12 miles from San Jose

Address GEO. O. WATKINS,
523 Market St., S. F.

## THE LICK HOUSE

Occupies the block bounded by Montgomery, Post and Sutter Streets

IT IS—

——scrupulously clean;
——accessible to all street car lines and places of amusement;
——conveniently situated for business men;
——a quiet, model place for a family to spend the winter;
——moderate in price, yet first-class in every particular.

AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

K. B. SOULÉ, Manager

*For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention*

A QUIET HOME
CENTRALLY LOCATED

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

## The Hotel Richelieu

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Aves.

PRINCIPAL AND FINEST FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## Tavern of Castle Crag

Shasta County California

QUEEN OF ALL MOUNTAIN RESORTS

The Tavern of Castle Crag will open for the reception of guests June 15th.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager
Room 59, Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

HENRY ST. GOAR EDWARD POLLITZ
Members Stock and Bond Exchange

## EDWARD POLLITZ & CO.

**Commission Brokers and Dealers in Investment Securities. Eastern and Foreign**
403 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## GET OUT

into the **Mountains**

SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, imposing, majestic, sublime.
CLIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenating, upbuilding.
RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback riding, boating, mountain-climbing excusions.

Or run down to the **Seashore**

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year — if it doesn't, it ought to. While making up your mind where you will go, and concoting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

**Up Shasta Way** — Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Brier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

**Lake County and Vicinity** — Geysers, Ætna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, Laurel Dell, and Blue Lakes.

**On Sierra Summits** — Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinneys, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs—a score more.

**Yosemite and the Big Trees** —

**Santa Cruz Mountains** — Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

**Southward** — Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

**Along the Shore** — Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company Agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31 and every fifth day thereafter.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31 and every fifth day thereafter.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter
For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. June 2d and 2d of each month thereafter
The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing
Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.
General Agents
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, May 18, 1896, at 2 p.m. Special party rates
S. S. "Monowai," **for Australia**, Thursday, April 29, 1897, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

**Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.**
**Freight Office 327 Market St.**

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

BAJA CALIFORNIA

## DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)

NABER, ALFS & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.

May Maidens and Mermen at Sutro's — The Happy Hoppers

Wanderings of the "Morning Star"

# THE WAVE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

This Paper may be taken from the Library

VOL XVI. No. 19 — SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 8, 1897 — PRICE 10 CTS.

*HAULING LOGS IN NORTHERN OREGON*

From a photo by W. H. Lowden

# THE WAVE

's published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Subscription, $3.00 per year, $1.50 six months, 75 cts. three months. Foreign subscriptions—countries in postal union—$5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

THE WAVE is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street. Eastern Agent, E. Katz, 230-235 Temple Court, New York.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 8, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| The Happy Hoppers; by Gelett Burgess | 4 |
| Without Money | 5 |
| Hawaii's Problem | 6 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 7 |
| May-Day Revels; by Gelett Burgess | 8 |
| From Summer Seas | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| Overtones | 11 |
| Turf Policy | 11 |
| A Literary Duet; by C. | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Gowns and Stuffs; by Betty | 13 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE DEPARTMENT-STORE CRUSADE.

The crusade against the great department-store has reached as far as Toronto, Canada. The retail merchants of that city have organized "The Retail Merchants' Association of Canada," for the purpose of assailing the unfair privileges and exposing the humbugging practices of the "deadly devil-fish of retail trade." The Toronto "Saturday Night" announces that one hundred newspapers have joined the crusade, and the Canadian Premier, who at first seemed to favor the great trusts, has at last been forced by public opinion to take another view. The tricks of these great institutions are coming in for special mention in the Canadian papers, and they need exposing here as well. One deceitful merchant will corrupt the mercantile life of a whole city. A merchant who will practice smuggling or other fraudulent devices to cheapen the cost of his goods can undersell all of his competitors and bring about their ruin, or compel them to resort to similar practices. A merchant who draws crowds to his counters by swindling practices or misleading advertisements will soon force others to follow his example, and so breed deceit. The mercantile morals of San Francisco are low enough now, God knows, and if encouragement is to be given in any direction, it should be extended in the direction of honesty, decency, and fair-dealing.

One of our department-stores announced last week in a showy advertisement "the greatest sale ever attempted in this State," in which it claimed to have purchased "the entire stock of high-grade merchandise of the retiring firm of Doane & Henshelwood" at "thirty-one cents on the dollar, amounting to seventy-five thousand dollars." If the announcement had read the greatest "sell" ever attempted in this State, it would have been more appropriate. The true story of this great "sell" may be told in these words:

The old-time firm of Doane & Henshelwood, engaged in the retail dry goods trade, decided to retire from business. After conducting a closing-out sale of its own, the firm addressed a short note to the several large retail stores of San Francisco, requesting them to make bids upon the remnant of their stock. In pursuance of that invitation, one of the merchants so addressed informs us that he visited the store and first offered thirty cents on the dollar for the entire stock. Gradually he ran his bid up as high as sixty cents. His offers were refused, because, a member of the retiring firm stated, they had already a much higher bid. They refused even to sell to this gentleman at seventy-five cents on the dollar, because of a previous bid for the same amount. They offered, however, to part with the stock for seventy-seven and one-half cents on the dollar, but not for less. How, then, is it possible for this department-store to claim truthfully to have purchased the same stock for thirty-one cents on the dollar? Upon its face it cannot be a truthful statement.

The great department-store also announced that the stock purchased amounted to seventy-five thousand dollars. In all its history the firm of Doane & Henshelwood never carried a stock of this amount. One of the retiring firm is on record as having stated that the remnant of their stock would only inventory at between fourteen and sixteen thousand dollars. The largest stock ever carried by this firm would not amount to sixty thousand dollars.

Doubtless there will be a rush to secure the wonderful bargains mentioned in this advertisement. There is nothing criminal to such a proceeding in California. It is merely a shrewd piece of business enterprise to misrepresent facts or distort the truth, if it will only serve to crowd the store with deluded customers. It is not legally a crime here, but in Germany such practices are sternly punished. The following extracts from a foreign paper will show how this kind of business is regarded in other countries:

At the Magistrates' Court in Ludemheid, a young merchant was fined three hundred marks, owing to the fact that he advertised a "selling-off," whereas in reality he just took the business over from its previous owner.

Magistrates' Court in Muhlberg: A merchant fined yesterday one hundred marks for advertising that, having bought "for cash" a great quantity of dry goods, he now offers bargains at such low prices, etc. Proved that no goods were bought for cash and prices not lower.

Hamburg: The following judicial decision, in accordance with statute against all swindling and humbugging advertisements, has now been recorded. A firm advertised "selling-off" on account of great alterations to be made on the premises. Proved that the said "great alterations" consists in the intention that in about a year's time the firm will discontinue keeping goods in show-cases, but place them on open tables. Advertisement declared a deception and stopped.

From the Dukedom of Oldenburg and the Board of Trade in Hanover petitions were presented to the Reichstag, asking it to do its utmost to enforce all laws and regulations now enacted against the barefaced swindling of the modern advertising and deception amounting to downright swindling.

There is bound to be a reaction and an organized resistance to the disreputable methods and fraudulent devices that are being resorted to by these great stores. The petty frauds that are daily practiced by them are scarcely believable, and we hope next week to be able to present a series of their humbugging devices that amount almost to fraud itself.

## DR. JORDAN ON PURE FOOD.

The stalwart President of the University at Palo Alto has made another of those bold statements for which, when he was not so well known as he has since come to be in this community, the local clergy were wont to haul him over the coals. In an address delivered before the recent Pure Food Congress held in this city the President said: "Coffee contains some poison. Chicory has none. If I prefer chicory to coffee, all right; but if I want coffee, I want to go the full length. It is my right to poison myself if I choose. There should be a clear road open to the grave if a man wants to go that way, just as there should be a clear road open to the other place if he prefers that. If a man wants alum in his baking powder he may have his reasons, and it ought to be his privilege to use it."

Throughout the whole recent movement against the adulteration of foods there has been a tendency on the part of those who have inspired and led the movement to confuse the question of Pure Food with what may be called the question of Poor Food. The two questions raise two separate and distinct issues, and President Jordan will have rendered a valuable service to the advocates of fair dealing in food products if he has succeeded in driving this difference home to them. To insist that men shall eat and drink nothing but what is good for them—that is, what other men think is good for them—is an intolerable invasion of individual liberty; but to insist that men shall know what it is that they eat and drink, that they shall have the means of getting what they desire, is merely an enforcement of a universal right.

There is in this matter a conflict between common truthfulness and what may be called the commercial vocabulary. The manufacturer who produces raspberry jelly out of an infusion of apple paring and cores, with the addition of glucose and coal-tar product, may be dealing honestly enough with the jobber who buys his product. The jobber may in turn be considered as dealing without deceit when he sells the faked product to the retailer. To the producer, the jobber and the retailer raspberry jelly means something into the composition of which raspberries do not enter at all. Their common vocabulary permits them to deal in such a commodity without deceiving each other, by the use of the trade term under which it passes. But when we reach the purchaser, who buys for consumption and not for trade, the vocabulary changes. The terms, indeed, remain the same, but the meaning attached to them is entirely different. To the ordinary consumer raspberry jelly means something made of raspberries, and the dealer who sells the stuff to him invariably omits to explain to him the esoteric meaning of the label. This is the stage of the progression from producer to consumer at which deceit infallibly comes in, if it has not come in sooner. It is at this stage that the consumer finds himself deprived of his right to choose between the pure and the impure, between chicory and coffee, between the good things which he may not like and the bad things which may appeal to his taste. President Jordan has pointed out clearly that the sole leigtimate purpose of the movement for pure food is the preservation of this right and of the opportunity to exercise the choice under it. And it is evident that this can be accomplished only by a reformation of the mercantile dictionary, by which every commercial article of food shall be known by its proper name as that name is understood by the people. Indeed, a vocabulary in which can be found such terms as "pure," "strictly pure" and "extra pure," in close conjunction is in need of reformation as an offense against common sense. It is a contest between plain truth and half-hidden falsehood, and nobody who knows Doctor Jordan, or has watched his course since he came to this coast, can be surprised at the clearness with which he has defined the issue.

With regard to the President's assertion of man's right to poison himself if it pleases him to do so, and to maintain for himself a clear and open road to the grave, on which he may set out whenever he has concluded that to travel that road is easier than to pursue any other, there will probably be a wider difference of opinion. In making that statement the President put himself in peril of being involved in a discussion of the ethics of suicide, and it will be remarkable, indeed, if he shall entirely escape instruction and reproof from some of the more volcanic pulpits of San Francisco and its suburbs. It is not a new subject, and the side on which all clergymen are enlisted is well known in advance of the discussion. The gentlemen of the pulpit have not fared over well in their latest bout with the President of Stanford, and perhaps they may consider their views on the right of self-destruction to be firmly enough established or, at least, well enough known to enable them to refrain from extending another challenge to the fearless and logical President.

## MILITARY INSTRUCTION IN COLLEGES.

The Regents of the State University have for some time been struggling with the momentous questions involved in the selection of an officer of the army who shall succeed the present incumbent of the chair of military science. Apparently the principal difficulties encountered by the Regents have been due to the energy with which the claims of various candidates for the vacant chair have been pressed by the candidates themselves and by their friends. Evidently the office, in this case, has not been seeking the man quite so eagerly as the man and his friends have been seeking the office, and as the governing body of the University has no special qualifications for determining the relative merits and abilities of would-be military instructors, it may be considered as a happy accident if the choice of the Regents has fallen on the most suitable officer among the many candidates.

The plan of disseminating military instruction among the people by detailing officers of the army as instructors of the art and science of war at ordinary schools and colleges was devised and first put in practice not many years ago. Starting with the very prevalent idea that nobody in the army had anything to work at in time of peace, it seemed to our legislators a wise and easy thing to utilize some few of the commissioned uniformed idlers in the task of making some sort of possible soldiers for future use out of the young men and boys gathered in some of the larger schools of the country. About twenty officers were at first assigned to this duty, and though the desired improvement of the general military intelligence of the people has not yet been effected, some other results have followed which are interesting and, in a measure, instructive. First of all, the junior officers of the line of the army, who know pretty well that there is plenty of hard work to be done in discharging the ordinary duties of an officer in time of peace, discovered that a "college detail" opened up a new avenue of escape from the routine drudgery of a garrison, from the exactions of cantankerous captains, or from the caprices of antiquated colonels. The presidents of grasshopper colleges and cross-roads universities discovered the fact that good instructors of mathematics and other branches of learning were to be found among the junior officers of the army. To add a more or less fictitious military department to the curriculum of such an institution, and to secure the services of a good teacher of mathematics, who was paid by the Government for teaching something else, was a notable stroke of economy, which relieved the strain on the slender resources of many a

struggling seat of learning. And finally the owners and managers of lean academies in country towns, small schools conducted for revenue only, were quick to see that the reluctant school boy of tender years was easily attracted to their institutions by the alluring privilege of wearing soldier clothes and drilling with a real gun, and that the fond parents gave great weight to an advertisement which promised that the discipline of the establishment in which their young darlings were to be developed would be in charge of a regular officer of the army, loaned out by the Government for that purpose.

The inevitable result was soon apparent. Between the pressure of the officers for details on such service, and the pressure of the schools for officers Congress was forced to yield. The number of officers detailed has been increased from time to time until now more than one-tenth of all the lieutenants in the line of the army are engaged in teaching in schools, most of which are of a character positively un-military. In one institution a venerable officer of thirty years' service is engaged in the hopeful effort to make soldiers out of little boys of ten and twelve years. In very few of the favored institutions is there any effort or pretense at military instruction beyond a shambling drill in a school yard or on a college campus. No officers have yet been detailed to supervise the broom-drill and similar exercises of mixed military and calisthenic character which are said to be prevalent at young ladies' seminaries, but the system is young yet, and the attention of the Rev. Anna Shaw and the Venerable Miss Anthony has probably never been called to the omission.

The result of the attempt to teach the art of war along with Latin and Greek, or with the spelling book and the multiplication table, has been in every way disappointing, and in many ways disastrous. It costs the treasury probably not less than $250,000 annually, and it is questionable if for that expenditure there is any return whatever, actual or contingent. It has withdrawn from their places in the army scores of young officers for periods of three years or more at a time, at a stage in their careers when they should be really learning the profession which they profess to teach to others. Their regiments lose their services, and their duties must be performed in their absence by others. In many cases they must be demoralized by the contest which rages for the appointment which is to follow a prospective vacancy, and which begins long in advance and is not closed till the order of appointment is actually issued by the War Department. In these struggles the officer who is a favorite son of the locality to be favored with the appointment, or the equally favorite local son-in-law, have an immense advantage over all other candidates, and probably more details are made for those considerations than for all others together. A young man who has had the foresight to marry a faculty daughter can generally overwhelm all opposition.

The effect of the system on the students themselves—in those institutions in which the students are sufficiently mature to permit it to have any lasting effect—is discouraging. In our own University at Berkeley it appears that the drills and exercises are regarded by the students as a grievous and senseless burden, a mere task in which there are no instructive features. And the students are right. Military instruction cannot be had from the mere repetition of tedious drills, any more than literary skill can be acquired by reciting the alphabet frequently. The art of war is a specialty, and can be taught in special schools only. It is as much out of place in the curriculum of a school of letters as a course in the chemistry of high explosives would be in a theological seminary. If the Government is anxious to teach military science more widely throughout the country let us have more military schools, by all means. But if we cannot have these, let the hundred lieutenants of the favored son and favored son-in-law type be sent back to their proper duties with their regiments. And by all means let the students at our University be relieved from the burden of a lot of useless drills, which are as distasteful to them as they are profitless to all.

## *THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.*

Another Woman's Congress has met in San Francisco, talked a great deal, listened more or less, and adjourned. A vast number of papers were read and talked over, the titles of which varied in length from such a simple subject as "Heredity," to a portentious "Examination of Matthew Arnold's Criticism of Shelley's Poetry." The subject for the discussion of which the Congress was assembled was supposed to be "Education," but it might as well have been Religion, or Music, or Morals, or Maternity, all of which came in for a general overhauling. To be sure education has some relation near or remote, to all of these subjects as it has to any conceivable subject, for that matter. But it seems to be necessary to have a topic for discussion wherever women are gathered together to discuss, and a good, wide, all-embracing topic is certainly much more serviceable than any narrow little subject about which only definite questions could be raised and on which definite conclusions might possibly be reached. What a mathematician would call indeterminate problems are those which commend themselves most to the feminine heart, and it is not to the interest of feminine congresses that there should ever be an end of discussion. It was a rather surprising feature of this Congress that mere men figured in it so largely, at least on the platform. About one-half of all the papers read and addresses delivered were from men, and were not at all of a nature peculiar to a congress of women. It is not apparent why clergymen and professors and instructors in the universities should be pressed into service to help by their contributions to swell the volume of talk at a gathering whose purpose, if it had any, was to give woman an opportunity to be listened to in public.

From the newspaper accounts of the sessions of the Congress it is apparent that the reporters still regard the fair sex as primarily interesting as vehicles for the display of dry goods and millinery. The costume of every lady lecturer was described, and her personal appearance, color of eyes and hair and sweetness of expression were deemed to be of quite as much interest to the reading public as the matter of her discourse. Some of the more prominent of them were honored by having their portraits published in two column cuts, and it is sincerely to be hoped that in this they met more than the usual measure of injustice at the hands of the newspaper artist. No male talker was honored in this way, nor was the costume of a single clergyman or professor described, nor his personal appearance commented on. In this, we submit, the reporters were unfair.

The managers of the Congress went far afield for some of the imported "attractions" without which, it seems, no such Congress could be relied on to draw good houses. Ancient platitudes and glittering generalities are sure to be listened to with more attention, if not with more profit to the hearer, when delivered from the lips of a little woman of sweet appearance, who comes to us all the way from Boston, who has written real books, who has edited a real magazine, and who is descended from Oliver Cromwell on one side and from Sir Robert Peel on the other. A charming woman with Titian hair, who has a name as long as the titles of some of the papers read at the Congress, who was born in Jerusalem and never escaped from her birthplace till she had reached the age of twenty-two, may say what she pleases, but she cannot fail to be interesting to a Woman's Congress audience. But by importing the Brahmacharin—that is, in securing for the white-robed Hindoo, railroad passes from Los Angeles and return—the managers secured what was probably the star attraction to the public. A dark-skinned man clad in flowing white draperies who can talk, in the vernacular, about the merits of the theory of reincarnation as opposed to that of heredity, can always catch and hold the attention of an audience in which not one in ten may know, or care, what he is talking about. But this star of the orient was not properly disciplined for the purposes of the Congress. He was rude enough to object to having his petticoats pulled from behind, so he raised a truly delightful little row and went out in a huff by the cellar door.

Doubtless many good people in San Francisco are still wondering what the Congress was for, anyway. After all the papers had been read and discussed and the lights had gone out on the final session, was anybody really wiser, and was the cause of education at all advanced as a result of all the talk? To hold a Congress for the oral discussion of a subject so wide as education is in our day an anachronism. For whatever is worth saying on such a subject the press is the proper medium of utterance. For one who can hear the spoken word there are ten thousand who can read the printed page. Perhaps if all that was said at the recent Congress on all the subjects there touched on was put in cold print nobody would be found willing to read it, and nobody would profit by reading it. There are those who are unkind enough to think that one purpose of the Woman's Congress has been to gratify an appetite for publicity, to get people to listen to things which they would not read, and to enable Woman to testify to her abiding faith in the value of Talk for Talk's sake.

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The power and intelligence of President Diaz' administrative ability is shown in his relations with the church. He takes the stand that politics and religion are poles apart, and he resents with extreme severity any attempt on the part of the clerics to interfere with his prerogative. Quite recently a priest of Chihuahua in a series of lectures and sermons denounced the autocracy of the President, and criticized severely his measures. He continued this for a month or two and suddenly was summoned to the City of Mexico. Diaz received him with the utmost cordiality, and conducted him to a chair in his private office. He looked earnestly at the priest for a moment, and began: "Father, you are an officer of the church, and your sworn duty is the preparing of souls for the hereafter. I am President, and my duty is to the present. There is no reason for conflict between us. Your work begins where mine ends. If you will look after the souls of your parishioners, I will attend to their material welfare, and between us our people will be happy. But I am President, and you are a priest; you will go your way and I mine." He arose. "But," he added, severely, "If you interfere with me, I will take off your head." As the priest had no desire to be among the enemies Diaz had buried, he accepted the hint.

## THE STATE UNIVERSITY

### How Fossilization is Assisted by Refusing Instructors Leave of Absence.

II.

One of the most distressing times in the life of the average male is that period during boyhood when he is growing so fast that his clothes never fit him, the elderly friends of the family never know him, and people alternate in calling him Mister, Master, and plain Jack. A somewhat similar development has been going on for some time in the State University. That it has outgrown its clothes is a fact that has finally been forced upon the attention of the public, but the other needs incident upon its development have been kept in the background. The guardians of its wellfare have shown lamentable disposition to think their responsibility limited to providing it with, as it were, food and clothing. But a growing boy needs something more than food and clothes if he is to become a good man, and a rapidly growing university needs something more than money and buildings. But, like the mother who never recovers from the shock of seeing her baby grow up to be a man, and, never realizing the situation, is perpetually five years behind in her method of treating him, so the Regents— and the friends of the university generally—seem never to have recovered from the shock of seeing Berkeley College develop into a University; have never grasped the new situation, nor altered their conceptions to suit the new conditions. To some few the institution is known as a university, to some it is a college, and to a few it is simply a school. In a general way the Regents seem to be aware of the fact that it is a university, but they do not seem to have fully taken the fact in, and are still trying to run it like any fresh water college. In nothing is their utter failure to comprehend the University as it is today more apparent than in their attitude on the leave of absence question.

Several years ago a certain man sought a professorship in a small college in Illinois. In discussing with its trustees the work he was to do he explained that he could not teach all day, but must have some time for study. He promptly received his dismissal. That college wanted men who knew what they had to teach already, he was told! The working conceptions of our Regents sometimes seem to us to be about on this level. It has for a long time been their policy—not strictly adhered to always—to give leave of absence to professors only. This policy was practically reasserted at a recent meeting when an instructor who wished to spend a year in study and research in his subject had his request for a leave of absence without pay denied.

We have all heard the story of the man who "killed" the goose that laid the golden egg." But he at least was inspired with the idea—unfortunately erroneous—that there must be a large lump of gold inside the bird. But the Regents—the whole range of fable might be searched from Aesop to Mother Goose without finding a parallel to their suicidal policy. That the welfare of the University depends upon its faculty being progressive, enthusiastic, up-to-date thinkers; that in the higher departments of thought a man never ceases to be a student; that a University should hold out every inducement to its professors to engage actively in study and research; these are ideas that seem never to have dawned upon the over-matured intellects of our worthy board of Regents. To them a leave of absence is a privilege, to be bestowed only upon the elect, viz., the professors. And so the young instructor is allowed to spend all his time in teaching the little he knows, until his youthful enthusiasm has ebbed away and his interest in his subject is dead, and he begins the long process of fossilizing in his place. In the course of time, perhaps, he becomes a professor, and then, when his desire for further study is gone, and his mind has lost its receptivity for new ideas, then he may get a leave of absence!

An enlightened conception of the nature of university work would lead the Regents to guard the intellectual welfare of its Faculty as jealously as that of the students. In an ideal university the faculty is simply a body of more advanced and matured students. The institution should hold out every inducement to its instructors to continue their studies. The more often a man goes away to gather new ideas, the more valuable he is to the university. When a man is willing to go away for a year without pay, to give him a leave of absence is not to confer a favor upon him, but simply to show a proper appreciation of the good he does the University by spending a year in travel and study. The present policy of the University is shortsighted and pedantic. It shows an utter failure to realize the difference between a university and a seminary. Its inevitable effect is the creation of a faculty of fossils, and of a lifeless, unprogressive spirit absolutely fatal to true university life and work.

Who is responsible? Are we to blame the Regents for their failure to comprehend the significance of the last five years' growth, and the new policies it necessitates? The Regents are men of the world unfamiliar with universities and hardly to be expected to show great wisdom in managing internal affairs at Berkeley. Until it is shown that the faculty have made a concerted effort to influence the Regents in this matter the moral responsibility rests on them. If the men at Berkeley are capable of such a thing as concerted effort here is a good chance to show it. The question is one about which there can hardly be any difference of opinion, and one department has as much interest in it as another. We believe that the Regents mean well. If they have not done well it is largely because they have not been properly advised. If the professors have any interest in the University beyond their own personal relation to it, here is a chance to show it.

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Birmingham has already sent out fifteen million jubilee medals and six million jubilee brooches, but complains of competition from cheaper medals made in Germany.

# THE HAPPY HOPPERS

## A Clever Giant and His Fairy-Like Wife Who Smiles.

They were as kind as possible to poor me, but they were visibly excited. If their heads were turned by the applause it was nobody's fault but the audience's that was yelling in front like schoolboys. Happy, happy Hoppers!

The piece was making a tremendous hit. The enthusiasm had leaked in through the curtain peep-hole, flooding the stage, and the supernumeraries were wading around in it, knee-deep, spattering each other with congratulations. The whole company was refreshed by the acclamation of the house, for it had toiled across the continent by inches—a loathly journey, punctuated by stupid little one-night stands. It had been breakfasting one morning at six o'clock and the next day at eleven o'clock. It had dined at all hours and had supped when it could, looking forward to God's own country of California, in some doubt as to whether the owner was to be present to care for their reception. The dust of the desert stuck in their tempers, but this shower-bath of cordiality had set their nerves a-tingling.

So there were two hopeful Hoppers; one gigantic and good-natured, smoking a peculiarly fragrant cigar—a very clod-Hopper, in his impossible costume, and a face of which the ears alone seemed to be real.

And one was tiny and fresh as a buttercup, so lively, too, that I must call her a grass-Hopper before my adjectives fail me. Some one opened the door of her dressing room and slid me into the birdcage, and I was alone with the canary. I don't know how she got away from the mirror—I couldn't have done it, had I been Edna Wallace Hopper, but she not only gave me a smile quickly and thus gave it twice, but the looking-glass reflection seconded her, so that I caught four smiles at once, any one of which should have dazed me. Yet these were not so dangerous as her demureness, when her face changed and she held out a hand to welcome me, which I dared not take, being too near already, for my self-control.

But Consul, the $5,000 sixteen-times prize-winner, was there, to look up and growl. I had seen Boston Terriers before, and I knew the brogue.

"You'll have to ask me a lot of questions," said she, "for I'm too nervous to think. I've just danced my foot through my underskirt, and the theater must be on fire or something, by the noise they're making in front."

"You brought down the house with that second act finale, that's what ails them," said I.

"Now go ahead and talk," she continued, "only please don't ask the regular questions. The subject of conversation is bounded on the north by my opinions of California, on the west by the story of how I began to act, on the south by the history of Consul, and on the east by my age."

"It's a very small frontier on that side," I said.

"It's a much disputed territory," said Mrs. Hopper, "but it's continually encroaching, and I'll have to win part of it back soon."

"The principal topic," I said, "is how so many pretty women manage to get along together."

Four more smiles from the happy Hopper.

"You should have seen one that has just left us," said she. "Everybody raved over her, but she got married after a courtship of two days. She was much prettier than I am." She told this fairy story with every aspect of sincerity, making a mischievous moue as she looked at her silk stockings.

"It's queer how differently they act," she went on; "some of them are so ambitious and are so graceful, and others perform like dairymaids, and seem to have no idea of ever working up. But it's easier being a chorus girl, I suppose, at $20 a week, than to stand behind a counter all day long. It's certainly much more exciting."

DE WOLF HOPPER AND ALFRED KLEIN IN THE SECOND ACT OF "EL CAPITAN"

Meanwhile she was standing all the time, for a foolish fear of wrinkling her skirt, a short and silvery affair that went a little below her knees, where the silk stockings began the merry journey down to two toy feet. Her curls had joined the hopeless conspiracy to make her seem more young and delicate, but she would have seemed an infant even in a gray-haired wig. I was looking for her doll, when huge Hopper entered and towered over her.

"It's almost like New York," he said. "These are the only two places where they go much on first nights. At Boston and Washington and Chicago we began with a $750 house and the receipts kept going up all the week to $10,000 or so, but here in San Francisco you get a rousing reception, and see all your friends at the opening."

"It's the most enthusiastic house I've seen since I wore the Pennsylvania sweater in Philadelphia," said Mrs. Hopper. "The whole University was in front, and the football team was in a box, and if they didn't cheer! My! They wouldn't let me do a thing but stand grinning with my arms half through the sleeves, for ten minutes. There was a great big halfback in front, and he said out pretty loud: 'Say, I wouldn't dare to tackle that!' It was the most fun I ever had on the stage!"

There was no doubt now that it was a smile. It had crept out of her eyes at first, and had captured the whole of her face, when a man came up the passage way bawling, "Third act!" and the hurried Hoppers hastened to the stage, preceded by a swarm of chorus singers.

The men had wooden guns and mustaches, otherwise one could hardly tell them from the girls at a glance. Little Klein came puffing down, too, with a grin and a wheeze, and stood at the wings in a queer falsetto attitude.

The whole company seemed like the escapade of sixty-three school children out on a lark. It isn't enough for papa Hopper that the girls are pretty, they must be young, too. One gets to expecting an exhibit of ancient pottery when the supernumeraries appear, but here all are young, most are pretty, and a good many can sing.

There was a sort of reflection of the happy Hopper smile afloat among the girls. I saw them watching her, and practicing it when they were in the wings, but they weren't young enough. And they weren't quite pretty enough to be demure, either, for one must have a mouth made on purpose for that, and eyebrows as well trained as Edna Hopper's, and the dimple is positively, absolutely necessary—otherwise one mixes things, and a mere chorus girl spoils many a good pout in the effort.

I couldn't help wondering about the forbidden question of her age, and when she came off next I asked her if she really wore short dresse all the time, or if it was only her costume, and if she ever did up her hair.

"You know they will hardly believe I'm not Mr. Hopper's daughter," she said. "Half the hotel people call me Miss Hopper, and I get most of my letters addressed that way. I've worn out my voice explaining to bell-boys and porters that I am the truly real and only Mrs. Hopper."

I waited around through the last act, for she was very busy and could give me only a few odd moments while she was off the stage. She said plenty of other things, too, but as she generally said them smiling, I've forgotten what they were, really I have. So I begged for an appointment next day, to have another talk.

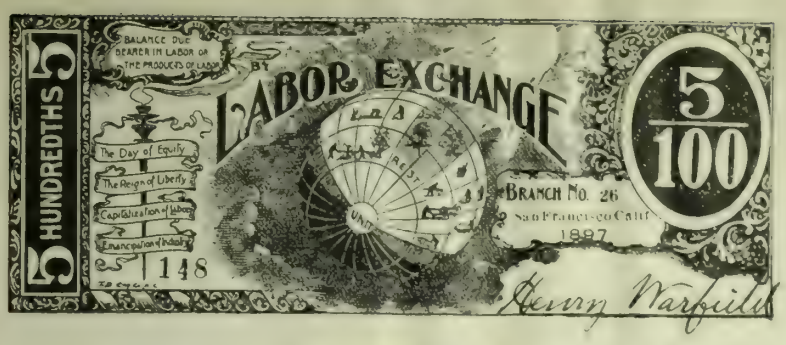
"What! A two days' interview," said she. "Really, you're worse than a dentist!" I couldn't exactly explain, because there was an enormous Hopper just coming off the stage.

It certainly was stupid of me, too, to forget the photographs, next day when I called, for she had a Tuesday smile which interested me tremendously. On Wednesday I went back for the photographs, and on Thursday I really had to return them. There were variations innumerable on the expression, and I had to cook up a pretext for calling Friday to see which I liked best.

And she, poor girl, must have thought I was a great bore and knew very little about my business. I wonder if she knows that the interview isn't over yet—and why.

GELETT BURGESS.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AND FOUR OF HER MOST DANGEROUSLY INTERESTING EXPRESSIONS



## WITHOUT MONEY

### How the Labor Exchange Checks are Solving the Industrial Questions.

The millennium is assuredly at hand—for it is possible to live without money in San Francisco. It is possible for a manufacturer to dispose of his goods as fast as produced, and it is possible for a workingman to get steady and well-paid employment. So says the Labor Exchange, and the results of two years' operation of their system affords many proofs of its value and economy.

The scheme, first exploited by de Bernardi in Independence, Missouri, now the central bureau of the organization, is based upon the old method of barter, and is merely a way of facilitating the exchange of commodities. The principal function of each branch exchange that is chartered, is to appraise, store and dispose of the goods produced by its members. To this end, it receives assignments of wares, and issues checks to the amount of their marketable value. These checks serve in the place of money, and are paid back and forth between the members, to be finally redeemed at the headquarters in return for goods. The checks are simply warehouse orders, or certificates of deposit. They bear no interest, they do not fluctuate in value, as they represent a certain amount of value in actual labor. The unit of value is one dollar, and checks are issued of all denominations from ten dollars down to five cents. Their credit is, of course, limited by the number of members of the Labor Exchange, and the number of dealers willing to accept the certificates in payment for goods or labor.

There are one hundred and forty-three stores in San Francisco where this paper is so accepted for debts. These cover almost every branch of trade and include a number of professions. Little by little this phase of the Labor movement has progressed, gaining more and more support from the sober and earnest workers in the industrial army. Strikes have played havoc with their organizations, four having failed to every one that has succeeded, and every strike has hurt the cause of labor and prejudiced the community. Agitations against capital have bred only hate and discord, but the Labor Exchange idea of de Bernardi has begun where these left off. It is a positive rather than a negative movement. It has taken the solution of the problem of hard times into its own hands, and has gained more than one victory and put many a despairing little community on its own feet.

The Labor Exchange system is simple and reasonable in operation. One need not struggle with the agonies of the financial question—one can be ignorant of money, depreciation, unearned increment, double standards, monometallism, specie and all the rest of the jargon, for each exchange is sufficient unto itself, and the principles governing its transactions are merely those of business conduct. There are three Exchanges in San Francisco, each with its own warehouse, issuing each its own checks, countersigned by an accountant of the branch. There are thirty or more such branches in the State, and all are in co-operation with outside organizations, dealing wherever possible with branches of the Association. Members of the league have been enabled to start manufactories and stores where before business was at a standstill for lack of ready money.

The method employed may be illustrated by following the course of one series of transactions. A stable man receives for his week's salary a ten dollar labor check. He goes to his grocer, who takes it in payment for groceries. The grocer goes down to the Exchange, and with other checks buys supplies of corn and oats sent up from Fresno, and uses this feed in his stable. He receives the same ten dollar check from a member who has left shoes at the Exchange, and the stable boy receives the same check next Saturday night. The use of money is unnecessary; the check is practically money, except that it stands all the time for some commodity in the warehouse, either grain, groceries or shoes. The Exchange has in the meantime received a carload of corn from Fresno, and has advanced the grower only a portion of its value until the invoice is sold, to insure against fluctuations. It has sent to Fresno either its own checks, or, if so ordered, the shoes that have come in meanwhile. If the shoes were sent for, they have perhaps been paid for in Fresno checks, and the next assignment from Fresno equalizes the exchange, so that they are cleared in the same way that banks co-operate.

These Labor Exchange checks are coming gradually into a wider circulation, and serving not merely as a substitute, but in some respects as an improvement upon money. They are an improvement to the extent that they serve all the purposes in facilitating exchange without being subject to taxation.

This question of taxation has been raised at Washington, for the institution has reached such proportions as to force the attention of the Executive Department of the Government, and the Attorney-General declared that inasmuch as the checks were not redeemable in legal tender they could not be taxed.

The leaders in the Labor Exchange movement are fond of telling a story that illustrates their theory or plan as well as anything can. The people of the island of Guernsey felt the need of a big market place. They did not have the capital to put up the necessary building, and it was proposed in their Council to issue bonds, send a commission to Paris to sell them and with the capital so raised to do the thing they desired. The Governor of Guernsey, however, was a long-headed fellow, and something of a new-fangled financier himself. He said:

"If you wish to build a market for the French people that is the very thing to do. If you wish to build a market for yourselves it is a very foolish thing." "But how are we to build the market?" said the Councilors. "We have no money." "You have plenty of men to do the work, haven't you?" "Oh, yes; there are plenty of laborers who need employment," they said. "You have the timber necessary and the stone and other material on the island?" "Oh, yes; plenty of it." "Then why not go to work and build it? You have all that is necessary. Instead of issuing interest-bearing notes, which other people will gladly accept, why not issue notes without interest and accept them yourselves? The notes may be made acceptable by the town for rent in the market when it is ready for business, and in this way redeem themselves."

The Governor's advice was taken, the market house was built, the notes circulated at par during the process and afterward, until they all finally found their way into the town treasury. The market house had been built and paid for without the employment of money or without the payment of one cent of interest.

This is the plan upon which the Labor Exchange is working. It has met with great difficulties, chief of which is doubt as to the possibility of getting its scheme on a stable footing. As it grows, this doubt dissolves before the proof furnished. Branches are being established all over the country. There are flourishing branches in this State at Fresno, Ventura, Red Bluff, Visalia, Bakersfield, Tulare, Santa Maria, Eureka, Plato, Carpenteria, Santa Paula, San Diego, Stockton, Oakdale and a dozen other places.

These exchange all manner of goods with each other. There are such things as socks and cigars from as distant a point as Reading, Pa., at the Davis street exchange, broom handles from away at New Whatcom, Wash., fruit extracts from Fresno and as far south as San Diego. A consignment of shirts and overalls is being negotiated for with a branch in Ohio. A lot of dried fruit was recently shipped to Idaho Falls, Idaho, in exchange for pork, and groceries were sent to Armona, in Kings county, in exchange for dried fruit. The branch at Red Bluff is putting up a spice mill, the branch at Los Angeles is putting up a shoe factory, and the branch at Olathe, Kan., is building a grist mill.

These organizations have undertaken to build a railroad on exactly the plan upon which the people of Guernsey built their market house. Subscriptions of $100,000, not in dollars, but in land, material and provender, have been subscribed, and these will be pledged for the rails and rolling stock, things that cannot be secured with the exchange checks. All the labor, the ties, etc., will be paid for with these checks, which will be accepted for traffic charges when the road is completed. The road to be built is a strip twenty-five miles long, extending into the prolific farming country of the Williamette Valley.

The movement will be shortly amplified by the issuance of checks against real estate for what improvements may be made upon it by labor. In other words, a member of the Exchange owning a lot may have a house built upon it by other members, who will accept the real estate checks. The plan is that of the building and loan association carried on without money and without interest. The checks would be issued by the Exchange, and made partly redeemable by it for provender. The house, being built, would be owned by the Exchange—that is, by every member of it. The rent from it (presumably paid by the man having it built) would be paid into the Exchange until it amounted to the sum of its cost. Then a deed would be given to the new owner—exactly the Guernsey transaction over again.

Talk is being revived in Vienna of a proposed change in the law of succession to the throne in favor of the Archduchess Valerie, only daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. The present heir to the throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, is in a precarious state of health, and it is said that he could not stand the strain of regal duties. He is, moreover, thoroughly unpopular in both Austria and Hungary, and this dislike is shared by the Emperor himself. In order to secure the succession of the Archduchess Valerie, the old Salic law would have to be abrogated, as was done in Holland after the death of the Prince of Orange, and in Spain in favor of Isabella II. Emperor Francis Joseph is said to be very anxious to secure the crown for his granddaughter, and it is now rumored in Vienna that a decree making a change in the law of succession will be promulgated next year, at the time of the Emperor's golden jubilee.

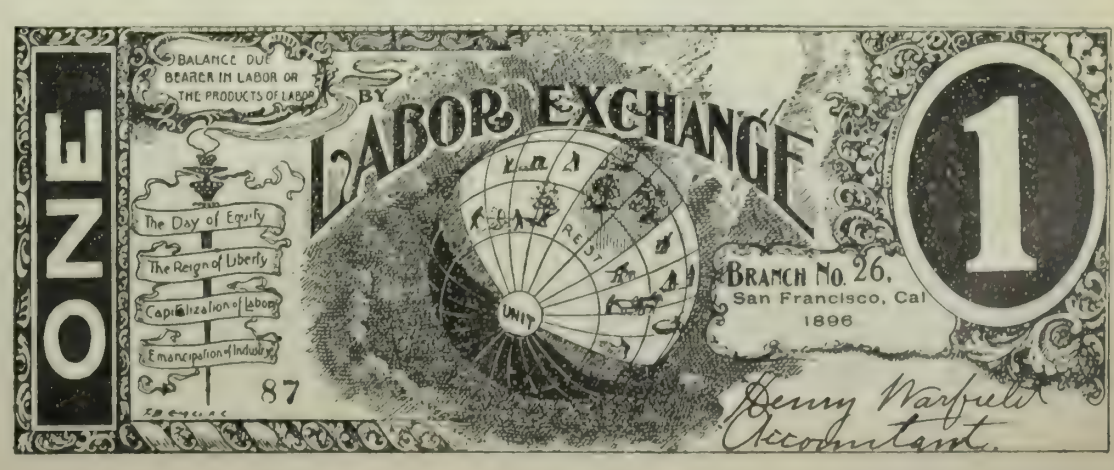
The late Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar was one of the most interesting figures in modern royalty. She was a Dutch Princess, and when she came to Weimar in the forties found the little place seemingly indifferent to its brilliant past. She immediately threw herself into the work of raising monuments to Goethe, Schiller, Wieland and Herder, and by encouraging arts and letters in every possible manner revived the former academic spirit of the town, making it almost in spite of itself live upto its great traditions. The Duchess was a woman of unusual attainments and achieved more fame and admiration throughout Germany than any German-born woman of the century. It is one of her two grandsons who will most probably be the future husband of the girl Queen of Holland.

"Figaro" has organized a symposium on the jury system, and makes great fun of the institution. Among other strange tales its correspondents relate is one of a Frenchman recently tried for murdering his wife, and the questions to the jury to decide were two—did the man wound his wife, and, secondly, did these wounds cause her death? To the first question the jury replied that he had not wounded her, and to the second that the said wounds had caused her death. In other words, the prisoner was acquitted of having wounded his wife, but convicted of having killed her. The Judge called the attention of the honest peasants to this little lacune in their reasoning, and they filed out again to solemnly reconsider the case, finally pronouncing the prisoner guilty in both instances.

A young Chinese entered the Imperial army and, of Brigadier-General, but with him at every promotion through hard fighting and real merit, rose to the rank rose his brother, who had not met him for years, and who was occupied as cook in a distant opium den. The soldier, after each engagement in which he distinguished himself, reported imaginary deeds of valor performed by his brother, and his word was taken. It may be added that he also collected his brother's salary. This continued until one day the cook in the opium den, who had never even seen a battle, read his name in the Gazette and found that he had attained the rank of Colonel in the Imperial forces.

The "Lancet" announces that, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the hoped-for heir to the crown may see the light this month if it is not a girl. The health of the Czar is also excellent. He has nothing the matter with his brain, and is keeping himself in training by getting up at daylight and running five furlongs, daily, timing himself. He amuses himself by shooting crows while riding a bicycle at high speed.

In order to increase their safety in less civilized parts of the country, Russian doctors are hereafter to wear as a sign that they are legally qualified to practice, a little zuak or badge, a silver oval plate one inch and a half long by an inch wide, on which is a design of two intertwined serpents.



## HAWAII'S PROBLEM

### Japanese Resent Exclusion and Threaten Trouble.

The question of Japanese immigration in Hawaii, which has long been a cause for uneasiness among the white population of the islands, is approaching a crisis and there is every likelihood of trouble in the near future.

The latest excitement has been the reshipment of 130 pauper immigrants back to Japan, whence they had been brought by the steamer Sakura Maru, and for whose return William G. Irwin & Co. gave bonds for $6000. The Japanese tramp steamer Kinai Maru had previously arrived, bringing 680 Japanese free laborers, or "students," as they are generally called here. There were no contract laborers in the lot, though it turned out afterward that many of them had fictitious contracts. There had been no sickness on the voyage and the vessel had a clean bill of health, but the immigrants were about the dirtiest lot of people ever landed. On the 12th of April two cases of smallpox were discovered among the immigrants. The examination resulted in 139 being allowed to land and the others being ordered to be returned. Many of these people had been deceived with bogus contracts by immigration agents. On the very first day the Board of Health made every provision against an epidemic. The 543 rejected immigrants were returned on board, a considerable show of force having to be made to get them to embark peaceably.

Besides the rejected immigrants the Kinai Maru took away 229 Japanese from Honolulu, making a total of 772 steerage passengers, or 92 more than she brought.

S. Asano, the millionaire steamship man, who passed through Honolulu on the Coptic and saw the rejected immigrants from the Sakura Maru put aboard, grew very much excited over what he was pleased to term the "unlawful treatment" of his fellow countrymen. He claimed that the Hawaiian Government could not compel them to return home on the Coptic, but must permit them to choose their own mode of conveyance. He said he intended to inquire into the matter when he reached home and ascertain if the Japanese Government would permit its people to be handled in a foreign and friendly country like a lot of sheep. The Doric brought, also, the news that the Japanese Government had preemptorily stopped all immigration to Hawaii until it has investigated the causes which have led to the rejection of the last three lots of immigrants.

In Washington, however, Japan's attitude regarding Hawaii has not caused alarm to this Government, although it is admitted matters may become serious through the state of feeling in Japan. No action has been taken by either the Secretary of State or Navy looking to the better protection of American interests in the islands. It is understood by the administration that the Hawaiian Government would like the United States to send more war vessels to Honolulu, and there has been some talk favorable to this among naval officers, but Secretary Long has not given consideration to the subject, though it is said the Hawaiian legation has urged on Secretary Sherman the moral effect the presence of ships would have on the Japanese and the restraining influence they would exert in preventing a spread of dissensions said to exist against the Dole Government.

The Attorney General of the Hawaiian Government has returned from his visit to Washington, having sounded the administration while in this country, and ex-Minister Thurston, who accompanied him, is still in Honolulu as a representative of his Government in the interest of securing the annexation of the islands. The McKinley administration is known to be favorable to annexation, and it is understood it is willing to negotiate an annexation treaty just as soon as the tariff bill is disposed of, but it does not intend to take any step to interfere with the discussion of that measure in the Senate.

Nothing has been heard by the State Department from Japan as to the views and attitude of the United States toward Hawaii, as indicated by sending the cruiser Philadelphia to Honolulu after permission to land had been refused Japanese immigrants.

This Government seems to believe that there is no crisis, and depends on the friendly feelings of the Japanese to bring about a peaceful settlement of the present difficulty. Secretary Long has said, however, that the assignment of the Philadelphia was made because the President recognized that the Hawaiian question was likely to attract the serious attention of the United States in the event of trouble at Honolulu, and in view of the importance of peace in the islands to the American residents and their interests, it was deemed advisable to send a first-class ship there in addition to the Marion, now on that station.

Consul General Shimamura, who represents the Japanese Government in Honolulu and who was only recently promoted to a commissionership, has received a cable dispatch from Japan by way of San Francisco notifying him of his promotion to the post of Minister Resident. The Japanese are enthusiastic over the affair and tendered the new minister a big banquet at the Hawaiian Hotel.

While President Dole is greatly respected by both friends and enemies for his courageous and efficient conduct of the affairs of the Hawaiian Government, being by far the most acceptable man for the position both to natives and whites, the strength of the Monarchial party is still felt in the islands. The fear of the influx of carpet-bag politicians in the event of annexation, however, has been overshadowed by the immigration crisis, and the problem has greatly strengthened the chances of American control. It is only a question of time when the despised Japanese laborers will assert rights to representation, and once the gates of franchise are open, further restrictions to immigration will be out of the question, and will pave the way for a complete possession of the islands by subjects of the Mikado.

A possible solution of the labor question may soon come with the arrival of the German ship H. F. Glade, now on her way to this port from Bremen, bringing about 120 German laborers, with their families, to work on the plantations. The emigrants are to find employment on one of the plantations represented by Hackfeld & Co.; it has not yet been determined which one. As the assertion has often been made that white men cannot do the work on the plantations now performed by the Asiatics, the experiment will attract widespread attention, and its success or failure watched with great interest from both sides of the Pacific.

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The early Theosophists were bound into an amicable brotherhood by their popular martyrdom of ridicule, and the satirical persecution to which they were subjected, tied together crank and philosopher. But now that the movement has progressed sufficiently to be recognized as a reputable addition to the family of religious denominations, and they have gone so far as to erect colleges in Southern California, internal dissentions have split the society into pieces. The advent of Mrs. Annie Besant, formerly high-priestess of the cult, who with the Countess Wachmeister, is to lecture on Theosophy next week, is absolutely ignored by the American T. S. at whose quarters no information whatever can be obtained as to the meetings or the speakers. There is still a squabble as to which division is entitled to the word "the" in front of its name, but the Aryan Branch represents the parent organization, still loyal to the Besant regime. Mrs. Besant was here in 1891, and did more to dignify the movement than anyone who ever spoke in San Francisco, and the absence of cant and the jargon affected by the more wordy members of the occult faith, made her one of the most interesting woman speakers ever heard on a public platform. The Bramacharin of late lamented fame is also to speak at the Theosophical lectures next week and it is to be hoped that the Countess will refrain from plucking at his robe.

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A former Anglo-Indian writes: To any one conversant with what Rudyard Kipling styles "the ways of nativedom," the explosive collapse of the Hindoo poseur at the Woman's Congress will have seemed perfectly natural. The attempt to Barnumize the function by the exhibition of this out-of-the-way individual was quite a smart piece of side-show work, well calculated to gratify the voracious appetite of the inhabitants of this beautiful city for anything having a freakish flavor. But it was not difficult to foresee that something was bound to happen, though I rather expected an entirely different sequel, when I learned that the Oriental lecturer was persona gratissima with the ladies of the Congress. Having myself lived among his country-folk for many years, and liked them in their place, which is not as exponents of religious, moral and social matters for the benefit of their white brethren, his personality hardly appealed to my curiosity; and I shall perhaps not be wrong in thinking that this person is about as much real use in the world as most of his kind, who are impelled by a little book-learning, often mistaken for education, to move outside the sphere for which they were intended by nature. Many years ago, when on a visit to the native state of Cochin, on the western coast of India, I was taken through a large college, specially endowed by the Rajah who rules the state under British protection; and, after having seen many of the students and heard of their work and attainments, I ventured to inquire of the learned English gentleman, who had been some fifteen years or so at the head of the institution: "Now, doctor, do you really think that all this high education is doing these people any good?" His reply was: "Well, you ask me so plainly I will answer you in the same spirit, but don't quote me. I think it does them harm. What is really wanted is some method by which we could make them clean in their lives and learn to tell the truth."

The only bond of sympathy I can see between the women of the far West and the men of the far East is that some of the former chew gum and all of the latter chew getel, both practices sadly inelegant, but said to be beneficial to weak or impaired digestions. I trust, however, that the ladies of the Congress have no weakness in this or any other direction. For their future guidance let me warn them to keep the natives of India at a proper distance, and not to touch their garments or let them touch theirs.

*INSPECTING JAPANESE IMMIGRANTS LATELY ARRIVED AT HONOLULU*

Photo by the Davey Photo Co., Honolulu, H. I.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

It is not extraordinary that the Olympic Club should be compelled to resort to prize-fights to replenish its treasury. The spirit of California seems to have infused its membership with that curious ingratitude and inactivity that characterizes the conduct of most of our institutions. The club made its first great mistake by turning down William Greer Harrison. He was its creator, and he had the ability to maintain it. Like other able and positive men he had his faults, but he could do and achieve and certainly was the right man for the role. Just now things have got from bad to worse. The club owes rather more money than it can pay. It is losing rather than gaining members, and the impression prevails that it is on the down grade. That Mr. Newhall will keep it alive I doubt. Even if he does he will have little thanks for his trouble. Henry Crocker received no gratitude for his interest, and Fred Eaton, who certainly worked hard for the good of the club, resented the manner in which his exertions were accepted. In order to revive the finances, this boxing entertainment at Woodward's Pavilion on the night of the 18th. Surely this is a poor subterfuge for an institution that was once so great. However, I hope the club will get enough money to relieve it of its troubles.

SADIE MARTINOT

Who is to appear in "Excelsior Jr." at the Columbia next week

Thors, photo

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The arrival of Madame Barrios, wife of the President of Guatemala, will be quite an event. Three of the handsomest suites on the parlor floor of the Occidental Hotel have been engaged for her party. These apartments include dining and drawing rooms, which have been freshly decorated and furnished for the occasion. During his administration as President the fortunes of Barrios have advanced with the development of Guatemala, as they deserved to, and he is certainly a millionaire several times over. Madam Barrios is from New Orleans, is slim, graceful, and delicate, with very soft, fluffy, blonde hair. She comes of a well known Louisiana family, and is fond of society. She knows San Francisco very well, having lived here for many years while Barrios was exiled from his native country. Doubtless she will be extensively entertained by her old friends and by the members of the Spanish-American colony.

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Multitudes of men and women, whom necessity or choice compels to the Ferry of a day, must have noticed how very slow is the progress of the Ferry Building. To judge by results, it will take as long to finish as the new City Hall. The skeleton is up; the tower in outline is a landmark, but only a few slabs of stone are yet in place. The difficulty seems to be the non-arrival of the rock. Two of the Harbor Commissioners recently visited Sites and reported that the stone is being taken out as quickly as possible. The natural formation of the ground there makes the extraction of the large slabs which the character of the building necessitates, a work of extreme labor, and there is no way of hurrying operations. The contractors are deeply disappointed over the situation, but admit they are powerless. What is worse, the appearance of this Colusa stone is a source of dissatisfaction. It lacks lustre and in every way is inferior to the gray stone of the Parrott and Spreckels Buildings. I am told by an expert that within three years the edifice will look like a checkerboard, in as much as the blocks under the influence of the weather will take different colors. Curious, is it not, that this State in its public enterprises is so unfortunate? Is it not strange that some method cannot be devised by which California would be enabled to erect public structures on something like the basis that private builders do? Another feature of the ferry building that requires looking into is in regard to the specifications. I am told that a number of changes have recently been made which will not aid the strength or harmony of the building, and it may be some unpleasant disclosures are yet in store for us in that direction. However, the National Government does not seem much more fortunate, as I see the dock at Port Orchard on which a million dollars was expended, is about to be abandoned. Evidently dishonesty and wire pulling are not distinctly local attributes.

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An interesting story might be made about the metamorphosis of Mrs. Li Ching Hsu, wife of the Viceroy's favorite nephew. Li and his bride, who is a decidedly pretty Chinese lady, of high birth, arrived here in the suite of the Chinese Minister, but instead of proceeding to Washington, concluded to remain in San Francisco and learn American ways. Several ladies at the Occidental called on the Celestial bride after European fashion, and were captivated with her quaint and original ways. She, in her turn, was attracted by the manners of her American sisters, and she has taken to western civilization at an astonishing rate. She has cultivated a taste for theater going—not the Chinese variety theater—but patronizes the Baldwin and the Columbia, and in her desire to conform to American ways, she has had herself fitted with a tailormade frock and English shoes. You can imagine high heeled shoes on tiny Chinese feet. That experiment, however, did not satisfy her, and she returned speedily to her Oriental silks. She is learning English very fast, says the quaintest things with a charming accent, and boldly announces: "I like American ways. We woman in China don't know anything. I like see people and to do what other people do. I want to do everything, and I will." The other night she and her husband were calling on some friends, and after dinner she announced: "There is a new play at the Baldwin. I want go, dear husband. Take these, our friends." And the whole party went and occupied a box. Li Ching Hsu is very proud of the intelligence and charm of his pretty bride, and is as much amused as any one else at her qauint English. Li, himself, has a thorough command of our vernacular and converses with ease on most topics.

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With its recent acquisitions the C. P. Huntington picture gallery must take rank as the best on the Coast. Mr. Huntington brought from the east recently some magnificent canvasses, among them two large Rousseaus, quite the most beautiful landscapes I have ever seen. These paintings were purchased in Europe, and were never exhibited in any of the galleries. They went at private sale straight from the studio of the artist to the gallery of their former owner whose choicest possessions they were. The subjects are "Morning" and "Evening," and they are admirable in feeling and color. A third painting is a Diaz, a sumptuous canvas in that painter's best manner. A very beautiful Grueze has just arrived from the east and will take its place with the others. The collection includes the two Murillos, which were exhibited last year at the Art Association's rooms, two magnificent hunting pieces by Schneider, and several other fine canvasses. Mr. Huntington has hung conspicuously two landscapes from the brush of William Keith, whom he pronounces one of the finest landscape artists now living.

The Huntington banquet was of course a very brilliant affair. The table decorations were magnificent, but the oratory was really, as it should have been, the feature. The ablest and most serious speech of the evening was that of J. C. Stubbs, who, though he does not figure among eminent public speakers, has few superiors as a talker. He is quick-witted and ready, and has the gift of decisive, pungent phraseology, and has the rare gift of being able to convey exactly the shade of meaning he desires in the fewest possible words. He devoted himself to showing the error of the familiar accusation that the railroad charges all the traffic will bear, and demonstrated the superiority of railroad morality over that of the average professional man. Another excellent speech was that of W. B. Stafford, of the State Organization of Conductors, who arose to the occasion and was not only sensible, but eloquent. Mr. Curtis also made a clever talk. I sincerely hope some of our down town obstructionists will read the remarks of Mr. Huntington. They present an able, logical, and broad-minded view of the situation in California, and are full of suggestion for the benefit of the State. That happiness of phrase, which is one of Mr. Huntington's finest gifts, was conspicuous throughout.

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One cannot but think that the assertion of Dr. McLean at a meeting of ministers recently, that there is a superfluity of churches in San Francisco, had rather more point than his fellows would care to admit. It is remarkable the number of spiritual institutions of one kind or another that we support here, though I notice none of the ministers are particularly happy over the financial results which accrue. If several of the congregations would but unite forces, I am quite sure the result would be to gain us superior church edifices and more eloquent preachers. Just now there are few men in the profession whose oratory commands an audience gathered to their pulpits by aught save a sense of duty.

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The late Legislature of precious memory raised the salaries of the Chiefs, Assistants and Secretary of the Fire Department, and Boss Rainey has accepted, in return for his service as lobbyist, an emblazoned address and a silver tea-set. There is a deficit of some three hundred thousand dollars in the city's treasury, the community is employing hundreds of men at road making by private subscription, real estate is lower than it has been in twenty years past; business is depressed; and yet the Fire Department has had its salaries raised. For many years our local Fire Department has been rated among the best paid in America. The compensation was ample for the service rendered; there was no imaginable justification for the advance, save the anxiety of a political boss to express his gratification for political services rendered. The Mayor inveighed against the increase, and the tax-payers protested; but Rainey, who controlled the San Francisco delegation, traded every other measure the session through to secure this favor; the Governor, who has been promised assistance in realizing his Senatorial ambitions, signed the bill and the community is paying for his aspirations and Rainey's gratitude. It is decidedly piling on the agony, however, for the Department to fling this burglary in the face of the community. Mr. Rainey has reason to be gratified at the expression of favor which his friends tender, but he should not permit demonstrations which concentrate on him the wrath of a despoiled city. Curious, is it not, the position this man Rainey has attained here? Though he is illiterate, he is actually the ruler through a solid nine of the system of education of San Francisco. He participates, through the Supervisors, in the legislation of the city, has myrmidons in every office in the City Hall, and owns the Fire Department. Some day the community will arise in its wrath against this man and his ilk, but in the meantime let us pray for a new charter.

BOSWELL JR.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT

COUNTESS WACHMEISTER

Prominent leaders of the Theosophical Society, who are to speak upon Reincarnation next week

## MAY-DAY REVELS

### Liliputian Festivities in the Glass Palace by the Sea.

It was a little toy kingdom in a glass case.

There was the prettiest of sweet little Queens — with five hundred gay and chubby courtiers blossoming in white and pink muslin, wigged and costumed — and a very sturdy and loyal populace of nine thousand subjects to pay homage; and of these, fully half the number were real children, and the other half children for the afternoon, at least.

Nine thousand persons make a very respectable audience, even for the monstrous edifice of the Sutro Baths. They were packed tier on tier, from the balconies down by the stage, up and up and up, to the tip top promenade, and all along the whole length of the building and around the corner and up the end. There was not a seat unfilled, and from below there seemed to be a great hillside of heads gazing down at Miss Pearl Landers on her gorgeous throne, "for she was the Queen of the May, mother — for she was the Queen of the May!"

The five hundred, too, they of the Court, looked as if they had been singing

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early mother dear—
For to-morrow is the happiest day of all the glad new year!"

They were banked up like flowers on each side of the dais that was in front of the May-poles that were on the platform that was over the salt water that was in the bath-house that Sutro built. They were in all epochs of littleness. It was a veritable dimple show, the benches full of unpurchasable exhibits with small feet, anxious for their turn to come to caper on the boards.

Sutro's Baths was a veritable Mecca for a children's pilgrimage that day. They came by rail and by trolley, and the wide doors of the pavilion gulped and swallowed infants all day like any ogre. They came with their brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, but mostly aunts.

And what boys there were amongst the throng made bee lines for the bathing sections and the doors closed on them. But lo! out of every doorway, presently emerged a little semi-naked boy; and for every boy was a pair of little, thin, pink legs, and arms to match; and for every little leg, five scandalously dirty little toes. Presently the tank bred boys like pollywogs—the number increased so that the water wouldn't hold them, and the little frog-men overflowed onto the main floor, and wandered, purple, sleek, and dripping, up into the uttermost parts of the galleries and patronized the soda-water fountains, all semi-naked and unashamed. It was a feast of Mowglis. One could scarce turn about for fear of stepping on a little semi-nude urchin.

But the little girls were demure and very, very proper with their white muslin dresses and pink sashes. The five hundred maids of honor ignored the presence and the gaze of the five hundred semi-naked little mermen, they tip-tilted chin and nose, and shook out ringlets with mock indifference.

Never Queen had more dainty carnival. Ballets and pas-seules, fancy and contra dances, round and square, with scarf, tambourine, and castanet, danced the little coryphees at this Liliputian fairy court. They raised and braided the May-pole, they flung Highland flings and hornpipes. Believe me, there were thirty-five separately beautiful and individually fantastic features to the festival, each dance more of a cunning, delicate, tricksy, whimsical entrancement than the one before.

Tiny maidens, small and round as Pica periods, flung airy toes chin-high, and pirouetted with all the arts and graces of painted premieres.

Curly-headed, brown-eyed, roguish boykins stamped mad little hornpipes, or arms akimbo, tossed through a kermess with sad coquettes of partners, piquant with darling four-year-old prettiness — things of flirts and flourishes and tiptoe delicacies.

Surely, if I have ever a child to spare, I shall send her to Professor O'Brien and have her trained to capture hearts wholesale, instead of one at a time. I shall have her do an elfish caprice, like Ethel Schwaner — spectacle for Titania—and she shall try at "Comin' through the Rye," with a Brownie playmate, like Angela and Alvanisa Sartorious. Should her one name hap to be Veva, she shall trip it as if her other were Anderson, and the May Queen of 19?? shall accord her the white rose wreath of royal favor.

GELETT BURGESS.

MAY MAIDENS AND MERMEN AT THE SUTRO BATHS: ENTRANCE OF THE QUEEN

The story of Gladstone learning to ride the bicycle having been exploded, the lie about President Faure's being a guest at the Queen's jubilee celebration is started, and on this fantastic foundation is reared the even more idiotic report that President McKinley is also to be present.

Count Albert de Mun, the leader of the Catholic party in the French Chamber of Deputies, who has just been elected to fill Jules Simons' seat in the French Academy, is a great grandson of Helvetius, the revolutionary philosopher, and a grandson of Madame de Stael.

Vivian Burnett, the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has just come of age. He is a student at Harvard, and is described as an exceedingly sturdy and substantial young man. He has already given evidence of literary ability, having distinguished himself in class studies, and has also written a play entitled "The Fool's Gold." The piece was recently produced with success by the Pi Eta Society of the university, the author assuming the part of the hero. Mrs. Burnett is very proud of her son, and has many amusing stories to tell of him. She says he was always fond of writing, and his letters, in particular were uniquely written. One day when he was about six years old, Mrs. Burnett found him leisurely scribbling on a scrap of paper, and he was questioned as to what he was doing. "I am beginning to write a book," he said. "What is it to be called?" queried his mother. "It is to be called," came the dignified reply, "'My Recollections of Our Late Civil War.'" Young Mr. Burnett is having an excellent training as a man of letters. He has traveled all over Europe, and has had English, French, German and Italian tutors, but for all that, is a very loyal American.

A social sensation of some years ago was recently recalled by the divorce obtained by Colonel Fred Wellesley from his wife, formerly Kate Vaughan, the famous English dancer. It will be remembered that while he was military attache at St. Petersburg ten years ago Colonel Wellesley deserted his wife, who was a very handsome woman, for Miss Vaughan, then the leading burlesque actress in the Gaiety Company. Mrs. Wellesley at once divorced her husband, who promptly married the dancer. They lived together for some years, but financial difficulties overtaking Wellesley, he was deserted by his wife for an obscure actor. A second divorce was obtained, and it now remains to be seen if the Colonel will make up with his former wife.

The much discussed and long postponed production of "Mme. Sans Gene" at Henry Irving's London Lyceum has taken both press and public by storm. The chief interest of the piece centered about Ellen Terry, who had serious misgivings about her part. These misgivings have been wholly unwarranted, as Miss Terry has made the titled blanchisseuse one of the most notable of her creations, and she not only gave the role cleverly, but was also perfect in letter and spirit.

BALLET OF LES BELLES FLEURS

WEAVING THE TWIN MAYPOLES

## FROM SUMMER SEAS

### Wanderings of the Barkentine of the Missionary Society.

There was less excitement in the port of San Francisco when the Morning Star dropped anchor in the fairway, than she has been wont to create when she slides into the lagoon under the hills of Kusaie. There, she brings the annual mails to the island, and the village has the fete-day of the year. The white-clad missionaries come down from the mission building, the native women array themselves in their finest mats, and the children troop down to the quay and swim out to meet the vessel.

In San Francisco, the barkentine was noted by the water front loungers only as a queer rig, with a black main top mast. At first the vessel seemed to be on fire, but no—she was steaming in, using her hollow steel main mast for a smokestack. Captain Isaiah Bray was rowed ashore by a boat's crew of dusky islanders; a new mate boarded the vessel, and set to work overhauling the sails, spars and rigging preparatory to the refitting that she came up for.

This Morning Star is fourth of the name built, owned and operated by the society with the long name whose business it is to convert the benighted heathen of the south seas. More properly of Micronesia, for few of the islands their missionaries visit lie south of the equator. Their territory is limited to three groups of islands, the Caroline, Gilbert and Marshall archipelagos, lately occupied and held by rights of possession by the governments of Spain, England and Germany, respectively. The barkentine is a dawdler in tropic seas. She makes a yearly cruise amongst the most beautiful islands of the North Pacific, under blue skies and blown by soft winds, bent on a dreamy errand to the most romantic and picturesque spots of Oceanica. Her headquarters are at Honolulu, and from there she floats south with stores and Bibles to the sunny island Edens, and transports the missionaries to and fro among their insular tributaries.

Each group is in charge of a white pastor to the little flock of natives, and when the barkentine is sighted he and his wife pack up and take passage in the vessel, and visit the outlying native teachers—examining schools, receiving into the church, inspecting the growth of the sub-missions, marrying, and giving his benediction to the work. He gathers his assistants to a yearly meeting, and perhaps picks out one or two of the brighter pupils to be sent to Honolulu or the States to be educated by the society. And so on to the next group the Morning Star drifts and brings life to each colony in turn.

Most of the islands are low, of coral formation, raised only a few feet above the blue sea. Here the mangrove trees rise seventy feet high, their boles washed by the higher tides, so that one can paddle a canoe around through the grove. A white or two, traders in copra, live here, and a handful of natives. On the high islands the hills rise out of the sea into a cloudless sky, and everything grows that is necessary to prolong an idle existence. Here are the schools and the churches, and here, too, have come the Catholic priests to divert the credence of the heathen from the Word, as preached by the Congregational Church under the auspices of the A. B. C. F. M. From June to March the Morning Star drifts up and down the mid-Pacific, bringing back cargoes of firewood and converted natives. Stories, too, of Spanish opposition to the crusade in the Carolines, where she has not until recently been allowed by the Governor to hold religious services, or communicate with the people. Captain Garland, ex-commander of the barkentine, succeeded at last in obtaining permission to establish missions, and the vessel is now received with great cordiality. The English Governor of the Gilbert islands has been more indifferent to the work of the Congregationalists, while the Germans in the Marshall group have warmly seconded their efforts.

The Morning Star had a rather rough passage up from Hawaii, and with a rotting foremast had to carry too little sail in the northwest gales to make good time. She is to be thoroughly overhauled, new boilers and new metal for her bottom included, besides the replacement of masts, spars and canvas necessary after a long cruise. Among her passengers was Louis Schriber, a young missionary from Los Angeles, who will return when the vessel returns in a month or so. The crew are all Caroline Islanders, and among them C. E. Bowker came as ship's carpenter, with a native wife and a little family of half-native children. Captain Bray was for a good while General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Oakland, and has just retaken his berth as skipper of the Morning Star after six years ashore, and is now looking forward to more meanderings among the coral islands of the equatorial seas.

MAY DAY FESTIVITIES AT THE LESTER NORRIS MEMORIAL KINDERGARTEN ON PACIFIC STREET

THE MISSIONARY BARKENTINE WITH A SIXTY-FOOT SMOKESTACK

Dr. Nobel's will, turning nearly all his property into a fund to further the advancement of science, is contested by the late inventor's relatives.

When Queen Victoria sets forth from Buckingham Palace to ride through London in her Jubilee procession, she will be attended with all the pomp and circumstance that British royalty can compass. She will sit in the gorgeous state coach of glass and gold, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, with coachmen and footmen in liveries most brilliant to behold. She will be preceded by the Princesses of the royal family in state carriages escorted by a cavalcade of royal Princes on horseback. The procession, which will be a mile long, will include in its route the Surrey side of London inhabited by the poorer classes, who will be given an opportunity, at the Queen's desire, to share in the rejoicings of the day, and also in its profits by renting window room. The objective point of the procession is not Westminster Abbey, but St. Paul's Cathedral, before which services will be held in the open air, the Queen remaining in her carriage. The exercises will not occupy more than fifteen minutes, and at the conclusion Her Majesty will immediately return to Buckingham Palace, bringing to an end one of the most remarkable royal processions on record.

The Jubilee-day programme is arousing much discussion in England. It is said that the Queen objects to several of the arrangements, especially to the service on the steps of St. Paul's, which she has opposed from the very beginning. The reason for this opposition is not yet known, but it is rumored that when it is made public it will be an interesting tale. One of the suggestions anent the great celebration appearing in the press, comes from Lady Douglas Galton, who thinks it would be graceful for every patriotic Englishwoman, on the great day, to wear a small, tight-fitting toque, instead of big hats, so that other people may see something of the proceedings. Fashionable milliners are aghast at this proposition, and patriotic Englishwomen are inclined to rebel, but as a London crowd is no respecter of persons, to say nothing of high hats, it is likely that the toque will be very much in vogue when the great day finally arrives.

Professor Lucien Blake of the Kansas University has a plan for giving white skins to negroes. Professor Blake says that the negro owes his color to a carbon pigment in the tissues of the skin, and believes by the application of an electric current this pigment could be decomposed and the skin would become white.

MATE AND NATIVE CREW OF THE "MORNING STAR" FROM THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I cannot say, truthfully, Diary Dear, that I have been flying on the golden wings of pleasure this week—it really might be Lent over again, as far as we young people are concerned. I have had what I call quiet enjoyments—such as swimming, riding and bicycle trips, but to a maiden who has passed through a successful season these are rather slow. I am eagerly anticipating next Saturday, "Class Day," with double capitals. I am besieged with invitations to luncheons in the various frats, and am evolving in my small cranium how many I can get in. I suppose I shall be horribly ill on Sunday, but that never deters Arthur when he has aspirations in the direction of tears; so why should it me? Apres tout (to quote Aunt Sybil, who thinks it elegant to interpolate French phrases in her conversation, to the tremendous amusement of mamma, who, I am happy to state, is a college-bred woman and not affected), fraternity luncheons are a very mild form of "tear." Speaking of mamma. She has been flirting with pleasure all the week, and now quite outranks me as a social success. Mamma's entertainments are always superb affairs. No mild teas or quiet thimble bees for my mother; nothing but a series of luncheons and dinners will suffice. I must really place them on record, and I confess I am quite envious.

She started out last Tuesday evening by going to a swell dinner followed by a card party at Mrs. Morgan's. The menu was elaborate in the extreme, and everything deliciously cooked. Mamma says Mrs. Morgan has the mind of a Napoleon when the getting up of a dinner is concerned. Then Mrs. H. L. Dodge gave a married ladies' euchre party that was very smart. Indeed, the maternal ma insists she never saw together this season such a profusion of stunning gowns. Mrs. Cutter, who is my favorite of the older set, because she is so bright and lively, gave a card party, and Mrs. Towne a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Huntington, who is very much entertained just now. Mamma said Mrs. Towne's was a smart affair. Mrs. Requa, Mrs. Darling and all the genuine old Californians were there. Then on Saturday Mrs. Huntington gave a swell dinner in their magnificent house, which is my admiration and envy. I wish it was ours—would I not be a wild success then? Mamma had an interesting evening and was quite worn out on Sunday, to my intense amusement. Leila went to a dear little dinner at Mrs. Winsor's or Dolly Brown's last week. It was really an engagement dinner, as Mrs. Brown announced her engagement to Mr. Charley Wood. Leila likes him very much, and he is so handsome. Confidentially, Leila's fiance is hardly beautiful, but then he is rich, which is not skin-deep, is it?

Mrs. Hager is to give a luncheon this week in honor of Mrs. H. L. Dodge, which is to out Herod Herod in smartness, I am told. Mamma has ordered a swell silk grenadine and papa has commenced to talk hard times, so I suppose he is anticipating big bills. Leila went to a house party at the Charley Baldwin ranch on Saturday. Baron and Baroness von Schroder and a few young men were invited. The Baldwin house does not hold a crowd. I wonder Ella does not make some additions, don't you? On Monday afternoon Mamma and I went to Mrs. Darling's tea given to Mrs. Huntington at the Occidental Hotel. It was a smart affair and we spent a very enjoyable afternoon. There were musical selections from the compositions of Major Darling, which added to our pleasure. Afterwards we went to pay a few Monday calls. I went over to the Palace to see Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Coitt. Mrs. Dean is improving, and is busily engaged preparing to go to San Jose. As soon as she is well enough she contemplates a trip to Europe. Mrs. Coitt, I regret to say, is still very ill. Is it not too bad? She has had such a siege of it.

Now for my own quiet pleasures. I had a splendid time at the Stanford dance, and found the "Cardinal" boys almost as fascinating as the "Blue and Gold," but not quite. Then on Sunday we all went to Trocadero and beyond there for a ride; it was a glorious day, and we had much fun. On Monday morning the usual crowd of us went to the Lurline—Gibbons, Emma Butler, Nettie Black, Marie Wells, Charlotte Moulder and a number of men. May Moody seems to be the best swimmer, and is delightfully fearless in the water, but I think Marie Wells looks the prettiest of the set; her complexion is so fresh and her hair seems to caress her face, it curls round so. Then, in the evening, we all went to "El Capitan" and enjoyed it so. There were ever so many theater parties. Every one in town seemed to be there, and yet Arthur, who went with the Bohemian Club fellows to the Tivoli, said there was a very goodly gathering there, too. I got home late, but went for my usual bicycle ride in the morning. You would be surprised to learn how many of the girls ride. I think instead of losing, the wheel is actually gaining in popularity. We girls should have a private contest, and see who is the best, the most graceful or the least easily exhausted rider. Don't you think it would be a good scheme?

We are so disappointed to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Lester are going to eschew society and live a quiet life. Is it not too bad? Every one believed Mrs. Lester would chaperon us young people this summer, and give us a howling good time, but alas for our hopes! Mr. Lester, it seems, does not care for society, and his wife has had all of it she cares for. Ethel Cohen is being entertained a good deal. Leila went to a smart little dinner given by Lieutenant Bent in her honor the other evening. Another Presidio affair which we all enjoyed tremendously was the At Home given on Wednesday by Captain and Mrs. Lockett. About two hundred people called during the afternoon. Oh, mamma has finally decided that we are to go to San Rafael for the summer. I hear it is to be the fasnionable place. The Blandings, Crocketts and Kips are to be there, and the Hagers have taken a cottage. I am rather glad, on the whole, for I suppose the paper chases will recommence, and I love cross country riding.

Quite the most magnificent dinner of season was that given by Mrs. C. P. Huntington to twenty-four of her most intimate friends last Saturday night. There is no mansion in town more admirably adapted for entertaining in than the Huntington house. The interior has been renovated and remodeled under the direction of the hostess, who has displayed her excellent taste in the matter of tints and hangings and furniture. The walls are hung with splendid paintings from Mr. Huntington's collection which ranks as one of the finest in the country. The dinner table was charmingly arranged and beautified with flowers contained in antique silver vases of very fine workmanship. Indeed it was altogether a very elaborate affair and the menu was sumptuous. The guest of honor was Mrs. J. H. Jewett, and among the invited were Mr. and Mrs. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Miss Stubbs, Judge McFarlane, and Miss McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Requa. The Huntingtons have been very extensively entertained during their stay here. They leave next week for New York.

They tell me there, a new engagement at Burlingame. I heard Mamma tell Leila—but she would not say anything to me about it. I heard something about a prominent young Englishman who is a great country clubman and a girl who lives near Redwood City. I can't think which of the girls does live near Redwood City but maybe I'll tell you next week.

Well, now, Diary Dear, I have more than exhausted the obvious, so I must say adieu to you. I am so sorry for Laura Bates, she has had to take the rest cure. Papa says the rest cure is the result not the cause of popularity. Ta ta. Your own devoted, MISS CRICKET.

The Ginger Bread Fete at the Clark-Crocker house next week promises to be a brilliant event. Society is deeply interested and will certainly attend in force. There is every prospect that the Children's Hospital will net a large sum for its enterprise. Not the least important attraction of the entertainment will be the exhibition of Toby Rosenthal's latest picture,—"The Cardinal's Portrait." It is a small canvas, but the technical treatment has something of the quality of Meissonier's. Defregger, the well-known German artist, has written enthusiastically of it, and I am told it has attracted in Munich the attention of Emperor William. It is certainly a notable painting.

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At this end of the century, when the unexpected is generally conceded to be the inevitable, the storm of gaiety which has struck Oakland recently remains a phenomenon and is positively staggering. Teas, dinners and luncheons, not to speak of card parties and club entertainments, succeed one another with astonishing rapidity, and the Oakland maids and matrons chase pleasure with the avidity of the over-hungry bee for the flower most filled with honey. Mr. and Mrs. Taft started the running of the gauntlet this week by giving a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith. It was a sort of farewell to Mr. Smith, who has gone to New York. The table was effectively decorated in yellow. Among those invited were the Goodalls, Browns and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hale. Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Von Helms gave a rose breakfast to the nineteenth century section of the Ebell Society on Wednesday. The table was a pretty sight, covered with masses of red roses, maiden hair fern being scattered carelessly over it.

Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Will Magee, Mrs. George McNear and Mrs. Wilkinson gave teas last week. Mrs. Pierce's, which took place on Wednesday, was a very smart affair. There were about four hundred invitations issued. The house was decorated in Easter lilies and American Beauty roses. Mrs. Pierce was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Norman Lang, Mrs. McKee and Miss Amy McKee, among others. Mrs. Pierce wore a stunning gown of lavender silk with Marie Antoinette fichu of point lace. Mrs. Lang wore pink flowered silk. Miss Watt was daintly gowned in pale gray. Mrs. Magee's tea was given in honor of Madame Camillo Urso. The house was a veritable rose garden—flowers everywhere. In one corner, underneath a bower of flowers, were the members of the Mandolin Club, all in white linen suits, who played during the afternoon. The girls all wore light organdie frocks, which added much to the effect of the scene. Mrs. Magee was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Tom Magee, the Misses Hush, Madame Urso, Miss Chabot, Miss Watt and Mrs. Watkinson. The McNear tea in honor of Mrs. Lang was a delightful affair, the decorations most spring-like in character. Great fragrant branches of hawthorn were placed in every conceivable place, and bunches of carnations massed in bowls. Mrs. Lay, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Watt, Miss Palache, Miss Whitney and Miss Coleman assisted Mrs. George McNear.

The list of card parties and clubs waxeth apace. It is now quite the fashion to entertain the various clubs. Mrs. F. M. Smith entertained the Cosmos Club on Tuesday afternoon at Arbor Villa. Mrs. Taft won the first prize. Mrs. Satber gave a card party to the same club on Friday afternoon. Among the smaller card parties one of the most enjoyable was given by Mrs. Thomas Prather on Tuesday last. Domino whist was played. A girls' card party was given by Miss Katherine Chabot, which proved a most exciting affair. An original card game under the euphonious title of "pig" was played. Miss Margaret Knight won the first prize, Miss Sterrett carried off the booby. During the afternoon several of the girls sang. Miss Hush rendered "Sweetheart" with much feeling. Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Chabot played.

The Orpheum has furnished excellent entertainment, the programme being well varied and the turns mostly well done. Alexander Tacianu, the male soprano, is simply a perfect illusion as a female impersonator. Latell, the comedy musical artist, is a genius, the sort of man who can get harmony out of a piece of broken crockery and a rusty nail, besides being a banjoist of great skill. Mlle. Ani, the gymnast, is really a thrilling performer under the roof-tree, of exceptional quickness and agility. The colored artist Anderson can dance in perfect time on one or both legs without music and keep it up.

Next week at the Tivoli Opera House, in addition to the original score of the successful romantic opera, "Shamus O'Brien," Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan will introduce a couple of Irish songs and ballads. "Twas in this line of work Mr. O'Sullivan first made a hit throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and was selected by Geo. H. Jessop and Dr. C. Villiers, the author and composer, to sing the role of Shamus. Maurice Darcy as the cowardly informer, Mike Murphy, makes the hit of his engagement in this role. After the run of "Shamus O'Brien," Dellinger's waltz and march opera "Captain Francassa." (The Prince of Liars), will be given. "Miss Frisco," the Tivoli's first annual review, will follow for the summer offering.

### Fin de Siecle Champagne.

It is very rare that a brand of champagne paved its way more rapidly into favor among the cultured and ultra-fashionable than the Moet & Chandon. The selection of this brand at some of the prominent gatherings held recently in this country, goes to show that Moet & Chandon is now the connoiseur's favorite. It was selected to be served at the last Patriarchs' Ball, the Washington Gridiron Club's banquet, the O. H. P. Belmont party, the Bradley-Martin costume ball, and the New York Reform Club dinner tendered to ex-President Cleveland and his Cabinet. In San Francisco, Moet & Chandon was also in evidence at the Goad-Mackintosh wedding, Whittier-Weir wedding, and the C. P. Huntington banquet, and to judge by this year's importation of twenty-six hundred cases up to May 1 Messrs. William Wolf & Co., agents for Moet & Chandon, White Seal, are bound to bring the brand to the front on the Pacific Coast.—Pacific Wine and Spirit Review.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

The coming season of the Frawley Co. promises to be quite the most interesting in its history. It has undergone reorganization, and is composed now of Frank Worthing, J. M. Colville, Theodore Hamilton, Harry Corson Clarke, Wilson Enos, Blanche Bates, Grace Henderson, Phosa McAllister, Gladys Wallace and Georgia Busbey. This is a talented and attractive company of artists, and Mr. Frawley has been fortunate in securing plays which will show off their ability Among others are "The Fatal Card," "Sue," "The Henrietta," "Held by the Enemy," "Rebellious Susan," and "Shenandoah." The season opens May 3rd at the Columbia Theater.

Excelsior Jr. opens next Monday night at the Columbia. It is an extravaganza, has had a run of two hundred nights in New York, and is said to be the best spectacular show that has come to the coast this season. Sadie Martinot is with the company, also Joe Cawthorn, together with any number of pretty girls. The scenery is very clever. Among the features is a performance by David Abrahams, who plays a St. Barnard dog. Altogether, Excelsior Jr. should make a bigger hit than "Chimmie Fadden."

De Wolf Hopper and "El Capitan" have certainly caught on at the Baldwin. There is but one more week and thus far the audiences have exceeded the seating capacity. After "El Capitan" comes Nat Goodwin with Maxine Elliot. They are to play "David Garrick," and the "Silent System" the first week. By the way, Goodwin is now drawing more money on the road than Sol Smith Russel, who has thus far been the most profitable attraction in the country

In the third act of "An American Hero" at Morosco's, there is a really remarkable shipwreck scene in which some novel stage effects are produced with elaborate accessories. It is one of the best scenes of its kind ever produced at Morosco's, which is saying a good deal. Next week is a sensational comedy-drama entitled "The White Rat," in which there are realistic pictures of low life in New York. Mollie Thompson, Nat M. Wills and Johnson & Harvey do specialties during the performance.

The Stanford Choral Society, in connection with the Apollo Society of this city, is to give a grand concert at the gymnasium at Stanford next Saturday evening. It is to be under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore. Subsequently the two societies will give a grand festival concert on the evening of May 15th, at Metropolitan Temple. A special train will leave the side track at Palo Alto Saturday night immediately after the concert, affording those who desire to return to town an opportunity to do so.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. W. A. Sabin gives a concert on the evening of May 15th at Golden Gate Hall, for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan is to sing. The Misses Ames and Miss Marie Wilson will play, and there will be many other special features to add additional interest to the performance of the young ladies.

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## OVERTONES

### Queer Experiences of a Baritone With Operatic Managers.

Life has not been all beer and skittles with "Nealy" O'Sullivan (a nickname, by the way, he is trying to outgrow). He has queer tales to tell of managers in London, and he has just given me this experience with the Carl Rosa company and its tricky agent. His invitation to sing the "Dichterliebe" at a swell London concert had been as much a surprise as the extravagant praise of the critics, and he was sent for by the Carl Rosa company and asked to accept a position as operatic baritone. Now Nealy had had no stage experience at all in acting, and he offered to wait six months and study at his own expense, so as to be a credit to the troupe. "That's all right," said the manager, "we've a perfect school of acting in the company, and we'll teach you every gesture and stage position!" Terms and a three months' contract were agreed upon, and a few days after Nealy turned up at the office to sign. He began to look over the papers. "Oh, that's all right, laddie!" said the smooth manager, "it's just as we agreed—just take the pen and sign—it's a mere formality!" But Nealy insisted upon reading the agreement, and found, to his surprise, that it was a six years' contract at half the rates promised! The manager was highly indignant, and swore it was a clerical error of his men, who had mistaken some other singer's terms, and after the bluff failed the original contract was signed. Nealy's thorough study in Italy had made him so familiar with operatic work that he became a valuable stop-gap and general utility man. He sung the "Flying Dutchman" at three hours' notice, and had only a day's warning of "Lotario" and "Mignon," and was able to fill their cast as either baritone or bass, working at high pressure, and if not a howling star, he at least made himself very valuable to the company.

When Nealy was asked to take the title role in "Shamus," he applied for a release from the Carl Rosa company. "Go ahead, young man," said Ganz, who does their dirty work; "make your terms with them and we'll release you." Nealy asked for a moderate salary, and was instantly accepted, and he returned to Ganz. "Vat is your salary?" said he; and when the youngster named it, said Ganz, "Vell, give half of it to us!" It finally reached Nealy's brain that the terms for his release was the payment to Ganz of half his wages. "Pray, take them all!" said the Irishman to the Jew; "I'm sure it's nothing to me," and he left, to telegraph to Sir Augustus Harris, of the Covent Garden Theatre, who, besides putting on "Shamus," had the English rights to half the operas in London. Harris telegraphed back to the Carl Rosas, "Release O'Sullivan at once, or I shall retire 'Faust' and 'Meistersinger' from your repertoire." He had the kindness to duplicate the dispatch to his protege, who was soon sent for by Friend, whose great card that year was the two operas mentioned. "Upon thinking it over," said Friend, "we've decided that it's wrong to stand in the way of a young artist—hem!—and we shall be very glad to present you, Mr. O'Sullivan, with your release. Go ahead, my boy, and God bless you!" "I'm very much obliged to you, to be sure," said Nealy, who had this card up his sleeve, "and I'm very glad to be familiar with your methods, for, as it happens, I know precisely the motive for your generosity, which, however, has come a few hours too late!"

Of the great, the unique Augustin Daly, too, Nealy tells amusing stories. The mighty playright and manager sent for the baritone to confer with him regarding employment in the company. But besides having little desire to appear as a "straight" actor and accept the salary of a dramatic star, O'Sullivan had recently heard of Daly's self-important manners and he didn't care to run the risk of having to wait hours for an audience, subject to the whims of the manager who sets nibbling a pen, searching his giant intellect for the the proper translation of "Dummkopf," while his visitors cool their heels in the ante-room. Only the week before Ed Stevens had been sent for, to confer with the theatrical magnate, at nine in the morning, and received a tip from Dorney, the factotum of the manager, to be around a half hour before to get his "cues" for the interview, as the chief was punctillious. Stevens waited till eleven, and when Daly sent word requesting him to wait another hour, as important cogitations could not then be disturbed, Ed told Dorney to reply that he would stay no longer. "But I can't possibly take such a message as that," said Dorney; "it would be as much as my place is worth, you know, to tell that to Mr. Daly." "Take in this, then," said Stevens, and he pulled out a card and inscribed thereon an invitation to the conceited manager to visit an unmentionable resort. In the theatre, notices are posted everywhere, stating that "Actors are requested not to address Mr. Daly on the stage for any reason whatever." Charles Richman keeps his position only by a more or less abject subservience to the great Daly. On one occasion, while playing "The Tempest," the fan that opens and reveals a tableau, closed so slowly that Richman had no time to get around to the front of the stage for his cue without leaving before the wings of the fan had closed on the picture. He was, even then, not quite in time, and the scene was much hurt by his tardiness. He mentioned the failure of the fan to work promptly to Mr. Daly, who was standing in the wings. "Oh, of course, of course, you have to make your complaints," said Daly; "you must always make your complaints. Please have the goodness to state your grievance to the proper authorities. Kindly leave now, and make no complaints to me." Daly has, too, a happy way of standing in the wings and of telling an actor, who is waiting nervously for his cue, of faults in the previous scene, in a critical manner hardly calculated to inspire a comedian waiting to make a rattling, exhuberant entrance with rollicking laughter.

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No tipping of waiters at Johnson's family restaurant, 28 Montgomery street, opposite Lick House. Moderate prices.

## TURF POLICY

### The Closing Season Suggestive of Future Possibilities.

The talk of summer racing across the bay in Marin county still smoulders, but as has been pointed out in our columns on a previous occasion legitimate recognition is not likely to be forthcoming for the undertaking, if it should happen to materialize. It certainly is not prompted by any desire to benefit the general interests of the Turf in this State, and it is very questionable whether any scheme for a prolonged meeting would be attended by financial success. Owners of horses would therefore have to consider their chances of securing proper settlements and, what is perhaps more important, their prospects of maintaining their standing with the two jockey clubs. These organizations are resolved to discountenance continuous racing in the neighborhood of San Francisco and will not hesitate to use all the power they possess to give effect to their views.

With the opening of the season in the East the better class of turf-men belonging to California as well as to other parts of the county will be fully occupied, and those stables which confine their operations to this section will have opportunity of employment in preparing and racing their horses at the several meetings in country towns in this State and Montana, where there are sufficient inducements to attract animals of fair class. The formation of any plans for further local meetings must therefore depend at this late stage upon the support of elements that are not calculated to benefit the cause of racing on this coast, or raise the sport in the estimation of the public. Seeing how steadily it has progressed during the last two or three years that would be nothing short of a calamity, and it is therefore sincerely to be hoped this may be escaped. If the field be left open and it comes to be realized that racing in San Francisco is to be permanently limited to the winter season, as time goes on measures will undoubtedly be taken to establish meetings at outlaying points, and in that way an attractive summer circuit will be evolved that should ultimately prove a useful feeder to the larger meetings which this city is able to support during its legimate racing term. Impromptu fixtures are not calculate to serve the convenience or requirements of men who keep horses in training more or less throughout the year, and it is therefore necessary that those who concern themselves with the promotion of district meetings should be able to see a clear field ahead of them and be able to announce their plans considerably in advance of the date appointed for running off the events.

In this regard both the California and Pacific Coast Jockey Clubs will no doubt make early announcements of their principal events for next winter, and, seeing how attractive these proved during the season now closing, there can be no question that the racing world will be keenly on the look-out for what is coming. The extent to which the principal stakes were patronized in the way of nominations, and the excellent sport they provided, has led to very favorable comment in other parts of the world, and has earned for California a prestige in sporting circles that is of undoubted benefit to the whole State. Recurring to our allusion of last week to the inducements which valuable prizes such as the $10,000 Burns Handicap, the $7500 Spreckels Cup, the $5000 California Derby, all run off within a month, and other large items afford to owners, it should be no difficult matter, if these be of regular recurrence, to fix the eyes of our sporting friends in the Antipodes on the benefits possibly derivable from a little closer contact with these Western shores. In one or two instances they have already tried their luck and have not been worsted, when the temptation was far less, and if they are assured, and in good time, of what is now open to them, they should not be backward in coming forward with a champion or two that would bring them gain an glory.

This seems to be a field well worth working with the view of increasing public interest in high-class sport and one well within the power of the press in both quarters to stimulate. So far the connection between Australia and California as regards thoroughbred horses has been mainly confined to the breeding side of the question, and so well understood down there are the enterprise and ambition of our breeders that no first-class bit of blood comes into the market in the Colonies without being offered to Mr. Haggin and others, who breed extensively here. The result has been that the pre-eminence of California as a blood-horse country has been richly enhanced by the importation of some of their best sires and a few really good mares. What could be more interesting now than to see some good contests between the product of their expatriated sires crossed upon American blood and their purely native grown and raised productions?

What is now most wanted to give stability to the breeding and racing undertakings of the State, which have done as much as anything of recent years to keep attention fixed upon California, is that the circle of interest should be widened and their general tone elevated. To secure these objects and off-set any attempts to tamper with the welfare of either pursuit, which properly conducted are entirely legitimate and in every way desirable, no effort should be spared to encourage the support of distant communities and the active co-operation of local men of the best standing in the current work of these two inseparable parts of one of our leading industries. The failure of late to sustain racing in other parts of the States has redounded to the advantage of California and it is admitted by everyone capable of forming a competent judgment on the point that, if matters progress here as they have been doing, the Pacific Coast will before long come very near being the best quarter in America for the operations of men who seek pleasure, combined with profit, on the race-course and the many enjoyable associations surrounding it when rightly taken advantage of. For centuries the sport has been patronized by men of the highest ability and position in every country, and while that is the case anywhere there need be no fear of evil results to the general community.

It has now been finally decided by the two local jockey clubs to adhere to the arrangement under which the racing season is to end on the 15th instant, when the current meeting of the California Jockey Club at Emeryville will terminate, the Pacific Coast Jockey Club operations having been brought to a close at Ingleside last Saturday. This is without doubt a wise decision. At each track, however, a couple of extra days' sport will be provided, the proceeds to be set apart for the benefit of deserving public works and institutions. Both tracks will therefore be open for two days the week after next, the receipts at Ingleside being reserved for the Balboa Boulevard, the Woman's Exchange and the Veterinary College, and at Emeryville for the the Eye and Ear Ward of the Children's Hospital.

For those who enjoy a delightful outing El Campo is just the place. A beautiful ride on the bay, good music, dancing, boating and fishing and an excellent cuisine. Take the commodious steamer Ukiah from Tiburon ferry at 10.30 a.m., 12.10, 2.00 and 4.00 p.m. Returning leave El Campo at 11.15 a.m., 1.00, 3.00 and 5 p.m.

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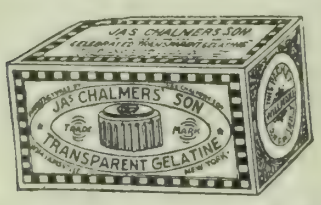


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## A LITERARY DUET

### The Editor and His Wife Discuss the Newest Novels.

"Talk of earnestness and conviction," said the Editor to his wife, "just read Olive Schreiner's indictment of Cecil Rhodes."

"Has she not given Christ a speaking part and made Him enunciate her own system of political economy?" asked his spouse ironically. "Writers should be forbidden to interpret the divinity without letters patent or some other authorization."

"I object to the form rather than to the characters of 'Trooper Peter Halkett,'" explained the Editor. "Mrs. Schreiner is undoubtedly moved by the holiest motives, but her Christ delivers diatribes containing more paragraphs than the Sermon on the Mount did words. Besides, He is prosaic and prolix."

"Substitute for Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company our own General Miles and the American army—quite as powerful a plea might be made against our own nation on behalf of the Indians as Mrs. Schreiner makes for the Matabeles," added his wife. "The book is a sublimated political tract, my dear, the voice of a partisan, passionate, sincere, but after all only a modified Mrs. Partington—trying to delay the tide of conquest with a pamphlet."

"It is true, one nation of conquerors is not much better than another, though the Spaniards are worse," mused the Editor. "Yet of the millions of Indians who once inhabited America, how many thousands have we left? Rhodes is a hero to half the generation; he will be a historical character twenty years hence. As for Olive Schreiner, she is a woman of one book. There is great literary ability in the descriptive background here and in the characterization of Peter Halkett, but everything is subordinated to enforcing the moral—and it is, that the Chartered Company should be hanged."

"I think the man who wrote 'Flames' should be burnt in effigy," announced his wife, who, it may be noticed, has determined ideas about things.

"Hitchens is a clever fellow," remonstrated the Editor, "why roast him? Did he not write the "Green Carnation," which is really the cleverest satire of the decade? He has a good style and a dramatic sense—excellent qualities, you must admit."

"Admitted," interjected his spouse, "but with all your facts 'Flames' is still unendurable. The man has out-Corellied Marie Corelli. He has made something between a 'Hill top' novel and a 'Family Herald' serial. The heroine is a courtesan, the heroes, two miraculous young gentlemen, one of whom—known as 'The Saint of Victoria Street,' a person of great beauty and supreme purity—acts unconsciously as guardian angel of his friend, Julian Addison. The latter is as intensely human as Valentine Creswell is spiritual, and they live in delightful chambers with the most precious decorations. Both talk a Miss Nancy type of dialogue, and are such preposterous prigs that Cuckoo Bright, the heroine, becomes a human being in comparison."

"Of course she is beautiful and attractive, this Cuckoo, to justify her role as heroine," suggested the Editor. "There must be some excellent excuse for the introduction of persons of that class. Now there is La Gallienne's 'Golden Girl.' He found her on the street, and perversely made her his ideal woman. She made a melodramatic climax, even if she did reflect on her creator."

"Not a bit of it," insisted his wife. "Cuckoo is a vulgar and ugly creature, who paints and powders and wears outrageous clothes. Mr. Hitchens certainly does not make his Thais a belle. Indeed, the book is not immoral, but, rather, stupid, and almost interminable."

"I cannot believe Hitchens guilty of stupidity," interrupted the Editor. "He has a deliberate and mincing manner of phrasing, and does create preposterous people, but the context should be smart."

"It is all about an interchange of souls, insisted his wife, impatiently. "Valentine, the perfect youth, growing tired of his extreme refinement, desires to experience sin. About this time he and Addison begin to experiment with table-turning, and after a few sittings develop strange phenomena. In spite of warnings from Dr. Levillier, who has presentiments of evil, they continue, and the consequence is that Valentine's soul elopes, and its earthly habilament is usurped by one Marr, the villain of the piece. In the guise of friend and to preserve his power, Marr now attempts to ruin Julian, and it is here that Cuckoo comes in. She, though debased, is possessed by the escaped flame, which is Valentine's soul, and assisted by Dr. Levillier rescues Julian, whom she loves with an immaculate love. Oh, but the book is harrowing rubbish—though there are, as you stipulate, some excellent passages of description. It is the waste of a real talent that is most deplorable in the exhibit."

"He'll recover," the Editor reassured her. "Some good physician should prescribe for Hitchens a diet of Swift and Fielding, and then send him off to New Mexico for a course of cowpunching. I fear his particular affectation of style and subject may become stereotyped and spoil permanently a talent from which we have a right to expect more than has yet been given us. But tell me of 'The Ape, the Idiot, etc.,' the book by W. C. Morrow, of which I have heard so much."

"The name," began his wife a bit pompously, "is rather a misnomer, though it does whet one's interest. But there is a virile power of imagination in the stories. The manner often reminds one of Bierce, whom I think one of the greatest of short story writers. The plots are strange, weird, impressive, but often hampered in the telling. One feels the ideas might have been better managed. This does not apply to the 'Permanent Stiletto'—an admirable story, nor to 'Little Wang Tai,' which is better written than its companions. The 'Inmate of the Dungeon,' 'Treacherous Velasco,' 'Two Singular Men' and the 'Amulet' are below the average, which is heightened by 'His Unconquerable Enemy.' The 'Monster Maker' reminds one of 'The Island of Dr. Morceau'—that remarkable story by H. G. Wells. 'An Uncommon View of It' has a suggestion of De Maupassant's 'A Coward,' with none of the depth of that inimitable study. What a pity Morrow never found a Flaubert. Still they are the best set of short stories I have read since 'The King in Yellow,' and the original talent in Mr. Morrow is finer than that of Chamber's."

"Think with what acclaim these tales would be hailed were they written in London," commented the Editor. "There one finds a market for just such strong, stirring stories. Look at the reputation Robert Barr has achieved with half the power."

"Mr. Morrow's defect," returned his wife, "is haste in construction. I judge so, at least. Such an idea as that in the 'Stiletto' is worthy a dozen re-writings. He should subject his style to the discipline which Stevenson underwent. Then he would achieve results which would make him a great reputation."

"Shall I tell you of this flaring tome on 'Devil-Worship in France?' asked the Editor yawning. "It is an argumentative defense of Freemasonry from the imputations of certain churchmen, and others who have accused the order of participating in diabolism—black masses, and all that sort of thing. The author establishes in his preface a premise which he negatives in his conclusions and destroys the effect of his defense. Still there are strange tales of curious practices in the volume, though I'd recommend you to 'The Doctrine and Ritual of Transcendent Magic' if you really desire to practice the black art."

"By way of relief," said his wife, "turn to 'Kakemonos'—more short stories, by a man who knows the East, W. Carleton Dawe. Here you have the real Japanese and the veritable Chinamen, and quite as often their wives and daughters. Each story is a tragedy in brief, told with no circumlocution and little elegance of diction. There is a preface and a climax, and an adventure between, and though this series is not as good as its predecessors, they have both atmosphere and interest—quite a combination, by the way."

"Almost as affecting as being sleepy and tired," said the Editor, as he rose to go to bed. C.

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## THE THEATRES

### De Wolf Hopper's Oratory — A Capital Company.

I had the good fortune to hear "El Capitan" the first night it was produced in New York. It was early in June of last year. The summer hegira had commenced, and the house was not, if I remember, more than comfortably filled. The "profession" was very much in evidence, with Lillian Russell very prominent and self-conscious in a box, but the New York audience that greeted Hopper and his dainty little wife on their return from a long Western tour was not more friendly, not more enthusiastic or appreciative than the Baldwin audience on Monday night. There was a sweet old lady in an upper box at the New York performance, who was so delightfully appreciative that I fell to watching her, for she was a most interesting figure. Ordinarily first-nighters at the Baldwin do not grow demonstrative, and a violently enthusiastic person is looked upon somewhat as an interloper and intruder. But this was not so on Monday night, and had that white-haired and gentle-faced old lady occupied a box at the Baldwin her enthusiasm would have passed unnoticed, so general was the appreciaton of the opera.

Hopper is one of my theatrical idols. He is somewhat more than the best comedian on the comic opera stage—he is the cleverest extempore speaker I know of among stage folk. He has brains and wit of his own, and sometimes I feel sorry to see him prancing about the stage to amuse his audience. Fortunately he does not overdo it, for what would be readily accepted from a man of lesser stature would be almost fatal to his success, despite his abilities.

I fully expected the scenery would show signs of wear and tear, and the tights and costumes signs of age and dirt, for "El Capitan" has now been running almost a twelvemonth, and according to all the rules these signs should be in evidence. I am told, however, that Hopper had all the scenery touched up, and most of the costumes renewed and replaced, for our especial benefit, for he was anxious that we should like "El Capitan." A friend who was behind the scenes Monday night tells me he was "tickled to death" over his reception, and that his dainty little wife was so nervous that she forgot some of her lines.

"El Capitan" is a success, with a strong emphasis on the "is." Musical people, who affect great wisdom in such matters, smiled a little over the idea of Sousa writing an opera. They associated his musical ability and his musical possibilities with "poon-pah, poon-pah," marches, having a popular swing; but he has shown that he can rise to higher things and write sweet, delicate little melodies as well. I have no hesitancy in prophesying that Sousa will become famous as a comic opera composer. He will be our American Sullivan, and I doubt not that before many years have passed we will have a number of Sousa operas, and the boys on the street will be whistling their airs just as they are now whistling his marches.

The company that the Hoppers bring with them is excellent in every detail. Nella Bergen is not the Isabelle of the New York cast, but she sings the part as well as the original, and has a better stage presence. Midigua's wife (Alice Hosmer) rather appeals to me, with such enthusiasm, earnestness and good grace does she enter upon her work. "El Capitan" is "something to be seen," and you do not want to say you missed it, after the company has departed.

B.

## THE BIGGEST POKER-GAME

George Albro, a tall and melancholy consumptive, who now lives in Pomona Valley, was in his early days a noted gambler and one of the boldest among the contingent of players who tempted fortune in Nevada. There is little about his face to indicate the profession he followed—a quiet, thin-faced man, who looks at you through a pair of piercing black eyes, and might be a banker or a college professor. Yet in his time George Albro has handled the cards with the quickest men on both sides of the continent, and be the play fast or loose, he was never known to turn a hair or miss a point. The biggest poker game Albro ever saw was in Virginia City, Nev., when the Comstock mines were turning out $60,000 a day to the Bonanza firm. It was in the gambling house of Gentry & Crittenden, who ran the most prodigal institution on the continent. This firm every month set aside $3,000 for table expenses alone, for wine flowed as freely as spring water at Saratoga. A bettor did not ask if there was a limit to the game. A sport who had sand and cash enough might bet $20,000 on a single card. The bank's backers counted their millions as Eastern gamesters counted their thousands.

In October, 1870, a big bluffer of a silver mine owner named Calkins came to Virginia City. He owned the richest silver mine in New Mexico at that time, and could have sold his property any day for a million and a half. He was known as a millionaire in good standing with the San Francisco banks and bankers, and his telegram was good with Mackay, Flood & O'Brien for $500,000. The old fellow, with his corduroy trousers tucked in his boots and his greasy, dirty sombrero and his stogy cigars, was a welcome guest anywhere in Nevada. He chatted an hour with Governor Nye, and after getting two bottles of champagne inside of him he sauntered into the faro room.

"Give me a stack of thousand-dollar fish [chips]," said Calkins.

"Certainly, all you want," replied the suave Crittenden, a nephew of the Kentucky United States Senator of that name.

One thousand went on the jack and was lost. Calkins lost $10,000 without winning a bet. He swore and got outside another bottle of wine. Luck changed, and at 1 A. M. he was $50,000 ahead of the game. Flushed with victory, Calkins ordered a case of wine for the house. But the genius of faro is fickle. The old man made a call with a $1,000 bill and picked up $5,000. Luck failed him from that moment. At break of day the burly fellow, without handling a dollar, had blown in just $41,000. He was as cross as a bear with a sore head, but tried to smile.

"One thousand on the ace." It lost. Old Calkins rose and said slowly, as if each word weighed a pound: "Crittenden, I reckon I've had fun enough for this one jamboree," and ordering a basket of wine for the house he seated himself at Gentry's desk, and, cool as a cucumber, drew a check on Mackay's bank for $42,000. When the wine was opened the dealer, in a matter-of-fact way said: "This game is now closed."

## GOWNS AND STUFFS

### The Latest Fancies in Organdies and Muslins.

You complain, Barbara dear, that I have been very dilatory in the matter of news for the past month or two, and aver that my letters have simply been filled with my charities, clubs and matters of that sort, which, to the Parisian, is decidedly lacking in vital interest. Well, I am in the wrong as usual, but shall try to make amends by telling you all I know about fashion in distant San Francisco. What we are wearing and how we are wearing it. One thing which will surprise and delight you to learn is that shirt waists and black stuff skirts are no longer considered good form to wear shopping. Instead, pretty, cool-looking lawn frocks are to be adopted by the grande monde. We are tired of being confounded with the working classes, so will leave them the economical shirt waist and wear whole gowns of lawns.

I have seen a number of very smart-looking ones in dainty blue and green plaids and checks. The grass linens made over silk are most stunning, and come in lovely patterns. I particularly admire a suit made over black. The linen had a satin stripe, and belt and stock were of the black satin. We have endless pretty designs for these lawns. A charming suit was of plaid grass linen made over shot silk and trimmed with the lawn lace or embroidery that comes with the dress patterns. Another novelty is the poplinette, which is a cross between a crepe and a poplin, combining the virtues of both. This comes in the loveliest shades, and is to take the place of India silk and foulard. It drapes beautifully, being soft and wiry, besides looking delightfully cool. A gray crepe poplin I admired particularly had three bias folds around the bottom of the skirt, one of white taffeta, the others of the poplinette. The waist had a yoke of white taffeta with bias folds of the crepe across the bust, narrowing into a white taffeta girdle.

A great many of the summer silks have the sun plaited skirts. I saw a stunning one in brown and white checked silk—the waist was of plain brown silk, the sleeves had the upper portion plain, the lower part of the checked silk. The wearer was a very stout woman, but the style of the skirt made her quite Slyph-like in appearance. The sad part is, however, that the sun plaited skirts have all to go East. They can make accordion plaitings here, but not sun plaits, so the dressmakers cut the skirts, then send them to New York to be plaited. Is not that a horrid bore? The organdies were never lovelier, and now that the girls have discovered that they can be cleaned intact they are all wearing them. A particularly pretty one was of blue organdie over pale blue silk. The skirt was corded in points. The baby waist cut low and edged with cream lace. A ceinture of violet ribbon edged with a quilling of taffeta and big bunch of violets on the shoulder completed this effective gown.

A dainty summer toilette was of white foulard, with heliotrope and gray scroll effect, made with shirrings and insertions of lace.

Of the more elaborate gowns the etamines and grenadines take the first rank. A green lace etamine lined with light changeable green silk was very stunning. The waist was tucked horizontally, each tuck being bound with light green silk. A yoke of white tucked bengaline silk had fetching little emerald buttons mounted in gold running down the shoulders. A girdle of broad black satin cut high at the sides crossed in front and was fastened with three large emerald pins.

A dinner gown was in blue Delft silk organdie made over blue silk. It had a yoke of fine Mechlin lace made in puffs and drawn down into a broad sash edged with blue quilling. Round the bottom of the skirt were three fluted ruffles bound with white taffeta. A bewitching gown, which literally caused me to be consumed with envy, was of bright red grenadine made over red plaid silk. The waist had a finely tucked yoke. Below the chest it was puffed and drawn in to an apple green satin sash. The collar was of green and a lace jabot fell on one side. Then there was a stomacher of green velvet jeweled in rhinestones and emeralds. The skirt was plain, save round the bottom, which was trimmed with three little puffs.

A blue lavender foundation, over which was placed a heliotrope silk grenadine, was fetching. The whole gown was bound in lavender, and a white yoke softened the effect near the face.

Cashmere is again being generally worn. A dear little frock was of dark green cashmere trimmed with black baby ribbon. The waist had rows and rows of baby ribbon interlaced. Above was a yoke of white satin tucked and coming down on left side a jabot of melon pink and apple green ribbon. A narrow black belt encircled the waist.

A particularly smart tailor-built frock was of red serge trimmed around the bottom of the skirt with bias folds of black satin forming a crescent. Where they crossed little buckles of bright steel were attached. The jacket was cut Zouave and trimmed with folds of satin. A broad black satin belt and a fancy shirt waist went with this costume. Of the new materials I particularly like the damask silks, the mirror poplins, the art satins and the satin foulards. And now, Barbara dear, I have given you a short account of our doings as regards dress, so must say farewell for another aeon or two. Your loving

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## RACING

### Close of the Ingleside Meeting — Concluding Days at Emeryville.

The closing week at Ingleside furnished pretty good sport.

Of the two-year-old division Elsmore, Miss Remsen, Little T. G., and Rey Salazar all earned winning brackets, while Front de Boeuf and Torsida, with much the worst of the weights anu the starts, ran bang-up seconds.

One of the best performances of the week was that of Caesarian, carrying 117 lbs. and easily beating Zamar, 100 lbs., Torsina, 109 lbs. and Vinctor, 117 lbs., ¾ mile in 1.13¾. The winner is one of that rare sort that is as good as he looks, combining speed, courage and weight-carrying capacity all in a comparatively small compass, just the type of horse for circular courses.

Another event calling for notice was a seven furlongs purse, $500, in which the following were the runners:—Tea Rose, 90 lbs., Good Times, 108 lbs., Ruinart, 121 lbs., and Wheel of Fortune, 104 lbs, and in this order they finished. The first named made all the running and won at her pleasure, the rest well strung out. Ruinart entirely failed to extend himself or make any attempt at racing and it seems a great pity that a good horse, as he proved himself to be over a fair distance of ground in two sterling races recently, instead of being eased up, should have been kept in hard training for a paltry purse short of his distance and then be found unable to make any show. The result was not at all surprising to those who had considered the matter, and there was evidently a serious lack of racing judgment somewhere.

Saturday, May 1, was the 87th and closing day of the winter meeting at Ingleside. A good programme was set and the P. C. J. C. hospitably entertained many guests at their cosy club-house during the afternoon.

Unfortunately the promising contest between Buckwa, Ruinart, Altamar anu The Roman fell through.

The improving filly Rosormonde, carrying top weight, 115 lbs., easily captured a 4½ furlongs purse, and Towanda, 110 lbs, also top weight, landed another event for two-year-olds. In neither instance were the fields of the best class.

The Ingleside Stakes, $4,000, a handicap, four miles, was the center-piece of the day, and out of an original entry of forty-seven five faced the gate, namely, Schiller, 4 yrs., 112 lbs., Marcel, 6 yrs., 109 lbs., Can't Dance, 4 yrs., 102 lbs., Little Bob, 4 yrs., 100 lbs, and Lucrezia Borgia, 4 yrs., 92 lbs. The first-named, with his win in the 4 miles Thornton Stakes across the bay two months ago to his credit, was the hero of the paddock, while of the others Marcel was perhaps most noticed. The mare with the historical Roman name came in for a good deal of remark on the strength of a 3 miles trial in 5.29½, while Can't Dance, though not in perfect trim, had many admirers, the small chestnut gelding, Little Bob, not attracting much attention from anyone, though he looked fit and full of muscle. On the whole there was an apparent want of class, but we were given a race, notwithstanding, that is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry, and one that was certainly an eye-opener in more ways than one.

To a fair start the five runners set out at a good pace, Lucrezia Borgia taking up the running, with Schiller a couple of lengths in her rear and Little Bob in immediate attendance on the latter, until about the third of the route had been disposed of, when the little gelding ranged up alongside the mare, the rest of the field dropping back several lengths. In the third mile Little Bob made a series of spurts with only partial success, in order to hold his ground with the Boots' mare who was setting a cracking pace. Schiller, Can't Dance and Marcel following on from ten to fifteen lengths in the rear, waiting opportunity. As the last half mile was entered upon Little Bob was seen to be working his way to the front. Soon after securing a bare lead he faltered for a second, but persevering with thorough gameness came into the stretch with a head to the good; Marcel 8 to 10 lengths away and Can't Dance half the same distance in her rear, Schiller out of it. As they traveled along the straight the two leaders were in sore trouble, Little Bob with but three legs to get him home, and Lucrezia Borgia with the little pigmy on her back a helpless passenger. This was Marcel's opportunity, and Hennessy made a push for victory, but too late to catch the chestnut pony whom little Clawson landed with three lengths to spare, Marcel second, beating Lucrezia Borgia half a length, Can't Dance a couple of lengths behind her, Schiller pulled up and out of reckoning. Time: 1st mile 1.54; 2nd, 1.55¼; 3rd, 1.45¼; 4th, 1.50. Total, 7.24½, being the next best performance in California to that of imp. Star Ruby, 7.23¾ in 1896.

The winner is the property of W. Fisher and was bred by the late Senator Hearst in this State, being Surinam, a son of the redoubtable Joe Hooker, dam Daisy S. by Longfield. As he struggled back to the scales it was seen that Little Bob was gone in front and bleeding at the nose, while Marcel and The Roman mare were comparatively fresh. Schiller, in this race was a rank failure. Piggott did not seem to be able to get him steadied and during the first half of the distance was riding like a butcher boy and hauling him from side to side, instead of giving and taking with him in his stride. Without any wish to depreciate a very game performance on the part of the winner, it may be said that it looked in the run in as if Marcel could have landed the stake, had she been called upon for an effort somewhat earlier.

Monday last the final installment of the Emeryville meeting was begun.

In the hands of Marty Bergen and at even weights Torsida got the better of Rey Salazar by three lengths in a ⅝ths-mile purse and the following day Denial, by imp. Deceiver, took the ½-mile sprint his first time out, beating Lord Marmion, a fair St. Carlo colt, pretty easily. Another St. Carlo youngster, Count of Flanders, easily beat Los Prietos, by imp. Clieveden, who just squeezed his head in front of the St. Carlo colt Charles Le Bel, all three at the same weight, 106 lbs.

Being in fine trim the black Fresno colt Ostler Joe, with 107 lbs up, on Monday galloped away from a fair field including Satsuma, 111 lbs., Vinctor, 111 lbs., second and third respectively, 1 1-16 miles in the almost record time in California of 1.46¾. This horse has been coming on well of late and ought to make a name for himself in Montana at the coming summer meeting.

On Wednesday he capped this excellent performance by making a new California record for 1⅛ miles, namely 1:53, carrying 102 lbs., against Buckwa, 118 lbs., the only other runner, making all his own running and winning with ease.

BENEDICT.

---

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San Francisco, April 7, 1897.

THERESE SUTRO,
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHAS. SUTRO, JR.
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Duly acknowledged before Geo. T. Knox, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, California, April 7, 1897.

Filed April 7, 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Wm. H. C. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF

The Yosemite Commission

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to Manage Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's Office, on Wednesday, June 2d, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary.

San Francisco, Cal., April 27th, 1897.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 81
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied April 29, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 1, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, June 22, 1897

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Reidy, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

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For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

One of the ablest of the Irish members in the House of Commons once said that the Irish landlords was so rapacious that "I believe, Mr. Speaker, if one of these fellows owned land in the heart of Africa, he wouldn't be there a week before he would have his hands in the pockets of the naked savages!" A coroner's jury in Wexford found that "the deceased came to his death from excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury." The listeners were all touched with sympathy, as well they might be, on hearing the old farmer exclaim, as he pointed to the little country churchyard, "There is where my father and his father before him are buried, and where myself and Mary expect to be buried, too, if God spares our lives." Edmund Dwyer Gray, then Lord Mayor of Dublin and proprietor of the Freeman's Journal, said once: "Mr. Speaker, three-fourths of this bill is objectionable, and I cannot bring myself to vote for the other half."

Carlyle was terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his friend Emerson. "I thought," he said, "that I would try to cure him, so I took him to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him saying, 'And noo, man, d'y believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh, no,' he replied; 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily!' "Then," continued the sage, "I took him doun to the House o' Commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him 'ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing.' Then I turned to him and said, 'And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair."

An Irish gentleman was shooting with an English friend, a Mr. B. They had very little sport. So Mr. B. said, "I'll ask this countryman whether there are any birds about here." "No use to ask him," said his companion; "he'll only tell you lies." "I'll ask him at all events," said Mr. B. "My good man, are there any birds about here?" "Lots of birds, yer honor." "Tell me what sort of birds." "Well, now, your honor, there's grouses and woodcocks and snipes and ducks, and all sorts of birds." "Ask him," whispered the Irish gentleman, "whether there are any thermometers." "Tell me," said Mr. B., "do you ever see any thermometers about here?" "Well, now, your honor, if there was a nice frost, the place would be alive with them."

When Governor Sam Houston first visited Washington, he dined in a starched collar, with the President of the United States and the leading politicians. At the dinner he tasted champagne for the first time in his life. "Forty-rod" whiskey was good enough for politicians where he came from. But he enjoyed himself, and drank his share of the wine. Towards the end of the dinner olives were handed round. Houston had never seen olives, but tried one and put it back upon his plate. The President looked down the table. "How are you getting on, Governor Houston?" he asked. "Wal, President," said Sam, "I like your cider, but darn your pickles!"

The recent strike of lamplighters in Newcastle placed the gas company in an awkward position. The lamps in the city were for a time only partially lighted; but some of the clerks in the company's service volunteered their assistance, and were seen to be here and there with ladders, moving rapidly from lamp-post to lamp-post. Two of the helpers, wearing light overcoats, gaiters, high collars, &c., attracted some attention. "Ma word," exclaimed a washerwoman to her neighbor—"the lampleetors mut ha' geeten thor advance! See what mashors they are noo! Hardlees speak tiv a body like me!"

A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage-door, and the ferret escaped. Whereupon the owner brought a claim against him for damages. The following was the decision of the learned Edinburgh magistrate before whom the case was brought. "Na doot," he said to the neighbor—"na doot ye was wrang to open the cage-door; but," he added, turning to the owner, "ye was wrang too. What not did ye no clip the brute's wings?"

The persistent officer-seeker is one of the terrors of official life in Washington. Congressman Shattuc of Cincinnati, whose notions of gentility are rather mixed, was giving a dinner at the Cochran, and on his way to the dining room with one of his guests, a particularly swell society woman, leaning on his arm, a seeker after employment rushed up to him with a paper. "What do you want?" asked Shattuc. "I want to go to Cuba, sir," said the man. "Go to h——l, sir; can't you see I'm with a lady?"

George W. Smalley tells a story of a certain guest at Strathfieldsay, the country home of the Duke of Wellington, who had proved himself a surly and uncommunicative companion. On the verge of leaving, he consulted a veteran diner-out, George Payne, as to how much he should tip the game-keeper. "I'd give him nothing," said his friend. "But will you give him anything?" asked the guest. "Oh, yes, I shall give him a five pound note, but I shall be asked here again and you never will."

General Grant, even at West Point, was noted for his coolness and nerve. One night the boys were having a feast in his room and were roasting a chicken when an officer rapped. There was a lively scattering. But Grant stood there, rigid, at "attention." The officer said sharply that there was a peculiar odor in the room. "I've noticed it," replied Grant, and the officer retired, properly impressed by the innocent look on the cadet's face.

A census officer in Ireland recently stated in his report that in a certain county "more men were married than women!" On being taken to task by his superiors for his "atrocious Irish bull," he denied its existence, and had the laugh on them when he said that in the county in question handsome and well-to-do widows were always in demand, and some of them had buried two or three husbands.


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**The Gorgon's Head, by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins**

# THE WAVE

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VOL XVI. No. 20 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 15, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

THE EVENING'S NEWS

# THE WAVE

's published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 15, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 7 |
| Cliff Dwellings: photos by Arnold Genthe | 4 |
| The Gorgon's Head; by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins | 5 |
| Retiring Mrs. Craigie | 5 |
| Berkeley Class-Day | 6 |
| Among Cliff-Dwellers; by Frank Norris | 6 |
| Coffee in Guatemala | 6 |
| For Sweet Charity | 7 |
| Fleurette; by Gelett Burgess | 8 |
| Scenes on a Guatemalan Coffee-Plantation | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Racing Prospect | 11 |
| New Books and Magazines | 12 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 13 |
| Ways to Wed | 13 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## ANOTHER PROFESSIONAL LABORER.

For some time now the ears of the public have been unvexed by the shrieks of the paid leaders of "Labor" demanding blood, riot, revolution, dynamite and the other usual items of their professional talk. The illustrious Debs, the ubiquitous Gompers and the voluble Sovereign have favored us with fits of protracted silence, which may have led the unthinking among us to the conclusion that the brains of "Labor" no longer resided in the lungs of its leaders, and that some of the leaders had even gone quietly to work—with their hands. But it is not by such work that such laborers earn their bread and beer, and it was only a question of time when we should be favored again with the old familiar talk of bullets and blood, barons and paupers, Shylocks and slaves. Even the paid leaders of "Labor" must do something for those who pay them, and it seems that a good gory speech discharged the obligation as well and as easily as anything else.

On Monday last the annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners assembled at Salt Lake City. One Edward Boyce, President of this Federation, delivered an address to the delegates, in which he banged the labor drum in a fashion so vigorous that he must have aroused some feeling of jealousy in the breast of the illustrious Eugene V. Debs, who was present, and, presumably, listening. This Boyce is a resident of Wardner, Idaho, a town in which the Miners' Union is wont to celebrate as one of the victories of organized labor the blowing up with dynamite during the Coeur d'Alene strike, of the Frisco Mill and the cowardly murder of a number of non-union workmen. From a distinguished citizen of such a town something bloodthirsty in the way of general recommendations for the improvement of the lot of the men who labor in mines might well be expected, and expectation in this case was not disappointed. Mr. Boyce solemnly disclosed to his delegates the provision of the Constitution of the Unitd Stats which ensures to the people the right to keep and bear arms. He interprets this article as a command, and urged his subjects to fulfill the duty which it imposes on them. He wants every member of his union to provide himself with the "latest improved rifle," and seems to think that the mere possession of these lethal weapons which, he declares, can be had from the makers at nominal prices, will convert the miners into finished soldiers, and he hopes to hear, two years hence, "the inspiring music of the martial tread of 25,000 armed men in the ranks of labor." Mr. Boyce would probably be indignant, supposing that he is a miner at all, with any pride in his craft, at the suggestion that the possession of a pick, a drill and a hammer would be sufficient to turn a common soldier into a skilled miner, qualified for admission to the Miners' Union. The Federation of Miners, if its President can have his way, will proceed soon to start a huge boycott on the National Guard, whose members Mr. Boyce calls "$13-a-month murderers." No soldier in the militia shall be eligible to membership in Boyce's Federation, and the members of the Federation are to withhold all support and patronage from anybody and everybody who is in the remotest degree connected with the State soldiery. After the usual uncomplimentary references to our corrupt judges, our corporate masters, the perfidy of politicians, the gilded dens of Wall street, the hyenas of capital, etc., etc., the broad-minded President urges upon his subjects to "get together, work together, fight together and vote together."

This address, if we are to believe the reporters, created a "profound impression." Why such an impression should be produced on any intelligent person is difficult to understand. If the same empty threats had not been made so many times before, and if the same ominous advice from similar sources had not been repeatedly disregarded by those to whom it has been so often given, there might, indeed, be cause for some apprehension. But Mr. Boyce is probably talking only for his salary, as many others in his position have talked and are still talking for a like consideration. Even if he is in earnest—even if he is honest in his ambition to be a leader of organized assassination—little is to be feared from a man whose shallow ignorance shines in every sentence of his speech. And nothing is to be feared from the criminal designs and desires of a set of men who are foolish enough to follow the lead of such a man as Boyce, and to pay him for his leadership. Such men may shout themselves hoarse in praise of the incendiary mouthings of their foremen talkers, but they cannot work together, fight together, or even vote together. The element of brains is essential to any effective combination, even for nefarious ends, and in that element the Federation of Miners is conspicuously deficient. They may be capable of forming temporary mobs for purposes of riot, arson or promiscuous murder, but they could succeed equally well in their efforts at crime without the necessity of assessing themselves to pay the salaries of Boyce and his kind. But if the Boyces are to be taken seriously the question would arise, are miners' unions organized for the purpose of mining or for fighting? If fighting is their purpose, whom do they intend to fight and what do they intend to fight for? If their ravings mean anything at all they mean that the natural enemies of the miners are those men who own and manage mines, and from this comes the conclusion that the armed legions for which Boyce longs are to be turned against their tyrannical employers. But all experience of the criminal outbreaks by organized labor denies this conclusion. It is not against employers that the little murder-wars of labor have been waged, but against laborers themselves. The tyrant Carnegie was not put in any peril of his life by the Homestead murderers, no railroad magnates were killed by the Debs forces in the petty insurrection three years ago, and no mining capitalists were done to death when the cowardly followers of Boyce blew up the Frisco Mill. It is the capitalists who suffer least in this war which is really a war of laborers against laborers, a war of the man who demands $4 for his day's labor against the man who is willing to take $3.50 for his.

It matters little against whom the federation of fighting miners may conclude to turn their arms, when they get them. Any section of our population which seeks to levy private war on any other section is certain to find arrayed against it the vast majority of the people, who have no private interest at stake, but who know that the only possible government for us is a government of law that shall be supreme over all. It is not the voice of the workingmen of the country that speaks in the ravings of Boyce, and the real laborers would be among the first to resent such utterances if they believed them to be seriously made. In the course of another generation at most the Boyces will be suppressed by the small minority of workingmen who now support and admire them.

## WILLIAM B. CARR.

It is not often that the death of an ex political boss calls forth such kindly comment from the press and politicians of all factions and parties as that of William B. Carr. Men of such personal aggressiveness and power usually succeed, by the time death overtakes them, in creating so many enemies and so arousing the animosities of large bodies of people that the charitable maxim, "de mortius nil nisi bonum," affords but little protection to their post-mortem reputations.

But in Mr. Carr's case a happy exception has been made. He now gains from those who, during his life, spoke little good of him, a very gratifying eulogium. The secret of this peculiar condition must be looked for in the personal traits of the man. He was self-made in a very respectable sense. He worked his way by honest labor from the humble station of a journeyman bricklayer to that of a millionaire land-owner and mine-operator. He became not only a master of politics, but a master of industry, and contributed to his State works of physical improvement that will outlast our time and many generations of the future. His record of personal achievement is one of stimulus to the ambitious youth, and contains as little that it would be embarassing to narrate as that of any other of our early men of State mark. He was at all times American in his politics. There was no truckling and no false pretense. He made men his friends by proving his ability to lead, and held them to him by never breaking faith. "Bill" Carr was distinguished in our politics for his loyalty to old friends, and unselfishness. The men whom he fought for in 1860 he fought for in 1890. The party that gained his attachment when the war broke out held it till his death. He loved power, and no man ever held more within our borders, for two Governors, and two Senators, at least, were his, and all the places under many Federal chiefs were his to do with as his impulse moved.

But he made no money out of politics. The basis of his fortune was not the selling of offices or the handling of jobs, but good solid work with hand and brain. He lived a normal life, much like that that would have been his had he remained in his old State of Indiana and followed his early trade. The politics of saloon-bars was not to his taste, and his sympathies were singularly clean for a man of such rough early life and such sudden rise. It is a fact to be remarked that he was one of those political manipulators who believed it possible to gain his ends without going into slums for a following and recruiting his ranks at the gates of penitentiaries. He wanted men who would take orders, but he wanted men whom he could respect. And he wanted men who knew what American life was and what American institutions meant. He never lost the wholesome regard for American birth that his boyhood on the prairies brought him.

While others spent their time in searching after rich pockets in the mountain ledges, hoping to gain enough in one prize package to justify a return to their Eastern homes, Carr soon saw that this State had agricultural possibilities which were of greater consequence than any other. To save the lands of our great valleys from floods, to drive the rivers back into their proper channels and hold them there like wild animals trained to do domestic service—this was his earliest work of great importance. Then came the building of the initial link in the great railroad chain that bound West to East—a work for which he was ridiculed as a dreamer, but for which he was willing to take stock in the road itself, so great was his faith in California being something bigger than a mere mining camp. When he saw that almost one-half of this whole State was barren, raising nothing more useful than the coyote or the jackrabbit, his fertile and most practical mind undertook the turning of this manforsaken desert into a blooming garden. And the greatest irrigation system of our continent was the result. To contribute this much to the advancement of a State is surely a life's work well done. What of it, if he grew rich? What of it, if he owned land by the county, and rivers flowing through? To him who has done such rescue work the prizes ought to come. For him who makes two blades of grass to grow where grew but one before, a special blessing has been decreed.

"Bill" Carr, the political boss, has gone to join Sargent and Stanford and Low—men whose ambitions he helped to realize, and there will come after him many more to whose progress in life he contributed not a little. If his standards were not the highest man can conceive, at least it can be said that his achievement was not tainted by many vulgar practices. He met necessity often with the handiest weapon, but he tried to make it possible for an honest public opinion to be the only weapon needed.

## THE OVERTHROW OF GREECE.

Just one month ago the people of Greece started with clamorous enthusiasm a war of aggression against the Ottoman Empire. After four weeks of continuous disaster, unredeemed, apparently, by a single exhibition of military capacity or by a single glorious feat of arms, the Greeks are waiting in humiliation to see on what terms they will be permitted to purchase a peace from the triumphant Turks. The representatives of the six great powers of Europe are the brokers who are engaged in negotiating the purchase, and it is perhaps fortunate for the Greeks that the powers against whose warnings the war was brought on are now willing to stand between the victor and the full fruits of his victory, just as, twenty years ago, the powers of Western Europe intervened between the then vanquished Turks and the victorious Russians.

Perhaps nobody, unless some of the enthusiastic Greeks themselves, anticipated at the beginning of the war an easy conquest for the arms of Greece. It was known that the forces of the Sultan on the frontier of Thessaly were numerically superior to those of King

George, but it was generally believed that this advantage would, in large part at least, be counterbalanced by the traditional lethargy of the Turks, by the deterioration of the quality and morale of the Turkish soldiery since the last war with Russia, by the financial difficulties of the Sultan's treasury, and finally by the superior preparation, intelligence and enthusiasm of the Greek army. Consideration of these points led many to believe that there would be, at the very least, a stubborn and creditable effort on the part of the Greek army to carry the war into Turkish territory, and, failing that, to make a protracted defense of their strong position on the frontier. In every respect the anticipations of the admirers and well wishers of the Greek people have been disappointed. With the exception of a trifling raid into Epirus without military significance and without result, the war has been fought out on Greek soil. From the very beginning of his forward movement against the pass of Milouna, the army of Edhem Pasha has not sustained even a serious check. There has been enough of maneuvering to demonstrate that the Turkish generals are better strategists and better tacticians than their Greek adversaries, and enough of fighting to show that the Turkish soldier in the ranks is a better fighting man than the Greek conscript or volunteer. The military reputation of the Turkish troops was left untarnished by their defeat in the last war with Russia, and the result of this brief campaign against Greece goes to show that they have not degenerated in the twenty years since Plevna.

So much has been written and extensively read recently on the great value of naval power in war that much was looked for from the operations of the Greek navy. It was known that the Sultan was practically destitute of ships of war, and it seemed as if the Greek fleet might by a bold stroke go far to make up for the deficiency of the Greeks in land forces. But the same incompetency that has brought ruin on the Greek army in Thessaly has apparently paralyzed the Greek navy. Beyond a futile bombardment of some Turkish batteries on the Gulf of Arta, in which the advantage, if any, remained with the Turkish gunners, not an effort seems to have been made by the Greek warships. The Turkish base at Salonica was, for a time at least, open to attack, but no demonstration was attempted against it. The reports that the harbor had been protected with submarine mines seem to have been sufficient to keep the Greeks at a distance. They failed to protect even their own sea base at Volo, which was captured by a detachment of the Turkish army operating against Pharsalos. If it be true that the Sultan has demanded as a part of the price of peace the surrender of the entire Greek navy, King George can do no better than to comply with the demand. The warships and torpedo boats are evidently useless in the hands of Greeks. In the possession of the Turks they may prove to be a source of additional expense that may hasten the financial collapse of the Sublime Porte.

The lesson of this short war has been a costly but perhaps, after all, a profitable one to the Greeks, if they have learned that wild enthusiasm is but a poor basis on which to wage war. A people who long for fighting and conquest in these days must be content to make patient preparation for the struggle long in advance. Enthusiasm after careful preparation may be a valuable auxiliary, but it is the poorest substitute for care and forethought. Some of our own noisy jingoes may well take this lesson to heart. The six powers of Europe may be able to rescue the Greeks from the claws of their enemies with no great damage beyond what those foolish people have already sustained. Greece is too poor to pay an extravagant price, even for her own misdeeds, and her conquerors are not popular among their powerful neighbors. The United States stand alone in the world. We are quite as unprepared for a war as the Greeks were, and only less liable to be carried into a conflict on a wave of popular clamor. We should forswear war or begin to get ready for it.

It seems a pity we cannot deport a certain percentage of our architects and substitute for them some of the clever men who are building the business houses and the homes of the southern metropolis. Nothing strikes the visitor to Los Angeles so much as the excellent taste and harmony which is displayed in the big buildings on Main and Spring streets. But little ornamentation is used; the effects are simple, but excellent in style, and the result is harmony in startling contrast to the vulgar competency and overburdened facades of San Francisco. The divergence and advantage is more marked when one gets into the residence section of the southern city. There one is confronted with innumerable beautiful villas, whose designs are marked by originality and grace of style. Among the more popular orders are adaptations of the Mexican or Mission styles, of which there are a few specimens in San Francisco. Undoubtedly, one finds poor houses in Los Angeles, but the worst are excellent in comparison with some of the atrocities on Pacific and Van Ness avenues. The great Stimson castle on Figueroa street is a big brute of a red stone house, but it is surrounded with charming homes, embowered in delicious shrubbery and environed with emerald lawns. Bad as it is, however, it does not compare with certain of the Pullman Palace car effects with which we have become so sadly familiar here. Is it not about time some one called public attention to the horrors of San Francisco architecture? It is true there have been warnings, but they are without result. The time has come to call a halt, and to offer some striking object lessons in the direction of what is bad taste. It is certainly the business of the architect to assist his clients, or at least to protect them against their own ignorance. Yet houses are going up throughout our suburbs that are crimes. The men who are responsible ought to be exposed, and "The Wave" expects to devote some of its space in the early future to exploiting the professional depravity of certain of the architects who practice in this city.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

Mr. Caspar Whitney, by his sweeping strictures on the Olympic Club in the last number of "Harpers' Weekly," has, I am inclined to believe, somewhat overreached himself, and exaggerated the case. Perhaps Mr. Whitney has been misinformed; news traveling from the Pacific to the Atlantic has time and opportunity to grow and become distorted from its original form. It is not fair to say, as Mr. Whitney does, that the club's retirement from the A. A. U. is "about the first good turn it has done amateur sport." For many years before the growth of an athletic spirit in the two Pacific coast universities the O. A. C. was the nurse and foster-mother of amateur sport in the State. Indeed, it was for a long time the only really stable association of any kind in the far West which encouraged non-professional matches and meets. In passing judgment upon the club its services in this direction might at least be considered. The O. A. C. has done many a good turn, to legitimate sport other than its retirement from the union. At the same time, however, all lovers of clean amateur contests will admit and deplore the spirit which encourages the bouts of broken-down or immature boxers for a purse or thinly disguised money prize, and turns such matches into a source of revenue. Of course the thing is inexcusable—is rankest professionalism, in fact; and no amount of argument can make it appear in any more favorable light. The importing of talent to strengthen the line of its football elevens is another charge from which the club has never fully succeeded in clearing itself. It is to be borne in mind, however, that there is scarcely a college of prominence between the two oceans that has not been at some time or other called upon to answer a similar accusation. No doubt there is some reason in Mr. Whitney's assertion of professionalism in the club, but the reader is not to forget that were it not for this same O. A. C., amateur sport of California would to-day be some score of years behind the times, instead of quite abreast of them, as it certainly is.

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It is commonly understood by politicians who have had experience in place hunting under the Budd administration that the last man to get the Governor's ear gets the job. Innumerable instances might be cited to illustrate the curious vacillation of the gubernatorial mind, but it is impossible to substantiate all of them, owing to the lingering hope of the disappointed that they may fare better at the next dispensation. The Governor stated most emphatically not long since that he would appoint Judge A. P. Catlin Code Commissioner, should Senator Bulla of Los Angeles refuse the appointment. He not only announced this to many of Catlin's friends, but caused it to be officially given out to the press. Bulla refused to accept, whereupon Budd suddenly changed his mind about Catlin, and gave Robert T. Devlin to understand that he would receive the appointment if Bulla persisted in his refusal. Bulla gave in at the last moment, and accepted the place. So there is an end to that, but it is understood had Bulla held out, Devlin and not Catlin would have been appointed. When this Code Commissioner matter was pending R. C. Irvine, whose term had expired as Highway Commissioner, requested reappointment, and was told he would be, provided Bulla accepted a place. If Bulla refused, then the position of Code Commissioner would be given to a Sacramento man, and the Highway Commissionership would have to go elsewhere. Bulla having accepted, Irvine was congratulated on every hand, it being understood that having received the promise of the Governor he was safe to be retained in office. A few days ago it leaked out that Budd had selected Engineer Price of the Board of Public Works for Highway Commissioner in place of Irvine. Irvine himself says he has about given up hope, but intends staying in the fight until the commission is signed—this, probably, because he understands Budd so well that he assumes there is a hope of his swinging around if he only stays with him.

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When Budd was considering what appointments he would make on the State Board of Health he sent for Dr. A. C. Hart of this city, and told him personally that he would be appointed. Hart was congratulated by the friends whom he had informed of this good fortune, but time slipped away, and all the vacancies on the Board were filled without any further mention being made of Dr. A. C. Hart. After the adjournment of the Legislature of 1895, which had passed a law creating a third judgeship for Sacramento county, there was a scramble for the job. The most prominent aspirants were W. H. Devlin, J. W. Hughes, D. E. Alexander and A. C. Hinkson. So close was the contest apparently that up to the day before the appointment each candidate was certain he was going to be the successful one. On the day prior to that on which he announced his choice, Governor Budd said to friends of D. E. Alexander (among them being E. C. Hart, now Superior Judge), that he intended selecting Alexander; that he had his commission all made out and would sign and issue it without further delay. D. E. Alexander was informed of the Governor's promise, and was congratulated on all sides. The next day Budd appointed A. C. Hinkson to the third Superior Judgship.

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In the Legislature of 1895 one of the most active partisans of the Budd administration was E. C. Seymour, a Republican Senator. Seymour worked with the Democrats to give the administration control of everything in sight. He voted and worked for Budd's pet measures, and in doing so killed himself with his party. As a reward for what he had done he was promised the wardenship of San Quentin. That the promise was not fulfilled every one knows. As a relief measure Budd offered him the temporary position of Superintendent of the building of the rock crusher at Folsom.

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How completely unforseen conditions may upset the most careful calculations is strangely proved by the failure of the great orchard on the Feather river, which was set out some years ago by the two ablest horticulturists in the State, A. T. Hatch and Mr. Rock, a wealthy nursery man. Both knew better than any one else the conditions under which fruit could best be produced, and when they pooled their experience and purchased a splendid property in Butte County any son of a prophet would have predicted success for the venture. They selected the location because it seemed to have the greatest virtues for their purposes. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility, the air delightfully warm and the location thoroughly sheltered. They set out half the property in apricots—the apricot crop being then profitable; a third in almonds (the almond crop was then worth having), and the remaining section was devoted to figs—the latter because a neighbor had at times great success at fig raising in the vicinity. Three thousand acres in all were thus planted, constituting the largest orchard in the world. The young trees grew rapidly—the rich soil matured them early; the figs flourished like green bay trees. The experiment seemed a tremendous success and a complete demonstration of its projectors' calculations. Since then, however, unforseen forces have declared themselves and set all this foresight at naught. The soil, so warm and nutritious, forces the bloom to the apricot and almond trees so early in the year that the late frosts of winter nip the tender buds. The figs have borne abundantly, but for some unascertained reason, the fruit is sour. Thus far this splendid orchard, the largest in the world, as I have said, has been a complete loss to its owners. They go on hoping for a year in which the frosts will not prevail against the buds, and have tried innumerable devices in pruning to neutralize that property of the soil which turns their figs sour.

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Apropos of orchardists, I learn that A. T. Hatch, whose failure was a misfortune to the State, has returned to his original occupation, mining. He is at Randsburg trying to wrest a fortune from the desert. No man has done more than he in the cause of fruit culture, and his enterprise has shown the way to many another who has since attained and kept his fortune. At the moment of his downfall Hatch was worth half a million, but his resources being spread over an immense area, were unavailable against a sudden attack. This undoing was in the purchase of a fine mansion in Alameda for $50,000, paying $10,000 down. Coin became scarce, and being unable to meet this engagement he let the mortgage mature, presuming that the owner would take back the property, and that he would forfeit only his initial payment. There was bad blood somewhere. A sale was forced; the owner purchased his house back for $8,000. No one being there to represent Hatch, he obtained a judgment for $42,000, which he recorded in every county in the State. The result: Hatch, who was a large borrower, was cut off in the midst of his borrowings; his mortgages were perforce foreclosed by the country banks, and he beheld the fabric of his fortune collapse before his eyes. Of course the straitened condition of the money market had much to do with his misfortune, but surely it was an unearned climax. However, a man of his type, strong, resolute, sober and resourceful, is liable to rise again, and I sincerely hope that Mr. Hatch will have another throw at fate and will conquer.

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Here comes news of a really fine girl, a good type, I think, type of America and especially of California, a girl with whom to contrast European daughters and wives and mothers—all women, for the matter of that, whose lives are made up of chocolate and the opera, and lap dogs. Her name is Miss Bates, this type. She is very pretty, and that's a good leaning, because the California type should be that, first, last and always, and this girl—But to commence with the beginning of things. There was once a ranch that did not pay, a fruit ranch on the banks of the Feather river in Butte county. For years this ranch had been a failure; there were 500 acres of it, and the soil was a thing to astonish people with and the location was good, and there was water and there was transportation, but this ranch was a failure. How it came about is not said, but one day the owner of this ranch talked with this Miss Bates about the growing of fruit, and was no little surprised when she gave him cards and spades in the matter. She knew the authorities on peaches and pears and the like, and could quote them by the page with one hand tied behind her—showed this owner, in fact, that she was a wonderfully capable young woman. Well, he gave her charge of that ranch, complete, entire, undisputed charge, and she went to work at it like a man. She analyzed the earths, she found where certain fruits would grow and where others wouldn't; she watched the market and forestalled the demand and anticipated the wants of the consumers; she drove over that failed ranch every morning, and listened to reports of her foremen, and made notes and calculations, and she read everything published on the subject and tested what she read by her experience; she got hold of new appliances for spraying trees, all alone, mind you, and brought down new machinery, and all this time kept on being very pretty and well educated and "refined" and feminine. Now she lives in a ranch house that is a joy forever and ever, because it's a thing of surpassing beauty, and she has made that ranch pay like a nitrate bed. So much for Miss Bates.

BOSWELL JR.

Statistics of suicide show that the number is three times greater in the case of men than in women. In youth this rule is reversed, for the number of suicides under fifteen years of age is greater among girls than it is among boys. In France, according to diagrams drawn up by M. Bertillon, out of 1,000 suicides 266 are committed in the spring, 300 in the summer, 213 in the autumn and 201 in the winter. The greatest number of these occur in June and July, 110 in the former month and 118 in the latter, and the smallest number, that of 63, in December. As to the methods of self-destruction men have a preference for the revolver, the knife and the rope, while women generally resort to drowning, poison and throwing themselves from heights. About twice as many women as men drown themselves in Europe annually.

*CLIFF DWELLINGS*

*SCENES ALONG THE EDGES OF TELEGRAPH HILL PRECIPICES*

From photos by Arnold Genthe

# The Gorgon's Head.

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

She had told him she could not marry him, and now turned restlessly in her chair, wondering why he made no move to go. He must have known that a popular young author's daylight was too precious to spend over her own love affairs. That story must be finished to-day, and a hundred pages of plate proof gone over, so that she could be free to begin her serial to-morrow. If he had come in the evening, her mind would have been freer, and, perhaps, she could have put it less abruptly. He had taken it quietly, with that terrible self-control of his, looking more like a man whose fears were confirmed than one whose hopes had been suddenly destroyed.

"I wish you would tell me something," he said, looking up from the fire. "A year ago would you have answered in the same way?"

"A year ago," she repeated. "That was before 'His' had come out."

"When you were still merely a literary struggler," he said.

"I might not have said I would marry you," she answered, with some hesitation, "not right away; but I should not have refused."

"You were beginning to care for me," he said. "Whose fault was it that you stopped, mine or—'His'?"

"It was just that my career grew so much more important to me than any one person could be," she said, beginning to forget the unfinished story up-stairs. "I didn't realize it till one morning a letter from you and one with the name of a magazine printed on the corner came at the same time. I opened the magazine one at once, but I put yours in my pocket and forgot all about it until afternoon. Then I knew. It wasn't the fame—honestly, I have never taken much pleasure in that—and it wasn't the money, much as I need it; it was the actual writing itself and the satisfaction of succeeding that crowded everything else out. Marriage seemed utterly unimportant."

"Will it always, do you think?" he asked, as quietly as if he had no personal interest in the question.

"I don't swear never to marry," she answered, drawing closer to the fire, "but I certainly shan't till I can care for some man more than I do for my work."

He replaced a fallen log and brushed back the coals in silence. "Take ten years from now, or twenty," he said, at last; "will your books be company enough?"

She leaned her head on her hand, but made no answer.

"Your work may satisfy you, but it doesn't make you happy, even now," he went on. "What will you be then?"

"I've thought of all that," she broke out impetuously, "and the worst of it is, I don't care! I am utterly cold and indifferent. I'm not sorry for people nor glad for them, and there isn't a soul in the world that I feel the least affection for, except you."

He looked up quickly, but she went on before he could speak.

"Even what I feel for you is a miserable, inadequate sort of a fondness. By some accident, I've caught a glimpse of the Gorgon's Head. I don't know why it is, or when it happened. I haven't led a particularly selfish life, or been crossed in love, or had any great trouble. I just woke up one morning and found I was turned to stone."

"Yes," he said, "I saw it."

"Don't you remember how I used to love children?" she went on, as though talking it out were a relief. "I always wanted to make friends with them, and I never could keep my hands off a baby. I used to be forever dreaming about the time when I'd have some of my own, and what they'd do and say and be. Now I don't take the slightest interest in them; I don't want them near me. If they are restless or silly, or if they cry, I feel bored and impatient. I hate myself, but it's true, and you might as well know it. A woman who doesn't love children! What on God's earth is she good for?"

"You believe it is God's earth?" His tone gave no hint of what his own answer to the question might have been.

"There, again, I don't know and I don't care," she answered sadly. "It doesn't seem to matter to me any more. The minute I enter a church, a horrible feeling of flatness comes over me. I can't make myself join in the responses, but it isn't opinion that keeps me back so much as an untranslatable feeling. When the people around me bow and kneel, I don't believe in one of them, and I hate them. I want to throw stones at them. I never knew a person could be as full of hate as I am for everybody and everything."

She turned to him, not passionately, but with a miserable restlessness in her eyes. "If you knew what a relief it was to say it all out," she said. "I have been pounding over it by myself for so long. I used to be full of little warm impulses and good will towards men and even women. Really, I was very nice once. Do tell me what is the matter."

"You have been on a strain for a year," he said, looking at her with eyes that repressed everything but very friendly interest. "You're overworked, and your life has all turned in. What you need is to go somewhere where it is warm and lie on the ground and have a puppy to play with. You can love a dog when you can't a human being. You need to stop writing and thinking and wondering, and get back to nature, and mix with people whose lives have all turned outwards. See more of the every-day people of the world, the commonplace men and women. They will humanize you."

She shook her head impatiently.

"I don't like them," she protested. They make me worse than ever, especially the women. They talk of nothing but other people, and if they hit on ones I like or admire, I am angry; and otherwise I am bored. Think of spending an afternoon listening to tirades on the foolishness of Mrs. Green in trying to make a lawyer of her son, and violent arguments for and against Mrs. Johnson's attitude towards her husband, and the recklessness of putting so many clean dresses a week on the little Perkinses! And the same thing all over again, in the same words, the next time you see them! No, thank you!"

He laughed a little.

"That isn't the kind I meant," he said. "I only meant people who weren't literary and who took little or no interest in your work apart from you. Natural, healthy, unthinking souls and bodies who don't reflect. Here you are swamped in your fame, you are nothing but the author of 'His,' etc. You need to get away from your authorship. Above all, you need the warm ground and the puppy."

"Then you think it is chiefly physical," she said, doubtfully. "I wish I could believe that."

"I know it," he said earnestly. "The world is just the same, but you are out of focus, and will be till you take a rest—or are forced into one by nervous prostration. Do stop."

"I don't think it is overwork," she said after a pause. "I think it is just that I once had a soul, and that all at once it died. I have to carry the horrid thing around with me, and that is what makes me feel so cold and heavy. It has frozen me all up, except one little lukewarm corner. I used to be so beamingly happy, so expansive towards the whole world. The smell of creek alders used to send little spiral thrills of delight up through me—haven't you felt them?—and the first lilacs would make my heart thump. I had to sing at the top of my lungs to get rid of some of the superfluous joy. Now I don't care whether the lilacs are out or not, and I despise high spirits. I've grown into a mournful Miss Molly, who was:

" '—Limp as a rag
While her sisters play tag,
For it's vulgar, she says, to be jolly.'

"Miss Molly's soul was probably dead, too."

"Suppose it came to life again," he suggested. "Then that corner that had stayed lukewarm through this would turn out a regular fiery furnace, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps—I don't know. The supposition is too impossible."

"Should you be glad if it did?"

"No," she said, honestly. "I have paid too high a price for my career to like the idea of giving it up; and marriage would mean that."

"Then the man who marries you is a selfish brute," he said, decidedly. "No earthly person has a right to come between you and the career that is before you. If you married me, that would be as important to me as your happiness. There would be no question of giving it up."

She smiled and shook her head.

"You don't understand," she said.

"But I do," he answered, coming over beside her and taking her hands. "I thought it all out a year ago, when I knew you were going to be a great writer, and hoped you were beginning to care for me. I saw that you weren't like other women; that motherhood was not your best fulfillment, and I vowed that I never would put one obstacle between you and your work. Do you believe me?"

She lifted his hands to her face for a minute, then dropped them and rose to her feet.

"Yes, I believe in you, in everything you say and do," she said, with wet eyes. "But my part is only a beautiful myth. My unknown Gorgon is stronger than you."

"But you will try my plan?" he said earnestly. "You will take a rest? Promise me that you won't begin your serial to-morrow."

"Oh, I must," she said.

"Come with me now for a walk and talk it over," he urged. "It will do you good."

She shook her head.

"No, not to-day," she said. "My proof must go back by the next mail, and I want to finish my story."

"Can't you leave it?"

"No, no; I'm too interested to stop. No walk in the world could tempt me from it," she answered with a smile. "Now, good-bye. I've been talking nonsense this afternoon, but you mustn't mind it. Come and see me again some time, when I'm not so busy."

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES
MRS. CRAIGIE
From a drawing by Will Rothenstein in the "Saturday Review"

## RETIRING MRS. CRAIGIE

### Personal Characteristics of the Author of "A Sinner's Comedy."

The personality of Mrs. Craigie has been more carefully concealed from the public than that of any of her rivals. She has not been subjected to the literary interview with illustrations, nor has she been pictured at the several stages of her career. In fact, so far as personal journalism is concerned, she is quite an obscure character, though the editor of the "Bookman" did make rather a violent attempt to convert her into a society queen. That she is not a light of the frivolous world is due not to Dr. Peck's brilliant effort, but to the fact that she is delicate. In addition, she dislikes society; but even if she loved the world with a Dodo-like devotion the weakness of her constitution would confine her to her rooms.

Mrs. Craigie is the daughter of Mr. Richards, who has made a fortune out of the exploitation of a far famed pill. She resides in a beautiful house at Lancaster Gate, a fashionable London quarter. Like Marie Corelli she would have become prominent as a musician had she not turned her attention to literature. She is a skillful pianist, and is also a composer, but none of her musical compositions have ever been published—a fact which Edward Bok, of the L. H. J. repines with tears. Mrs. Craigie, or, as, he was then, Miss Richards, made her debut in society rather before the usual time, and was married several years before coming of age. This marriage was not a happy one, and she returned to her father's house. It was then she commenced literary work, and plunged, as it may be termed, into a perfect sea of books and thought, away from the world and people in general. Were Mrs. Craigie's work the result of necessity and not of inclination, there might be more of it. As it is there is comparatively little, only the half a dozen novels, which we all know, and the little play "Journeys End in Lovers' Meetings," written in colloboration with Mr. George Moore. This is due somewhat to the critical faculty which Mrs. Craigie possesses to an unusual extent, and which prevents her from publishing anything that has not gone through a thorough course of expurgation and revision. Her "copy" is often revised and rewritten seven times, the entire work done by hand, as the authoress uses neither amanuensis nor typewriter.

Some years ago when her health was more delicate than it is at present, Mrs. Craigie wrote almost entirely in bed. Now she rises early and devotes the morning hours to reading or writing. After lunch she goes for a drive. After the drive she returns to her study and finds time for more work before dinner. It is at the dinner table that she comes most in contact with the world. Then she obtains, as he is fond of saying, all the knowledge of what is going on that she cares for. Her father is a man of affairs; her mother, a woman of the world, and one of her brothers is a Cambridge undergraduate. It is in this limited circle of home that Mrs. Craigie is known and understood as she really is—to the outside world, literary and otherwise, she is an almost undiscovered quality. Her interests are all in literature rather than in life, and in contemplation rather than in action.

This somewhat spiritual existence and aloofness from people and things of earth, has been accentuated by the conversion of Mrs. Craigie to the Roman Catholic faith, of which she has recently become an earnest and enthusiastic devotee. In one sense this change of religion seems strange, as Mrs. Craigie was bred a dissenter under the ministrations of Dr. Joseph Parker, but viewed in the light of her spiritual tendencies, and deep, earnest thought, it seems more in the natural course of consistency.

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The man of the hour in China is Chang Ta-Jen, the new Director of Railways. He first came to the front under the direction of Li Hung Chang, but now seems safe to reverse the relationship. He has entirely in his own hands the Chinese telegraphs and the great iron works of Hanyang, erected by Chang Chih Tung. He is also director of the Chinese Merchants' Company, which controls all the most powerful commercial and shipping interests in China, and has created the new Imperial Bank of China, which will give him the control of all future financial operations. He proposes to begin his railroad operations by the construction of two hundred miles of road through the rich and populous country connecting the towns of Woo Sung, Shanghai and Soo Chow. Throughout China there is a tremendous effort on the part of European manufacturers to obtain an opportunity to assist in the development of the country. No fewer than forty-two firms recently competed to supply some fifteen hundred dollars worth of tools. Foreigners are allowed to bid only for such rolling stock as is not obtainable in China. Chang Ta-Jen expects to get a certain number of rails from his Hang Yang works, of which the Pittsburg expert, H. Kennedy, has recently been put in charge.

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Has anybody ever heard of Welsh whisky? If not, the following description may be of interest. "Welsh whisky is the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast, or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of peat and barley, washed white with the waters of the Treweryn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dew of night, the wealth of summer, and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light, etc., etc." It is specially recommended for use by the minor poets.

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A story comes from Berlin of an operation upon the heart of a patient who had received a stab in that organ. The surgeon, we are told, laid bare the man's heart and sewed up the orifice made by the stabber, and then applied general treatment for arresting the hemorrhage. The heart worked violently during the operation, but despite the commotion of the organ, the patient made good progress and soon recovered.

## AMONG CLIFF-DWELLERS

### A Peculiar Mixture of Races From the Four Corners of the Earth.

Of course one has heard of the strangeness of the neighborhoods upon Telegraph Hill, and of course one has read a good deal in Bret Harte and Stevenson upon the subject, but the curiousness of the place cannot be altogether appreciated at second hand. You are told, for instance, that to enter this locality is to be transported to another country—to Italy, to France, or to Spain, as the case may be. This is quite true, but it is not all. The foreignness of, let us say, Ohio street, is complete, and yet one fancies that one would recognize San Francisco in the place if one should suddenly drop into it out of the blue, as it were. They are a queer, extraordinary mingling of peoples, these Cliff Dwellers, for they are isolated enough to have begun already to lose their national characteristics and to develop into a new race. There are children romping about after hens perilously near that tremendous precipice that overhangs the extension of Sansome street, of an origin so composite that not even the college of heralds could straighten the tangle. Here, for instance, is a child of an Italian woman and a Spanish half-breed. Think of that now! The descendant of a Campagnian peasant, a Pueblo Indian and a water carrier of Andalusia, squattering up and down a San Francisco sidewalk, shrieking after an hysterical chicken. But there are queerer combinations than that. I have seen in a wine shop in this same Ohio street a child who was half Jew, half Chinese, and its hair was red. I have heard of—may I yet live to see him!—a man who washes glasses in a Portuguese wine shop on the other side of the hill, whose father was a negro and whose mother a Chinese slave girl. As I say, I have not yet set eyes on this particular Cliff Dweller. I can form no guess as to what his appearance should be. Can you? Imagine the Mongolian and African types merged into one. He should have the flat nose, and yet the almond eye, the thick lip and yet the high cheek-bone; but how as to his hair? Should it be short and crinkly, or long and straight, or merely wavy? But the ideas of the man, his bias, his prejudices, his conception of things, his thoughts—what a jumble, what an amorphous, formless mist!

But there is still another kind of Cliff Dweller—him I know and have talked with. He was watching a man paint a bunch of grapes upon the sign of a wine shop (there are neither bars, nor saloons, nor "resorts" in the country of the Cliff Dwellers, only wine shops), and on pretense of asking a direction I had some little speech with him. He was a very, very old Spaniard, and rather feeble. Do you know that this man has never—but from a distance—seen the Emporium, nor the Mills building, nor the "Call" building, nor the dome of the City Hall; that he would be lost on Kearny or Market street, that he hears or reads in the papers of plays given at the Baldwin or California or Columbia as we hear or read of a new Massanet opera in Paris or a piece at the Comedie Francaise or a successful ballet at La Scala? For eight years this old man has never been down into the city. Old age has trapped him on the top of that sheer hill, and lays siege to him there. Once up here he must stay, or if possibly he should get down, never could he climb those ladder-like sidewalks. No cable cars run over the hill, and the horses of the market carts pause on a corner one-third of the way up, blowing till the cart rattles, while their drivers make the delivery on foot. This old man will never come down but feet first. The world rolls by beneath him, under his eyes and in reach of his ears; Kearny street, like the dried bed of a canyon overrun with beetles, hums and lives beneath his back windows, and ships from the Horn and the Cape and the Archipelago shift and slide below the sea-ward streets, and he sees it all and hears it all and is yet as out of it, as exiled from it as if marooned on a South Pacific atoll. Perched on that high hill in the heart of the city, he is a hermit, a Simon Stylites on a huge scale.

The houses are as indeterminate as the inhabitants. But while the Cliff Dwellers themselves are busily at the work of race forming, new and vigorous, the buildings are rapidly going to wrack, plaster is crumbling, brick walls disintegrating, wooden rails worn to a rosewood polish, trembling and reeling drunkenly over the steep slopes. You may see them by the score, these collapsing buildings, the frailer and feebler ones invariably clinging to the very edge of the precipitous banks of the hill, like weaker things pushed to the wall. They are patched up indiscriminately, on stilts and beams, as if upon false legs or crutches, and the wind shoulders them grudgingly toward the brink, and their old bones rattle and quake with every blast from the excavations that are going forward half way down the hill. My old man, the hermit, the castaway, told me of an ancient lady who lives in one of the shanties that are clawing and clutching at the verge of the cliff, who, with her house, will some day be quite literally blown over the ledge. At night when the west wind blows (you may imagine for yourselves how strong can be this wind coming in from the Farallones to the Cliffs at a single hungry leap), this ancient lady sits up till dawn quaking with the quaking of the house, ready to make a wild scramble to the door as soon as the stilts begin to go.

The houses of these people are of no particular style. Some are of plaster over brick, with a second story piazza, Mexican fashion; some with flat faces and false fronts, and some with bays that are all glass in little frames somehow suggestive of the sea. There are even some with the blunt gable and green blinds that recall New England, and now and then one comes across a miserable, senile, decrepit, rabbit warren of an old villa, the cupola turned into a bed room, a wretched green fountain sunken into the hard-beaten earth of what was once a lawn, a goat or two looking through the crazy pickets and a litter of kittens on a sunny corner of the porch roof. Thus they have their being, the Cliff Dwellers of this San Francisco of ours; mountaineers, if you will; race formers. The hill is swarming and boiling with the life of them. Here on this wart-like protuberance bulging above the city's roof, a great milling is going on, and a fusing of peoples, and in a few more generations the Celt and the Italian, the Mexican and the Chinaman, the negro and the Portuguese, and the Levantines and the "scatter-mouches" will be merged into one type. And a curious type it will be.

FRANK NORRIS.

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Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was stricken with paralysis some months ago, has not yet recovered the use of his arm. His articulation is so imperfect that it is difficult to understand what he says. Now he rarely shows himself outside the family except for a drive.

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The crushings of the Witwatersrand mines in the Transvaal for March last were returned at 232,067 ounces. The largest output on record. The highest previous return was 213,418 ounces, in August last.

## COFFEE IN GUATEMALA

### Growth and Culture of the "Little Brown Bean."

In choosing his land the coffee planter of Guatemala has an eye for a bit of mountainous country, rather moist, whose temperature will not go above 85 nor below 52 degrees. He either clears this land of all its trees or leaves enough standing to produce a little shade, as there is a difference of opinion among growers relative to sun-grown or shade-grown trees. It is generally conceded, however, that a plantation thinly covered with shade trees will yield the best result. Coffee trees grown in the sun often overbear one year and go barren the next. In Guatemala, however, the plantations are all cleared of timber. After the ground is cleared it is staked out, and holes to receive the young trees dug some three feet apart. The new trees are cultivated in seed beds until such time as they have attained a growth of ten or fifteen inches, when they are transplanted (the earth still clinging about the roots) to the permanent beds. It would seem that there is, relatively speaking, no great difficulty to be experienced in bringing the trees to fruition, as they require very little tending further than a certain amount of care in the matter of weeds and choking grasses.

The first flowering generally occurs when the tree is two years old. At the age of four years each tree will yield, say, a quarter of a pound of bean; at six years, when it is in its prime, it should bear a full pound. These are average figures, though five pounds to a tree is not unusual, and one famous tree in Southern Guatemala has been known to yield twenty pounds. The flower of the coffee tree is very pretty—white, and exhaling a heavy and delicious perfume often noticeable on board home-bound ships long before land is sighted.

To the uninitiated a coffee plantation might easily be mistaken for a cherry orchard, for the fruit of the tree is very like our cherry in size, color and shape. The pickings occur three times in the season, and despite the fact that the berries grow in clusters each one must be picked separately. After picking the berries are removed to the machine house, where the "pulper" frees the berry from its surrounding fruit. The next step is the fermentation of the berries, which lasts for about twenty-four hours, after which they are washed and dried, then once more carried back into the machine house, where they undergo the process which removes from them the thin hull known as the pergamine. The natives accomplish this result by flailing and by treading out the grain with the feet. After the husk has been thoroughly beaten it is separated from the chaff by being poured from a basket held upon the shoulder, the chaff being blown from it as it falls.

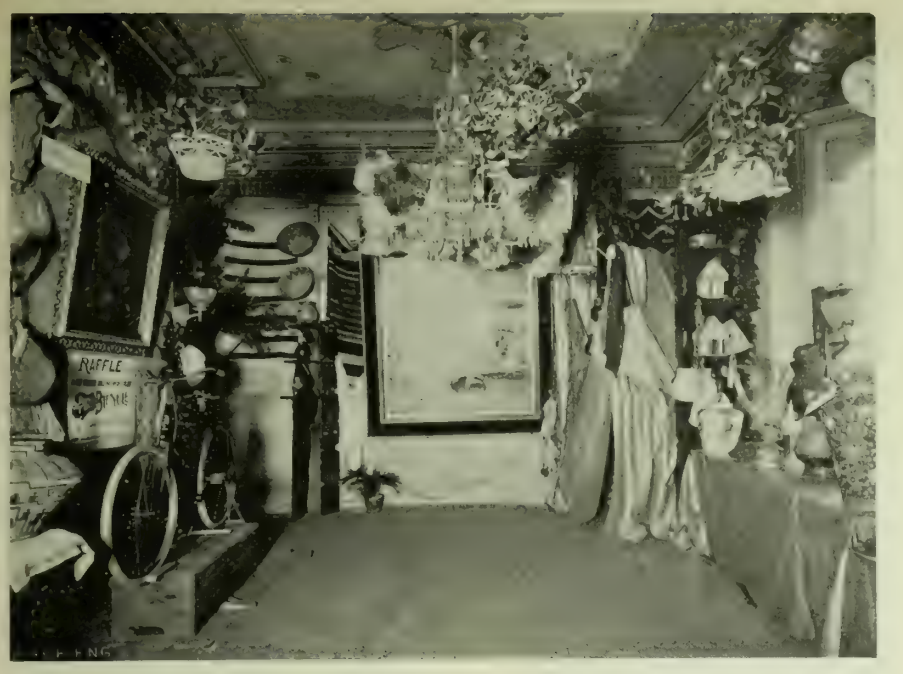
For marketing the coffee the bean is classified into "caracolillo," first and second class, and packed in bags of 150 and 200 pounds, the lighter sacks containing the best grades. However, the good planters store their coffee unhulled (cafe en pergamino) after being perfectly dried.

Coffee growing has this in its favor, that few if any plants are less exposed to the attacks of insects or disease. The coffee tree has certain enemies, but none of these present any great difficulty in overcoming. Such parasites and insects as attack the trunk can easily be driven away by home-made appliances, while the clearing around the trees keeps them clear of rats, field mice and ants.

Hamburg is the greatest coffee market in the world

AN AZTEC FUNERAL

BEING CLASS-DAY EXERCISES AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY AT BERKELEY




THE INDIAN ROOM

UNDER THE BIG TENT

*SCENES AT THE GINGERBREAD FAIR IN THE CLARK CROCKER HOUSE*

(just why it would be difficult to say), though most of the Guatemala product is shipped to San Francisco and London. Planters will tell you that Americans as a rule are quite satisfied with the lower, poorer grades of coffee, such as are grown in Brazil, though Philadelphia, as a retail market, demands the better quality of bean. You are further informed that much of the coffee that passes for mocha is merely the Guatemala product traveling under an alias. It is said that there are ten bags of "mocha" consumed to one that is grown.

If a coffee grower does not know how to make good coffee nobody should, and the following is a recipe for making black coffee as drank by the planters in Guatemala:

Roast one pound of coffee until the outside of the grain is brown, then mix in a small teaspoonful of butter and the same amount of sugar; sprinkle a little brandy over the whole, and cover with a thick cloth. Leave it for an hour, then grind. Boil one quart of water; when boiling put in coffee and remove from the fire at once. Let it stand a few hours and strain through a flannel bag. Keep the coffee in a stone jar for use, heating whatever quantity is required.

## BERKELEY CLASS-DAY

That the high altar with its coffin and appointments went up in a flame and a puff of smoke during the Class Day Exercises at Berkeley last Saturday was perhaps fortunate for the success of the entertainment that marked the dissolution of the class of '97.

From a picturesque standpoint the burlesque Aztec funeral rites were amusing enough, but beyond such of the audience as were immediately in front of the speakers' stand the orators' words could not be heard, and when heard were only intersting to the members of the class, who could understand and appreciate the "hits" and jokes on the professors and student body. For some undiscovered reason the public doings of the students of the State University never fail of attracting an enormous and fashionable crowd, and this in face of the fact that their performances are—or at least for the last college year have been—markedly dull. The Skull and Keys play of this year ("London Assurance") was five long acts of as dreary dialogue as ever curtain rose upon, yet the same audience who yawned and fretted at the Macdonough some ten days previous turned out in full force to sit on the slippery banks of "Ben Weed's Amphitheatre" and listen to the somewhat disappointing ceremony of Class Day. However, it may be unjust to criticise, since fully two-thirds of the rite was untowardly interrupted by the breaking out of the fire, which burned not only the altar and speakers' stand, but even the will of the great "Naintyseven," which was to have been the feature of the day.

The best part of class day is, however, the system adopted by the fraternities of keeping open house upon that occasion. The "big four" (i. e., the fraternities of Chi Phi, Phi Gamma Delta, Delta Kappa Epsilon and Beta Theta Pi) threw open their club house from eleven till six and entertained in all close upon a thousand guests from both sides of the bay.

Marie Corelli is having her portrait painted by Miss Donald-Smith, and the authoress announces that no reproduction of the picture shall appear in any illustrated journal or periodical whatever. The portrait is full length size, and shows the authoress in a plain white satin Empire gown, descending a flight of steps, with a floating lace veil draped over her shoulders. The artist has cleverly emphasized the curious doll-like personality of Miss Corelli, who is rather proud of her distinctly intellectual type of prettiness.

Princess de Chimay has abandoned the idea of appearing at the Folies Bergere, and has instead taken a trip to the Riviera. It seems that M. Lepsine, the Paris Prefect of Police, intimated that her appearance upon the stage would be the signal for an outbreak of public indignation. One of the principal clubs in Paris bought a hundred rabbits, with the intention of throwing them on the stage.

## FOR SWEET CHARITY

### Glitter and Gayety at the Gingerbread Fete.

The Gingerbread Fete at the Clark-Crocker house on Octavia and Sutter streets opened last Wednesday night, and according to all appearances did a rushing business. The house was given over to the accommodation of the booths and stalls and tables of the "speelers," from garret to cellar, while out on the lawn a huge tent was erected to meet the demands of the overflow meeting. Everything is sold at the fete that nobody wants, but it makes little difference, since nobody wants anything that is sold, and as long as there is an exchange of money the good cause is helped along, and everybody is satisfied. The band failed to materialize on the opening night, likewise the weather, which for two weeks had been the mildest of the mild, took a sudden turn for the worse, but neither of these drawbacks made any apparent difference or produced any noticeable effect upon the gaiety of the occasion. Everybody was there that everybody knew. If the weather was too cold for the tent everybody stayed in doors, and the clamor of conversation would have dominated even the most vigorously conducted brass band. The living pictures were a great success—in fact, quite the feature of the evening, while the animatoscope and the kinetoscope were regular magnets in the matter of attracting the elusive quarter. Toby Rosenthal's "The Cardinal's Portrait" made positively its first appearonce on any stage, and was quite worth all the admiration it received. (For the enlightenment of the misinformed we deny the invidious charge that has been made against Mr. Rosenthal's "Gentleman of France under the Red Robe." He is not drunk, but sleepeth.)

Perhaps it is because of a scrupulous absence of all articles of gingerbread manufacture that the affair has been named a gingerbread fete, but this again is a mere superficiality. It is not the things that you buy, but the amount that you spend that makes the difference at the Crocker house. The query—like that which Bourget attributed to certain citizens of America—is not, what do you want? but how much money have you got? There were two very distinct answers to this question by the guests at the fete. The first was given as they entered the house; the second as they came out of it. The question put to the coming guest was, it is true, how much money have you got? That most appropriate to ask of the parting guest was, how much money have you got left? From all this it will appear that the charity which begins at home did not, however, stay at home last Tuesday night, and the Children's Hospital is so much the gainer thereby.

The University Club is to be congratulated on its selection of C. P. Eels as president for the coming year. Otherwise, the personnel of the directorate is similar to that of the previous term, Professor Bacon and Messrs. Berry and Hasker still being in their familiar roles. Mr. Eels should make an excellent president. He is an agreeable and brilliant man, and a capital administrator. Besides, his partners have all achieved distinction in the same capacity. His predecessor, Frank Michaels, is a member of the firm of Page, Eels & McCutcheon, and the head of that combination, Mr. Page, was president of the Pacific-Union Club some few years ago. Considering the capacity of its members, it is not astonishing this firm has come so vigorously to the front. It is to-day one of the strongest law associations in town. Mr. Page has a large admiralty practice, and is recognized as the leading authority in that branch of the law. This involves commercial connections of value. Mr. Eels' authority is in real estate questions. He is president of the Title & Trust Insurance Company, while Mr. McCutcheon has as his own clients certain of the biggest estates and wealthiest men in California. He handles Lloyd Tevis' business, the affairs of the Hearst estate, of a part of the Hobart estate, of J. B. Haggin and sundry others. Mr. Eels is a son of Dr. Eels of Berkeley and he has married into the Shepherd family of Oakland.

A monster which resembles a hare down to the waist and is a normal baby from the waist down was born alive recently in Leghorn, according to the Lancet. The mother, the wife of a water carrier, was strongly impressed by the sight of a hare cut up on a kitchen table before the birth of her offspring.

A GROUP OF PURCHASERS AT THE GINGERBREAD FAIR

FOUR FROLIC FRISKY FETCHING FLEURS-DE-LYS, WHO FISH OVER THE ORPHEUM FOOTLIGHTS WITH DOLLIES FOR BAIT

## FLEURETTE

### A French Little Pansy-Eyed Maid, Fair-Faced and Foot-Light.

Send me to interview a butterfly or a squirrel next time, for juvenile actresses are no fair game for my pen. By what mischance men fell to wondering anent the ways and manners of soubrettes off the stage I can't imagine—as if they weren't the same as other pretty girls! I could find a dozen out of any female seminary who would be more facile and mischievous. Talk is not in them—I mean these footlight maids; they know but half their business, and the rest is for the poor journalist to do for them, between whiffs of a pipe and a bitten-ended lead pencil. I would have a school of sauciness equipped and invaded. I would teach them fairy falsehoods and educate the imagination. The scenery of their Fancy is all cardboard and canvas, and is only picturesque by footlight.

But enough flourish; I must be spinning my fabric of dreams, with Fleurette for a pattern. A little poetry would serve, for then one may say much and mean little. There is enough poetry in Fleurette, too, to be consistent, for she is younger and prettier and simpler and more innocent, childlike and helpless off the stage than on. She doesn't stand on her head with a toe in air, behind the scenes—for myself I would rather she wouldn't do it at all, for it is the least interesting of her accomplishments.

I have had the honor of interviewing a white mouse, a human fly and a canary bird—all metamorphosed into painted actresses. I have played with them more gayly on paper, I confess, than in reality. They were all surprised enough at my frivolity when they read of themselves in print—let it be a lesson to them to meet me half way next time and rely less on their eyebrows.

And so to Fleurette—gay, frivolous little moth—shall I tell you what you are? Eyes of pansy-blue—one fleur-de-lys (pronounce the "s") told me, and I saw that for myself. A piquant, ingenious little French face, with a rogueish mouth that will be dangerous when it learns how, but is now as safe as a photograph. A smile that will be growing up soon into a temptation.

Fleurette is but seventeen years old. You may doubt it when you see her from the audience, but behind the curtain—never. She should be in school studying history and English literature, and was, two years ago, in short skirts, and her brown-black hair down her back. Her skirts come to her ankles now—ever since she had to let them down to fool Garry in New York to prevent being arrested for infringing the juvenile actor's law.

Fleurette would be a dancer. Perhaps other ambitions will creep into that little head and look through the pansy-blue eyes, but now dancing is enough. She has begun to sing a little, in a sweet, small, piccolo voice that will come out and fill the house if it gets training. She is to act parts, too, when she grows up, and go on in real plays.

Fleurette is a little doll-girl that is worked by her brother-in-law, Jo Hart. He writes the music and words, he teaches the "business," he manages Fleurette and her saucy quartette, he does everything but go on and dance. He invented the catchy doll-fishing turn, in which the four Fleurs-de-Lys dangle their toy bait over the footlights into the bald-headed row. This was a great success in New Haven, where the boys from Yale came with knives to cut the strings and the girls lost four dolls at every performance.

Fleurette would dance. From her infancy she aspired to fling her heels in the calcium light, and every service she did for her brother-in-law was paid for by a lesson in terpsichorics. An errand down town paid for a pas-seul, and three boot-buttons sewed on meant a lesson in high kicking. Sister Carrie married Mr. Hart, and her success fired little Fleurette. Another sister went into a Philadelphia stock company, and at last Miss F. was promoted to the stage.

Fleurette is well cared for. What would seventeen-year-old Fleurette do, else—with a half dozen notes for her after every performance, and flowers thrice a week? But beware, for Fleurette's mother is on guard, and travels with her. It is really the mother who should be interviewed. No doubt she knows more of Fleurette than Fleurette herself. Next time I shall call in mother and get the fiction, and supply the fact from the fleurette.

Fleurette swims, Fleurette wheels, and Fleurette may

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD FLEURETTE FLYING A FANCY FLOURISH

paint in water-colors for all I know. After all, does any one really care—save the persons who write the letters and send bouquets? Why not interview them? The most part of the audience regard an actor as they do a Punch or a Judy, and care not a whit whether they are safely put away in the box or not when the show is over. Happy little Fleurette that has a mother to put her away and take care of her after the Orpheum lights go down!

GELETT BURGESS.

A curious instance of "taking it out in trade" occurred recently in England, when the West Bromwich Town Council rewarded their cemetery superintendent for long service by granting him a plot of ground in the Corporation cemetery for his own private use.

Quite a number of people imagine the "Ladies' Home Journal" is the most widely read of all the periodicals. Great as its attainment is it does not compare with the circulation of "Comfort," a monthly published in Augusta, Me., which prints a million and a quarter copies per month. The "Chap-Book," in some interesting comments on the paradoxes of the publishing trade, gives the circulation figures of several of the big magazines. Munsey's claims half a million; McClure's and the Cosmopolitan, something like 300,000 copies apiece; Harper's 175,000; the Century, 150,000. These we know; they salute us in every book store in the land. But the Hearthstone, New York, has 600,000; the Delineator, half a million; the People's Home Journal, 315,000; the Ladies' World, 379,800; the Home Treasury, 200,000; Hours at Home, 210,000; the American Nation, 160,000; and Good Literature, 191,000. Though it might appear from the immense figures cited that New York is really the literary center of the country, that distinction belongs to Augusta, Me. Besides Comfort, it has Illustrated Good Stories, 479,000; Hearth and Home, 392,000; Illustrated Happy Hours, 351,000; Vickery's Fireside Visitor, 350,000, and Home Treasury, 200,000.

The question of precedence raised by Sir Julian Pauncefote, who claims that at all public functions the four ambassadors are entitled to rank every officer of the government with the single exception of the President, has been indirectly settled by the latter. At the Grant exercises recently Vice-President Hobart not only rode along the line of march with President McKinley, but also sat directly on his left all through the exercises. This means that the President has concluded that the offices of President and Vice-President cannot be separated, because of their intimate and interdependent relations. These unequivocal expressions have already virtually settled the question. The German Ambassador has recognized the situation, and the others must succumb as gracefully as possible.

There are some interesting figures on the average daily production of certain eminent authors in a late issue of Pearson's Magazine. It seems that it is the habit of Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Frankfort Moore and Mr. W. L. Alden to produce 4,000 words a day. John Strange Winter words off 3,000. Dr. Conan Doyle is good for about a column and a half or two columns of The Wave—say 2,000 words. Mr. Max Pemberton would turn out about a column in the Examiner, or 1,500 words. Sir Walter Besant is not so fertile, being capable of only about 1,000. As for John Oliver Hobbs, all she can write is about 150 words per day. The Rev. Crockett and Hall Caine are irregular, and do their work in bursts. The former has done as many as 5,000, and as few as 800 words a day, and Mr. Hall Caine, when the inspiration seizes him, can indite 6,000 words in four days.

The greatest political force in European politics is the Czarina of Russia. She has neutralized the attempts of the Dowager Czarina to control her son, and has made possible the unchecked advance of the Turks from Larissa, the solidification of the Austro-Russian alliance, and the defeat of the Danish intrigues in behalf of the Greek dynasty. Count Muravieff, the new foreign minister of Russia, remarked recently to a German diplomatist: "She is a better ally than a whole army corps or an embassy." The best evidence of her growing power is the indignation of her Danish mother-in-law. This imperious woman, who has carried into middle life all the physical and mental capacity of youth, has decided to pass the whole summer in Copenhagen, and not return to St. Petersburg.

Over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars have been subscribed for the '98 season of opera at the Metropolitan in New York. The list is headed by John W. Mackay, who subscribed ten thousand dollars.

*ON A GUATEMALAN COFFEE-PLANTATION*

See page 6

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My Own Dear Diary: I wonder will you find me shockingly dull this week? If so, it is a case of the calm that follows the storm. I have literally been whirled in a perfect Charybdis of pleasure and am oh so tired. The worst of it is that I am continuing in my foolish way, so anticipate to be several sorts of a nervous wreck before many days.

You know I told you I intended going to a round of lunches at the different fraternity houses on class day. I first went to the Chi Phi, where I found stacks of Oaklanders and a sprinkling of San Franciscans, among them the McNutts, Voorhies, Hoppers, etc. From there I dropped into the Sigma Chis and found Mrs. Salisbury, Kate, Margaret, Colonel and Mrs. Mendell and Mrs. Glascock and Jessie. Then I took in the Phi Gamma Deltas, where I had a jolly time, and finished up at the Deks. A number of us went to the Aztec Funeral given by the boys in the woods behind the university. It was immensely entertaining, but the funeral pyre nearly caused many a funeral. You know it burnt through and set the platform on fire, causing much consternation among the onlookers. At first I feared a panic, but the boys showed so much presence of mind, and extinguished it so rapidly, that we were speedily reassured. Several burnt their fingers rather badly, but were otherwise uninjured. It was an awfully pretty sight. The big eucalyptus trees and the crowds of gaily-dressed people. Afterwards I went to tea at the Zeta House, which was charming in its floral decorations.

On Tuesday we all went to the opening of the Gingerbread fete. It was a tremendously smart affair—one counted the people who were not there rather than those that were. The feature of the evening was the living pictures. I have never seen so many pretty girls nor such artistic grouping. I think Marie Wells was easily the prettiest of the girls. She wore a very quaint bonnet, tied beneath her chin, and a low-necked waist of white silk. Her neck is lovely, so rounded, and white enough to make pearls look dingy. In front of her was banked a mass of pink roses, which added the last touch to the picture. Percy Butler, who posed with her, looked very effective in his black velvet coat, white shirt and stock. Another stunning tableau was that in which Edna Van Wyck posed. She wore a big black velvet hat, and a white decollete waist. Louis Bruguiere also looked very fetching in a white satin coat and Napoleonic hat, and Charley Fernald, in the dress of 1600, might easily have stepped out of a frame. Kathro Burton, too, looked bewitching. She gives promise of great beauty, you know. Then there were endless sideshows, which were well worth seeing—animatoscopes, kinetoscopes, etc. We had so much fun. I have promised to help on Friday night, but should prefer to be a spectator—one has an infinitely better time.

I did not see any particularly gorgeous gowns, which was just as well, as the crowd would have crushed them past recognition. I hate having a new frock crushed; its pristine freshness never returns, you know. We are all much interested in Minnie Burton's wedding, which is to take place on June 1st. Leila and Kathro are to be the only bridesmaids. Their gowns are of pale blue organdie made over pale blue taffeta, with ribbons and insertion galore. It is to be a small home wedding, followed by a reception to which all their friends have been invited. Ethel Cohen's invitations are expected hourly. They are all ready. Hers is to be a very smart affair, you know. There is another new military engagement just announced—that of Miss Myra Noyes of Washington and Mr. Yates Sterling of the navy. I believe he is on the Albatross. Miss Noyes is a daughter of a prominent newspaper man of Washington, and is quite a pretty girl.

Talking of affairs military, they had a big reception at the Presidio on Wednesday night. Only army and navy people were invited. All the regiments stationed at Benicia, Angel Island and Mare Island were in evidence. It was in honor of Colonel Shafter.

We are all going to a big tug party on Saturday. George de Long is giving it. About a hundred invitations have been issued. Leila is going to May Tucker's tug party also on Saturday. Her's is quite a small affair, but Leila says she hates crushes, so decided in favor of May's instead of George de Long's. By the way, I forgot to tell you about the basket ball game between the girls of Miss West's and Miss Head's school. The score was three to two in favor of Miss West's girls. Unfortunately in the first half the captain of Miss Head's team hurt her nose quite severely, and had to have a substitute, who, however, proved one of the best players of the team. Miss West's girls played a very lively game, and from the first appeared to have things their own way. Of Miss Head's girls I especially noted Ethel Yates, who is light, wiry and a level-headed young person. Margaret Collier, the captain of the West team, has much executive ability, and knows the strength and weakness of her subordinates. By the way, mamma has worked up an interest in the Home and Child Study Association. It meets in the Golden Gate Hall on Saturday morning. She says they do excellent work. Mrs. Green, who arranges the child study classes, seems to understand the relation between mothers and children so well. I hope it will improve mamma, for I regret to say she rarely sympathizes with my little affairs, especially of the heart, in the way she should. To tell you the truth, I'd like to give some of the mothers points on my own account. What fun it would be to get up classes, would it not? Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson leave for a trip through Oregon, Washington and then on to Alaska on Tuesday next on the steamer Queen. They anticipate remaining away until June 27th. And now, dear Diary, farewell. Your devoted

MISS CRICKET.

MISS LAURA LEIGH GASHWILER
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE IS ANNOUNCED
Morse, photo

Quite the most interesting of recent engagements is that of Samuel M. Shortridge and Miss Laura Leigh Gashwiler. Just how pretty a girl Miss Gashwiler is may be realized from her photograph, which appears herewith. The efforts of the dailies in this direction are, of course, libelous. She is tall, graceful, and very bright, is a daughter of the late John W. Gashwiler, was educated at Manhattanville Convent in New York and at Miss Lake's school in San Francisco. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Gashwiler, Miss Gashwiler and her sister have gone but little into society in San Francisco. Mr. Shortridge has been so much before the public that his distinction and biography are as familiar as the multiplication table. Though no fixed date has been set for the wedding, it is understood it will occur before the end of the summer.

Certainly the prettiest bride of the season, thus far, anyway, was Miss Margaret E. Whitelaw, who was married at the First Congregational Church on Wednesday night to Mr. Walter N. Brunt. Some weeks ago her portrait appeared on this page—that of an exceedingly graceful and refined type of girl, a charmingly expressive face and very regular features. She wore a white brocaded satin gown, the jupe made en traine and the corsage trimmed with white chiffon. The ceremony was performed amidst an abundance of floral decorations and in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. Miss Whitelaw was escorted by Miss Agnes Marshall, as maid of honor, Miss Hewitt and Miss Reed, who were prettily gowned, and the effect of the wedding procession was very charming. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 631 Harrison street, where the happy pair received the congratulations of their friends. The wedding presents were numerous and costly, comprising the usual articles of silverware and crystal, both useful and ornamental.

Pending the open-air Horse Show, affairs are a bit quiet at Burlingame. The summer exodus has not yet set in, though there is much din of preparations heard in the land. Wm. Walter Newhall has completed his purchase of one of the villas, and building operations proceed apace. Thus far polo is being practised rather spasmodically, and the hunting season is almost over. The Walter Hobarts are back again at their ranch, and will entertain quietly during the season. It is probable, also, that regular polo practice will be resumed. I am told that President Grant has the Horse Show project well under way, and promises a gathering of equine phenomena far surpassing that of last year.

***

The burst of gaiety which has animated the spirits of the Oakland young people since Eastertide is over at last, and every one is contemplating the summer exodus. Thus far, no region in particular has been selected by the fashionables. Some are to go to Castle Crag, others to Monterey; but the greater number to their ranches until the middle of July. The last week has been quite lively, especially Saturday, when Oakland turned out en masse to the exercises and luncheons of Class Day at the University. Early in the morning the cars began to be crowded with what might be described as a mass of color. All the girls wore light frocks—ducks, piques and organdies, with an occasional tailor built gown to lend a touch of dignity to the ensemble. The hats were simply radiant—their floral decorations of greens, purples, and reds seeming to vie with one another for supremacy. The fraternity houses were all open. The Zeta Psi house was converted into a floral bower for the time being; myriads of roses hung on the walls and filled bowls and vases. The Chi Phi house was crowded with young people all day. Another crowded fraternity was the Phi Gama Delta. In the afternoon all the young people went to the woods to see the "Aztec Funeral," which was a show all by itself.

One of the jolliest entertainments ever given by the Club of Twenty-One took place on Tuesday evening, when the young people parted until next fall. Miss Mary Barker entertained them with a large whist party. The house was all decked in pale pink La France roses and hawthorn. Miss Marguerite Joliffe and Miss Stephenson carried off the prizes among the maidens, and Mr. Lawson Adams and Mr. Eugene Peck won the laurels among the men. Later supper was served at small tables. Miss Mary Whitney entertained the Club of "13" at their breaking-up party last Thursday afternoon. The programme was a complete surprise to the young people. Miss Whitney had arranged John Kendrick Bangs' farce, "The Bicycles," which was very well given by Miss Whitney, Mrs. Hampton, Miss Bell and others.

A smart little luncheon was given in honor of the Misses Glide by Miss Annie Clay, of Fruitvale, last week. The table looked charming in its decoration of roses. Misses Sinclair, Miss Josie Chabot, Miss Stephenson and the Misses Hush were among the guests. One of the prettiest teas of the season was given by Miss Florence Sharon to the younger set last week. The library was arranged as a Japanese room, while the remainder of the house was decked with roses and sweet peas. Miss Sharon was assisted in receiving by Miss Havens, who was prettily gowned in pink tulle, Miss Pauline Fore in pale blue organdie, Miss Beatrice Vrooman and others. Miss Sharon looked very sweet in a figured pink organdie over pink silk.

Quite a smart affair was the Kitchen Sale at the First Congregational Church on Friday evening, given for the Free Kindergarten. In the center of the hall was the flower booth over which Miss Ella Goodall "presided," assisted by Miss Janet Watt, the Misses Wall, Miss Chabot and Miss Coleman. The lemonade table was in charge of Mrs. George Perkins, and the refreshments were superintended by Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Watkinson. One of the quaintest booths was under the charge of Mrs. H. P. Livermore. It was arranged as a colonial kitchen, and Mrs. Livermore wore the costume of that day. Miss de Fremery, Miss Ritter and Miss Whitney assisted. Some old china was exhibited, and during the evening a musical programme was given. The sale was a great success.

MADAME BARRIOS
Wife of the President of Guatemala, who is visiting San Francisco

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has returned from her wanderings. She has visited Turkey, Greece, Egypt and the various countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and has collected a great variety of interesting souvenirs.

### Moet & Chandon.

The cellars of Messrs. Moet & Chandon, the largest champagne house in the world, contain over eight miles of walks and about twenty-six million bottles of champagne. The different sections of the vast cellars are named after the various countries to which shipments are made. Russia and England occupy the largest place, special provision having been made for the requirements of the Courts. In this country Moet & Chandon has also been received with great favor.—Hotel Gazette.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

On Monday night Nat Goodwin begins his engagement in "David Garrick," followed by the charming little comedietta, "The Silent System," in which both Miss Elliot and Mr. Goodwin appear.

The next "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall will be given Thursday evening, May 27th. Signor Piccirillo will direct, assisted by his mandolin club, and by Signor S. Martinez, pianist, ans Mme. Letilia Bonfoy-Ripperhan, reader.

The Commencement Exercises of Irving Institute, class of '97, will take place at Golden Gate Hall next Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Bishop Nichols will address the graduates and present the diplomas. Last evening the concert of the Conservatory of Music was given in the school hall of the Institute.

After a successful Eastern season as Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind," Maud Edna Hall returns to Morosco's next week, appearing as Lady Isabel in the great emotional drama, "East Lynne." Miss Hall's support will be the regular stock company reinforced by Syllian Atwood, who will play Joyce, and sweet Baby Lewis as Little Willie.

Bellinger's beautiful opera, "Captain Fracassa," will be sung next week at the Tivoli. The scene is in Venice during one of the picturesque centuries, and introduces a number of prominent characters, including the celebrated Council of Ten. The music is bright and pleasing. The work will be excellently cast, with Laura Millard as the Princess de Coligny, Myra Morella, Scrollina, Rhys Thomas Captain Fracassa, J. J. Raffael Count Montaldo and Ferris Hartman Momo.

The feature of the bill at the Orpheum next week will be the appearance of George Osrani and his Burlesque Pantomime Company in their humorous creation, "Yvette," also the eccentric musical specialty, "Do-Mi-Sol-Do." The Baggesens, "the Juggling Waitress and the Twisting Waiter," also make their first appearance. They are said to be exceptionally clever. Kronemann Brothers, burlesque acrobats, play a return engagement of one week. The balance of the bill is filled by Fleurette, Ed Latell, the musical artist, and Tacianu, the male soprano.

In "The White Rat" at Morosco's, this week, there are two exceptionally good stage settings —an East River pier, and a Chinese opium-den. The play itself is an interesting story of New York life, and contains the usual number of melodramatic types and characters. Two of these characters are good out of the ordinary. Nat M. Willis' tramp, and Mollie Thompson's Bowery "goil." The make-up of both is splendid, and their work is quite clever. Landers Stevens gets a good deal out of a small part, and John J. Pierson makes much of the villain.

"Excelsior, Jr." will open the second week of its career at the Columbia Monday evening. There will be a complete change of songs and dances, and Miss Martinot will appear in several modish new gowns. The Columbia will be closed during the week of May 24th for the purpose of renovation, and with new carpets and new paint the theater will make a pleasing apparance. The Frawley season will commence May 31st, with the entire new company in the great melodrama, "The Fatal Card," by Hadden Chambers and B. S. Stephenson. The play will be given with all the scenery and accessories used in the original production.

### Wedding and Fashion.

Who could imagine a more lovely birthday or wedding gift than an odd and historical piece of hand-carved furniture—something really elegant? A gift representing refinement, luxury, style and utility combined, lending an air of refinement to the home and bringing pleasant thoughts of the giver.

The P. Rossi Co., at 117 Sutter street, between Kearny and Montgomery streets, exhibit an infinite variety of pieces and sets that for richness and beauty are unrivaled. You will see chairs in Italian renaissance carving, also the rare and veritable marquetrie lady's desk, cabinet or table of the Louis XV or XVI period. There are genuine French and Italian carved chairs and desks, Vernis Martin cabinets and book cases, Venetian wrought iron lanterns, tapestries, curios and novelties. Such a gift is sure to be appreciated, and one is assured that it will not soon "go out of style" and be relegated to the garret. No stablishment in San Francisco or on the coast carries a class of goods of such high merit. We had the pleasure recently of seeing a completely furnished parlor in Louis XV style from this firm, and the effect was charming and unique.

The much admired furniture in the Clark Crocker mansion on Sutter street, where the famous Tony Rosenthal paintings are exhibited, was kindly loaned by the P. Rossi Co.

## THE RACING PROSPECT

### The Development of High-Class Sport Under Favoring Conditions.

For the next few months the attention of the American racing world will be mainly devoted to events in the Eastern and Southern States, while Turf affairs in California will resolve themselves into matters of retrospect and prospect. The intermission which will ensue from to-day, save for a couple of days next week set apart by each of the local tracks for charitable objects, will nevertheless be none too long for the accomplishment of the work that has to be done preparatory to the opening of the campaign for next winter. That the programmes of both Jockey Clubs will offer even greater inducements to owners than in previous years, and consequently provide more high-class racing, may undoubtedly be expected, inasmuch as the experience of the 1896-7 season has shown that horsemen in particular and the public in general have had their interest largely stimulated by the increased number of valuable fixed events introduced into current operations.

To admit of the extension of this desirable feature the business of racing must be established and maintained on a thoroughly sound basis, the more especially as California occupies a position isolated from the sporting centers, and is yet dependent upon their resources for the requisite material to render local contests sufficiently interesting to attract a full measure of public patronage. It is not too much to say that the manner in which the meetings are conducted here is systematic and businesslike to a degree that has earned the most favorable comment from visitors, whether expert observers or otherwise, who have attended the races during their stay in the city. It is plainly noticeable, moreover, that one venture on the part of owners and other patrons of the Turf is followed up as soon as the season comes round again, so that the circle of interest gradually widens as time goes on, to the benefit, not only of the Turf locally, but of the general welfare of the State. And yet this is only the beginning of things with us here. Having got a good start then, let us try and keep our place by the exercise of proper judgment, and there need be no fear but that with its unrivaled advantages racing in California can secure a place that will always command attention from the world at large.

What appears to be most needed now is that the management of the two existing tracks should avail themselves of every possible means of making the racing so attractive, not only as regards the sport afforded, but in all its surroundings, that people who can enjoy a pleasant outing will come through their gates in greater numbers than at present. When Ingleside and Emeryville were laid out they were designed on a much more extensive scale so far as public accommodations are concerned, than the old Bay District track, and the step has been fully justified. Still, on both courses matters are more or less in embryo to-day, and as the grounds and general arrangements come to have a finished appearance the public will become more sensible of the pleasures attending a visit to the races, and so be led to an increase of their patronage. Both tracks are beautifully situated, the means of access are convenient and pleasing in their variety, with freedom from discomforts even in disagreeable weather; and a few slight touches added to those already given and in progress by way of embellishment will make them places of pleasant resort at all times and under any circumstances. The style in which things are done goes a long way towards winning public favor, and, all said and done, that is what racing has to depend upon.

As matters stand at present, the revenues of racing organizations are derived to a large extent from sources dependent on the support of the gambling portion of the public, and this element can only be diminished in importance by securing the adhesion of that portion of society which can take pleasure in sport for its own sake, and not merely for the possibilities it affords of making money by risky speculation. The gamblers can be relied on to be always with us, but true sportmen, who love a good horse and can appreciate a contest which exhibits his prowess, are harder to gather together, and therefore best worth considering. Preserve the tone of racing, cater to the right sort of men and horses, and the resources of the gate will prove in the end of more value and greater stability than the support of the purely gambling division. The attendance during the season now closing, whenever there has been any important event, will fully bear out this view; and it is satisfactory to think that the track authorities will have been encouraged thereby to continue in their efforts to improve the standard still further in the immediate future.

An important point to bear in mind when considering the effects produced by offering prizes which will attract good horses, and consequently large crowds of spectators, is the influence upon the market for thoroughbred stock and the benefit thereby conferred upon the great breeding industry in this State. Some purses must of course be small, but an undue proportion of them is absolutely harmful in every way, for it merely leads to needy men picking up animals of no real value and running them off their legs in the endeavor to earn a living which they would do better to strive for in some other fashion. The early season here is not altogether a gain to the interest of breeders, as much of the young stock is pushed into hard work and severe contests before being fairly capable of meeting such demands upon their system and physical strength, with the result that the youngsters are ruined at the outset of their career and their breeders thereby prejudiced. This objection is clearly emphasized where, in the absence of larger stakes, owners are induced to seek the means of keeping the pot boiling by entering for small races at frequent intervals. The effect is therefore exactly contrary to the main object of the Turf, namely, the improvement of the breed of horses.

Breeding and racing are so intimately connected and dependent one upon the other that track authorities are wise when they consider the effect of their plans upon the work of breeders. The latter in this State are well in the van of progress, and of recent years, especially, have been unsparing in their efforts to surpass every other section of the country by introducing the best strains of blood at the present day, the result of which must be that California will occupy the foremost place on this continent, if it does not already, in regard to the breeding of blood stock. It now only remains for those who handle the affairs of the running Turf to show in their sphere of work a like determination to make the rest of the world realize the importance of this Coast in all matters where the thoroughbred is concerned, and thus render the position already achieved safe for all time, so long as the same progressive spirit and businesslike management shall prevail.

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club and the California Jockey Club both stand high in public estimation, are regarded as well understanding their business, and with their resources and opportunities should have no difficulty in pursuing any policy they may see fit to adopt. That such will be in the main beneficial to sport, and the industries dependent thereon, their conduct of affairs during the season now closing should be a sufficient guarantee.

During the last four days of the coming week the Mechanics' Pavilion will be given over to the dogs, and we shall see there the best show that has ever been held on the Coast. Not only will the number of dogs exhibited far exceed previous totals, but the standard will be considerably higher in nearly every class.

## A PRESENTATION AT COURT

### Embassador Hay Introduces His Countrywomen to the Queen.

The new American Embassador, Colonel John Hay, begins now to realize the glory and certain of the disadvantages of his illustrious role. It is a distinction to be the representative of so great a nation as ours at the court of St. James, but among the disabilities is the task of refusing recognition to people who lack social prominence at home. Thus far the misfortunes of Embassador Hay have not reached the papers, but it is a safe assumption that several dozen of the aspiring matrons and maids who wished to be presented to Her B. M. Victoria were neatly but effectively turned down. Quite a bevy of brilliant young women and their mothers were presented, however. Indeed, the occasion was notable for the distinction and beauty of the young Americans thus formally ushered into society. Not the least interesting of the debutantes was Miss Hay, the Colonel's eldest daughter—a saucy, unconventional, clever girl, decidedly pretty and unusually bright. She has the interesting faculty of originality, and her personality is full of surprises—sometimes even of shocks. She is liable to say the most audaciously clever things, but accompanies her witticisms with a smile that serves as an anodyne for the wound her tongue inflicts.

But besides Miss Hay there were other American maids, most notably Miss Bessie Davis, a veritable Washington belle—a tall, dark-eyed, stylish, striking brunette beauty, who in manner and type takes after her mother, who was the famous Sallie Freylinghuysen, afterwards Mrs. Johnny Davis. She is still as brilliant, as gay and as prominent as of yore, though her daughter is a belle on her own account. The connection is otherwise distinguished, Miss Davis' parent being Judge of the Court of Claims of Washington. Another eminent lady who was made known to Her Majesty was Mrs. Lee Cotton of New York, a cousin of the Brad Martins, and a very beautiful and clever woman who has quite a vogue in both Paris and Gotham. Besides her social significance she is a capable painter, and is ranked as Henner's best pupil. I see that the Misses Harris were also presented by Embassador Hay. They are the daughters of the late Colonel Harris of the army and nieces of Major J. L. Rathbone of San Franisco. Their distinguished ancestor was Senator Ira Harris of New York, and they are very pretty and very wealthy girls.

Apropos of drawing-rooms, I read recently in the New York "Tribune" a capital description by a debutante of her debut at the Court of St. James. As soon as the date of presentation had been arranged, and court dresses for the beauty and her maternal relative had been procured, it was in order to rehearse for the ceremony.

She continues: "A grand personage was recommended to mamma who had coached no end of Lady Marys and Lady Emmas and the Honorable Miss This and That, according to her account, and for a week preceding our presentation we had a lesson every morning. I would be the Queen for mamma and mamma would be the Queen for me, while Elise, our maid, would manage our trains, which were made of calico, for the practice. The hour of reception being at 3 in the afternoon, the morning was spent in waiting—that is, after suffering the manipulation of the fashionable hair-dresser, whose services could only be had at 8 in the morning. However, we put on our court garments and sallied forth for our carriage. There was a terrific crush of carriages, which formed a splendid but slow-moving procession through the park. Finally our equipage reached the stone arch, and for the first time I felt a tremor of nervousness.

"The feeling was momentary and quickly passed away, and as I swept up the great staircase, my train over my arm and my bouquet in my hand, through the file of sentries and guards into the great reception-room full of magnificent ladies and gorgeous diplomats—one or two among the latter coming up immediately to talk to us—I felt as if we, too, were personages. Mrs. ———, the wife of our Minister, who had nodded cordially to us when we entered the room, soon beckoned, and I knew our time had come. We pressed forward. I felt like calling 'Stop!' to Mrs. ——— as she disappeared through the doorway. Then mamma followed and for one trying moment I was alone. Then I, too, passed through the magic portals.

"I saw mamma ahead of me with her train spread out for the first time, keeping me at an awful distance. Then my train was taken from my arm, two officials with golden sticks on either side of the doorway spreading it out as I advanced. I heard mamma's name called, saw her make a deep reverence, and then, as if in a dream, heard my own poor, little, insignificant name announced to the Queen of England and all the royal family, whereupon, courtesying deeply, I touched the gloved finger of the cross-looking little old lady. I felt a wild desire to laugh at mamma going sidewise like a crab. Then I proceeded to do likewise, forgetting happily all about my train, which was tossed from official to official—the lords in waiting who stood in a line facing the royalties—while we ran the gantlet in the alleyway between, the last official in the line throwing our trains over our arms; a couple of backward courtesies, and it was over.

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## NEW BOOKS

### A Yarn by Thomas Hardy That Fails to Interest.

"God only knew what she really was, Pierston did not," says Thomas Hardy of "The Well Beloved," the intangible heroine in his last published novel, and he adds, "She was indescribable." If God don't know, and the hero of the book don't know, and if the author admits that he himself cannot know, it is rather hard to expect the less-gifted reader to solve the mystery, even with the help of the map in the appendix to show the country supposed to be her habitat.

It is very difficult to take Mr. Hardy seriously in the pursuit of this well beloved spectre through three hundred and forty closely-printed pages, and it is moreover difficult to believe that he expected it to be taken seriously. That men are faithless is as much of an aphorism as that women are frail, and that any person of masculine persuasion should fall in love with some half-dozen different girls in rapid succession is a matter that one would expect to see treated of in a comic newspaper or a farce-comedy, not in a seriously planned and soberly executed novel—with a map. But this is what Pierston does, and yet occupies the place of hero in the tale, a hero surrounded with at least some of the attributes of dignity. For all this he even proposes to two girls in as many days. It would appear that in the haste of his pursuit the pursuer was something eager. But I am not so sure that Pierston in the end does really find his "well beloved," for by the time he "settles down and marries," we are told, in fact, he himself tells us, that he has no love to give to Marcia. "Such friendship as I have," says he, "is yours till the end." Marcia accepts him because she says she somehow feels that she ought to be his wife before she dies. Mr. Hardy has elected to lay the scene of his novel in an out-of-the-way bit of country, where we are informed extraordinary customs still prevail. Perhaps we are to regard this ultimate union—marriage, it is not—of Marcia and Jocelyn as one of these extraordinary customs, but the thing does not, somehow, ring true, and the reading thereof is dull to madness.

It is to be supposed—at least the supposition would be generous—that Hardy would have it that Pierston was in love with the sex, not the individual, with "subjective phenomena" rather than concrete examples, and this may all be very fine between olive green cloth bindings, but as a working model an "epitomized sex," "an aroma," "a parting of the lips," leaves much to be desired. It is not the kind of thing to tie to, and it is quite impossible even for the author of "Tess" to make the average intelligent reader believe that any sane, healthy-minded person would undertake the hazard. Barring a few descriptions, and a certain charm of atmosphere and spirit of locality that is apparent in all Mr. Hardy's Wessex novels, there is nothing much worth while in the novel. That it is signed with the same autograph as "Tess" and "Jude" is, perhaps, its chiefest and best excuse. (New York. Harper Bros.) For sale by Doxey.

In the May "St. Nicholas" there is an account of General Grant's famous record-breaking ride in the White Mountains, "The Festival of Eggs," a tale of Waihu, and a complete story, "How Cousin Marion Helped," by Alice Balch Abbot. The sixth article on "Historic Dwarfs," by Mary Shears Roberts, is devoted to Casan, the little Mongol Tartar favorite of the great Genghis Khan. Frank H. Spearman tells how the boundary of Iowa has shifted through the changing course of the Missouri, and Anna Chase Davis has a pretty account of the home and habits of the robin.

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## MAY MAGAZINES

### A Bird's-Eye Review of the Latest Monthlies.

The editor, in Harper's "Monthly" has some excellent suggestions to make on the well worn subject of sensational journalism. He laughs out of court the idea that newspapermen make immoral papers because of malice and inherent wickedness, but suggests also that they stop trying to make magazines and revert to their original purpose of printing the news, assuming I presume, that the change will alter the character of the institution and save us the terrible confusion of scare-heads which we are given each Sunday. It is really an excellent editorial, and not the least valuable fraction of the May "Harper's." At least two other of the articles will be generally read: Poultney Bigelow's "White Man's Africa," which is full of lively interest and is admirably illustrated, and George W. Smalley's "Life in an English Country House." After living so long in England Mr. Smalley is presumably an authority on this most charming side of old country life. He insists, at too great length, however, on the virginity of the field inasmuch as his predecessors have failed to cover it to his satisfaction. The article is a capital instance of good newspaper work, for it is informative, intelligent and thoroughly entertaining. Caspar Whitney's "Cross Country Riding" is a bit statistical, and is not nearly as good as the pictures. As for the fiction, Octave Thanet's "Captured Dream" is quite the best story in the number. "The "Guardian Angel" is singularly foolish and sentimental and very poor construction.

I am not alone, I find, in my liking for Colonel Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," which make and have made a bright feature of the "Atlantic" for several months past. He has one of those easy running styles which compass the difficult extremes of being gossipy and yet concise. This month he concerns himself with anti-bellum struggle beyond the Missouri and presents valuable remembrances of John Brown. Colonel Higginson tells also of a meeting with Walt Whitman. The personal impression made upon him by the poet was not so much of manliness as of "Bowerliness," suggesting Sidney Lainer's subsequent vigorous phrase, "a dandy roustabout." This prejudice was rather accentuated by Whitman's action in joining the hospital service during the war, instead of going to the front, as so many distinguished men did. Well worth reading is Lafacadio Hern's "Notes of a Trip to Izumo." One cannot but think this brilliant writer is producing the best of prose of the day. The rural New England articles are both descriptive and economical and are balanced by a study of the colonies at Greeley and at Riverside. Kenyon West tells a story about George Kennan's apprenticeship in courage. It seems the Russian traveler was accustomed when he was about seventeen years of age to wander around Cincinnati at all hours of the night with a view to cultivating courage. He was a weak, nervous boy, but he determined that he would conquer what he called his cowardice, or die; and he did not die.

It is rather an astonishing yarn—that novel in the current "Lippincott's." Virna Woods, a young person who has perpetrated some rather weak stories, is the author and the scene is laid in San Francisco. It has neither the virtues of interest, strength or cleverness of construction. Otherwise the number is up to its average.

"The Cosmopolitan" has a thoroughly interesting story in Wells' "The War of the Worlds," but it is being served out in preposterously brief installments, much in the same way that "McClure's insisted upon doling out "Captain Courageous." Undoubtedly the best article in the magazine is "Modern Education" by President Gilman. It is really important material of its kind, and full of suggestions even to the careless reader. The "Glory of War" pictures are a sensational feature, though one wonders how such clever photos remained undiscovered so long.

In his notes of the literature of the month, Zangwill insists that "Trooper Peter Halket" by Olive Shreiner is the book of the month, and he tells us that Richard Le Gallienne's "Golden Girl" was audaciously published on his wedding day. He trusts the wedding day will not run into a third edition.

The "Century" is not especially strong in fiction, but its contents are full of variety and characterized by a "new journalistic" freshness which is not always characteristic of this magazine. "Bicycling Through the Dolomites," by George E. Waring, and "Scientific Kite Flying" are both timely and clever; the kite pictures being especially good.

The continuation of Horace Porter's "Reminiscences of Grant" and two Mexican articles, "The Withdrawal of the French from Mexico" by General Schofield and "The Fall of the Second Empire" by Matias Romero, work into the history of the month naturally and are the best material of this kind. The Cretan article is rather dragged in, but the family details of the royal house are very gossipy and informative. The single story in this magazine is "Anti-Babel," which is a clever and decidedly amusing piece of work.

Considering the dimensions of the latest issue of the "Chap-Book," I assume this literary bimonthly is a success. Without question, it is the only American publication which approaches in any way the standard of the English literary weeklies. The reviews are bright, smart and intelligent, though somewhat flippant at times, and the editorial notes have other virtues beside their frankness. This number contains an essay by Louise Imogen Guiney and a very readable and gossipy article about John Oliver Hobbs.

"Harper's" and the "Century" undoubtedly achieve beautiful art work, but not one of the monthlies come up in inimitable half-tone effects, to the "International Studio," the pictures of which are really admirable. The editing is also very competent as the articles are both timely and instructive. This magazine has secured a large circulation in this country as well as in England, and deserves it, for certainly it is one of the best art magazines we have.

The "Parisian" is better as an idea than as an achievement. It aims to give monthly a set of stories and articles translated from the French magazines. We all know how smart and clever our Gallic brethren are at turning a tale or rendering a situation, and the harvest is a large one to glean from. Of course the exotic element has to be guarded against, and many of the best things that "Gil Blas" and its contemporaries published are quite unprintable in English. For all that, the editor of the "Parisian" can do better than he does in this May number. In the first place his illustrations are poor—they are reproduced half-tones, the effect of which cannot fail to be weak. If he could obtain the original sketches or photos from headquarters he would make a much more attractive journal. The stories selected are by no means as good as the field affords. It is a dangerous habit, that of being easily satisfied, and I fear that may be a fault of the "Parisian." Some one can make a good magazine on the lines of this journal.

Though it is devoted to literary subects, and to one who reads there is genuine interest in the talk and gossip of authors and publications, yet outside its special appeal the "Bookman" appeals to me as an excellently edited periodical. There is vitality and skill displayed in its choice of subjects, and the best people are engaged writing in it about subjects on which they cannot help being instructive. For instance, take the May number. Arthur Symons writes of Austin Dobson, and accompanying the article is the poet's latest poem, read at the Omar Khayyam dinner. Archer M. Huntington writes very interestingly of Perez Galdos, and Theodore L. de Vinne tells of the adaptability of paper. The gossip of authors includes some interesting details about Max Pemberton, Gertrude Atherton and Colonel John Hay. Besides these special articles there are, of course, the book reviews, which are always safe and often good.

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## RACING

### Winners of Late Events on the Track at Emeryville.

While the fields of horses have shown no diminution in point of numbers during the concluding days of the season, they have fallen off considerably in respect to quality. When, therefore, the bugle sounds for the last race to-day at Emeryville, its notes will not be unwelcomed. Still, let every one remember that at each track there are to be extra days next week in the good cause of charity.

A field of ten, half the number of very fair quality, went to the post on Thursday week for a 2-year-old purse, nine-sixteenths of a mile. The useful, strong-looking Morello colt, Elsmore, 110 pounds, getting the advantage of the start, was never headed, and won cleverly with nearly a length to spare from Salabar, 103 pounds, who finished up full of running. Time, 55 seconds, a good performance.

Old Logan on the same day won his ninety-ninth race and Hennessy rode three winners in succession, the old horse being the last of the three.

On Friday, in a field of fifteen maidens, a very slow-run race was won by Mr. E. Corrigan's Mirth, 102 pounds, by imp. Midlothian, the filly getting a flying start and holding her lead to the end, Erocia, 98 pounds, second, and Los Prietos, 101 pounds, third.

The 2-year-old purse race on Saturday was practically a fiasco, as Michael, who has had to submit to a second change of name and is now styled Michael III, did not make a move until the rest of the party had covered some dozen lengths. Torsida, 113 pounds, and to whom he was giving 3 pounds, won the event, Dick, 99 pounds, a close second. Michael made up a lot of ground and showed himself clearly the best in the race.

On Monday the first six furlongs of the season essay for 2-year-olds appeared on the programme, and brought out nine runners. For the first half-mile Elsmore, 113 pounds, was in command, with Torsida, 110 pounds, and Los Prietos, 98 pounds, lying handy, when Michael III, 110 pounds, began to force the pace and looked a probable winner for a moment. Half way down the straight, however, he showed signs of tiring, and Salabar, whom Bergen had been nursing along, in the ruck, came to the front in the center of the course, and, with a fine burst of speed, landed a winner by three lengths in the fairly good time of 1:15½, Mchael III second, the same interval in advance of Elsmore. The winner is by Salvator out of Bavaria, and was bred at Rancho del Paso.

The most interesting event of Saturday was the mile race, for which a field of five went to the post, namely: Colonel Wheeler, 106 pounds; Argentina, 107 pounds; Torsina, 107 pounds; Satsuma, 116 pounds, and Buckwa, 123 pounds. With the exception of the last named public favorite, who, judged by his appearance and performance, has evidently become stale after the frequent gruelling races he has had, each one of the quintet made a show at some part of the running, but the dicky-legged Satsuma proved to have the most left in him at the run-in, and, judiciously handled by Bergen, secured the verdict in good style from Torsina, who pulled up very lame, two lengths ahead of Colonel Wheeler. Time, 1:42.

On Monday, Wheel of Fortune, 101 pounds, got home in advance of Installator, 111 pounds, in a race of one and one-sixteenth miles, Bernardillo, who had made all the running up to the last turn, finishing a poor third, with imp. Trance beaten off.

Wednesday furnished a two-year-old race at five furlongs that proved very interesting. Out of the dozen that went to the post, Elsmore 118 lbs, Rosormonde 115 lbs, Torsida 115 lbs, and Towanda 107 lbs, were the most fancied. The quartet made a good showing, though Rosormonde failed to run up to her form, the result at the finish being Torsida in front of Elsmore a neck and Towanda a length and a half away. Torsida has proved to be one of the most consistent performers amongst the new crop of youngsters this season, and has won no less than six races in the last six weeks without in the least showing the effects of the work. Rosormonde, though now growing out of the stunted appearance she showed from being starved and badly cared for as a yearling, is unfortunately considerably the worse for wear already as to her fetlock joints, and as she went to the post moved quite sore. It is ticklish work bustling two-year-olds before springtime, as is done in California, and few can stand all they get.

The Two Thousand Guineas was won on the 5th inst. by Mr. Gubbins' Galtee More, a son of Kendal, he by Bend d'Or, the sire of imp. Ormonde. Velasquez, by Donovan, the property of Lord Rosebery and the winter favorite for the Derby, was second. Galtee More had beaten Velasquez last autumn in the Middle Park Plate with odds upon the latter of 1 to 5. This result gives the Derby a more interesting appearance.

The One Thousand Guineas, the fillies' race, was won easily the following Friday by Chelandry, the daughter of imp. Goldfinch and Illuminata, dam of Ladas.

Both of these successes reflect favorably on the breeding resources of California.

BENEDICT.

## WAYS TO WED

### Literatures Devising Methods of Helping Maids to Marry.

The interests of the emancipated young woman have been receiving attention of late from certain of the great ones of earth, in particular from Sir Walter Besant and Mrs. Lynn Linton. These two lights of letterdom would dispose of the young person in radically different ways. Sir Walter would help her along her enlightened way with a pension. There are so many young women languishing by culture's wayside, young women with yearnings and spheres and all that, who are restrained from entering the higher walks by unkind adversity, and to such as these would Sir Walter extend a helping hand and a gratuity sufficient at least to assist in stifling the cry of grim necessity, and leave the aspiring one to choose her own line of work, to enter the long-desired walks, the much-sought sphere of her emancipated mind. Sir Walter urges parents to look to this; to set aside an allowance of about $150 a year, and let it grow till the maid is twenty-five and then settle it on her, and bid her seek the fields of thought in which her soul would wander.

Mrs. Lynn Linton would also endow the new girl, but with resignation rather than coin of the tribute. This is the day of self-exaltation, thinks Mrs. Linton, and a day as well of declining self-sacrifice, a time when the young woman forgets duties of love and attention to others, and runs in profitless pursuit of lights that gleam elusive on hills of letters and of art. Better for her, thinks the novelist, to attend to love and duay, to unselfishness and devotion, and let "second-rate art," and "second-rated literature" altogether alone.

Happily Mrs. Linton is not the only oracle in Emancipation; there are many others, and to them may the new girl betake herself. And when she is before them gathering grains of wisdom and of salt she may hear of the "Orphan Dowry Society," a sort of marriage made easy, recently established in New York. This organization is for the benefit of young women who would marry were it not for adversity's veto—the same adversity that frowns on the ambition of Sir Walter's pensionaire as well as on their own domestic minds. But there is balm for the bride that would be, in the new "society," a gay wedding and a dower, too. All that is required of her is to be an orphan, respectable and poor, and her young man of the same financial status. All these conditions fulfilled, she will receive a portion of $110 and a most elaborate wedding—surely an inducement to matrimony.

Sir Walter's pension provides for the young woman who yearns for higher things, and the "Orphan's Dower" looks out for those for whom a hearthstone is sufficient, but there is still a class of others, who do not marry from choice or lack of chance, it matters not. The interests of these, whom poverty often may pursue, is being carefully looked to. There is an idea gaining favor in several western States of making every unmarried man over a certain age pay a tax which shall help support the unmarried women of the community. This idea is being discussed by the Government of France. Here is the state stepping in to the relief of the modern woman who would marry not, neither would she cook. But the men of France object to this in the most cold-blooded manner. They are organizing clubs and are holding meetings, where they protest and call the whole thing "an infamous plan." But not so the American of the western wilds; he listens to it calmly—the fact is, he would marry if he could, but cannot find any one to marry him.

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## THE THEATRES

### "Excelsior Jr." in Need of a Stage Manager.

There are marching maids and peasants, counter-marching tourists and villagers, girls with short dresses and girls with no dresses at all, up at the Columbia this week. "Excelsior Jr." is the attraction, and it comes to us as did Cissy Fitzgerald, backed up and certified to by a long run in New York, two hundred nights some one has said. It must have involved a very heavy outlay of money to have set this combination on the road. Indeed, it would not surprise me at all to learn that in the matter of salary lists it was quite as expensive as De Wolf Hopper's company at the Baldwin. Apparently there has been no stinting in the matter of expenditures; even an indifferent observer would not fail to recognize this fact. Besides a large army of performers, the executive staff that travels with the company presents a lengthy and most formidable list, and the same indifferent observer must also discover that the stage managing power which Mr. Starr, the proprietor, has put over his combination, is hardly equal to the occasion.

Joe Cawthorn is undoubtedly a funny man, but I am decidedly of the opinion that he is also a lazy, shiftless and indifferent man. His stock of wit, a thing that should be easily renewed from the world's warehouse of that commodity, is the very same that he worked off upon us when he was here with Corinne. I thought it amusing enough at that time, and probably it will amuse you if you have not heard it before, but one is forced to the conclusion that Joe was born tired and indifferent, and lacks true professional pride besides, notwithstanding his ability. Otherwise he would not be satisfied to wear on our patience with nonsense which he or others before him had already worn quite threadbare. The Columbia people cannot be blamed for this condition of affairs, nor can they, I imagine, rectify it. He is imposing on his managers, is Joe, and should be brought up with a sharp turn and compelled to venture out into the field of wit on an exploration expedition after some fresh material for his jokes. Perhaps variety and versatility are not in him, but I am inclined to believe otherwise.

Nellie and Ethel Strickland, of the Corinne Company, are also with "Excelsior Jr." These two young ladies are capable fun-makers, and the former is particularly graceful and pleasing in manner, but you would scarcely know that either of the sisters had ability above the ordinary from anything they were called upon to do last week. I saw the pair of them in a negro turn once that was far and away the best piece of work of its kind I had ever seen from womankind on the stage. The "Excelsior" management is not satisfied with one comedian; they have two besides Cawthorn; namely, Johnny Page and Neil McNeil. Johnny, you will remember, is the nimble, acrobatic little chap, with a not unpleasing voice for interpreting the ballads of the day. Johnny, too, needs to venture out into the field for novelties.

Some of the critics of the daily papers do not like Sadie Martinot, who is the leading lady of the company, in her imitations of Yvette Guilbert, but she captures the house with them, nevertheless, and they are to my liking. Of course, one could not institute comparisons between Miss Martinot and the original, for Yvette has never ventured as far west as San Francisco. True, we have had other imitations of Yvette, but none that were more pleasing, or more graceful, or more taking than those of Miss Martinot. The audience recognized it as a clever piece of work and demanded several recalls.

"Excelsior Jr." is an echo of bygone extravaganzas. It is a piece of quilt-work patched together by R. A. Barnet, the author of "1492," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and a lot of other extravaganzas. Henderson's companies once monopolized this branch of the theatrical business, but we hear no more of him now. The Barnet style of work has been somewhat overdone, and "Excelsior Jr." labors under the disadvantage of lacking freshness of thought. The impression you have concerning the performance is that some one has ventured a large sum of money in its mountings and its costumes, and that the same some one has not been niggardly in the matter of hiring people of accepted ability. You get the further impression that Mr. Cawthorn and the others have been unwisely permitted to use their own judgment in injecting into the performance such "gags" and "business" as they have certified to the management were bound to take with the public. The success of such a performance depends very largely upon the character of this specialty work. In "Excelsior Jr." it all depends upon it, for the book is very thin of interest. They have plenty of music, some quite attractive scenery, a curtain of their own, and a chorus good as such things go. The leading people, as I have said, are clever enough, but they have got into a rut and need a very lively shaking up to get them out of it, and I would respectfully suggest to Mr. Starr's stage manager that he lay a strong hand upon these people and pull them into some sort of shape.

B.

Tired, overworked eyes gain rest and comfort from properly fitted glasses. We have every facility for testing the sight and adjusting glasses. Oculists' prescriptions promptly and carefully executed. Hirsch & Kaiser, Opticians, 7 Kearny street, San Francisco.

Saturday and Sunday excursions to Hayzards Park have been inaugurated by the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway, with round trip tickets reduced to twenty-five cents.

MR. HERMANN SCHWARZE (known as Herman, at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hairdressing Parlors at 225 Powell street. Telephone Main 5820.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

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Vocalists: Mrs. Frank L. Wratten, Mrs. Edith Scott Busford, Mr. W. S. Edgerton, Mr. Herbert E. Medley
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Accompanists: H. J. Stewart, Organ; Fred Maurer Jr. Piano

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Two Days' Extra Racing
May 18th and 19th
For the benefit of the Woman's Exchange, Balboa Boulevard and Veterinary Department of the University of California.
Five or more running races each day. First race at 2 p.m.

Two Special Days Racing
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
California Jockey Club
AT OAKLAND TRACK
FIRST DAY—Thursday, May 20th
For benefit of the Eye and Ear Ward of the Little Jim Hospital of San Francisco
SECOND DAY—Saturday, May 22d
For benefit of the Fabiola Hospital of Oakland

RACING! RACING!
California Jockey Club
Winter Meeting 1896-97, Beginning MONDAY, May 3 to 17, at OAKLAND RACETRACK
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, rain or shine
Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp
Ferry boats leave S.F. at 12 m. and 12:30, 1:00, 1:30 and 2:00 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track; buy your tickets to Berkeley.
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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over. Address GEO. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, the most attractive and accessible of the interior mountain resorts of California, 320 miles from San Francisco, on the line of the famous "Shasta Route." Elevation, 2100 feet. Luxury, good cheer, hospitality, and matchless scenery. GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager.

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Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. June 2d and 2d of each month thereafter.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing

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General Agents
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Hawaii
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New Zealand
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S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, May 18, 1896, at 2 p.m. Special party rates.

S. S. "Alameda," **for Australia**, Thursday, May 27, 1897, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

**Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.**
**Freight Office 327 Market St.**

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

"SUTRO & CO."—TO WHOM IT MAY concern: Take notice that we, Therese Sutro and Charles Sutro, Jr., have formed a co-partnership for the transaction of business in the State of California and elsewhere, the office and principal place of business of the partnership being located in the City and County of San Francisco. The name, style and designation of the firm is SUTRO & CO. The full names of all the members of the said partnership, and their places of residence, are subscribed hereto.

San Francisco, April 7, 1897.

THERESE SUTRO,
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHAS. SUTRO, JR.
Residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Duly acknowledged before Geo. T. Knox, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, California, April 7, 1897.

Filed April 7, 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Wm. H. C. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

BULLION MINING COMPANY. — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 50) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of June, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Reidy, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF
The Yosemite Commission

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to Manage Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's Office, on Wednesday, June 2d, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary.

San Francisco, Cal., April 27th, 1897.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 81
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied April 29, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 1, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, June 22, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
## DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular)

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A certain British army officer who is an enthusiastic breeder of bulldogs, was much troubled in mind respecting the arrival of some puppies, the mother of which, "Aunt Sarah" by name, was anything but kindly disposed towards her progeny. Having held council with his wife on the subject, he betook himself to the adjoining town, and wrote out the following advertisement, to appear in the local paper: "Wanted, by the 8th of January, a foster-mother, on hire or purchase. Apply to Captain H., B. Lodge, S." A few days afterwards the postman delivered a budget of letters to him, but, alas, none of them were about a dog, but came from foster-mothers of the human race, all more or less eager for the post. Later on a cab drove up to the door, and a lady alighted. "Some one in answer to your advertisement," announced the servant. "You go and see her, my dear," said the Captain to his wife; "I daren't face it." "I have seen your advertisement," said the lady, "and I want one thing explained. (The Captain, listening outside the door, groaned audibly.) "Pray, what do you mean by hire or purchase?" "It is for bull pups," said Mrs. H., and, through the open door, in walked "Aunt Sarah" and some of her kennel companions. "Bull pups? Me?" screamed the lady. "Let me go! I shall complain to the police." She went, and now the Captain dreads the sound of the front-door bell, and only walks out after dark.

A certain man in Leeds, who was a very busy man, and whose opportunities of escaping for a day's fishing were very few, arrived at the Midland Railway Station, Leeds, on a June evening, last year, and spoke thus to the guard of the Carlisle train: "Now, look here, guard—I am completely tired out after a heavy day's work, and I know that I shall fall asleep in the train. I must get out at Appelby, and sometimes, when suddenly awakened, I cut up a bit rough; but never mind—pull me out." The guard touched his hat, pocketed his tip, and the train started. When the man awoke the train was slowing down into Carlisle Station, eighteen miles beyond his destination, and then the vials of his wrath were let loose, and he swore at the guard for five minutes without repeating himself. And then that guard smiled upon him with a seraphic smile, and spoke thus: "Well, sir, I must say that you can swear better than nine men out of ten that I have ever heard; but, bless you, sir, you ain't a patch on the gentleman that I pulled out at Appleby, and left swearing on the platform."

Dean Swift was walking on the Phoenix Road, Dublin, when a thunderstorm suddenly came on, and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the grils looked very sad, till as the rain fell her tears began to flow. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding-day. They were on their way to the church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she could not go. "Never mind—I'll marry you," said the Dean; and he took out his prayer-book and then and there married them, their witnesses being present; and, to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. The certificate was worded as follows: "Under a tree in stormy weather I married this man and woman together; let none but Him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder.—Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's."

A bishop of St. Asph's determined to test properly the fitness of certain candidates for parochial work, and announced that he would feign to be ill, and that each of them should pay him a visit as though he were a peasant parishioner. Then entered a trembling young deacon, who, after a nervous pause, began: "Well, Tom, what's the matter?" "Very ill," said the patient; "I am afraid I am in a bad way." The poor curate looked nonplussed and hopeless, but a bright idea struck him. He felt the patient's pulse. The patient submitted. Silence again. Curate again nonplussed, but again inspired. "Put out your tongue," was his direction. And again the soi-disant sick man obeyed. "Go along and get to your work!" said the curate briskly. "There's nothing the matter with you; you are only shamming!" The bishop was much delighted, and soon after gave the young man a living.

George J. Romanes, the scientist, left a volume of reminiscences, containing stories of celebrities. One entry reads: "Dinner at the Spottiswoodes'. Mr. Browning was there, and talked much about Victor Hugo. He mentioned that, when Wordsworth was told that Miss Barrett had married Mr. Browning, he replied, "It's a good thing these two understand each other, for no one else understands them.'" "A rector was asked to take the chair at a prayer meeting. One of his parishioners prayed as follows: "O Lord, we had a sermon from our vicar yesterday, and we thank Thee for it because it was an able discourse; but we pray Thee to give him some idea of what the Gospel is!'"

After his return to Paris, M. Barrere, the French journalist, who had previously been under sentence of death, was one night at Madame Adam's, when General Gallifet was announced. The hostess hastened to present M. Barrere, saying to the Marquis, "Allow me, General, to introduce to you M. Camille Barrere, whom seven years ago you forgot to shoot." "I am sure I beg the gentleman's pardon!" replied the General, in his well-known chivalrous manner. "I had no intention of slighting him, and I hope he will excuse what was purely an oversight."

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles', in Cheyne Walk, was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. "My certes, this is fine!" cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser."


## HOTELS AND RESORTS

**MATCHLESS IN EVERY FEATURE**
THE CONCENSUS OF OPINION REGARDING
**The Ladies' Grill-Room**
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Direct entrance from Market Street. Open until Midnight.

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The Steamer "Ukiah" will leave Tiburon ferry at 10.30 A.M., 12.10, 2.00 and 4.00 P.M. Returning leave El Campo at 11.15 A.M, 1.00, 3.00 and 5 P.M.
Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing and other amusements
REFRESHMENTS AT CITY PRICES!
**The Popular Bay Resort!**
NOW OPEN EVERY SUNDAY DURING THE SEASON
**Fare, Round trip, 25c. Children, 15c.**
INCLUDING ADMISSION TO GROUNDS

**TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG.**
The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery and inviting forests.
The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.
To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of $65 a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of $50 a person.
The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.
The opportunity for out door sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.
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PRINCIPAL AND FINEST FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO
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ON THE BORDER OF CLEAR LAKE
**Lake County : California**
The new hotel building, lighted by electricity. Finest dining room north of San Francisco. The greatest variety of Mineral Springs in America. Waters unsurpassed for health or pleasure. Open every day in the year. Boating, bathing, hunting and swimming. Swimming tank, dancing, lawn tennis, croquet, billiards, bowling, etc.
Take Stage at Pieta, shortest and best route to all points in Lake County
Round Trip from San Francisco, $8.00
Rates, $10 to $16 per week.
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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS
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Only Two-and-a-half hours from San Francisco
6 miles from Los Gatos 10 miles from Santa Clara
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*For those who appreciate Comfort and Attention*
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WM. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

A Chinese Drama

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Racing Season Reviewed by Benedict

# THE WAVE

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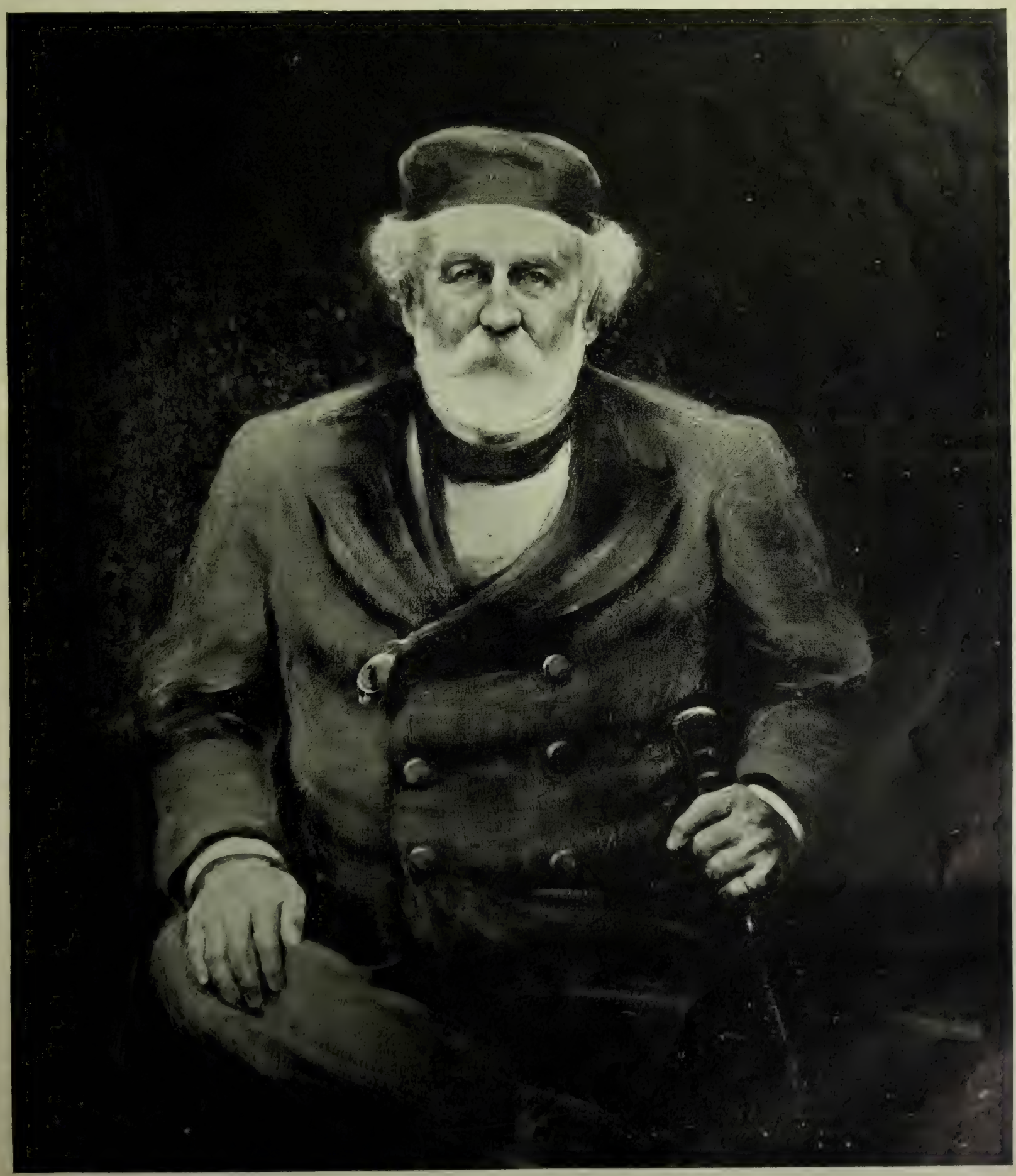

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# THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 22, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| "The First Born" | 4 |
| The Puppets and the Puppy; by Frank Norris | 5 |
| The War in Greece | 5 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| Gossip of Europe | 7 |
| The Dog Show | 7 |
| San Francisco's Kennel-Club Show | 8 |
| Metropolitan Noises | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| A Terpsichorean Revolt | 11 |
| Mrs. Atherton Again; by C. | 12 |
| Racing; by Benedict | 13 |
| Goodwin's Garrick | 13 |
| A Turf Review; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## AFFAIRS IN CUBA.

The character of the message which was delivered to Congress by President McKinley on last Monday, relating to the existing conditions in Cuba, was distinctly disappointing. Since President Cleveland's message at the opening of the regular session of Congress in December there has been no statement made by the Executive or by the State Department from which the Congress or the public could learn anything of the real condition of the war-swept island, or form any conclusion as to what was our own duty toward the struggling Cubans. The message of President Cleveland disclosed a condition of affairs in the island which the President himself acknowledged could not be permitted to continue indefinitely. Since that time no apparent progress has been made toward a settlement of the strife and a pacification of the island. The unanimous testimony of the correspondents of the most conservative and reputable newspapers, American and European, shows that the rebellion against the power of Spain is as vigorous as ever, and more hopeful as the ability of the Spaniards to continue the struggle is visibly diminished. The peaceable inhabitants of the country districts have been driven from their homes, by an administrative decree of the Spanish commander, to be herded in garrisoned towns, where they live or die as they may, in extreme misery and destitution, unrelieved by the power which has torn them from their only means of providing for their own subsistence. Production of supplies has almost ceased under such government, and trade has been killed by the stupid attempts of the Captain General to maintain at par a paper currency that is hopelessly irredeemable, by the threat of applying the penalty prescribed for treason and rebellion to any one who declines to take such currency for what the Captain General declares it to be worth.

The military situation is not more encouraging for the arms of Spain. The season of heat and rain is at hand, when it is practically impossible to carry on operations in the field, but this should make no great difference to the Spaniards, who seem to have abandoned all efforts to find their enemies and conquer them in the field, preferring to limit their attempts to maintaining their garrisons in the fortified positions which are their only remaining foothold on the island. In these garrisons smallpox and yellow fever are reported to be epidemic. Within a week Gomez, the Cuban General-in-Chief, has been reported with a strong force within thirty miles of Havana, and one of his subordinates has marched a strong column of insurgents from the middle of the island to the "pacified" province of Pinar del Rio, at its western extremity, without any troublesome opposition. All this, to be sure, rests only on the statements of newspaper correspondents; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to contradict these statements except vain-glorious proclamations from General Weyler, announcing the complete pacification of provinces, from which, however, continue to come daily reports of raids and skirmishes, with an occasional battle.

When it was reported, a week ago, that the President would soon send a message to Congress dealing with the Cuban question, there was a very general hope and anticipation that at last there would be made public some definite information as to the progress of the revolution, and some definite recommendation as to the course proper to be pursued by our own government. Many of our people sympathize strongly with the efforts of the Cubans to throw off what they believe to be the tyrannical and obsolete government of Spain, and a few of these would be glad to see an armed intervention by the United States for the purpose of putting an end to Spanish rule on this side of the world and adding Cuba to our own possessions. At the other extreme of opinion is a small group of Spanish sympathizers, reinforced by that other group of our citizens who refuse to believe that our government has any duties to discharge outside of our own territories, and who think that no violation of the rights of our citizens in foreign lands is sufficient provocation for so much as the mere mention of war as a means of enforcing redress. Between these extremes of opinion stands the great majority of our people. They are not jingoes; they would not countenance such a thing as a war of aggression; they do not desire the annexation of Cuba, and they are willing to be patient and forbearing, to any reasonable degree, with a people who are in such manifold difficulties as those which now beset the Spaniards. On the other hand they are indignant at reports, which are allowed to go without contradiction, that their fellow citizens, native or naturalized, or of any color or condition, are suffered to be victims of a power which can persecute bitterly and brutally, but which is powerless to defend them. They are unwilling that a territory which so closely adjoins our own coasts should be ruined by a war waged by an alien power, in defense of an unrighteous government, with such want of military ability and such disregard of the laws of civilized warfare, that murder takes the place of manful fighting, and the sufferings inseparable from war at its best fall most grievously on those who are not combatants in the strife.

It was to the President that the great majority of citizens looked for guidance in this question. Our Consul General at Havana must, in the ordinary course of his duty, have reported, from time to time, to his superiors at Washington his observations on the progress and character of the war, and on the character of the civil government of Cuba as administered by the Spaniards in the few places which they still control, and by the insurgent authorities over the greater part of the island. During the administration of Mr. Cleveland evident pains were taken to keep from the public all knowledge of the nature of General Lee's reports. This policy was continued by President McKinley, but the announcement of an impending message from him to Congress in relation to Cuba was hailed with satisfaction. The House and the Senate had been allowed to go on debating in the dark the question of recognition of the belligerent status of the Cubans, but now light was to be shed on their course by the executive message, and the chief of the nation was about to recommend the proper action for them to take. Well, the message was delivered, and it amounts to a recommendation that Congress shall furnish means of relief to certain necessitous American citizens in Cuba, who by force of circumstances have been deprived of their means of support. The message is a ridiculous disappointment.

It is time for the question of Cuban belligerency to be settled. It is a question of fact alone, and as such is to be decided on the evidence alone. The evidence for a decision, one way or the other, is undoubtedly in the possession of the State Department in the reports of our Consul General at Havana and of our other consular representatives in Cuba. It is the duty of the Executive to impart this information, if not to the public at least to the representatives of the people, and not for the gratification of mere curiosity, but for the guidance of the government in dealing with a very serious problem.

Our government has dealt with Spain on the diplomatic hypothesis that during the last two years no state of public war has existed in Cuba. If there is no war in Cuba, what has brought about a state of affairs which has made it necessary for the President of the United States to ask alms from Congress for the relief of American citizens resident in Cuba who are no longer able to live there and unable to get away? If it is war that has brought us to this pass, let it be known and let us abandon our diplomatic hypothesis and acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans. It is openly stated that Consul General Lee's reports are of such a character that their publication would precipitate a riot in Havana, and a possible massacre of Americans there. But it is not becoming that our policy in a matter of international right and wrong should be dominated by fear of a Spanish mob. We have spent several millions on a navy in order to be provided with a reliance in such emergencies. Let us know the truth, let us do what seems right and honest, and, if necessary, let us send a fleet to Havana to carry the alms of Congress.

## DISCOMFORT IN THE STREETS.

If anybody lives in San Francisco simply because it is a pleasant place to live in it must be for the reason that nature has done more to make the place agreeable than men—and women—have been able to do to make it uncomfortable. The most active malevolence or the most persistent neglect on the part of those in authority cannot deprive us of the advantages, conferred on us by nature, in the way of situation, scenery and climate, but of the small comforts, which in the aggregate are great, and in which lies, for most persons, the superiority of urban over suburban and rustic life, we are deplorably deficient and deplorably contented with our deficiencies.

One of the considerations which lead men to gather themselves together in cities is the facility and celerity of movement which are provided for by numerous and well kept public ways. A stranger among us might very well conclude after a few days' observation that there are no real public ways in San Francisco. There are sidewalks along the streets, to be sure, but the right to occupy these to any extent that may seem desirable seems to be vested in the owners of the adjoining property, who are, however, kind enough to permit the wayfaring man to pass along the walk if he can. Of course, there exists a sort of traditional legal fiction that the sidewalk is for the use of the wayfaring man rather than a place of deposit for the boxes, bales and barrels of the wholesaler, the showcases of the retailer, and the signboards of evening papers, and occasionally this ancient fiction takes on the appearance of truth and life. Very recently the Mayor of San Francisco by an official veto refused to allow an enterprising merchant of Market street to build out his show windows a foot or two over the sidewalk of that thoroughfare. Considerable surprise at the Mayor's action was expressed by those who had forgotten the existence of the legal fiction, or had never been aware of its existence, and the surprise is aggravated by a consideration of the obstructions which are maintained permanently on the sidewalk of O'Farrell street which adjoins his Honor's property. The permanent hatchways which occur so frequently in that long stretch of so-called public way contribute, doubtless, to enhance the rents which his Honor derives from the subterranean parts of the structure which bears his name, and are, so far, highly commendable. But they undoubtedly reduce by at least a half the width of the navigable channel, and furnish a much greater obstruction than would have resulted if the prayer of the Market street man had not been so ruthlessly denied—whose landlord would probably have raised the rental of the place if the desired advantage in the way of protruding show windows had been acquired. And nobody in San Francisco complains of the Mayor's appropriation of the sidewalk; indeed we are profoundly grateful to him, and to other landlords, for refraining from taking the sidewalk altogether. Passing from the sidewalk to the street—which, by the way, the pedestrian in San Francisco finds himself frequently required to do—the same rule of occupancy for private convenience is found prevailing. In villages, where the line of demarkation between footpath and roadway is vague and uncertain, it is the custom for the villagers to maintain their wood-piles somewhere in the public way in front of their habitations. The villagers on foot beat out a trail around the obstacle, which thereby ceases to be an obstruction, and gives no annoyance. We have no street wood-piles in San Francisco, but we have in full vigor the ambulatory habits of villagers, and it is well that we have. It would otherwise be a serious discomfort to have to take to the roadway and dodge street cars and wagons so frequently. For whenever any property owner is minded to build a new structure or repair an old one in this town his first step is to take possession of the entire sidewalk and so much of the street as may suit his convenience. The area appropriated he covers with building materials, except so much of it as may be needed for the operation of mixing mortar. Commonly, too, he fences the public out by a tall fence, the surface of which he covers with beautiful advertisements, from which he derives a handsome revenue so long as he cares to let them remain. Of course, this does not tend to abridge the period during which the public is fenced out, but we, the public, have our village habits, and we never complain.

The advance of civilization in any community is generally attended by a suppression of unnecessary noises. The savage, in his hours of ease and relaxation, enjoys hugely such shrieks and howls as we, who are civilized, are wont to describe as fiendish. We make humorous remarks about the quality of music furnished by the orchestras of Chinatown, and refer to the barbarian taste of those who can find pleasure in listening to such

noises, but our own noises we are used to and we rather like them. Anybody here may rig up a fire bell on a dray and put in his whole day and a great part of the night in the production of a noise which he may devote to any public purpose he may choose, from the sale of fish or strawberries to urging the citizens to vote for Doctor O'Donnell or to attend a prize fight. If he can't afford a bell he can lift up his own voice, with all the power of his lungs, to any similar end. And if he cannot make noise enough by himself he can train a dog to sit beside him in his wagon and bark unceasingly. Nobody will object to him, and the police will never notice him. We enjoy noises, though we are highly civilized. The citizen of San Francisco, who, after his day of toil is done, finds a seat in a cable car and unfolds his evening paper to read on the way home, finds a real enjoyment in having a dozen or twenty newsboys enter the car, step on his feet, and shout "A-a-axtry" into his face in the hope of inducing him to buy another paper. If the citizen happens to be sitting next to an acquaintance, with whom he is conversing, the conversation is politely suspended till the boy gets through shouting. The newsboy is a delight, not a nuisance. If he were objectionable he would be complained of and promptly suppressed by the police or by the street car people.

These are but samples of many things which San Franciscans seem to enjoy. To be sure, the stranger within our gates finds fault with them, and wonders that we so patiently submit to what he calls an enormous aggregate of imposition and oppression. If we tell him to go back to his own place if he wants a free sidewalk to walk on, and if he objects to being turned out on the cobbles every time he comes to a new building, and if he suggests that continuous noise is destructive of the pleasure of life, he, in turn, is sometimes unkind enough to suggest that we need the services of a few municipal missionaries. It is useless to tempt the stranger with the prospect of another park with a menagerie attachment in the Mission. If we really want him to come here and to stay here we shall have to abandon some of our cherished village practices, and rouse up the police to suppress noise and dirt and street obstructions.

## *SPURIOUS BARGAINS OF THE DEPARTMENT-STORES.*

The department store crusade is waxing warm throughout the several States. In California, Sacramento is far ahead of this city in the campaign. The capital city merchants are actively at work exposing the bogus character of the department store bargains, and have organized for the purpose of self-defense. One Sacramento merchant, writing in the "Record-Union," states that the department store cannot serve the people better, nor make the poor man's money buy more than it has ever been able to buy before. He declares that department stores cannot buy in the open market at a lower figure than any other dealer, except in the purchase of inferior goods, which are made up by manufacturers expressly for the department store trade, and which the single line merchant cannot afford to handle. This is one of the vices that grow out of the department store business. Manufacturers have come to making a line of goods expressly for the department store trade. It may be a spool of silk, a package of seeds, a bolt of ribbon, or any other article of common use which has a standard of weight or measurement that has become fixed in the public mind. These goods are put up so that they appear upon their face to be of the same weight, or the same quantity and quality, as the ordinary article of trade, when in point of fact they are light in weight and short in length. Even in the sale of these inferior goods, the department stores are careful to sell but small quantities at a time, and they do not attempt to hold these inferior articles at low figures except upon special occasions. Should the department store decide to drive a certain dealer out of business, then low prices will rule until the unfortunate victim is forced to close his doors. A Toronto paper publishes a list of "bargains" that have been exposed, which deserves reproducing here:

Tables were thrown together to be sold as bargains.

Garden and flower seeds, advertised as bargains, were shown to be fakes. While a purchaser apparently secured $2.10 worth of seeds for 25c. at a department store, it was found that the seeds had been specially packed to sell at the price, and one package from the Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Ltd., contained as many seeds as 19½ packages from the department store. Instead of a bargain the buyer only got 12c. worth of seed at the highest retail price for 25c.

That another lady who bought flower seeds at another Toronto department store—six packages for 10c.—got fewer seeds in all six packages than were contained in one 5c. package afterwards purchased at a grocery store across the street from her own house.

That the spool on which crochet-silk is wound in department stores has swelling sides, is shaped like a barrel, and deceives the eye.

That spools of common sewing-thread run to wood instead of thread, and that there may be bargains in spools, but none in thread.

That Seidlitz powders bought in the drug branch of a department store are reported to us as being found by a doctor to be made of alum, and other ingredients not used in real Seidlitz powders.

That citrate of magnesia, advertised as a bargain at 40 cents per pound, would not fizz when used, and was found to be composed almost entirely of white sugar, pulverized, and worth perhaps five cents a pound.

That a blood purifier described as worth a dollar per bottle is bargained at 35c. a bottle, but is said to be manufactured specially for bargaining, and, on the report of a chemist, is said to contain only water, some coloring matter and some unknown, bitter ingredient (not even quinine), and the whole stuff worth only about 5 cents a gallon.

That Berlin wool, supposed to weigh an ounce per skein, only weighs ¾ of an ounce; and that sixteen of them, instead of weighing a pound, only weighed 12 ounces.

That gold watches advertised as baragins at "our very special price, $39.40, much lower than sold by jewelers," were found to be the very same line as are sold by all the leading jewelers at $31.50.

That wall-paper represented to be worth $1 the piece and sold at 50c., was found to be old-style wall-paper that never had been sold at a dollar, but sold three years ago at 50 cents per roll.

That baking-powder, supposed to be sold at a bargain, was found, on the examination of a chemist, to be made of alum, phosphates and ground starch, and therefore is not baking-powder at all, for the real thing is made of pure cream of tartar and carbonate of soda.

That tea sold for 25c. a pound and advertised as worth 40c. (and quoted by many as evidence of the good that departmental stores confer upon the poor) is shown, on examination, to be made by blending the very cheapest of teas with tea-dust, and the resulting mixture, instead of being worth 40c. as claimed, or worth the 25c. for which it is sold, is worth only from 10 to 12c. per pound, and could be sold at that price by any retail dealer who could find customers for it.

That there was advertised as a Friday bargain, "42-inch diagonal twill serge, regular price 25c., Friday 15c." The very same line of goods was found in a straight dry-goods store selling at 10c. per yard, the regular price every day in the week.

A few days ago a resident of this municipality noticed a certain make of pill advertised at 10 cents per box in a Toronto store. As the usual price per box is 25 cents, he thought he would make 60 cents by buying four boxes. In the usual box he counted 100 pills, but in the departmental store boxes there were only 25 pills. In other words he paid 40 cents for what he could have purchased at home for 25 cents. That is but a sample of the bargains people think they get.

We are making up a list of local swindles of the same character which we hope in a short while to be able to present to our readers as illustrating the methods of the department stores and the evil influences they work upon the honest retail dealer.

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There is no better business than mining, when mining is conducted on proper business principles. To mine costs money, and compels economy. But the returns, when there are returns, are magnificent and compensate for the preliminary uncertainty and the secondary worries. Twenty-three months ago that which was called the Gwin mine was an abandoned shaft in the Sierras, out of which a fortune had been taken. It had exploited the political fortunes of Dr. Gwin, and enabled the execution of those daring if illusive schemes which in the latter period of his career he undertook. The property was worked—with such knowledge as the time boasted—to the thousand-foot level, and then the mechanical appliances available were not powerful enough to pump out the water which invaded the shafts. Besides, there was an impression that deep mining was not profitable, and that the ore body, which had pinched, must soon be exhausted. Since then it has been demonstrated that veins located in the Mother Lode may be worked to a great depth, and the experience of the Kennedy and the Utica must hold good for the Gwin. Superintendent Thomas of the Kennedy, who had a thorough familiarity with mining at deep levels, organized a strong company, bonded the shaft for $150,000, raised $200,000 with which to commence operations, made himself master of the situation and equipped with the best appliances money could command, he set about sinking a new shaft, proceeding with a determination to achieve a depth of fifteen hundred feet before commencing operations. At the thousand-foot level a huge deposit of rich ore was encountered, and a twenty-stamp mill was at once erected. The other five hundred feet are nearly accomplished, and it is estimated that there is in sight rock rich enough to yield three million dollars. Some thirty days hence the purchase money is due, and the mill, which is the best in California, is working day and night extracting gold to pay for the property. Ere the time is up the required $150,000 will be ready, out of the bowels of the mine, together with a generous dividend for the investors. This is good fortune, of course, but consider the auspices under which the enterprise was accomplished—plenteous capital, a plan of operation never deviated from and a thorough administration.

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The supply of water to London is furnished by eight companies, incorporated under Acts of Parliament and having a total paid up capital of £15,739,476, or $78,677,380. Five of the companies draw their water from the river Thames, two from the sea, supplemented by springs and wells, and one from deep chalk wells in the county of Kent.

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The New York "Sun" claims that the lengthy telegrams from the seat of war, which certain of the dailies are publishing, are concocted in the head office of the Associated Press in New York. It claims that most of the stuff is created for the purpose of being denied the next day. It may be added that the "Sun" is not in the A. P.

## THE STATE UNIVERSITY

### Self-Satisfaction at Berkeley Fatal to the Growth of the Institution.

III.

Our recent strictures on the University seem to have fallen on ears not prepared to take our criticism in the spirit in which it is given. The root of the misunderstanding lies in the profound difference between our conceptions of the possible future of the University and the standard which it ought to attain, and theirs. Among people who know, there is no very marked difference of opinion as to the present condition and needs of the University. But many, perhaps the majority, even, of the earnest friends of the University, stop here. They are satisfied to see California jog contentedly along, trusting to providence to keep her in her place among American Universities, and sufficiently pleased if she does that. This easy going temperament is a very pleasant sort of thing and adds somewhat to the general comfort of the moment. But it is not the stuff that great States, or great institutions of any kind, are made of.

For ourselves we emphatically repudiate the attitude. We realize too fully the possibilities that this future holds for California, and for California's University, to accept such a standard. There is nowhere in the world to-day a spot so well adapted to the development of a high intellectual civilization as the vicinity of San Francisco. The contact of different races has notoriously always been an incentive to intellectual activity of every kind. The clash of conflicting ideas is an essential stimulus to art and philosophy. No civilization has ever maintained itself without it; national seclusion means national degeneration. The great intellectual development of the Graeco-Roman world was the result of the meeting of Hellenic and Semitic civilizations on the shores of the Aegean and in Alexandria. In the middle Ages the center of intellectual activity in Europe was where Arab culture met Christian in Southern Spain. Look at India, China, Japan, where the contact with Western thought is producing a great revival of ancient oriental culture. This is why seaports have always been centers of learning and refinement and it is why San Francisco and vicinity, with its highly cosmopolitan population, its natural heritage of all that is best in Western civilization, its opportunity to acquire new thought and new enthusiasm by contact with the widely differing ideals and modes of thought of the Orient, can and should become one of the world's centers for every form of intellectual activity.

The merchants of San Francisco are beginning to realize that the future of the city is bound up with the commerce of the Pacific, not merely with the trade of California. It is time our State University began to realize that, if it will, it can have an international sphere of action; that it can be the intellectual center of the Pacific, and play a part in the history of the coming centuries.

Yet, with this opportunity before it, California is drifting peacefully along, thoroughly satisfied if it can compare favorably with other State universities; drawing its inspiration from the fresh water colleges of the Mississippi valley, and pointing with conscious pride to the rapid increase in the number of its students—an increase it shares with most of the larger universities of the West. It is needless to say that such a spirit of sleepy self-satisfaction will never enable California to realize the future which is possible for it.

Berkeley is a pretty good place to get an education. It compares well with the best institutions of its kind in the West. It will probably continue to drift along with the current of American education and keep its place in the line, without any very violent prodding. But that is all it will do. If we are to have a State University in keeping with the industrial and political importance which California is assuming; if we are to have one worthy of the future great seaport of San Francisco, the ruling spirits at Berkeley must wake up.

They must not be satisfied with maintaining their position; they must forge ahead, and rapidly, far more rapidly than in the past. For the great growth Berkeley has recently experienced is only the tail end of a wave which has swept over American colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific. California's University must not be controlled by the methods, or animated by the ideas, of fresh water colleges; not satisfied with their ratio of progress, nor with the degree of success which they attain. We should be content with nothing but the best, looking toward Berlin, Paris, and Vienna for inspiration, to all the shores of the Pacific for Student and Faculty, and to the highest and best that we know for our guiding ideals.

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Tomasso Salvini has been touring lately in Hungary, according to the Pall Mall Gazette. At the town of Kecskemet he applied to the Town Council for permission to act, but they replied that the town was tired of dramatic shows and that their local talent was enough and must be protected.

## "THE FIRST BORN"

### A Bit of Chinese Life Portrayed on the Alcazar Stage.

Good things are coming out of Galilee nowadays, and by that I mean that there are a number of writers—they are all young—in San Francisco, who are writing fiction about San Francisco and San Francisco people and the strange, mixed life that is at ferment at our very horse blocks. The novelist is not yet, but the short story writer is abroad, kodaking and observing, and now the dramatist has made an appearance.

I am very enthusiastic in the matter of Mr. Powers' little play at the Alcazar. It is a new note, and if it does not ring absolutely true, it does at least sound an alarm. Consider now, you who have seen "The First Born." Ask yourself why it was you were charmed with the thing. What was it that held you there from curtain to curtain, breathless, very intent? As far as plot and situation and character go there is nothing extraordinary about it. We have seen deserted husbands and stolen children and assasinations and the like on the stage be-

Death of Man Lo Yek

fore. But take Loey Tsing, for instance—have you ever in all your experience as a theatre-goer, whether in New York, London, or Paris, no matter where, the world round, seen her before—a Chinese slave girl, created simply and with some attempt at realism? You will say, of course, "The Mikado" and "The Geisha Girl." But the "Mikado" and the "Geisha" are merely Caucasians in Chinese clothes. Loey Tsing and Man Lo Yek and Doctor Pau Len and all the rest of them are the real, true Chinese of San Francisco, treated seriously and from the Chinese point of view, and the mounting—the scene before the Ming Yen temple, and the little alley of the second act—is as true to life as a photograph. The play is thoroughly, purely Chinese in conception and in execution, and the characters are live Chinamen, who look, and talk, and act,—yes, and think—like Chinamen. Never, so far as I know, has the subject been thus treated on the stage hitherto. It is new, new, new. One cannot insist too much upon its newness—its originality. "The First Born," from this point of view, is perhaps the most important play that has ever been produced in San Francisco.

Briefly, this is the story of the play: Man Lo Yek, an old-clothes dealer, living in San Francisco's Chinatown, has for wife Loey Tsing. But in course of time, tiring of her, he wins over the affections of the woman Chan Lu, wife of Chan Wong. Loey Tsing he sells into a life of shame. Chan Wong is left alone with his little boy, Chan Toy. The whole point of the play is here, in the affection that the deserted husband has for his little son. It would appear that the paternal affection for the first born son is the predominant passion of the Chinaman, taking precedence over that which he bears for his wife. Marriage with him is a mere matter of course, but

Wo Me Ah Bac Lam: "Won't you buy olives?"

the birth of his first son is the event round which his life is centered. You see that Mr. Powers is writing from the Chinese point of view. To have caused the play to turn upon the wife's desertion of the husband would have been to distort and warp the Chinese character to suit European-Caucasian ideas. Chan Wong has no great affection for his faithless wife—it is the boy for whom he cares. One day his son is stolen. The distracted father searches Chinatown for him in vain. Loey Tsing, the slave girl, at length informs him that Man Lo Yek and Chan Lu (who are supposed to have fled to Oregon) have returned in secret to Chinatown: had been there that day — the day of the disappearance of the

"Oh, buy me, dear Chan, and take me to my home in beautiful Shan-Tung"

child. Chan Wong discovers the house in which they live, dashes in and up the narrow stairs, knife in hand, only to reappear an instant later bearing in his arms the dead body of his little son, Chan Toy. This is the end of the first act. The second and last act is merely the story of Chan Wong's revenge. There is a very pretty scene between him and Loey Tsing—she at her window, he at his doorway underneath. Enter to them Man Lo Yek, and then, on the impulse of the moment, Chan Wong becomes a hatchet-man, leaps upon him as he passes, cuts him down with his cleaver, drags the body into the house, and a second later resumes his position in his doorway, calm and impassive, smoking his pipe, which has not even had time to go out.

That is the whole play—on paper. You must see it to appreciate it, and you must see it with understanding eyes. It has all the value of a discovery, a really great discovery—the discovery of a new field. Mr. Powers is not Kipling, but he has done for Chinatown what the "chee-chee" did for the native of India, and he has gone about it in precisely the right spirit—the spirit of realism, portraying his people precisely as they are, making an attempt to honestly understand them, to appreciate their loves and their hatreds, their prejudices and superstitions and limitations. This thing — this strange, transplanted Mongolian life—has been teeming under our very eyes for nearly half a century, and has been overlooked—by dramatists, at least. "The man with the muck-rake" does find gold after all, sometimes. Mr. Powers might have tried his hand at the old style of drama, which we all know by heart—the familiar types, the hackneyed dialogue, the threadbare situations, ideas taken second- and third-hand from other men's plays—and we would never have given him another thought. He wrote instead "The First Born," and all San Francisco is agog over it.

"Chan Les!" Finale of First Act

An electric railroad, largely underground, has been surveyed and partially completed to the highest peak of the Jungfrau. The railway is modeled after the road constructed on Mount Salene Genneva, which was the first electrical mountain road of considerable size ever built. The projector of the Jungfrau road is Herr Guyer-Zeller of Zurich. He plans to build his line on the surface for a considerable distance, winding in and out through tunnels and over convenient ledges, and approaching the great mountain by a serpentine course. At the terminus of the road there is a ledge of rock that shoots up sixty-six meters high, with a crown so narrow that the railroad cannot reach it, and within this he proposes to pierce a tunnel through whose interior an elevator will take the passenger to the summit. The elevator will be worked by a dynamo whose power comes from a hydraulic motor utilizing the waters of Lake Luchinen in the Lauterbrunnen. Within the tube is a winding staircase for those not caring to use the elevator.

Professor Carl Lumholtz, the explorer, who was sent to Mexico for the American Museum of Natural History, has returned from his trip, and brings news of a strange tribe of people called the Hincholes—hitherto unnamed by science. They live in the southern part of Mexico, and are practically isolated from the rest of the world. The men are handsome and well developed, and the girls are beautiful. Their religion is a strange mixture of Christianity and Paganism, one of their peculiar observances being a pilgrimage of forty days to San Luis Potosi for the purpose of gathering an herb known as peyote, which has the effect when eaten of destroying hunger and thirst.

The late Marquis of Hertford, who formed the Wallace collection, visited Ragley, the family place in Warwickshire, only once in his life, on the day of his father's funeral, in March, 1842. The dead Marquis lay in state in the great drawing-room of Ragley, with candles burning about him, with his coronet and the star and ribbon of the garter upon the coffin. At the hour appointed for the funeral a carriage dashed up to the Hall and a traveler got out, entered the house, and, when the services were over and the body of his father laid away in the family vault, re-entered his carriage and drove away. And from that day to the time of his death he was never seen at Ragley Hall again.

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Advanced vegetarians in England have formed an association, binding themselves to eschew not only animal food, but also all articles composed in any degree of substances involving the death of animals. This includes the leather for shoes and gloves, fat for soap, ivory, skins, and feathers.

## THE PUPPETS AND THE PUPPY

DISRESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ANNIE BESANT

BY FRANK NORRIS

"There are more things in your philosophy than are dreamed of in Heaven and Earth."

CHARACTERS:

A LEAD SOLDIER. A DOLL. A MECHANICAL RABBIT.
A QUEEN'S BISHOP (from the chessboard).
JAPHET (a wooden Mannekin from the Noah's Ark).
SOBBY (the Foxterrier puppy).

SCENE—A corner of the play-room carpet.
TIME—The night after Christmas.

The Lead Soldier: Well, here we are, put into this Room, for something, we don't know what; for a certain time, we don't know how long; by somebody, we don't know who. It's awful!

The Doll: And yet we know—I think I can speak for all of us—we know that there is a Boy.

The Mechanical Rabbit (reflectively): The Boy—the Boy—it's a glimpse into the infinite.

The Queen's Bishop: Boy, forsooth! There is no Boy, except that which exists in your own imaginations. You have created a figment—a vast terrible, empty nothing, to complement your own imperfections. I have given great thought to the matter. There is, perhaps, a certain Force that moves us from time to time—a certain vague power, not ourselves, that shifts us here and there. All of us chessmen believe in that. We are the oldest and highest cult of you all. But even this—what shall I call it?—this Force, is not omnipotent. It can move us only along certain lines. I still retain my individuality—still have my own will. My lines are not those of the knight, or the pawn, or the castle, and no power in the Room can make them so. I am a free agent—that's what is so terrible.

The Doll: Ah, you think you've solved it all—you, with your science and learning. There is a Boy, and I am made in his image.

The Lead Soldier: And I.

Japhet: And I.

The Mechanical Rabbit: Yes, yes, the Doll must be right. Who else could have implanted within me this strange power of playing upon these cymbals? Somebody must have wound me up. I say it was the Boy.

Japhet: But, come now; let us consider a moment. One thing we can all agree upon. Some day, sooner or later, we shall be Thrown-away. It is the inevitable end of all toys. We shall be Thrown-away and go to the Garret. Then what?

The Doll: Dreadful question.

Japhet: This is what I believe: Some day I shall be Thrown-away and go on that last voyage to the Garret, but not forever. I look forward to a time when I shall be made of rosewood instead of common pine, and shall have a white shellac finish instead of this base coating of non-poisonous paint, and I shall live forever in a Noah's Ark of silver.

The Lead Soldier: What childish fallacy! It is against all reason to regard our lot as such infantile trickery. I, too, some day shall be Thrown-away, but my conception of immortality is no such child's play as this. No; in course of time I shall be re-melted and cast again to form another lead soldier, who in his turn shall be re-melted and re-cast, and so on and on, forever and ever.

The Queen's Bishop: Dreams! dreams! dreams! What butterflies you chase! What phantoms you hug! After I have been Thrown-away, I shall gradually rot and decay, and fall to dust, and be finally absorbed by the elements——

The Doll: And lose your identity? Never! Listen to me. I feel that in me there are three individualities, each of them me, and a fourth which is of Me, yet not in Me—the Not-me. There is the sawdust, the kid, and the china—a trinity. Then there is that mysterious something which cries "Papa! Mama!" when the Boy presses on my chest. This is the Not-me. This is the part of me that shall last after I'm Thrown-away. That is my conception of immortality.

The Lead Soldier (soliloquizing): And each time I am re-melted and re-cast I become a finer soldier—larger, firmer on my base, more life-like. Thus the race is improved. Immortality is but the betterment of the race.

The Mechanical Rabbit (decisively): When I am Thrown-away that's the end of me—it's annihilation.

The Lead Soldier (after a pause): Tell me this: Why was Falling-down brought into the Room? Here is another thing we are all at one upon—that it is wrong to Fall-down. It displeases the Boy.

The Queen's Bishop (sotto voice): The Force that moves us, you mean.

The Mechanical Rabbit: That's all very well. I can see how it is wrong, horribly and fearfully wrong, for the Lead Soldier to Fall-down, when the Boy sets him in his ranks and he Falls-down, he drags with him the whole line of other soldiers. The wrongdoing does not stop with himself—it communicates itself to others. It is a taint that progresses to infinity. But why should it be wrong for me to Fall-down? I hurt no one but myself.

The Queen's Bishop: It is wrong for you as well as for the Lead Soldier and myself. You can know nothing of the vast, grand scheme of the Room. Suppose I should Fall-down whenever I chose, and knock over, say, the king, or the castles—what a calamity it would be! It would disarrange the vast, grand plan of events. No, no; in keeping upright we are only helping on the magnificent, incomprehensible aim of the Room. The same moral law applies to us all. What's wrong for one is wrong for us all.

The Lead Soldier: But what shall we say in a case like this: The other day the Boy took hold of the drummer of my squad, and twisted and bent his standard so that he could no longer stand. He put him in the line, and naturally he Fell-down. Then the Boy threw him away. Was it the drummer's fault, I ask? Why should he be punished for falling down, when the Boy himself twisted his standard? And again, I have heard of lead soldiers who never could stand because of some fault in the casting. Were they to blame? They were doomed before they were cast, and were Thrown-away afterward.

Japhet: Dreadful problem! Any day the Boy may pull off my standard and Throw me away.

The Queen's Bishop: We cannot understand these things, but there must be reason in them. But if you come to that, why are we here anyhow? I owe my existence to the turning lathe. Did I ask to be turned?

The Mechanical Rabbit: Or I to be made?

Japhet: Or I to be whittled?

The Doll: Or I to be stuffed?

The Lead Soldier: Or I to be moulded? If I had been given choice in the matter I would have chosen to be the general of my box, who sits on a horse that is rearing up, and points with his sword. Accident alone put him there. His lead is no better than mine, and his uniform is only paint-deep. In the re-melting, perhaps, he may be cast as a private and I as the general.

[Sobby, the Foxterrier puppy, pushes open the door of the room with his nose. His eye falls upon the mechanical rabbit. He rushes at it, shakes it between his teeth, and in a few minutes has worried it to an unrecognizable mass of skin and springs. Then he turns upon the doll, whom he likewise destroys. He chews the head from Japhet, and, with a movement of his paw, knocks the lead soldier down the register. Then he growls and scrabbles over the Queen's Bishop till it, as well, tumbles down the register. The Queen's Bishop disappears, muttering, vaguely, something about the "vast, resistless forces of nature."]

## THE WAR IN GREECE

### A Near View of Edhem Pasha and His Soldiers.

Every now and then the course of human events brings us to prominence a man who for a time occupies the center of the world's stage. A little while ago it was Nansen, and before him McKinley, and before him Rhodes and Kruger. Just now the man who holds the boards and gets the applause and the flowers and the columns of copy in the newspapers is Edhem Pasha, whom Europe and America have all at once come to regard as a brilliant soldier and a great commander, who has so successfully conducted the war against the Greeks that his troops have been complaining because the campaign does not seem like war, but like a military review, and this after he has driven the Greeks to earth, or, more correctly, treed them at Domakas, without sustaining a single reverse. It is on the cards that the advance from Milouna Pass to Domakas may go into history as another "Atlanta to the sea." Here is a picture of the great Pasha by a man who saw—Stevens, of the London "Mail," most readable of all the war correspondence whose copy has thus far been printed:

"In any other friendly country a three days' unshaved, two days' unclothed, twelve hours' unwashed, sweat-and-dust-caked special correspondent would have sought out the military secretary, and asked when the Commander-in-Chief would allow him to pay his respects. But as this was only backward, happy-go-lucky, generous, gentlemanly Turkey, I rode straight up to the headquarters gate, stumbled across the walled court yard, over the mountainous cobbles, which are the staple pavement of Turkey, and asked where was his Excellency. Edhem Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of a hundred thousand odd soldiers, sat on the druggeted cushions of a little divan which ran along one side of a little room, sparsely furnished with a chair or two, a couple of smaller divans, a table and a map. From his broad forehead, his sharp, fine-cut nose, his lively, watchful gray eyes, his bushy, grizzling beard, you might guess him English, French, German, Russian, Turk or what you will. But you could never guess him other than a man of quick intelligence and a gentleman.

"He talks French as they talk it on the boulevards; he laughs with a jolly explosion, like a child at a pantomime; he despises the Greeks; he is never tired of talking of Alabanians; he has been wounded by Servians, Montenegrins and Russians, though he says he never distinguished himself in battle, and he shouts 'A la bonne heure' at every mention of war."

Stevens' impression of the Turkish soldiers is of men no longer young, patient, solid, stolid fathers of families, standing to arms indomitably in threshing rains and whipping winds, but worn and shabby in the matter of uniforms, not at all of the smart jauntiness of the Greeks; out at knee and elbow—even the officers—but sturdy, steady, lean, and active as goats; good travelers, good fighters; doing their twelve hours a day under knapsack and accoutrement, and thriving on a mess of lentels, beans and rice, eked out with a little lamb.

The "unspeakable Turk" changes color, it would seem, on closer inspection. He is, it appears, a born soldier, who came into Europe scimitar in hand, and who still remembers his traditions, who is more at home under a tent than under a roof—a man made for persistence rather than for dash, for endurance rather than for brilliancy; just the kind of soldier needed in the black, bare planes of Northern Thessaly. The Greek is more suggestive of the boulevardier. Stevens, who had the good fortune to be present at a frontier meeting of a Grecian and a Turkish officer, thus contrasts them:

"There was the Greek, a dumpy young man, with forage cap, waxed mustache, trim dark blue tunic, sky-blue trousers, boots to the knee, and the strut of the Continental officer. And there was the Turk—old, lean, long-armed and long-legged, big-nosed and hollow-eyed, with a week's beard on his face, with fez and shabby dark blue uniform torn at the knees, with sandals, and dirty cloth gaiters wound round his legs. But the Turk strode over the rocks like a he goat, and in this weather and this country I shall put my money on the Turk.

"We rode home in single file and in dead silence. Albanian pickets do not hesitate to shoot if they hear a strange tongue, and a chance shot just now might mean the lives of a million of men. On our side, at least, they are doing nothing to provoke it."

The Turkish army does not present a smart appearance. On the march one may see gun carriages almost covered under a pile of ragged bundles, like any truck, while at parade a frontranker may wear a blue-faced uniform and his neighbor one entirely of red. At drill men move heavily, perhaps, but when we remember are mostly past the age of 35 it is not to be wonder At the double quick their running is stiff, but their endurance in forced marches has already proven their hardihood. The Turk has shown the world that he can fight.

"It must not be thought that any great lessons of war will be learned either by sea or land from the present conflict. The Greek army can hardly number a soldier or an officer who has seen any serious warfare, and there has been an air throughout of guerrilla work about the Athenian plan of campaign. We hear nothing of Maxim guns or of war balloons, or of many another modern contrivance for the divorcement of souls and bodies, so earnestly studied and so eagerly employed by Christendom. 'Hammer and tongs' may best describe the general system by which the Ottoman Turk has thus far so largely redeemed his character and that of his master, and made the world respect men who can die like brave old Hafiz Pasha."

What is a battle—a battle conducted according to the modern systems of warfare? Here are Stevens' impressions of the initial battle. Not so very different really from a sham fight, save that lead rather than paper follows the popple of the guns:

"The road to Karya—which the Turks call Koshui—is like the road to everywhere else in this country. Now up, now down, here a precipice on the right, there a torrent on the left, stones everywhere, prickles everywhere, baggage animals everywhere. But as we struggled on the Karya road there came a new experience. Pop, pop; pop, pop, pop; pop, pop, pop, pop, pop; pop. It was not very different from the sound of shooting pheasants, but I knew they were shooting men. My heart began to try to beat in time with the pops. When four or five came together I wondered how many were down that time, and I hurried on lest both sides should be killed out before I got there. So I turned a corner, and came on the village of Karya—small and ramshackle and dirty, wedged into a recess under hills like cataracts suddenly turned to stone, above these the solemn whiteness of Olympus. Olympus is the backscene of Karya; its foreground was the battle. There was a broad valley, perhaps a mile to a couple of miles across.

"Across the valley came the pops—sometimes rare and distinct, sometimes a rapid popple, when all the separate reports ran into each other. It sounded like a machine that was now going round slowly, now quickly. Every now and then the pops were varied by a boom. Here and there a tiny patch of dirty smoke curled languidly off the broad hillside. That was the battle. Through a glass I watched it for a long time from the Pasha's headquarters, and made out some black dots on a tongue about one-third of the way up. That was a battery of artillery. At the very top was a line rather like the leg of a beetle under a microscope; that was a battalion of infantry. Pop, popple, boom, little black dots, and little black streaks; that was all."

Though the story of Rudyard Kipling's commission as war correspondent by the "Times" turns out a canard, Stephen Crane has gone to the front. His cable in the "Examiner" descriptive of a battle between Greeks and Turks strikes me as poor stuff, but there is no discounting the superb ability evinced in the letter from Suda Bay sent the New York "Sun." We all know that the fleet of the Powers is anchored in Suda Bay, in Crete, but the intelligence carries no particular message. But Crane makes one see the harbor. He is on the French packet Gadiana steaming in the bay: "It was the fleet of the Powers; the concert—this most terrible creature which the world has known, constructed out of the air, and perhaps in a night. This fleet was the living arm and the mailed hand of the concert. It was a limb of Europe displayed, actual, animate. At first the vessels in the distance were blended into a sort of prickly hedge. It was very unlike the pictures in the illustrated papers, which appear always to have been sketched from balloons. These great steel animals sat in a little bay menacing with their terrible glances a village of three rows of houses and a dock and vast stretches of hillsides whereon there was not even a tree to shoot at for fun. A group of vicious little torpedo boats also waited impatiently. To one who did not care to feel that there was something in this affair which weighed as much as a planet it would be a joke. But it was the concert of Europe. Colossi never smile.

"It was hard to decide which of these national exhibits was the most interesting. The French flagship was imposing in the weird and solemn complexity of her appearance. Her deck and sides were a wilderness of dull gray appliances. She looked like a factory, this monster, whereas the Camperdown, and more particularly the great Revenge, were so well proportioned and trim that one had to refer to a memory of their tonnage before they became as impressive. Italy's squadron, to the novice, looked as well as any of them. Her two battleships were large and powerful, and the Etna was obviously the best cruiser in the harbor. The Russian flagship lay near the French ships; the Italians were rather close to the English. The Kaiserin Augusta was aloof and alone."

There are 50,000 Greeks in the United States, a number exceeding the combined Norwegian and Swedish population. They are scattered all over the country, principally in Boston, Denver and St. Louis. Their occupations are principally raising and selling flowers and making candy. These occupations are hereditary, a son generally succeeding his father. Greek women rarely work.. When they do they engage in some very pretty occupation, selling the longest stemmed flowers and the prettiest potted plants.

President McKinley is the owner of a farm—a fact not generally known. When the Wilson bill went into effect, he was forced to sell his large flock of sheep, as there was no money in their fleeces. He swallowed the medicine with the rest of the farmers of the country, but told his manager he believed prices would be better under the next administration.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The portrait of C. P. Huntington, which Fred Yates completed a few hours previous to the departure of the magnate for New York, is one of the very best pictures this artist has ever done. Certainly he had in the president of the Southern Pacific Company an admirable subject. It is seldom an artist has an opportunity at such an individuality. Of the great railroad builders of America Mr. Huntington is the survivor. His is an interesting, a bold and very conspicuous figure in the history of the last quarter of a century. It must be confessed, however, that the photograph does the canvas an injustice. The modeling of the face, which, in the original, is full of character, is not expressed in the reproduction, for in photographing we lose the effect of color gradations. The camera expresses lines and shadows inimitably, but it fails to record distinctions between tones. However, the picture is not only an excellent likeness, but it also gives the beholder an impression of the forceful personality of the subject. Mr. Huntington's enemies do not deny his genius. He is a big man—mentally and physically—strong, self-confident, decisive, but yet a philosopher, of alert mind and studious inclination, who, had he not been a great trader, might have been a great artist, writer or aught else he had turned his hand to.

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The silver lining of the dark cloud which hangs over the real estate world, is the certainty that the decline of values in this direction must force men of means into looking after more remunerative investments for their surplus coin. For many years the San Francisco capitalist who had accumulated earnings has either divided it between the savings banks and drawn the interest, or made himself happy by putting it into flats. Now that the town is built up, and there are not enough people to occupy all the houses, one hears a moaning and groaning as if the condition was not a consequence but an undeserved misfortune. There will always be surplus capital in San Francisco, and when its owners are compelled by necessity to utilize brains and intelligence in devising investments, there will at once be a change for the better. Then will the era of manufacturing set in. Men will start small establishments for the making of things which we are now purchasing in the East. Enterprises of various characters will be begun, and the population will soon be adequate to the accommodations.

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Apropos of Savings Banks and investments, the Savings Union has always followed a policy of dealing in agricultural lands, whereas the Hibernia Bank has confined its operations to San Francisco real estate. Many times in latter years the Hibernia has had to congratulate itself on its conservatism, but latterly through foreclosed mortgages, its own real estate holdings threaten to equal the possessions of its rivals in the agricultural field. James R. Kelly and ex-Mayor Pond, who are prominently identified with the two institutions, met one day, and fell to discussing the advantages of their respective policies. Kelly, alluding to the decline in country lands, prophesied they would fall still lower. Mayor Pond replied that if the time ever came when loans on agricultural property at one-third of the assessed valuation should not be worth their face value, then brick buildings in San Francisco would be worth nothing. Of course, the point of the statement is that San Francisco having but little in the way of manufacturing and less in the direction of export trade, is really dependent for its prosperity on the prosperity of the country. However, when all things are considered it should be remembered we are here in the process of readjustment, and the future will settle up all our disabilities.

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Very creditable, indeed, is the showing made by the pupils of the School of Design in their annual exhibit of work at the Mark Hopkins house on California street. The average excellence of this exhibit has increased enormously since the early days, when the school was located on Pine street, under the supervision of Virgil Williams. There is a very strong French influence at work among the students of the present school, as is at once proven by a glance at their charcoal drawings from the figure and more especially by their composition sketches. Some of the figure studies are very pleasing, more particularly those of male models. There is an evident attempt to avoid trivial detail, and a preference instead for broad masses and long lines, twice as difficult, but a dozen times more effective and artistic. The oil studies shown—those of the figure as well as those of still life subjects—are a poor lot, but one or two of the sketch compositons are notably attractive. Especially pleasing is the long, narrow compositon in flat tones, represnting a group of Grecian youths and maidens congregated about a circular temple. It, as well as its companion pieces, are very markedly reminiscent of Julian's and the Paris ateliers. Below in the modeling rooms some very fair work has been done. Some of the portrait busts are not at all bad, while the three studies of the recumbent boy give evidence of an excellent feeling for form and a thorough knowledge of anatomy.

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The collapse of Sam Rainey accords with my predictions. No man who takes advantage of all his privileges when they are at the expense of the community and his associates can hope for permanent success. Had the new Democratic boss been content to divide his patronage on some fairer basis than that of satisfying the appetites of his own immediate followers, he might have enjoyed a long lease of power. In spite of the shrewdness and foresight with which the enthusiasm of his friends has endowed him, Rainey has proved himself singularly lacking in discretion. In the meantime it is illuminating to note the manner in which certain political families monopolize the rate-payers' money. There is the Mann family, which has eight hundred and fifty per month from the public treasury. One of the sons is drawing two salaries from the city—$125 monthly as warrant clerk at the City Hall, and fifty dollars more which comes to him as a teacher at the Lincoln Night School. Again there is the Maxwell family, which has six hundred per month from the treasury. Five members of Dr. Ragan's clan are already in place, and as the physician seems to own the School Board he has hopes for certain other Ragans who are still at large. This conditon of affairs is necessarily temporary, as the uprising among the Supervisors has just exhibited.

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Supervisor Smith, whose fierce opposition to Rainey was a considerable factor in precipitating his downfall, expressed an old grudge, which he has cherished against the portly boss for many a long year. He is a druggist by profession, and a son of Officer Smith, one of the best known policemen of the southern station. Smith pere was an independent and vigorous-minded guardian of the peace, who was inaccessible to most forms of cajollery and quite above the ordinary temptations of his calling. Some years ago, in the execution of his duty, he made a big opium seizure, and there being a reward for achievements of that kind, he fully expected to reap a substantial profit by his smartness. But Buckley and Rainey, who were then running politics, contrived to divert the policeman's share to their own pockets, and for this piece of sharp business Smith blamed the Fire Department boss. So, in assisting the fight against Rainey Smith discharged a family obligation.

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Even without his participation, however, the downfall of Rainey would have been accomplished. The rebellion against the greedy rule of the Fire Brigade's boss has been maturing for some months, though it has but recently been brought to an issue. One of the causes that precipitated the cataclysm, it seems, was a controversy between Lanigan, who is now a potent factor in city politics, and one Maxwell, a brother of the secretary of the Fire Department. It seems Maxwell was told that Lanigan had stated that Rainey's friends were "hogs." Being a big, sturdy person, he called Lanigan to task for this insult, and was very promptly told to mind his own business. The result was a fight, but the attack so enraged Lanigan's supervisorial friends that they immediately joined issue with the independents in the Board, and Rainey men were dismissed right and left. There are but few of his followers in the municipal service, save those in the Street Department. Superintendent Ambrose, however, cannot withstand the pressure that will be brought to bear on him to deprive the Raineyites even of this pasturage. Some one saw the portly boss setting out for his Warm Springs ranch the other day, attended by two burly firemen, who had been charged with the heavy task of holding up his face.

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What a spectacle the Governor has made of himself. Imagining, I suppose, that he can counteract the denunciations heaped upon him by the men who helped him into office, by pretending a devotion to the public service, he takes the opportunity of posing before the world as a species of sleuth in the Durrant case, and obtrudes himself as a mountebank of the first water. After a trial of many months and a most careful sifting of the evidence by the Supreme Court, it is preposterous to imagine that Budd could throw any additional light on the guilt or innocence of Durrant. He knows this as well as any one else, but the love of posing, of figuring in the newspaper, in large type, is so ingrained in his cheap soul, that the temptation was irresistible, and we have had a performance that Governor Altgeld never equaled and that might arouse the envy of ex-Governor Waite.

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My paragraphs of last week stigmatizing the Governor's extraordinary faithlessness and ingratitude received a startling confirmation from ex-Senator Gesford in the "Chronicle." The Senator, who had been one of the sufferers, was more emphatic than I cared to be, and did not hesitate to employ the most vigorous expressions in speaking of our Executive. Is it not a sad, even a scandalous condition of affairs, that the Governor of this great State, who has so many opportunities of making himself useful and valuable to his constituents, is content to be a mere mountebank?

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It is almost an axiom that the entry of women into a profession decreases the revenues therein. Certain ladies have recently been entered in the ranks of notaries public, and now the value of affidavits has fallen enormously. The feminine mind does not seem to grasp the advantage of keeping up rates, and the work of a notary to them is nothing more than the mere stamping of paper—a simple and inexpensive process, involving no exertion, and to be compensated in proportion. There is now considerable competition among the notaries, but thus far the practitioners of the seal have sedulously adhered to their tariff. Indeed, it was not possible until recently, to obtain a formal affidavit under a dollar. With the entrance of the ladies, however, the price fell at once to fifty cents, then declined to twenty-five cents, and I am now told there is one enterprising young person who goes around the mining offices with a seal under her arm, and will stamp any paper you want for ten cents. The condition of affairs is so unprofitable that there has been called a meeting of the male members of the profession to take measures against further inroads into their revenues. Part of the proceedings will be the preparation of a petition to the Governor begging him not to appoint any more female notaries.

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In our bold, unthinking California way, we imagine that big mining ideas are indeginous to the Coast, and don't happen out of our longitude. I was recently told of the Italian operations of two engineers, Rapp and Schaffer, who have organized a company to dredge certain of our mountain streams for gold. It seems that prior to coming here these two men executed a big undertaking in the kingdom of Humbert. In the low-lying country through which the river Po and its tributaries flow there are extensive gravel beds similar in substance to the auriferous deposits of California. They conceived the idea of dredging the channels of these streams and working the lands on either side by the hydraulic process. Analysis of the soil proved the practicability of the idea, and they organized two companies, one to purchase the riparian lands, the other to dredge and wash the gravel. The two concerns agreed not to proceed until property sufficient for five years' operations had been acquired. Rapp was told this had been arranged, and they went ahead, and the results surpassed their expectations. For two years they went ahead, and then discovered their associates had broken faith. The land company had failed to keep its agreement, and property around where they were working had advanced from five dollars per acre to something like one hundred—more than they could afford to pay. They retired, but are ready to start a similar enterprise in California, and are looking for a suitable location to begin operations, having ready for use excellent machinery which Schaffer invented for the purpose. Already they have enlisted certain prominent capitalists in the enterprise, among them C. R. Bishop, Vice-President of the Bank of California.

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The Barillas scandal, which has held possession of the dailies this week, is the most unsavory mess this community has been treated to in moons. So far as I can gather Dentist Cranz, Dr. Perrault and Lawyer Dimond entered into their defense of the Blair family in good faith, tempered by a sense of possible profit. If the condition of affairs represented by mother and daughter was really such as they originally pictured, then the course was one honorable to undertake and proper to prosecute. Mr. Dimond bears an excellent reputation at the bar, and has never been mixed up in a nefarious transaction. I know of no previous conditions reflecting on the reputation of either Dr. Perrault or Dentist Cranz. Animated by a strongly mistaken zeal, however, the attorney for Barrillas, not content with inducing the Blairs to withdraw the contemplated suit of breach of promise against his client, and procuring the signature of the mother to a statement that she connived at and had profited by the ruin of her daughter, proceeded then to have both women swear the scheme had been concocted by Cranz, Perrault and Dimond. Affidavits setting forth their criminal complicity and accusing them of the vulgarest blackmail were embodied and signed, and it was these charges that precipitated the action. The attorney in question showed the affidavits to the accused, but refrained from serving them with copies, and now refuses to produce the documents. In self-defense Mr. Dimond commenced these proceedings as the only method available of vindicating himself and his associates. Leaving the merits of the controversy sub judice, what may be said of a mother who wittingly signs such an affidavit as Mrs. Blair did—absolutely selling her daughter's body for gold? What method of persuasion must have been used to so blind a woman to all sense of human feeling? Admitting it to be the fact, it is impossible to think it was made without consideration—and one may ask, is an attorney justified, even by his duty to his client, in procuring such a document? His object was achieved without it, it was not a necessary adjunct of his case. Yet here it is common property. Would not the community shudder if such an instance of depravity were telegraphed it from the old world?

BOSWELL JR.

## THE VAMPIRE.

(Verses written by Rudyard Kipling for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

## SONNET TO PAIN.

Now if this ink were blood, this pen a quill,
  Torn from some fierce and flesh-fed vulture's wing,
This sheet a shroud, and mine such matchless skill,
  As his, who o'er the deathless damned did fling
A glory that the ages cannot pale;
  Yea, were these mine, it might not then be vain
To 'prison on this page an anguished wail—
  A torture-telling threnody of pain.
But my sore songless heart doth only groan
  Low grief-ground curses through my gnashing teeth;
Familiar fiend of hell! wherein have I
  Sinned more than others, that thou dost bequeath
To me an agony that could atone
  For half a world, and its salvation buy.

—Louis A. Robertson.

## AN OPENING FOR NOVELISTS

### Great Opportunities for Fiction Writers in San Francisco.

There are certain cities in the world which are adaptable to the uses of the writer of fiction, and there are others which are not. Things can happen in some cities and the tale of them will be interesting; the same story laid in another city would be ridiculous. It is hard to say, why this is so, but a moment's review of the world's centers with this thought in mind will prove the truth of the statement beyond any shadow of doubt. Paris, London and Rome are "good material." Berlin, Vienna and Hamburg are not. Stories of New Orleans or of Constantinople could easily be made interesting, but no romancer has yet had the hardihood to attempt to write of Chicago or Buffalo. Imagine a novel of Chicago. The fact is very curious and the choice very arbitrary. There seems to be no rule applicable. A city need not necessarily be old, nor a seaport, nor "cosmopolitan," nor picturesque, nor beautifully built, nor large nor small. Any one who has the instinct for fiction can tell on the instant whether or not it is suitable as a background for a novel, a short story or a drama.

But consider San Francisco. It is not necessary to hesitate a moment. "Things can happen" in San Francisco. Kearny street, Montgomery street, Nob Hill, Telegraph Hill, of course Chinatown, Lone Mountain, the Poodle Dog, the Palace Hotel and the What Cheer House, the Barbara Coast, the Crow's Nest, the Mission, the Bay, the Bohemian Club, the Presidio, Spanish town, Fisherman's wharf.

There is an indefinable air about all these places that is suggestive of stories at once. You fancy the names would look well on a book's page. The people who frequent them could walk right into a novel or short story and be at home.

It occurs to me that there is perhaps one feature of the city that conduces to this effect, that is its isolation. Perhaps no great city of the world is so isolated as we are. Did you ever think of that? There is no great city to the north of us, to the south none nearer than Mexico, to the west is the waste of the Pacific, to the East the waste of the deserts. Here we are set down as a pin point in a vast circle of solitude. Isolation produces individuality, originality. The place has grown up independently. Other cities grow by accretion from without. San Francisco must grow by expansion from within; and so we have time and opportunity to develop certain unhampered types and characters and habits unbiased by outside influence, types that are admirably adapted to fictitious treatment.

It is a significant fact that the little that has been done in the way of gripping hold upon and impressing this life of ours between the covers of works of fiction has been done in the way of short stories. London had her Dickens, New Orleans her Cable, New York her Davis, Boston her Howells, Paris her Zola, but San Francisco still waits for her novelist. She will wait long, we believe. The conditions of our life are suited finely to the short story, but not as yet to the novel. We are growing and living, as it were, in spots, here a little and there a little, scattered bits of life and movement, quite independent of each other—short stories that are happening every day. But we are not settled enough yet for the novelist, who demands large, co-ordinated, broad and simple lines upon which to work, something far more unified than we can yet give him. But the short stories. There's the chance. Who shall be our Kipling? Where is the man that shall get at the heart of us, the blood and bones and fiber of us, that shall go a-gunning for stories up and down our streets and into our houses and parlors and lodging houses and saloons and dives and along our wharves and into our theaters; yes, and into the secretest chambers of our homes as well as our hearts?

Les Jeunes. Yes, there are Les Jeunnes, and "The Lark" was delightful—delightful, fooling, but there's a graver note and a more virile to be sounded. Les Jeunes can do better than "The Lark." Give us stories now, give us men, strong, brutal men, with red-hot blood in 'em, with unleashed passions rampant in 'em, blood and bones and viscera in 'em, and women, too, that move and have their being, people that love and hate something better now than Vivettes and Perilles and Goups. They are here, these living men and women. Think of the short stories that are happening every hour of the time. Get hold of them, some of you younger writers, grip fast upon the life of them. It's the Life that we want, the vigorous, real thing, not the curious weaving of words and the polish of literary finish. Damn the "style" of a story, so long as we get the swing and rush and trample of the things that live. While you are rounding a phrase a sailor has been shanghaied down there along the water front; while you are sustaining a metaphor, another See Yup had been hatcheted yonder in Gambler's Alley; a man has time to be stabbed while you are composing a villanelle; the crisis of a life has come and gone while you have been niggling with your couplet. "Murder and sudden death," say you? Yes, but it's the life that lives; it's reality, it's the thing that counts. We don't want literature, we want life. We don't want fine writing, we want short stories. Kipling saw it here and Stevenson as they passed through—read the unwritten tales of us as they ran.

The tales are here. The public is here. A hundred clashing presses are hungry for you, future young story-writer of San Francisco, whoever you may be. Strike but the right note, and strike it with all your might, strike it with iron instead of velvet, and the clang of it shall go the round of the nations.

A qui le tour, who shall be our Kipling?

FRANK NORRIS.

## THE BENCH SHOW

During the week a large share of public attention has been devoted to the Dog Show at the Mechanics' Pavilion, under the auspices of the San Francisco Kennel Club. Considering that the Club has only recently been organized, and has occupied a field left vacant by a defunct society, without the assumption of its mantle, the members and executive officers are certainly to be congratulated on their efforts.

The arrangements at the Pavilion are good, and evidence a desire to bring the West in line with other parts of the world where the benching and exhibiting of dogs has been made a study for very many years. Two rings, or to be accurate, squares, side by side, are railed off at the east end of the hall, and the judging of different classes proceeds in both simultaneously in systematic fashion. At the time of writing the work is in progress, and, although dog-men are proverbially difficult to please, the results are generally acceptable.

Nominally there are 140 classes, but fully half of these are without a sufficient complement to be of any interest. English Setters, Great Danes, Collies, Cocker Spaniels and Fox Terriers are the strongest, considering both numbers and merit, while Pointers and Greyhounds also make a good show. The weakness in the Terrier classes is striking.

Taking a general view of the exhibition and comparing it with similar undertakings elsewhere, one is immediately struck by the varying types shown in the different classes, suggesting the necessity of more attention being paid by local fanciers to the points representative of the individual breeds. As the local shows come to be carefully followed this should be remedied.

On a future occasion we shall have something to say as to the worth of some of the prize-winners. In the meantime it may be remarked that the best in most of the classes are head and tail in front of the general body of their competitors.

Mr. Walter S. Hobart has placed 20 couple of hounds on exhibition, not for competition, and they are described as "English foxhounds." They are not entitled to the designation, however, as they have neither the size nor quality, but of course they attract a great deal of attention. The American foxhounds, so called, are of all kinds. Amongst them are a few that would not be out of place in a pack of harriers of some pretentions.

The judges have no enviable task, the three gentlemen appointed, Major J. M. Taylor, Mr. E. M. Oldham, and Mr. J. Otis Fellows, all Eastern experts, dividing the entire work between them.

The show will close this evening, and it is to be h[oped] the Club will find its efforts rewarded sufficiently t[o] induce them to persevere with its good work as the year come round.

A stage in the process of transporting a big gun from the dock in San Francisco to its destination at Lime Point

## GOSSIP OF EUROPE

### The Latest On Dits in the Continental Capitals.

Le tout Paris is greatly excited of late over the rumor of an approaching duel between M. Brunetiere and M. Zola. Brunetiere has but just returned to Paris, after a series of lectures delivered in New York and elsewhere along the Atlantic seaboard of this country. The author of "La Terre"—so it is said—will at once call out the editor for certain strictures which the editor passed upon his novels.

The probabilities are, however, that Zola, long since hardened and seasoned to abuse and unfair vilification, will face the music stoically, and will not so far forget his dignity as to fight a critic whose worst offense is that he does not admire the Rougon-Macquart. Brunetiere claims that Zola has not shown courage in putting immorality before the public, but merely bad taste; but bad taste is a personal matter, after all, and in the language of his own people is a thing qui'l ne faut pas disarter. The affair will probably settle down to a war of words and pens, and the two literary lights will no doubt exchange compliments in the "Figaro." But Brunetiere is bound to have the worst of it, and if he is wise will avoid any encounter with the "man with the iron pen."

And now comes the information—and startling enough it is—that King George is preparing to abandon his capital, his country and his people, and retire from the world in general and Greece in particular. His agent, so runs the rumor, has of late been negotiating for the purchase of an estate in upper Austria, where the beaten king and his un-royal son and heir, together with the queen and royal family, may hide their diminished head and be out of all danger, either of the Turk or of the war correspondent. The estate is situated in one of the northern provinces of Austria, in quite a wild bit of country. It is called the Villa Kluseman, and is at Muhlwang, near Gmunden.

A rather interesting discovery has just been made in the Jarden des Plantes in Paris. One of the directors of the garden was recently walking about among the hothouses of the enclosure, when he discovered under a pile of old flower pots the opening of what seemed to be an abandoned well. To satisfy his curiosity the director had himself lowered into the opening, and found to his surprise that it suddenly turned at right angles and led off into a subterranean passage. The director followed this passage for nearly half an hour, and made out that it was but one of a vast labyrinth of passageways built—for some unknown reason—by the Romans during the time when Paris was "Mud Town." These passageways are to be devoted to a curious use. Milne Edwards, the scientist, is to keep therein—in total darkness—a number of rabbits and guinea pigs in order to determine the effect of perpetual night upon their eyes. In course of time Mr. Edwards hopes to reconstitute types of a kind of animal intermediate between those who lived in caves and those on the surface of the earth.

A few more years and the salon of the famous old Palais de l'Industrie will have ceased to exist. The committee having the matter in charge are at this moment laboring to effect a change of base to the Palais Royal. The reason for the change is that the old Palais has become too small to accommodate the increasing number of pictures that are accepted every year. All but four of the thirty-seven proprietors of the Palais Royal have consented to waive their claims in favor of the state. It is proposed to roof over the garden with glass, and to partition off the space into appropriate galleries and rooms. Four, however, of the property holders insist upon holding their ground, basing their objections to removal on a clause in the original deeds, which insures them an unobstructed view of the garden. Their objections will avail nothing, however, as the state could easily evade them by condemning the entire property en bloc.

Two more huge guns destined for Lime Point are in process of removal from the foot of Townsend street. The guns have been brought down on flat-cars to the water's edge, and throughout all of last week a small army of workmen have been at work moving one of the monsters from the car to the barge that is to convey it to the Point.

The means employed to budge the leviathan are rather suggestive of the launching of a ship. The gun rests on sliding ways and in a greased cradle, but instead of being propelled by its own weight down an incline is hauled aboard the barge by means of a donkey engine and a system of cables. The cables are attached to the cradle itself, and not to the gun, the gun being moved from the cradle only at the last moment. The barge itself is quite an affair. It is an enormous flat boat specially constructed, having a carrying capacity of 380 tons, and strengthened with 12x12 timbering at every five feet. Once arrived at Lime Point, the gun will not be immediately unloaded, but the barge instead dragged part of the way up the bank. The cables will then be attached to the cradle of the gun, which, with the gun still resting upon it, will be hauled off upon a set of greased ways.

There is an amount of work going on in the American Embassy in London unusual in that establishment. During the last two years little has been done there, all important negotiations between the two Governments having been conducted in Washington. It is expected that Colonel Hay will take up the Behring Sea question, as papers relating to the regulation of seal fishing have been presented at the Foreign Office through Secretary White of the Embassy.

Setters

Great Danes

Collies

St. Bernard

Bloodhound

Bulldog

Bull Terrier

*SAN FRANCISCO KENNEL-CLUB SHOW*

*SPECIMENS OF THE DOGS ON EXHIBITION AT THE MECHANICS PAVILION*

Photos by Charles Weidner

## METROPOLITAN NOISES

### The Gamut of Sounds Which Harass the Ears of San Franciscans.

Perhaps it is because of the irregular cobbling of the streets, or perhaps because of the clearness of the atmosphere, or of the absence of certain anti-nuisance regulations, but for some reason or other this San Francisco of ours is one of the noisest cities between the oceans. Put your head from the office window some day about 11 o'clock, or, failing that, pause for an instant as you read these words and listen to the sound the city makes in its living. You will notice there are two parts to this sound, two registers as one might say. First there is the multifarious stacatto notes, brief, incisive, a world of little sharp, high-keyed ear-jars, but under these, below these (you would hear it at first, and it takes some little application to catch it), comes a low pitch fourdon, a portrayed baser hum, arising, God knows where. You may hear this diapason from the city better at night, and it is much the same sound as that thrown off by the sea or by the wind in a forest or by a distant multitude.

It is a vast, huge, soothing murmur, rather agreeable than otherwise—a sort of music. The other register is the one that harries you. Listen to it long enough and it will "get in your nerves." A physician told me once, that in all the range of science there was nothing more irritating to a nervous patient than noise.

That's why you will now and then see tan bark before some of the city's houses, where some nervous patient is lying sick. It will not do, it seems, to stop this patient's ears with wax or cotton. It is surprising to know that your ears are not your only sound transmitters. You can picture sound waves striking against the teeth and against the "mastoid process," the round bone behind the ear.

Did you ever notice how plainly you can hear the ringing of the bell of a cable car? As you sit in your office window, for instance, you can distinguish the shrieking of that little saucer of metal as plainly as you can catch the hideous rattling of that load of iron rails or the roll of that huge truck. It appears that the reason for this lies in the fact that the vibrations of the bell are rhythmic and will carry farther than those of the rails or the wheels of the truck, which are not. But it is great gamut for you, the noises of this city's thoroughfares. I suppose there is a part of us, after all, a certain savage, primitive, uncouth part, that rejoices in noise, for noise's sake. Else would we all live in the country, beyond ear-shot of the load of rails, the jangling of cable-car bells, the chanting of newsboys, the demoniac yells of the "fresh-strawberry" hucksters, or the incantation of the "rags-bottles-sacks" man,

The Cable-Car Bell

where we would never be obliged to hear a brake yelp against a dusty tire, or dodge the scissors-grinder at his awful trade.

Perhaps you will never quite appreciate the importance of the noises of the city's streets until you shall fall ill—especially of a nervous complaint. Then you will realize the weight of my physician's words when he said that nothing could be more harrowing and more hurtful to a nervous patient than noise. In some highly organised subjects it will produce hysteria, mild insanity, becoming, in fact, a positive physical torture. The lower the type, however, the less irritating is effect produced. With the savage, noise is music and music

Fresh Strawberries

The Organ Grinder

Coasters

noise, but delicate and highly specialized organisms can be influenced by sound as mercury is influenced by temperature. Ears such as this can find music where you and I would only find noise. That is, in scientific tones, can distinguish the rhythmic quality of the vibration,

Drays on Third Street

for in this lies the only difference between music and mere noise, noise being only a series of vibrations which have no rhythm.

The distress and terror in Paris over the recent fire were of a nature almost beyond imagination. The disaster affected the minds of men to a remarkable extent. It spread consternation through all classes and conditions of society. Upon the aristocracy it was a visitation—a veritable descent of the Angel Death. Not since the Reign of Terror had there been such wholesale destruction. The fire fiend played havoc with the first families of the nation, as the guillotine did in the bloody era of Robespierre. Nearly every French family of note suffered by death directly or indirectly in the awful conflagration, and the number of royal and noble houses of Italy, Spain and Austria thrown into mourning over the affair is almost incredible.

The death of the Duchesse D'Alencon and incidentally that of the Duc D'Aumale affects nearly every Catholic royal family in Europe. The Duchesse was a daughter of Archduke Maximilian of Zweibrucken-Birkenfeld, a branch of the royal house of Bavaria, and was a sister of the Empress of Austria and of the Archduke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, the great oculist and philanthropist. The Duc D'Aumale was a son of Louis Philippe, a brother of the Compte de Paris, and uncle to the Queen of Portugal. The catastrophe and its consequences recalls the romantic love affair of the Duchesse D'Alencon with mad King Ludwig of Bavaria. Like her sister, the Empress of Austria, the Duchesse, then called the Archduchesse Sophie, was brought up in a most unconventional manner. She lived in the romantic Bavarian Tyrol, with its beautiful lakes and mountains and valleys, and grew up a child of nature, with horses and dogs for companions and the chase for enjoyment. She had a magnificent figure, dark eyes and black hair, and at the age of nineteen was considered the most beautiful woman at the Bavarian court. At this time Ludwig II. was King of Bavaria, being then twenty-one years of age. He was romantic, ambitious, and idealistic, a great lover of art and one of Wagner's most enthusiastic admirers and protectors. Princess Sophie shared the King's passion for Wagner's music, and this taste brought the two together. They became engaged, and the period of their betrothal was the happiest time of King Ludwig's life. The poetry and passion of his romantic nature were aroused and were given expression to. Elaborate preparations were made for the nuptials, the ambition of the King being to make it the greatest royal wedding of modern times. In the midst of the preparations the King suddenly left Munich without a word of warning and went to his castle on Starenberg Lake. Soon afterward it was announced that he had broken the engagement.

The reasons suggested for this extraordinary course were as numerous as they were varied. Some said it was due to the attentions the Princess paid to a young officer; others affirmed, and it may easily be believed, that the Prussian Government, for reasons of State, interfered and prevented the match. Three years afterwards Sophie married the Duc D'Aumale and became the head of the musical and artistic set of Munich. Soon after the mind of King Ludwig gave way, and in 1886 he succeeded in committing suicide in Starenberg Lake. The shock of his death deeply affected Sophie and she became for a time mentally unbalanced, being obliged to retire to an asylum at Gratz, in Austria.

The European situation is illuminated by an article in the Paris "Matin," generally ascribed to the French Minister M. Hanotaux. He says: "The great danger in the Balkans was the possibility of a collision between Austria and Russia. That is now over. Emperor Francis Joseph and the Czar have realized the great idea of Catherine I. and Nicholas I.—an understanding between Austria and Russia in the presence of the Turk. But this understanding has taken place within the European concert, and does not affect the respective alliances of the two countries. Of course, if there were an alliance of the three Emperors this would mean the end of the Franco-Russian union. But the understanding between the Republic and the Muscovite empire is more cordial than ever. It is not an exclusive nor a jealous arrangement. The two countries are absolutely pacific and wish to establish general confidence and solidarity in Europe."

Elixirs of life, and the frequently discovered "fountains of youth," have been all outdistanced by an alleged

The Dog Hospital

discovery recently announced by Dr. Augusta Brown-Girard of New York. Dr. Brown declares that she has found a way to transmit vitality to a patient not only from a healthy man or woman but from animals as well. She calls the discovery the "Transfusion of Vital Energy Through Electric Impulse,"and has made many experiments which the "Journal"' declares are satisfactory results. Dr. Brown graduated from the Women's Medical College of Chicago in 1873, and has devoted her life to the study of the nervous system, which is really the foundation of her discovery. She has spent many years of her life abroad, and has studied under such men as Dr. Beal of London and Pasteur, Dr. Rechaud and Dr. Pajano of Paris.

Fish Peddler

Knives Sharpened

Dray on the Cobbles

MAY BUCKLEY AND J. H. BENRIMO
Thors, photo

FRANCIS POWERS
Who wrote the play
Elite, photo

CHINESE CHILDREN WHO APPEAR IN "THE FIRST BORN"
Elite, photo

MEMBERS OF THE ALCAZAR COMPANY PRODUCING "THE FIRST BORN"

# A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

## Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My dear Diary, it is with a feeling of perfect self-satisfaction that I confide my daily doings to your sympathetic pages. I have been acting a noble part this week—that of a peacemaker. You know of old how dreadfully exacting Leila is! Well, at the reception given by the Presidio people last week her darling Harry spoke a few words to the prettiest girl in the garrison, and Leila was madly jealous. She rose in her wrath, and, on the way home, poor Harry had a wretched time. I hope Providence will not treasure up the fibs the wretched fellow was obliged to tell against him on the judgment day. He was in an awful state, and begged me to intercede for him with the irate Leila. I told him he was an utter fool to pay any attention, but when a man is in love, whew! I acted as mediator, and now listen to their billings and cooings with all the pride of a motherly hen who has successfully raised a brood of ducklings.

I must now tell you about the George De Long tug party. I had a blissful day. We left the Mission street wharf, and steamed to McNear's Landing, where we had lunch. Mrs. Will Gwin chaperoned us, and as Mrs. Cavalier Jouett was the only other matron on board you can fancy the pleasurable nature of the outing. I looked like a peach—so the boys told me. I wore my new blue linen duck outing suit with pique front and revers, and on my head a white sailor with blue band. Even Leila said I looked fetching, which means a great deal. George De Long made a perfect host, and not for an instant did the least popular member of the party feel neglected. There were numberless lads, among them a lot of the University chaps, who are full of life and fun. About the lunch; it would be adding another line unto the feasts of Autolycus were I to paint it for you. We were all vulgarly hungry, which added yet another fillip to the spread.

In the evening I first went into Mrs. Charlotte Brown's tea—a very jolly affair, with endless men and maids in their satin and orange blossoms, or, if you prefer it, their war paint. Mrs. Brown looked exceedingly handsome. I wish mamma's hair was white; it lends such an air of distinction. Dr. Adelaide Brown assisted her mother. Afterwards we went to the closing of the Gingerbread Fete. Truly the patronesses have cause to be grateful! Never before has a charity affair been so popular. Numbers of the girls won drawings of Jimmie Swinerton, among them Leontine Blakeman, who, by the way, has become very pretty since her sojourn in the East. Frances Currey won a hat, Sallie Maynard a cut-glass dish, Bernie Drown a picture. Really the things were worth going for. I won several bets, and anticipate reveling in white gloves during the summer. Every one was there, and yet half the world seems to be in the country. Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Stone, Miss Florence Stone and the Baker small fry left on Tuesday for their ranch at Gilroy. I hear there is scarcely a room vacant in the Hotel Rafael. Mme. Barrios is over there in the Von Schroder quarters, and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has taken a house there. The usual habitues are to go to Monterey. On Sunday we went to baby Spreckels' christening. It was a very select affair. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was godmother by proxy, Laura McKinstry serving as her representative. Mr. Gus Spreckels was godfather. The baby received his father's name, Rudolph. He is a bonny little chap. Mr. Oelrichs was there, and Father Prendergast baptized the youngster. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels left on Tuesday for Honolulu, where he anticipates remaining for four months.

The Huntingtons went East on Monday, and are to be in London for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. How I wish I could go. Would you believe it, some of the rooms in the hotels have been engaged for over a year. The Huntingtons expect to stay with Princess Hatzfeldt, who has a pretty place in the suburbs. I am at present busily engaged in preparing a costume for Ethel Cohen's wedding. She has chosen her bridesmaids for their beauty, I think. Emma Butler is to be maid of honor. Bernie Drown, Ida Gibbons, Julia Crocker and Helen Wagner are the bridesmaids. Their gowns are thus far unknown to all outside their own sweet selves. I begged Julia to tell me, but she refused. I believe the girls are to wear white, and Emma is to be in blue.

On Monday Leila went to Mrs. Dickman's concert, which was very good, she said, and the house was well filled. Several of the patronesses had parties. Mrs. Wm. B. Hooper had a crowd of young people, among them Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman, Gertie Foreman, George De Long, etc. Afterwards they went to supper at the Occidental. I went to the Baldwin with Uncle Horace and Aunt Sybil. I did not care for the play much. Maxine Elliot travels altogether on her beauty, and does not seem to take her art seriously at all. Goodwin is always good, but he, even, did not play in a spirited fashion. There was not sufficient incident or dramatic action to please me, but Uncle Horace suggested that my tastes were vitiated and that perhaps I should prefer the Alcazar or Morosco's. Snubbed, as usual, poor Miss Cricket! On Tuesday I went out to Ingleside to the society races in aid of the Woman's Exchange, and had a fine time. I hardly dare breathe it even to your silent pages, Diary dear, but I won twenty dollars—shades of Aunt Sybil, but I am wicked.

There was quite a smart gathering, and some very pretty gowns were aired. On Wednesday I went to Field Day at the Presidio, and to tea at Harry's quarters afterwards. In the evening mamma, papa, Leila, Arthur, Harry and I went to the Dog Show. It was what the dailies would term a function. Nearly all those who had any sort of a decent canine, exhibited. Uncle Horace entered a collie, whose pedigree is almost as long as those of the Mayflower claimants. Mrs. De Wolf Hopper had her dog in, and attracted a tremendous amount of attention. And now, Diary dear, farewell for another week. From your own devoted,

MISS CRICKET.

***

Oakland in May resembles the house tops in September, when the swallows are trying their wings preparatory to their fall peregrinations. Every one is animated with a desire to accomplish as much sewing as possible. The dressmakers are pursued with an avidity which characterizes hungry hounds in their pursuit of the fox. Social duties are allowed to lapse for the nonce. Few matrons even dream of giving aught but the most informal of entertainments, and the sole light upon this scene of "stitch, stitch, stitch," is furnished by a few of the young men. Two very jolly dinners were given during the past week. One, on Thursday evening, to a large number of the Deux Temps set by Mr. Horace Miller, was especially pretty. It was a pink party, the table being a study in this shade. It was lighted by candles and covered with roses. The affair was conceded to have been easily the prettiest meal of the season. On Tuesday evening Mr. Fred Magee entertained the same set of young people at a dinner at the Haywards Hotel. The decorations were arranged to suit the quaint old-fashioned room, which presented an interesting picture, filled with the girls in their delicate, fluffy muslin frocks, their bright ribbons and joyous faces. Afterwards the young people danced to the strains of a brass band, and were then driven through the village. The night was moonlight, warm and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Will Magee chaperoned the party.

A garden party is to be given by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith on Saturday, May 29th, for the benefit of the Central Kindergarten. The Presidio band is to furnish the music. During the afternoon there is to be an informal musicale. Mrs. P. D. Brown, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Ralston and Mrs. Smith are among the patronesses.

Quite the largest entertainment given by the Ebell Society was the luncheon on Tuesday last in honor of Mrs. Helen Gardner of Boston. Mrs. Wheaton, assisted by Mrs. Pedar Sather and Mrs. Smith, were the hostesses of the day. The decorations were in smilax and La France roses. After lunch Mrs. Gardner gave an amusing account of her experiences. Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long gave a luncheon at Highlands in honor of Mrs. Moore, who has recently arrived from New York. The decorations were in yellow. Mrs. Requa also entertained Mrs. Huntington, the Mills and the Kruttschnitts at a breakfast last week.

Miss Jessie Coleman is busily engaged preparing for her wedding, which is to take place on June 24th. It is to be a quiet home affair, owing to the Knowles family being still in mourning. Miss Donaldson of Philadelphia, who is to be maid of honor to Miss Coleman, arrived last week, and is being widely entertained. Miss Kate Clement gave a tea in her honor on Thursday afternoon, as also did Mrs. Watkinson on Monday from 4 to 6 o'clock. In both instances the houses were massed with roses and sweet peas. On Friday evening a farewell concert was given by Miss Sofia Newland and Miss Esther Needham, assisted by Miss Bessie Wall, Mr. Rickard and others. Miss Newland and Miss Needham are both contemplating matrimony, and expect to leave Oakland before the end of the summer. Miss Newland is to settle in Edinburgh, Scotland, Miss Needham in Woodland.

Among the first of the summer wanderers are Mrs. Charles Haven and Miss Carrie Haven, who leave for Mexico on June 1st.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

Nat Goodwin will be seen at the Baldwin next week in "An American Citizen."

The Lilliputians follow Nat Goodwin at the Baldwin in their new spectacle, "The Merry Tramps."

Mr. Andrew Younger Wood announces a concert under the auspices of the Van Ness Fraternity at the Second Unitarian Church Wednesday evening, May 26th.

"Excelsior, Jr." will be presented for the last times to-night and to-morrow night. Next week the theater will be closed to permit of alterations and improvements, and on Monday evening, May 31st, will be reopened by the Frawley Company.

"The Dark Secret" will be the play at Morosco's next week. Among the stage effects is a boat race on the River Thames. This scene will be a representation of the great Henley Regatta —real boats being rowed, and real naphtha launches being used on a river of real water. Maud Edna Hall, who has been so well received this week as Lady Isabel in "East Lynn," will assume the principal part. There will be a number of specialties introduced in the play.

On Friday evening, the 8th of this month, a concert will be given in aid of the San Francisco Boys' Club. The concert will take place at Sherman & Clay's Music Hall. Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Donald Graham and Miss Hulda Anderson have volunteered their services. The tickets are 50 cents each. Thre is no worthier or more beneficial institution in the city than the Boys' Club, and the concert should, and no doubt will be, largely attended.

T. Daniel Frawley, accompanied by Blanche Bates, Frank Worhting, Eleanor Moretti, J. M. Colville, Gladys Wallis, Theodore Hamilton, Georgia Busbey, Thomas Ross and Wm. Lewers, arived from New York on Friday and at once commenced rehearsals of "The Fatal Card," which will be the opening play of the new Frawley Company at the Columbia Theater on Monday evening, May 31st. An entire carload of scenery was also brought along for their new productions.

Omene, the world's only female prestidigitateur, assisted by La Belle Madini, will make her appearance at the Orpheum next week. If memory faileth not, this is the lady who was the first to give San Francisco the Danse du Ventre; now she has turned her attention to magic and slight of hand. Jules and Ella Garrison, travesty artists, are also among the new people. Eclair Brothers, the "Demon and the Crocodile," are on for another week, in conjunction with the Baggenses and the Osrani Pantomime Company. Mlle. Ani and Tacianu, the male soprano, make their last appearance.

The Tivoli announces "Martha" for next week—pretty, pleasing "Martha," with its rythm and its romances, its romance, its Richmond Fair and its immortal melody of Moore. Rhys Thomas will be Lionel; John J. Raffael, Plunkett; W. H. West, Lord Tristan; Maurice Darcy, the Sheriff; Laura Millard, Lady Harriett; and Myra Morella, Nancy. A ballet and several specialties will be introduced in the fair scene. "Captain Fracassa," the opera at the Tivoli this week, is thorougly Viennese in tone and treatment. It is full of bright and pretty music, and the Tivoli gives it a very good production, the arrangement of the carnival and the ballet in the second act being particularly pleasing. As Captain Fracassa, Rhys Thomas sings effectively, but his comedy is not good; it would be well for him to avoid such work altogether. Laura Millard, the Princess de Coligny, has a remarkably pretty waltz songs in the third act, which she gives unusually well, receiving a sort of mild ovation. Myra Morella, as Scrollina, has a fortunate portion of bright music and taking comedy, through which she manages creditably. The rest of the cast get along quite well, but it is rather odd to see Elvia Crox Seabrook "standing around;" she would do so cleverly in the soubrette role.

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Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

The Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Munier & Ieuch, proprietors.

Dr. H. G. Young—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

## A TERPSICHOREAN REVOLT

### Paris Protests Against Americanizing the Dance.

Word comes from over the water that the French capital is up in revolt, in open, seething rebellion against what it unkindly terms the Americanizing of the dance. M. Pierre de Land is the apostle of the reaction, and in an album entitled "Nos Parisiennes Celles Qui Dansent" gives relief to his feelings in an enraptured and thoroughly Parisian manner. M. de Land starts in on the ballet; he says that of all theatrical performances it is the one that has advanced the least. It is the same to-day as it was one hundred years ago—the same thing of multi-colored fleshings, galvanic smiles, and tarletan skirts. It is all a tradition transmitted faithfully from maitre de ballet pere, to maitre de ballet fils. M. de Land's artistic soul is wrung at the condition of the ballet, but the wring is a mild twist when compared to the wrenching it receives when he comes to deal with the dance of society. M. de Land considers it a lost art, and thoroughly unworthy of discussion, nevertheless he gives it much of his important attention. Fashionable dances have become a series of vulgar gymnastics — the quadrille has actually ceased to exist, and all because it has become Americanized.

*MAXINE ELLIOTT*
Leading Lady of the Nat Goodwin Company

Just how this evolution has occurred M. de Land does not explain, neither does he afford us an insight into the method of his madness, he simply states and goes ahead. The fashionable dance has become a folly—a grievance, like to a deception, it has fallen in the slough of desuetude, and there it flaps and flounders in a most unhappy manner. Surely a sad condition for the graceful art. But M. de Land sees hope ahead; he scents the dawn afar of a new regime, and he accordingly calls upon his countrymen to rise to the dance as it should be, as it was before the invasion of sistern from over the water. He urges them to leave to the American his goat jumps, his brutality of the hunted buffalo, his taste for the jig, and to return to the radiant divertissements of their gallant grandfathers and graceful grandmothers.

Such is the doctrine of the new prophet who has appeared upon the heights of Paris. Like some ancient seer, he stands upon the steps of the temple of art, and, holding aloft his album de la danse, calls on his compatriots to follow him, or rather, glide with him in graceful measure to the fane of Terpsichore.

M. de Land means well; he must be given the benefit of his intentions, but he is a trifle unkind in his disposition of his American brethren. It is our misfortune to be given to the jump of the festive billy, to the amblings of the buffalo, but, after all, why should he leave us in our misfortune? Why should he not call us, too, with those of his own chosen people to follow him to the classic haunts of the muse of dance?

* *

A new thing has come upon New York, and the swagger set has been quick in taking it up. It is a dinner party, the different courses of which are given at different restaurants. The idea originated with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Stewart of Gotham's best society. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart recently gave a dinner, the cards of which read for the Grosvenor, an ultra fashionable hotel. First the oysters came, then the soup and fish, and then came consternation. Mr. Stewart gravely announced that the waiters had struck, and that if they would further eat they must go elsewhere. So the guests arose and left the decorated scene of interrupted revelry and proceeded to the Martin, where, amid a perfect bloom of jonquils the entrees made their appearance in a most delightful manner. But here came consternation number two—the roasts at the Martin had almost entirely given out, and there was not sufficient quantity to feed the guests, so off went the party to Delmonico's, where the desired want was supplied with satisfaction. It was then the diners began to suspect that something new was being tried on them, though the host warded all questions artfully. When Delmonico declared he could not serve a party of the size with salad, and when Mr. Stewart announced that he knew of a restaurant where a good substitute could be obtained, they all caught on, and entered into the spirit of the thing. They left Delmonicos and soon found thtemselves in the Chinese quarter, in the solitary restaurant of which that place can boast, where they were served with chop-suey, the oddest substitute for salad ever heard of. But they ate the stuff, and soon continued their pilgrimage for dessert, which they found at the Waldorf in the midst of 20,000 violets.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

## BOOK NOTES

"Miss Archer Archer," by Clara Louise Burnham (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is purely and simply a love story. It is prettily and entertainingly told and is altogether agreeable and charming. The book has a strong American flavor, some of the scenes being in and about Mount Vernon, Pulpit Point and Fortress Monroe. The negro character sketches are quite the best things in the book.

The interest in "Saint Eva," by Amelia Pain (Harper & Brothers), is altogether in the angelic beauty and character of the heroine. She becomes engaged to a man whom she loves with all the passion of her Southern nature, but who does not return her affection in the same degree. He comes into a great estate, and makes up his mind she is not a sufficiently good match. When she realizes he has abandoned her she dies of a broken heart, though her death is precipitated by a stroke of lightning. There are pretty passages in the book and much of pathos. The descriptions of Capri, its customs and its people are especially good. The work has a strikingly effective cover and a frontispiece by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

*J. M. COLVILLE*
A New Member of the Frawley Company

The title of Mrs. Hungerford's latest novel, "Lovice" (J. B. Lippincott Company), is quite misleading. It suggests a day in April, with a tiny cloud now and then, and a little blow of wind, but principally all blush and bloom and sunny skies. "Lovice" is not of such. There are bits of sunlight scattered about, but the whole thing is principally cloudy weather, and it all ends in the most un-Duchess-like manner—in the death of the heroine. But Lovice is lovable she loves and she suffers, and when the comes, and when she dies at last, it is, after just as well. Mrs. Hungerford has written in her time—more than the average author—and it may be well for her that in her last book, given to the world after her death, she has struck a note of sadness—for sadness leaves a greater impression than joy.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

The second prize story in the Chicago "Herald's" competition in mystical fiction, "The Mill of Silence," by B. E. J. Capes, has been published by Rand, McNally & Company. Mr. Capes' story was awarded the second prize out of 816 competing tales, and on its appearence in the "Herald" occasioned considerable comment. It is melodramatic to a degree, with a touch of terror now and then, and a little relieving love.

Rand, McNally & Company have also brought out "The Eye of the Sun," by Edward S. Ellis, the fifth prize story in the "Herald" competition. The tale is about an Indian diamond of fabulous value, which the owner brings to America, where it is lost and regained in any number of exciting adventures.

*GLADYS WALLIS*
Who opens the season with the Frawley Company
Thors, photo

Very interesting and instructive is "The Story of the Birds," by James Newton Baskett, M. A. (D. Appleton & Company). The book is intended for home reading—a sort of course in self education. It treats of all kinds of birds, describing their habits, anatomy and domestic dispositions in a most complete manner. The work contains a number of illustrations.

The art of the safe cracker is being seriously interfered with just now by the increasing skill of the safe builder. As fast as improved processes in safe and vault construction have been brought into use the ingenuity of the safe cracker has thus far found a way to overcome them, but it seems now that the manufacturers lead the cracksmen. The latest device is in the form of a huge globe of iron, inside of which a spherical chest revolves sideways and locks and unlocks automatically, according to the time attachment. The outer globe is a solid casting, and the contents of the inner chest are far in the rear, with more than a foot of solid metal between them and the burglar. This form allows of a curved or saucer-shaped bearing, which is proof against the prying of wedges, and it is said no safe of this pattern has been robbed. But its time will doubtless come, for where there is a safe there is a way. The latest and most startling development in safe burglary is the discovery that by the aid of electricity the stoutest walls of steel and iron can be penetrated with ease and rapidity. The experiment has been made, for the benefit of safemakers, by Samuel Rodman, Jr., a graduate of West Point. Mr. Rodman succeeded by the aid of electricity in getting a good sized hole through five inches of wrought iron in less than half an hour, the electricity for the purpose being obtained by flexible wires connected with electric light wires, on a trolley wire, and led to the safe. The possibility of the operation is admitted by electricians, but many doubts are raised as to the capability and speed of the burglar in handling the current, and again it is claimed that it would be almost impossible to escape detection in making the connection.

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## MRS. ATHERTON AGAIN

### "His Fortunate Grace," the Story of an Interntaional Marriage.

No sooner had the Mechanics' Library declared the unworth of "Patience Sparhawk" and set the community agog to read it, than there appears in the book stores a new novel by Gertrude Atherton, "His Fortunate Grace" (D. Appleton Co.) A curious coincidence surely that the events should hinge so opportunely. I have commented on the genius for advertising which distinguishes Mrs. Atherton among writers, but even if she lacked the talent for being conspicuous, the Fates conspire to thrust publicity on her. The existence of a conspiracy to advance the sales of her novels can hardly be suspected, but the deepest of plots could have accomplished nothing so admirable as mere circumstance has now achieved for her. Think of the advertising she has attained and the curiosity that has been excited—why, she has shared the attention of San Francisco with its latest scandal.

As for the merits of the controversy, there is no good reason why the members of the Mechanics' Library should be debarred from the perusal of "Patience Sparhawk." It is neither immoral nor trashy, and while it does not achieve a holy purpose, it makes excellent reading. There are faults in plenty—the book is melodramatic and unreal, but it is full of observation and deduction, and presents a series of views of contemporary life which are both individual and startling. No one would set up Mrs. Atherton as an accurate critic of life, but she certainly succeeds in being vastly entertaining on the subjects of society, journalism and Christian Temperance work. Her opinion of the men in New York society is diverting, original and preposterous. It reflects the limitations of the writer's experience rather than the facts.

When a man makes violent love to a woman to whom he has but just been introduced, and not only expresses his devotion, but essays violently to kiss her, it is safe to believe he is mad, a blackguard or that the female has provoked the situation by her manner. The latter, Mrs. Atherton denies. The standards of gentility are no different in New York to those that rule in London and Paris, and he who acts as Beverley Peel did and as Latimer Burr did, are cads—obviously and transparently. But they are particular cads, not necessarily New York types. The author's difficulty seems to be in inferring general rules from singular individual experiences. She is a clever, laborious woman, whose talent is for situations and description rather than for characterization. Her book is worthy of attention and study, because it does deal boldly with problems of contemporary life and because it is a transcript of individual experiences. That it is also entertaining and well written adds to its importance as fiction.

"His Fortunate Grace" is decidedly up to date. The dramatis personae are composite portraits of prominent New York men and women. The incident of the Duke of Marlborough's marriage to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt is the initial suggestion—here is just such an alliance rechauffed with a new alignment of roles. The interest is certainly heightened by the suggestion of reality—one keeps looking for the real people hidden under the masks of the characters. Briefly, the plot relates the coming to America of the Duke of Bosworth, an impecunious British nobleman, with the avowed intention of proposing for the hand of Miss Mabel Creighton, whom he imagines is an heiress. Soon after arriving he is introduced to the beautiful Mrs. Forbes—an idealized Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, an ambitious and determined woman, deeply in love with her husband, the multi-millionaire railroad king and politician, Edward K. Forbes. The latter is a splendid figure, and is evidently modeled after the personality of W. C. Whitney. Here is Virginia Forbes:

Virginia Forbes was thirty-nine and looked less than thirty. Her tall voluptuous figure had not outgrown a line of its early womanhood, her neck and arms were Greek. A Virginian by birth, she inherited her high-bred beauty from a line of ancestors that had been fathered in America by one of Elizabeth's courtiers. Her eyes had the slight fullness peculiar to the Southern woman; the colour, like that of the hair, was dark brown warmed with a touch of red. Her curved, scarlet mouth was not full, but the lips were rarely without a pout, which lent its aid to the imperious charm of her face. There were those who averred that upon the rare occasions when this lovely mouth was off its guard it showed a hint in its modelling of self-will and cruelty. But few had seen it off guard.

The Forbes have an only daughter—Augusta—a clever, opinionated, rather strong-willed young woman, who on introduction takes a strong fancy to the Duke, and in her effort to attract him, is abetted by her mother, whose highest desire it is to shine as prominently in London society as she does in New York. The downfall of the Creighton fortune arrests her designs. Bosworth having gone too far with Miss Creighton to retreat, calls on her father at his office in the Equitable Life Building, and asks for her hand. The manner in which he states his purposes and his necessities is decidedly interesting, and may serve as a model to others:

The Englishman sat tapping the top of his shoe with his stick for some moments after Cuyler had left, then rose abruptly, left the building, and hailing a hansom, drove down town to Mr. Creighton's office in the Equitable Building. The elevator shot him up to the fifth floor, and after losing his way in the vast corridors several times, he was finally steered to his quarry.

A boy who sat by a table in the private hallway reading the sporting extra of an evening newspaper, took in his card. Mr Creighton saw him at once. The room into which the Duke was shown was large, simply furnished, and flooded with light. The walls seemed to be all windows. The roar of Broadway came faintly up. A telegraph machine in the corner ticked intermittently, and slipped forth its coils of clean white ticking, so flimsy and so portentous. From an inner office came the sound of a type-writer.

Mr. Creighton rose and shook hands with his visitor, then closed the door leading into the next room and resumed his seat by a big desk covered with correspondence. He had a smooth-shaven determined face that had once been very good-looking, but there were bags under the anxious eyes, and his cheeks were haggard and lined.

"I have come down here," he said, "because it seems impossible to find you at your house, and it is necessary that I should speak to you on a matter that concerns us both. I came to America to ask your daughter to marry me."

"Have you done so?"

"I have."

"Has she accepted you?"

"Of course she wishes to refer the matter to you."

"She wishes to marry you?"

"I think she does."

Mr. Creighton sighed heavily. He wheeled about and looked through the window.

"I wished she could," he said,—"if she loves

GERTRUDE ATHERTON
HER VERY LATEST PHOTOGRAPH
By Fred'k Downer, Watford

you. I don't know you. I haven't had time to think about you. I should prefer that she married an American, myself, but I should never have crossed her so long as she chose a gentleman and a man of honor. I know nothing of your record. Were the marriage possible, I should enquire into it. But I am afraid that it is not. I am well aware—pardon my abruptness—that no Englishman of your rank comes to America for a wife if his income is sufficient to enable him to marry in his own country." He paused a moment. Then he resumed. The effort was apparent. "I must ask your confidence for a time—but it is necessary to tell you that I am seriously involved; in short, if things don't mend, and quickly, I shall go to pieces."

The Duke was sitting forward, staring at the carpet, his chin pressed hard upon the head of his stick. "I am sorry," he said, "very sorry."

"So am I. Mabel has two hundred thousand dollars of her own. I have as much more, something over, in land that is as yet unmortgaged; but that is not the amount you came for."

The Duke of Bosworth was traversing the most uncomfortable moments of his life. He opened his mouth twice to speak before he could frame a reply that should not insult his host and show himself the exponent of a type for which he suddenly experienced a profound disgust.

"Aire Castle," he said finally, "is half a ruin. All the land I have inherited which is not entailed is mortgaged to the hilt. I may add that I also inherited about half of the mortgages. My income is a pittance. It would cost two hundred thousand pounds to repair the castle—and until it is repaired, I have no home to offer a wife. In common justice to a woman, I must look out that she brings money with her. That is my position. It is a nasty one. It is good of you not to call me a fortune-hunter and order me out."

"Well, well, at least you have not intimated that you are conferring an inestimable honor in asking me to regild your coronet. I appreciate your position. It is ugly. So is mine. Thank you for being frank."

The Englishman rose. He held out his hand. "I hope you'll come out all right," he said, with a sudden and rare burst of warmth. "I do indeed. Good luck to you."

Mr. Creighton shook his hand heartily. "Thank you. I won't. But I'm glad you feel that way."

It is necessary now that the Duke acquaint Miss Creighton with the situation, and he proceeds most unwillingly to her home to do so. Boldly, he has to tell her that she cannot have him, and he accomplishes it with a proper sense of his personal unworth.

The Duke did not call a hansom when he reached the street. The interview to come was several times more trying to face than the last had been; he preferred to walk the miles between the Equitable Building and Murray Hill.

He reached the house in an hour. Miss Creighton was in the library reading a novel by the fire, and looked up brightly as he entered.

"You are a very bad man," she said, "I have waited in for you all day, and it is now half-past four. I am reading Kenilworth. The love scenes are too funny for words. Amy hangs upon Leicester's neck and exclaims, 'My noble earl!' Fancy if I called you 'My noble duke.' How perfectly funny!"

The Duke took his stand on the hearth-rug—man's immemorial citadel of defense—and tapped his chin with his hat, regarding Mabel stolidly with his fishy pale-blue gaze. He was cross and uncomfortable and hated himself, but his face expressed nothing.

"I have seen your father," he said.

"Oh—have you? What—what did he say?"

"When I asked you to marry me I explained how I was situated."

"I know—won't papa?—He's very generous."

"He can't. He is very seriously embarrassed."

The girl's breath shortened painfully. She turned very white. Unconsciously she twisted her hands together.

"Then we cannot marry?"

"How can we Do you want to spend your life hounded by lawyers, money-lenders, and financial syndicates, and unable to keep up your position? You would die of misery, poor child. I am not a man to make a woman happy on three hundred thousand pounds a year. Poor! It would be hell."

She did not look up, but sat twirling her rings.

"You know best," she said, "I don't know the conditions of life in England. If you say that we should be miserable, you must know. I suppose you did not love me very much."

"Not much, Mabel. I have only the skeleton of a heart in me. I wonder it does duty at all. You are well rid of me."

"You certainly did not make any very violent protestations. I cannot accuse you of hypocrisy."

"One thing—I was not half good enough for you. As far as I can remember this is the first time I have ever humbled myself. You are a jolly little thing and deserve better luck."

She made no reply.

"I shall cross almost immediately—shall give it out that you have refused me."

"You need not. I have told no one but Augusta. People will think that we are merely good friends. We will treat each other in a frank, off-hand manner when we meet out."

"You are a game little thing! You'd make a good wife, a good fellow to chum with. I wish is could have come round our way."

The coast is clear now for Mrs. Forbes and her daughter. A gay young society man, Fletcher Cuyler, who is acting as the Duke's impresario, notifies his friend that the heiress favors him. Bosworth proposes at once, is accepted, and Mrs. Forbes undertakes the task of acquainting her husband with the situation. This is a dangerous and most unwelcome ordeal. Forbes is strongly and patriotically American. He scorns international matches, and the Duke of Bosworth, physically and mentally, has excited his profound contempt. Between himself and his wife there exists a deep affection, which has made life a veritable romance for him. However, her ambitions have been excited, and all the kindliness and generosity of her husband is forgotten in realizing a social dream. The scene between them is the best thing in the book and really is highly dramatic in its way:

"I thought this little fortune-hunter was engaged to Mabel Creighton," he said abruptly.

"That was all a mistake——

"He found out that Creighton was in a hole, I suppose. Virginia!—it is not possible?—you did not tell him?—you have not been scheming to bring about this damnable transaction?"

"Of course I did not tell him. I wish you wouldn't screw up your eyes like that at me. I saw before he had been here a week that he had fallen in love with Augusta——"

"Love be damned! Do you imagine that a man like that loves?"

"Well, liked, then. Of course he cannot afford to marry without money——"

"And I am expected to buy him, I suppose?"

"Don't be so coarse! Now listen to me, Ned. I want this match. Of course I should not move in the matter if I did not respect the Duke, and if Augusta didn't love him as much as she is capable of loving. But I want this English alliance—and there may never be another opportunity. I will state the fact plainly—it would give me the greatest possible satisfaction to know that my position was assured in England as it is in America——"

"Good God! What is the matter with you American women? If you sat down and worked it out, could you tell why you are all so mad about the English nobility? Or wouldn't you blush if you could? As I said the other day, it is a germ dis-


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ease—a species of brain-poisoning. It eats and rots. It demoralizes like morphine and alcohol. After a woman has once let herself go, she is good for nothing else for the rest of her life. She eats, drinks, sleeps, thinks English aristocracy. Even you, if I gave you your head, would find it in you to become a veritable coronet-chaser—you!—my God! Well, it won't be in my time; and if Augusta runs off with this debased, dishonored little wretch she'll not get one cent of mine. And there will be no breaking of wills; I'll dispose of my fortune before I die. I shall take good care to let him know this at once, for I make no doubt he's desperate——"

Mrs. Forbes sprang to her feet. "You never spoke so to me before," she cried furiously. "I do not believe you love me. So long as I spend my life studying your wishes—and have studied them for twenty-two years—you are amiable and charming enough; but now that your wife and daughter want something that you don't wish to give them, that doesn't happen to suit your fancy, you turn upon me in your true character of a tyrant——"

"Virginia! hush!" said Mr. Forbes sternly. "I have done nothing of the sort. You are talking like a petulant child. Come here and tell me that you will think no more of this wretched business——"

He went forward, but she moved rapidly aside. "Don't touch me," she said. "I am not in the mood to be touched. And I shall never be happy again if you refuse your consent to this marriage."

"Never be what? Has our happiness rested on so uncertain a foundation as that? I thought that you loved me."

"Oh, I do. Of course I do. But can't you understand that love isn't everything to a woman?—any more than it is to a man? I would be married to no other man on earth, not to a prince of the blood. But it is not everything to me any more than it is everything to you. Suppose you were suddenly stripped of your tremendous political influence, of your financial power, and reduced to the mere domestic and social round? Would I suffice? Not unless you were eighty and in need of a nurse."

She had drawn herself up to her full commanding height. Her head was thrown back, her nostrils were distended, her lips were a scarlet undulating line. There was no other color in her face. It looked as opaque, as hard as ivory. The eyes were merciless; even their brown had lost its warmth. The jewels with which she was hung, which glowed with deep rubescent fire on her robe and neck and brow, gave her the appearance of an idol—an idol which had suddenly been informed with the spirit of pitiless ambition and spurned its creator.

Mr. Forbes had turned very grey. His nostrils and lips contracted. His teeth set. Involuntarily he glanced from the woman to the portrait. The portrait was more alive than the woman.

"Don't you understand?" she demanded.

"No," he said, "I don't think I do. At least I hope I do not. At all events, I hope we may not discuss this subject again. I did not tell you that I intend to pull Creighton through. I cannot see an old friend go under. It will be to the Duke's interest to push his suit in that quarter—if they want him. Now, please go to your room. You are very much excited. If you were not I hardly think you would have spoken as you have."

Next day Forbes goes to Boston on business. Returning home he is told that his wife and Augusta have sailed for London. A letter from the former informs him that if he persists in refusing to consent to the union, she will turn over to her daughter her jewels, country houses and private properties, which together constitute a dot sufficient to compensate the Duke for the alliance. Grief-stricken, Forbes refrains from communicating with her. The unexpected revelation of her cruelty and hardness has surprised and shocked him. In the meantime she has innumerable social triumphs in London, but the silence and determination of her husband prey on her. She grows despondent, but continues obdurate. Finally Mrs. Atherton in a thoroughly characteristic way resolves the situation. All of a sudden Mrs. Forbes discovers that she is enciente, and this strange news (her only daughter is nineteen) is sent at once to Mr. Forbes, who crosses the ocean and takes her again to his heart—with reservations, of course. Certainly, the book cannot be said to lack a certain sensational interest; otherwise it is cleverly handled, and is smartly written. Doubtless it will have a large sale.

C.

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## GOODWIN'S GARRICK

### A Certain Deplorable Seriousness and Its Consequences.

When you come to look over the list of American plays and players you will find that the strictly first-class attractions are comparatively few. I do not mean to set up any single style of performance as a standard, but running the gamut from farce-comedy to the legitimate, and from extravaganza to grand opera, and picking out the best of each class, you will be astonished at the brevity of your list. Take, for instance, our local play-houses, the Baldwin, the Columbia and the California, and attempt to make up a list of attractions for them for the ensuing year, and you will be appalled at the number of the weeks the theaters must remain closed, or be content with companies that are likely not to draw. "There's lots of room at the top," is true in the theatrical as well as in other professions. All comic opera companies cannot be like De Wolf Hopper's or the Bostonians, nor can we have Kathryn Kidder, "Madame Sans Gene," or "The Prisoner of Zenda" with us all the while. There is scarcely a business in which one may sink money more quickly than in the theatrical, but contrarily, there is probably no line of exertion outside of gold mining, perhaps, in which the investment may prove more lucrative if the premises and conditions are favorable.

I do not like the company that Nat Goodwin has with him this year. Nor do I like to see this gentleman take himself too seriously, for to me he grows less interesting the more seriously he takes himself. Time was when Goodwin's name would have crowded the Baldwin as did the Hoppers during the last two weeks, but in those days he did not figure as the most important figure in his own horizon. He worked hard, surrounded himself with the brightest people obtainable, equipped himself with a live play to fit the times, and so by good, honest work made a success. But Nat is not a Joe Jefferson, and the public is not prepared to accept him as such. Besides this, Jefferson was never over-economical in the matter of support. He gathered to his assistance actors and actresses who themselves were drawing cards, which cannot be said of Mr. Goodwin to-day. Unless you admire Miss Elliott's type of beauty you will find her absolutely uninteresting as Ada Ingot. The Ada of Robertson's play was a sweet, head-strong girl, who held genius above title, and merit and honor above money. Miss Elliott's Ada was that of a posing young amateur who was conscious of possessing a high degree of physical attractiveness, and was willing to rest her claim for laurels upon tnose natural gifts.

In the afterpiece, "The Silent System," Miss Elliott appeared to better advantage. but one cannot say more than that she was good in spots. One of the weapons of a handsome woman in private life is the ability to pout, and Miss Elliott turned what must, by all the rules, be one of the vices of her private life, to one of her virtues as an actress. It is with a feeling of some relief that we contemplate the next week of Mr. Goodwin's engagement, during which he will present Madeline Lucette Ryley's comedy, "An American Citizen." It is a clean, pleasing piece of dramatic work, full of humor, and with a delicate touch of sentiment running through it that is most artistic and pleasant.

B.

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## RACING

### The Finale of the Season at the Emeryville Track.

The closing days of the winter and spring meeting at Emeryville track were remarkable for large fields and a good attendance, but the quality of the horses running was below the average of the season, as might have been expected.

Thursday week brought out a field of thirteen maiden three-year-olds to try conclusions at seven furlongs, and resulted in the victory of the Flambeau colt Rosalbra, carrying top weight, 122 pounds, without much effort.

In the two-year-old event, nine-sixteenths of a mile, the St. Carlo colt Socialist, 102 lbs, got the better of Milesio, 99 lbs, in a driving finish, Dalion, 108 lbs, a poor third, St. Philip, 108 lbs, fourth, after making all the running to the head of the straight. The remaining eleven runners made a poor show.

In the mile race The Roman, 104 lbs, and Rey del Tierra, 101 lbs, were both well fancied out of the four runners, and the former proved an easy winner, after waiting on Rey del Tierra for the first six furlongs.

On Friday a baker's dozen put in an appearance for the half-mile maiden two-year-old race. Jumping off in front, Queen B. Morris' colt Dick (Sir Dixon-Fauna) was never headed, and scored an easy win over Lord Marmion, who had kept in second place throughout. Time, 49½.

Saturday's racing took a big crowd across the bay to see the fall of the curtain. Unfortunately the most interesting event was marred by an outrageous bit of jockeying.

The race referred to was the five furlong sprint for two-year-olds, for which a rather choice field went to the post, namely, Elsmore 112 lbs, Torsida 111 lbs, Salabar 110 lbs, Count of Flanders 110 lbs, Rey Salazar 109 lbs, Rosormonde 107 lbs, and Fallen Princess 107 lbs. The youngsters got off to an even start, Elsmore proving quickest on his legs and going out in front, with Rosormonde in immediate attendance till the turn had been rounded, when the latter gave way to Torsida on the inside, who had reached Elsmore's shoulder on getting opposite the paddock. On the whip-hand of the last-named Bergen had by that time brought up Salabar, and an exciting run-in seemed imminent. In the most deliberate manner possible, however, Hennessy, on Elsmore, drew bang across Torsida and closed her out on the rail, compelling Shaw to stop riding, while Salabar came on in the center of the course and reached the winning post with a length and a half to spare, Elsmore finishing second a length in front of Torsida, Count of Flanders a couple of lengths in her rear. The judges promptly disqualified Elsmore and fined his jockey, who had evidently thought anything might be tried on the last day. Some few people thought Torsida was a not unlikely winner, but it appeared to me that Salabar was fully master of the situation under any circumstances.

Mr. Naglee Burk sent his renowned colt Crescendo to the post for the first time this season in the first race, eleven-sixteenths of a mile, purse $300, with top weight, 112 lbs, in a field of inferior horses, only to see him beaten on the post a short head by San Tuzza, 92 lbs. Owners should be allowed to know their own business best, but the policy adopted in this instance was very unfavorably commented upon, and most people whose opinions are worth anything were clearly disgusted. Were the horse himself he could have won in a walk, and as he was just the reverse what was the use of pulling him out and smirching his escutcheon? Every sporting Californian has taken pride in Crescendo and was pleased at Mr. Burk's good luck in breeding so good a colt at the beginning of his turf career.

At the Louisville, Ky., meeting the Debutante Stakes for two-year-old fillies, $1,300, four furlongs, was won by Mary Black, by imp. Islington—Songstress, bred and owned by Mr. Larrabie of Deer Lodge, Montana, the filly running a good fourth a couple of days afterwards in the Louisville Futurity. Islington's get have made such a good start in their first season that it is much to be regretted that a temporary illness, from which he was recently suffering, has interfered with his stud work in California this year.

In another column will be found a brief review of the past racing season in San Francisco.

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## A TURF REVIEW

### Figures and Facts Relating to the Past Season's Racing.

A week ago to-day was brought to a close the season of fall, winter and spring racing, which has continued every weekday since October 24th last, each of the two tracks in the neighborhood of San Francisco having furnished 87 days racing, with from five to seven events on the card each day. Taking part in the sport there have been some 900 horses, reckoning actual starters, in 1,030 events, the aggregate money value of which was $453,275, $234,075 having been given away by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club at the Ingleside track, and $219,200 by the California Jockey Club at Emeryville. It is almost needless to say that no other city in the world is so taken up with the business of racing, nor is it necessary to point out on this occasion the financial bearings of what is practically an industry of vast importance to the State.

The task now set is to deal with the actual sport, which has shown marked improvement on anything that has gone before. On the whole the class of horses has been higher, the science of training more skilfully prosecuted, and the quality of the jockeyship vastly superior; while, last but not least, the administration of the vast affairs of the tracks has been more businesslike and consistent than during any previous season since the present scale of operations commenced. It is no light duty to keep the Turf free from abuses and scandal, but this has been, to all appearances, successfully accomplished, and everybody concerned in the work is entitled to a full measure of credit therefor.

By reason of its situation on one of the extreme boundaries of the globe, as well as of its climatic conditions, California acts as advance and also as rear guard for the rest of the continent in the actual work of racing, horses beginning and ending the several years of their Turf career on our courses when their fellow-creatures elsewhere in America, with but limited exceptions, are taking their ease in winter quarters. This side of the question is surrounded by disadvantages as well as advantages, and in the case of young stock more especially so. On the whole, however, the balance is in our favor, and to that fact is chiefly due the immense development which has been seen in connection with the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds of late years on this Coast.

This year the first race for two-year-olds took place in the middle of January, and during the following four months no less than 164 youngsters faced the starter. As is often the case at the outset of their career, the fillies walked off with the honors, the Burns & Waterhouse Stable playing a strong hand with the following: Recreation by Morello, a winner of 3 races out of 6 starts; Miss Rowena by imp. Midlothian, a winner of 5 races out of 8 starts; Napamax by imp. Maxim, a winner once out of 3 starts. The stable was able to place these youngsters so as to win sometimes with their second best, but there is not much doubt that the first-named is to be regarded as their trump-card so far, whatever the sturdy little Miss Rowena or the racy-like Napamax may eventually grow into. That the sires of the first and last should have been cut off so long before the natural ending of their career at the stud is a serious loss to the breeding interests of the country. Another excellent performer has been Torsida, by Torso, who started in 14 races and won 6 times, being out of the money on two occasions only. Rosormonde, the first American daughter of imp. Ormonde, earned some distinction, but having been badly tended in her foalhood, has not succeeded in stamping herself as of the first rank. Martha, by imp. Dandie Dinmont, ran only 4 times, winning twice and second once, proving herself of high-class and looking like a very good filly, with speed and strength to carry it.

The relative merits of the two-year-old colts have not been quite so clearly indicated, but the pick of the lot would seem to be the two Salvator youngsters, Salabar and Bliss Rucker, the former a little over-fine in make-up perhaps, though his last two performances showed that he is possessed of galloping qualities of a high order. Bliss Rucker is a hardier-looking type and has taking qualifications all round. Morellito and Elsmore, both by Morello, Michael III. by imp. Islington, have all shown the right sort of stuff to be in their composition, while The Cheat, by imp. Deceiver, Sir William, by Fitzjames, and Rey El Salto, by Emperor of Norfolk, all seem likely to be worth watching.

Experienced racing men know, however, that it is impossible to form any reliable opinion of two-year-olds on their form and appearance in the spring.

The performances of the three-year-old division have been lacking in consistency, with the exception of the Springbok mare Scarfpin, who started thirteen times, won five races, second six times and unplaced twice, her first and last outings. The impression generally given by the results of the season favor the following estimates of the prominent performers: Howard S. by imp. Whistle Jacket, Altamax by imp. Maxim, The Roman by imp. Brutus, Scarborough by El Rio Rey, and Scarfpin, over a distance of ground, in the order named, with Caspar, by imp. St. Andrew, a good colt at about six furlongs. Geyser had unfortunately to be turned out of training early in the season.

Of the four-year-olds, Ruinart, by St. Carlo, proved himself a race horse and the biggest money winner of all ages, annexing $9,500 for an uncertain ownership; while Salvable, by Salvator, was the most reliable racing machine, having started nineteen times, won fourteen races, second four times and unplaced one only, winning $6,025. In the early part of the season Mt. McGregor II. was running and proved almost invincible, while towards the end Ostler Joe, by Fresno, gained much distinction and showed promise of becoming a high-class handicap horse over courses from one to two miles in length.

Of the older division, honors were taken by Magnet, Cesarian, California and Yemen as sprinters, with Libertine, Preston, Buckwa and Morte Fonso always there or thereabouts when fit and rightly placed. Salvation, by Salvator, covered himself with glory, racing in the best company with the worst of the weights, and notwithstanding infirmities, showing speed and gameness over a fair distance of ground.

An examination of the carefully prepared and very complete Turf Guide issued by the "Breeder and Sportsman," testifies to the endurance of our thoroughbreds more eloquently than anything. Hark to this! In 29 weeks Tuxedo (S. C. Hildreth) ran in 42 races, Morte Fonso (L. Ezell) 41, Peril (M. J. Kelly) 37, having started in the first and last; Two Cheers (N. S. Hall) 36, Peter II. (Boots & Son) 35, Walter J. (F. McDermott) 34, Miss Ruth (F. W. Graham) 32; while half a dozen more started 29 and 28 times each. To sum up, during the whole period the names of 13 individual horses appear altogether 426 times, and but one of them, Morte Fonso, ran his number of wins into double figures, namely, 11, all the successes of this hard-worked fleet in almost perpetual motion numbering only 44 in the aggregate. This is a somewhat severe commentary, perhaps, on the horse sense, and maybe the humanity of their owners, but it at all events accounts for much of the monotony, which from a sporting point of view is the chief drawback to prolonged meetings. How is it to be corrected?

Old Logan we are taught to regard as an "iron horse," and therefore it will surprise no one to hear that in the last half of the season, 14 or 15 weeks, he ran 24 times, and only now needs one more victory to round off a century of brackets! Any capitalist who can double-up and find takers need not hesitate to entrust him with his confidence—with which valuable tip this little analysis may fitly close.

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Tired, overworked eyes gain rest and comfort from properly fitted glasses. We have every facility for testing the sight and adjusting glasses. Oculists' prescriptions promptly and carefully executed. Hirsch & Kaiser, Opticians, 7 Kearny street, San Francisco.


Of the many elegant resorts down town, with public and private rooms, the "Forum," 141 Montgomery street, is unique. The cooking, in American, French, and Spanish style, is excellent, and all liquors first-class.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has sold his partnership interest in the firm doing business under the name of The Novato French Cheese Factory, at the town of Novato, county of Marin, State of California, to C. Schulz, and that the undersigned is no longer a member of said firm, or interested therein, and is not responsible for the debts of said firm. JAMES NEWLANDS JR.
Dated April 20, 1897.

Beyond all question of doubt the greatest sale of Japanese goods ever held on the Coast is now being carried on by Ito, Sotomi & Co., at 116 Sutter street.

MR. HERMANN SCHWARZE (known as Herman, at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hairdressing Parlors at 225 Powell street. Telephone Main 5820.


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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31 and every fifth day thereafter.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. May 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

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BULLION MINING COMPANY. — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 50) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of June, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Reidy, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF
The Yosemite Commission

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to Manage Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's Office, on Wednesday, June 2d, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary.

San Francisco, Cal., April 27th, 1897.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 81
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied April 29, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 1, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, June 22, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 27
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied May 11, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 12, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 1, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Stratford Canning, once British Minister at Washington, tells in his "Reminiscenses" a story of his predecessor, Sir Charles Bagot, who was a very intelligent and attractive man. Sir Charles had to dinner once an American Minister and his bride, and during the repast he heard Lady Bagot say to the newly-made wife: "My dear Mrs. Simpson, what can you be doing?" The salad-bowl had been offered to Mrs. Simpson, and her arm was lost in it up to the elbow. Her reply was prompt: "Only rollicking for an onion, my lady."

Shortly after the recent elections in America, a group of artists were discussing the tremendous upheaval that had taken place throughout the States, and various opinions were offered as to its final development. "And what do you think of it, Mr. Whistler?" asked one of the company. Whistler had not been listening to the discussion, and drawled, in a bored voice, "Think of what?" "Of the elections in the States." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Whistler, in a disgusted tone, "have they Presidents there yet?"

An amusing conversation was held through the telephone, a few days since, between a correspondent of the New York World and the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven. The reporter wanted a fifty word interview on "Hell" for the Sunday edition of his paper. He wanted it bright and terse, and he got it. "Hell, in my opinion," said Dr. Smyth, "is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated."

The celebrated chemist, Theophrastus Pancintelli, had been heckling his wife with questions and talking to her with great asperity. The lady became, like Niobe, all tears. "Your tears have no effect whatever upon me," remarked Pancintelli. "I have analyzed them. They contain only a very small portion of phosphate of lime and a little chlorate of soda. All the rest is nothing but water and good for nothing."

The lady was in her country home, with which there is telephonic communication. She had just received a message through the telephone, and, still holding the tube to her ear, said to her husband: "The Thompsons want us to dine with them to-night. Is it good enough?" Before he could speak, the answer came over the wire: "Yes, quite good enough. Come along!"

A certain Episcopalian dignitary, who is young-looking and always wears a white tie, went to call once upon the President of his college. He rang the bell, the door was opened, and he was about to present his card, when he was cut short by the footman, who had run his eye over him, saying: "All right, young man. You're too late. I got the place yesterday."

On the second day in the Wilderness, Longstreet made a fierce attack, and was driving the Union troops. An officer dashed up to General Grant, and, with great excitement, said: "General Grant, Longstreet is turning our right." Grant did not seem to be disturbed in the least. He looked out from under his slouch hat, and said to the officer: "Well, then, we shall have to turn his left."

Once, while Mr. Webster was addressing the Senate, the Senate clock commenced striking, but instead of striking twice at two p. m., continued to strike without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until the clock had struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair: "Mr. President, the clock is out of order! I have the floor!"

A Scotchman once hired himself to a Cheshire farmer. At breakfast one of the famous cheeses of the country was set before him. His master left the Scot at table, and later, when he appeared for work, said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "Troth, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' that size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think."

The Cosmopolitan Club was accustomed to meet in a room which had been Watts' studio, and on the walls of which hung an enormous picture by him of Theodora and Honoria. Some one once asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh," he replied, "you have heard of Watts's Hymns. These are Watts's Hers."

A good story is told by Mr. Willis, Q. C., the new English judge, of his electioneering experiences. He was storming away about something or other at the top of his strident voice, and happened to use the quotation from David Copperfield, "Barkis is willin'." "No," came a voice from the back, "Willis is barkin'."

During the reign of Charles II, one Signor Leti proposed to write a history of the court. You will give offense," urged his friends. "Were I as wise as Solomon," said Leti, "I could not avoid that." "Then be as wise," rejoined the King, who was present, "and write proverbs, not history."


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**TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG.**

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of $65 a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of $50 a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for out door sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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VOL XVI. No. 22 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 29, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

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TWO MEMBERS OF THE JAPANESE FENCING-CLUB OF THIS CITY IN FIGHTING TRIM

Photo by Weidner

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Subscription, $3.00 per year, $1.50 six months, 75 cts. three months. Foreign subscriptions—countries in postal union—$5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

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Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 29, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Onward, Christian Soldiers | 4 |
| Patter About Personages | 5 |
| "When a Woman Hesitates"; by Justin Sturgis | 5 |
| Mrs. Hammond's Book | 6 |
| Impressions of the War | 7 |
| Some Dogs of Note | 7 |
| Japanese Swordsmanship | 8 |
| Breaking Turf Records; by Benedict | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary; by Miss Cricket | 10 |
| Frawleys New Beauty; by Frank Norris | 11 |
| "The Choir Invisible": a Review | 12 |
| Her Answer; by Tom Hall | 13 |
| Dramatic Notes | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE HAWAIIAN RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Whether or not the Reciprocity treaty now existing between this Government and that of the Hawaiian Islands should be abrogated or permitted to continue, is a question that deeply concerns this city and this State—more so, perhaps, than the mass of the people realize. It would not be a difficult problem to solve if the facts were available, but the facts are not to be had. Mr. Bierce and the "Argonaut," which is interested in abrogating the treaty, are both inclined to grow sarcastic over Senator Perkins' present perplexity in the matter, but the embarrassment to which that gentleman confesses is shared by most men who, unacquainted with technical knowledge of the details, are seeking the truth of the matter, and desire to act conscientiously therein. Mr. Bierce and Senator Perkins' lesser critics would have that gentleman form a "judgment of his own" and act upon it, regardless of the views or facts advanced by San Francisco commercial organizations, banks and importers who tend to uphold the treaty, and mindless of the arguments and appeals of interior cities which would abrogate it. But Senator Perkins, fortunately, has a wisdom above partisanship, and is merely and only anxious to serve the best interests of the State and the people whom he represents. This in itself is a most refreshing innovation in our politics, but it does seem curious enough that our California Senator should be ridiculed for seeking to ascertain from the people themselves what they consider conducive to their best interests, rather than forming a judgment of his own and acting perhaps erroneously.

We, as a State, cannot afford to have our representatives in Congress cast a vote to injure the beet-producing agriculturist, the beet-sugar manufacturer, or the individuals employed in and about the prosecution of that industry. Nor can we afford to have them cast a vote that will work harm, and perhaps destruction, to our local refineries of Hawaiian sugar, or to the shippers and manufacturers and merchants engaged in the trade with Hawaii, and the farmers that produce the hay, wheat, flour and the like that are shipped in great abundance to the Islands. We are deeply interested in our seaward commerce. It means much to San Francisco and the growth of San Francisco, and likewise means much to the State at large. We are not so heavily burdened with other commerce or industries that we can afford, upon a mere conjecture or speculation, to strike down one or the other. Among just and reasonable men there would probably exist but little, if any, difference of opinion upon this situation if the facts were ascertainable and beyond dispute. Of course, the large money interests and their followers who have capital invested on both sides of the question would continue to wrangle backward and forward, but with the great body of the people, and with our United States Senator Perkins, and let us hope with the rest of Congress besides, a trustworthy statement of the facts would determine the question forthwith.

If it is true that the American beet sugar industry must fail unless Congress abrogates the treaty, then no interest but a selfish interest would insist upon its maintenance. It has been demonstrated that there is in America, and particularly in California, an ample acreage susceptible to beet culture. The almost despairing farmer who has been struggling under the disadvantage of declining wheat values was offered hope, where hope was well-nigh dead. In recent years the condition of the producer of wheat has been most deplorable and the outlook most hopeless. The pariah of India, the peon of Argentina and the peasant of Russia could produce, and did produce, this great staple at a price that meant beggary in America. The future held out no hope or promise of relief, and thinking men who, during the past few years, have been brought face to face with this problem, have offered no solution but that of diversity of crops. Over-production has been pretty general in other branches of agriculture, and it is difficult to determine in just what direction to "diversify." Coming down to California in particular, the sugar beet has promised, in part, to solve this most vexing problem. We should be keenly vigilant for the welfare of our producers, and watch with jealous care lest through some mistaken governmental policy we suffer further disappointment to come to them. To blunder in this direction would be to encourage fresh zeal in Populistic money theories. Full granaries and prosperous husbandry will never recruit the ranks of Populism. If the continuance of the Hawaiian Reciprocity treaty would operate to strangle the hope and suffocate in its infancy this most promising industry, then there should go up an irresistable and unmistakable demand for its immediate and absolute abrogation.

But what are the facts? They are not ascertainable. The advocates of beet sugar insistently protest that their industry must languish unless Congress comes to its immediate aid. An appeal is made to prejudice by anathematizing the Hawaiian planter, and he is set before us as a German or an Englishman, and we are told that we are paying these foreign planters a bounty on their sugar at the expense of the American producer; that the Hawaiian planter employs Chinese and Japanese labor, which we permit to compete with free American labor. Every disagreeable and ugly fact that can be exploited, or statement that can be invented, concerning Hawaii, is rung into our ears, but we hear nothing, positively nothing, of the truth concerning the home industry. The farmer knows the value of his crop. The world knows the market value of a ton of sugar beets. The quantity of beets that it is possible to raise on an acre of land is a thing of pretty common public knowledge. But immediately the product comes into the hands of the sugar manufacturer, then mystery, silence and secrecy begin. The yield of sugar to a ton of beets, the profits made in the evolution from the vegetable to the sugar, are not referred to or exploited. Current rumor, based upon good authority, has it that the beet sugar manufacturers have declared enormous dividends during the past few years, and that the manufacturer has absorbed all the profits of the industry. The argument is advanced that beet sugar may be profitably produced, and is profitably produced, even with the Reciprocity treaty in existence. If the truth were known concerning the profits in the manufacture of beet sugar, we are told, the farmer would demand, and could receive, more for his products. We are told that even though the treaty were abrogated, the manufacturer would continue his concealment as to the profits, and the price of beets would remain the same while the profits of the manufacturer would be increased. The beet sugar manufacturer has the facts. He is stirring heaven and earth to abrogate the treaty, and it is reasonable to assume that, if he conceals the facts in his possession, he is not concealing facts that would sustain his argument as to the necessity for Congressional aid. He will not state the profits of his concern. He might, if his claim for Congressional assistance was well-founded, readily open up his books and conclusively prove to the public that the life of his industry depends upon the abrogation of the treaty. Until he takes this step, and so long as he persistently continues the policy of concealment, we must believe that he is hiding facts that would put a different color on his statements, and perhaps deny them in toto.

## IS THE CLERICAL MIND DEGENERATING?

At the annual dinner of an association of churchmen for the advancement of the interests of laboring men, held recently in New York, the Right Reverend Bishop Potter, of the diocese of New York, made a speech in the course of which he expressed with great emphasis some very remarkable opinions on the cause of the troubled relations between wage-earners and employers, and on the effect of the introduction of machinery on the intelligence of the workingmen. The Bishop declares, with all the assurance of one long accustomed to speak ex cathedra, that the general use of machinery is eliminating all intelligence from labor and is rapidly reducing the laborer to the condition of an idiot. He declares that a man whose daily task is the monotonous tending of a mere machine is not much better than a machine himself—is even worse than a machine, for, as the Bishop says, the man must necessarily fight, drink and gamble, when his day's task is done, to save himself from madness, a course of treatment not necessary to preserve the usefulness of the lifeless mechanism. We read that of old the Israelites in Egypt groaned heavily under the tasks imposed on them by Pharoah; but Bishop Potter, who is a logical and courageous churchman, would probably ascribe the present high average intelligence of the Jewish race, and their generally temperate habits of life, to the lack of good brick machines in the ancient brickyards. In former times, the Bishop says, the workmen lived with his employer and was regarded by him as one of the family. To the discontinuance of this intimate domestic relation between capital and labor the Bishop ascribes the strikes, lockouts and all the other acrimonious disputes between employers and employees. If the Bishop's points are well taken the only proper course for us to pursue is to dispense summarily with the use of all machines whose products can be made by hand, and to require every employer of labor to enlarge his family establishment to an extent sufficient to enable him to admit to his domestic circle everybody who serves him for wages. It would be interesting to know how long a course of domestication would be needed to reduce the garrulous Debs to a state of quiet contentment, and the bloodthirsty Boyce of the Miners' Federation to meekness.

The prominence which these queer statements have received, and the wide and astonished comment which they have aroused, are not due to the character of the statements themselves, but to the character and the prominence of the man who uttered them. The Bishop of New York is, to-day, the most prominent figure in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and he is a prominent figure in the civic life of the metropolis of the country. The things which he said at the churchmen's dinner have been said many times before by other men without arousing any interest, and his sentiments might be echoed at intervals by any number of obscure clergymen without exciting the least comment beyond the range of their individual pulpits. But when the foremost ecclesiastical dignitary of what is always regarded as a highly conservative church openly and emphatically declares himself in favor of abandoning the service of steam to revert to the literal sweat of toil, and of what would be the re-establishment of a form of domestic dependence in place of the present industrial freedom, then the interesting question that arises is not whether it is possible to turn back the hands of the dial so that such a vision of the past may be realized in the future. What is interesting is the inquiry that naturally arises as to what it is that leads the clerical mind to such remarkable conclusions. Is the clerical mind degenerating?

Ever since, in the progressive development of modern religion, the ecclesiastic became differentiated from the lay believer, the clerical attitude has been that of the teacher speaking without authority. From the sacred character of the truths which it is his duty to enunciate and expound, the preacher has always felt himself to be exempt from the necessity of relying on evidence and reason as the final supports of the truth which he delivers and of the conclusions which he urges on his hearers. His method is one of exhortation, not demonstration. Within the peculiar field of strict religion, that is, of religion as an exposition of revealed truth, the hortatory method serves well—indeed, it is the only method possible. But when the preacher steps outside of the limits of the field of religion and essays to teach to such portion of the world as will listen to him his solution of political, social and economic problems, he carries with him the pulpit habit of mind. He announces solutions but makes no demonstrations, and he encounters the opposition and denial of his statements from which he is exempt so long as he confines himself to his duty of strictly religious teaching, and so frequently and so easily is he overthrown or discomfited that his profession suffers in the public estimation, and the suspicion gains ground that the intellectual level of ministry and priesthood lies below that of the other learned professions.

For this suspicion and whatever foundation there exists for it, the clergy themselves are responsible. Their method of teaching religion by a reference to authority, seconded by appeals to enthusiasm, affection and other emotions, is quite as available in the hands of a less than mediocre man as in those of a man of the highest intelligence; and the mediocre man can just as easily—and just as effectively—apply the religious method to the discussion of extra-religious problems as the man of greater ability who is trained only in the methods of the theological schools. The result is that the inferior intellects are attracted to that profession in which their inferiority will be less apparent and less humiliating to

them, and the ministry is crowded with men who have assumed the attitude of public teachers without the equipment needed to make their instruction valuable to the world. So long as they remain in the discharge of their obscure pastoral duties such men excite no attention; but when a cleric of such prominence as Bishop Potter enjoys makes public substitution of sentiment and passion for sense and good reason in the discussion of a subject of great and universal interest, it is time for those who have the interests of religion at heart to inquire into the alleged degeneration of the clergy, and to devise means for improving their standard—or restraining their utterances to their own proper field of instruction.

### *MAYOR PHELAN ON GOOD MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.*

The enterprise of the "Examiner" has given to its readers, in advance of its regular publication in the "Arena" for June, an article by Mayor Phelan on the subject of "Municipal Conditions in California." The article is one of a series relating to questions of good municipal government written for the "Arena" by the Mayors of some of the large cities of the country. The Mayors of Boston, Albany and Detroit have already contributed to the series, and whatever our own citizens may think of the views of their chief executive as to the present condition of our municipal government, and of his opinions as to the best means for its improvement, they need have no fear that any of his brother Mayors will surpass him in the ease and clearness and fluency with which his opinions are set forth. As a writer our Mayor is a man of whom our citizens may well be proud.

The Mayor's paper is not what its name would lead the reader to expect it to be. It is not an essay on municipal conditions peculiar to California, but rather a general discussion of some of the more vigorously mooted points in the general questions of good government that affect all cities. Indeed, he shows that these questions and their solutions cannot be essentially different in Boston and in San Francisco. It is well that the problem is not one whose solution depends on any local conditions, otherwise the success or failure of the experiments of one city could be of no value in determining the course of others. Every advance in the practice of local good government achieved by the efforts and at the expense of the people of one city is immediately available for the benefit and guidance of the people of any other city who have enough municipal good sense to take advantage of it.

In his account of the present condition of San Francisco Mayor Phelan says: "Patriotic men have organized associations to assist in the better government of the city, and at this time a new charter, built on Eastern models, is the leading feature of the municipal programme, which is being energetically pressed, and which will likely become effective within the next two years. San Francisco has suffered from scattered powers and divided responsibility. Legislative interference and 'boss' politics have made reforms imperative, and the new charter is designed to cure these evils. * * * The charter will, no doubt, confer on the Mayor the power of appointment in most of the administrative offices, and will elaborate a scheme of civil service reform. Under our present system there is a multiplicity of elective officers, and the local Legislature usurps executive functions."

We wish that our present condition were no worse than the Eastern readers of the Mayor's paper will take it to be, and that the day of redemption were as near at hand as the sanguine Mayor believes. His Honor could not be expected to emphasize the dark lines in the picture which he draws of our present condition, nor to refrain from indulging in rosy anticipations when he forecasts the future for us. He is our official head, and he must not seem lacking in his respect for those whose votes have made him the chief citizen of the chief city of the Western half of the United States. But where are the associations of patriotic men organized to promote the better government of San Francisco? What have they done, and what are they doing? We are wont to believe that the bosses who "do politics" must work in quiet, if not in secret, and must rely on surprise for the accomplishment of their nefarious ends. But aggressive patriotism and civic virtue must come out into the open if they are to wage their contest with any chance of success against the powers of political darkness. Since the rejection by the people of the new charter, which was submitted to them at the election of last November, what steps have been taken to arouse the people to the necessity of providing another instrument of city government which shall avoid the errors of the last and commend itself to the judgment of the good citizens who are a majority of our people? It is well enough to talk and write of the deplorable effects of corporate greed in corrupting the people and debauching their officials, but corrupt corporations cannot flourish except in a corrupt soil. They are even more a consequence than a cause of corruption in our municipal life. The suppression of every corporation which is suspected of tampering with the virtue of municipal officials, the recasting of our entire municipal machinery, the election of a legalized, responsible and autocratic "boss" to the office of Mayor would fail to bring about the municipal millennium so long as ignorance of their duties and indifference to the discharge of them are compatible with the character of the "good citizen." The really good citizen is the one who is not content with merely refraining from wrongdoing, who keeps the ten commandments—or most of them—and keeps himself out of jail, but the citizen who does his duty to his fellow-citizens as he does his duty to himself and to his family, even when it is irksome and unpleasant to do it. We need the burgher spirit and the civic pride of older towns—plants of slow growth, but well worth the cost of cultivation. When we have these we shall have better citizens, a better city, and, as a consequence, more tractable and more honest corporations to serve us.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

When the California Kipling arrives I recommend him to the waterfront of San Francisco as a special breeding ground for romances. Plots in plenty there are along the wharves, to be had for the picking up. What an opportunity for a story is offered by the expedition of the schooner Louisa D., fitted out with provisions and a British flag and manned by a crew of eleven mariners whose destination is a group of unknown islands in the Southern Seas. Not literally treasure hunting is this expedition—something more prosaic but as valuable is the motive of the quest. On certain old charts of the ocean, near the 14th degree north, just this side of the Equator, there are shown three small islands which, however, are not marked on the newest maps of the Pacific. Maybe they have disappeared in volcanic convulsion, or, lying far out of the line of travel, have escaped the attention of latter-day mariners. In this region the great deposits of guano are found, and it is in the hope of locating a new accumulation of this valuable fertilizer that the expedition has set out to rediscover the islands. The proprietor is a wealthy resident of Honolulu, Peacock by name, who got a taste of the profits of exploration in a previous adventure which resulted in the locating of the Lacy isle. Here a rich guano deposit was found and turned over to a British syndicate at a profit of $700,000—surely a fair return for a brief voyage. If the Louisa D. is successful in her quest, and the islands occur as marked, they are to be taken possession of on behalf of her Britannic majesty. This partiality for the suzerainty of England is explained by Peacock, who is an American, on the ground that it is easier to trade on the high seas under the laws of the United Kingdom than under the rules of the United States. Before the schooner started on her quest he called on the British Consulate and informed Counsel Warburton of his project. "By what authority, sir, will you raise the British flag?" inquired that dignitary, amused at the coolness of the project. "Authority be blowed!" responded Peacock; "the raising of the flag don't hurt any one. So far as I can see, the trouble begins when some one starts to pull it down." A part of the equipment of the Louisa D., then, was a union jack, which in due course will consecrate the confiscation of the anticipated guano and secure it in the ownership of Peacock. Thus is patriotism converted into trade purposes.

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The dramatic comedy element is not always confined to the space behind the footlights, even in San Francisco. Sometimes it occurs in such solemn and staid precincts as Judge Wallace's court room. It appears that a few days ago a case came up for hearing before the Judge, in which, should an adverse judgment be rendered, the plaintiff could expect nothing short of a five years' sentence. However, there was a sad lack of evidence to convict. The plaintiff's counsel moved for a rehearing on this ground. Judge Wallace hummed and hawed and considered, and finally granted the counsel's petition. The eminent counsel then moved for dismissal on the same grounds. "Granted," observed his Honor. The plaintiff had stood this while in the dock, vainly endeavoring to understand the meaning of this legal jangle. He could make nothing of it, and looked forward to a five-year sojourn "across the bay." After the granting of the petition for dismissal the bailiff of the court approached the plaintiff, and, touching him on the elbow, remarked, "You can go." "What?" said the other, perplexed. "You can go," repeated the minion of the law. "You are free." "Free?" yelled the prospective guest of Warden Hale, "free, you say," and at the words, without saying so much as good-bye to his counsel, made one leap toward the door. He gained it, wrenched it open and galloped down the corridor like the stricken hind of the poets. "Come back, come back," shouted the bailiff. "Come back, you've forgotten your hat." The fugitive waved his hand behind him as he ran, and without turning his head, shouted: "Never mind my hat, never mind my hat."

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They call the Governor Steeple Jim at detective headquarters. Since he has re-tried Durrant he has achieved quite a reputation among the thief-catchers. None of them can see just the wherefore of his interference, or even the necessity of it, but they realize he comes from Stockton, and will yet be returned there. They make allowances. Quite the funniest expression of the Executive's weakness is the extraordinary cordiality he assumes on meeting Congressman Maguire, whom he scents as a possible rival in '98. It is a delusion he entertains in his poor moidered brain that the people will have him succeed himself. He cannot realize that his deadness exceeds that of his predecessor, the defunct Markham. It is a bit curious, though, that this extraordinary person, who gives us so spectacular an administration, should come from Stockton.

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In this commercial era there is no sentiment that cannot be made to yield a profit if it be but properly administered. Some months ago certain local patriots, to whom liberty is dearer than life, met and upbraided the President for his non-interference on behalf of Cuba. The theme was a fertile opportunity for oratory and resulted in a great mass meeting at the Metropolitan Temple. There the eagle screamed and the stars and stripes waved, and a league—the Cuban Liberty League—was organized, with a company of distinguished citizens for its vice-presidents. The movement could not end there. It was necessary that a veritable Cuban or so be discovered to add color to the cause. They found two exiles—Jones, a saloon keeper, and Mascherini, a barber—who straightway established themselves president and secretary of the organization and proceeded thriftily to convert it to their own uses. You can imagine the resplendent horror of the eminent friends of liberty who had so eloquently denounced bloody Weyler and his Spanish myrmidons on finding themselves advertised as patrons and participants in a picnic to be given next Sunday at Wildwood G[illegible] Sausalito—a 25 cent picnic in aid of Cuban li[illegible] Jones the saloon keeper and Mascherini the barber are behind the affair, and a third Cuban named Froment is treasurer. The tickets are all in pale pink, and each announces the list of aristocratic patrons, who are all invited to purchase five tickets. It is said that a special programme has been prepared in which C. M. Shortridge is down as floor manager, General Barnes as president of the day, and H. E. Highton and James D. Phelan make a reception committee. I sincerely hope the barber and the saloon keeper in whose hands the cause of Cuban liberty is enshrined will reap ample harvest for their countrymen suffering under the oppressions of butcher Weyler.

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Among the millers and in the ranks of the men who plant large areas in wheat there is grief over the condition of the crop. Six week ago prosperity seemed assured. The prospects were most bountiful, promising an immense harvest, but because of the sustained hot winds and the absence of rain, a change has come over the spirit of all these rainbow expectations. Agriculturists have flown to the opposite extreme, and curse the divinities who preside over cereals for neglecting their interests. I am inclined to think, however, that conditions are not so bad as rumor has it. Josiah Ames, who presides over the house of Ames & Harris, bag makers, tells me his orders of sacks provide for a bigger crop than that of last year. Surely the farmers are not buying a greater number of grain bags than they require. Though the warm weather injured also the fruit crop, especially pears and apricots, the damage seems mainly to have been in the direction of decreasing the quantity of fruit on the trees. Though the crop will be smaller than last year, the quality will be far ahead.

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Since the Corral Hollow coal mines were formally declared open I have heard little of the brilliant results we were led to expect. I have looked for glowing announcements of the new fuel and have seen none. In some way a report has gone out into the community that the results of the venture are by no means satisfactory to the investors. There has certainly been a decline in the value of the stock, and there is considrable curiosity to know what the difficulty is. The projector, Mr. Treadwell, is a man who acquired experience and fortune in gold mining. On the strength of both he assumed an ability to handle a coal mine. He sailed in bravely enough, built a railroad from Corral Hollow to Stockton and then set about getting out his black diamonds. It seems he miscalculated the capacity of his appliances, for instead of taking out 2,000 tons a day, as he anticipated, he is only raising 150 tons per twenty-four hours. Of course that does not pay and cannot be made to yield returns. The situation involves a variety of changes, new arrangements of machinery and other things, and will cost much more money. However, I expect the property will, after a bit, prove all that was expected of it.

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Apropos of mining, I wrote last week of the development of the Gwin mine. The prospects there continue most encouraging. I am told of a single lump of especially rich rock taken out of the center of the lead which was carried from the mine to the mill under the arm of the superintendent. It yielded $11,000 worth of gold. Of course, this does not mean that a new bonanza has been found. In every good mine there are very rich streaks, and this is an instance. The best mining investment of which I have heard is Superintendent Daggett's "Santa Rosalie," in Mexico. This is the political property about which there was so much ado between Daggett and Congressman Maguire when the former took office. I know one man whose original investment was $380. Since the mine has begun to pay dividends he has had $150 per month from it. Besides this, there have been surplus earnings which have gone into the development of the property, with such results that the dividends are soon to be doubled, and he will have $300 per month. The prospects point to some greater possibilities, as the ore body is very large.

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It is not so many moons ago since the directors of the Kennedy mine refused from an English syndicate the sum of one and a half millions offered them for that prosperous mine. To-day they are questioning the value of the property. For many years the Kennedy has been one of the steady dividend paying mines of California. Its directors have divided from forty to sixty thousand dollars every month, and there was nothing to indicate a lessening of the yield. It has long been the deepest mine on the Mother Lode. Its apparent inexhaustibleness had been a source of consolation to the Superintendents of other properties in its vicinity. On the twenty-four hundred foot level, however, the trouble has come—and this level is several hundred feet below any other mine on the Lode. It seems the pay chute has disappeared. In the ore extracted there is no gold. All of a sudden the property has ceased to be productive, and among the stockholders there is consternation. Maybe the interruption is temporary. It is possible that this is but a barren zone. Once before a similar condition intervened. At the eight hundred foot level the vein vanished, and it seemed that the mine was exhausted. However, a new company was organized, and four hundred feet below they encountered immensely rich rock, and have prospered ever since. However, mining at the depth of the Kennedy is pretty expensive, and that consideration will affect future operations. It costs money to pump water and haul rock twenty-four hundred feet. There is but little deep mining in California. In the Transvaal, Brazil and Westralian mines excavations have been made to a depth of at least thirty-five hundred feet without exhausting auriferous deposits. There is no reason to suppose that geological conditions here will prove different from those that rule elsewhere. I am inclined to think it will be found that the Kennedy will soon again be numbered among dividend payers.

BOSWELL JR.

The Reception Committee of the California Branch of the Christian Endeavor Society in session at its headquarters in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, Rolla V. Watt presid ng

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

### The Advent of the Endeavorers, and What It Means.

An army with flying banners descends upon the city in the course of the next few weeks. The army of those who endeavor to be Christians—the Christian Endeavorers, in other words. Never has San Francisco witnessed so tremendous a throng, and how to accommodate, and to feed, and to transport, and in general to handle it is a problem that Edhem Pasha himself might be puzzled to solve. Twenty-five thousand is the number, all told, and this is what statisticians love to call "a conservative estimate." Some there are who say the city will be even 40,000 larger during the days of the convention.

It might be believed from these figures that not a single Christian Endeavorer will stay away from the convention. In reality, however, the multitude of the Endeavorers who will overflow the city this summer is about one seventy-fifth of the total number of members in America, for the C. E. claims a membership of three million.

It started — this enormous society — modestly enough some sixteen years ago, with a little organization in Maine. A certain Congregational Minister, Dr. Francis Clark by name, was its founder and promoter. Dr. Clark at that time had not the remotest idea that his little society was to be the charter organization of some fifty thousand more, and that its principles should in the course of some dozen years be adopted by over three million of young people throughout the United States. For the society is essentially one for young men and young women. There is no particular or especial reason why this should be so —and, in fact, there are plenty of older people among the ranks of the Endeavorers. But the laws that govern such vast multiudes as this are obscure and complex and difficult, almost impossible, to formulate. The Society has simply gathered the younger generation to itself and that is all there is to be said about it.

One reason for the enormous development of the society may perhaps be found in the fact that its lines are very generously broad, almost everybody is eligible, no matter of what creed or sect. The society is interdenominational, drawing its followers from Calvin as well as from Wesley. There is no limit to the size of the individual associations, and what dues there are are purely voluntary. There is a further advantage in this interdenominational system, to wit: that it goes far, very far, in the moulding of public opinion, in the broadening and enlarging of merely sectarian prejudice and in the breaking down of all barriers of antipathy and jealousy between the various creeds.

Personally, Dr. Clark is—for a man who must necessarily occupy such a prominent position—as plain and unassuming a gentleman as could be met with the world around. As general of this army of 3,000,000, he has been a man much sought after, a man whose opinions have been deferred to, whose person has been held in admiration and by many of the great ones of the earth. A less sincere or less earnest philanthropist might easily have been spoiled by the honors he has received during his three tours of the world, but in some manner known to those who know him best Dr. Clark is the same simple, kindly and approachable gentleman to-day as he was when his society numbered but a dozen or fifteen members.

The Golden Gate Union, the Pacific Coast branch of the organization, is preparing to receive the delegation from the East. The task will be herculean, since it is without precedent. Five or six thousand is as large a visiting body as has ever been "handled" in San Francisco.

It is a curious and perhaps a significant fact that, whereas, to entertain an expected assembly of 5,000, the Republican National Convention of this State set aside a sum of $100,000, the Golden Gate Union declare that five, and perhaps six, times that number of C. E.'s can be cared for at an outlay of only $25,000.

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The doctors attending the Turkish wounded have had many stories to tell of the wonderful vitality of the Turks and their rapid recovery. For the most part they attribute these remarkable features to the abstemious lives the Turkish soldiers lead in the way of eating and drinking.

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Japan is to spend $40,000 in putting twelve young Japanese students through a three years' course of study of naval architecture and marine engineering in England. They will work as gentleman apprentices with the great shipbuilding firms.

JOHN WILLIS BAEHR
GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

DOCTOR FRANCIS CLARK
PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

WILLIAM SHAW
NATIONAL TREASURER OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

## PATTER ABOUT PERSONAGES

### Some Late Gossip About Notables of the Moment.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has at length realized the ambition of every aspiring actor, and now rejoices in the possession of a theater all his own, where he may do precisely as he pleases, unt ammeled by suggestions from the box office or the managerial department. It is rather an expensive game for the actor to own his theater, as the divine Sara has already discovered. But Mr. Tree is no doubt possessed of a greater business capacity than Dona Sal (though that is saying little), and his venture, assuredly an artistic success, will no doubt be financially satisfactory as well. Mr. Tree opened his theater in the first week of this month with the dramatization of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," himself assuming the role of Doltaire. Of Mr. Tree's acting nothing need be said. The mounting and scenery of the piece was superb, the beginning of the second act presenting a stage picture, the finest London has seen for many days, while the explosion scene was a veritable surprise in the way of artistic and powerful effect.

Speaking of new ventures leads one to note Mrs. Humphrey Ward's excursion into "pastures new." Mrs. Ward has evidently been innoculated with the lecturing virus. She desires to be heard as well as read, to be "seen of men" as well as to so paragraphed in the newspapers. Mrs. Ward has undertaken a lecturing tour, and of late has appeared upon the platform to "crowded houses." Mrs. Ward made her first bow to the public in the new role in Edinburgh, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which she managed to reawaken at several different times during the evening. It is said that the author may include America in this her first tour, so that we shall perhaps have an opportunity of judging for ourselves of the creator of David Grieve in a new light.

It comes to hand that Prince Hohenlohe is not to resign after all. This should be welcome news to Germany, and, for the matter of that, to Europe at large, for, left to himself and his own erratic devices, Emperor Willie might easily involve the delicate machinery of Continental diplomacy in a pretty tangle. Hohenlohe is the brake, the drag, the check-rein, whatever you like, that keeps little Willie in hand, and his resignation is his means of coercion. Whenever his royal master threatens to break out of bounds Hohenlohe—other things failing—drops in with a carefully worded resignation, which William dare not accept, for fear of trouble in the Reichstag. So there is an oft-repeated little scene, in which William promises to amend his ways and Hohenlohe takes back his letter of resignation and goes home grumbling that he'll think it over, and the matter is dropped—for that occasion, only to be revived a few weeks later.

For some reason, not evry clearly expressed, the Presbyterian Church has thought fit to be displeased with the brilliant author of "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush," Ian MacLaren. No doubt the Reverend Dr. Watson expressed unorthodox views in some of his books, which have made him famous. At any rate a synod was cited in order to try the Reverend Doctor for heresy. The summoning of the assembly caused no little excitement, and for a time the public and the press looked forward to a sensational trial. They were both disappointed. MacLaren is a man of good judgment and solid convictions, and adopted the only really dignified course of action possible under the circumstances. A summons had been sent to him, citing him to appear and show cause, etc., etc. But the author-preacher simply and quietly ignored it, and, much to the disappointment of cranks and sensation-seekers, has gone calmly and serenely on his way.

Taking the combined judgment of the reading world into consideration, it would appear that Kipling has written a good poem and a mediocre story, i. e., "The Vampire" and "Captains Courageous." The phrase of "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" is probably destined to live long in the English language, while most readers consider "Captains Courageous" as good only "in spots." It will be admitted, however, that the "spots" are pretty close together.

And now the "Chee Chee" does not go to Greece as war correspondent, after all. Curious how such stories as this will start, and once started, how they will travel. The majority of the public fully believed that Kipling was already on the scene of hostilities, whereas he himself has probably not even contemplated crossing the channel. By the way, from where does the "Chee Chee" get all his information; and having gotten it, how does he manage to retain it? To read his stories, one could readily believe that he had been at different times soldier, sailor, lighthouse keeper, chief engineer, diplomat, lawyer, doctor, and now, with his "Captains Courageous" he could almost delude us into the belief that he had spent the greater part of his thirty-odd years aboard a Grand Bank fishing boat. A wondeful little man, truly, this "Chee Chee."

In the House of Commons they have begun to question the intelligence of Lord Salisbury's diplomacy. It has long been customary to regard him as a great foreign minister, yet his conduct of the Greek crisis has been seriously questioned. The Radicals are all eager to attack him, but their leaders always discover just as they are preparing to clutch at some handle he seems to have given them that it has been greased, so to speak, overnight. He is denounced in London for bombarding the Christians, and at the same time is cursed abroad for plotting to protect them. That is to say, he plays in and out of the game, and nobody at any point can be wholly sure whether it is due to his weak stupidity or abnormal subtlety.

M. Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister, less than a dozen years ago was lecturing on history at a salary of £6 a month to a small class of four or five in the Sorbonne, Paris. The task over, he generally took his way to the office of the "Republique Francaise," Gambetta's paper, which printed some of his literary and historical contributions. Here it was he met one evening Spuller and Jules Ferry, who gave him a helping hand, for he had already begun to climb the official ladder, being employed in the department of archives at the Foreign Office. The rapidity of his promotion was marvelous. Before the end of 1885 he had been appointed Counsellor to the Embassy at Constantinople, and the next year he secured a seat in the Chamber, and at this moment his position is unique.

## When a Woman Hesitates

By JUSTIN STURGIS

Mrs. Trevor was not at home when Barclay called that afternoon, but the butler had instructions to tell him to wait for her; she had gone—where, Barclay did not quite understand—and would be back in half an hour. Barclay had waited for perhaps five minutes in the drawing-room examining the familiar paintings on the walls and turning idly the leaves of the gift books on the table, when a rustle of skirts from the direction of the portieres made him start and face about quickly, with the idea in his mind that Mrs. Trevor had returned sooner than expected. But it was not Mrs. Trevor who stood smiling at him in the door. Instead it was a very pretty — a wonderfully pretty — young girl of twenty or thereabouts, dressed in a smart tea-gown that set her off admirably.

"Oh," she said, with a mixture of coquetry and timidity that was charming, "is this — this is Mr. Barclay, I believe?"

Barclay replied that he had every reason to think it was.

"I am Miss Willis," she went on; "Mrs. Trevor's cousin."

Barclay bowed.

"From the country."

Barclay smiled, because it was evident she expected him to.

"And Mrs. Trevor asked me to—to talk to you in case you came before she got back—and—and—I don't think she will be back for half an hour."

"It is delightful!" murmured Barclay, vaguely.

"Which?" said Miss Willis, beginning to laugh. "By the way, you had better sit down." She settled herself upon the sofa.

"Why, just this." Barclay waved his hand as though to take in the situation, inclusive of Miss Willis and himself.

"It's delicious!" said Miss Willis.

Barclay sat down—upon the sofa.

"But we've not been introduced, you know," began Miss Willis, shaking her head at him.

"We must get along without it."

"Do you think we can?"

"Can what?"

"Get along—together."

"Some one has said that 'together' is the prettiest word in the language. Yes, I think we can."

"But will you meet me half way — you know I'm from the country."

"I'll do more than that, if you will let me." Barclay dropped his hand upon the sofa.

"That would be very kind. Oh, I was to make tea for for you, so Mrs. Trevor said."

"Oh, bother the tea! Wouldn't you rather talk?"

"I think I would—to you."

Barclay looked quizzically at the point of his varnished boot.

"You know, I — I'm not in such a hurry to have Mrs. Trevor come home." He slid his hand an inch or two along the sofa.

"And she won't be here for—a—whole—half—hour."

"I've heard of a battle that was won in less than that time. Do you think a girl could be?"

"Could be won in half an hour?"

"Yes."

"That would depend much upon the man, wouldn't it?"

"If the girl would meet him half way?"

"But one man promised to do more than that."

"I say, Miss Willis——"

"If the girl would let him, you know. And she might not let him——"

Barclay's hand paused.

"Unless——"

It moved forward again.

"Unless she felt sure the man thought she was worth the battle."

The hand moved forward another inch. There was an instant's silence, then Barclay said:

"She is worth it, I think."

"But it might be a long and very dreadful battle."

"I'm thinking of the girl, not of that." As he spoke his hand touched hers, in the folds of her gown. He took it in his own. She did not move. Suddenly she flashed a smile at him.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Trevor keeps you waiting so long. It's more than half an hour already."

"I'm not."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

Miss Willis drew her hand from his and rose to her feet with a good-humored smile, then she said:

"I ought not to be surprised at her being late, because I know that she does not intend to come at all."

"Not coming at all?" said Barclay, puzzled.

"No."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Mrs. Trevor has digged a little pit for you, and that you have fallen into the midst of it."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Barclay, his eyes widening.

"You know—or perhaps you don't know," continued Miss Willis, smiling good-naturedly, "that Mrs. Trevor has been of late a little—just a little—suspicious of your protestations of devotion. She thinks that you are a sad rogue, Mr. Barclay, and that despite your assurances, that you would flirt most outrageously, most unconscionably, with the first pretty girl who would permit it."

"Come, now, I say, Miss Willis."

"And so, since Mrs. Trevor has the great goodness to think me not too unpresentable, she asked me to receive you this afternoon, and to make myself agreeable, in order that I might inform her afterward as to results."

"The devil she did!" cried Barclay, quite out of countenance. He got to his feet, his forehead puckering uneasily.

"She even went so far," said Miss Willis, always with the same entrancing smile, "as to confide to me two little notes, one of which I was to hand you in case you proved faithful, and the other should you prove false. In one of them—the one you would have received had you been good—she thanks you for your constancy, and swears to you that she will always and forever love you; the other one—well, the other one treats you in the manner you have deserved and gives you your freedom."

"And naturally," said Barclay, gloomily, "it is this last one you are going to give me?"

"Don't you think you have merited it?"

"How do you know one letter from the other?"

"The bad one I marked with a cross—see?" and she held it towards him.

"I say—look here, Miss Willis," exclaimed Barclay, suddenly; "are you vexed with me for what has happened this afternoon? Do you regret our little tete-a-tete?

Miss Willis put her lips together and turned the note about and about in her fingers. She said nothing.

"Well, then," said Barclay, "when you tell Mrs. Trevor all about it, she won't be very well pleased will she, now?"

"Probably not."

"Women like Mrs. Trevor, even when they are expecting it, don't like to be—deceived."

"She will be furious."

"Especially when their successful rival is their little cousin—from the country?"

"That is one way of looking at it, of course."

"Which you hadn't thought of. I shall be dismissed, of course; but aren't you afraid she will send you home as well? You know the 'woman scorned' quotation?"

"She might send me back—that is quite true."

"Whereas, if you should give me the other letter—the one without the cross—Mrs. Trevor will never know, and I can come often, and—and—and have you make tea for me when Mrs. Trevor is out, and thus you and I and Mrs. Trevor—all of us, in fact—will be happy. Now what do you say?"

Miss Willis hesitated a moment. (You know what happens when a woman hesitates.) Her eyes met Barclay's, and she smiled in spite of herself.

Then without a word she handed him the unmarked letter.

There was a roll of wheels on the asphalt outside, and the clapping of a carriage door.

"There is Mrs. Trevor now!" exclaimed Miss Willis.

William Waldorf Astor has taken a big house in Picadilly for the Queen's Jubilee Day, and has invitations out for two dances in June, to which royalty has been invited.

## COMMENCEMENT AT STANFORD

### The Class of '97 Celebrate the Ceremony of Graduation.

They have launched a new class down at Stanford during the week, with the full expectation that it will beat the contract figure on its trial trip. It is the class of '97, and it numbered a hundred and twenty, all told. The festivities of commencement week began on Monday, when the graduates dedicated the class plate and presented the soph. cane to the lower class-men. These two ceremonies are chief among the time-worn customs that have been invented and take the place of those that only came with years. The "plate" is a bronze tablet suitably inscribed that is set into the cement walk about the quadrangle The cane is a sort of staff of office bestowed upon the Freshmen as a visible sign of their promotion to the dignity of second year men.

On Thursday evening occurred the principal social "function" of the week. The "prom. concert" in the Quad, and a really very pretty affair it was. Over a thousand lights, electric and otherwise, were hung about the "Quad," while an orchestra of musicians brought down from the city made the night melodious with all sorts of marches, selections and quicksteps, from the Stanford University March to that of Lohengrin.

The senior theatricals were given on the morning of the same day, and were as successful as the most enthusiastic amateur could have wished. The play was John Kendrick Bangs' "Proposal Under Difficulties," the leading parts being well interpreted by F. M. Riley as "Yardsley," G. W. Bush as "Barlow" and Miss Grace Streeter as "Dorothy Andrews." The "Proposals Under Difficulties" was in a manner given under difficulties itself, in that the audience was able to contrast it with the work of such professionals as Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, who followed with their presentation of "The Silent System." Ferris Hartman was also brought from the Tivoli and added materially to the fun of the occasion. The programme was closed by a one-act farce called "A Pair of Lunatics," written and presented by the students. G. H. Robinson and Miss Flossie Jones were the bright particular stars of this piece and acquitted themselves with the ease and thoroughness of professionals.

The alumni reunion and lunch in the chapel followed after the close of this histrionic carnival. Mr. Charles Field of the Bohemian Club of this city, and President of the Stanford alumni, acted as toastmaster, in which capacity he called forth from President Starr Jordan a discourse on the "Alumnis and the University."

Wednesday was commencement day, the great day of the college year. The hundred and twenty diplomas were presented to the graduates in the gymnasium, which, it must be admitted, looked rather bare of decoration. Professor Jordan said a last word to the graduates on the wholesomeness of the world they were about to face, and ended with what he called a "plea for old-fashioned goodness."

Not the least enjoyable feature of commencement week at the cardinal college is the open-house system in vogue among the fraternities. House parties are formed and the boys entertain their cousins and sisters —and incidentally other boys' cousins and sisters—during the public days. The largest house party of the week, and no doubt the most enjoyable, was that given by the Sigma Nu fraternity, which is quite the best of the Stanford clubs.

The Pennsylvania railroad is emphatically the property of its stockholders. It has $130,000,000 of stock and $80,000,000 of bonds. Half its stock is owned in England. When its President wants money he goes to its stockholders. There is a security of employment, a civil service running all through the great force of employes.

SCENE FROM "A PROPOSAL UNDER DIFFICULTIES," ENACTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Thors, photo

## A STRONG STORY

### Mrs. John Hays Hammond's Account of the Uitlander Rising.

The latest word on the Transvaal crisis of '96 is spoken by a woman. Mrs. Hammond, wife of the famous engineer, John Hays Hammond, has told of the revolution, all of which she saw and part of which she was, in a little book under the title "A Woman's Part in a Revolution." It may be said that Mrs. Hammond and her sister-in-law Betty were almost the only gentle-women left in Johannesburg four days after the insurrection broke out. Mrs. Hammond's "Part in the Revolution" was the part of a heroine. She proved herself a man's woman in every way, standing by her "good man," as she calls him, with a pluck that makes one feel proud that she is an American.

Mrs. Hammond tells her story admirably well, dramatizing whenever she can and striking off occasional little word pictures with a cleverness that is quite above the ordinary.

"Pretoria," she says, for instance, "was like a steam-bath. Frequent thunder storms were followed by a blazing sun. Vegetation grew inches in a day, and emitted a rank smell. People were sallow and languid, and went about with yellow-white lips."

There is nothing meanly feminine or little about the story; none of the hysteria and exclamation which would have been so easy to adopt under the circumstances. Mrs. Hammond goes right about her work in an honest, direct, forcible fashion, disdaining subterfuge or useless restraint, saying what she means, angry at cowardice and littleness and frankly glad and proud over courage and honesty and unbroken faith.

The narrative is a straightforward story of an insurrection that echoed round the world, told from the standpoint of a clear-headed American woman, who was too brave to run away when her husband was in danger and too noble to counsel her husband to run away when he had the chance to do so, even though to remain meant probable execution. A good idea can be obtained of the spirit of the book (and incidentally of the spirit of the splendid woman as well) by her comment upon the discovery of the famous "letter of invitation" upon the field of Kungusdorp. "It was picked up," says Mrs. Hammond, "on the battlefield in a leathern pouch supposed to be Dr. Jameson's saddle bag. Why in the name of all that is discreet and honorable didn't he eat it!"

On almost every page are interesting passages and descriptions of the men and scenes of those exciting days. Not one of the least entertaining bits is Mrs. Hammond's description of her visit to Kruger:

"The home of the President of the South African Republic is an unpretentious dwelling, built of wood, and on one floor. There is a little piazza running across the front, upon which he is frequently seen sitting, smoking his pipe of strong Boer tobacco, with a couple of his trusted Burghers beside him. Two armed sentinels stood at the latch gate. I hurried through the entrance. A negro nurse was scurrying across the hall with a plump baby in her arms. A young man with a pleasant face met me at the sitting-room door, and invited me to enter. It was an old-fashioned parlor, furnished with black horse-hair, glass globes, and artificial flowers; a marble-topped center table supporting bulky volumes,

THE '97 GRADUATING CLASS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Thors, photo

MR. TOM C. GRANT'S DON BERNARDO

MISS MINA D'EVELYN'S MARQUIS

bound in pressed leather, with large gilt titles. There were several men already in the room—Boers. Those nearest the door, I saw, regarded me with a scowl. I was a woman from the enemy's camp. At the further end of the long room sat a large, sallow-skinned man, with long grizzled hair swept abruptly up from his forehead. His eyes, which were keen, were partly obscured by heavy swollen lids. The nose was massive but not handsome. The thin-lipped mouth was large and flexible, and showed both sweetness and firmness. A fine mouth! He wore a beard. It was President Kruger. He was filling his pipe from a moleskin pouch, and I noticed that his broad stooping shoulders ended in arms abnormally long. We shook hands, and he continued to fill and light his pipe. Mr. Grobler, the pleasant-faced young man—grandson and secretary to the President—observing that I was trembling with fatigue and suppressed excitement, offered me a chair. We sat opposite each other, the President in the middle. I spoke slowly, Mr. Grobler interpreting. This was hardly necessary, President Kruger answering much that I said before it was interpreted. I could understand him perfectly from my familiarity with German and especially Platt-Deutsch.

"I explained that I had not come to talk politics—'No, no politics,' interrupted the President, in a thick, loud voice. Nor had I come to ask favors for my husband, as I felt assured that the honesty of his motives would speak for themselves at the day of his trial, but I had come as a woman and daughter of a Republic to ask him to continue the clemency which he had thus far shown, and to thank Mrs. Kruger for the tears which she had shed when Johannesburg was in peril.

"President Kruger relaxed a little. 'That is true; she did weep.' He fixed me with his shrewd glance. 'Where were you?' he asked, abruptly.

" 'I was in Johannesburg with my husband.'

" 'Were you not afraid?"

" 'Yes; those days have robbed me of my youth.'

" 'What did you think I was going to do?'

" 'I hoped that you would come to an understanding with the Reformers.'

"His face darkened.

" 'I was disappointed that the Americans went against me,' he said.

"Mr. Sammy Marx rose and left the room. I was seized with one of those sudden and unaccountable panics, and from sheer embarrassment—my mood was far too tragic to admit of flippancy—blurted out: 'You must come to America, Mr. President, as soon as all this trouble is settled, and see how we manage matters.'

"Kruger's face lighted up with interest. 'I am too old to go so far.'

" 'No man is older than his brain, Mr. President;' and Kruger, who knew that in all the trouble he had shown the mental vigor of a man in his prime, accepted my praise with a hearty laugh. This was joined in by the Boers from the other end of the room."

## SOME DOGS OF NOTE

The accompanying illustrations present prize winners in three of the sections at the recent Kennel Club show in this city.

Marquis (30561), by Ormonde-Carlotta, winner in the Challenge class for Mastiffs (Dogs), and of the Hermann Oelrichs gold medal for best mastiff. This dog has been a winner of first prize open classes at Omaha, Indianapolis, Des Moines, Pittsburg and Chicago, also special for best mastiff at Chicago and first Challenge at St. Louis.

As a stud dog he has already proved a success, his young stock in owners' kennels being very choice, and one of his puppies having won first prize at the Mascontah Kennel Club show. His weight in show condition is 170 lbs.; color, a beautiful fawn, with black markings; head, ears, legs and feet excellent, body symmetrical, back strong and action good—altogether a very fine specimen of a true English mastiff, and especially adapted for crossing with bitches lacking in mastiff type.

Don Bernardo, by California Bernardo-Lady Butte, whelped September, 1895. Winner of first prize St. Bernard novice class; first prize rough-coated dogs, open class, and President's Silver Cup for best California bred St. Bernard. This is a remarkably fine young dog, weighing now close on 200 lbs., and, if he goes on as he is doing, it is quite on the cards that he will excel his grandsire, Lord Butte, who was a champion in Europe. His owner values Don Bernardo at $2,500.

Among the specialties of the show were the Belgian Griffons, of which Mr. W. S. Kittle exhibited four, all

MR. W. S. KITTLE S GRIFFONS

of them bred by Mr. George Crocker. These dogs have lately been introduced as a new feature in European shows, and if not attractive, they are certainly uncommon as regards looks. They created much interest, and the thanks of dog fanciers are due to Mr. Kittle for the exhibition he made of these novelties.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

### Turks Tranquil and Temperate — Greeks Suspected of Cowardice.

Within the last week or so the real war news from Greece has been coming in fast. Not the detached, fragmentary telegrams, garbled by the censor and distorted by frequent relays, but the written accounts of special correspondents—the men who record impressions, not merely collect news. The features of the campaign that have astonished Europe are the extreme moderation of the Turkish conquerors and the cowardice of the Greeks. The best correspondence that has come from the war is that of G. W. Stevens, who gives in the "Mail," in a very impressionistic style, the story of the Turkish entrance into Larissa:

"Over the scattered, smashed, disheveled, disgraceful relics of Greece marched the conquering Turk. Already a huge army was pouring in from every opening into the plain—horse and foot and the perpetual patient baggage train. But the conquering Turk displayed no exultation. Here, between the rich cornfields of the plain of Thessaly, he marched as always—strongly, sloppily, composedly. The entry of the Turkish troops into Larissa was the sweetest and most lovable thing I have seen during this week of the war.

"I will not say that there was no single case of disorder; a few men were arrested for looting. But I patrolled the city for hours, and I do say that the order, the discipline, and the good humor of the Turks and Albanians could have been excelled by no nation in the world; more, I do not believe that any nation could have equalled it. In no other country I ever heard of are soldiers so well disciplined, so simply, unquestioningly, even childishly obedient to their officers. The officers had forbidden pillage and violence, and the soldiers obeyed. I have seen more rioting at a supper bar in the National Liberal Club than I saw on the first day of the occupation of Larissa. Why? Partly, no doubt, it was due to the admirable arrangements made by the officers. I saw Hakki Pasha, who had entered the town with his division—a Turk of the old type—short, stout, gray-bearded, grave, yet with a jolly twinkle somewhere under the surface of his eyes. When I congratulated him he was almost embarrassed, and said it was an accident. But the discipline he established was not an accident, and any general in the world might be proud of it to his death. Sentinels stood at every corner, mounted patrols paced down every street. The bank and all the other principal buildings had sentries of their own, and it was pleasant to see how hard Albanians scorned the Greek sentry boxes and sat down contentedly on the stones. There was only one possible objection to the arrangements made—that they were not necessary."

Another explanation of this exemplary behavior comes in a dispatch to the "Times":

"There have been several attempts at plundering among the Albanian regiments, but they have been isolated, and this morning two soldiers, who had been warned, were shot in the market-place for disobedience of orders. The effect was instantaneous, and the commandant's exemplary action shows better than words the discipline that exists."

The Turkish soldier—though Harding Davis nearly five years ago called him the finest fighting man of his inches in Europe—has been a surprise to the world in general, and to Greece in particular. There is a certain disconcerting, business-like directness about his attacks that will not brook argument. "It was of little use," says Stevens, "protesting that the Turks were ill-fed and starving, when, after a day and night spent in fighting, they showed their red fezzes over the earthwork. Well-fitting uniforms may win on a dress parade, but when a line of powerful men is advancing with the bayonet there is small consolation in the holes or patches displayed by their garments."

As for the Greeks—they do not emerge from their battles as heroes. There seems little reason to doubt the stories of the general correspondents, who don't hesitate to impute cowardice to the flying Hellenes. Of the evacuation of Larissa, the "Times" correspondent writes: "The remainder of the Greek army, after distinguishing itself by setting fire to the barracks and looting the shops of the civil population, judged discretion more serviceable than valor and fled pell-mell. Even the doctors and the hospital assistants left their charges, some of whom died untended and alone before they were found out by the Turkish medical officials. The Crown Prince, indeed, endeavored to restrain the excesses of his disbanded soldiery and to prevent what might have once been an orderly retreat from lapsing into the miserable debacle whose effects are now before us. No doubt, as a Prince and a gentleman he did his best. But it is evident that the army under his command was as lacking in organization as it was in real morale.

Edhem Pasha anticipated a stubborn resistance at Larissa, for this position was strong. There is a river running south of the town together with strong intrenchments. The "Telegraph's" correspondent says: "The miserable fact remains that thirty or forty battalions of infantry, with cavalry and guns, ran away from strongly intrenched positions, without firing a shot for their country. The Turkish officers, though always confident of victory, could hardly express their astonishment at the result. They always despised the courage of the Greeks, regarding them as a nation of talkers, better in speech than in action; but, still, they could scarcely believe in this sudden and ignominious flight."

A good deal of sympathy has gone out from every quarter of the world toward the English volunteers who have gone to emulate Byron and to bleed for Greece. A grim and unromantic writer in the "Telegraph" writes the following from Larissa. He is a destroyer of sentiment, this war correspondent. He says: "It may be hoped that the farce of volunteer assistance will never again be played. Where are the four Englishmen who, a month ago, left Charing-cross with a sublime sense of their own heroism? Were they well among the foremost of the runners, or did they bleed or fall in Byronic fashion for the cause of their adoption? It is painful to relate that the value of some of those individuals was lightly estimated by those whom they came to succor. They were abruptly ordered home after repeated exhibitions of inefficiency, with the assurance that they were not worth the rations wasted upon them. Some offers of assistance were met by counter demands for money."

President McKinley's idea of creating a tariff commission auxiliary to the Department of Commerce, to which all tariff issues and recommendations might be delegated, would succeed in accomplishing in a day what Congress takes months to do. The project would take tariff and money out of politics altogether, and give them over to a commission, carefully chosen, with full power to revise, change, amend and modify at will. The Secretary of the department, it is intimated, is to be Mark Hanna. His position will give him greater power than any of his confreres; it will make him the very head of the tariff and monetary questions of the country—a veritable financial autocrat.

Lulu Hurst has written a book in which she gives an explanation of how she performed her feats of apparently superhuman strength, stating that it was all done by "deflection of force." The Savannah "Press" objects, and declares, doubtless for the glory of the State, that Miss Hurst's "laws of leverage" and "deflection of force" are all "fol-de-rol," and insists that she had a "strange power," of whose origin and extent she herself knew and knows nothing at all.

Doctor Kurowaza gets in one on the neck

Parrying a heavy drive

The Doctor goes to his knee

Almost over

Ready for action

*THE JAPANESE FENCING CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO*

Photos by Weidner

## JAPANESE SWORDSMANSHIP

### Fencing as Practiced by the Mikado's Subjects in This City.

My friend Kurowaza first told me about the Japanese fencing clubs, and in the same breath asked me to come to one of its meetings. The club numbers 150 regular members, and Kurowaza is the President. Unfortunately many of the fencers are out of town for the summer, but enough of them got together of a Monday morning of this week to give one a fairly good impression of the game.

The club has its headquarters in a little court just off O'Farrell street, in the Japs quarter, and when I arrived some half-dozen swordsmen were already on the spot and engaged in putting on their costumes or uniforms, one hardly knows which to call them. It is picturesque enough, this fencing accoutrement of theirs, and the color of it is stunning, dull, stone blues and sombre reds and olive greens with here and there a vivid wink of orange. The helmet is a cumbersome affair, quite unlike the wire mask of the European fencer. It is quilted over the top and sides of the head and the bars are of steel and as thick as a pencil. The breastplate is of stout papier mache, lacquered to a fine glaze, while from beneath hangs a long skirt, the last garment you would suppose a fencer would elect to wear.

The weapon is, of course, the sword, not the little wisp of steel of the foil or rapier, but a ponderous, hacking arrangement to be wielded in two hands, heavy enough, murderous enough, to cleave you a man to the chin if desired. This for the serious business of life—or death. For practice and sport a sham sword is made of withs of bamboo, bound together like a harlequin's bat, or, if you prefer it, a lictor's bundle of rods. Kurowaza was just calling time on a couple of contestants as I came up. The court was cleared, leaving them a space some twenty feet square. It was different from any style of fence I have ever seen, not in the least the kind that Professor Tronchet would ever teach or approve. The Japs did not stand in a straight line, but danced about one another, shuffling and dodging, and stamping like challenging bucks, slovenly foot work I suppose Tronchet would call it, and ever and again they would shout hoarsely through their helmets. It was spectacular, but not very scientific, magnificent, but not war. The only parries they employed were those in quarte and in sixte, and they never lunged. Sometimes even they were content to catch a blow on their arms or padded shoulders. It was the edge of the weapon that they relied upon, never the point, and any porton of the body was fair for a blow. They crouched to their work like so many cats, and their quickness of attack and recovery was feline as well in its rapidity. It was fine fighting while it lasted, for they never took or allowed a moment's rest. Up and down, back and forth, give and take, whack, clatter and clash, it ought to have been swords, but, though it was only bamboo foils, it was exciting enough to be satisfactory. Boxing with clubs might be a good definition of it, for there was the duck in it, the swing and the side step in it, and once when Nakamura brought in a tremendous staggering crash full on his adversary's front the watching Japs cheered as when the boxer lands a straight drive on the chin. The other dropped to his knee, and the second blow whined in the air over his head and swept from his helmet a little round knob of wood, whose significance I had not until then understood. But as the little wooden sphere filliped from the mask like a ball hot from the bat the cheer of the Japs rose to a great shout, and the fencers dropped their weapons and pulled the helmets from their steaming faces. This was the great point in the bout, it appeared, to strike off the crest of the foe's helmet, and Nakamura had done it as cleanly as though it had been shorn with a blade.

This fence of the Japanese is fine fighting, but you will look long before you will find much delicacy in it. It is a combination of half a dozen encounters—boxing, fencing, the single-stick, the broadsword and the bayonet exercise, but it is picturesque certainly, and if the big two-handed sword of the Ronins were substituted for the bundle of sticks, you can imagine it quite as thrilling as necessary.

" 'One band of the Greeks came inside last night,' remarked Charlie, as his large red face met my awakening eyes. 'Where?' 'Karya; bin shoot all night; bin shooting always.' I thought it was only another Krania affair—Greek reservists disguised as brigands, two days' shooting, and the matter handed over to be settled between Constantinople and Athens. However, Karya is not far—perhaps fifteen miles or so. I would go and spend the night. So I had them pack up my bed and a box of food and load it on a pack-saddle. I mounted the Beetle, as my larger and more brazen-mouthed pony is called, mounted Charlie on the Flea, which is the name of the one which trots like the gas in a siphon, and off we went to Karya.

Sir Alfred Milner, the new High Commissioner of British Africa, made a strong impression on the Boers by addressing them in their own patois. He was appointed three months ago, and then knew neither Dutch nor German, but has contrived to learn both languages since.

A wooden monument has been erected over George du Maurier's grave; over the place, that is, in Hampstead churchyard, where the casket containing his ashes has been buried.

*ELMWOOD FARM'S CH. M. LUCRETIA BORGIA, 4 YEARS, BY IMP. BRUTUS-LEDETTE*

Holder of the World's Record for Four Miles (Time 7:11) Made at Oakland Track May 20, 1897

Photos by Hodson

## BREAKING TURF RECORDS

### A California-Bred Mare Sets Three New Long-Distance Marks.

On Thursday, May 20th, a notable bit of galloping work was done at the Emeryville track. In the middle of the afternoon's racing the Elmwood Farm (William Boots & Son) started their 4-year-old mare, Lucretia Borgia, 85 pounds, Clawson in the saddle, to beat the California record for four miles, 7:20¼. The track was in fine order, but the general opinion was not in favor of a successful issue, a slight shade of odds being laid in favor of "the enemy."

As Starter Ferguson gave the word to get ready Clawson lifted the mare into a canter and, with the fall of the flag, had her going well, hard held and close to the rail. Judging pace with a nicety and keeping his mount at an even swing, her jockey put the first mile behind him in 1:50, when he proceeded to increase the speed. As the mare came into the straight for the concluding part of the second mile, she was joined by her owners' Nabapolassar—this is a real name—who laid off a couple of lengths, forcing the pace, which marked 1:45¼ for the second mile. With no change in the order of the proceedings, and still running free, she bid adieu to her first attendant when the homestretch was reached, and was favored with the company of another son of imp. Brutus, Peter II, who forced her to the end of the third mile in 1:47½. Thus far Father Time was already in the rear. Well around the top turn and the mare seems to dwell for a moment, but Clawson gives her a call and her running mate gets jealous, only to bring forth fresh effort, which, with judicious urging, for the rest of the route, brings her to the end of the final mile in 1:48¼, the holder, not merely of the California, but the world's record, for four miles, in 7:11.

Time: First mile, 1:50; second mile, 1:45¼; third mile, 1:47½; fourth mile, 1:48¼. One mile, 1:50; two miles, 3:35¼; three miles, 5:33¾; four miles, 7:11.

It was a big question to ask of a little one and that one a mare at a time of year by no means the best for testing the powers of one of her sex.

Cheers had been ringing in the air long before the feat was finally accomplished, and as the little mare pulled up they resounded in a vast roar, while the excitement of the assembled thousands was intense. As she returned to the judges' box she seemed perfectly cool and little blown.

Regarded solely as a time contest, and probably that is the only way in which it can be considered, the performance was a remarkable one. There is not the least doubt that thousands more people would have been present to witness the feat had the appointment been more fully advertised and its possibilities better appreciated. Twenty-one years ago the renowned Ten Broeck, then 4 years old, carrying 104 pounds, undertook a similar task at Louisville, Ky., and the time he made, 7:15¾, has since stood as the record.

It will be remembered that on May 1st Lucretia Borgia, carrying 92 pounds, was a competitor in a four-mile race for the Ingleside Stakes, won by Little Bob in 7:24½, and on that occasion was handicapped by having a jockey on her back, who had barely strength enough to keep his seat to the end of so long a journey, much less hold her together, and yet she finished within some three lengths of the winner. In the interval she had faced the starter twice in races of one mile and one and one-eighth miles respectively, and as she pulled up after the recent time test without showing the least sign of distress the little Brutus mare is evidently a really sterling piece of goods. Of this she gave evidence early in her career on the turf by winning a race at a mile, as a 2-year-old, and that she is a thorough stayer there can be no manner of doubt. The weak point in her record performance, of course, is that the weight carried was but a feather, but anything else would have been out of the question for a little animal of her calibre.

Lucretia Borgia is in color a bright chestnut, standing 14.3½, of true proportions and nice quality, muscular and free from any appearance of weediness, with feet and legs of the best, ample bone for her size, sinews and tendons well developed. When extended her action is level and smooth, fully explaining her ability to sustain it over a great stretch of ground. She is as sound and free from blemish as on the day she was foaled, temperate and sensible, with a very fair share of true thoroughbred beauty.

The mare was bred by Messrs. Boots & Son at Elmwood Farm, Milpitas, Cal., and was sired by imp. Brutus, he by Macgregor out of imp. Teardrop, dam Ledette by Nathan Coombs out of Gipsy by imp. Hercules out of Miami by Belmont, the last-named mare being also the dam of Nathan Coombs, her grandsire and granddam on the dam's side being thus out of the same mare. Both the first and the second dam were bred by her owners.

Analysing the time made and comparing it with that of her previous four miles run in the Ingleside Stakes, it appears that the first mile at Emeryville was done in identically the same time as the last mile at Emeryville, the third mile at Ingleside in the same time as the second mile at Emeryville, the first half of the journey at Ingleside corresponding to a fraction therefore with the last half at Emeryville, while the last three miles on the latter track were covered in 5:20½, the first three in 5:22¾, as against the race record, 5:24, of Drake Carter, 115 pounds, at Sheepshead Bay, in 1884. Lucretia Borgia's performance further cut records by making her time for the first two and three-fourth miles 4:55¾, as against Hubbard, 107 pounds, at Saratoga, in 1873, 4:58¾. She, therefore, now holds three fastest American running records at the longest distances on the flat as against time.

Before closing these notes it is but just to draw attention to the good work of little Clawson, to whose skill no little of the credit is due. As the mare went to the post I asked Mr. Charles Boots what rate of speed he was looking for in the first mile, and he told me that his instructions to the boy were to make it in about 1:50, and quicken a bit thereafter. His orders were obeyed to the letter, and the good judgment displayed by the owner thus bore fruit that surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

Since the year that Peter the Great made his mark Brutus stock has been held in high esteem, and this fresh feather in the bonnet of Macgregor's son, it is safe to say, will prove an enduring token of his successful career at the stud in California. BENEDICT.

The doubts expressed by Sir Clements Martin, President of the Royal Geological Society, in a paper recently read before that body as to Sebastian Cabot's claim upon the discovery of North America do not seem to have very good foundation. Sir Clements lends confusion to his statements by ascribing the credit at one time to the English captains who accompanied John Cabot in the voyage of 1498, and at another time allowing it to John Cabot himself. He also puts himself at variance with Mr. Henry Harrisse, who likewise discredits Sebastian's claim. Harrisse rejects his theory that Cabot's landfall was in Labrador. Of the two arguments advanced against Sebastian Cabot, Mr. Harrisse's is by far the more logical and convincing, but not quite logical and convincing enough to deprive the plucky Genoese of the discovery accredited to him by accepted history.

The Princess of Wales sympathizes deeply with her brother, King George; but she has given offense to Lord Salisbury by subscribing to the London "Chronicle" fund for the relief of the Greek sick and wounded. The Prince does not share this feeling, and in the royal household there has been a fine development of bitterness.

According to Edhem Pasha's report, the Greek army consists, apart from the mountaineers, of a mere conglomeration of ploughboys, shopboys, brigands and pickpockets—of everything, in short, save soldiers.

A SCENE AT THE EXERCISES AT SAN RAFAEL COLLEGE.

THE FEMININE ORCHESTRA OF THE COLLEGE

# A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

## Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

You know, Diary dear, with what degree of pleasure I was contemplating the Dog Show. Well, my anticipations were more than realized, but the human exhibition proved of even more interest than the canine. Dogs are dear things, though. I just love them. For one thing they so nearly resemble men. The St. Bernard dogs look exactly like judges; their air is so medieval, their expression of calm sagacity reminds one irresistibly of a judge in wig and cloak presiding over the Supreme Court. To me the great Dane is the autocrat as well as the aristocrat of the canine kingdom. He is such a noble looking fellow. The bulldogs, mastiffs, terrier and pug belong to the prize fighting element. The grey hound, in fact all the hounds, suggest by their air of keenness, the detective—the real sleuth. The collies are the clerical dogs, for do not they take care of the sheep and see that none wander from the fold. I wonder are they as exacting as some of our pastors? Some of the dogs were especially interesting, and I noted that those marked dangerous were among the most gentle and affectionate. I like the daschunds; they suggest drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, and seem to revel in their lack of proportion. I was interested in the owners of the dogs and the pride they took in their beasts. They hung around their lairs and pampered them in every way. Every one was there. Arthur said that some of the fellows went both in the afternoon and evening.

The preparations for Ethel Cohen's wedding go on apace, and our interest gains hourly. It is to be by far the smartest wedding of this year. Mr. Jouillin is decorating the Unitarian Church, and expects to make it a perfect dream of beauty, to delight the eyes and comfort the souls of the multitudinous admirers of Miss Cohen. It is to be a white wedding—infantry colors, you know. The bridesmaids are to be all in pure white organdie gowns ruffled to the waist, and holy veils, in the English fashion. Ethel's dress is to be very plain—white satin and orange blossoms, with puffs of tulle. She was to have been resplendent in some famous old lace of her mother's, but alas, the flames, which are no respecters of heirlooms, demolished it. Poor Ethel, she lost ever so much in that wretched fire. The music is to be quite a feature. It is taken from "Runnymede," by Mr. H. J. Stewart, and Mr. Harrison has written suitable words for Miss Cohen? Is not that lovely? Fancy having one's anthem composed especially for you—just like a real princess—and I am sure Mr. Harrison's verses will be prettier than Alfred Austin's.

Ethel and Mr. Bent have been furnishing their wee cottage at the Presidio in the daintiest fashion: it is to be the cosiest of nests, and suggests a doll's villa, in which one might keep house on a miniature scale. The reception at Mrs. Gibbons is to be a regular crush, I am told, and we are to be in evidence, except Arthur, who has gone off on a fishing expedition with some of the boys.

Our summer plans are still deliciously uncertain. Papa is most anxious to go to San Mateo, which is booming. Colonel Fred Crocker's family is installed in the Willie Howard house. Mr. Howard has taken the Moses Hopkins' place, near Redwood City. Miss Howard is growing such a stylish, pretty girl, and promises to be one of the belles, Papa says. Charley Green of the railroad has bought about three acres at Highland Park, San Mateo, and is going to build there. I think San Mateo is going to be the suburb par excellence of San Francisco. You see all the smart set, especially the railroad contingent, are buying down there, and it is bound to become the Newport of California. At Burlingame there are still two houses to let. You see they are unfurnished, and the owners would prefer to sell them. The Mayo-Newhalls, George Newhall and the Joe Tobins have now three of the houses. Walter Hobart's latest acquisition to his place is an immense swimmng tank. Is not that delightful? Although for my own part the sea bathing at San Mateo is so excellent I hardly see the necessity of a fresh water tank. Of the other San Mateo contingent the Schwerins have the same cottage as they had last year. Mr. C. B. Stone has been fortunate enough to lease the Lee villa, and Mr. A. S. Baldwin the Reed place.

Leila went over to Sausalito to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Charley Macintosh in their cosy cottage. She says there is quite a goodly crowd over there this season, and there is promise of much gaiety. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Robinson have taken one of the Thomas cottages. Captain and Mrs. Lyman and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Carroll have cottages also. The hotel there has been fixed up and papered throughout by Mr. Chamberlain, who is now the manager. He used to have the Beresford, you know, and they say he is a fine caterer. The one thing needful, I think—don't you? There are any number of men in Sausalito. Eugene Garber, Alec Hamilton and Carey Friedlander have the Wakefield Baker cottage. There are loads of interesting Englishmen in the place. Mr. and Mrs. Will Barnes are also there. Horace Platt and his sister,Mrs. Kent, formerly Nina Platt (and once a belle here) have a cottage, and anticipate making things lively. Leila says she had rather a quiet week of it, save on Saturday, when Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave a launch party to El Campo. They had a merry time, only poor Gus Costigan, one of the most popular of the men, met with a painful accident. He was dancing on the deck, when his foot slipped and he fell and broke his ankle. Was not that a horrid shame?

Stella Locan's engagement to Fritz Denicke is announced, and the marriage will be celebrated in the fall, I believe. Stella is a stunning-looking girl—might pose for a Statue of Liberty; is tall, finely made, and has a decided air of distinction. Fritz is a dear, jolly boy, and is quite clever. They are both young and are ideal lovers—the sort you read of but rarely see. You know they have grown up together. His sister was Stella's greatest friend, and when boy and girl they were sweethearts. Is not that charming? Now I positively detest the boys I knew before I came out (when I still wore short frocks). They always seem to patronize me or else resent my slightly superior airs. And what fearful teazes they are—whew!'

On Tuesday evening I went to the Irish concert given by Denis O'Sullivan and Daniel O'Connell. It was a great success. I have never heard Mr. O'Sullivan sing better; his heart seemed in those sweet Irish ballads. The audience was enthusiastic to a degree, and he received some exquisite bouquets, as well as a number of encores. Mr. O'Connell recited several Irish poems, in which poor, dear England received scant mercy. I supnose, though "right is might," the sympathy is always with the losing side. And now, for another week, farewell to you. I shall have weddings without number in June. Miss Cohen's, Miss Burton's and Miss Mabel Estee's—and I do love weddings, even if the dissimilarity merely exists in the couples. And so, with love, from your fond

MISS CRICKET.

***

Fabiola Day is always anticipated with much pleasure among the Oakland people, as the managers of the association usually arrange some interesting fete. Last year, the floral tournament was an immense success, but this season the ladies decided to get up some new form of entertainment. They had thought it over, and were debating upon various devices, when Mr. Tom Williams offered them the race track, with all its appointments and officials, for the day. The management were more than pleased, and accepted Mr. Williams' offer with alacrity. A procession was formed on Harrison street, and innumerable gaily equipped vehicles moved out to the track. Some of the carriages were very smart. Churchill Taylor drove a gaily decorated cart, in which were the Misses Gage, Miss Evans, Mrs. Allender and Miss Morey. Three of the girls wore pale pink frocks, while the others wore blue. Each carried a white parasol trimmed with ribbons. Miss Grace Gorrill had a party of young people in her English cart. All wore white pique suits with red shirt waists and sailor hats. Their parasols were in white silk with red ribbons. Misses Jean and Florence Hush and Miss Harriet Kittridge were among them. Perhaps the most striking-looking rig was the English T cart of the Misses Alice and Lucy Moffitt. It was decorated in Fabiola colors, and the girls wore light frocks. Miss Alice Moffitt wore pale blue with white leghorn hat trimmed with drooping ostrich feathers. Miss Lucy Moffitt wore a combination in lavender shades, and Mrs. Ned Howard was ogwned in pink with picture hat covered in pink roses. Mrs. Remi Chabot took a bus load of young people in a carryall trimmed with scarlet and orange. Miss Kate Chabot, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knight and the Remillards were among her guests. There were multitudinous carriages whose sole decoration was in the bright costumes of the occupants. Then many did not join in the procession, but drove out to the track. Among them Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, Mr. Ed Steele, with Misses Bertha and Elsie Steele; Mr. Havens with Misses Florence and Grace Walker. The grand stand looked very brilliant with tier upon tier of red, purple, orange and green hats covered in flowers resplendent as the rainbow. Nearly all the ladies wore white duck or grass linen frocks. The races were very exciting, the enthusiasm tremendous, so that the ladies of the Fabiola are again congratulating themselves on the success of their day.

A big tea was given on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. George McNear, served from four to seven o'clock. Mrs. McNear was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. George McNear Jr. The house was decorated with roses and carnations. About three hundred people called during the afternoon. Exceedingly pretty was the young married people's dinner given by Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long at Highlands in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden. The table was massed with La France and Jacqueminot roses. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Magee, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear Jr., etc.

An engagement dinner was given by Mrs. Lucy Hayes in honor of Mr. Samuel Shortridge and Miss Laura Gashwiler on Friday evening. Miss Gashwiler looked exceedingly handsome in a light silk gown. A smart little luncheon was given by the Misses Gage in honor of Miss Katherine Chabot last week. Afterwards, the young people played "Pig." Miss Chabot carrying off the first prize. Among those invited were Misses Lohse, Miss Henry, Miss Archibald, etc. A jolly card party was given by Miss Katherine Harrub on Saturday afternoon to a number of the Deux Temps set. The prizes were very pretty, and during the afternoon musical selections were rendered by the different girls. A yachting party was given to twenty young people by Mrs. T. C. Coogan on Saturday. They sailed round the bay and had luncheon on board.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Olive Reed and Mr. Seth Cushman. The ceremony, which is to be a simple one, is to take place on June 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Cushman are to live in San Francisco.

The innumerable friends of Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle will be glad to learn that they have returned to San Francisco and are again at their old home in the Palace Hotel. Dr. Breyfogle has been doing the hospitals of the continent, and has appropriately mingled pleasure with business.

A pretty wedding occurred at the California Hotel last week, when Miss Florence Olcovich became Mrs. Henry Goldstone. Miss Olcovich's gown was white satin covered with tulle, and trimmed with point applique lace and satin ribbons. The veil was attached to the hair by the groom's gift— a diamond sunburst; the bouquet was of bride's roses and orange blossoms, arranged in a shower. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Jacob Nieto, was followed by the wedding breakfast, and the rest of the evening passed in dancing.

The anticipated gaiety at San Mateo commences to be realized. The Hotel Mateo has sent out invitations for a dance on Saturday evening (the 29th), and tennis tournament on Monday next. The court is in first-class condition, and I believe the Whitney Brothers, who are the "Double" champions, are to meet a team of clever players from Los Angeles, who will venture to try conclusions with them. Quite a number of people are quartered in the Hotel, and there are many families from San Francisco established in the surrounding cottages, so there can hardly fail to be a large gathering for the ball. For this season the Mateo has been put into first-rate condition; it has been redecorated, the furniture replenished and otherwise renewed; a clever chef has been put in charge of the cuisine, and everything done to promote the comfort of the guests. Manager Shepard, who is now in charge of the institution, is a hotel man of experience, who intends ministering in every way to the comfort and pleasure of his guests. The dance to-night is the forerunner of many other pleasant gatherings during the season.

That some women are well dressed at a tenth of the cost that enables many an heiress to look dowdy is recognized. It is accomplished by watching opportunities. There is just now a chance to purchase smart hats at greatly reduced prices at E. E. Caswell's, 28 Post street. The swellest hats in town are being sold there at from five to ten dollars—about half the average price.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
ures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists

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## SAN RAFAEL COLLEGE

### Graduates Distinguish Themselves in Music and Elocution.

This has been commencement week at the Dominican college, San Rafael. Exercises in the different departments have been on since Monday, and in them all much excellence has been displayed, both in the aptitude of the pupils and in the training ability of the instructors. The elocutionary entertainment of Wednesday deserves mention in particular. This exhibition was given most successfully, the young ladies displaying unusual attainments in declamation, in grace of movement and in beauty of pose.

The commencement occurred yesterday afternoon, and attracted a large number of patrons and friends of the college. The exercises went off unusually well, with much smoothness. The music, vocal and instrumental, was of merit out of the ordinary, the vocal bolero of Miss Agnes Branks deserving special attention. The college orchestra, containing about twenty members and made up entirely of students, succeeded in making a sort of mild sensation. With the exception of organ and piano it consists exclusively of stringed instruments, mandolins, bandurrias, guitars, violin and harp. The instrumentation for the orchestra was arranged by Sister Irene, and to her the general excellence of the music may be attributed.

The following is the list of honors for 1897: Medals and diplomas, awarded to Misses Guenllian Blethan, Grace Burke, Agnes Branks; certificates, awarded to Misses Katherine O'Dea, Nellie Butler, Blanche Cronin, Cora Brill, Ethel Gunn; medal for good conduct, awarded to Miss Lola Duran; distinguished, Misses Cora Brill, Hazel Bonnifield, Grace Burke, Ethel Fannof; medal for application, Miss K. O'Dea; second medal, to Miss Amy O'Connor; distinguished, Miss Ella Bethune. Medal for mathematics, Miss Jessie Henderson; distinguished, Misses Nellie Butler, A. O'Connor. Medal for improvement in music, Agnes Maloney. Medal for art embroidery, Miss Marie Sosa; distinguished, Miss Ella Bethune. Painting, Miss Nela Souza.

The college has the benefit of a most fortunate location, as well as of a thoroughly competent faculty. It is situated in the most beautiful part of San Rafael, conceded to be one of the most delightful places in the State. The gardens and surroundings are all that nature and art can devise, and while it is safely "far from the madding crowd," it has the advantage of easy access to San Francisco, being connected by hourly trains.

The Chinese drama, "The First Born," will commence its fourth week at the Alcazar on Monday evening. The success of this little drama has been remarkable. In addition to "The First Born," H. Grattan Donnelly's play, "An America Girl," will be given, with the entire Alcazar company, including George Osbourne and Adele Belgarde, both of whom were in the original production.

Mme A Ruppert begs to announce to the ladies of San Francisco that she has recently removed to rooms 15-16, 131 Post street, where she hopes to receive the same patronage as formerly.

A full assortment of the latest Eastern novelties at Gruenhagens, 20 Kearny street. Ice Cream Chocolates—a superior make—a specialty. Goods delivered free to Oakland, Alameda or Berkeley.

J. W. CARMANY, 25 Kearny street, for a complete line of Spring shirtings and neckwear.

DR. G. A. DANZIGER, Dentist, 22 Geary st.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

## FRAWLEY'S NEW BEAUTY

### An Impression of the Opinions of Miss Gladys Wallis.

Now that I sit down before this copy paper, with pencil and wits sharpened to the task, and open the tap of whatever brain cell stores up the recollection of things, I find that I can remember in detail but little of my interview—call it rather talk—with Miss Gladys Wallis of the Frawley company.

I discover that I have carried away an impression rather than a record. I can remember perfectly well how Gladys Wallis looked—it would be hard to forget that—and how very delightful was her manner, but I'm very much afraid I did not ask her a sufficient number of leading questions. For instance, I did not ask her if she rode a wheel. I know nothing of her views on woman's rights. I have come away without obtaining her ideas as to the temper of San Francisco audiences, and I shall drag out the rest of my existence in crass ignorance of her liking for pets.

But as to impressions. I had never seen Miss Wallis, but the moment she came into the hotel parlor I knew beyond any question that she was the young lady I had come to see. Whether "Gladys" be a stage name or not, it fits her as a glove. Somehow, if I saw her in a crowd I think I would guess her name.

She is one of the smallest little bodies imaginable, with very tiny hands and feet, and a very small smile, and she wore—Just here the film is blurred again; I recall something dark blue and something brown—but whether the skirt was blue and waist was brown or whether the waist was brown and the skirt blue I cannot precisely say. Then there was a jewel cluster somewhere, a wonderful affair, but I don't know if it was at her throat or on her finger.

I think I began by apologizing at first for existence generally and afterward, more particularly for existence as an interviewer. (Fancy how an interviewer on a daily would snort at this.) Then we sat down and—don't speak it above a whisper—Gladys Wallis' feet did not reach the floor.

Said I: "I haven't the faintest notion what to talk to you about."

"Nor I the faintest notion what to say," said Gladys Wallis.

"And to be personal on fifty seconds' acquaintance is unwarrantable," I observed.

"But shouldn't you be personal, in order to—to—"

"To earn my salary?"

"To make a good interview, rather."

"One should," said I. "But suppose we shun the personal note—for once."

"But you might write things that I never said."

"I would write nothing you wouldn't like."

"How do you know the things I like?"

"I know the things you don't like."

"For instance?" Miss Wallis picked at a jewel cluster on her finger. (It was on her finger, after all.) "For instance?" she said again.

"Interviewers," said I, still very humbly.

"I will tell you one thing I don't like," she said decisively. I fumbled for my note book.

"What's that?"

"I don't like a man to be meek." I put it back again.

"I'll be a roaring lion if you would like it any better."

"But don't be meek. You'll never be a good interviewer as long as you're meek."

"But I don't want to be a good interviewer," said I.

"What then?"

"A very poor one."

"You're not even that."

I bowed. "You are very kind."

"But your readers won't know a thing about me."

"Yes, they will."

"They won't know facts."

"They will have something better. They will receive an impression; the same that I have received, I hope."

"How do you expect to manage that, if you don't put down exactly what I say? You haven't used your note book once."

"I won't put down 'exactly what you say.'"

"Well then?"

"I'll try and remember as much of your conversation as I can, and what I can't remember I'll imitate. You give the impression at once of being very bright, very clever and very quick at repartee. I shall try and give the subscribers the same impression, even if I cannot repeat your precise words."

"Do you mean to say that you are making a character study of me?"

"Heaven forbid."

"At any rate, say that I am very ambitious and that once I starred."

"'Miss Wallis,' I quoted, 'informed our representative that she was bent upon attaining the highest round upon the ladder of fame. It will be remembered that Miss Wallis has already shone in the theatrical horizon as a bright particular star in a galaxy of unprecedented brilliancy.' How will that do?"

"It won't do at all. I thought you said this was not to be an interview."

"So I did. I forgot. I will just say that once you starred."

"And that I am very ambitious."

"And that you are very ambitious. I say, a thought occurs to me. Can't you give our paper your ideas upon interviewers?"

MISS GLADYS WALLIS
ACCORDING TO FALK

Gladys Wallis reflected a moment.

"I could, but I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because you wouldn't put it in, if I did."

"There's a glimmer of truth in that," said I. "You know the definition of a good interviewer."

"What's that?"

"The one that interviews the least. Do you think I have succeeded in answering the description?"

"I'll wait till I see it in print," said Gladys Wallis.

"I devoutly hope you'll like it," said I.

And I wonder if she will.

FRANK NORRIS.

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## THE RACES FOR CHARITY

In the way of sport the two short supplementary meetings of last week do not call for comment. The fields of horses were usually large, especially at Emeryville, but the quality poor, and the riding left much to be desired.

The best race, the Fabiola Purse, $400, 1¼ miles, on the last day, which was won by Wheel of fortune, 106 lbs., in California record time, 2:06¾, would certainly have been taken by The Roman, 96 lbs., who was beaten a head on the post, if the rider of the latter had kept his mount straight, while the third horse, Taranto, 81 lbs., who had made fast running for the first mile, suffered also for want of a jockey that could gather him up in the run in.

Nearly all the leading stables have now moved on in search of fresh game, and nothing in the way of running races worthy of notice will be seen in California until the State Fair next September.

The following are the results of the extra two days' racing at each track for the benefit of the various institutions:

Per Pacific Coast Jockey Club—

INGLESIDE TRACK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Boulevard Fund | $2,256 |
| Veterinary College | 1,034 |
| Woman's Exchange | 1,410 |
| | $4,700 |

Per California Jockey Club—

OAKLAND TRACK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Children's Hospital, San Francisco | $2,360 |
| Fabiola Hospital, Oakland | 4,100 |
| | $6,460 |

Making a grand total of $11,160 actually handed over to the beneficiaries.

The ladies of Oakland worked hard to make the Fabiola day a success, and their efforts were well rewarded.

At the Ingleside track next Monday afternoon, the final benefit for the Boulevard Fund will take place, and it is expected the affair will be well patronized. The Jockey Club has put the track at the disposal of the Boulevard Committee, and a programme of both trotting and running races has been arranged. Owing to the length of the card the meeting will begin an hour earlier than usual.

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## THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

### No Sex Problems in James Lane Allen's New Novel.

Will "The Choir Invisible" (The Macmillan Company) repeat the success of "A Summer in Arcady"? The latter became a subject of controversy in literary and religious circles because of certain perilous situations in which hero and heroine were involved—situations in which natural forces were allowed legitimate expression. In "The Choir Invisible" there are no danger places; the problem of sex and its various solutions are not intruded. The dramatis personae move on an exalted plane; they are possessed of the primitive virtues. John Gray, the hero, discovers that he loves Mrs. Falconer, but his tremendous conscience and the exquisite purity of her character prevent the declaration of his infatuation. His love for Amy, her niece—a previous fascination—had no intermixture of mere passion. It was a spiritual affection directed at qualities with which Gray's imagination had endowed the girl, who was veritably a cold-blooded little flirt. Indeed, it was no fault of his, but rather the intervention of fate which saved him from this calculating beauty.

This is a romance pure and simple that James Lane Allen has given us—the scene of it Lexington, Ky., after the War of Independence. For a background the forest primeval. There is an historical setting, which serves to define the conditions of the period—the upgrowth of the frontier settlement, the politics of the region. A figure and a factor in the events of that moment is the hero, John Gray, but the plot concerns itself most with his relations to the Falconers, whose clearing in the midst of the woods is the place of his love making.

After all, it is but tapestry, this book, the figures embroidered on a gorgeous background of forest and foliage and sunset—chivalrous and distant figures woven in with the most exquisite effects of color and light. Why not tapestry for a change? Have we not Zola and Howells and George Moore giving us the prosaic details of mere life? Here is an enchanting composition blent of the green and the gold of the woods, of sorrow and hope, of temptation nobly withstood and misfortunes bravely sustained, of renunciation and disappointment, which are an incitement to high living rather than a source of despair.

Certainly "The Choir Invisible" contains passages of admirable prose. One of the most exciting scenes is the fight in the little schoolhouse between the schoolmaster, John Gray, and the cougar. He has just suffered a crushing disappointment in realizing the frivolity of Amy, and after a sleepless night, goes in the early morning to the scene of his duties:

At the first glimpse he thought it a dog—long, lean, skulking, prowling, tawny—on the scent of his tracks. Then the mist passed over it. When he beheld it again it had approached nearer and was creeping rapidly toward the door. His listless eyes grew fascinated by its motions—its litheness, suppleness, grace, stealth, exquisite caution. Never before had he seen a dog with the step of a cat.

It reached the hickory block, which formed the doorstep; it paused there an instant, with its fore quarters in the doorway, one fore foot raised, the end of its long tail waving; and then it stole just over the threshold and crouched, its head pressed down until its long, whitish throat lay on the floor; its short, jagged ears set forward stiffly like the broken points of a javelin; its dilated eye blazing with steady green fire—as still as death. And then with his blood become as ice in his veins from horror and all the strength gone out of him in a death-like faintness, the schoolmaster realized that he was face to face unarmed with a cougar, gaunt with famine and come for its kill.

His eyes had never known what it was to be subdued; he had never taken them from the cougar; he rose slowly from his chair, realizing that his chances would be better if he were in the middle of the room. He stepped round in front of his table and walked two paces straight forward and then paused, his face as white, as terrible, as death. At the instant of his moving he could see the tense drawing in of all the muscles of the cougar and the ripple of its skin, as its whole body quivered with excitement and desire; and he knew that as soon as he stopped it would make its spring.

With a growl that announces that all hiding and stealth are over, the leap came. He had thrown his body slightly forward to meet it with the last thought that whatever happened he must guard his throat. It was at this that the cougar aimed, leaping almost perpendicularly, its widespread fore feet reaching at his legs. The under part of its body being thus exposed, he dealt it a blow with all his strength—full in the belly with his foot, and hurled it backward. For a second it crouched again, measuring him anew, then sprang again. Again he struck, but this time the fore feet caught his arm as they passed backward; the sharp, retractile nails tore their way across the back and palm of his hand like dull knives and the blood gushed. Instantly the cougar leaped upon the long, wooden desk that ran along one side of the room, and from that advantage, sprang again; but he bent his body low so that it passed clean over him. Instantly it was upon his desk at his back; and before he could more than recover his balance and turn, it sprang for the fourth time. He threw out his arm to save his throat, but the cougar had reached his left shoulder, struck its claws deep into his heavy coat; and with a deafening roar sounding close in his ears, had buried its fangs near the base of his neck, until he heard them click as they met through his flesh.

He staggered, but the desk behind caught him. Straightening himself up, and grappling the panther with all his strength as he would a man, he turned with it and bent it over the sharp edge of the ponderous desk, lower, lower, trying to break its back. One of the fore feet was beginning to tear through his clothing, and straightening himself up again, he reached down and caught this foot and tried to bend it, break it. He threw himself with all his force upon the floor, falling with the cougar under him, trying to crush it. He staggered to his feet again, but stepped on his own blood and fell. And then, feeling his blood trickling down his breast and his strength going, with one last effort he put up his hands and seizing the throat, fastened his fingers like iron rivets around the windpipe. And then—with the long, loud, hoarse, despairing roar with which a man, his mouth half full of water, sinks far out in the ocean—he fell again.

Amy Falconer, who John Gray courts, is not really the woman whom in his heart he really loves. This is Mrs. Falconer, an aristocratic Virginia woman impoverished by the war, who is married to Major Falconer. To her John comes for the hand of her niece, and thus she defines the characters of women who wed:

"You might remember this: some women in marrying demand all and give all: with good men they are the happy; with base men they are the broken-hearted. Some demand everything and give little: with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are the divorced. Some demand little and give all: with congenial souls they are already in heaven; with uncongenial they are soon in their graves. Some give little and demand little: they are the heartless, and they bring neither the joy of life nor the peace of death."

"And which of these is Amy?" he said, after a minute of reflection. "And which of the men am I?"

"Don't ask her to marry you until you find out both," she answered.

A scene that resides in the memory like the image of a fine painting is the marriage of Amy and Joseph. Gray waits for them in the depths of the wood, and watches the procession through the tree trunks. It is an exquisite description:

It was a day when the beauty of the earth makes itself felt like ravishing music that has no sound. The air, warm and full of summer fragrance, was of that ethereal untinged clearness which spreads over all things the softness of velvet. The far-vaulted heavens, so bountiful of light, were an illimitable weightless curtain of pale-blue velvet; the grass, the stems of bending wild flowers, the drooping sprays of woodland foliage, were so many forms of emerald velvet; the gnarled trunks of the trees were gray and brown velvet; the wings and breasts of the birds, flitting hither and thither, were of gold and scarlet velvet; the butterflies were stemless, floating velvet blossoms.

"Farewell, Kentucky! farewe...' he said, looking about him at it all.

Two hours passed. The shadows were lengthening rapidly. Over the forest, like the sigh of a spirit, swept from out the west the first intimation of waning light, of the mysteries of coming darkness. At last there reached his ear from far down the woodland path the sounds of voices and laughter—again and again—louder and louder—and then through the low thick boughs he caught glimpses of them coming. Now beneath the darker arches of the trees, now across pale-green spaces shot by slanting sunbeams. Once there was a halt and a merry outcry. Long grapevines from opposite sides of the road had been tied across it, and this barrier had to be cut through. Then on they came again; at the head of the procession, astride an old horse that in his better days had belonged to a mounted rifleman, rode the parson. He was several yards ahead of the others and quite forgetful of them. The end of his flute stuck neglectedly out of his waistcoat pocket; his bridle reins lay slack on the neck of the drowsy beast; his hands were piled on the pommel of the saddle as over his familiar pulpit; his dreamy moss-agate eyes were on the tree tops far ahead.

They were riding side by side, the young husband and wife. He keeping one hand on the pommel of her saddle, thus holding them together; while with the other he used his hat to fan now his face, now hers, though his was the one that needed it, she being cool and quietly radiant with the thoughts of her triumph that day—the triumph of her wedding, of her own beauty. Furthermore, she was looking ahead to the house-warming that night when she would be able to triumph again and also to count her presents.

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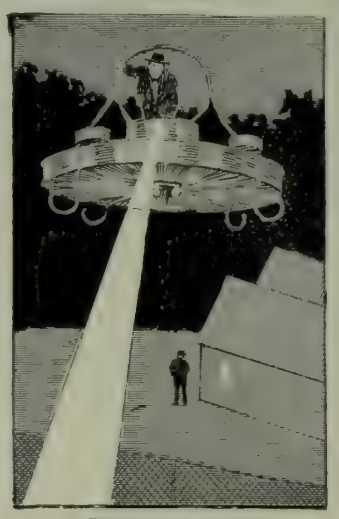

A BURGLAR AT SARDIS

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## HER ANSWER

BY TOM HALL

Lieutenant Jack Osborne, of Uncle Sam's cavalry, was ushered into the presence of Miss Violet Buchanan by a butler who was, too evidently, smiling. The whole world knew that Jack loved her, and every one knew, when he went on leave after two years of hard service on the plains, that he would go straight to New York and propose to her. That was the plan he had made when he graduated at West Point, and during the last waltz at the graduation hop he had frankly told her of it.

Society was in considerably more doubt as to her attitude in the matter. That she liked Jack immensely there could be no possible doubt. Who did not? He was handsome, smart, gallant and manly. and had a small income besides his pay. But she was a girl who was really rich, and, being beautiful, amiable and accomplished, there was hardly any limit to her possibilities in marriage. Indeed, it would seem like throwing her away to wed her to a mere second lieutenant of cavalry in an army that was without even the remote prospect of a war. On the other hand, however, Violet was known to have character enough to marry whom she wished. Nor would she be guided by caprice. Her acceptance of a man might be regarded as the greatest compliment that could be paid him.

No one understood this feature of the situation better than Jack Osborne did. As he would have said himself, "She would solve his personal equation, and if she were satisfied with the result she would accept him, otherwise not." And this was an encouraging view to take, for it showed him there was at least a possible chance for him—perhaps a good one. There was only one thing that worried him, and that was a matter he could have lied out of, or at least concealed. But deception was neither to Jack's liking nor to his nature. He wanted to be on absolutely fair and square terms with his wife that was to be, and he did not want a secret on either side. So he resolved to confess to this one little indiscretion.

"Miss Buchanan," he began, after the usual interchange of society greetings, "I have not come here to make a campaign of strategy. A cavalry charge is much more to my liking—and so here goes. I love you. Will you mary me? But don't answer, please, yet. I want to tell you of just one thing before you make up your mind. It is not in the line of the usual confessions of a man of the world, for I have never been very much a man of that kind. It's just a silly scrape I got into, thoughtlessly, and you will have to help me out, if by any good fortune your answer should happen to be yes."

"Well," said Miss Buchanan, lifting her dark arched eyebrows inquiringly.

"It is this," continued Lieutenant Osobrne. "I am not at all a Don Juan and I don't believe I've ever been temptel to kiss many girls. But I was sitting in my bachelor quarters one day last summer reading 'She Stoops to Conquer.' While I was meditating on the idocy of a fellow who could be gallant enough to kiss a serving maid, but who was a bashful booby among the ladies of his own station in the world, the door was opened and my week's washing delivered. Now, my washing is done by Mrs. O'Donnell of our post, and it is delivered by her daughter Nora; and Nora is a girl of 19 or 20. She is pretty in her way, modest, and what is of more importance, spotlessly neat and clean. I must confess that to a man who had been in the far West for almost two years she was something of a temptation. But she had been delivering my washing thus for two months and the idea of kissing her or even speaking an unnecessary word to her had never before crossed my mind. Nor would such a thought have occurred to me then but for that confounded play I had just been reading—and I must say that in opposition to the rest of the English speaking world I wish the gifted author of it had never been born. For you see even at this late day he is the author, also, of my miserable predicament. Well, be that as it may, the idea occurred to me and I put it into execution at once—that is, I put my arm around Nora's waist and kissed her. She blushed, struggled and screamed and fell into a chair weeping. I must confess that I was surprised—and that I was ashamed. I began to apologize, feeling most awfully uncomfortable, when on looking up I saw the first Sergeant of our troop scowling at me from the doorway. It dawned upon me at once that they were lovers, that the Sergeant was frightfully angry and that the only thing that restrained him from attacking me was my official rank. He was too good a soldier to forget that. In fact there is no better soldier in our regiment, and Jackson is universally liked and respected. Personally, I would not have done him an injury for the world, and I would not have him think me anything but his friend. Indeed, my influence with the men would be badly injured if Sergeant Jackson and I did not get along well together. So I resolved to have a talk with the Sergeant and try to smooth things over.

"Go out, Nora," said I gently to the weeping girl. 'Go home to your mother. Now, Sergeant, just step in a moment.' He did so.

"'Sergeant,' I said, 'you undoubtedly saw the little incident that just occurred here?'

"'I did, sir,' he answered respectfully, but shortly and a trifle savagely.

"'Well, I wish to assure you that such a thing has never occurred before, and I give you my word of honor never shall again. The fact is I was reading a miserable play that brought the idea to my mind. I make this explanation, as possibly Nora and you are something to each other.'

"'We are, sir,' he answered.

"'Sweethearts—engaged?' I ventured.

"'We are man and wife,' he said.

"Well, if he had knocked me over the head with the butt end of a carbine I could not have been more astonished. Worse and more of it! I would want to kill a man who would kiss my wife, and I had no doubt he wanted to perform that same delicate surgical operation for me.

"'Your wife!' I gasped in astonishment.

"'Yes, sir—married last night, sir, very quietly—Colonel's permission,' he answered.

"Not only his wife, but his bride of a day! What could I do? Discipline, army regulations, my rank, prevented my offering him a proper personal satisfaction, and I sincerely wished all this was not the case, for I felt that I deserved a good thrashing at his hands.

"'Sergeant,' said I, 'you are a bold man, and so am I. I know that we ought to fight. Army discipline, which we have both sworn to maintain, prevents that. There is also to be taken into consideration the fact that I meant no harm to any one, certainly not to you, for I did not know you and Nora were married, or even sweethearts, for that matter. But I apologize to you, and I want to make fair and square reparation so that we may get along together as men who respect each other.'

"'Now, I'll make this proposition. When I marry it shall be with the understanding that you are to kiss my wife just once.'

"Well, the Sergeant accepted the proposition. And that is the predicament I am in. If you marry me you will have to let the Sergeant kiss you—just once, and on the cheek, for that is where I kissed Nora. Now what is your answer?"

Miss Buchanan blushed and looked modestly but almost laughingly at the floor.

"I'm just dying for a kiss," she answered, and added mischievously, "Is the Sergenat good looking?"

---

Word comes from Chicago that the Woman's Club of that porcine metropolis is about to open a list for gentlemen themselves. This looks much like generosity, and so it may be termed to a limited extent. The advantage to a man of such a membership is not to be underestimated. He may have tea every Wednesday afternoon with three lumps of sugar if it pleases him; he may exchange with his friends of the board, or the ladies, little side talk anent the trifles of the day. There are many delightful lectures on dress reform and vital topics of the times, besides books to read, in plenty. Truly this seems like boundless generosity, but in truth it is not, for this feast of culture and of tea is tinctured with the acid of revenge. The ladies are rising to the proper sense of their dignity, as people in the lower walks of life would say they are "getting even" with the cruel man, for although admitted to their club he is deprived of that priceless privilege—the right of every citizen, the right to vote. Herein is the "tincture," the getting even; at last woman meets man on his own ground; he may vote for his Governor, his Congressman, and his President, but he may not vote for even the janitors of the Woman's Club.


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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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The leading article in the June "St. Nicholas" is "The Risks of a Fireman's Life," by C. T. Hill, illustrated by the author. Lieutenant John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., explains the meaning of the different bells on board a man-of-war, and A. H. Verrill describes a strangely constructed city in the island of Saba, built in the crater of an extinct volcano. Grace Wickham Curran has an article on cycling, called "Nature's Cycle Path," and Gustave Kobbe tells how a ship may be steered without a compass.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has sold his partnership interest in the firm doing business under the name of The Novato French Cheese Factory, at the town of Novato, county of Marin, State of California, to C. Schulz, and that the undersigned is no longer a member of said firm, or interested therein, and is not responsible for the debts of said firm. JAMES NEWLANDS JR.
Dated April 20, 1897.


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To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of $65 a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of $50 a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied May 21, 1897
Delinquent in office June 25, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 16, 1897
J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

The Frawley Company opens its season at the Columbia Monday evening in "The Fatal Card." The play is thrilling and intense. The plot and movement are novel and interesting.

Miss Hattie Nathan's dramatic and dialect recital, under the auspices of the Eureka Society for Protection of Children, came off successfully at the Maple Room in the alace Hotel last evening.

The great tank which was specially constructed for "The Dark Secret" will be again used at Morosco's in "Lost in New York," the play for next week. "Lost in New York" is one of Leonard Grover's most successful dramas, and has already been given several times in this city, under the title of "Cad, the Tomboy."

The Baldwin will be closed for six nights commencing Monday evening, after which the Lilliputians will open in "Merry Tramps," for an engagement of two weeks beginning Sunday, June 6th. The piece is a spectacular affair in four acts and eleven tableaux, with elaborate stage settings. Bertha Jaeger, Adolph Zink, and Franz Ebert are still with the company.

Professor F. D. Piccirillo, the mandolyrist, gave his concert at Byron Mauzy Hall, Thursday evening. Professor Piccirillo played an arrangement of "Faust," and also a Raff cavatino with piano and violin. The Mascagni Mandolin Club, of which Professor Piccirillo is director, gave several numbers, and the artists included Professor S. S. Martinez, Mrs. H. V. Dickey, Sig. G. Almagia, and Mrs. Letitia Bonfoy-Ripperdan.

At the festival concert of the combined Stanford and Apollo Choral Societies at Metropolitan Hall, last Saturday evening, the choral work won much commendation. The numbers covered a wide range, from "The Mesisah," and "Elijah," to the "Linden Tree," and a "Summer Song," but the heavy work was given equally as well as the lighter compositions. Mr. H. B. Pasmore directed the concert, and to his leadership much of its success is due.

The Orpheum has a novelty for next week in Adgie, the dancing girl and her trained lions. Billy Carter, the comedian and banjoist, opens with a lot of funnyisms and negro melodies. Morton and Elliott, musical entertainers, and the "World's Trio," Perry and Lulu Ryan, and Emma Wood in eccentric comedy, are also among the new people. The mysterious Omene commences her second week. The Garrisons are held over, as are also the Eclair Brothers, and the Baggenses. A special matinee is announced for Monday, Decoration Day.

The "Dark Secret" finds much favor at Morosco's this week, especially the regatta scene, which is quite gay with its flags and banners, and most realistic with its real boats and river of real water. Another pretty scene is Henley by moonlight, the illuminated church making an effective background. The acting is good throughout. Maud Edna Hall and Lorena Atwood share honors as May Joyce and Nellie Norton, and Josie Haynes gives some really clever character work as the French adventuress. Sanders Stevens is convincing and agreeable as Edward Loates, and John J. Pierson and Fred J. Butler make two capable villains.

The production of "Martha" at the Tivoli this week is altogether the very best the opera has had for some time. Myra Morella makes an attractive Lady Harriet, singing the part very well, and acting with much grace. Her "Last Rose of Summer" is received with much enthusiasm. Rhys Thomas sings Lionel agreeably, and John J. Raffael makes a good Plunkett. W. H. West's Tristan, and Maurice Darcy's sheriff are both well done. The ensembles are given with much life and spirit, and the ballet in the fifth act, a repetition of last week's, is prettily given. Next week the Tivoli will revive "Manon," which is certainly one of the prettiest light operas of the time. It will be followed by an absolute novelty, "Miss Frisco," a musical burlesque review of local happenings for the last year.

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BULLION MINING COMPANY. — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 50) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of June, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Reidy, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF
The Yosemite Commission

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners to Manage Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove will hold its annual meeting in Yosemite Valley, at the Guardian's Office, on Wednesday, June 2d, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary.

San Francisco, Cal., April 27th, 1897.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 81
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied April 29, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 1, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, June 22, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 27
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied May 11, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 12, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 1, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The correspondent of a big New York daily was directed by a letter from his managing editor to obtain from each of the Supreme Court Justices a brief essay about the Court. He had a good deal to do that day, and just glanced over the note, but proceeded to read it over to Justice Field, on whom he made his first call. In the body of the letter was this sentence, "Of course the old duffers do not expect to be paid for this work." The correspondent read hurriedly, and he ran right into it before he knew where he was. He stopped and was about to omit the remainder, when Justice Field said: "Hold on—what was that? Let me see that for a moment." "Oh, that's of no consequence, Judge," said the correspondent. Field glanced over the correspondent's shoulder and read the sentence. There was a twinkle in his eye that showed that he appreciated the humor of the situation, but the correspondent got no essays from that Court.

A Collector of Customs in New England having obtained his appointment through Democratic influence, was looked to by that party for patronage. To the surprise of both factions, all the good berths went to Republicans, and a delegation of Democrats called upon him to know what the matter was. "Look here, Z.," said the spokesman, "how about this? You've turned the party down dead; not a Democrat has had a place from you." "I know it, boys," returned the Collector, "but it's the cursed Civil Service. I have to fill the places from chaps who have passed their examinations, and the truth is there isn't a Democrat in the lot. They try, but they don't get through. But," he added, "I'm doing the best I know how." "What's that?" asked the spokesman. "Well, they're all mild Republicans I've put in, and I'm working to make Democrats out of them before my time is up."

Joe Shelby of Missouri, when in Washington, met Senator Harris, whom he had known as a member of the "Carlotta" colony, near the city of Mexico. The latter received the Missourian very coldly, and after he had gone explained to a circle of friends. "I don't see where that fellow got the impudence to speak to me at all. Me and Pap Price and Governor Allen of Louisiana were down at Carlotta when that rebel chicken stealer came along. We had fixed up a little distillery, an' I made fo' bottles of the finest liquor, suh, you ever tasted. This Shelby drank one bottle of it the first day. Next mornin' we had to ride ovah the plantations. We lef' him at the house an' he drank two mo' bottles of it, suh." "What became of the other bottle, Senator?" asked a listener. "We aged it an' drunk it, suh." "How long did you keep it, Senator?" "Fo' days, suh."

Caleb had three children—John, Mary and Jane. John is the eldest, and so the most inquiring. He had heard that babies were bought from doctors, and one day asked his mother about prices. "Mother, how much did I cost?" he inquired. As some reply had to be made his mother said, "Two hundred pounds." John thought it over for a moment, and then asked, "How much did you pay for Mary?" "Three hundred pounds." "Why, she cost more than me!" "Yes; girls always cost more than boys." "What did you pay for Jane?" Jane is a little self-willed tyrant. "Jane cost me four hundred pounds," said Mrs. Caleb; and John lapsed into deep thought. In a few moments he said, "Mamma, I don't think Mary cost too much, but I think you got stuck with Jane."

In "Early Days Recalled" Mrs. Ross tells of a discussion her mother had with Thomas Carlyle. Her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper, and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, "You're just a windbag, Lucie—you're just a windbag!" I had been listening with all my ears, and, conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him by saying, "My papa always says men should be civil to women," for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother. But Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and, turning to her, observed, "Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

Mr. Zea, Colombian Minister in England, died suddenly. He was insured in various offices, and rumor said he had shot himself. A meeting of one of the insurance boards was held, and the directors were talking the matter over, when Doctor M. appeared, who was the company's medical referee, as well as Mr. Zea's own physician. "Ah, now you can tell us the true cause of Zea's death." "Certainly I can," said the doctor, solemnly, "because I attended him." Here he paused, and was surprised to find that his merely preliminary remark was hilariously received as a solution of the whole question.

Somebody asked Congressman Allen how he stood on the contest over the Democratic position in the House. "Oh, well," said he, "I haven't been registered yet, and I think I am on both sides. It reminds me of a man who was running for the Legislature. I met him one day and said, 'Bob, how are you getting along with the Prohibitionists?' 'All right,' said he. 'And how?' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'I drink with the liquor men and vote with the Prohibitionists.'"

A visitor to a charming spot in the South of Ireland asked one of the natives what the industry of the place was. "Mostly poaching, sorr," he replied, adding with a merry twinkle of his eye, "and taking in each other's washing."


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# THE WAVE

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VOL XVI. No. 23 — SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 5, 1897 — PRICE 10 CTS.

*HON. J. J. DE HAVEN*

*WHOM THE PRESIDENT HAS APPOINTED DISTRICT JUDGE FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA*

Bushnell, photo

# THE WAVE

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CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Fencing for Women | 4 |
| La Guerre Opera Bouffe | 4 |
| "A Thief for Twenty Minutes"; by Justin Sturgis | 5 |
| The Lady of Lions | 6 |
| Dramatizing "Tess": an Interview | 6 |
| Two Worthies; by B. C. | 7 |
| A Tavern in the Clouds | 8–9 |
| A Debutante's Diary; by Miss Cricket | 10 |
| Turf Notes; by Benedict | 11 |
| "The Descendant": a Review | 12 |
| The New Frawleys | 12 |
| The Magazines | 13 |
| Dramatic Notes | 13 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |

## THE SCANDAL AT SAN QUENTIN.

California has furnished, at intervals in her brief life, many moral and interesting spectacles for the rest of the world, and we are now maintaining our well-deserved reputation for originality by the unique display of a great prison practically controlled by the convicts who have been sent there to be restrained, punished, and, if possible, reformed. The felons in the State penitentiary at San Quentin have made an ample demonstration of their ability to suspend the rules and discipline of the institution, to defy successfully the authority of the prison officials, to paralyze every form of prison industry and to hold possession of the place quite after the manner of a besieged garrison awaiting terms from the besieger. Incidentally they have proved, also, that the authorities who were incompetent to prevent this insurrection are quite powerless to punish the insurgents.

About six weeks ago the news came from the prison that a number of the convicts who were assigned to work in the great jute mill, the part of the prison which furnishes occupation for most of the inmates, had announced their dissatisfaction with the conditions under which they were required to labor, and their resolution to "strike" if their grievances were not redressed. The complaint of the aggrieved convicts did not set up that any restraint or hardship had been imposed on them which was not contemplated by the terms of their sentences. Indeed, no felon in San Quentin has ever had occasion to make any complaint of the hardship of hard labor in that resort for criminals. What the "strikers" complained of was, in fact, that the favors of the warden were unequally distributed to his convict assistants in the jute bag industry, so that while all had leisure enough for devising and practising all sorts of prison iniquity, some had more leisure than others—a condition of things not to be tolerated, apparently, by any right-minded convict. On this occasion the obedient warden attended promptly to the call of the aggrieved felons, listened to their demands, promised to give them consideration, and probably did all that the proud gentlemen in stripes wanted him to do. The whole affair progressed smoothly, on the lines of a free contract between the warden, representing the State of California, as one party, and the discontented spinners of jute, the cherished felons of the State of California, the other party. The episode presented every appearance of an ordinary industrial strike, except the visible labor union; and this was not needed, for the fourteen hundred felons of San Quentin have since been able to show that they are a very compact and well-organized "union," even if the interest of organized labor is not their professed object. The whole affair would have been delightfully comical if it had not been so deplorably serious. The convicts were not slow to reap the fruit of such a victory. They had learned, if they did not know it before, that the warden feared them more than they had cause to fear him, and they proceeded to push their advantage. Ten days ago another "strike" was declared, and the entire force of the striped union in the jute mill declined the hard labor provided for them by law. What their grievances were this time, or what further amelioration of their lot they expected to obtain, has not been clearly revealed, though the submissive warden went promptly among them and urged them to resume their discarded tasks. This kindly counsel being coarsely rejected by the associated felons, the warden simply had them confined to their cells, and then the prison became a perfect pandemonium. When a select seventy of the convicts had been thrust into a portion of the prison which—for what reason is not apparent—is called "the dungeons," they promptly broke down the dungeon doors and raged and rovoed at liberty in the dungeon corridor, the entrance to which they had barricaded with the doors of their dungeon cells. There are prison wardens in other places, men hard of heart, nrm in mind, and possessed of the idea that the first duty of a warden is to maintain discipline in his prison and to punish, at all hazards, concerted rebellion on the part of convicted felons, who would have availed themselves of the opportunity to fire into such a mob of raging felons and to kill convicts till rebellion should be drowned so deep in convict blood that even its ghost should not rise to the surface during the life-time of the present generation of criminals. But our simple and kindly warden of San Quentin is no such man of blood. He fired a dozen harmless shots into the convicts' barricade, and then removed his charges to other quarters where they enjoyed greater facilities for continuing the riot. He had carefully saved his convicts, and for days they continued their uproar. From the wicket of every cell came forth such a torrent of jeers, oaths, taunts and threats, delivered with all the energy of the vilest vocabulary of felony, that the officers of the prison hesitated to appear in the prison yard. The warden stayed outside rather than listen to the reproaches of his ungrateful wards, and the public were repeatedly assured that the prison directors heartily supported him in his firm stand against the "strikers."

The demonstration is complete that for every purpose, except perhaps that of mild restraint, for which a prison is maintained, the institution at San Quentin, under its present government, is a grotesque failure. Punishment and reformation are not to be looked for in a place in which the worst of criminals are better fed, better clad, better lodged, than many honest and hard-working free men. There are not a few convicts in San Quentin today who have deliberately committed crime in order to return to the comforts and privileges of convict life. A place which offers attractions for criminals to break into it can hardly be regarded as furnishing deterrents to crime or inducements to reform. Opium in abundance finds its way within the prison walls, and money circulates there freely, and the authorities are either powerless or unwilling to put a stop to these sources of demoralization. They are even incompetent to protect the well-meaning convicts, if there be any such, from the murderous rule of the self-constituted authorities among the convicts themselves. Murder is one of the prison industries, as the records of the Superior Court of Marin county will show. Such a prison is a scandal and a disgrace to the State that maintains it. A warden who has failed to prevent and then failed to punish such a revolt as this at San Quentin has ceased to be of any possible use in his position, and is a source of great danger. If a competent successor cannot be found for him, let the prison be abandoned and let the fourteen hundred associated felons be subjected to the discipline of Folsom. California cannot afford to entertain the world with the spectacle of a penitentiary ruled by a convicts' union, in which prison discipline is regulated by the results of organized "strikes."

## THE LABOR UNIONS AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

The Hon. George F. Edmunds, formerly a Senator in Congress from the State of Vermont, had a plumber at work in his house recently from whom he received some casual information which seemed so surprising to the ex-Senator that he imparted the astonishing revelation to the public as news. It seems that when the plumber had finished his job in the Senator's house he sought the Senator to ask for assistance in getting his son into some employment in the service of the Government. After Mr. Edmunds had described to the plumber the unsatisfactory character and the uncertain tenure of such positions under the Government as the son of the plumber aspired to, he asked why the plumber did not bring up his son to follow his own trade, a practical knowledge of which would ensure him a much better living than any employment he would probably receive from the Government. The poor plumber replied that he would be glad to do so if he could, but he could not, because the rules of the plumbers' associations strictly limited the number of available apprenticeships and he was unable to secure one of the few for his boy. And that is what astonished the ex-Senator!

Well, there was no real cause for his astonishment. He simply lacked information which it had not fallen to his lot to acquire. In the long course of his public life Mr. Edmunds has, doubtless, read and heard a great deal about trusts. Our populistic maniacs have made it impossible for any man not blind and deaf to escape an extensive education in the subject of trusts and the iniquities and corruption which they engender. But the leather-lunged populist has not even the faintest roar in him for the meanest, the most ignorant, and the most dangerous trusts that exist in our country. It has not been considered popular or politic to denounce the efforts and the tendencies of the labor trusts; on the contrary, they have been sedulously cultivated and protected, and most carefully of all in those States where the populistic horror of other trusts is loudest and most virtuous. So it is quite possible that the existence of a labor trust among the plumbers had escaped the attention of Mr. Edmunds until it was revealed to him by the man to whom the trust had denied the right to bequeath to his son the handicraft by which he earned his bread.

The people of San Francisco are accustomed to be worried from time to time by appeals for contributions to relieve the wants of the unemployed. The prophets of evil and the preachers of discontent point to the existence in the community of some hundreds of stalwart idlers—the "unemployed"—as evidence of the approaching failure of our system of government unless we can rescue ourselves from the crushing grasp of the trusts, to which they ascribe all of our miseries. Well, for once, at least, we are ready to strike hands with the populists and lend them all the aid that we can furnish to any movement which has for its purpose the destruction of trusts, taking first those which have wrought the greatest public injuries and whose continued existence involves the greatest public danger. In the list the labor trusts will easily command the first position, and should naturally receive the first attention, if for no other reason than that by their arbitrary and ignorant rules and regulations they have established a system which, if persisted in, will ensure us a constantly increasing army of "the unemployed." The labor unions have, wherever they have succeeded in their efforts, established labor trusts which close the market to laborers not included within the unions, and, in the true spirit of ignorant monopolists, they have made entrance into their unions as difficult as possible. They have sought further to protect themselves from competition by restricting to the lowest possible limit the number of youths who shall be permitted to learn trades in the shops under union control. To the foreigner, the immigrant who arrives here with his trade mastered, they are grudgingly hospitable, because they fear him, and he is therefore admitted to the union on terms as hard as he can be made to submit to. It results that the vacancies in the trades are filled largely by these foreign workmen, and the native-born youth grows up to adopt the profession of the "unemployed." Some few, to be sure, may learn something of a trade in a school for manual training, but the labor trusts are a unit in their opposition to such schools, seeing in them a peril to their monopoly. We do not expect that our offer of assistance will be cordially accepted by the anti-trust forces. We do expect to have with us next winter an increased contingent of the unemployed, and to be called on for renewed contributions for their relief. Perhaps the unfortunate son of Senator Edmunds' plumber will be among them, and if he is we suggest that the relief committee escort him to the officers of the local Plumbers' Union and the Master Plumbers' Association.

## THE NOMINATION OF JUDGE DE HAVEN.

In filling the vacancy on the United States District Bench by the appointment of Judge J. J. De Haven, President McKinley has not only selected a thoroughly able, competent, honest and conscientious man, but he has chosen the individual who, above all others, was the first choice of the people of this State. "The Wave" advocated the appointment of Judge De Haven to the Circuit Bench to succeed Judge McKenna, and its position was endorsed almost unanimously by the independent press of the interior of the State. Their testimony in his behalf vouched for the popularity of the man throughout the length and breadth of the State, and must have added great weight to the endorsements of individual citizens which were forwarded to our Congressional representatives. It was a noble tribute, nobly tendered.

For the treatment accorded him by the press, without regard to party, Judge De Haven feels deeply grateful, and has so expressed himself. Primarily, of course, it was the man himself, his career in public life, his unswerving integrity in Congress, and his ability and honor

as a jurist that brought out these high encomiums so generously bestowed upon him. Senator Perkins was also a warm supporter of Judge De Haven. He had served with him in the Legislature nearly a quarter of a century ago, and was familiar with his history as a legislative and as a judicial officer. The relations existing between these gentlemen had not been closely intimate. There was no obligation of friendship resting upon Senator Perkins in this connection, and his advocacy of Judge De Haven was a tribute to the high character of the man rather than a mere expression of friendliness or the wiping out of a political debt. In his action in this respect, Senator Perkins has again given evidence of the eminent fairness and justness that marks his official career.

We prophesy for United States District Judge De Haven an honorable and we trust a long career upon the Federal Bench. As a Judge he is impartial. He knows neither friend nor foe; is moved by neither fear nor favor; has neither like nor dislike, animosity nor affection. In his judicial life, the individual is to him as nothing. It is the law he is called upon to interpret and decide, and it is the law alone that governs his decisions. His career as Judge has demonstrated that under the most trying circumstances he is able to, and does, discard every extraneous influence, and is governed wholly and solely by his views of the law. He is an ideal Judge, and the congratulations of bench and bar go out to him. Indeed, the community itself is entitled to congratulation that it has for life upon the Federal Bench a man of such learning, strict integrity and honor.

## *ARCHITECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.*

No city offers better architectural advantages in the way of building sites than does San Francisco. A hilly city is peculiarly adapted to fine effects in the way of residence structures. Consider, for an instant, in proof of this, how the rise and slope of Nob Hill offset even the stupid and unreasoned pile of the Hopkins house. This same edifice on a level would seem tame indeed. With but a little more taste in its construction and design it could easily have been made one of the most imposing monuments of its kind west of the Mississippi.

But California architects are, or have been, short-sighted even to blindness. They have tried to impose upon this country and this climate architectural conditions which, no matter how well they are adapted to New York or to Chicago, are lamentably out of place in such a community as ours. Say what you will, deny it as much as you may, San Francisco is yet dominated by the provincial element. The country invades us at every point. Pines and eucalypti grow in our vacant lots, and it is no unusual sight to see a couple of cowboys—call them ranch hands, if you will—driving a string of horses down Van Ness avenue—in the shadow of the Spreckels brown-stone house, by the way. Yet in the face of these conditions we must still be victimized by the hideous deformities, imported from Eastern centers, brown-stone and horrible, meaningless scroll work, iron capitals on wodden pillars—this very iron painted a stone gray to imitate the wood that imitates stone.

What we demand of our architects is but a reasonable adaptation of material to environment. There is no necessity of building of granite in a climate as warm as ours. It is sheer idiocy to overlay brick with cement in the face of the dampness of our summer fogs. A little exercise of forethought, of mere common sense, and we should have more of the charming brick villas, such as one occasionally sees out on Pacific Heights, or the delightful wod and plaster combinations, such as the Middle Ages taught us to admire.

We submit herewith a communication apropos of an article that appeared recently in these columns comparing the architecture of San Francisco with that of Los Angeles:

Monterey, Cal., May, 31, 1897.

"The Wave." To the Editor—Sir: Apropos of your ideas on architecture, it occurs to me that there is a chance that you are a little severe in your strictures. Don't you think it would be just and generous to let the good people of San Francisco have what they want? And if they prefer to model their architecture after the worst to be found in the small towns of the Middle West, why not let them do so in peace?

We are all familiar, through the comic weeklies and colored Sunday supplements, with the Cannibal Islander, a silk hat on his head and cuffs about his ankles, and with the African Prince in his equally interesting outfit. These characters are accepted in good faith, as things of humor, and fill the bill gracefully, gratefully and satisfactorily. Now, why not have the local architecture perform a similar function, for there is nothing so similar, so parallel to the Cannibal with his silk hat, with cuffs on his ankles, as the average native and his house. (Perhaps this is a little hard on the hat and the cuffs, but let it go at that!)

But, seriously, would it be mean to say that there is no town (cities barred as being not in the class) in this country of the size of San Francisco (or one-half or one-quarter of its size), where the average taste in things architectural is so foul? I venture the statement and challenge anyone to show the contrary.

In view of the fact that the natural conditions, climate and natural formation of the place suggest to the trained eye possibilities that would be simply impossible in any other American town of its size, it seems almost as though there was some blight, some judgment of God or a "hoodoo' or some other dreadful old thing on the place. Though we boast an unrivaled climate, topography suggestive of Mediterranean shores, with their beautiful terraces and simple but true and honest architecture, the houses here are such as to shock and astonish those not "to the manner born," and no wonder it paralyzes our Eastern visitors, who have heard of the "magnificent mansions of Nob Hill costing fortunes each."

Your article in "The Wave" of May 15th is one of the most serious and well directed it has been my good fortune to read; and if architects could live to the age of that good old gentleman Methesuleh, I would be tempted to join your effort to get things on a more rational basis; but "Ars longa, vita brevis," and the good people are satisfied and happy in the belief that their architecture is equal to their climate, and they do not care for anything different, and WON'T have any old-fashioned ideas infused into their architecture! Not on your life!

Architecture to be good should be unaffected, honest and true: a rational and decent solution of the problem that man has had to solve since creation. How many of our buildings are examples of this kind of thing?

I read that some one recently ventured the opinion that there are a dozen first class lawyers and a dozen first class doctors in San Francisco. I would to God there were one-quarter as many first class architects! Think of the vast, the tempting possibilities! And look at what they have brought upon us! Law and medicine appear to be recognized professions in California, but who will assert that architecture is so regarded?

I have made a careful study of the problem from all sides for a number of years—over seven—more than half of this time on the spot, in active practice of architecture, and what I have written is not the impression of a tourist or a writer (for writing is not my "strong graft") but the result of study, observation and reflection of a practicing architect, and I believe that if your article is sincere, the matter should be taken up and supported by such of the profession as have faith in a future state of existence.

ARCHITECTUS.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

Fortune is so often a matter of happy occasion that it is hard to make fixed rules for the gathering of millions. The fact that a man has gold is no warrant that he will continue to have it, but it is safe to believe that he who, like Russell Sage, has ever on hand coin to capitalize an opportunity, is sure to leave an estate. Such a man is McLaughlin, the San Jose banker, who purchased for $87,000 the Shasta Lumber Company with its thirty-two square miles of sugar pine forests, its private railroad, chutes, mills and mining rights, representing an investment of over one million dollars. This is the institution that wrecked the fortunes of Barney Murphy and his bank. He had nearly a quarter of a million of his own in it, besides what he put in for the bank and for his relatives. Wells, Fargo &Co. had advanced a small fortune to the concern also, and many private citizens had contributed. Originally the venture was a capital investment, but it failed because it grew too large for the means of its projectors and because they had not among them a man fit to handle so bold an enterprise. It was at a foreclosure sale on the steps of the San Jose court house that Mr. McLaughlin made the purchase. He is a wealthy man, a shrewd dealer and competent to so capitalize the company as to make a huge turn on his investment.

***

The passing of the new water rates will undoubtedly precipitate the struggle between the Raineyites and the forces of reform. It will compel an alliance between the adherents of Maguire and Phelan, and the "Examiner," which has hitherto let Rainey alone, will now make him a target. There is little doubt that the Granger Boss will be routed and driven out of politics. The combination against him is more potent than anything he can create, and with the passing of Rainey vanishes the political aspirations of the Governor. Since the Supervisors deprived Rainey of patronage, the condition on which he held power is being realized. He had no real hold on his forces, and made the shining mistake of grasping for everything within his range of vision. Moderation is the secret of permanence in politics, as in all other things. It must be admitted also that among both Republicans and Democrats it continually grows harder for a boss to hold supremacy. There is an increasing distaste for dictation, and he must be an able man now who would lead his party.

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Among the arrivals from Honolulu the other day was that clever, slick trader who is familiarly known as Billy Irwin throughout the Islands. There is not in Hawaii a smarter business man or a shrewder politician than this unpretentious manipulator of men and deals, who is not only rich on his own account, but richer with the backing and association of Claus Spreckels. Some years ago, when Claus had gathered together a large amount of gold coin as the result of one of his plays, he placed $100,000 of it under the control of W. G. Irwin, and another hundred thousand with Ned McFarlane. Irwin, who is a natural financier, used the money in his banking business, and organized some big deals, which he executed with such success that his funds doubled and trebled, and he ranks now as one of the richest men in the Islands. Some conception of the scale of his operations and the profitableness of the sugar trade under existing conditions may be gathered from the fact that his transactions netted him last year $400,000. The fortune that aided Irwin's deals did not extend to McFarlane's, whose investments failed and whose capital diminished. Finally Spreckels lodged all his money with Irwin, who is to-day, in his own right, several times a millionaire. However, a change has come over him since Claus Spreckels has undertaken to abrogate the reciprocity treaty. Irwin has grown sad and thin. Here is his partner and old friend, the Sugar King, actually opposing his prospects, cutting off the source of his income, and all on account of beets—a commodity in which he has neither principal nor interest. No wonder he looks harassed and feels injured. However, the autocratic Claus has a strong feeling for his friends and old asociates, and it is not probable Irwin will be much of a loser whichever way the treaty goes. Nowadays it is said the Sugar King has virtually ceased his opposition, and is content to let the status quo alone.

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It is unfortunate the several societies interested cannot agree on a worthy celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Among the Scotch organizations and the Bri[illegible] Benevolent Association there is unanimity and of cou[illegible] these institutions represent the best element of our Eng[illegible]lish-born population. In every American community we find two classes of Britishers—those who, succeeding in a material way, join their fortunes with that of the country which has given them wealth or a living, and the dissentients, who, while living here, rail at the country, its institutions and its privileges. The first sink their allegiance to the mother land and become citizens of the United States, vote at our elections and identify themselves with the worthiest element and objects of our community. The others make what they can here, and have for their object the gathering of enough to live elsewhere. The Sons of St. George—which is the disturbing faction—is composed of young men who are in America not from choice, but because of necessity. They are of the order of adventurous wanderers who have drifted here from Australia, the North or the South, and their traditions and principles tend to the exaltation of English ideals over American conditions. It is a benevolent and protective order, otherwise; its members make the cricketers who try conclusions across the bay of Sundays. They are vigorous and athletic and smoke pipes, but they are not of us, nor with us, save under protest. When the leading organizations, composed of men prominent in business and professional life, are on one side of a case, and on the other we find the St. George's Club, there need be no argument as to which faction this community will side with. As for the particular controversy—an issue about the management of the Victorian Hospital, in the direction of which the St. George's Club demands a voice—it cannot be denied that the British Benevolent Society has long been the representative foreign society here. It has done splendid work and won respect—there is no reason why it should have to yield pre-eminence to the St. George's Club.

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There is a foolish impression that women who write erotic novels or passionate poetry must necessarily have immoral tendencies. This is a glaring error. It is possible to imagine ladies of gay lives writing romances of illicit love making, but the probabilities are that if fate brought them to writing for a living they would make their characters as respectable as monuments. The truth is it is those who adore the conventionalities most devoutly who create the rakes and hoydens of literature. Take Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for instance. She is a thoroughly proper woman, married to a man she loves, and the mother of an interesting family. Mrs. Atherton, whose frank treatment of sex and marital problems has achieved such broadspread notoriety, leads a thoroughly blameless life. Though she is Bohemian in her ways and her name has often been linked with literary personages, there is not a positive fact against her character. With the Atherton family she is not popular, because she took the liberty of putting them into her books, but they have nothing to urge against her reputation. Her interest in immorality is intellectual. She likes to write of situations, but does not experiment in search of experiences. Maybe Mrs. Atherton would achieve a higher distinction in letters if she would obtain her facts about society and other things at first hand. She has nothing but hearsay on which to base her dicta about the elect of New York. She has seen them at Newport, at the theaters, on Fifth avenue, in the opera house, but it is safe to assert that her circle of personal acquaintances—who, by the way, are all possible subjects—does not include a single woman of the veritable haut monde. Consequently her strictures are worth very little.

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When her husband died Mrs. Atherton was left but a small property, the bulk of his fortune going to their daughter. Like the members of the Atherton family, he had a share of the paternal acres, and in the girl's name is the inherited property. Since then she has been a literary lady, and has supported herself by her pen. She has written much, and though her books may have fetched but little money, her newspaper writings have always been generously remunerated. Her mental process is slow, and she has no facility. When she writes hastily her style is rough, but she has an excellent capacity at seizing the sensational feature of a situation, and her matter and generalizations are always debatable. It is a notable gift, that of exercising a public by one's strictures. By the way, Miss Atherton is now at school in the East, and will, doubtless, make her social debut here next year. She has spent but little of her life with her mother.

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That President Jordan intended to challenge the professions by asserting there were but a dozen first class lawyers and a dozen first class doctors practicing in San Francisco, I don't believe. He is not given to making invidious comparisons of that character. It is curious though what indignation this imputation has aroused among the great and little men of the Crocker, Mills and Parrott buildings. I have actually heard the Doctor alluded to as a demagogue, and yet no one but Dr. Beverly Cole seems disposed to take issue with the verdict. We are indeed blessed if we have two dozen first rate men in the professions. Practice and prominence by no means argue knowledge and scientific ability, and a doctor to be "first rate" must possess both in a high degree. The "lawyer with a pull" may only be a huckster, who secures success by stacking the cards against his opponent. Had Dr. Jordan made the same statement in New York he might have approximated the situation more accurately. But what were the City Editors thinking about when they failed to gather interviews with our eminent lawyers and doctors to discover who the other eleven were? Apropos of Jordan, he has certainly made himself our leading critic. His strictures are continually precipitating sensations. He has made a success of the Stanford University, and is beloved by his graduates, but he has set the ministers by the ears by asserting the truth about revivals; he was the most practical speaker before the Pure Food convention, and talked common sense on the facts of living to the Woman's Congress. Surely that is a brilliant record for half a year's labors.

BOSWELL JR.

THE LESSON

THE ASSAULT

## FENCING FOR WOMEN

### Parry and Riposte as an Exercise for the Fair Sex.

In face of the fact that five minutes' fencing is more fatiguing than five minutes' boxing, you will be told by those who know that practice with the foils is the very best possible exercise for women. This adaptability may be, in part, due to the fact that women are naturally good at fencing. To be an expert fence of the Haute Ecole requires the strength of wrist and arm that only a man can acquire, but a woman can be a moderately good fencer in a much shorter time than her husband or brother. Women pick up the knack of the thing quicker than men do, and master the very delicate, almost impalpable wrist and finger work in half the time. Just in this connection it is curious to note that piano-players, especially female performers, are particularly apt pupils with the foil. The reason for this, so Professor Tronchet once told me, lies in the fact that what fencers call "the feeling for the blade" lies almost entirely in the fingers. It would seem that the sensitiveness in the finger-tips that is developed by scales and exercises and the like is just the thing necessary for a proper grip on the hilt. "Grip" is probaly the wrong word, for no good swordsman or swordswoman "grips" their foil, and, indeed, the tighter it is gripped the easier it is for your adversary to disarm you.

Most women are averse to fencing for fear that it will over-develop the muscles of the arm and the——well, the muscles in general. But it don't do that, somehow. Tronchet showed me his arm, that has wielded a foil for nearly forty years, and it was positively slender. It is true that women develop the chest rapidly enough after they have begun to fence, but there are few women who should object to that. Then again, women are quicker with the eye than men, and besides that have a certain supersensitiveness of perception, intuition, instinct—call it what you will—that foresees an adversary's move, even before he maks it—guesses at it, feels it—in some delicate way in the contact of the blades. But the great difficulty that stands in the way of a woman becoming really great with the foils, is that she lacks coolness. The same delicacy of nerves that stands her in good stead on ordinary occasions upsets her quite completely when in a match for points. You must keep cool while you are working the little steel whip, for the variation of an inch, the deflection of a muscle by ever so little, will very probably mean a point against you.

Then again, there are fencers and there are fighters. The very best distinction I remember to have been drawn between Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons was along these same lines. Corbett was described as a wonderfully clever boxer. Fitzsimmons was mentiontioned as an equally clever boxer and a "fighter" as well. A fencer must warm to his work — must have the "do or die" streak in him or her, somewhere — the determination that is not afraid. It's hard to find this purely masculine element in a woman. One woman from California has it, and Tronchet names her as the best fencing girl in America. Olive Olliver is the girl, and after three years at the foils she could literally fight M. Tronchet's assistant to a standstill — could force him clean off the mat. She was so clever that she could rest while she was fencing — could stand back there on the mat and parry and parry and parry, while the assistant thrust, and then—piff! paff!—she'd lunge out like a sprung bolt and come in on her man, touch him and recover with a dexterity that savored of the miracle. But she was a very strong young woman, was Miss Olliver, and stood five eight in her——fencing shoes. I should have liked to have seen her at her work.

There is no one particular set of muscles a woman develops in fencing — that's the beauty of the game. She exercises every tendon of her body simultaneously, and the grace and the delicacy that comes with the repeated practice is beyond words. Girls have been known — girls who aspired to the stage — so awkward that they could not walk into a crowded room without feeling as if their feet and hands were growing larger, who nevertheless took to fencing to overcome this difficulty, and brought themselves in time to face a packed theatre from the wrong side of the footlights with the ease and self-possession of veterans—all due to their fencing practice. Gracefulness is, after all, merely co-ordination of the muscles, and when you see that every individual muscle known to anatomy is brought into play in the course of a fencing bout, you will be ready to believe that there's something in it after all.

The thing that masters of fence demand of their women pupils is not a tremendous expenditure of strength, but rather an exhibition of skill. The "lunge" is all very well, but it should occur no oftener in a fencing bout than a swing for a knockout does in a sparring contest. Women can and do readily master the most essential feature of the foils, i. e., the finger work, the flexions and pronations that tell the most, and they

SECOND PARRY ON A LOW THRUST

catch on to the thing infinitely quicker than men. For the average man to become an average good fencer, five years of daily practice is absolutely necessary; but how long do you suppose his sister or his cousin, or his wife, if you like (always presuming she is the average kind of girl) — how long do you suppose she must be at it before she can beat him? Two years only! Think of it! And Olive Olliver could have made him look like a lemon-grater after she had been at it for three!

## LA GUERRE OPERA BOUFFE

### However It May Only Be the End of the Beginning.

And now from the press correspondents with the armies in Thessaly goes up a wail that there has been no fighting worth corresponding about. There has been marching on the part of the Turks and retreating on the part of the Greeks, a war involving 100,000 men has been in progress and not one thousand have been killed. The thing has become the most farcical campaign of the century, and all because of the cowardice of the Greeks. "Saturday morning, the Greeks gone; Sunday morning, Larissa taken." That is how Stevens of the "Mail" describes one of these battles in Thessaly. Every journal of note made elaborate and enormously expensive preparations for gathering news of the fighting. The correspondents upon the field were as a swarm of bees and each had a train of horses and tents, supplies and retainers. The illustrated papers had artists and photographers on the spot by the dozen, and the telegraph companies outdid each other in their preparations to handle the war dispatches. And after all these preparations comes the greatest burlesque of war that has ever been played, and the newspapers, after expending small fortunes to obtain war news, have merely played the part of advertiser to a vast comic opera. Each time that there was promise of good fighting the Greeks negatived it by running away.

Standing on the top of Milouna, Stevens, of the London "Mail," looked down upon a plain covered with Turkish and Greek soldiers and waited for a tremendous battle to begin. He says, speaking of this plain: "No troops could cross the brown without showing dust storms on it; none could cross the green without showing black lines for infantry and brown lines for cavalry, black blots with smaller black satellites grouped around them for guns. You could see every move on a chessboard a hundred square miles in size, with eighty thousand men for pieces and the fate of two nations for the stake. It was the finest place to see a battle one could imagine. Only—only there was no battle to see."

The more news that comes to hand concerning the Greek debacle the more one is compelled to believe that the good name of Greece will be tarnished for years to come by the series of mismanagements, blunders, incompetencies and arrant, inexcusable, blind cowardice that have made up the exasperating stories of the war. For instance, Stevens describes the loss of Thessaly in these words: "On Friday evening we were in position to fight a great battle for Thessaly. To-day, or Tuesday evening, we are practically its masters, and we have not lost half a dozen men between then and now. How did it all come about?"

But now comes a truly formidable bit of news. Greece has been beaten abjectly and finally, and it would have been supposed that with Thessaly at their feet, after hardly a blow had been struck, the Turks surely would not have deemed it necessary to bring up reinforcements. But Turkey has taken a leaf from Greece's book. Greece defied Europe with an army of 80,000 and bullied the powers and declared themselves ready to make war upon "The Concert," and for a time The Concert actually hesitated and temporized before the bluffing little nation. If Greece could defy England, Germany, Russia and France with her handful of troops, what cannot Turkey do with her army of the best soldiers of Europe. So it has come about that while the armistice is pending Turkey has been pouring into Northern Greece company after company, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, until to-day there are probably 500,000 Turkish troops between Milouna and Dhomokos. Perhaps these half million troops are there to reinforce Edhim Pasha against the 30,000 terrified Greeks, or perhaps they are there to back up Turkey's demands when The Concert begins to arrange the terms of peace. It is the mobilization of this tremendous army that is perhaps the most important feature of the campaign—more important than the mere defeat of the timorous Greeks.

Concerning this serious and menacing situation Julian Ralph has written the following:

"The Sultan's counselors said to him: 'Do you not see that Greece successfully defies all Europe, and yet is not a thousandth part as strong as Turkey?' Continuing, his advisers said: 'You have been deceived too long. Turkey has been the cat's-paw of its own foolish fears of Europe. We now know the helplessness of the Christian nations and their inability to combine. Let us mobilize a grand army on the soil we have captured in Greece. Let us heavily garrison each Greek town we have taken, and when the war ends let us make our own terms and declare our huge army shall not be removed until our demands are satisfied.'"

In a word, the Greek war has been used by Turkey merely as a pretext for showing her strength to the European nations. Long after it was apparent that the Greeks had no sand, Turkey continued to pour men into Macedonia and Thessaly. She added 60,000 troops after it was evident that her army could whip the Greeks hands down. To-day the whole route from Salonica to Dhomoko is blue with the enormous procession of reinforcements that will number 300,000 men when all reach the field. Two hundred thousand reserves are in readiness to proceed to the front.

This mobilization completely throws the war into the shade. It means Turkey's readiness for a great war. It means her determination to show the Christian powers that Turkey is no longer willing to play the part of dunce in the European school.

Not the least among the many disappointments of this guerre pour rire is the Crown Prince Constantine himself. He has incurred the lasting enmity of the correspondents not only by his pusillanimous conduct at the front but by his petty niggling with the dispatches. Indeed, he is described as giving more time to and taking more enjoyment out of revising the correspondents' stuff than in the maneuvering and disciplining of his troops. He allowed no dispatch to be put on the wires that was in any way uncomplimentary to himself or that contained any adverse comment upon his management of the campaign. He has been known to alter entirely the text of dispatches that passed under his hands, even to the sending of false and misleading reports of military actions. So persistent and effective has been his hostility to the press representatives that they have been at times compelled to send their "stuff" by couriers and others, or else to go themselves.

The little kingdom of Bavaria is the center of the beer-brewing interests of continental Europe. The ordinary American bar is an unknown feature there, the beer hall being provided with tables and chairs, and the barrel containing the beverage being in full view of the customers. The beer is drawn direct by means of a wooden spigot, the kegs being brought every morning from the cellar of the brewery and the beer being therefore fresh and sufficiently cool. The use of ice is condemned, as iced beer is regarded as unwholesome, the Bavarian considering that ice destroys the life of the beer. The latest statistics show the annual production in Bavaria as 425,000,000 gallons. All beer is carefully examined and analyzed by Government officials, and certain stringent provisions with regard to the ingredients are strictly enforced.

# A Thief for Twenty Minutes

By JUSTIN STURGIS

"Look at me," said Mrs. Trevor.

Inasmuch as I had come for no other purpose I obeyed with some alacrity.

"I look like an honest woman, don't I?"

I nearly upset my teacup at this, and I've forgotten what I said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Trevor; "and yet once I came so near, oh, so very near, being a thief."

I can't say whether I was relieved or dismayed, but I declare I was interested. Mrs. Trevor put the cap over the blue flame of the little lamp, and dropped a slice of lemon in her tea.

"It just shows," she went on, moodily, "you live your life along, and you do things and rent a pew somewheres and you think you are as far removed from what the papers call the 'criminal classes' as you possibly can be, and you thank your God that you are not such as they, and then something happens — the occasion presents itself, and all of a sudden you find that deep down in the heart of you that there is a little criminal hidden away after all. First you are curious to know what this little criminal is like, and then it scares you, and then it makes you feel so humble and ashamed, and very charitable, you know. Fancy me a thief! and practically I was that. I believe," said Mrs. Trevor, settling back on the sofa, "that I shall tell you all about it.

"It was when I had been married to Trevor about two years. You know how fond he was of horses then. I don't believe he missed a single day at the track during the season. I used to go with him often enough. We and the Farringtons used to make up parties. One day—will I ever forget that dreadful day?—it was a Saturday, and it had rained all the night before. The race for the Shattery Cup was to be run, and, of course, we were going — Nina Farrington and her good man and Trevor and I. We were going in our carriage. At noon Trevor came home and said he could not go—there was to be a directors' meeting, and he had to be there. 'But,' says he:

"'Jo, put up twenty-five for me on Hammer and Tongs in the Shattery Cup race, will you? I have an idea that she may win to-day on that sticky track,' and he gave me the money.

"Well, I called for the Farringtons a little after one, and we went out to the course. The Shattery Cup was the first on the card. We got there a bit late. A whole lot of people whom we knew were there already, and little Tony Jones came over to our carriage and brought me some flowers, and stood there chaffing and talking for nearly quarter of an hour. Then, all of a sudden, everybody cried 'They're off!' and I looked up, and sure enough, they were off for the Shattery Cup.

"'Oh,' I cried, vexed at forgetting about Hammer and Tongs, and I was just going to ask Tony if he couldn't put up Trevor's twenty-five even then, when I remembered that he had told me not to let any one know he was betting. So I had to sit still and watch the race. If Hammer and Tongs won I knew Trevor would be horribly put out with me, and say things — you know how Trevor is—and I just sat there in the carriage and prayed and prayed that he wouldn't win. And he didn't — the favorite won, and Hammer and Tongs finished nowhere. Well, I thought I was saved, of course. I could tell Trevor that the horse was looking out of all form, and couldn't possibly have won, and he would praise me for my good judgment. Tony Jones went away to get his winnings, and Farrington went with him. Mrs. Farrington was talking with the Belcher boys on the other side of the carriage, so I was left alone for a moment. One of the messengers came along and suddenly I beckoned to him and gave him Trevor's twenty-five dollars.

"'Put it all on Brandywine in the next race,' said I, in a whisper.

"Why I did this I don't know—I never will know. It was just a whim—the flimsiest kind of a caprice. I knew absolutely nothing about the horse, and had never even known of his name till I saw it on the card. Perhaps it was because I fancied the silk he sported — old gold and green. I didn't even know how the men were betting on him; whether he was a favorite or an outsider. I didn't know the weight he carried, nor the distance he was to run—nothing, nothing. I wanted Brandywine to win, and that was all.

"Well, the race started and I watched the old gold and green through Farrington's glasses. All around me the crowd was calling for Maybird and Criterion, and as the horses came 'round the turn Tony Jones swung his hat and shouted, 'Maybird leads — it's Maybird's race!' and then Farrington said 'No, Criterion is holding him.' Then he broke off, and exclaimed, 'What the devil is that horse coming up on the outside?' 'By Jove, I don't know!' gasped Tony, all in a breath. But I knew, because his rider wore an old gold cap and a green shirt. It was Brandywine. His jockey was sitting almost on his neck, and his arm was swinging like a windmill, and we could hear him crying out to his horse between jumps. I never was so excited in my life, and I bit a hole through the forefinger of my glove to keep from screaming. Then the race came down and past in a ripple of hoofs and a cloud of dust. A dirty little negro boy threw his bucket in the air and yelled 'Brandywine wins!' and I looked at him, caught his eye, and nodded to him, saying, under my breath, 'Yes, yes, Brandywine wins.'

"There was lots of confusion then, and bye and bye I saw my messenger coming back. He was bright enough to understand that I didn't want to have it known I had been betting on Brandywine. So he chose a moment when our party wasn't looking and slipped a roll of bills into my hand.

"'How much?' I whispered.

"'The odds were sixty to one. You've won fifteen hundred dollars.'

"I suppose my demoralization began from that moment—from the moment I felt those bills in my hand and knew that they represented fifteen hundred dollars. Strangely enough, I was cool and collected upon the instant, and found means to put the money into my pocket without any one noticing. When Mrs. Farrington turned back to me she said:

"'Tony Jones says an outsider won, and that his cousin lost nearly a thousand dollars on the race.'

"'I only wish Trevor had been here,' said I. 'I think I've heard him say that Brandywine was a good colt.'

"You see, I had begun to lie already. Trevor had never so much as spoken a word to me about Brandywine. But the race and its result and the betting, and above all, the touch of those bills and the knowledge that I had won fifteen hundred dollars without so much as moving from my place, had undone me completely. Remember, it was the first time I had ever bet on a race.

"Then it flashed upon me that this money was Trevor's, not mine. I never remember to have been quite so bitterly disappointed. It was positively cruel. I suffered a real physical spasm at the thought. I did not consider Trevor as my husband, but only as someone, not myself, who was to profit by my efforts. If I had done as Trevor had told me, he would have lost his money. I had acted according to my own judgment and he was fifteen hundred dollars richer. If he had gained that money in any other way—by a business transaction, say—I would have been only too glad on his account, but because I had gambled for him and won I grudged him every penny, and felt bitter and mean. I wanted the money. You can have no idea how I wanted it.

"I don't know when and how it occurred to me Trevor would never be the wiser if I should keep his winnings, but I realized on the way home that I had been considering this side of the question for several minutes. You see, this was the situation: Trevor would think that I had bet on Hammer and Tongs, but that horse had been beaten, and he would not expect me to give him back any money. Nobody knew that I had won on Brandywine, Trevor last of all. I could keep the money and he would never know, or I could give him back twenty-five dollars and tell him the half-truth, that I had missed the opportunity of placing it on Hammer and Tongs. I did not, I could not, bring myself to call it thieving—it was preposterous—impossible. I only knew I wanted to keep my fifteen hundred dollars.

"Ah, the things that I could do with my money! The delight I would have in spending it! Never, never, never, was a sum of money so dear to me. I planned a thousand schemes. I thought of the gowns I could buy, of the dinners I could give, of the hundred and one little unsatisfied desires I could gratify. You will say I could have had an equal amount from my husband by the mere asking; well, so I could, but don't you see, this money—this dear fifteen hundred—was a found treasure, a visitation of providence, a god from the machine—anything you like—that was charming, fascinating, alluring. I made up my mind to keep it in spite of everything.

"But another impulse was the saving of me. Almost without intending it, I told Mrs. Farrington of my luck before we arrived home. I simply could not keep the news to myself. The desire to dazzle her with my fifteen hundred, I suppose, had much to do with it. At any rate I told her, and then Farrington, without stopping to think.

"Now I could not keep the money. I had to be honest in spite of myself. And with that a strange revulsion of feeling came over me. Within ten minutes after I had spoken to Mrs. Farrington I was aghast and horrified at myself. The idea that I could have even entertained the wish of keeping the money terrified me. I did not kn it could be so easy to be vile.

"That was a little crisis in my life," finished Mrs. Trevor. "It never returned, but it was a strange experience—for twenty minutes I was a thief."

"Now," said I, "I want to know one thing: Did you ever tell Trevor?"

I shall not tell you what Mrs. Trevor answered.

Do you think she ever did tell him?

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The naval demonstration made by Great Britain recently in the Mediterranean, though quietly accomplished, has been a source of considerable interest to the other powers. The fleet consisted of forty-two vessels in all, and probably represented the most convincing and tremendous naval aggregation of the century. The "Moniteur de la Flotte" (Paris, April 17th), expressed a conviction that the French Chamber will never vote the $110,000,000 which must be spent annually for many years to come in order to make the French fleet equal to the British, while Germany can hardly fail to understand the hint conveyed to her. While this great assemblage of British warships was collected in the Mediterranean, the realm of the Kaiser committed its interests in the Greco-Turkish question to a single cruiser, and was apologizing to the United States Government for its inability to find any craft at all to represent the Empire on the occasion of the ceremonial dedication of the tomb of General Grant.

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Havelock Ellis has spent some years in tabulating the reference to colors in literature. Yellow is rarely mentioned in the Bible, and blue not at all. Blue is not mentioned in Homer; red rarely, but he mentions yellow twenty-one times in a hundred. Since the Christian era red and yellow are mentioned most frequently, but blue is referred to twice as often since the sixteenth century as before. Poe mentions yellow twice as often and blue about one-quarter as often as any of his contemporaries in the list. That the color sense is a late development is shown by the fact that the natives of South Africa can distinguish only white and black (which are not colors at all) and red. Blue they call black, and yellow red. Green they cannot distinguish at all—confusing it with yellow and red with both.

One of the most curious results of the investigations made by doctors in the Russian jails is the statement that each group of criminals has its own peculiar color of the eye. A legal journal of Odessa states that it has been found that thieves and murderers usually possess "chestnut-brown"eyes. Robbers—that is to say, thieves in a large and violent line of business—have slate-colored eyes, and the same is said of criminals convicted of swindling. The vagabond classes, among whom are probably reckoned the passportless class, have eyes of azure-blue tint. The color most observed among minor criminals and those convicted of slight offenses is "chestnut-brown green."

According to official statistics close on eighty thousand persons visited the eleven principal curative springs of Bohemia during the summer of 1896. Of this vast number rather more than half went to Carlsbad alone. The attendance showed a falling off as compared with that of the previous season, owing to inclement weather and unusual attractions in other parts of Europe. These figures are interesting as showing the possibilities which attach to the many invaluable springs which abound in some of the most beautiful parts of this State. As these become better known through the enterprise of their proprietors a rich harvest should be reaped.

A regular slave mart still exists in many country districts of Finland. Once a year such paupers, lunatics and aged people of each parish who cannot support themselves are put up at public auction and consigned to those families or farmers who will board them at the lowest price offered by the parish authorities. The helpless creatures are made to work as much as possible by their owners, who have the right to chastise them.

Certain young colored women of Norcross, Ga., have been poisoned by the application of a lotion guaranteed to make colored people white. Face bleach to make white women whiter is not unknown, and the results of some processes for improving the skin are serious, if there is not a disfigurement for life, as in the case of one of the colored women who made use of a generous quantity of the lotion. Hairdressers say that bleached hair is sure to fall out eventually.

DECORATION-DAY YACHTING ON THE BAY

MISS GEORGIA BUSBY
One of the new beauties of the Frawley Company
Thors, photo

MISS SIBYL SANDERSON
Antonio Terry was granted a divorce from his wife on May 22d by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. He is free now to marry Miss Sanderson, to whom he has been engaged for several years. He is many times a millionaire. This is the latest portrait of the Californian prima donna, by Reutlinger

MISS MAY MANNERING
The young English actress whose beauty is said to rival that of Maxine Elliott
Sarony, photo

*BELLES OF THE BOARDS*

## THE LADY OF LIONS

### Adgie and Her Tawny Pets, with Remarks on the Power of the Eye.

Prince is the lion bon garcon, a big, clumsy, lazy, shiftless, good-natured lump of a lion, with unexpected lapses of coquettery (as for instance when he throws out a paw at Adgie's swirling skirts when she's doing her dance in the cage), like any overgrown puppy. Trilby is very young, hardly old enough to have any developed character; but Victoria—if ever a lioness deserved a good hiding Victoria is that one; a nasty, evil, perverse, cross-grained, treacherous, snarling, sulky cat, with a skulk like an assassin and teeth like whetted knives.

"She should be sold or shot," Adgie told me as I followed her into her dressing-room after the turn was over. "That ought to be an iron-clad rule, once a lion has bitten you, sell him or shoot him."

"And has she bitten you?"

"Look at my nose."

There was a long scar on it, sure enough.

"And my thumb."

The nail was missing.

"And I just wish you could see my ankle."

So did I, but I didn't say so.

"You see," said Adgie, "Victoria is not what we call a handling lion, such as Prince. Prince was born in a cage, but Victoria is forest bred; was two years old before she was captured."

"I declare!" said I. "I don't see how one comes to choose such a profession as yours."

"Oh, I got into it by degrees. My father was a cigar seller in Mexico, and used to keep wild animals, pumas, and monkeys and foxes and the like, and so I got used to them. Then I went with a circus for awhile with a troop of performing dogs, and next I began going into the cage with young lions, whelps, and so little by little I got into the way of it."

"How about 'the power of the human eye' over them?" I asked her at this point. I hoped that Adgie would scoff at this, for I wanted to shatter that ideal. I did not believe that one could "look down" a lion.

"Why, of course," said Adgie, at once. "When I look straight at Victoria I can see her pupils get larger and larger, and she gets nervous and wants to slink out of the way. Yes, I can make them cower that way, if they will only give me time. It's these little nips, and digs, and the quick lashing out of their paws that tell, and it's all done like a flash before you are aware of it. And then you know you can be prepared for every imaginable accident and contingency, and the very one particular last thing that you had not thought of is the one that happens."

"As for instance?"

"Well, at Los Angeles, when I was doing that act where I lie down with Prince and put his paws around me (the audience don't know it, but that's the part of my work that I dislike the most)—well, on that special morning he slipped his paw over the back of my head, then good-humoredly enough he began clawing at my head, just as a kitten would claw at a hearth rug. If I had moved or twitched away he would have scalped me like an Indian, but I lay still and called for Mr. Hall, who prodded him away."

"And your other narrow escape?"

"Again, in Los Angeles, I had my head in Prince's mouth and he made up his mind to close it. I could feel his jaws contracting. I did my best, but what's my strength! I jerked my head away and his great teeth snapped like a spring trap right in my ear. So close was it that he did actually catch a lock of my hair between his teeth. Oh sooner or later I suppose they will be the death of me."

"I can't see then why in the world you stay with them."

"Because I'm very fond of my lions. It's always the same. After each accident I say, 'Now, this time, you brute, I'm going to shoot you, this time I shan't forgive you,' and then in the morning when I come to their cage up go their tails, and they rub up against the bars, and when I go in they paw me over and are so glad that I can't have the heart to do it. Poor old chaps, they don't know any better."

"Hold on!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean to tell me that they are fond of you?"

"Why, of course," said Adge, blandly.

Which was one view of the matter that had entirely escaped me.

## DRAMATIZING "TESS"

### Lorimer Stoddard Explains How the Great Play Was Made.

Now what shall one say of a young fellow of twenty-six who has orders for plays from Goodwin and from Daly and from the Tabers and other such swells, who

LORIMER STODDARD
Whose dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been the success of the season in New York

wrote a dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" between Friday noon and Wednesday night, and a dramatization that set the New York critics and the New York audiences all agog with praise and commendation. All this Lorimer Stoddard has done, though he is yet to see his seven and twentieth birthday. How did he do it? you say.

"Well," he said to me, "you see, Hardy had made a dramatic version of the play, and had sent it about to different managers, to Daly and others. They wouldn't touch it because they said it was impracticable from a stage point of view. Finally Harper Brothers sent it to Mrs. Fiske, because they knew she wanted it. Mrs. Fiske had read a play of mine—the one now under rehearsal by the Frawleys—and she thought I could take hold of 'Tess' and dramatize it, provided Harpers and Hardy approved. Well, they did approve, and so I went at it, hammer and tongs. I read 'Tess' through very carefully, and turned down a page when I wanted an act to end. For instance, I turned down page 150. Everything before page 150 must be explained or enacted in the first act, and so on all through the five acts. For each act I chose one salient particular point around which the action was grouped and which led up to the climax, always trying to keep the atmosphere of the thing as much as was possible. In the first act the point I made (different from the novel a little) was this: Tess leaves her letter of confession on Angel's windowsill, together with a rose. I have made her mother—who is planning for her to marry Angel—steal this letter and leave only the rose in its place. Angel, finding the rose, believes it to be some sort of declaration made to him by Tess. He comes up to her and takes her in his arms, and Tess allows him to do so under the impression that he has read her letter and forgiven her. The second act is the wedding, and the climax that is brought about is Angel's abrupt departure after Tess' final verbal confession. The third act shows where and how Tess returns to Alec d'Urberville. The fourth act consummates in the murder of Alec, and the fifth, very short, merely relates the capture of Tess in Stonehenge.

"To start in with, I wrote a scenario of the action, merely the story of the thing without conversation, in order to get the movement of the piece before breaking it up into dialogue. That was the hardest part of the work, the choosing of what I was going to dramatize. I had just got this done and written perhaps fifty lines of the first act when I got word that owing to some complication, some misunderstanding in the contract, the time I was allowed for finishing the work was suddenly curtailed. Mrs. Fiske came to me in all sorts of consternation, quite hopeless as to even producing the piece. 'That's all right,' said I. 'I'll have your play for you,' and in five days it was ready, sure enough, but of course the hardest and longest part of the work—the scenario—was over and done with. And by the way, say right here that Mrs. Fiske is, in my notion, quite the most wonderful actress we have in America. With her in the title role my work was easy. She is a small woman, but somehow in the scene of the last act she manages to give one the impression of expanding and dilating as she speaks the last words. Just as the dawn is breaking and the men are closing in about their resting place, she says, 'The sun has come,' referring to another line uttered at the beginning of the act. The critics have chosen to consider this the crux of the play. One that I know of wrote eight different critiques upon it, called it 'Wagnerian.'"

"How 'Wagnerian?'" I asked.

"In it's out-of-door-ness; see how I mean?"

I saw exactly. Then I said, to start a new line:

"What style of play do you prefer to write, Mr. Stoddard?" and Stoddard said:

"The kind that will take."

Which is reasonable enough, at least.

As President Kruger's term of office will expire next year, the Transvaal Volksraad will be required to make provision for the election of his successor before the end of May. Oom Paul is a candidate.

MISS ALICE MOFFIT

MRS. BENT, NEE ETHEL COHEN

MISS EMMA BUTLER

MISS BERNIE DROWN

MISS JULIA CROCKER

MISS MARGUERITE JOLLIFFE

MISS HELEN WAGNER

MISS IDA GIBBONS

MRS. CHARLES LYMAN BENT (NEE ETHEL COHEN) AND HER BRIDESMAIDS

## A PAIR OF WORTHIES

### The Death of a Noble Spendthrift and the Marriage of an Aristocratic Scoundrel.

Two of the most prominent figures among the continental nobles during the last five years have been the Hungarian Count Esterhazy and the Prussian Duke Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the German Emperor.

An important event in the lives of each one of these men has of late brought them into unusual public prominence. Gunther is to be married, Esterhazy has just died.

In some respects Count Esterhazy was a man to be admired, in spite of his extraordinary eccentricities and his boundless extravagance. He was a patron of arts, a Mycenas, but on a scale that would have put even the Augustan Knight to shame. In his forty-sixth year Esterhazy came into his father's title and his father's enormous fortune, and at once the reckless vagaries of his character were unloosed. He immediately took possession of the old family castle in Tata, Hungary, and in a surprisingly short time had built there a theater, a circus, a Greek amphitheater and a race course. He tried to buy every piece of property in town in order that he might literally hold the place as did his ancestors. As soon as he had purchased a house he caused it to be painted red as a sign of his ownership. Esterhazy not only wanted to "own the town," but he wanted to paint it red as well.

The money that this strange-minded man has lavished upon the drama would almost build a battleship. In his theater at Tata, for a few weeks during every year, a company of young players appeared at his expense and under his own management. The audiences were composed of his friends, whom he summoned from every quarter of Europe, Paris, London and St. Petersburg. If Esterhazy approved of the work, either of the actor or the author, it was very probable that the young aspirant would be educated at his expense. A certain dramatic school in Vienna was specially organized to furnish artists for these plays, and soon it was current gossip that the young girls who went to perform at Tata were speedily corrupted. If this was true it was also true that the Count knew nothing of the fact, as he returned every night immediately after the performance and never took part in any of the midnight festivities.

His circus was another of his passions. During the summer season amateur circuses by the score were held on the parade grounds of the town. In these circuses the servants of the Count and some of his soldiers figured as performers, while the Count himself wielded the whip of the ringmaster. On one of these occasions the royal "artist" had the misfortune to gouge out the eye of one of his troupe, his valet. As a compensation the victim was given a glass eye and presented with a really fine farm and a charming villa.

Esterhazy was a blown in the glass sportsman. But in this as in everything else his eccentricity was apparent. He never wagered on a race unless his own horses were entered, and then never more than 300 gulden. He never was present when his horses ran, but remained at home, in bed, with his physician at his side to brace him up with stimulants and to allay his nerves with narcotics in case his horses lost. If he won, however, Esterhazy celebrated the event with tremendous solemnity, but turned over every penny of his winnings to the people of his stable.

Of a far different character is Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, own brother of Emperor William. Gunther is fairly putrid with vice, a man as utterly devoid of the sense of honor as the lowest jailbird that ever wore stripes. For ten years he has figured in every capital of Europe as a debauchee, a gambler, a wrecker of homes, a drunkard, a liar and general blackguard. He has been exiled from court so many times that this form of chastisement has lost all its terrors for him, and has been practically banished from Berlin for the last six years.

A fair idea of the moral caliber of this fine young gentleman may be had by a glance at the part he played in the now famous "Kutze anonymous letters scandal."

The Duke had become infatuated with the Countess

*FRANK WORTHING*

The clever English actor who plays leading roles in the Frawley Company

Hohenau, one of the most beautiful women of the German court and at the same time one of the most irreproachable. Despite the fact that she was already married and even romantically devoted to her husband, the Duke made her the object of the most conspicuous and insulting attention. The Countess at first attempted to ignore him. She returned his letters unopened, sent back his presents, avoided him at court balls and finally cut him publicly at one of the court functions.

At this the scoundrel at last took offense, and began to forward to not only the Countess but also to all the members of her acquaintance the most outrageously abusive and vilely scurrilous anonymous letters, charging the lady with the most infamous practices, in a language quite befitting a hod-carrier or truck driver. Not only this, but the chivalrous nobleman allowed a certain Von Kotze to be arrested and disgraced as the author of these missives. The Count and Countess of Hohenau laid their case before the Emperor, and demanded that the Duke be brought to justice. Kotze was cleared of the charge, but the Emperor was not over-gracious to the Hohenaus, who had dared to accuse his brother. The upshot of the affair was the temporary banishment of the Duke from the court, a punishment which, as said before, has but few terrors for him.

And now comes the news that this rascal is to be married to a young convent-bred girl of sixteen, a girl absolutely ignorant of the world, the very pink of innocence, the Princess Dorothea of Coburg-Kohary, reared by her parents, Prince Ferdinand, the Austrian field marshal, and the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, in the strictest adherence to the Catholic Church. She is described as having a fresh, pink and white skin, large hazel eyes and a well-rounded though youthful figure.

This horrible misalliance has been brought about by the Princess Clementine of Coburg, known to be one of the most astute politicians of the world. As no dynastic issue is at stake, it is hard to imagine the raison d'etre of the union, other than the possible checking of the Duke's career. But if this end is accomplished at all, it will be at a sacrifice which only the bride herself can tell of or appreciate.

## SONNET.

Watson and I and several others thought
That Abdul Hamid would be damned at last,
And out of Europe bag and baggage cast,
When Greece her rabble to the frontier brought;
But there a Tartar in the Turk she caught,
For Edim's sword was like that deadly blast
Which o'er Sennacherib's great army past
When ancient Israel with Assyria fought.

But times have changed; we saw no angel swoop
To snatch poor little Greece from out the soup,
Where Turkish bayonets did her carcass stir.
So Willie Watson, you must change your tune,
And sing the single star and crescent moon,
Or write a sonnet to a scimiter.

—L. A. R.

Miss Mary Mannering is the new beauty whom Daniel Frohman has begun to boom as the rival of Maxine Elliott. There are more picturesque portraits than that of the actress which appears on this page, but one obtains from it a rational impression of her style. She comes to us with the Lyceum Company, and is said to have talent out of proportion to her charms. She is young, being but twenty-one, but she has been on the boards since arriving at six years. Miss Mannering is leading lady in the Lyceum Company, and seems to have commended herself both to the critics and the theater goers in New York.

Lecturing on the "Study of Law," on the occasion of a great university function, Judge Wendell Holmes demonstrated, in a manner highly piquant, that the study of the law means just how to avoid it; that law is neither a matter of morals nor logic, and that Roman law in particular is a useless and antiquated encumbrance. He thus steered his audience of students clear of the hypocrisy which treats law, as we have it in actual life, as a branch of deductive philosophy.

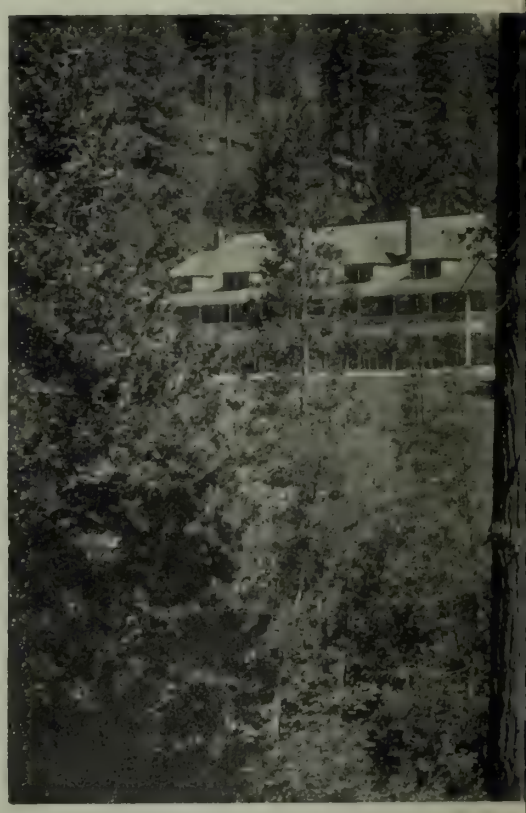
The British Legislature is said to be growing abnormally lazy. The House of Commons was counted out recently, with some 400 members present, before six o'clock on two successive days, on the first occasion the time, 4:50 p. m., being the earliest on record.

THE CRAGS FROM DOME TRAIL

IN

CAMPING PARTY

MOSS BRAE FALLS



## A TAVERN IN THE CLOUDS

### Castle Crags and the Wonderful Country Surrounding It.

When the first visitor to the spot saw the peaks that have since been called Castle Crags he went on record as saying, "They don't make 'em any better than that." And the echo of that pioneer visitor's speech seems to have hung about the three great cliffs, so that now one catches it up involuntarily. They don't make 'em much finer, it is true. For the scenery around the Tavern of Castle Crags runs the gamut of mountainous beauty from end to end many times in one day, striking every note of the picturesque from the pretty and the charming to the sublime and the magnificent.

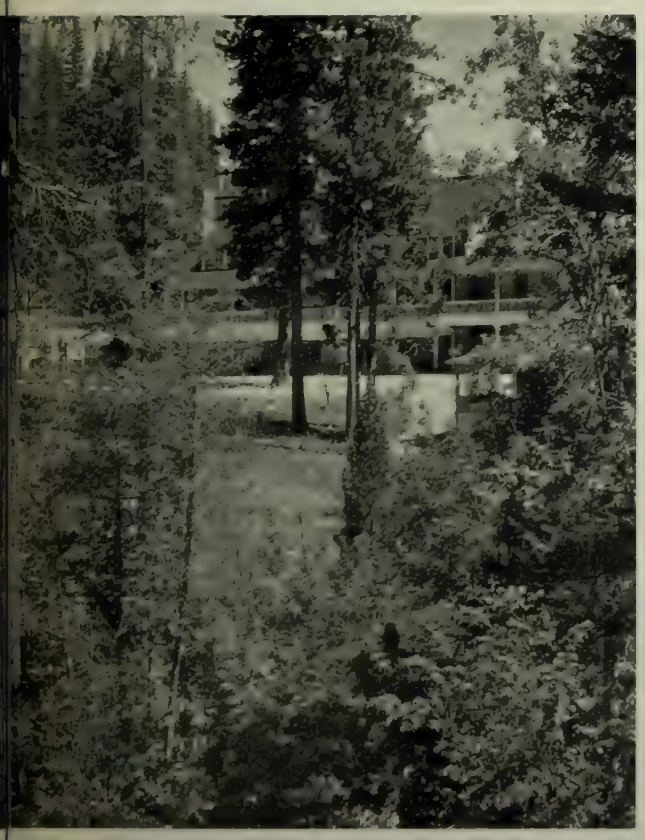
The sojourner at the Tavern may sit quietly on the veranda that faces the Crags and without moving from his place enjoy a slow-shifting panorama of color and form and light that is quite unequaled anywhere on the Pacific slope, not even in the Yosemite. Looking out in the morning the Crags seems to be but one flat, solid mass of impenetrable rocks shrouded by a thin veil of blue mist, but later on their appearance changes; little rifts and canyons appear, with here and there a waterfall and here and there a solitary, huge sugar pine, growing, apparently, from the very rock. The peaks draw apart in clusters, until the groups resemble the spires of the Milan Cathedral, enormously enlarged. Again, in the evening, the great walls of granite are flooded with a gorgeous radiance of red and golden light.

Formidable as they appear, it no great exertion to travel these "rattling crags among." Trails starting from the Tavern lead into the fastnesses of the great rocks, and though there are pathways [illegible] erous enough to be attractive to those who "go in [illegible]r mountain climbing on Alpine proportions, the majority of the

E WCODS

WHERE TROUT ABOUND

AN EARLY-MORNING CANTER



MPSE OF THE TAVERN

footways are easy enough traveling for even women. Indeed, there is scarcely a point of interest about the Tavern that cannot be reacher by norseback. The view to be obtained of Mount Shasta from the summit of the Crags is in itself worth the trip to the Tavern, for from this coign of vantage there are no intervening mountains or ridges that tend to dwarf and diminish the splendor of the mighty hill.

The Tavern of Castle Crags is much that its name implies. You have come here to have a good time, not to dress three tir . day, nor to do precisely the same thing at preci. the same hours in precisely the precise and conventional way. There is a certain homeliness and graciousness about the Tavern folk that goes far to do away with the stiff formality that is the great drawback of other less favored localities. You may do as you please in and about the Tavern; eat when you please, and, above all, wear what you please, even to a golf suit or riding habit at the supper table.

A feature of the hotel is its donkeys for the use of the children of the guests. Quite an innovation on the usual hotel management, which forbids children the parlors, frowns them out of the corridors, keeps them off the grass and forbids them to pick the flowers.

There are plenty of things to do at the Tavern—any number of occupations for spare time. There is riding and driving, and the walks of the place are one of its reasons for existence. Then there are things to shoot and things to fish for, deer there are and quail, and you may get trout at the very veranda of the hotel, and no stream about the place is so small but what it contains some fish. So taking it all in all, the Tavern of Castle Crags is as interesting and charming a locality as one would wish to pass a vacation in. Plenty of camping, plenty of sport, plenty of pure, sweet, spicy mountain air, views as big as "all out of doors," and tramps that are made expressly for the purpose of developing an appetite. The Tavern offers all the advantages of camping out combined with "all the comforts of home."

China has decided to organize a new navy, and orders are about to be sent to England or the Continent for four armored cruisers, two fast cruisers and several torpedo destroyers. If the Celestial Empire is determined on possessing a navy it would be well for it to place it in charge of a better personnel than that which oppsed the Japanese during the last war. China will find a navy a cost'y luxury, as additions and improvements will continally have to be made to keep it up to the requisite level of excellence, and as the empire is piling up a heavy debt it will have difficulty in meeting the outlay. If China would turn her attention to her internal resources she would acquire more beneficial results than she may ever expect from a navy. The country posseses mineral deposits of enormous extent; in iron ore she is immensely rich, and her coal beds, if properly worked, would revolutionize the commerce of the world. Their extent is estimated at a round four million square miles, the output of which might suffice to meet the needs of the world for a couple of thousand years to come. There are mines of anthracite in Shansi equal in quality to the best Pennsylvania, and virtually inexhaustible.

The election of "Billy" Mason will add another competent shorthand reporter to the membership of the United States Senate. Several years ago he was considered one of the best in the country. Judge Withrow, of the Rock Island railroad, used to say that a first-class stenographer was spoiled when Mason went into politics. It is not generally known that Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is also a proficient stenographer, like Representative Hitt, of Illinois. Both of them have been professionals, and both still use the shorthand system in making notes during debates, committee meetings, etc. Although he has not had active practice for twenty-five years or thirty years, Mr. Chandler is able to make and transcribe his notes as rapidly as when he was a young man in daily practice as reporter for the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

Moral causes are generally physical causes, says William Penn Nixon of the Chicago "Inter Ocean." Cheap paper made from wood and straw instead of cotton rags has lowered the prices and tone of our better journals. Circulation became the motive to print and the aim fell lower down. Yet, from what we hear, the most profitable journals have maintained their price. Our drop to one cent in Chicago was the issue of a competition between Lawson and Medill. Lawson was publishing a two-cent new morning paper for one cent, while Medill became apprehensive about his old two-cent paper, and threatened a war. We all came down together to a cent. At that price there is nothing much at the business; but Lawson's evening paper is rich, as is Medill's Sunday issue; so they keep up the war.

Paris doctors declare that X-rays produce violent palpitations of the heart. Drs. Seguy and Quenisset have experimented on their students and on themselves, and declare that when continued the palpitations are unendurable. They stopped them by placing a metal plate between the heart and the rays. They advise people who are not in perfect health to keep out of the way of the X-rays, or, at any rate, to protect their vital organs against them.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "His Fortunate Grace," has for its motive an international marriage between a British peer and an American heiress. Mrs. Atherton satirizes society life and introduces in the tale at least one character, that of an ambitious society woman, which, it is said, will be recognized by all New Yorkers. The story recalls real episodes suggesting both the Craven-Martin and Marlborough-Vanderbilt affairs.

It was recently authoritatively stated in the course of some proceedings in a London police court that, contrary to the general practice of foreign consulates, the Consul of the United States never gave pecuniary assistance to destitute Americans, he having no fund for the purpose, in order to enable them to return to their own country.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

What especial attraction, Diary dear, has the month of June for those who are inclined matrimonially, and why is it that prospective brides almost invariably choose it for their mating time? Hymen seems to reign supreme, and usually celebrates his advent by a nuptial feast on the very first day of the month. This year Minnie Burton opened the season with the eclat of a military wedding. She made a rarely pretty bride, was dressed in shimmering satin with puffs of tulle round the skirt, a long train and bodice trimmed with orange blossoms. She is a real June maiden, with very light brown hair, rosy cheeks, and is tall and willowy. What adds to her attractiveness is the dark brown eyes which form so great a contrast to her fair hair and skin. Some of the girls think her even prettier than Leila, but I would hardly say that. Leila and Kathro looked unusually well in pale blue taffeta silk frocks covered in tulle and trimmed with vast quantities of baby ribbon. Mrs. Burton wore a stunning gown of black satin and chiffon. Minnie carried bride roses and her sisters great bunches of pink buds. I took quite a fancy to Lieutenant Pearce; he seems a thoroughly good sort, as Arthur would put it. There were any number of army men, all in their regimentals, and they do set them off. If I were an officer I should don mine on the shallowest possible excuse. I wish you could have seen Lieutenant Boyd. Whew! he made a stunning picture, and if I had not lost my heart already I fear yesterday would have completely vanquished me. Lieutenant England looked well, and as for Mr. Ames, positively he is one of nature's soldiers, and wears his uniform as if he were especially built for it. Poor Mr. Palmer has broken his ankle and is laid up in lavender—is that not a shame? His horse fell on it, I believe. Never mind, his weary hours will be shortened by the attention of endless girls, I have not the slightest doubt. There were only twenty-five at the ceremony, and Minnie and Mr. Pearce stood in a corner of the room beneath a portiere of Bankshire roses, with an Oriental lamp casting a dim religious light over the scene. The windows were curtained with woodwardia ferns, and the whole house decked with roses. A big reception followed the ceremony, and Mrs. Pearce was assisted in receiving by Miss Grace and Pearl Sabin, Miss Hooper, Miss Currier and Mrs. Cavalier Jouett. All wore light frocks. The ladies were in blue and pink, Miss Currier in blue, Mrs. Jouett in black and white.

Some of the girls who came to the reception looked splendid. Miss Marie Voorhies wore an effective gown of red and purple brocaded silk, a small bonnet of pink poppies and white plumes and a broad lace collar. Miss Sara Dean also looked fetching in a black watered grenadine over apple green silk trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet and a big picture hat.

Afterwards we all went to Aunt Sybil's to dinner, and later to the Columbia to see "The Fatal Card." The house was well filled, the audience remarkably smart, considering that every one is on the wing. My cousin Mabel is having a glorious time just now. You know she is just sixteen, old enough to enjoy things, but too young to take even a boy's attention seriously. She is the jolliest little thing, and a great favorite. Last Saturday she and about twenty of her young people were invited by Mrs. Jimmie Robinson to go on a yachting party. They cruised round the bay all day, and in the evening Mrs. Robinson gave them a dance. A number stayed all night, and on the morning went on a coaching trip to Mill Valley. Is not Mrs. Robinson a pearl among matrons? I wanted Aunt Sybil to follow in her footsteps, but between you and me, dearest Diary, I think she is too selfish. I wish more of the married ladies would give us these treats; if they did we should ask them to our select little dinners and tell them of our love affairs and treat them as comrades. I think they would find that even matrimony and motherhood had compensations, after all.

The Downey Harveys have bought a place in Belvedere, and intend spending part of the summer there. This week they have gone down to San Luis Obispo to Baron von Schroeder's ranch, and anticipate remaining there until the fifteenth. I saw Mrs. Martin at Minnie Burton's wedding; she was looking exceedingly well. The latest amusement among the younger set seems to be taking parties to the top of Tamalpais. We went up last week, remained at the hotel all night, and got up to see the sun rise. I looked over the register, and found nearly all our crowd had either been up there with their own kith and kin or else had taken a few of their intimes along. It is a delightful ride, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. I hear of quite a number of people who are going to the Yosemite in the near future.

On Wednesday we all went to see Ethel Cohen married at the First Unitarian church. The wedding was an essentially smart affair—what the dailies would designate a function. The church was packed to the doors, and all the world dressed in its best clothes was there. I was rather disappointed in the scheme of decoration. Flags are all very well in their way, but I hardly consider them appropriate in a church. They were arranged in a species of canopy over the chancel, or what do they call the altar in a Unitarian church? The bridesmaids, headed by the maid of honor, came in at the left side of the church, walked down the center aisle, and met the bride at the door. They looked very pretty, but rather timid. Emma F. Butler's gown was lovely blue taffeta silk draped in organdie, and trimmed with lace. The bridesmaids were in white frocks, the skirts covered in purple and edged in lace. Their veils of tulle were caught on one side and fell to the waist. The six ushers led the way up the church, and after them came the bridesmaids, then the maid of honor, and, lastly, Ethel Cohen walked alone. She looked radiant and positively stunning. Her long gown was simplicity itself, but was so becoming. Her veil was draped low, which made her look much shorter than usual. She was met at the altar by her mother, who gave her away. The ceremony was ever so short; in fact, was ended in seven minutes. It seemed odd not to hear the familiar "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost" of the other churches. Lieutenant Bent repeated the responses in a loud, clear voice, audible all over the church. The music was very pretty, and Mr. Harrison's words exceedingly sweet. Afterwards we went to Mrs. Gibbons' to the supper and reception. It was a comparatively small affair and delightfully enjoyed. Ethel asked most of us by telephone. The girls wore pretty evening gowns—and we had a jolly time with the officers. Leila and her Harry seemed deeply interested in it all. Ethel's presents were really lovely. Nearly all of us are thinking of going into bankruptcy with this rush of weddings. Think of it! First Minnie Burton's and Helen Wright's, then Ethel Cohen's and next week Jessie Coleman's. Why don't they all elope and spare their families the expense of a trousseau and earn the eternal gratitude of their friends?

And now, dear Diary, farewell. I am so dead tired I must seek my anxious couch. Your weary MISS CRICKET.

* * *

The season at Burlingame is in full swing, and in most of the villas the owners are comfortably installed. There are gatherings at the club house in the evenings, and the San Mateo roads are gay with equipages. Still the noises of building are heard in the air, though substantial progress has been made on the new houses. In a very few weeks the new occupants will be privileged to move in—all but the Kruttsnichts, whose villa is a bit behind the others. The Carolans are settled in their pretty home and talk of a house warming.

At San Mateo many of the veritable Burlingameites are residents, and in this set it has become the proper thing to take a run up to the club house at night. Riding and driving are enjoying their usual vogue and the talk is very often "horsey." By the way, the latest in rigs is Walter Hobart's hansom cab, which he drives himself. It is quite a feature.

The new directorate at Burlingame has certainly achieved a signal victory. The institution is now on a sound financial basis. Its debts have all been paid and the future promises an increasing prosperity. Many of the men who resigned at the time of the turmoil two years ago have returned to their allegiance, and it is only a matter of months when the membership will have assumed its old dimensions. This success is due to the intelligent and good management of the board, and reflects great credit upon its business acumen and tact. At the meeting Sunday A. B. Ford was elected President pro tem to act during the absence of Mr. Joseph Grant, who is soon to be married and intends spending his honeymoon abroad.

The polo season opens next Sunday, and there is sure to be a large gathering at Burlingame. Several big parties are being made up for lunch on the terrace, and there is to be music. It is anticipated that Prince Luigi of Savoy will play in the polo game, and if he is as successful in creating as much excitement among the habitues as when he was here before, there is lots of fun ahead.

The season at San Rafael formally opened on the first of June. There are at least one hundred people quartered at the Hotel Rafael and all the villas around it are occupied. But little has occurred thus far to comment upon. The new arrivals are settling themselves down for the season, and have really not begun to entertain each other. The various equipages are being lined up for the evening driving, which has always been a feature of the fun at San Rafael. The hotel itself is in first-class condition. There is good music every afternoon and evening and an evident effort to look after the comfort of the guests. The cuisine is especially acceptable—which is really the most important consideration. Among those who are at the hotel for the season are the following: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Colonel Kip and the Misses Kip, Mrs. and Miss Sutro and Mr. Charles Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fries, Dr. Shiels, Miss Shiels, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Madame Barrios and suite.

Miss Lucille B. Kelly entertained a number of her friends at the Hotel Lenox last Saturday evening. The little miss had just turned 11 years, and this was made the occasion for a merry gathering of her companions. Some of the youngsters developed wonderful grace and talent in fancy dancing, and contributed much to the pleasure of the evening. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with flowers and Japanese lanterns. In goblets of lemonade the youngsters toasted the diminutive hostess and bade her Godspeed on her journey to Los Angeles, where she will spend the summer. Among those present were the Misses Helen and Olive Bruning, Miss Emma Hirscher, and Master Willie Bailey.

* *

With the last days of May vanish the dying glints of the glamour cast by Easter tide. The sole social excitement anticipated for June is a series of weddings, among them—those of Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss English, Miss Wright and Mrs. Olive Reed. The Easter season has lasted much longer than usual, and although the Oaklanders are discussing the question of their peregrinations, thus far but few among them have sought their summer haunts. Last week the principal events were the lawn party given to the Misses Florence and Jean Hush by Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Will Magee, and the McNear tea.

The lawn party took place at the Haywards Club House. A special car was chartered for the occasion, and all the Deux Temps and Friday Fortnight girls invited. They wore light lawns and garlanded hats, and it would prove a difficult task to find a more comely set of maids. All or nearly all are tall and athletic looking, with bright eyes, broad shoulders and blooming complexions. Miss Edith Preston of Redwood, Miss Annie Voorhies, Miss Pauline Fore and Miss Sallie Quinan were among the most attractive. When they arrived at the Club House they found a capital lunch awaiting them. The McNear tea was given by Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. George McNear and Mrs. Seward McNear as a farewell before their departure for the Hawaiian Islands. About twenty girls assisted in receiving; all wore grenadines or summer silks. Miss Farries, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Amy McKee and Miss Chabot were among the most fetchingly frocked of the receivers.

Very fashionable indeed was the Flower Fete at Arbor Villa on Saturday afternoon. The Presidio band furnished the music, and among the amusements provided were tennis, croquet, dancing, donkey riding, etc. One of the features of the occasion was the battle of the roses, between a number of men and maids. The young girls assembled on a balcony and pelted the men below with masses of yellow, pink, and red posies. The affair was for charity, and the returns more than satisfactory.

The girls belonging to the Greek letter fraternities had a very jolly time at the home of Mrs. A. A. Moore on Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were out of town, so the young people had the house to themselves. Miss Carmen Moore had arranged a dinner for twenty-five, and later the girls sang, played games and disported themselves in a way congenial to their spirits. Miss Flora MacDermot gave a big dancing party on Friday last to seventy-five young people. It was an eminently enjoyable affair, as the MacDermot house is especially adapted for entertainments of that order. The rooms were canvased and the house decorated from garret to cellar. Miss MacDermot assisted her sister in receiving.

The ladies of the Ebell Club had a gala day on Tuesday last. Nearly two hundred took luncheon at the Club rooms. Mrs. Henry Butters, Mrs. G. Ripley and Mrs. Helen Nuggatt were the guests of honor. The hostess of the day was Mrs. B. A. Knight. The girl choristers of St. Paul's Episcopal Church were entertained at a card party recently by the Ladies' Work Committee. Progressive whist was played. Miss Bessie Palmer and Miss Florence Sharon carried off the prizes.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Martha Shearer of Yreka and Mr. Sam Prather of Oakland.

Mdme. Camille Urso continues to be entertained by the Oakland people, among whom she figures as a social star of the first magnitude. The last festival given in her honor was a reception by Mrs. S. P. Hughes on Thursday, which was largely attended. The concert given by Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan on Thursday evening at the Congregational Church was, from both the social and financial point of view, an immense success. The church was crowded with smartly dressed people. Mr. O'Sullivan was in excellent voice. The selection which received the most applause was one by Beethoven. His Irish songs were not rendered with his usual voice. Mr. Purcell gave several violin solos, which were well received.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.**

MR. HERMANN SCHWARZE (known as Herman, at Strozynski's) has opened Ladies' Hairdressing Parlors at 211 Powell street. Telephone Main 5820.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

Style counts more positively in a hat than in a gown. To obtain a chic hat intelligent women go to E. E. Caswell's, at 28 Post street. It is interesting to note that all the hats and bonnets in this stock have been reduced to half price.

### Food Value of Cocoa.

The "International Journal of Surgery" says:

"Experience has shown that a properly prepared cocoa product constitutes an ideal beverage for invalids and convalescents, acting as a mild nerve simulant and at the same time supplying a considerable amount of available nutritive material.

"Such a product is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa, which differs from all preparations of its kind in that in the process of manufacture great care is taken to retain, in a pure and unaltered form, those active principles and nutritive elements of cocoa seed which render it both a luxury and a food.

"This preparation is esteemed an agreeable, comforting, and nourishing beverage in chronic disorders, during convalescence from exhausting diseases, for feeble children, and during the after treatment of severe surgical operations."

## LOVE-MAKING TAUGHT

### The Whimsical Conceit of An Old-Maid Authoress.

The art of cupid does not seem sufficient nowadays to give men the knowledge of love—there is something more required, and to supply this long-felt want Miss Lillian Bell of Chicago has suggested the founding of a college for the training of men in the art of love-making. Miss Bell, it will be remembered, is the lady who wrote "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," and "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," as well as a number of articles shedding more or less light upon hymeneal subjects. Mentioning old maids, it may be said that Miss Bell has made herself a defender of that much-misunderstood class—a sort of prophetess leading her unmarried sisters out of the wilds of neglect into the valleys of vindication. Old maidism is a condition of choice not of necessity. Miss Bell knows thousands of homely and superficially unattractive women—and not one of them but has had at least a solitary offer. So is it with the unmarried woman—she could wed if she would, but she will not. As for the bachelor, he deserves the opprobrium of neglect, for Miss Bell reverses the time accepted condition: it is no longer the woman without the offer, but the man without the acceptance, for it is in this instance where man does the proposing and woman the disposing.

Just why a man should be refused is due, Miss Bell claims, to his inability to properly express his affection. He does not go about it in the right way. He lacks in—well, it matters little what he lacks in most, he makes up altogether a most unhappy whole. He should learn to woo, and as he is incapable of instructing himself he should betake himself elsewhere. It is here the long-felt want asserts itself—here is the need for a school of love. It should be a college for lovers with a post graduate course for husbands. As conditions are, thinks Miss Bell, a man is a thing of clay in the hands of a girl. She can do almost anything with him; he, poor blind being, never suspects anything. Like a reed shaken in the wind, like a painted weather-cock on a gable end, he turns about and is blown about in every way. No wonder he is incapable of expressing emotion or affection when he does not realize that he has any. He must go to school—the necessity of it calls out a novice in the night—he must go to school, but first he must have a school.

Miss Bell should light the fires of love and gather to herself Cupid and Hymen. She should send to the highways and the byways and call in the lame, the halt and the blind of bachelordom. To these should she give instruction, in all the fulness thereof, instruction in the amiable art of making love. Surely such a thing is much to be desired.

That the season for country sojurns is now in full swing can easily be seen by the number of parties traveling over the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway. Along the line of this popular company are found many of the most beautiful spots in the State, and one does not have to go far from home to get into that portion of the country most to his liking, be it the fruit farm in the valley, where all good things satisfying to the inner man abound, or the shady nooks of the mountains, with their health-giving springs hard by charming resorts laid out and arranged in such a fashion as to make them attractive to any one who seeks peaceful rest, enlivened by the refined comforts always demanded by society. The S. F. & N. P. R. R. issues a useful illustrated prospectus, which intending travelers can procure by application at their office, 650 Market street.

**Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street**

**MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY**
**Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists**

**The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.**

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Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

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## WOMAN'S SPHERE

### Parkhurst on Female Sufferage—An Anti-Matrimonial Club.

Dr. Parkhurst has seen many things in his time, and his knowledge thereof has made him great in the land. He has tussled with many topics, and with the Tammany Tiger, as well, and all these things and many others have fallen before him. Now comes he as have every one and everything of late, to the discussion of woman. That portion of humanity designated as woman has been having a rather independent time of late days, at least the portion that is of clubs and congresses, of higher walks and spheres. This sort of woman has drawn unto herself much discussion. She is no longer what she was, and little longer shall remain what she is; there are new barriers to burn away before she enters in the promised land flowing with ballots and with privilege. Too long has she lain in the depths of domesticity, gazing up at the heights of emancipation; the time has come to soar, and soaring has she been for many moons.

This colossal evolution has been mostly self-effected, the balance of it the result of liberal-minded but misguided men. Such a man as Dr. Parkhurst would surely prove an oracle to the unfettered sex—his words would weigh most mightily. Dr. Parkhurst has spoken. He has spoken on woman, she of the sphere and the higher walk, she of the ballot and the advanced idea, the shirt front and the manly tie. He has given his idea of such as these, and it is is andromaniac. A new word—absolutely a new word, coined by the doctor himself, and it applies to the woman who ambles after modes of men. The idea of broadening out seems to be the right bower of the advanced female—to work into the ways of men—considering the difference merely one of physiology. Dr. Parkhurst has spoken, and let the struggling sex attend—the doctor believes in woman broadening out and expanding, too, as much as she will, but only in the ways of woman. The sexes are separate and distinct from one another, differently constructed and with different work to do. Woman's supremacy is in her womanliness; her higher walk, her elevated sphere is altogether in her home, not in the haunts and habits of men. God and nature constructed her very different from her brother, and the Creator recorded His intention in a way she will never be able to forget, and all the female congresses may meet and argue that her sphere is coincident with the sphericity of the globe or of the heavens if they will, but they will succeed about as well as the old woman who tried to sweep back the sea with her broom.

Dr. Parkhurst does not say it isn't good to vote; that it i sunwise to have spheres and ideas, or that other things of the sort do not deserve to be pushed along—they are all good enough, but there is so much else that should be given the preference, so many things of higher mould—and all this may be summed up in one word—home, to live for home, and all that is of home.

But the cause will not die, even though Dr. Parkhurst will not support it—there are many others who will, and, like the soul of the immortal Brown, it shall march on Infinitessimo. Relief comes from Michigan, not from Kalamazoo, but from Edwardsburg, a tiny town as great in wisdom as it is diminutive in populations. In Edwardsburg there are young women, modern-minded maids, who have formed a good new-fashioned bachelors' club that is just too darling for anything. Little is necessary for membership—an unblemished character, a good disposition, and a limit in age of twenty-five years. The new club recognizes marriage, but not till many things have come to pass. Much must be learned before the final step, which should not be taken before twenty-five. Prior to that period a woman is developed neither mentally nor physically. Her bod yiacks, her brain lacks and her heart lacks along with them. A girl must ripen as well as apples and pears, and to do this it takes years—twenty-five of them. It is upon this horticultural principle that the young women of Edwardsburg are laying out their plan of action, and in their time much may be expected of them—any amount of economics, scientific and political research, new lights on evolution, glimpses in the life unseen—in brief, everything requisite for the new wife. There is a little thing called love that has been known to assert itself in matters of marriage; the maidens of Edwardsburg have heard of this, but the prospect does not arouse alarm; love is quite welcome, it will even help along the idea conjugal companionship which they have puzzled out. Love may laugh at locksmiths and others of the sort, but when it comes to the Edwardsburg Bachelor Girls' Association, with its course of preparation wonderfully and wisely made, it is very likely it will bide a bit and wait at least till twenty-five.

H. S. K.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet all. S. Constantini, proprietor.

## WOMEN AND MANNERS

### A Controversy as to Which is the Gentler Sex.

The difference in courtesy between men and women has been a topic of much recent talk among a select number of New York notables. The seats of these mightles have been rocked in every direction anent the question, and opinions of many colors have been flying into print. It would seem from it all that men are not the brutes, to put it plainly, that they are often said to be; in fact, they are quite the opposite, and some have even gone so far as to say that women are oftentimes of that ungraceful order themselves. Most women of late days have the idea that they are quite capable of looking to themselves—which may be said to be true—they look too much to themselves and not enough to others—and therein lies the rub, the chord discordant in the symphony of cruelty. But man has always had the art of looking to himself; it is his by right of nature and of inheritance; he has always had it, and some say he has grown callous in the possession of it. Others affirm to the contrary, in particular, Mrs. Sherwood, that stereotyped grande dame of society as it appears in type.

Mrs. Sherwood looks upon men—American men before all others—as still possessing the chivalry of the middle ages; that the same grace and gallantry that guarded the honor of long-haired maidens and jousted at the tourney for a smile or other fleeting trophy. But the women of the day, thinks Mrs. Sherwood, are not of half so kind a caste. The gallantry and grace of the men has spoiled them and they dare to do what men would never dream of, so great is their presumption. The high hat folly comes under Mrs. Sherwood's disapproval, and it is in this and in other phases of play-going that she terms her own sex lacking in deportment.

Against the idea of all this masculine gallantry comes the opinion of a well-known authoress. This literary lady thinks the society young man lacking in good manners. She says he will take all he can get and give nothing in return, not even civility. He will eat the good dinners and drink the good wines of his hostess and think his presence sufficient return for it all. His manners are supremely bad—in fact, he is horribly impolite. He knows he is the current coin of society, and since he is he may pass himself in any manner pleasing to him. But men are generally polite to women, she thinks—and she actually believes some one has said they are spoken of among the nations for their politeness. But the women of the crowd, she of the bargain-counter and the elevated train—she is rude in all reality, and she who travels—who occupies the dressing-room long enough to clean even her conscience, she is likewise truly. And the shop lady, her manners are really shocking, so very unpleasant, so different from the shop girls in France and abroad generally. Another phase of the unpleasant woman is the lady with the loud voice, and America rejoices in many of such; in fact, there is a sort of pushing national manner and a sort of national voice that is so very disagreeable, and woman possesses both in all their fullness.

FOR RENT, IN SANTA BARBARA—The most beautiful residence property in the city; large house, completely furnished throughout; large stable and carriage house; lawn, flower garden, shrubs and vines cared for by competent gardener at expense of owner. Apply to Joseph J. Perkins, Santa Barbara, Cal.

New Safe-Deposit Vaults.

Safes $4 to $150 per annum. The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, are the strongest, best guarded and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts as executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge. Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has sold his partnership interest in the firm doing business under the name of The Novato French Cheese Factory, at the town of Novato, county of Marin, State of California, to C. Schulz, and that the undersigned is no longer a member of said firm, or interested therein, and is not responsible for the debts of said firm. JAMES NEWLANDS JR.
Dated April 20, 1897.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

## TURF NOTES

### Brooklyn Handicap—The Epsom Derby and its Bearing on California.

In very mistaken fashion races of any importance are frequently styled "classic" nowadays. Properly speaking the epithet should be reserved for three only, as far as English events are concerned, namely the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. As to the leading events of the American and Australian turf, the time has hardly yet arrived for the application of the term, at any rate it should not be applied to the Brooklyn Handicap, or in fact any handicap anywhere, as it sometimes is.

The Brooklyn Handicap, $10,000, one and one-fourth miles, was run at Morris Park last Monday, and resulted in the victory of the 4-year-old Howard Mann, 106 pounds, the property of G. E. Smith (Pittsburg Phil.), ridden by the California jockey, Henry Martin. The track was in muddy condition, and the time, 2:09¾, consequently slow. The same stable also started Belmar, 121 pounds, the other winners being Handspring, 125 pounds; Sir Walter, 115 pounds; Ben Eder, 113 pounds; The Swain, 110 pounds; Loki, 108 pounds; Lake Shore, 105 pounds; King Arthur II, 98 pounds; Volley, 95 pounds, and Jefferson, 88 pounds.

The different telegraphed accounts of the running are not by any means in agreement, as some say the winner was untouched by whip or spur throughout the race, and others that a furlong from home Martin was driving him for fear of being caught by Lake Shore and Volley, who came in second and third respectively, Howard Mann finishing with four lengths to spare. It is evident that Volley, who was ridden by Lamley, ran a good race, as, though taken very wide, he made up a great deal of ground in the last half mile. Handspring failed to add to his reputation, though he ran well for a mile, when no doubt his heavy impost and the state of the going got him into trouble.

The stable seems to have executed quite a coup, as the winner was not named to start before the morning of the race, and yet was heavily backed.

On Wednesday last the Derby was run at Epsom, and as might have been expected was a less exciting event than when won last year by the Prince of Wales' Persimmon. The result, however, comprising as it does both the Middle Park Plate and Two Thousand Guineas, is of much interest to California breeders and turfmen. The winner was Galtee More, the property of Mr. J. G. Gubbins, Lord Rosebery's Velasquez second, Mr. J. S. Harrison's History third. The field consisted of eleven runners only, the Prince of Wales starting his colt Oakdene, who ran fairly well, being in the lead for a good part of the distance, and finished fourth.

Galtee More was born in County Limerick, Ireland, where his owner has been until lately a master of hounds, and is now breeding thoroughbreds to some extent, this colt being of his own raising. Mr. Guboins is a first-rate sportsman, and his success is sure to be most popular and adds considerably to the extraordinary good fortune that the Irish division has met with on the English turf this season. The race was regarded as practically a certainty for the winner, odds of 4 to 1 being laid on him, and he won pretty much as he liked.

Galtee More is by Kendal, a son of Bend Or, out of Morganette by Springfield, and it is worth while making note how this interests California. In the first place, we have here sires got by Bend Or as follows:: Imp. Ormondie, the property of Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough, the imported horses Order, Golden Garter and Golden Dawn, as well as Ormondie's son Goldfinch, all at Rancho del Paso. Turning to Galtee More's dam we find imp. Watercress by Springfield, and therefore her half brother, in the stud at Rancho del Paso.

About the time this paper goes to press the Oaks will be run, and if it should be won, as it seems most probable, by Chelandry, daughter of imp. Goldfinch, who has proved herself so far the best of her sex as a 2 and 3-year-old, there will be further cause for congratulation.

Velasquez, the second horse, by Donovan out of Vista, the dam of Sir Visto, who won the Derby in 1895, represented the Galopin strain of blood, but judged by his 3-year-old form, so far, the winner has made the most improvement in growing on and has brought further glory upon the great tribe of Stockwell.

The first of the big sales of thoroughbred yearlings by the Easton Company in New York this season will be that of Rancho del Paso on June 21, 22, 23, when 150 head will be offered at auction. The consignment will leave Sacramento probably to-day, in charge of Mr. John Mackey, and, as racing affairs are in a more settled condition in the East than they were a year ago, it is to be hoped there may be an improvement in prices over those realized at the last sale.

The final transfer of the American Stud Book by Colonel S. D. Bruce to the New York Jockey Club disposes of a vexed question in a satisfactory manner, and removes the apparent necessity previously existing for duplicate registration.

At a special meeting of the Western Turf Congress, held at Cincinnati last week, it was decided to debar all persons from track privileges who shall resort to the courts for settlement of grievances with which the congress has power to deal. At the same time a committee was appointed to confer with the Jockey Club, and, if possible, adjust differences in regard to registration.

The Thoroughbred Record, of Lexington, Ky., has drawn special attention to the 2-year-old Frohman (Hungar—Jewel Ban), property of David Gideon, and winner of the Laureate and Eclipse stakes and second in the Juvenile Stakes after a bad start. From his picture, the colt looks as handsome as paint, and his breeder, Major B. G. Thomas, says his forehead is a perfect reproduction of his sire. Of his underpinning, the important part of a racehorse, the illustration leaves us, as is too often the case, in doubt.

BENEDICT.

Mme. A. Runpert begs to announce to the ladies of San Francisco that she has recently removed to rooms 15-16, 131 Post street, where she hopes to receive the same patronage as formerly.

J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny street, for a complete line of Spring shirtings and neckwear.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary st.

A certain old justice of the peace in Vevay, Ind., had strange ideas of court procedure. On one occasion, after all the evidence was in and the plaintiff's attorney had made an elaborate argument, the defendant's attorney arose to begin his plea.

"Hold on there," exclaimed the court. "I don't believe I can let you proceed, Mr. Smith. I have a very clear idea now of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar, and anything from you at this time would have a tendency to confuse the court. I know the man is guilty now, and I don't want to take any chances."

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

Bank Stock paper relieves, strengthens and saves the sight. Made in five different qualities. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay street.

Governor Leedy, the new Populist Executive of Kansas, objects to the new-fangled water faucets which he found in the once lavatory. After several trials and mishaps he turned to his secretary and thus declared himself: "Go down town and buy me a tin wash pan. When I worked for Dave Gore on his farm back in Macoupin County, Ill., a tin wash basin and a big stump at the back door served as our lavatory. I prefer the tin basin to this patent water squirting apparatus which city folks use." The tin pan is now in use at the Executive office.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

The Occidental Restaurant, 337 Bush street. Headquarters for tourists. Separate rooms for families. Meals a la carte. Lunch 50c. Best French Dinner in the city, 75c. Dan Ieuch, proprietor.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

They had a meeting of Baptist ministers at Buffalo, recently, and one of the elders, a meek looking brother, arrived with a very sad looking black silk hat. He explained that he had placed his tile, crown down, on the seat in front of him. Unnoticed, a stout woman came in and squatted on that plug, telescoping it as flat as a below-the-Terrace pancake. While she was apologizing one divine broke in with: "Well, madam, I might have told you that that hat wouldn't fit you."

MME. A. RUPPERT

ORIGINATOR OF THE

World-Renowned FACE BLEACH

FACE BLEACH has stood the test of 20 years, and is to-day acknowledged to be the best remedy known for Blackheads, Oily Skin, Pimples, Freckles, and all Facial Blemishes.

SAMPLE BOTTLE sent to any address, in plain wrapper, accompanied by my book,

"HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"

on receipt of twenty-five cents.

MME. A. RUPPERT,
Rooms 15-16, 131 Post Street, San Francisco.

## "THE DESCENDANT"

### A Spirited Novel of Modern Newspaper Life.

Though its advent has attracted little attention, though it has not been proclaimed in the publishers' circulars or in the "Bookman" as a notable work, though it has escaped the lynx eye of the sensation editors of Sunday supplements, and there has been manifested no particular curiosity as to its author, "The Descendant" (Harper & Brothers) is an interesting and fascinating story, and just escapes real distinction by a misunderstanding of background. This is an American story; its author has more ability than information and is now more competent to construct a character than to paint an environment. The hero, Michael Akershem, is a powerful, vivid figure; the evolution of his temperament is natural and the consequences legitimate, but the defect is that the writer knows nothing of the life in which his creation is developed. Akershem is represented as editor of "The Iconoclast," a New York daily paper which has been built up on Socialism and sensationalism. The journal is an important factor in the life of the man; there are meetings of its directors, allusions to its office details and the work of its staff, all of which are purely imaginative and dictated by the intuition of the author. It is not difficult to obtain a journalistic atmosphere, and background plays as important a part in a novel as in a picture. It helps situations and reflects on character and is important in shaping conclusions.

However, there is a finely imaginative quality in the book that compensates both for this deficiency and also for the tendency towards generalization, which is also a feature of "The Descendant." Briefly, the plot turns on the career and misfortunes of Michael Akershem, the illegitimate son of a peasant woman. Adopted by a farmer of the neighborhood, he grows up a sensitive but most intelligent child, with the head, face and brains of a genius. His temper is incurably affected by the jibes and contempt of the neighborhood, but he gains an education, reads all the books available and comes to New York to seek a livelihood, but, above other things, a change of place, where the secret of his birth will not be held against him. After starving for days and drinking the very dregs of disappointment, he is picked up by a whimsical journalist named Driscoll, who is editor of the "Iconoclast"—a new daily started to make a sensation. The handling of these opening chapters is admirable, the style poetic, especially in the descriptive passages, which are finely done. Akershem develops into a great writer, notable for his bitterness, his powerful style and his tremendous sincerity. Driscoll resigns, goes to Florida, and the hero takes his place and makes the paper a veritable firebrand. The former chief returns and expostulates with his pupil:

Then I read your diatribes and saw that you needed the check rein, so I came back. My dear Shem, you are making the mistake of being in earnest. Nobody should be in earnest, it is bad form. Theories are meant for playthings; if you use them as weapons, they go to pieces and cut you."

Akershem laughed.

"That's a fact, Shem; the only successful reformer is the one who never attempts to put reforms into practice. They're the men the world goes mad over while it stones their tools."

"I was born to be stoned."

"Nonsense! don't give Fate a chance to rile you. Providence has to be hoodwinked. If you want to get anything in this world, turn to wanting something else, and ten chances to one the first will come—only you won't want it."

"Any more moralizing at my expense?"

"Lots. You need it. You have gone and made society a bugbear, and now you're trying to bully it. Let it alone. People aren't half as big fools as they look, and, anyway, it's no concern of yours. If men choose to erect idols in the market-place, why should you trouble to tear them down? A sensible man doesn't do that—a sensible man is wild, wicked, stupid, if you will, but he is never in earnest. He knows that if society is rotten he can't purify it by poking and prying, but will only succeed in soiling his hands in filth. Let the world alone and it'll let you alone."

"But it hasn't let me alone and I won't let it. I'll protest against it with my dying breath. I was talking to Semple last night—"

"Semple!" said Driscoll, "Hedley Semple! He's a man who is playing with edged tools. I tell you what is play to him is death to you. He talks his views, but you live yours. That's wrong. Theories have nothing to do with life; they are to be talked about, that's all. Make it play, Shem, don't—"

Then he broke off with a laugh.

"I'm getting in earnest myself," he said, "which I don't do on principle. My state of simple nature, you see, has cultivated in me the simplicity of primitive man. It is the only life worth leading, after all. This vast machine of nervous energy called civilization is demoralizing. It keeps the brain at fever heat and produces vertigo. It destroys individuality. Quit it, my dear Shem; you need rest. Leave politics, the tariff, the currency, and all the other fruits of perdition alone. The currency is the devil's own institution for making maniacs of men. I recognize his stamp."

"Don't be an ass, Driscoll. I know what I'm doing."

"The deuce you do! I never saw a reformer who did. They might be classified as a distinct species having eyes in the back of their heads."

"You've managed to readjust yours, I see."

"Ah, well, a young sinner makes an old Solomon. There is nothing so profitable to a philosopher as the sins of his youth."

"Or so confoundedly pedantic as the repentance of his age."

The heroine of "The Descendant" is Rachel Garin, an artist, also a genius, of excellent family, charming, beautiful and unconventional. With her Akershem falls in love. The wooing of the beautiful and fascinating girl is charming. She resists him for a long time, but she succumbs to his powerful personality. It is Mike's first affaire, and though he has condemned marriage as an institution and denounced it editorially, he is profoundly ignorant of women. After an interview with Miss Garin he proceeds to arraign matrimony in the usual editorial and commences in this vien:

"Like many a custom which has begun as an experiment to end as a fetich, the institution of marriage has not been without a purpose to serve in the course of social evolution. But customs, like garments, wear out and lose their original usefulness, and like garments, require to be discarded for a more advanced and more suitable order.

The influence of the woman is on him, however, and he turns for assistance to Driscoll:

"Say, Driscoll, what kind of creatures are women, anyway?"

Driscoll took his arm and drew him under the electric light.

"Been drinking, old man?" he inquired. "No; hand cool, pulse not quite even, but will do. Oh, women! Bless me, I give it up. Ask another. They're one of the Almighty's enigmas for proving to men that he knows more than they do. Oh, all women aren't alike, you know. There're several patterns. There's the woman with brains and the woman without—last-named variety remarkably plentiful. Then there's the woman of good character and the woman of bad, and the woman who is supposed to have none to speak of. There's the pretty woman and the ugly woman. There's the woman that's worthy of God and the woman that the devil wouldn't take at a bargain."

"Are—are they sensible and thoughtful? Are—are they like men?"

"They're trying to be, my young innocent. But they haven't gotten that far down yet. Give them time, though. Vice is mighty, you know—"

"Nonsense, Driscoll, don't be a fool! Could you—did you—were you ever in love?"

"Could ?—did I?—was I? Well, damn me, I could, and I was, and I did. I wasn't born wise, you know, Shem. I cultivated it."

"You wouldn't marry her because—"

"I'd have been deuced glad to. I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"She wouldn't. Bad taste. I agree with you. She was one of the plentiful type—without brains, you know. She married a missionary."

Alas! the girl loves, and loves madly. He declares himself, and suggests that they marry. Rachel will not permit him to compromise his principles; they agree to defy the conventionalities, with the most unfortunate consequences. Here is the situation:

"You love me, Rachel?" He spoke imperatively.

"Love you!" With a passionate sob she threw back her head, stamping her foot upon the floor. "Don't you see that I love you?" she cried. "My God! I can't help it; I love you!"

"Oh, my beloved!" His kisses fell hotly upon her quivering lips. But as he caught her to him a latent spark of her old independence took fire and flamed forth. She broke from him.

"It is dreadful—dreadful!" she cried.

"But, Rachel, does it make you wretched? I am yours—yours for life or death. I will give up my work to-morrow and marry you."

The girl started.

"Marry me?" she repeated. "How could you?"

He smiled, and, catching her outstretched hands, kissed them.

"I worship you," he said. "I would throw away every chance of my life—every hope, every principle, for you!"

"They would scorn and laugh at you. You have lived your principles for years, and now, at the first bid of a woman, you cast them away. Oh, no; I cannot! I cannot!"

"Let them laugh at me. If I have you, what do I care, darling? Darling, can't you understand? I shall resign from my party. I have made it, and have the right to unmake it. I'll get a position as coal-heaver, brakeman—anything."

"And in six months you would regret it. Do you think that a man's love can extinguish ambition? Only a woman's love can do that. You would live to regret your work, your freedom; you would brand yourself a traitor in your own eyes, and I—God! I should go mad, for I love you."

She kissed him as he leaned above her.

"Do you think that I could live and know that I had ruined your life?" she asked. "I had rather kill myself now, before you had time to reproach me. I had rather never lay my eyes on you again. Oh, my love! my love!"

Rachel was young, and ignorant, as most young things are. She had not learned that self-immolation is the surest bond by which one binds one's self to another. It is not those who sacrifice themselves to us whom we love, but those to whom we sacrifice ourselves. Perhaps there is a fundamental principle of egoism which sustains it, but the fact is there; we do not cease to value a possession which has cost us a great expenditure of ourselves. Self-immolation on the part of another we are apt to regard lightly, deeming that of small value which places not a greater price upon itself. Oh, we are only wise in our own conceit!

The story unwinds from this on—the girl is made to suffer for her daring; he is sorry in her disparagement. But they are happy—until there cometh in the other woman. Her part in the tale may be discovered by the reader. I cannot resist quoting this paragraph, which shows the influence of sensational journalism. It is the "other woman," Miss Allard, who has persuaded Akershem to visit the slums with her:

"Meddling does no good, and I'm not a missionary, but—but your paper has a wide circulation. It enters thousands of homes; people read it for your language and your style who otherwise would shrink from an expression of your opinions. Its influence is sweeping, and its influence is your influence." The flute-like quality of her voice was at its highest. Its penetration was almost painful, its decision merciless. "I work among the poor—the very poor. I see the harm done by useless agitators—by men who write and speak things they dare not act upon, but which ignorant men and women accept as a gospel. No, I do not mean Mr. Semple; he does not half the harm that you do."

"Harm!" he emphasized; "your words are badly chosen."

"It is not your motive that I call harmful," she said, more gently—so gently that he almost forgave her. "It is not your cause—I do not judge that—I but see the effects."

"And they?"

"There was a family upon Hester street, an old woman, several granchildren, and a boy—a bright, enthusiastic fellow, the main support of the family. He had been the support for five years, and was not more than twenty—the apple of the old woman's eye—"

"Well?" for she had paused.

"The first time I heard your name—I remember it well, for the old woman was sick and I had gone to see her—The Iconoclast lay upon the table, a newspaper print of yourself upon the wall, the boy stood in the center of the room. The old woman was speaking; she said, 'Them Akershemites will be the ruin of you.' And the boy rushed from the room in a rage. I asked her what she meant, and as she pointed to the print of yourself she said, 'My boy is possessed with his notions, and they will be the ruin of him.' The boy banded together a small party, calling themselves Akershemites; they were inspired by a hatred of their employers, of every form of restraint. They made depredations upon the small storekeepers in the neighborhood, which ended in a row in which one of them was shot. We tried to get the boy a situation, but he would not sacrifice his liberty. The old woman and the children went to the almshouse, and a month later the boy cut his throat." She had spoken coldly and distinctly, but when Michael looked at her he saw that her eyes were suffused with tears.

"But," he said, with an angry intonation, "you are unjust. The boy did not follow my teaching. Clearly you are ignorant of my doctrines, else why should you make me responsible for a lawless riot?"

"I hold you indirectly responsible," she replied. "Can a cause be good of which the effects are so disastrous? Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"There are many from which to choose. I have seen much misery. Some"—with a laugh—"I grant you, had never heard your name others had. There was a man with a wife and five small children. As long as duty bound him to his post he supported them, then he became your disciple, and you—well, he deserted them for a younger woman, that was all. You may say it was the natural evil of the man's nature. So it was. But until your latitudinarianism released him from his conventional scruples, that nature was kept down by training and inherited belief. Yours is an ideal theory, Mr. Akershem, intended for an ideal humanity, with an innate desire to do right and a superhuman recognition of good and evil. The world as it is to-day cannot stand your views. You have done harm. But I have said enough."

"Yes," retorted Michael, bitterly, "you have said enough." His face was pallid, and his breath came quickly. "You have sought to fling all the misery of the world upon my shoulders. This is the result of my honest endeavor to help mankind—this" His emotion touched her almost against herself.

C.

## THE NEW FRAWLEYS

### A Good Melodrama at the Columbia Theatre.

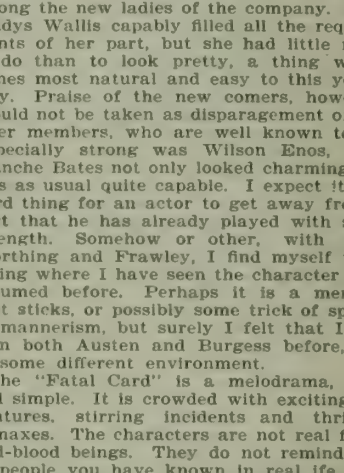
The Frawley company has returned to us, and that it has lost none of its popularity is testified to by crowded houses and well-satisfied audiences at the Columbia. Among the new members J. M. Colville and Theodore Hamilton, to my mind, appear to the best advantage. Eleanor Moretti, who had earned my good opinion when she played Roxie in "Pud'nhead Wilson," took the lead among the new ladies of the company. Miss Gladys Wallis capably filled all the requirements of her part, but she had little more to do than to look pretty, a thing which comes most natural and easy to this young lady. Praise of the new comers, however should not be taken as disparagement of the older members, who are well known to us. Especially strong was Wilson Enos, and Blanche Bates not only looked charming but was as usual quite capable. I expect it is a hard thing for an actor to get away from a part that he has already played with some strength. Somehow or other, with both Worthing and Frawley, I find myself wondering where I have seen the character they assumed before. Perhaps it is a memory that sticks, or possibly some trick of speech or mannerism, but surely I felt that I had seen both Austen and Burgess before, but in some different environment.

The "Fatal Card" is a melodrama, pure and simple. It is crowded with exciting adventures, stirring incidents and thrilling climaxes. The characters are not real flesh-and-blood beings. They do not remind you of people you have known in real life. Indeed, they are well nigh impossible, but you do not expect them to be otherwise. The situations are painted in the same lurid and impossible colors. You must take the play for what it is meant to be, a melodrama, and if you have an analytical mind you had better leave it with your cane and overcoat in the cloakroom. Do this, and you will enjoy both the play and the acting. The production is really a compilation of interesting and exciting short stories. There are a prologue and four acts, and they might quite as well be reconstructed into five one-act plays. Except for a mere unimportant mention of some trivial occurrence in a previous act, they are quite disconnected and apart from each other.

The comedy side of the play is embodied in the first scene of the third act, where Harry Burgess, a lovesick young man, declares his affection for Cecile Austen under the most disadvantageous circumstances. While the young man is in swimming Aunt Penelope, the conventional old maid of the stage, makes off with his clothes. In this dilemma his sweetheart appears, and from the other side of a convenient hedge he explains his predicament, and takes the opportunity of confessing his love with much amusing byplay and pleasing, easy-going comedy.

I gave myself up completely to the melodrama, but I cannot now determine whether it was the second or the fourth act that most stirred my blood. My nerves were at a pretty high tension in the second act, when the two murderers were crouching, trembling, over the dead body of Austen Senior, while his son in the outer hallway was begging admittance and pleading for his father's forgiveness. It is a strong scene. But the last act holds another scene quite as dramatic and interesting.

B.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# THE MAGAZINES

## Some Choice Bits of Periodical Literature.

To have read the several magazines with sufficient intentness and attention to speak positively of their merits argues the spending of many hours in that pursuit. They make a pile nowadays, a formidable pile of literary material, and one does not contemplate the criticizing of them with eagerness. They are gathered here in front of me, and I have been lazily skimming through them—looking at the fine pictures of Marlborough House in the "Cosmopolitan," and turning then to the excellent work of R. Cotton Woodville, who supplies some really spirited pictures illustrating Poultney Bigelow's "White Man's Africa" to "Harpers'." Then I suffered myself to read T. P. O'Connor's entertaining article on "The Celebrities of the House of Commons," in which one is told all about the distinguished statesmen who lead politics in Great Britain. We have all read sketches of Gladstone, John Bright, Joe Chamberlain and the other great personages whose names appear as frequently in the newspapers as those of our own great men, but never have they been focussed better than in this article. Mr. O'Connor is a newspaper man, the editor of the weekly "Sun," and he has had many a long year in the House of Commons under Parnell. He has lived in the atmosphere, and you can learn here the secret of Gladstone's oratorical eminence, the characteristics of Sir William Harcourt's oratory, the story of Balfour's rise, the impression which Mr. Asquith made when he first addressed the House, the influence of John Morley and the cause of Joseph Chamberlain's wonderful success. Some serious-minded prigs may stigmatize this review as gossip, but it's not. It is the best kind of information—the facts interpreted with atmosphere and color. You can imagine the difference between the report of a church convention by a man who knew the ministers and their peculiarities and characteristics and that furnished by a cheap journalist bent on obtaining merely the proceedings as recorded by the Secretary. The first tells you what is really important about the personalities of his subjects, and how they differentiate themselves from the others. Perhaps the best story in the collection is that which tells the rise of Secretary Balfour, who, from a lackadaisical young aristocrat, has become the leader of the House:

"When Mr. Balfour came to be Chief Secretary for Ireland he had to speak nightly. At first he made a very bad hand of it. I remember well the first night he had to deliver a speech of any magnitude; it was in introducing the Coercion Bill. The bill was a very drastic measure, and there were misgivings even among Mr. Balfour's own friends as to its wisdom or necessity; and when Mr. Balfour sat down, after passing rather shamefacedly through a hurricane of derision, anger, and interrogation from the Irish benches, the cause of coercion and of Mr. Balfour seemed to be lost. These were the days in which Mr. Goschen was regarded as the great man of the Unionist party; and I also remember from that period the look of almost childlike delight with which Mr. Balfour looked up at Mr. Goschen as he drove home, with all the effectiveness of a great and a trained debater, the case which Mr. Balfour should have made and had failed to make for himself. But time went on; every night Mr. Balfour was subjected to a torrent of questions; his policy in Ireland was of a character to provoke constant parliamentary attack; and the result was that, having to fight nightly for his life, Mr. Balfour was kept in constant practice, and the House woke up one day to find that the stumbling, ineffective, and almost despised man had grown to be one of the most effective and powerful and ready debaters of the House of Commons. The struggle in Ireland was such as to bring out his peculiar powers."

Quite as interesting is the narrative of how John Morley became an orator:

"Mr. Morley early made up his mind that he was not a good speaker, and this affected his speaking. I remember seeing him shortly after he delivered what was really a good speech in the home-rule struggle, and he said, 'I did badly, of course; I always do badly.' Like Sir William Harcourt, as I have already said, he had the fatal habit—very natural in a man who had had a pen in his hand all his life—of writing down every word of his speeches, and this took away all spontaneity and vivacity from them. And like a good mnay other self-distrustful and inexperienced speakers, Mr. Morley began by an extreme vehemence. In the desire to produce effect—in the fear that he would not produce it—he lashed himself into extravagance of language and of gesture and of voice. There is no more fatal defect in the House of Commons. I forget who said it first, but whoever said it said a very true thing when he declared that the language and speech and demeanor of the House of Commons should never go beyond the tone of polite and well-bred society. This was the art the secret of which Mr. Gladstone had learned better than any man of his time. He could be deadly effective and speak scarcely above the tone of the drawing room; he could thrill with a whisper; he could kill with a staement that was moderate to reserve."

However, the serious reader who wants facts can turn to the meteorological article by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, or to Dr. Prudden's interesting account of the discovery of strange remains in the caves of canyon walls in Northern San Juan county. This is the region where the Cliff Dwellers had their homes, and the investigations show an older civilization than that which they represented. As for the short stories in this "Harpers'," they are hardly up to the level of the rest of the book. "With the Eye of Honor" is there, and "Grandmother Stark" by Owen Wester is mere potboiling.

The article in this "Century" is that on St. Gaudens. It is capitally illustrated. You cannot find a finer example of the half-tone process than the several pictures of the Shaw memorial, which is declared to be the sculptor's masterpiece. With it are reproductions of the Lincoln statue, the beautiful figure of Rock Creek cemetery, of the bas reliefs of the Butler children drawn inimitably by Kenyon Cox. These are fine, but the best picture in the "Century" is Howard Pyle's illustration of "Hene Andre! a Spy," on page 264. It is a fine and vital composition, the effect compounded of half-tone and engraving, a system which is used in the several big magazines nowadays, and is made excellent use of by the "Cosmopolitan." Besides the timely stuff about Queen Victoria, in the June issue, the best editorial judgment is shown in the "Heroes of Peace" series, and in the articles about "A Great Modern Observatory" and "How Food Is Used in the Body." In the latter Professor Atwater tells of a series of experiments conducted under the auspices of the government to investigate the manner in which food builds up the body. The short fiction is poor, there being little quality in "How Sarah Paid for Peace."

I. B. Connery's article on the Garfield-Conkling tragedy is not very well handled, and is better for its matter than its manner. The difference between the literary methods of Connery and that of T. P. O'Connor illustrates the distinction between old and new journalism. There is no atmosphere in the narrative of this bit of American history, though its characters were surely as picturesque figures as ever appeared before the country. However, it effectively dissipates what romance may linger round the memory of Conkling, who is stigmatized as "unjust, ungrateful, suspicious and arrogant. Furthermore, I have met no human being, no matter what important services he had rendered the Senator, who failed to fall under the ban of his displeasure the moment any difference of opinion occurred respecting public or private matters. If he possessed in any degree the virtue of gratitude I never saw it." The Constable and "Moonshining" pictures in number are fine engravings, and the material of the Marlborough House article is gossipy and informative. "The War of Worlds" is an aggravation to read in serial form. It is certainly interesting, but there is no reason for "The House of Life," which is a wretched attempt at story telling, with neither plot nor value.

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In one of the suburbs of Belfast trade was dull, and the chief grocer in the district found his earnings becoming smaller day by day. One morning an old customer entered. In expectation of something good, the grocer jumped up from his seat, and, rubbing his hands, said: "Well, missus, what can I get you?" "A ha'pennyworth o' soap," was the reply. "Oh," said the disgusted grocer, "ye'll be for washin' the canary to-day?"

Beyond all question of doubt the greatest sale of Japanese goods ever held on the Coast is now being carried on by Ito, Sotomi & Co., at 116 Sutter street.

A young English upstart, whose conversation implied that he had been at school at Eton, though probably he had never been there in his life, was talking loudly about the injustice of flogging, and said that he for one had several times been flogged for speaking what was the truth. An American, who had been listening, looked at him a bit inquisitively, and t hen remarked: "I guess, stranger, they cured you of it."

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MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
WALTER MOROSCO : : : Sole Lessee and Manager
Last performances of **Lost in New York**
With its Realistic River Scene
Commencing Monday, June 7th, Initial Production on this Coast of the Romantic Drama
**The House on the Marsh**
Dramatized from the well-known novel of the same name by Mervyn Dallas
Fourth week of our favorite, **Maud Edna Hall**
New Secenery, Stirring Incidents, etc.
Evg. Prices, 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company follow the Liliputians at the Baldwin. The company includes James K. Hackett, Charles Wolcot, Mary Mannering, Katherine Florence and Maud Odell. The "Prisoner of Zenda" will be given in addition to three new plays, "The First Gentleman of Europe," "The Mayflower," and "The Late Mr. Costello."

The Frawley Company and "The Fatal Card" have been so well received at the Columbia that it has been decided to continue the drama for another week. The piece is now in perfect running order, and doubtless will continue to attract a large attendance. On Monday, June 14th, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's new comedy, "The Interioper," written especially for the Frawley Company, will be given its first production. Much is expected of it.

The Russell Brothers, character impersonators, come to the Orpheum next week with their Irish servant girl sketch. The Vaidis Twin Sisters, in their aerial performance, are also looked to open, as are Daily and Hilton, eccentric comedy creators, and Johnson and Dean, king and queen of colored aristocracy, in specialties; adgie, the dancing lady of the lions, has made a sensation, and will continue to appear in conjunction with a strong company.

The Liliputians open at the Baldwin tomorrow (Sunday) evening in their new spectacular piece, "Merry Tramps." The production contains three ballets, the most beautiful being the electrical ballet for which sixty young women of most distinguished underpinning have been engaged. Selma Goerner, Adolf Zink and Franz Ebert assume the parts of the three tramps. Joe, Jim and Bob are said to be as full of fun and as clever and entertaining as ever. The engagement is for two weeks, including Sundays and Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Denis O'Sullivan will make his final appearance in San Francisco before leaving for London at Native Sons' Hall on Monday evening. The affair will be a testimonial, and has been arranged by a number of gentlemen, including Mayor Phelan, Dr. Pauliski and Mr. William L. Carrigan. Mr. O'Sullivan will give numbers by Dvorak, Beethoven and Wagner, in addition to several old English and Irish songs. Mrs. Carmichael Carr will accompany, and a feature of the concert will be the first appearance in public of Mrs. Walter MacGavin, well known in private life for her delightful singing of French music.

At Morosco's next week a dramatized version will be given of Mervyn Dallas' celebated novel, "The House on the Marsh." The dramatization has been successfully maue, and contains all the intense interest and sensational incidents that characterized the story. Maud Edna Hall will assume the part of the governess heroine, and Irma Fitch will reappear as a coquettish housemaid.

Miss Eunice Westwater has arranged a programme of much excellence for her song recital at Native Sons' Hall Wednesday evening. The selections are all interesting and the affair promises to be thoroughly enjoyable.

After many weeks of careful preparation the Tivoli announces the production on Monday evening of the long promised "Miss Frisco." The piece is the work of Joseph B. Cassell, a San Francisco journalist, and is as full of humor as it is of novelty. The whole thing hinges about the return to earth of old Emperor Norton, who sings in a sort of passing way the fads and the follies of the time, enlivened with any amount of comedy and bright fanciful music. W. H. West will be Emperor Norton, J. J. Raffael Ned Weanaway, Phys Thomas Lord Allbut Kliftum, Myra Morella Francisco Fogg "Miss Frisco," and Elvia Crox Seabrooke, and Miss Alameda Mole a very new widow. The scenes are well known places about town, and include Lotta's Fountain, the Cliff House, the Chutes, and Golden Gate Hall during the Woman's Congress, introducing the explosive Brachmacharin.

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The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of $65 a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of $50 a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for out door sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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528 Eleventh Street, Oakland, Cal. Next term opens July 26th. For particulars, apply to Mrs. M. K. Blake, principal.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. June 1, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30; July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 26, 30; August 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28.

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BULLION MINING COMPANY. — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 50) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of June, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Reidy, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied May 21, 1891
Delinquent in office June 25, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 16, 1897

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 27
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied May 11, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 12, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 1, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Judge Reathia, an old and very popular German saloon-keeper, was elected Police Judge of South Omaha. Being of a thrifty turn of mind he determined not to sell a paying business for any temporary political prominence, so he refused to see any disparagement to his judicial service in the white apron he wore serivng at the bar after court was out. Of course, innumerable complications ensued. For instance, some morning thet Judge would be confronted with a motley of drunks. The Judge fresh from the bar, would call up one and say: "Vell, vere did you gid dot beer vat you trink?" If the prisoner would say at the "Bodega" or some other well-known saloon the Judge would say in stentorian tones: "Ten dollars und costs—next." So it would go down the line until one would say that he got his beer at the Judge's saloon, and then the Judge's hard look would melt to one of the sweetest smiles and he would say: "Let dis man go; he is discharged." The old offenders realized the situation, and it soon became hard to find a drunk who had not got his whisky at the court's saloon. Unfortunately the Judge's till did not harmonize with his calendar, and disgusted with the perjury of habitual boozers, he relinquished his establishment, and devoted himself to purging the town of its drunks.

The Bishop of Manchester is a cleric of excellent sense and toleration. Before his elevation to an English See, he officiated as Bishop of Melbourne, Victoria, and he was rather given to lecturing in out of the way places. One night he had to make a talk in a far-off township in the mountains. The hall was packed, but a young bushman, attired in a striped shirt and moleskin trousers, and wearing a flaming red comforter, was determined to push his way to the front. He thought he saw a vacant seat on the platform, and made for it. "Would you mind shoving up a bit, misses?" he said to a quiet homely-looking lady. "No, no; you mustn't sit there," interposed a local clergyman; "that's the Bishop's wife." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the Bishop, who had overheard the remark. "Squeeze up a bit, Mary." And Mary did.

The cycle "boom" in the Midland counties has enabled many small cycle makers to make their fortunes. One of these spoiled children of fortune, having recently incorporated his establishment with the pleasantest results to himself, felt justified in exchanging the humble menage of an artisan for a large house with several servants—quite an establishment, in fact. A tradesman who had known the gentleman in the lowlier stages of his career remarked to one of the servants: "Your master has got on, and no mistake! I suppose he's getting quite refined now?" "Oh, yes, that 'e is," replied the girl; "he washes hisself in the 'ouse now!"

Whistler, the great painter, was suffering with a sore throat. He sent out his valet to purchase some medicine with which to gargle. The valet returned with the bottle, opened it, but in handing it to Whistler he stumbled and spilt half the contents over his master's swellest waistcoat. There was a moment of suspense. Whistler had begun: "You chum—" When of a sudden he stopped, uttered a cry of joy, and shook the valet's hand. "My good man," he shouted, at the top of his hoarse voice, "don't say a word. You've spoilt my waistcoat, but you've given me the shade that I want for my picture, and I'm everlastingly grateful to you."

Daniel Webster, though not given to flattery, could on an occasion turn a compliment with grace. At a little gathering one night the talk turned on a very pretty woman, whose eyes were notably fine. An enthusiastic army officer aid: "They remind me, with their long, dark eyelashes, of artillery in ambuscade." "They should rather be compared to heat lightning," said another. "Not so," put in Mr. Webster, with a perfectly grave face, "for you must be aware, my dear sir, that heat lightning never strikes."

Mr. Justice Hawkins, of the London law courts, is a severe person, but has also a sense of humor. Before him, recently, a dock laborer was subjected to a somewhat vigorous cross-examination, in the midst of which the judge interrupted him with a question. Not hearing the judge's remark, the counsel quickly capped with another before the dockhand had time to reply. "Look here!" said the latter to the eminent gentleman examining him. "You shut up; I'm talking to the Governor now."

Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, when staying in London, went one day to a matinee musicale in Mayfair. On the way she was attracted by a display of shawls in a Regent-street window, and, stopping the cab, went into the shop and bought one, throwing it over her shoulders to wear at the fashionable gathering. The astonished guests were edified by the sight of the elegant Mrs. Bancroft floating through the various rooms with a placard on her back bearing the words, "Very Chaste."

A gigantic haddie bone, such as would have settled half a dozen ordinary men, had been removed from the gullet of a son of Caledonia, and the Glasgow surgeon said: "'Tis wan o' the maircies o' Providence it didna kill ye, Sandy." Sandy turned the trophy over curiously and replied: "Aye, an' I'd like ta keep it as a relic." "Then a'all tell ye hoo, ye maun keep it in som' place whaur 'twill be soaked in speerit—say whusky ——" "Ay, docther, docther," responded the laddie, "ye micht well ha' left it whaur it was!"


## HOTELS AND RESORTS

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References required of parties not personally known to the management.

While this hotel is organized and conducted on the grandest scale possible, prices are kept moderate. Excellent home during the Summer for Gentlemen whose families are at distant points in the country or abroad.

P. S.—Parties visiting New York are cordially invited to inspect this magnificent hotel, which will be found one of the greatest attractions of the city. Within twenty minutes' reach of the Business and Theatre Districts. During the Summer Season the beautiful Private Rustic and Palm Gardens, situated 300 feet above sea level, are open to guests only.

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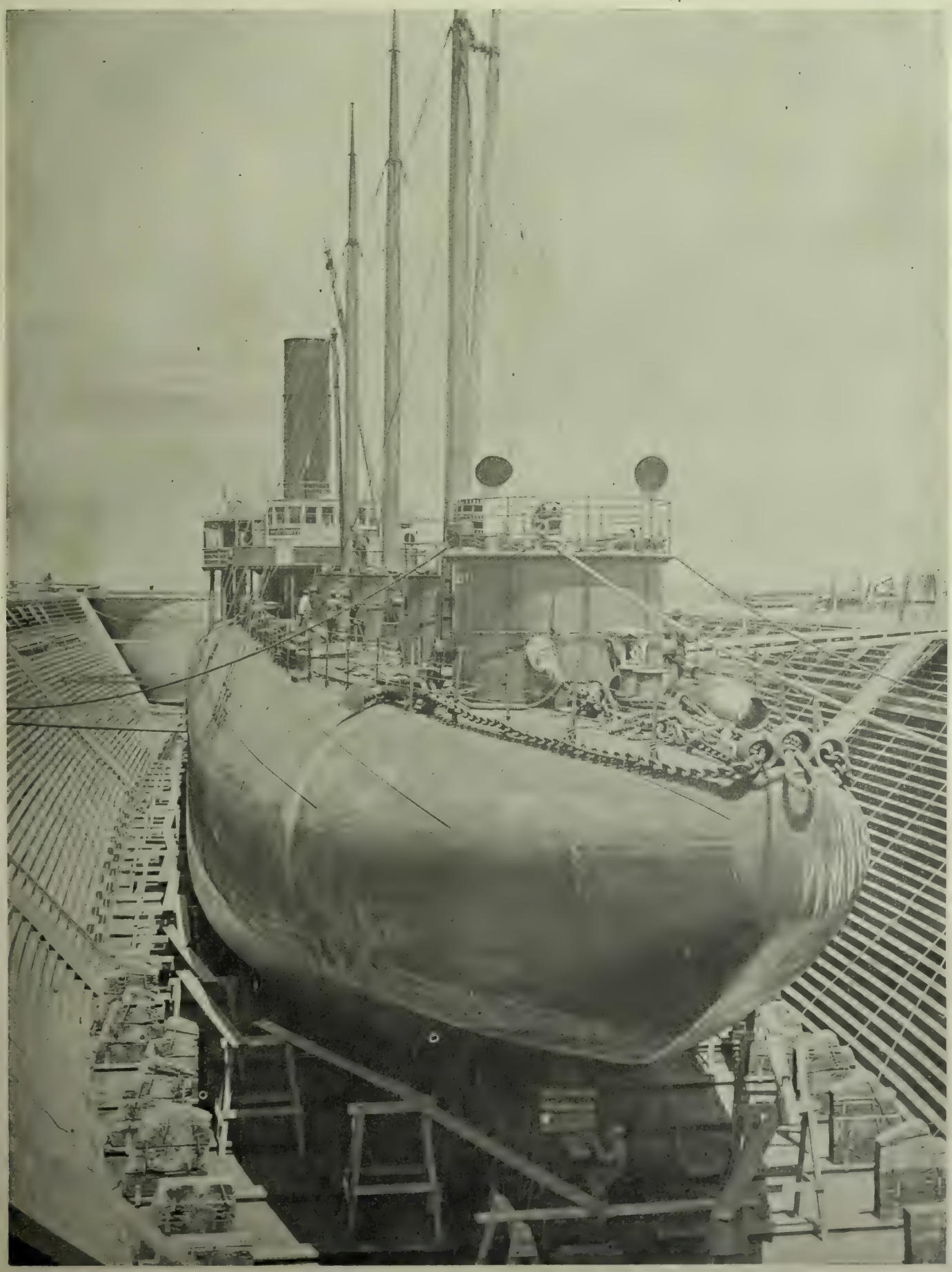

*A STRANGE RELIEF-SHIP*

The steel whaleback "City of Everett," that will take a cargo of wheat to the relief of the starving natives of India

# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| Picking Season in a California Cherry Orchard | 4 |
| "Through a Glass Darkly"; by Frank Norris | 5 |
| When Cherries are Ripe | 5 |
| Pseudo Architecture; by Justin Sturgis | 6 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 6-7 |
| A Queer Relief-Ship | 7 |
| A Day With the Fire-Fighters | 8 |
| Training of Firemen; by Frank Norris | 9 |
| A Royal Mountain-Climber | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary; by Miss Cricket | 10 |
| Dramatic Notes | 11 |
| Pen Portraits by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood | 12 |
| "Miss Frisco" at the Tivoli | 13 |
| Turf Notes; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## APPEALS IN CRIMINAL CASES.

The inability of the State of California to hang its own murderers, after they have been by its own courts pronounced to be ripe for hanging, has been strikingly exhibited in two separate cases within the last ten days. In the case of Worden three years, lacking only one month, have elapsed since the crime was committed, of which, after a fair trial, he was, by an impartial jury, declared to be guilty, and deserving of the punishment of death. In the more notorious case of Durrant, two years and two months have passed since the discovery of the ghastly crime of which he was accused, and for one of which alone the law demanded the highest penalty. In each case a long trial was followed by a long delay to afford opportunity for the inevitable appeal to the Supreme Court. When that court, after long consideration, had rejected the appeals and had formally refused to reconsider the rejection and had demanded the convicted prisoners to be executed in accordance with the sentences pronounced upon them by the trial courts, it might fairly have been presumed that judicial investigation of the facts in the two cases and the law relating to them had been completed. Surely the time spent in the hearings and appeals was more than ample to bring out the truth of every disputed fact, and to solve every legal problem arising in either case.

To the amount of delay involved in these proceedings, entirely unnecessary though most of it is, the public has become accustomed, though hardly reconciled. We have grown so tender in the treatment of our murderers that we endure, with only an occasional growl or murmur of impatience, the prodigious delays of our State courts in reaching final decisions in their cases. The only compensation we have for this holding of justice at bay for months and even years is the feeling of assurance that no innocent victim of misleading appearances and chance circumstances could run that long gauntlet of the law without having his innocence somewhere made apparent. We know very well that in this long and sometimes languid chase after the wicked justice is often outpaced, or grows weary, so that many a malefactor escapes with much milder chastisement than the law has prescribed, and not a few go entirely unwhipped. We console ourselves for this with the conviction that in any event the lash of the law is not laid on the shoulders of the innocent, nor even too heavily on the backs of the guilty; and that when, at last, the hand of justice drags a man to the gallows we may feel sure that he has merited his doom. Heretofore we have regarded the usual appeal to the clemency of the Governor as the last refuge of the convicted murderer, and with the denial of that appeal we have looked for the legal extinction of the criminal.

But we have learned from the almost simultaneous cases of Durrant and Worden that there are still further and perhaps finer meshes of the legal web through which our felons must be passed before justice can be dealt out to them. Both of these over-ripe, convicted murderers have been rescued for a time from the very foot of the gallows by merely raising in a United States court some trivial question as to the proceedings by which they were convicted in the State courts. That the issue raised in the Federal Court are entirely frivolous, and that they are raised solely for the purpose of securing a delay of the executions, is evident from the fact that in both cases the interference of that court was not sought until the Governor of the State had definitely declared that he would not exercise his power to commute the sentence of death to one of life imprisonment in either case. If there were any legal merit in the motions made in behalf of the condemned before the Federal judges, or if the attorneys who made the motions had any real belief that such action could be relied on to save finally the lives of their clients, is it conceivable that the action would have been delayed till after executive clemency had been refused? Every intelligent citizen in the State knows that delay was the sole purpose that the attorneys had in view. And their purpose has been accomplished.

It is worth noting that it is not by any action of the Federal Court that this result has been reached, for that court promptly refused to act. But the refusal was just as valuable for the purposes of the attorneys for the murderers as the active interference of the court would have been. An appeal from refusal to act gave them just as much time as they could have secured by an appeal from a decision after a hearing. The court is helpless and powerless in the face of the law, which provides for a right of apepal and a stay of execution in such cases. And there seems to be nothing to prevent another such frivolous appeal to the same courts, on some other trivial pretext, when the present appeal shall have been rejected, provided that a Federal judge can be found within the State to whom to make a new application. We may be reduced to the necessity of inviting the United States judges to abandon our State temporarily whenever we have on hand a sufficient number of convicted murderers whom we really desire to have hanged.

The murderers themselves are hardly to be blamed for desiring to have their lives prolonged. As a rule they are quite as reluctant to be hanged after their applications for hanging have been duly certified by the court and jury as before. They have nothing to lose in playing the game out to the last card, and there is always the hope that something may turn up if the game lasts long enough, and it looks now as if death from old age might turn up in many cases. The public and the cause of justice alone have anything to lose in the game after the first sentence is passed on the culprit.

Nor is it fair to reproach the attorneys who do, in behalf of their clients, only what he law permits, and their duty as lawyers requires, them to do. They fight for delay, and for every chance that delay may bring with it, much as the physician, under the same sense of duty, struggles to prolong the life of the patient, even when he knows the case to be hopeless. It is the law itself which is at fault, and the law is what the people make it. If it is worth while to hang murderers at all the certainty and celerity of the hanging alone can make it worth while. To hang a man who has been kept in jail storage for three years after the commission of the crime for which he is sentenced is to throw away the greater part of the deterrent effect of his punishment, which is the most valuable result sought. It gives time for the growth of maudlin sympathy and sentiment at the expense of the public sense of justice. If the people really desire that the death penalty shall swiftly and certainly follow the crime of murder, they will see to it that their representatives protect from abuse the right of appeal in criminal case, and that access to the Federal courts shall be cut off in cases in which Federal jurisdiction and Federal questions are not really involved—and are not raised in good faith, or for any purpose but delay. At present the people seem to be content that justice, in capital cases, shall be strangled by the law, and nothing else.

## THE BILL-BOARD NUISANCE.

The political influence that is interested in defacing our streets with billboards, standing from eight to twenty feet high, is so strong that probably no effort on the part of the press or the people can ever put an end to the nuisance. But over in Oakland, a city which must depend much upon its beauty for its attraction, there is no Police Commissioner with a large interest in an advertising company, and no strong and corrupt political influence interested in its maintenance. It should therefore be a comparatively simple matter for that community to put an end to the disfiguring advertising devices that deface its thoroughfares and detract from the beauty of our most attractive suburban city.

The law cannot compel an owner to exhibit civic pride, or to so manage and conduct his business and his property as to make it attractive to the citizen and visitor, but it may prevent sign companies and the like from defacing the dead walls; it may put a stop to those high disfiguring fences, which are really a menace to life and a nuisance as well. If there is no other way to accomplish this end, a prohibitory license would be most effective.

The city of Oakland is, with most commendable enterprise, expending a large sum of money in the making of a park at West Oakland, and otherwise adorning its municipal gateway so that the tourist and wayfarer may not be badly impressed by the unwholesome and uninviting view now presented at the overland depot. In a short time thousands of strange visitors will throng her streets, and will form and carry away impressions and institute comparisons that will not be to the advantage of our neighbor. Every vacant lot in that city has been recently emphasized by a fence of outrageous height, adorned with flaming and highly colored advertisements. So general is this display and flagrant the abuse that unless our sister city would have the strangers take away the impression that Oakland is a city of bill-boards and dead walls, they should take some steps to immediately abate the nuisance, which is even more marked and abominable there than here. We commend this nuisance to the attention of the Oakland press.

## THE REGULARS AND THE MILITIA.

The officers and men of the National Guard of the State are engaged, at this time, in active preparations for their annual encampments. The recent reorganization of the State troops, with the resulting inprovement in the personnel and in the geographical distribution of the several commands, gives ground for the hope that these camps, which have always been supposed to be for the military instruction of the Guard, may be so managed as to attain to a fuller measure of that instruction than was possible under the old regime. The instruction is needed, and we believe that the commissioned officers, and the enlisted men of the State's regiments are, by a large majority, anxious to receive it and willing to profit by the experience.

In the former days—which are only too recent, however—when it was not at all difficult to pick out from the roster the names of many general, regimental and staff officers, who regarded their commissions and their right to wear the State's uniform as merely valuable aids to the promotion of their political, professional or commercial ambitions, the summer camps were anything but edifying military spectacles. Entertainment, not instruction, seemed to be the principal purpose of the gathering of armed men, and the character of the entertainment provided was not always such as would meet the approval of moralists or martinets. A large part of the supplies taken to the camps consisted of articles not mentioned in the ration returns or found in the list of commissary stores of a well-regulated army, and one of the results was invariably to attract to the camp a swarm of visitors and camp followers distinguished by extraordinary thirst rather than by any marked zeal for or interest in the welfare of the State's military establishment. The ruin of soldierly appearance was generally completed by the arrival of the Governor, in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief, with his suite of sham colonels of the staff, each attached awkwardly to a sword, to be sure, and clad in a uniform, generally a misfit, but with nothing else about him suggestive of military character or previous military experience. It is safe to say that in those camps the Guard appeared at its worst possible, and that discipline and instruction really suffered as the result of every such experience.

On the other hand, the United States troops always show to much better advantage on the march and in camp than they do when quartered in garrisons. Our army has developed a system which makes the domestic establishment of every officer who chooses to maintain one a part of the military establishment, from which it results, strangely enough, that the army has its horde of "camp followers" always with it, except in camp. A visit to any garrisoned post will show how heavy is the burden thus imposed on the military service, and a short acquaintance with the conditions of garrison life will prove that the domestic comforts of the officers' wives and children and their various relatives and connections by marriage are always entitled to precedence over mere matters which affect only the military efficiency of the command. One consequence of this is that the United States soldier in garrison is a good deal of a family drudge. He does the family marketing and runs on other family errands; he raises vegetables and keeps

the flower-beds in trim condition; he may be the coachman and frequently milks the family cow; he splits firewood, delivers coal, and is often an expert shoeblack; and if he is master of any trade the quartermaster will set him to practicing his art generally for the improvement of the officers' quarters. In the intervals between these indispensable occupations he occasionally takes off his brown canvas working garb, puts himself into the army blue, and does a little soldiering. It has been suggested more than once that our militiamen might, with some advantage, have their camps pitched at or near some large army post, but we earnestly advise them to stay away from such neighborhoods. The spectacle presented by the regular soldier, as he lives and moves and has his being in garrison, is not calculated to raise the military ardor and ambition of the citizen soldier.

But the soldier of each kind may do the soldier of the other kind a good turn. Let the civilian troops exert themselves to get their regular brethren a respite from the domestic drudgery and routine of their garrison life. Let the regulars be sent to establish a camp at some place where there will be room enough for the State troops to camp near them, if not actually with them. Then the militiamen can see the regulars at their best —and at their best there are no better troops to be seen —and much profit will be derived by the guardsmen from the example and instruction of their professional brethren. Let all the campfollowers be religiously left behind, and if the Commander-in-Chief desires to visit and inspect his troops let him be earnestly entreated, in the name of his hopes for future political preferment, to bring with him no civilian colonel, no matter how unsoiled may be his uniform, or how vast his thirst, who does not know how to wear a sword and ride a horse. Such a camp might easily be made a camp of real instruction without eliminating the pleasure of the militiamen's annual outing under arms. Regular troops, in small detachments, have more than once been detailed, as a sort of military models, to attend the camps of the State troops in Eastern States, and the results have been in every way satisfactory. Let the experiment be tried here, and we venture the prophecy that it will develop into an annual custom.

## HAWAIIAN VS. BEET SUGAR

### An Interesting Contribution to an Important Controversy by L. Saroni.

San Francisco, June 9, 1897.

To the Editor "Wave": In the "Call" of June 6th, Charles Freeman Johnson, in a long article, expresses his personal opinion on the Hawaiian treaty. He says and states, among other things, that we have had financial statements on the one side torn to pieces by professional writers on the other. The truth is that the friends of the treaty have placed statistics before the people, and invited general criticism and discussion, but the advocates of abrogation have refused to abandon their original whine that the beet sugar industry is injured by the treaty. Repeatedly they have been requested to make public the cost of manufacturing white dry granulated beet sugars, and to make a clear, conservative and honest showing as to the requirements of further protection to that industry. But on this point they are singularly silent.

The cost to the manufacturer of beet sugar is not an unknown quantity to the promoters of abrogation; they have it thoroughly within their power, from their own books, and from their own experience, to satisfy the public demand concerning the expenses of beet culture and the cost of the refining process.

Mr. Johnson continues: "What every man wants, is the truth." Upon this invitation I propound the following questions to Mr. Johnson, and invite reply:

First—What is the recognized standard established by European statistics of the cost of raising sugar beets in Germany?

Second—What is the cost, so far as our statistics go, of raising sugar beets in America?

Third—What is the average percentage of saccharine matter in the German product?

Fourth—What is the average percentage of saccharine in the American sugar beet?

Fifth—What is the cost, including all expenses, of manufacturing sugar from the beet, according to German statistics?

Sixth—What is the cost, including all expenses, of manufacturing sugar from the beet, according to the statistics of California?

Seventh—How does the co-efficient of the American beet compare with that of the German?

Eighth—What should constitute a reasonable profit on the investment in the manufacture and sale of beet sugars?

Ninth—What has been the profit, in percentage on investment, for the years 1895-6 and 1896-7, exclusive of governmental bounties, to the beet sugar manufacturer of California?

If Mr. Charles Freeman Johnson will furnish these statistics to the public, and verify them if it be necessary, he will be promulgating knowledge which the public earnestly desires and eagerly solicits.

The few pointed questions which Mr. Johnson asks are:

First—"Who is it wants this treaty?" The Johnsonian answer, "The Hawaiian people; the traders—(all those seeking private profit from trade with Hawaii.)" To which I take the liberty of adding the treaty is desired by the statesmen, whose intelligence prompted them to extend certain benefits as a diplomatic measure to the people of Hawaii, in exchange for the strategic advantages gained by the United States in being placed in control of Pearl Harbor, and in a sense, of the Pacific ocean; it is desired by men of the type of Seward, who had the foresight, and the confidence, in the face of greatest opposition, to secure Alaska to the United States, for the smallest slice of which England now shows her eager ambition; it is desired by men who see the advantages in the acquisition of Hawaiian trade and Hawaiian co-operation, notwithstanding the ridicule and opposition of a prejudiced few; it is desired by American citizens who have invested their fortunes in Hawaii.

Mr. Johnson asks: "Who oppose this treaty?" and answers: "All citizens seeking the development in the United States of the industries now fostered in Hawaii, by the treaty," meaning the beet sugar industry. In my opinion the honest men who oppose this treaty are the misguided, uninformed farmers, led to believe by the Sugar Trust that it will bring advantages to the beet growers. It is true some few Boards of Supervisors have expressed themselves in opposition to the treaty, but it is likewise true that they acted with mistaken zeal to serve the beet industries of their districts, and without having a knowledge of the facts.

Questions three and four are absurd and purposeless.

Fifth—"Why was this treaty made in 1876?" Johnsonian answer: "On the part of the United States, that the Pacific Coast might be supplied with cheap sugar. On the part of the Hawaiians, that a market might be made for their products." My answer is, By the United States to obtain a coaling station, to wit, Pearl Harbor; to create an outlet for her products; to secure the advantages on the Pacific ocean which would accrue from friendly intercourse with the Hawaiian people. On the part of the Hawaiians, as a business proposition against which no intelligent person can take exception. Mr. Johnson states that the United States made this treaty so the Pacific Coast might be supplied with cheap sugar. If this be so, I now ask the question, "Did the Pacific Coast get cheap sugar?" "No, it wanted it, expected it, and would gladly have welcomed it, but a Johnsonian-Hawaiian took advantage of this opportunity, and sugar by his manipulation sold on the Pacific Coast at 2 cents a pound higher than in the New York market."

Sixth—"Has the treaty fulfilled the purpose of its creation?" Johnsonian answer: "On the part of Hawaii, yes; on the part of the United States, no. The bounty in shape of duty remitted, instead of benefiting our people, was paid over to the Hawaiians in the shape of a higher price for their sugar." I reply to this, The Hawaiian people entered into this treaty with a view of finding an outlet for their goods, in return for which they granted this country, in addition to a remission of duties, other concessions. They took advantage of the opportunities, increased their outputs, and furthered their ends within the limits of the treaty as any enterprising party would do under similar circumstances. On the other hand, if the Americans did not ship as much of their products to Hawaii as they had hoped for, it is because they have been satisfied to take such trade as naturally came to them. The native Hawaiian had agents in America looking after his interests, but the Johnsonian-Hawaiian remained at home and waited for Hawaiian business to come to him. That 23 per cent. should have gone to other countries like Germany is not to be wondered at. Mr. Johnson states that the duty remitted instead of benefiting our people was paid over to the Hawaiians in the shape of a higher price for their sugars. I regret I am here compelled to state that what Mr. Johnson states is true, and the boodle was divided. Does he know how?

Seventh—"Who sought to have it extended when the first seven years' term expired?" Johnsonian answer: "The Hawaiian people, and the traders." My answer is, Those mutually interested. Unless we desire to charge corruption to the President and Senate of the United States, and unless we desire to admit that the Hawaiian planter is our superior in intellect, then I will state that its continuance was with a thorough understanding of the values of the treaty to the people of this country.

Eighth—"What does it gain to the Hawaiian people?" Johnsonian answer: "In 1897, $4,355,706 cash bounty on their product, being duty remitted at 40 per cent., besides a market for $10,889,271 of output, or a total of $15,244,977, which we paid them; of this $14,727,541 being for sugar, the industry fostered by the treaty, and going to private citizens, not to the government." My reply is, If the 10 per cent. duty which the Hawaiian government places upon imports into its territory was insufficient to satisfy the American people, we should have demanded that these duties be increased before renewing the treaty. I am satisfied there would be little difficulty in inducing the Hawaiian government to inaugurate a tariff similar to that we have in force in the United States.

Ninth—"What does it gain for the United States?" Johnsonian answer: "$380,395, being 10 per cent. duty remitted, besides a market for $3,803,956 of our goods, or a total of $4,184,351 paid us for our goods exported. Loss to the United States, $11,060,626, paid them more than they paid us. This loss is to the private citizens of the United States, not to the government itself. The loss to the Federal revenue is the $4,355,706 duty remitted." My reply is, The answer merely figures upon dollars and cents, and leaves out all the other points at issue.

Tenth—"What special interest does it chiefly effect?" Johnsonian answer: "Sugar industry of the United States." My answer, The Sugar Trust of the United States.

Eleventh—"In which country does it develop such industry?" Johnsonian answer: "The treaty develops only the sugar industry of Hawaii." My answer, That is just what was intended when the treaty was made.

Question twelve and thirteen are equivalent to repetitions.

Fourteenth—"What will California lose or gain by abrogation?" Johnsonian answer: "Lose only her proportion of the $380,395 applying on products to Hawaii from California or on commissions on goods sold by her commission merchants; gain the sugar industry, adding many millions to her commercial wealth, say $5,000,000 next year, restoring prosperity to the agricultural sections of this State, with its corresponding prosperity in commercial circles." My answer, Lose nothing that she is now receiving. Gain, nothing, since the gain will go entirely into the pockets of the Sugar Trust. More of this anon.

Question fifteen requires no special answer.

Sixteenth—"From what portions of the State of California comes the agitation on both sides?' Johnsonian answer: "For the treaty, from those sections which are the headquarters of the traders and of the owners of Hawaiian investments in sugar plantations, almost entirely confined to commercial interests in the City of San Francisco. For abrogation, throughout every section of the balance of California, where the main interest is the development of the State of California, rather than in the commercial development of a foreign country." My answer, There are others who desire a continuance of the Hawaiian treaty. The writer of this article neither resides in Hawaii, nor seeks trade with the Hawaiian people. He is an earnest advocate of a continuance of the Hawaiian treaty, because he believes the beet sugar industry of this coast requires a continuance of that treaty to prevent its being absorbed and controlled by parties objectionable to a large proportion of the people of the United States. As regards what portions of the State agitate the question, there are evidently two factors. On the one side the sugar people, aided by the beet sugar industry, and still further aided by the misguided farmer, whose opinion has been formed by erroneous and misleading statements. On the other hand, there has been created a vast aggregation of interests, to wit, mercantile, manufacturing, shipping, and banking, with the investors and capitalists who have furnished the money, and who would be destroyed by abrogation.

Question seventeen is mere reiteration.

Eighteenth—"What are the possibilities for the development of this industry in the United States under proper conditions?" Johnsonian answer: "With proper encouragement we can supply our entire home consumption of 2,000,000 tons, thus keeping in this country about $90,000,000 annually now sent abroad." My answer, It is barely possible that we may supply our entire home consumption of 2,000,000 tons with beet sugar, but it is likewise essential that to accomplish this it will be necessary for the cane industry to discontinue their degradation of the beet sugar by placing it upon the market at a lower figure than the cane when mixed with beet, and it will be necessary for them to engage missionaries to eliminate the degradation of beet sugars from the grocers' catalogue, who, in their daily quotations, state: "SUGAR, WE SELL WESTERN REFINING GRANULATED, NO BEET SUGAR," and, "WE QUOTE YOU PURE WESTERN REFINING COMPANY'S CANE SUGARS," and various others of a similar nature, calling the particular attention of the consumer to the inferiority of the beet, and also to have their missionaries call upon the manufacturers and induce them to eliminate such comments as: "NOTICE, ALL CANDIES MADE BY ME ARE MADE OF CONFECTIONERY SUGAR, REFINED BY THE WESTERN SUGAR REFINING CO., OF SAN FRANCISCO."

Nineteenth—"Does the continued fostering of this industry in Hawaii interfere with the development of the industry in the United States?" Johnsonian answer: "Yes." My answer, No. (Here, of course, is an opportunity for a discussion, and if Charles Freeman Johnson is willing to have an open debate on this question with the writer, the loser to pay for the hall and other expenses, the writer will be glad to meet him in the contest.)

Question twenty is embraced in twenty-one and twenty-two, to which I make the same answer made to question nineteen, and embrace it in my challenge to Charles Freeman Johnson.

Twenty-three—"Will the abrogation of the treaty cause the loss of the export trade of $4,184,351?" Johnsonian answer: "No." My answer, A matter of great unimportance compared to the other losses which the United States may have and feel, if the Hawaiian Islands enter into contracts with another nation.

In discussing the balance of Mr. Johnson's letter, I come to one point, the essential point of this entire article, and it is one which I have endeavored, and am still endeavoring, to avoid as emanating from me, to wit —to demonstrate to the people of this country whether or not further protection is necessary to the beet sugar industry of the United States to make it a profitable enterprise. The question which presents itself is, "Will a continuance of the Hawaiian treaty injure the beet producing agriculturist and the beet sugar manufacturer?" The advocates of abrogation have used this as their one and only argument. The friends of the treaty are willing to make the fight on these lines. They are prepared with their estimates and statistics as to the entire cost of producing beet sugars, commencing with the growing of the beet and concluding with the final sale and disposition of the refined product. Are the advocates of abrogation prepared to fight it out on these lines? If so, I will say to Mr. Johnson that, if he can induce the advocates of abrogation to present their figures and prove them in the same manner that we will present and prove ours, I am assured the friends of the treaty are willing to rest their case on the decision of unprejudiced judges.

LOUIS SARONI.

U. S. Senator Foraker advocates the policy of turning the tariff over to a non-partisan commission. "Here am I," he said, "fresh from the practice of law, called upon to fix technical rates and arrange schedules over the vast arena of man's production and ingenuity. What is a modern tariff? It is guess work modified by compromise. A few gentlemen in the private parlor of a hotel formulate the bill by calling in such persons of knowledge or interest as they wish. Some one person has the endurance for it. He is the expert; the rest of us are the weary-headed witnesses of his mathematics. I undertake to help my constituents and those appear who have a lively interest, and show me the superior equities on their side. Upon the bench and when Governor of the State I could expedite and advance matters, but here I learn the useful lesson that all things must take their turn, that the indivdual Senator is a filament in the Federal web, and that a hemisphere of a nation like ours comprehends nearly every product in the dictionary and every aspiration in the mind."

Loading up

The pickers

To the packing-house

The Meek mansion

An orchard nymph

The packing-house hands

Really helping

*THE PICKING SEASON IN A CALIFORNIA CHERRY-ORCHARD*

# Through a Glass Darkly

By FRANK NORRIS

SCENE—The bay window of a certain down-town club of San Francisco. Some half dozen young men are present, smoking and chaffing and discussing "whiskey-and-sodas." Directly opposite, on the other side of the street, are the windows of a fashionable milliner's.

CHARACTERS—TOM, DICK, and HARRY, and (later) JACK (who is engaged to DOLLY STREET).

Tom (looking out of the window): I wonder now how many women stop and look in at that milliner's window as they go by.

Dick: One in three is a good average.

Harry: If there was a bargain-sale sign out, they wouldn't go by at all.

Tom: Look—here comes a girl.

Dick: She's a stunner, too! But she's in too much of hurry. Bet she don't stop.

Harry: Bet she does.

Dick: Take you—how much?

Tom: Hurry up—she's almost in front.

Harry: Betcha dollar.

Dick: A dollar it is.

(Interval of breathless suspense.)

Tom: Now she's right there. She's going by—no, she ain't. Wait a minute, now.

Dick: She's slowing up.

Harry: She's got her eye on that green bonnet.

Tom: And it's marked down.

Harry: She can't possibly go by that.

Tom: She is, just the same.

Dick: No, she ain't.

Harry: There—there—there—she's stopped—she's going up to the window. I say, you owe me a dollar, old man.

Dick (gloomily): There you are. Wimin folk air powerful onsartin.

Tom: Look here. I'll tell what we'll do. I'll pick out a girl as I see her coming down the street—understand?—and you fellows will bet on whether she stops and looks in at that window or not. Dick, he'll be the bear—that is to say, he'll bet she don't stop, and Harry will be the bull—he'll bet she does. I choose to be the croupier.

Dick: And how about if she goes in?

Tom: Then that pays double—just like a natural in virigt et un. All clear?

Dick and Harry: Sure—clear's glass. Go on now, pick out a girl. Won't this one do that's coming—the one with the net bag?

Tom: Not at all. There's an art in this thing that you fellows don't appreciate. That girl's from the country. Look at her feet. She won't even look in. She's spent too much money in town already, as you can see from the size of her net bag. She won't even allow herself to look in. I won't choose her, because the chances are too much against Harry.

Dick: How about that one just behind. She's a city girl, no mistake—the one in a tailor-made gown and the black sailor?

Tom: Yes, we gamble on this one. "Here she goes and there she goes, and whether she stops or not nobody knows."

Dick: A dollar, hey?

Harry: A dollar each time.

(They put up their money, and the girl passes by without stopping.)

Tom: Dick wins. (Dick takes the money.) Hurry up, you fellows—here comes another. This is a shop-girl, or perhaps she runs a soda-water fountain in a candy-store. And still the little ball goes 'round.

Dick: Not enough salary to think of bonnets. She'll never stop in a thousand years. There's my dollar.

Harry: It's the very reason why she will. She dreams of those bonnets every night. I'll see your dollar and I'll raise you a half.

Dick: And fifty cents harder.

Harry: And fifty cents harder than that.

(The girl goes straight into the store, indifferently, without even glancing at the window.)

Tom: Harry wins double.

Dick (with an aggrieved shout): She was the saleslady for that store. I appeal from the decision of the referee—dirty work! Yah—fake! fake! (groans).

Harry: All bets go with referee's decision. I'll trouble you for that money, old chap.

Tom: Hello, here comes Jack. Shall we let him in?

Dick: He's engaged to be married to Dolly Street. He won't take enough interest in other girls even to bet on their weakness for bonnets.

Harry: He's to be married next week. It's about time he devoted himself to a study of a woman's interest in bonnets. Oh, I say, Jack, come over here and "join our merry throng!"

Dick (scornfully): Skin game! Turn out the gas! It's a notorious swindle! But tell him what the game is, Tom.

(Tom explains at length.)

Jack (with intense interest): I see—I see! It's great! I tell you what—I'll bet on whether she goes in or not. I'll be a plunger. I can only lose a dollar if she stops, but I stand to win two if she goes in.

Harry: Here comes a stunning-looking girl. See, the one with the heavy veil. I'll bet she's pretty, if one could see her face. Do we take this one, Tom?

Tom: Messieurs, fait votre jeu.

(They all make their bets. The girl pauses a moment in front of the window, looking at the bonnets and hats, starts on again, hesitates, and turns back and enters the store.)

Tom: Jack wins double.

Jack: I say, this is better than poker.

Dick (giving him the money): That was a swell-looking girl, though.

Harry: Wish we could have seen her face.

Tom: There she is—look—in the window of the store. The saleslady is showing her a hat. She's looking over here.

Harry: Who, the saleslady?

Dick: No, you jay; the girl—that swell girl.

Jack: That's so. She's looking right up here at the window.

Tom: Think she sees us.

Harry: Why, of course; that's what she's looking for. She's looking at me.

Jack: No, it's me she's looking at.

Harry: You're all wrong. She can't see you, Jack, sitting where you are.

Jack: 'Course she can (greatly excited). I say, I say, I say—look there, fellows—I think—I think, that—yes, she is—she's really smiling at me. Shall I smile back at her?

Harry (indignantly): Don't you dare—that smile's mine.

Jack: Betcha five dollars it's not.

Harry: Betcha ten it is.

Jack: I'll take that.

Dick: How you going to prove it?

Tom: I tell you. First Harry will wave his hand at her and see if she waves back at him, or bows. And then Jack will try. And the one she answers wins the money. Catch on?

Jack: That's a go. There's my ten dollars.

Harry: And there's mine.

Tom: Now, then, Harry, wave your hand.

Dick: And be just as charming and gracious as you know how.

(Harry waves his hand at the girl, who puts her chin in the air and turns away her head.)

Harry: All is lost but honor.

Tom: Hold on—Jack hasn't won yet. She may turn him down, too. It's up to you now, Jack.

(Jack tries. The girl smiles very prettily, nods her head at him and waves her gloved hand.)

Jack: Horray! She's mine! Harry, perhaps you can play mumblety peg, but when it comes to girls, you're out of the running! Gimme that ten dollars. Whatle you fellows have to drink?

Dick: Hold up a minute. Watch the girl. She's going to try on a bonnet, and is taking off her veil. Now we'll see if she's pretty or not.

Jack: She's radiantly beautiful—I feel that she is.

Tom: There, her veil's off—she is pretty. Look at her, Jack.

Jack (looks and then drops into a chair with a gasp): It's Dolly!

Dick: Who?—what?—Miss Street?

Tom: It is, for a fact. I say, Jack—I—we—look here old man. We've—I've acted like a damned fool, and if it'll do any good I'll apologize—I can't begin to say how cut up I am. I guess (turning to Dick and Harry) I guess I can speak for all of us—we've been a lot of beastly little cads, and—and—well, I'm downright ashamed of myself. Will you shake hands on that?

Jack (extending his hand): That's all right; of course you—we didn't know it was—who it was. I don't know why in the world I didn't recognize the dress, but that was a new waist I guess, and the veil was so thick. I guess I'll go down and see Dolly as she comes out. Some of you fellows sign the card for me, will you? (Exit.)

(Tom, Dick and Harry, left to themselves, look ruefully at one another for a moment.)

Tom: This is what our 'cross-the-water cousins would call an oncommon jolly rum go.

Harry: No wonder she waved her hand at Jack. But, Lord! what do you suppose she thinks of me?

Dick: But do you think now she knew who it was?

Harry: You mean that she didn't recognize Jack, after all?

Dick: It's pretty far from here across the street, and through two panes of glass.

Tom: Would Dolly Street flirt with a man she didn't know, and she engaged to Jack?

Dick: Pooh! Would Jack flirt with a girl he didn't know and he engaged to Dolly?

Dick: Betcha five dollars she didn't recognize Jack.

Harry: Betcha ten dollars she did.

Dick: Take you.

* * * * * * *

(Five minutes later. Dolly Street, coming out of the milliner's, meets Jack at the door.)

Jack (confusedly): Say, hello, Dolly! Did you—those fellows—we didn't know——

Dolly (surprised at seeing him): Why, dear old Jack, where did you come from? I haven't seen you in an age!

Scottish heroes fare somewhat badly at the hands of Sir Herbert Maxwell, himself a Scotsman of repute, in his recently-published book, "Heroes of the Nations—Robert Bruce and the Struggle for Scottish Independence." He has little doubt that William Wallace is identical with William le Waleys, who was charged at Perth with robbing a woman of three shillings worth of beer, while his general estimate is that Wallace was a low-born adventurer of shady morals, who pushed to the front in lawless times, won and lost battles, became an outlaw and broken man, and with a price on his head was captured and executed in London like any ordinary brigand. In Robert Bruce, Sir Herbert finds a man of sordid, self-seeking nature, imbued with cunning, who bertayed his friends and his country many times to secure his own ends. Only a titled clansman would thus dare to trifle with the cherished historical traditions of his country.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Waters, military attache of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, who has just returned from a 4,000 mile sleigh-ride from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, denies the stories told of Siberian horrors. Colonel Waters asserts that in the majority of cases the Siberian exile is better off than at home, and that political prisoners, unless guilty of a serious non-political crime, are neither imprisoned nor fettered, nor are they subjected to the many other indignities generally accredited.

By the birth of the Duchess of York's little girl the number of Queen Victoria's descendants rises to eighty, seventy of whom are alive. She has had nine children, four sons and five daughters; forty-one grand children, and thirty great grand children. Two of her children and eight grand children have died.

## WHEN CHERRIES ARE RIPE

### How a Thirty-Thousand-Dollar Crop is Handled.

Probably there is no better known and certainly there are few larger ranches in the State of California than that owned by the Meek estate. It is situated a little ways outside the city of Oakland, and covers a huge tract of land between San Lorenzo and Haywards. It is spread over 3,300 acres of some of the finest fruit-bearing country on the Pacific Coast. A thousand acres of this extent is in fruit, for the most part cherries. Indeed, the Meek cherry orchard is one of the largest cherry orchards in the West.

The ranch is owned and controlled by the two Meek brothers and their sisters, how skillfully may be known from the fact that in spite of hard times and a depressed market, there has never been a year when it has not paid and paid liberally. A full crop of cherries from this wonderful orchard will bring its owners anywhere from thirty to thirty-five thousand dollars. The entire ranch itself is valued at very nearly a million. It was the Meek brothers who built the Haywards electric road in order to give value to their property, and now the land bordering the line is worth a thousand dollars an acre, either for orchard land or villa sites.

Just now the season's cherry picking is going on at a great rate, and a little army of pickers are toiling from tree to tree, stripping the branches like a swarm of locusts.

The sight is picturesque, for the pickers come by families and live in the cherry orchard in a small village of tents. At the heighth of the season nearly one hundred and fifty pickers are employed. They are of all ages and sexes, as the work is of such a nature that it can be performed as well by women as by men, as well by a ten-year-old girl as by a grown man. The pickers are, of course, boarded at the expense of the ranch, and besides are paid from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day, so that a wife and two or three children can make as much money during the few weeks of the picking season as the head of the house can earn during the entire year.

After the picking, the cherries are taken over to the packing house and handled at once. The riper cherries are sorted out and put upon local markets, while the more backward are shipped East. The force of packers on the Meek estate can dispose of 420 boxes per day. Two thousand boxes go to the car-load, and must be hurried to their destination as speedily as possible, for there is no fruit that loses its flavor quicker by over-keeping than the cherry. For the same reason the boxes must be rapidly marketed, for they will not keep many hours in the heat of an Eastern summer. There are plenty of difficulties in the way of getting the California cherry upon the dining tables of the Eastern consumer, but with ordinary care, and a fair season, the prices obtainable are not bad. In Chicago a ten-pound box of California cherries can be made to bring a dollar if properly handled. While in New York, though the Eastern local market comes into competition, the same quality will sometimes sell for twelve cents a pound. However, the Meek brothers do not make a specialty of Eastern shipments. The principle upon which the orchard is managed is that if a reasonable price can be obtained for the crop at home it is better to sell to local markets rather than ship across the continent.

And still that troublesome little rumor of the Kaiser's insanity will not down. It has been denied and scoffed at and ridiculed the world round and trampled under foot until it gave every evidence of being absolutely and utterly dead, and yet invariably after a longer or shorter interval, behold! it stirs and comes to light again, and an obscure story of some strange utterance, some unexpected outbreak on the part of the Emperor goes the round of the gossips, but little by little Berlin grows accustomed to the reports, just as Munich did over the tales of her mad king. In the debate, a few days ago, on the "Lese majeste" clause of the penal code, many covert allusions were made to the subject, which were immediately frowned upon by the President. The latest prank of the Kaiser's was to appear without an overcoat on the occasion of the unveiling of his grandfather's statue, though the day was bitterly cold. Not content with this, William came to the ceremony wearing the uniform of an aide-de-camp, and upon one of the old generals inquiring the reason he replied solemnly: "I have made myself aide-de-camp to my grandfather." Many instances of this nature are occurring every week, all of which goes to prove that some of these fine mornings the Empire may awake to find itself confronted with the problem of a vacant throne.

The Pope is encouraging his Embassadors to go into society, and in pursuance of this policy Mgr. Clari, the Nuncio at Paris, gave a grand reception at his palace. The grande monde flocked to the affair, but was embarrassed as to what style of dress to wear. Very decollete gowns are obviously out of order, but the Nuncio declined to prescribe what degree of bareness is permissible. His Secretary, Mgr. Peri Morosini, speaking on the subject, said:

"The guests are expected to observe a happy medium. In other words, while not expected to come muffled up to the throat, ladies are not supposed to appear too much exposed. However, the Nuncio trusts to the tact and discretion of the Parisians, as a token of respect for the sufferers in the recent catastrophe."

Mme. Adam thinks that Paris and the French people would be the laughing stock of Europe, were William II to pay the visit to the French capital, which it is said he expects to make. Mr. Moris Barres thinks Paris might stone the Emperor to death, which would be a misfortune. "It would be a misfortune," he adds, also, "if they did not."

HON. W. W. MORROW

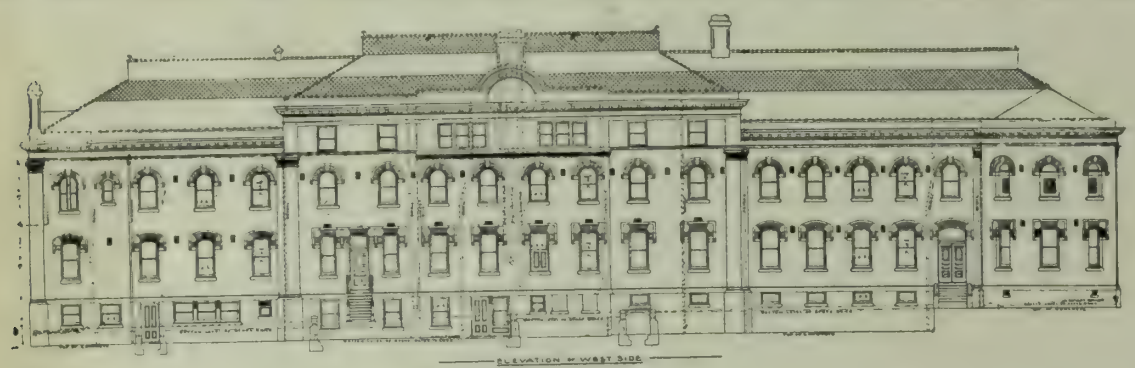
Whom President McKinley has appointed to the Circuit Judgeship vacated by Attorney-General McKenna

## PSEUDO ARCHITECTURE

### A "Romanesque" Academy and a "Classic" Lecture Hall.

Barnum said that the American people like to be fooled, but it has remained for the people of California to take a quiet, serene satisfaction in being unscrupulously and flagrantly insulted. Two new buildings designed for educational purposes are about to be erected in this State. One the agricultural building for the State University at Berkeley, the other the Academy of the Sacred Heart at Menlo. The public is told that the Sacred Heart Academy is in the Romanesques style; that the agricultural building is classic, and a specimen of other University buildings to follow.

Be pleased for a moment to consider the pictures of the "Romanesque" academy and the "classic" lecture hall. From the point of view of simple good taste of



THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY

It might be a public institution, but it is called Romanesque. C. T. Devlin is responsible

even plain every day homely common sense, the constructions are absolute monstrosities. "Romanesque!" "classical!" Look at the academy. It is really so atrociously bad, so vilely crass, so mean and sordid, it violates so persistently every canon of good architecture that it is almost beyond criticism. As a shoe factory perhaps it might be a moderate success, but even a shoe factory would have spared us that roof. Even a shoe factory would have omitted the quoins over the windows. Why were these quoins so placed; why were they placed at all? Ask yourself, now, would not a plain, unpretentious wall-space have been better? The cost of that abortion was $80,000. Think what could have been done by a capable architect with less money, and then compare it with the building that is to be erected. And Californians will look at this thing and be content; will even consider it a rather fine effort; will say that it is "Romanesque," and will call this crude, cheap, vulgar, tawdry, disproportionate box of red brick and sandstone "architecture."

And that agricultural building—now observe it. Aren't you glad that you know what the rest of the U. C. buildings are to be like? This is "classic" in the faith. Thirty-nine windows crowded into 112 feet, a fence appropriately put around a roof, a pediment and four chimneys; result, "classicism." In God's name let us be thankful to the architect and Board of Regents who have taught us the meaning of the word.

Classic! It is simply outrageous to throw that name to the California public. But the regents and the architect know their game. The California public will take the outrage, and be thankful for it, for the California public does not know the simplest, the most elemental, the most primitive signs or symbols of good architects. They don't want to know it. They want the "classic," the "Romanesque," the "new classic," and such tommyrot. They want to "lay over" some other community by a lavish, reckless expenditure of cement and cresting and millwork and quoins and castiron mouldings. There is perhaps no class of public buildings which should be more carefuly designed than those which are designed to meet the needs and the requirements of the college student, because he spends in his college four years of the formative period of his life, at a time when he receives ideas and impressions. In after life he invariably looks back with affection upon his old college, and in all fairness to him he ought to be able to recall the buildings to mind with a sense of pride.

It is proposed to spend four millions of dollars in the erection of "edifices" upon the Berkeley campus, of which the Agricultural Building is a specimen. The result is calculated to throw into the shade not Stanford only, but even Yale and Harvard. Four million dollars sounds like a very large sum until we recollect that Harvard possesses in buildings alone something more than fifteen millions of dollars. Lever Hall itself, one of the Harvard recitation halls, cost six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But the Regents and Mr. Reinstein hope to "lay over" the entire group of Harvard buildings at an outlay of four million.

They tell us that we are to expect something like the "classic" Agricultural building. Instead of looking to Europe for ideas and designs for this new university, the Board of Regents and their architect might well stop at the Harvard "yard" and consider well such structures as old Holworthy, and Hollis, Stoughton, Massachusetts and Harvard. These old college buildings are built in the simplest manner—plain, honest, rectangular, and of substantial brick. There is hardly a trace of ornamentation (no quoins over the windows), but proportions are observed, and simplicity and honest construction. The result is a building as far superior to the "classic" farce of the U. C. Regents and the "romanesque" horror of the ladies of the Sacred Heart as the Sainte Chapelle is superior to a Piute wickiup or a Mashona kraal.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

A replica by Mr. Hutchinson, of the famous Chantrey bust of Sir Walter Scott, was recently unveiled with due ceremony in Poet's Corner, Westminister Abbey. On the occasion a speech was made by Colonel John Hay, the American Embassador, and "The Sketch" (London. thus alludes thereto: "It may have been a trying moment when Mr. Bayard's successor rose for the first time in this country to address a critical audience. His face is that of a reserved literary man, with small features and dark, short beard turning grey. He speedily showed that he was worthy to succeed even Mr. Bayard. His style was a little florid, but he spoke with real eloquence, and as the representative of a large section of Scott's immense constituency; he recognized that great and good man's gifts with a generosity which touched the audience. * * * At the end of his speech he was enthusiastically applauded, none being more demonstrative than Mr. Balfour."

The Irish proposals of the Salisbury government have created more interest in England than aught else the new ministry has done. They contain schemes of relief from taxation and imperial grants which no Irish leader will dare reject, and which the English Liberals won't like to object to, owing to their relations to the home rule question. The whole move is extremely clever from a party point of view, and if Lord Randolph Churchill, who proposed the same thing eleven years ago, had been given his way by the Tory Cabinet the entire subsequent history of the politics of both England and Ireland would have been different.

When the great Belgian tenor, Van Dyck, appeared one day as a witness in a law case, the counsel inquired of him: "How do you spell your name—with a 'ck' or only a 'k'?" His reply was: "With a 'k' only; you can hear the 'c' at the opera to-night." Nevertheless, the name is invariably spelt with a "c" in operatic prospectuses, advertisements and critiques.

FRANK LEACH

Editor of the Oakland "Enquirer," appointed by the President as Superintendent of the U. S. Mint in San Francisco

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

San Francisco is never satisfied without a murder mystery. The crime passion of the community has rich material in the Hoffman-Figel affair, with which the newspapers are so mightily taken up. Besides this novel sensation the Durrant case has become a secondary journalistic factor. I expect to notice the condemned murderer and his mother relegated to back pages. Already, indeed, Attorney Ach has the front sheet, and no one seems to care if the Governor does give Durrant a thirty-day reprieve. The Hoffman murder is a very strange affair, but the solution, in the face of the circumstantial evidence thus far adduced, would be easy but for the demeanor of Theodore Figel. Can a man be a murderer and yet assume such an impassive exterior, an exterior so indifferent, so innocent, so confident? It seems impossible. Though circumstances cloud more darkly round him as the books are examined, his sangfroid abates not a whit. The supreme instance of it was given in the office of Chief of Police Lees, for whom he had recently to wait a couple of hours. Instead of fidgeting around nervously as a veritable murderer ought, Figel went off to sleep, and was slumbering as comfortably as a child might when the head of the force was ready to receive him. Yet it is just such self-command that would enable Figel to shoot Hoffman and then go over to San Rafael as though nothing had happened.

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This Theodore Figel is a son of the Figel who used, some years ago, to keep a clothing store on Montgomery street. This was a capital though conscientious business man, who accumulated a good deal of money in the course of years of trading. Arriving at a certain prosperity, he turned over the establishment to his son, and started off to Europe on a tour. Nine months later he was summoned home by an alarming statement of Theodore's mismanagement. He found affairs in a wretched condition. His son had spent money so extravagantly that it took a large sum to square up the losses. He persisted in retiring, however, but with a considerably diminished fortune. A taste for race horses and gambling doesn't tend to the development of firm principles of conduct in a man, and from all accounts Figel was up to the neck in various forms of dissipation.

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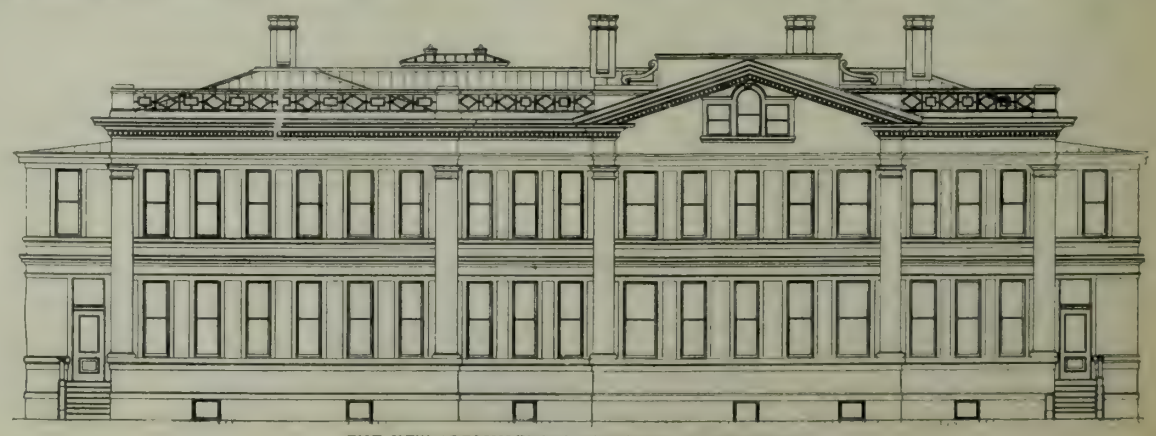
It is understood that the Bohemian Club have created quite a little stir in the circle of local artists of late by a circular letter which has gone the round of the studios. There has always been more or less complaint by the artists of San Francisco because of the inadequacy of the halls in which they were obliged to expose their paintings, while on the other hand the picture dealers have rarely given satisfaction in this line. The Bo-



THE NEW AGRICULTURAL BUILDING AT BERKELEY

This is Classic architecture according to Clinton Day

hemian Club proposes to invite certain of the city artists to send their best pictures from time to time to the Club, where they will be exposed in a suitable light in the "Green Room." This is a really admirable and generous idea, and will doubtless be warmly appreciated by the artists concerned. Pictures exposed at the Bohemian Club are invariably sure of an intelligent and appreciative audience and one largely composed of the people who buy. It has been also rumored that a movement is on foot to arrange for the decoration of the interior of the new ferry depot by California artists. An excellent movement it is, too, and one which should meet with every encouragement. The artists themselves are so enthusiastic over the idea that, if permission is granted, they have agreed to work for mere painter's wages.

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A certain shrewd but self-educated politician, better posted about the conduct of a primary than about science, accompanied Inspector Dockery recently into the laboratory of Dr. Shearer, who officiates as analytical chemist for the Board of Health. The physician had been experimenting with a test tube of water from an infected environment, and he enthusiastically informed Dockery that out of a quarter cubic centimeter of this water he had bred four thousand "colonies" of bacilli. "What, four thousand colonies!" interrupted the politician admiringly. "That's better than Mahoney did at the Baldwin. Say, Doctor, what would you charge to take hold of a district in the Mission for me next election?"

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Though a paean of joy has gone up from Randsburg over certain discoveries made on lower levels, yet no one has penetrated far enough down to prove the real character of the deposit. There is a huge difference between surface indications and permanent fissure veins, and until it is determined that the Randsburg rock extends into the depths there will be grave questioning as to the advisability of expensive developments. Under present conditions, mining at Randsburg is fraught with extreme difficulties. In the first place there is neither water nor fuel for power; besides the claims were all laid out without benefit of surveyor's knowledge, and the consequences are a hideous jumble of conflicting lines. To make the confusion more confounded, certain sections which were supposed by prospectors to be vacant are covered by school land claims. Of course, this all means litigation and probably a judicial clearing up of titles before work on a big scale is commenced. This is the condition which prevails on Rand Hill, where the great gold deposit of the camp is supposed to lie. The law firm of Reddy, Campbell and Metson obtained a controlling interest in this property through a client, and have invested in its development nearly $90,000. The extent of the prospects has attracted other claimants, and they are in the midst of a law fight which threatens to last a long time. They believe they have under the hill one of the mines of the world, however, and are willing to wait and hope.

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The man who brings water to Randsburg will make more money than the miners. It will be a costly undertaking, but if further developments prove the value of the camp, Randsburg will be another Leadville. It is certainly the richest surface gold land yet discovered in California. Under present circumstances no one thinks of touching rock under $25 to the ton. So much ore that elsewhere would make men millionaires is being rejected. Apropos of mining, one is reminded of the difference between the laws of the United States and those of the Transvaal relating to ore extraction. In South Africa a miner's claim is so many square feet, and he is bound to confine operations within its surface boundaries. He owns into the interior of the earth as far as he may dig, but the trend of vein cuts no figure with his privileges. In California the vein belongs to the man on whose claim it begins. A miner is permitted to follow its lead, even if it does dip into his neighbor's property. He must not impinge on the end lines of the claim, but the side lines are no hinderance. This is one basis for the plentiful litigation which mining has given rise to in California. Constantly there come up legitimate questions, which only careful judicial investigation can determine.

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The Fair case drags its weary length along, with the proper exchange of pleasantries, the inevitable badgering of experts, and the broad guying of the press. There is always some basis for poking fun at the "smasher" or teasing the other great men. Quite recently two eminent practitioners, who know somewhat of the under side of the law, met in the corridor of the City Hall. Said one to his friend who is prominently identified on the Fair side: "Are you taking an interest in the case?" 'No," replied the eminent gentleman, "not any active interest in court." 'Ah," then returned the other, "you are occupying the most dangerous position possible in the case."

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It is good news for men with mines to learn that conditions are again favorable in the London market. The Kaffir stocks have quite recovered from the depression which befell them after the Jameson raid; the concert of the powers seems to promise peace for Europe. So capital is free and is entitled to look for new opportunities. Already the promoters have begun their promoting, and there have been enquiries of various kinds as to certain California properties, which have been offered at good rates.

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The opposition of the Sons of St. George has, after all, cut but a trivial figure in the Jubilee celebration in San Francisco. The event is to be brilliantly celebrated with an open air entertainment at the Chutes on Saturday, together with oratory and fireworks and music, more music and services on Sunday, and on Monday night a big banquet at the Palace. Our most prominent orators and distinguished citizens have agreed to participate, and the affair will have no narrow significance whatever. It is really a festival of nineteenth century growth and attainment that our British compatriots are celebrating, much more than the sixty years' reign of the devout and very respectable person whom Rudyard Kipling's soldiers irreverently allude to as "The Widow."

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It would surprise none of Judge Slack's intimate friends if, at the termination of the Fair case, he carried out the threat of resigning that he has so often made. No man has worked harder than he, and no judge has been asked to decide more important or more difficult questions. Though problems both intricate and technical have been offered for his solution, his opinions, often radical, have seldom been disputed by the Supreme Court, and to-day he enjoys the respect of the public and the admiration of his colleagues of the bench and bar. In fact, he has made a very fine record. The professorship at the Hastings Law College would not impose on Judge Slack a tithe of the labor his duties now involve, and would yet give him a position in which his talents and character would have the best influence and expression. A man of eminence is as much before the public as head of the law college as he is on the Superior Bench, and it would be a proper place of transition to the Supreme Bench, if his ambitions again take a judicial turn.

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No one realizes the amount of desultory work which the charge of a probate department inflicts on a judge. Widows and orphans regard him as a species of protector; he is continually being asked for assistance and sympathy; and these are not expressed without consuming valuable moments. Besides there must be executed a vast amount of technical work—formal orders to be signed and considered, distribution to be made, accounts to be examined. Indeed, there is little time left in which to try big cases. Judge Slack makes it a rule to transact this minor business in his chambers, but Judge Coffey, who is in constant terror of being caught out by some designing litigant, will never talk to a lawyer or a client out of his court-room. Orders and papers which require his signature must be submitted to him on the bench, and it often happens when he opens court in the morning that thirty or forty lawyers and clients are waiting to interview him before he can commence the proceedings. This, of course, materially retards the progress of a trial. As to his dwelling place, Judge Coffey preserves a discreet silence, claiming that it is no business of any one where he lives. He succeeds in keeping it out of the directory, and it would be more than the life of any lawyer is worth to call on him there.

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This peculiarity of Judge Coffey recalls an amusing incident of the Martin will case. While the trial was in progress, Mrs. John Martin announced that she had a message which she could only communicate to the Judge in his chambers. She called there a dozen times, but could not get in. She attempted to waylay his Honor in the corridors, but the Judge had a scout and escaped all her attempts to accost him. After eluding this persistent caller for days, he conveyed to her a message saying though he allowed no one to speak to him in his chambers, she might say anything she pleased to him in court. It was just what Mrs. Martin wanted. She marched up to the bench, bent over towards the Judge confidentially. The entire court-room held its breath. A first-rate sensation was expected. In a loud whisper Mrs. Martin said: "Judge, I want you to make that fat policeman move away from my table. I don't like the perfume he uses."

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There is a very wise judge in the County of Kings. Something of the wisdom of Solomon is his, and certain of his decisions have that flavor of rough justice because of which the fame of the Hebrew monarch has waxed green through the ages. There arose in the county recently a dispute over an irrigation right of way. A rich woman of the environment brought suit to condemn certain of her neighbors' lands, and some bitterness having been born of the preliminary proceedings, both sides prepared for a stubborn contest. The court opened with an elaborate array of lawyers drawn up for battle, and there seemed every prospect of a protracted suit. Judge Jacobs waited until the complaint had been read. Then he addressed the crowd: "I see, gentlemen, a long and serious dispute here, a big bill of costs for your clients, together with much wrangling and more unpleasantness. All this might be avoided by the exercise of a little common sense. I recommend, therefore, that all of you go outside and sit under that tree in the courtyard. It is shady there, and you can discuss your case like rational beings.' "But, your Honor," interrupted one of the lawyers. "Indeed, I insist that you do so," added the Judge, "as I intend to adjourn this court until to-morrow morning." This radical way of disposing of litigation took both lawyers and clients aback, but there was no choice, and they went out to discuss the question under the tree. Next morning a representative of the plaintiff announced that a compromise had been arrived at. Judge Jacobs smiled.

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The conspicuous figures in the Democracy are Mayor Phelan and Congressman Maguire, and the succession to the governorship is between them. They are really more available than any of the men yet mentioned on the Republican side, and the prophets tell me '98 will probably be a Democratic year. However, a good harvest is as potent a factor in disturbing the balance of power as a poor crop is, and who shall say what the coming months hold for us? Maybe Maguire would prefer to have Senator White's place, and that would leave the field to Phelan, but to the south is due one senatorship, and if the brilliant Steve is not to succeed himself an aspirant must be selected from the country south of Tehachapi. An interesting fight is outlined, however, and there will surely be politics in plenty made in the months to come. By the way, won't it be rather an embarrassment for the "Examiner" to decide between the Mayor and the Congressman?

BOSWELL JR.

Frederick Mac Monnies' bronze statue, "The Bacchante," which has been rejected by the trustees of the Boston Public Library, has been accepted by the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York.

## A STRANGE RELIEF-SHIP

### The Queer-Built "Everett" Sailing for India This Week.

It is a far cry from San Francisco to Calcutta, but not so far apparently as to be beyond the sound of an appeal for help. Somewhere away in the heart of India there is a starving coolie, famine-stricken and shriveled, the ribs of him showing through his skin like the bars of a bird-cage through a wet cloth, who within forty days from the time of this writing will be feeding upon corn that has been brought to him from Western Kansas. And his neighbors will feed, and his neighbors' neighbors, thousands of them, wretched wisps of humanity, then beyond all belief will be gorged and glutted with whole harvest of corn and rye and beans. Twenty-six hundred tons of grain will be flooded into the famine districts.

The ship that will carry this harvest is now on the dry dock, and surely no more oddly appearing relief craft was ever looked for. A huge hollow steel cigar, propelled by steam, with neither keel nor bow, nor deck nor stern—a mere shell furnished with propelling gear. She is not a ship, this "whaleback," this City of Everett, and there is little of the picturesque about her, no suggestiveness, no romance—simply a freight-carrying contrivance.

The Everett's destined voyage is the result of the efforts of the Committee of the Indian Famine Relief Fund of this city, who have been unwearied in their labors to feed the starving Indians. For the matter of that, everybody has helped. The farmers of Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska have given the grain, the railroads have transported a thousand tons of it free, the United States Government has chartered craft, and, more important than all, the Postal Telegraph and the Western Union Company have sent the countless but necessary dispatches of the committee free of charge. It is almost safe to say that without this generosity on the part of the telegraph companies the expedition would have failed. Nearly three thousand dollars' worth of telegraphing has gone over the wires of the two companies. The City of Everett was built by McDougal & Co., at Port Townsend, and is the only seagoing whaleback in the world, though other crafts of the same type ply upon the great lakes as grain ships. The value of the peculiar construction lies in the fact that when fully loaded the entire hull of the vessel sinks below the surface of the waves, and being thus relieved of their friction can make very good speed in rough weather. Surprising as it may seem, there is very little lateral roll in the whaleback type. The waves get very little purchase upon the rounded sides, while the superstructure offers but a minimum of surface to the force of the wind.

## PEN-WORK AT PARTINGTON'S

Very interesting is the exhibit of the work of the Partington School this week. The school, as is now generally known, is organized and conducted for the instruction of newspaper and magazine illustration. The usual idea entertained by the public of this kind of work is that it must necessarily be of an order inferior to brush work, such as landscapes, studies, still life and the like. In point of fact, however, the illustrator—the successful illustrator—must be a far better master of the craft than the average landscape painter or artist in colors, where brush work is involved. There are two reasons for this, first the nature of the material in which the illustrator must work and second the nature of the subject from which he must draw. A brush artist may retouch and retouch and retouch, may paint out and begin over again as many times as he chooses, may work up a tone or value by gradual degrees, until he obtains precisely the effect he has aimed at. An illustrator cannot do this. He works largely in pen and ink work, and once a stroke is made, there is no going back. In treating flat surface, such as a background, a girl's skirt, or any broad texture, he must obtain his result by some scores of long, sweeping strokes, delivered with the utmost rapidity and precision, all the strokes made with exactly the same pressure upon the pen and all exactly the same distance apart. Practically, he must succeed at the very first attempt or not at all. As for the subject treated, it is not difficult to paint even a very good landscape; correct drawing goes for almost nothing, while any peculiar variation from preconceived forms of tree, or hill, or rock may always be accounted for by the belief that the artist drew them merely as he saw them. But the newspaper and magazine artist must draw from the figure, and there is nothing in the range of the artist's eye more difficult to portray upon paper than the human form. Bearing these points in mind, one comes away from the Partington exhibit with an impression that work of a really creditable order is being done in the school, work fully as good as that which comes from the Hopkins Institute. Crossley and Blanche Letcher show some very good work. Miss Letcher's three portrait heads have a firmness and assurance in manipulation that are professional to a degree. Crossley exhibits a half dozen life studies that are very true, though in one bicycle group (done, we shrewdly suspect, from Chic) the calf of the girl's leg is fully as large as her head itself. Apropos of Chic, leads one naturally to speak of Stella Witram's little exhibit. The drawing in this collection is woefully bad, and here and there the colors are altogether out of tone, but there is a dash, a movement, a piquancy about Miss Witram's work that is not evident in any other specimens upon the wall. Her work is very French, very gay and exuberant. Some day I look to see Miss Witram achieve something really worth while, and I prophesy it will be in the way of posters—of the Cheret type.

Prince Bismarck, instead of his usual grand dinner in honor of the Kaiser's birthday, this year contented himself with a modest luncheon, at which the briliant guests who formerly gathered round the "founder" of the German empire were replaced by the stationmaster, the postmaster and the head forester at Friedrichsruhe.

Wnen the bəll "hits": A box at night

After the battle

Hitching up

"Rolling out" to thelfire

After the "tap-out"

Full speed

Hitting it with the pipe

*A DAY WITH THE FIRE-FIGHTERS*

Photos by Weidner

## TRAINING OF FIREMEN

### The Un-sung Soldiers of a Great City—How They Live and Die.

Sailors have had their poets and to spare, and the soldier has been sung from the time of Homer to that of Stephen Crane, but the fireman is still waiting for his epic. A gunner working his piece with grim stoicism under fire, and a mast-hand reefing down the jib in a winter squall, clinging with fingers and toes to the icy foot-ropes, are fine sights. But how about the man who holds a thrashing, bucking, snorting nozzle to the throat of a roaring furnace, in instant danger of falling walls and collapsing roofs? A soldier in action has but to fear the bullet, and the sailor's life is sought for only by the sea, but a fireman can be killed in more ways than you have any idea of.

Primarily, there is, of course, the fire to burn him brown. But besides this, there are a score of nasty, unexpected dangers that lurk in every corner of a blazing building and that catch him unawares and worry the life out of him with a swiftness that is searching to the nerves of the onlooker. There's the smoke, for instance, that blinds him first and suffocates him afterward at leisure. There's the brick wall that does him to death with a huge flat slam, just as you have slapped the life out of an offending fly with the palm of your hand. There's the melted lead from soldered cornices, and yards upon yards of plumbing pipes that sometimes creams up over the ledge of a roof like lava from an erupted volcano and splashes down upon him by bucket fulls, and then again there is the shower of broken glass. Trivial, this last, say you; but if you are hugging the top rung of a series of sliding ladders, a hundred feet high, with your arms full of throbbing, hysterical hose, and a blade of plate glass comes spinning down, cleaver-like, and slices you a tendon in arm or leg, you are very like to fall.

Then, not the least danger is the "pipe" itself. What the cannon is to the gunner, the pipe is to the fireman. It is his defense, his friend, his terrible, resistless engine, the raison d'etre for his occupation. With his pipe charged and his engine pumping away steadily at the other end, your fireman will go almost anywhere—will fight the fire just as a battery fights the enemy. But if his pipe fails him—if it is burnt in two behind him, or bursts, or if the weight of fallen debris chokes it, he knows that the time has come to run, just as the gunner must retreat when his cannon is destroyed. But holding a nozzle to a dangerous fire is something like holding a wolf by the ears. For instance now. Your little squad of men is on a menaced roof directing the stream of water (a ton to a minute it is) into a neighboring building. Suddenly the roof on which they stand trembles and heaves under them like the deck of a sinking ship. At any moment it may fall in. Run? Yes, but what to do with that tremendous roaring python that the six of you, with the exertion of all your strength have been holding there—the enormous live brute, spurting its tons and tons of water? Like the man holding the wolf, it may be bad to hold on, but it's worse to let go. There's no time to pass the word along the line to shut off. You must drop the python and run. Then look out, not only for the sinking roof and the poisonous smoke and the hungry flames and the showers of burning cinders and the molten lead—the pipe, freed from all restraint, suddenly leaps into a furious, mad life all its own, thrashes back, squirms, jumps, recoils from side to side, twists upon itself like any leviathan in its death throes, lashes out in every direction, swinging like a flail the huge brass nozzle that can batter the life out of you at a single blow.

It is about the line—that is to say, "the pipe," or hose, that the fireman's active life is centered. With it he is effective, courageous, well disciplined; without it, useless, panic-stricken, deprived of all morale. It may be of service to him in indirect ways as well. He may slide to safety down its length when stairways fall in and ladders fail; or, better still, suppose he is lost in a smoke-choked building, bewildered and confused in the half-darkness of the place. Let him but find the line and he is practically safe. By following it he is sure to find an exit, and by lying at full length, his face close to its surface, he knows he may count upon pure air.

There are three sorts and conditions of firemen—the extra-men, the relief men, and the permanent men. Let us suppose for the sake of illustration that you and I should one morning make up our minds to enter the fire department. We would begin by procuring one of the application forms at the City Hall, filling out the blanks, and securing the signatures of twelve property-holders. You make application to be appointed either an extra-man or a relief man. About the same time you are subjected to a physical examination, and if you pass this and if your papers are satisfactory, you are elected by the vote of the Board of Commissioners, and sign the necessary papers. You are read a little lecture about this time on the whole duty of man as applied to the extinguishment of fires, upon the conclusion of which you are told to report for duty to the foreman of some one of the stations in town. This only if you are an extra-man.

The relief man goes through a little different mill. He makes his application to become either a driver or a tillerman (this is the fellow you see sitting far out at the extremity of the ladders on the hook-and-ladder truck), or an engineer, and you must previously convince the Board that you are capable of discharging the duties of that position. Your name goes down on the relief list and you substitute in turn with the other relief men as driver or engineer or tillerman, whatever permanent position happens to be vacant. But if you are a relief man you are paid, not by the city, but by the man for whom you substitute.

The equipment of a truck company is made up of twelve extramen, one foreman, a permanent driver, and a tillerman. That of an engine consists of nine extramen and three permanent men—engineer, driver and foreman.

If this city rejoiced in a fully-paid department, all these men would be on duty at every hour of the day; as it is, however, San Francisco has a fully-paid, fully-equipped fire department only between the hours of eleven in the evening and six in the morning. Only the permanent men are continually on duty. During the daytime the extramen are allowed to go about their business in the district of their company, reporting for duty at the station not later than eleven p.m.

Suppose now the "bell hits" for a station. At once the "Hall bell" is rung from the roof of the quarters. This is the bell that the whole city hears, in combination with the mournful groaning of that whistle down by the Front. But these "Hall bells" are not, as I had fondly supposed, rung for the benefit of the general public, but for the extramen who are absent from the quarters. Each of these men have a list of the boxes of the city, with the boxes of their own particular district underscored. As soon as the Hall bells begin to sound the extraman consults his card, counting the strokes. If an outside station is rung—that is to say, a station outside of the particular district of his company, he reports at once to the quarters, and should be there inside of five minutes. The apparatus does not "roll" to a first alarm if it is an outside box, but hitches up and waits five minutes for a second alarm, so the extramen have time to get to the quarters. But if an inside box comes in—that is to say, a box within the limits of a company's district, the apparatus "rolls" at once without waiting for the extramen. These, by consulting their card, know at once that an inside box has come in, and rush off, let us hope, on a dead run, to the fire, not to the quarters. Perhaps they may even meet their engine or truck by the way and jump on.

Other cities have drilling schools for men and horses alike, and the extraman is taught how to use an axe and the different tools of the apparatus, how to manage and handle a hose, and more especially how to put in an extra length of hose while the fire is in progress. This operation corresponds precisely to that of a battery changing position under fire. It is a hazardous move, and must be done with lightning rapidity, as, of course, the water is shut off at the time, and the fire has a chance to get tremendous headway. But most of his trade he can learn only by actual experience under a captain or a foreman. The knack, for instance of "opening up" burning buildings, the ways of combatting the dreaded "back draught," when a mass of flames that you have been gradually forcing back and back, suddenly turns and charges you like a herd of stampeded elephants, and the manner of dodging a falling wall, and what kinds of collapsing walls are dangerous and what are not.

One would like to say more about the horses—the huge, big-boned, short-muscled, broad-headed fellows, that don't know what it is to be afraid. They learn their trade in a week's time, the horses, without the assistance of any training school. At first, of course, they must be led to their places, but after the bell has hit a score of times they jump to their positions as quick as do the men. But it is very sad to be told that as a rule they don't last long. Six years at it will tell on the best. Think of it for a moment. Often, just after their heavy meal of oats and hay and their deep draught of water, the bell hits and off they go over the cobbles and up the hills tugging away at the huge apparatus, without the least warning or preparation. It's trying to the stoutest horse, and sooner or later comes the time when he goes stale and must be sold.

But I wonder what he thinks when, later on, foundered and broken, while he is straining at a loaded truck under the lash of a cruel teamster—I wonder what he thinks, I say, when he hears the clanging of the bell and sees his old engine go past, thundering and smoking, just as in the old days, with his old driver strapped on the box and his old friends clinging to the footboard. I wonder if he remembers the excitement and gaiety of the old life. The long fine hours spent under his blanket while the fire shouted and roared, and his own engine was pumping and coughing away like r his very withers, and the return home, triumphant, the out-fought enemy, a mere whiff of smoke behind him, and the prospect of a warm stable and grateful grooming at home! I fancy his old, thin blood must stir a bit at the sight, and his drooping ears prick again, and I think he must pick up his feet a trifle more proudly, a little like as he used to do, and I hope that for that day at least he will forget his cruel teamster and his heavy truck and his bad oats, and remember that at any rate he had it all once.

FRANK NORRIS.

## EXCELSIOR!

### A Royal Mountain and a Royal Climber Who Hopes to Master It.

The whims and fancies of the royally born do not generally involve hardship, nor the risk of life and limb. Most of the continental nobles one hears of are perfectly content to stay at home and go about from one seat to another, borrowing their friends' money, or their friends' wives, and making themselves disagreeable or useless or positively downright malevolent, as our own dear Duke Gunther, for example. But now appears one, Luigi, Prince of Savoy, nephew of the King of Italy, and son of that Duke of Aosta, who for three years was, and (had he chosen to violate his oath), might now have been, King of Spain.

Luigi is only 24 years of age, but he has set himself to do that what the veteran Schwatka failed to accomplish, the task that proved too much for the English traveler, Topham, and for the explorer, I. S. Russel, though this latter made two attempts. The manner in which Prince Luigi proposes to ascend the mountain causes the affair to assume all the proportions of an expedition. His party consists of his aide-de-camp, W. Cogni, of the Italian navy; Francisco Gonella, President of the Turin Alpine Club; V. Horio Sello, a famous mountaineer; Fillippo Fillippi, the doctor, and five Alpine guides. The baggage of the party amounts to some sixty pieces, and includes all manner of devices and appliances for mountain climbing, alpen-stocks, gearings of rope, sleds for glacier work, and the like.

Mount St. Elias is at the head of the range of the same name, about 250 miles east of Sitka, and lies on the border line between British and American territory. Prince Luigi's route will be as follows: Starting from this city he will proceed by boat to Tacoma, where the expedition will start. From Tacoma he goes on to Yakutat Bay in Alaska. At Yakutat he will strike inland some twenty miles. Here the Chaix foothills begin, and soon r each an elevation of 7,200 feet. Pushing on from this point across a wilderness of morraines, and glaciers and snow-covered passes, the explorer will finally come out upon the northwest base of the mountain itself. The first obstacles here to be encountered are the grim barriers which were the cause of the final undoing of the Russel expedition, the Newton and Agassiz glaciers. In describing his experiences while crossing these glaciers, Russel says:

"At several localities steps had to be cut in steep snow slopes, which made progress very slow and tiresome. At one place progress seemed to be impossible, owing to a maze of huge crevasses, which crossed the glacier from side to side. We determined to cut steps down into one of the broadest crevasses and then up the precipice opposite, over two hundred feet high. This was accomplished by McCarty, Stamy and myself. It was an exceedingly difficult job, owing to an overhanging cornice-like ridge, about six feet thick, near the top, but a rope helped us over."

Prince Luigi, however, is no green hand at his work. His family are Piedmontese, and ever since he was old enough to walk he has been climbing the Italian Alps. He has successfully ascended all of the most difficult of his own and the neighboring countries, and now turns his attention to the conquering of new mountains. The peak of St. Elias, however, is generally considered by experts as inaccessible. It is over 18,000 feet in height, and as yet no expedition has covered much more than two-thirds of the distance. Schwatka, in 1886, reached a height of 12,200 feet; Topham, in 1888, touched the 11,000 foot mark, while Russel, in his two later attempts, could not better 8,000. It is interesting to note that simultaneous with the venture of the Italian Prince, Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, aided by S. J. Entrikin (Peary's second in command), is to make an attack upon the mountain from the other side.

It will be a heroic contest of pluck, energy and endurance. May the best man win, but let us hope that the first flag to flutter on that desolate peak will be the Stars and Bars.

*THE ST. ELIAS ALPS ACROSS YAKUTAT ISLAND, SEVENTY-FIVE MILES DISTANT*

Taber, photo

"MISS FRISCO" AT THE TIVOLI

FLASHLIGHT PORTRAITS OF EMPEROR NORTON AND OTHER LOCAL CELEBRITIES AS EXHIBITED IN MR. CASSELL'S PLAY

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My dearest Diary: As far as gaiety or anything in the domain of pleasure is concerned, we might just as well be enduring the rigors of the Lenten season. I have never known San Francisco society so lacking in incident. We have not even a soupcon of gossip to discuss over our cups of afternoon tea. The only diversion of this week was the card party given by Mrs. Lyman in honor of her cousin, Miss Kane, who is out here from the East. It was an interesting affair, and Leila said the girls all had a jolly time. Oh, Leila is the most inconsistent of women. You know she considers card playing in the afternoon a shocking waste of time, and yet I have never known her to decline an invitation to a party. Is not that absurd? Every one seems to be perfectly rushed in their preparations for their summer peregrinations. Every day I hear of new people going away.

Santa Cruz seems to awaken to a sense of its responsibilities as a summer resort. Several of the fashionables have announced an intention of betaking themselves thither. The Newhalls and the George Popes are among the number. Mrs. Louis Parrott is to leave for Alaska about the seventeenth. I believe she is to take dear Louis Bruguiere with her. What all the girls are to do without that child I can't imagine. He seems to not only be ubiquitous, but omnipresent, so when he is not at any of the resorts much of their fascination for the more youthful among us will disappear.

How strange California street looks without that most familiar landmark, the McNutt house, does it not? You know it is to be placed on that old Castle lot on the corner of Sutter and Van Ness. The lower part is to be used for stores, the upper for offices. I hear that the McNutts have gone to Santa Barbara to live. Is not that a pity? I wonder if they won't find it ratner stupid after San Francisco.

Mamma, Leila and I all went to the reception given by Bishop and Mrs. Nichols at San Mateo on Wednesday afternoon. It was a smart affair, and very churchy, by which I mean all the clerical crowd was there, and one might as well have been at Trinity or Grace Church. It was a sort of farewell, as the Nichols leave for England to-morrow. They expect to remain away four months. Bishop Nichols is to attend some convention there. Mrs. Dodge has taken their house for the summer, and Mrs. Cavalier Jouett the Dodge house. She expects to have her sister, Rose Hooper, with her during the month of July. Laura Bates is also to spend July in San Mateo with the Jarboes and Tobins. You know I told you how sweet Mrs. Jimmie Robinson has been to the younger set. Well, she is about to endear herself still further to those lucky youngsters. She had invited a dozen or so to go on a trip to the Yosemite with her. Among them Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Emily Wilson. The girls are gradually returning from the East. Mamie Polhemus comes home on Wednesday and Flora Dean is to be here next week. She is at present at their ranch in Nevada.

The Collier-Atherton wedding was a very jolly affair—not at all solemn or ceremonious, more like a house party than a marriage festival. Poor Willis Polk hurt his foot there—or rather on his way. Just as he got off the stage on a down grade the horses backed and he was caught between a rock and the wheels. It tore his shirt and crushed his foot. Maraquita and Mr. Atherton are at the California on their honeymoon. I hear that Sara Collier is to be queen of the Lakeport fiesta—won't that be fun. Did you hear about the fraud perpetrated by Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Bent? You know they were so mysterious about their honeymoon. We all thought they were going to some distant and secluded spot. Well, my dear, they simply drove out to the Presidio and stayed there. What do you think of that? All the out-of-town places are still quiet. People appear to be resting after their winter's entertainments. Mr. and Mrs. Dean and Miss Helen Dean leave for San Jose on Saturday. Mrs. Dean has had another attack of bronchitis, but is now much better. They will remain in San Jose for about a month. I think that I have now more than exhausted the obvious, so shall bid you farewell for another week. With best love, your devoted but dull

MISS CRICKET.

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A jolly entertainment was given by General Barrett on Sunday, June 6th. They first went for a sail on the bay, and later went to the Hotel Rafael, where a capital lunch was provided for them. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Keegan, Mrs. W. Beekman, Col. Fuller, Mr. John Fuller and General Wayfield. There are any number of people here from the Hawaiian Islands just at present, who are staying at the California Hotel. Among them Mr. E. C. Macfarlane and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wideman, Mr. and Mrs. Falk, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, etc.

Sunday was really the opening of the season at Burlingame. The brilliant day and the prospect of seeing Prince Luigi were incentives, and it was veritably a holiday crowd of club members that gathered on the club-house porch for lunch. It seems, however, that there was some misunderstanding over the date of the polo game, which had taken place on Saturday instead of Sunday afternoon. It was a delightful day for driving, and there were innumerable teams and coaches in service. On Saturday afternoon Henry Crocker drove down to Burlingame in his coach, accompanied by a number of men, whom he entertained at dinner Saturday night. It was a very jolly affair, and broke up quite early Sunday morning. San Mateo is decidedly gay, though like other regions, the fun is only beginning there. It takes sometime for people gathered for the summer to come together and get acquainted. Something of the new born prosperity of the club at Burlingame may be gathered from the fact that there are now 65 horses and ponies in the club stables.

The National Association of Letter Carriers is to have a convention here in September next. Some five hundred delegates are expected, and they are to discuss the rights and wrongs of letter-carrying. In order to obtain funds for the entertainment of the visitors, the local Association of Letter Carriers is aranging for a grand picnic on July Fourth at Schuetzen Park, San Rafael. The mail men, beside being welcome visitors, are certainly a deserving body of men, and such assistance as can be given them will undoubtedly go forth in a good cause.

Each week the guest list of the Hotel Rafael grows longer. Already the dining-room at his popular hostelry is well filled every night, and next week will begin to flow over. One realizes how many people are making their summer home here when the afternoon bus rattles up to the porch. There is always a brilliant array of ladies to meet it and bid the men welcome. In the way of entertainment, little has yet been done. There is music every afternoon and night, and there are plenty of young people to promote the gaity that is expected a little later on, but thus far the sets are merely getting to know one another, which is always the case at the beginning of a summer season. The weather is delightful at San Rafael. The table at the hotel is notably excellent, and there are the opportunities and concomitants for a very jolly summer there. On Sunday last Mr. Will Powning drove a party of young people up to Fairfax Villa for lunch, and then through San Rafael and its environments in the afternoon. The Misses Smith, together with the Misses Kipp, organized a riding party on Thursday night, There will be a bicycle excursion Saturday night, and next week during the moonlight there will be no lack of social incidents. Next week, also, Mrs. Elizabeth Hager and her family are coming over to occupy one of the cottages.

* *

In Oakland society is stagnating. A few farewell lunches, a card party and a wedding or so serve to chronicle the happenings of the past week. Miss Jessie Coleman's wedding is being eagerly anticipated. There are to be some hundred guests. Owing to the tremendous length of her calling list, Miss Coleman is merely inviting one out of each of her friends' families. There are to be no bridesmaids. Miss Donaldson of Philadelphia is to be maid of honor. Miss Coleman's trousseau is a thing of beauty, and her bridal regalia will be a sight worth a trip across the bay to see. The Goodalls have gone to Ross Valley for the summer months, and seven Oakland girls are bachelorizing at Mill Valley in the Campbell cottage. They anticipate unalloyed pleasure and much fun out of their experiment. They are a lively set of maidens, so their hopes are likely to be realized. Among them are Miss Whitney, Miss Carrie Ritter, Miss Edwards and others. Mill Valley has hitherto been the camping ground of all the young married people, and for honeymooning is quite as popular as Belvedere. How it will be for bachelor maids remains to be seen. Of luncheons, a particularly smart affair was given by Mrs. William Goodfellow as a farewell to Mrs. F. M. Smith, who is to leave for Shelter Island shortly. It was a married ladies' affair, and the gowning was elaborate to a degree. The decorations were in pink sweet peas with ribbons skillfully intermingled. Among those invited were Mrs. Sather, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Tom and Will Magee, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Valentine and others. It argues vigorously for Mrs. Smith's popularity when one realizes that she is being entertained so extensively in Oakland, where a bride is considered lucky if she receive three dinner invitations, and to speak of engagement parties is to enter a terra incognita. Last week, besides Mrs. Goodfellow's luncheon, she was the recipient of two other farewell feasts by Mrs. Belden on Thursday and Mrs. F. E. Pope. Mrs. Belden's was a very pretty affair, the tables being decked in red poppies and grasses. Mrs. Pope's was a larger party, about twenty ladies having been invited. During the afternoon a musical programme was given.

What Mount Tamalpais is to the merry-makers of San Francisco, Haywards Club House is to the pleasure seekers of Oakland who consider a luncheon drive or bicycle party to this resort the desideratum of all earthly bliss. If a matron wishes to attain popularity across the bay she has merely to suggest a few expeditions to Haywards and she is immediately courted by the maidens with an assiduity worthy of the Knights of old. Mrs. Creelin last week took a lively party of young people to luncheon there, and they had a capital time. They chartered a special car—which is a necessary adjunct, I am told—and with their lightest and brightest of gowns went out there. Miss Lillian Story, Miss Mabel Gray, Miss Crellin and others were of the party.

Mrs. Chas. Perkins celebrated her wooden wedding by a reception on Monday evening. The gifts were many, and ranged from rolling pins to book cases, pieces of marqueterie, etc. The house was decorated in smilax and white roses, and the supper was capital and exceedingly jolly. Mrs. Fred Hall gave a dinner to the Grove Street Whist Club. Between each course some ridiculous gift was presented to the hostess, which added to the merriment of the affair.

It is often forgotten that Emma Nevada, who is now Madame Nevada-Palmer, was a graduate of the Class of '76 of Mills' College. Madame Nevada has a very accomplished daughter, Mignone, who seems to have inherited her mother's vocal talent. Quite recently Madame Nevada had a fete at her home in Paris, and Mignone sang a number of songs in very brilliant style. It is not impossible that Madame Nevada may visit the coast before very long.

The reverence which every Britisher born feels for England's venerable sovereign will find a full expression on the occasion of her jubilee performance, which commences Saturday next. For three days the subjects of Victoria will hold high carnival. The programme is as follows: Saturday, the 19th, at the Chutes: Highland and other games, commencing at 10 A. M.; exercises in the Chutes Pavilion at 2 P. M., consisting of an address by Wm. Greer Harrison, the singing by a choir of 250 voices of a hymn composed by George A. Adam and set to music by H. J. Stewart; an oration by General W. H. L. Barnes, and a benediction by Rabbi Nieto. Fireworks and a grand ball in the evening. On Sunday there will be a grand musical service at the Metropolitan Temple, and on Monday a banquet at the Palace Hotel, which will be attended by Consul-General Warburton, Governor Budd, Mayor Phelan and a score of other dignitaries.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

The Lilliputians in their "Merry Tramps" have the boards at the Baldwin, during all of next week, the final performance taking place on Sunday night, June 20th.

"Miss Frisco" has taken very well at he Tivoli, and will be continued for another week. On Monday, June 21st, Mr. Edwin Stevens will open his season of comic opera in "Wang," in which he starred for nearly two years throughout the East.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company opens at the Baldwin June 21st, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which will be followed by Mrs. Burnett's "The Frst Gentleman of Europe," Louis N. Parker's "The Mayflower," and Sydney Grundy's new comedy, "The Late Mr. Costello."

The play at Morosco's next week, "In the Heart of the Storm," is taken up principally with earthquakes, floods and flashes of lightning. The scene is among the everglades of Florida, the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, and Charleston during the time of the great earthquake, in which the villain finally receives retribution.

"The House on the Marsh" is very different from the general run of Morosco plays; it is a gloomy affair, with very little relieving comedy. The setting of the first act' "The Alders," is remarkably good, the twilight effect on the marsh being very clever. The play calls for some strong acting, which is given most effectively by Lorena Atwood as the housekeeper, Maud Edna Hall as Violet Christie, Landers Stevens, who looks as well as he acts, as Lawrence Reade, Fred J. Butler as old Sir Jonas, and Mortimer Snow as Jim Woodfall. Miss Atwood's acting is worthy of much consideration.

Josephine Sabel, the petite chanteuse with the big voice, will be the feature at the Orpheum next week. Miss Sabel will be remembered for her clever work some time ago. Conway and Leland, two amusing people, termed the "Merry Monopedes," will make their first appearance in a novel sketch. Adgie and her lions enter their third week, and a special feature will be the feeding of the animals in full view of the audience. All this, in connection with Russell Brothers, Dailey and Hilton, Johnson and Dean and the Vaidis Twin Sisters should make up an unusually attractive performance.

Lorrimer Stoddard's new play, "The Question," will be given its initial production by the Frawley company at the Columbia Monday evening. The piece is satirical in tone, and treats of the fads and fashions of swaggerdom; the time is the present, and the scene Parade Park, otherwise Tuxedo. A novel scene will be the interior of a woman's club with the club in session, something decidedly new on the stage. Another special scene will be a fete in the club grounds, which, it is said, will suggest the Bradley Martin ball. The cast embraces twenty-three characters, and will introduce Miss Georgia Busby, a new member of the company, and also occasion the reappearance of Miss Phosa McAllister. An elaborate representation of "Shenandoah" will follow "The Question."

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## THE NEWEST BOOKS

### Something About Plots and Style in the Latest Fiction.

The title of Mrs. M. E. M. Sherwood's new book of reminiscences is "An Epistle to Posterity," not "A Letter to Posterity," as it appears in the review of the volume on Page 12 of this issue. The "An Epistle to Posterity" is published by Harper & Brothers and is for sale at all book dealers.

A new life of General Grant by James Grant Wilson (D. Appleton and Company), has just been added to the "Great Commanders" series, edited by General Wilson. It can hardly be said that a biography of Grant fills a long-felt want, but the writer seems to be fairly frank in his treatment of his subject and has made a sufficiently interesting volume. The series of letters sent by Grant to Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, included in the volume, are of as much, if not greater, historical value than any others of that time, referring, as they do, to such famous battlefields as Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, Vicksburg, Chattanooge, and the Wilderness. There are also in the book communications from Grant's surviving classmates, and several comrades of the United States Military Academy. Volumes in preparation of the "Commanders" series include General Sherman, by General Manning F. Force; Admiral Porter, by James R. Soley, late assistant Secretary of the Navy; General McCullam, by General Peter S. Michel, and Commodore Perry, by Richard W. Meade.

"The Beautiful White Devil," by Guy Boothby (D. Appleton and Company), is a somewhat fairy story of a genuine lady pirate, a sort of nautical Robin Hood, who possesses a wonderful steam yacht which can be made over at will, and an island kingdom in the Chinese sea, which she inherited from her father, an Englishman, who had been proscribed and pursued for unworthy reasons by the powers that rule in France. England and Germany. The "devil" is a most beautiful creature, is as chaste as Diana and as wise as Solomon. Her experiences are many and thrilling, too numerous for limited mention; she kidnaps millionaires and Sultans, and exacts immense ransoms as the price of their freedom, and in the end caps it all by a very satisfactory matrimonial engagement. For adventure straight and startling, and at the same time adventure very satisfactorily told, it is not necessary to go further than Mr. Boothby's book.

"A Pinchbeck Goddess," (D. Appleton and Company), by Mrs. M. J. Fleming, a sister of Rudyard Kipling, to whom the book is dedicated, is recently published in the Home and Country Library. The scene of the story is in India and the goddess is a young woman who has been brought up by a disagreeable old aunt, who very kindly dies and leaves her niece to do as she pleases, which she does by leaving her old home and its unpleasant surroundings, and seeking pastures new, which she manages to shock, and finally conquer by means of an assumed name, a vivacious manner, a wig and plenty of diamonds. At this period she is 31, and after a time meets a gentleman of the appropriate age of 38. They do as people sometimes do in novels—fall in love and agree to marry, and then and there with this satisfactory understanding, this somewhat ordinary, but readable, novel comes to an end.

A thoroughly delightful story is "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," by Herbert D. Ward (Houghton Mifflin and Company). It is in the nature of a sequel to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' story about Miss Corona and her seaside cottage "Paradise." Miss Phelps locates Paradise and tells about Miss Corona, and at the end brings in an old sweetheart, but omits the usual result. This omission is rectified by Mr. Ward, who brings about the marriage of Corona and the sweetheart, whom he dubs the burglar, and who effects the moving of Paradise by having it transferred on barges to a more favored spot on a Massachusetts bay. Mr. Ward's story is most agreeably written, and is full of original situations; the comedy is quaint and taking.

"A Loyal Traitor," by James Barnes (Harper and Brothers), is a story of romance and adventure, laid in the second war between England and the United States. It is written in the first person and purports to be the memoirs of a sailor discovered by the editor and published. The story tells of the sailor's early life, and of his later vicissitudes, and adventures, in which he is captured in a naval engagement and escapes to France, where he is pressed unwillingly by relatives into a plot against Napoleon. He escapes from this, and returns to his native land, where he joins the American service. All this adventure and fortunate escaping is fittingly climaxed by a successful love affair. This outline gives but a vague suggestion of the marvelous events that the book contains.

"The Pursuit of the House Boat," by John Kendrick Bangs (Harper and Brothers) is somewhat of a sequel to "The House Boat on the Styx." The story tells of the capture of the House Boat by Captain Kidd and his gang, and of the deliberations of the women who happen to be in the boat when taken. The story ends with the final rescue of the craft, the defeat of Kidd's plans, and the rescue of the women who have just decided on a supper party under the supervision of Lucretia Borgia as an appropriate punishment for the kidnapping Kidd. The interest of the book, like that of its predecessor, lies in the dialogue, which is often very amusing. The illustrations, by Peter Newell, are thoroughly in harmony with the story.

The life and poems of Edward Cracroft Lefroy, including Echoes from Theocritus and a critical estimate of the sonnets by John Addington Symonds, have been published by John Lane. The memoir is by Wilfred Austin Gill, and is a well drawn sketch of the poet's life, treating extensively of his days at Oxford and of his clerical career. The thirty "Echoes from Theocritus" indicate strongly the Hellenic ideas of the poet, his fancy for the idyls of Greece when the world was young. It is in the expression of these Grecian ideals, purged entirely of sensuality, that Lefroy strikes the note of true poetry—they are as pure and clear as a mountain stream, as finely cut as the most exquisite cameo.

S. R. Crockett has made a number of very agreeable moorland sketches in "Lad's Love" (D. Appleton and Company). The nature of the work is somewhat composite and is apparently the result of Mr. Crockett's desire to epitomize the various humors, idylls, loves and tragedies of moorland life in Scotland of nearly half a century ago. The places are real, being in and about Galloway, but the characters are altogether ideal. "Lad's Love" is fresh and charming, recalling in some respects "The Lilac Sunbonnet;" the local coloring put in with a fresh brush, and there are alternations of both humor and pathos.

"Sweet Revenge," by F. A. Mitchell (Harper and Brothers) is the very latest story of the Civil War. Most of its pages are taken up with the adventures of a Union officer who is pursued by a band of guerillas in the most approved guerilla fashion. A couple of Southern girls assist the officer in eluding his pursuers, who are finally dispersed by a troop of Union cavalry; a period of amatory misunderstanding follows, but the tale eventually ends with the usual tying of nuptual knots. The story is colored with Southern sentiment almost entirely; the dialect is well sustained and the characters are quite natural.

Harper and Brothers have brought out in very attractive form a reprint of Mrs. Craik's widely read novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman," with illustrations by Hugh Riviere. Mrs. Craik's book is as familiar almost as "Oliver Twist," and undoubtedly deserves the privilege. It has had the advantage of a wonderful circulation, which likely will be further advanced by the new edition.

"Wilt Thou Have This Woman?" by J. Maclaren Cobban (J. B. Lippincott Company) is very much a typical English novel. The characters and scenes are all familiar, and although the plot is somewhat conventional, the unravelling is dramatic and quite out of the ordinary.

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## PEN PORTRAITS

### A Volume of Reminiscences by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

Though "A Letter to Posterity" (Harper & Brothers) is full of interesting reminiscences and makes a fairly readable volume, the critical reader cannot but think what an inimitable autobiography Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood might have made had fate thrown her early in life into the custody of Charles A. Dana. Here is a world of magnificent material gone to waste for lack of literary skill. Surely no one of her time has had better opportunities to meet the great men and women of our time than Mrs. Sherwood. Her father, General James Wilson, was a brilliant orator and a man of personal and social standing, who enjoyed the friendship of Daniel Webster and his contemporaries. She grew up in a literary and political atmosphere, lived long in Washington, and subsequently in New York, at the critical time in this nation's history, and was on familiar terms with the ante-bellum statesmen and writers whose names figure so brilliantly in the story of that notable era. She knew Daniel Webster at the various stages of his career. She was a guest at Brook Farm, and met Margaret Fuller. She was a visitor at the White Mansion while James Russell Lowell was courting the beautiful Maria White. She knew Thackeray, when he was in New York; was at the Prince of Wales' ball at the Academy of Music, at the ball which Lincoln gave to General McClellan. She knew Mrs. Barbauld and Emerson, met Bret Harte in New York, when he told her how glad he was to get away from California. She was a visitor at the house of Bancroft, the historian; knew Charles Sumner, heard T. Buchanan Read recite "Sheridan's Ride;" was at dinner at the house of Prescott, met Agassiz and all the other members of the New England literati. Indeed, her opportunities have been inimitable, but she has little real skill at telling her story.

However, the remembrances of such a life could not fail to be interesting. Singularly enough, Mrs. Sherwood leaves no impress of her own personality on these pages. It is narrative, with but little flavor of an individuality. One realizes the writer must be prominent in society, must have a strong character and earnest views of conditions, yet one arises from the perusal of the volume with the faintest sense of what the woman is to whom all this has happened. It would have added to the value of the book as a document had its author but been clever enough to reveal more of her own identity. However, it is an inimitable volume to quote from. Here is Mrs. Sherwood's visit to Marshfield, the country home of Daniel Webster. She was then but a little girl, and accompanied her father, whom the great Daniel had pronounced the best stump speaker in America.

We had had the honor of receiving Mr. Webster as our guest in Keene, and he had asked us to visit him at Marshfield, his famous country-seat on the sea. To proceed thither to see our great hero, accompanied by a brass band, was rather exciting for a girl of thirteen, and to be met by Mrs. Webster in her carriage (all in white, a fine-looking, dark-eyed woman) seemed to me to be very distinguished. My mother and a friend were placed in the seat of honor, and I was asked to mount the box in which Mr. Webster was driving himself. To say that I was frightened as those big black eyes swept me up is to state it mildly; but I lived through it, and since I was young and small I was allowed the seat next to Mr. Webster on the driver's box. How elated I felt as my tall father put me up there, and he whispered in my ear, "Remember this, my daughter: you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!"

It was the most impressive and attractive thing about Mr. Webster that all his friends called him always "Daniel Webster." My coachman, who was dressed in a plain suit of gray, with a wide-awake hat and a loosely tied neckerchief of red, began immediately to make himself agreeable.

"So this is your first visit to the sea, Miss Wilson?" said he.

I could have told him that he was the first person to address me as "Miss" Wilson. I was not old enough for titles then.

And so he went on smiling and showing me his splendid teeth, which were as white and regular as a string of pearls, looking down on me with his great black eyes, which were fabulously handsome. He pointed out to me Seth Peterson, who was walking along the road, and who stopped to take some orders from his fellow-fisherman.

"You will eat to-day some fish which Seth and I caught this morning," said Mr. Webster.

I was frightened to death, but I made a lucky hit by asking what sort of fish were the easiest to catch.

He launched off on his favorite subject, and told me of the gamey bass and the reluctant cod and so on; when I again said:

"I suppose you enjoy the fish which are the hardest to catch, don't you, Mr. Webster?"

He looked around at me and laughed. "You are beginning young, Miss Wilson," said he; "that is the remark of a coquette."

And at dinner he embarrassed me very much by repeating this conversation as a piece of youthful precocity.

Our drive was only too short, as we soon reached the long, low, pleasant white house known as Marshfield.

Mrs. Webster—a Miss Le Roy by birth—had very distinguished manners, and I felt awed as she received me every day with a lofty courtesy on the veranda.

The house was full of company. Judge Warren, a famous wit, was there. Mr. Webster laughed at everything he said. A great Whig demonstration had just taken place, and one man had put the flag in a sheaf of wheat as his part of the procession. "He didn't want things to go against the grain," said Judge Warren.

The dinner was profuse and excellent. Mr. Webster had dressed for it, and looked so grand in his blue coat and brass buttons that I was more and more afraid of him; but he grew more and more kind.

He offered a goose for the piece de resistance, and carved it himself with great deftness. He afterwards whispered to me that he was afraid it would not go round.

Every day for a week he gave me the honor and pleasure of a drive, and every day the company changed. I liked him best in the mornings, when, with his soft hat on his head, he sat on the veranda with his dogs and his friends, talking, telling stories, and being the genial and magnetic host.

He of all men next to Napoleon deserved the title of magnetic. His powerful face, so often described, so characterized by Carlyle, Macaulay, and Sydney Smith, was capable of the most lustrous and winning and beautiful smile I can remember. Had Mr. Webster been, like Charles James Fox, a professional lady-killer, he would have won every woman in the land. But I never heard that he went into the business of flirtation at all.

He could be as terrible as he was gentle, and we had a curious instance of his power. Mrs. Webster complained to him of the revolt of a kitchen-maid. "Send her to me," he said.

The housekeeper told us that he simply looked at her, when she cried out, "Don't do that! I will scrub the buttery!"

It was like a flash on sensitive flesh to have his black eyes flash their lightning at one.

Here is an interesting story that reflects the great personality of Webster:

I remember one anecdote of Mr. Webster's immense personal charm told me by Mr. W. W. Story, of Rome.

"James Lowell and I," said he, "were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in and hoot at him and to show him that he had incurred out displeasure. There were three thousand people there, and we felt sure they would hoot with us, young as we were.

"But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped calmly forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became cold as ice and respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation."

Mr. Webster talked one evening of his past, the past of the "Reply to Hayne." He told us how Mrs. Gales had saved it for him, as she could read her husband's shorthand, which no one else could.

The Whites, whose daughter Maria married James Russell Lowell, lived at Watertown in a great mansion, where Mrs. Sherwood was a frequent visitor. Here is Miss Maria:

But I had eyes only for Maria, the blue-eyed beauty, the genius, with eyes lighted from behind and the smile which seemed to illumine the earth! She was a predestinee. Consumption had even then marked her for its own, and although she lived fourteen years after that she always walked with death at her side. Perhaps a certain unearthly quality of her beauty was owing to the influence of this malady, which is known to cast a radiance over its victims. But Maria White had no appearance then of an invalid. Her skin was beautifully fair, with no hectic in the cheeks, no color save the red of her lips; her hair, which was very profuse and worn in bandeaux over the ears, was a rich auburn brown, and her eyes very light blue, with long lashes; her teeth were a feature by themselves, so white, so perfect, and so regular, a set of graduated pearls. She was not a large woman nor a small one, rather slender than otherwise, perfectly graceful and well-made. The expression of the face was rapt, spiritual, poetic. I never saw such eyes.

Thackeray is ever a source of interest. Mrs. Sherwood had frequent opportunities of meeting him, and evidently knew him well. She tells of his friendship with the Baxters:

I saw him several times during his later visit in 1855, and in company of Miss Sallie Baxter, who was the beautiful girl who suggested to him the character or personal appearance of Ethel Newcomb, at least such was the gossip.

I remember going with her to one of his lectures, and seeing Thackeray in the green-room before he entered. It was here he showed the playful and engaging side of his manner. Thackeray was a gentleman born and bred, and his polish of manner never left him, even when his fun would have made him boyish.

The hero after the war was General Grant. This story illustrates his simplicity:

General Grant's tour around the world made him so replete with delightful reminiscence that he talked more when he came home. I remember dining with him at Governor Cornell's in New York, and it was a very distinguished dinner. I told him that an English officer, who had been present at the dinner given him by the Duke of Wellington in the Waterloo Chamber told me in London that he thought him a very learned soldier. "Well, I am not," said Grant. "I had neither the genius of Sherman nor the learning of Lee or Macpherson. I only meant to get there."

Here is an interview with Ralph Waldo Emerson, which illustrates a phase of the great thinker rather different from that with which the world is generally familiar:

I had heard this great thinker lecture, but had never known him personally until about 1858, when I met him at a party at Mr. Bancroft's. To my amazement, he showed a curiosity to know "who people were."

James Russell Lowell who had the discernment to read Emerson's character, regarded his head as a well-balanced sphere. "One pole on Olympus and t'other on 'change" is his witty line describing this prince of dreamers, this "simple child and worldly wise, who so largely raised the value of real estate in Concord." I remember asking Mr. Emerson if Hawthorne (whom, with other young novel-readers, I was then adoring) ever went into society. "Oh, no," said Emerson. "It would take a forty-dowager power to drag him to such a party as this."

His great friend, the devout idealist Alcott, I never saw, although I read many of his "Orphic Sayings." Mr. Emerson brought nothing of this Concord atmosphere into society, but a great deal of good Yankee curiosity. When I asked for a Massachusetts lady whom he knew he looked at me with those penetrating eyes that seemed too far off to have recognized anything lower than the rings of Saturn.

"Well, marm, how did you happen to have known her?" said he. I had to give him my whole lineage before he was satisfied. I remember that he quoted Alcott. We were speaking of a certain President, whom we did not love, and his large majority.

"Oh!" said he, "Beelzebub marshals majorities, and multitudes ever lie." A famous "Orphic" utterance.

The chapter about New York society is readable. Here is an interesting passage about Governor Fish:

The balls outgrew the private residences, and Delmonico's, at the corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue (now, alas! a carpet store), became the site for the Patriarchs' and the Assembly balls and the private parties at which daughters were introduced. One liberal gentleman gave a ball there at which he introduced a pond with live swans floating on the water.

"That is done to propitiate the Ledas (leaders) of society, I suppose," said a wit.

These beautiful rooms, many blue parlors going off in suites, were the scene of a fine fancy ball in the '70's. Mrs. Belmont was at the head of it, and it was enormously successful. I remember being received, as I entered, by Mr. Gracie King in a court suit, which he had inherited from his father, worn by Hon. Rufus King when Minister to England. He looked his part most completely.

The rooms were also the scene of a very good story told by Governor Fish of his own experience. The leaders of the german were not always very polite to the elderly, but of course they have improved since.

The Hon. Hamilton Fish, just home from Grant's cabinet, was doubtless our first citizen; he was the most amiable and quietly dignified and self-effacing of great men. He had accompanied his beautiful daughters to a ball at Delmonico's, and when they were to dance the german he retired to an adjacent parlor to await their pleasure.

A young man came up to him and said, "Want that chair, sir, for the german." The Governor gave it up peacefully, and retreated to another room, when presently another dancer followed him, and said:

"Have to get out of this, old gentleman. Want the chair for the german.

The Governor went still farther afield, when a third approached him.

"Will you tell me where I am to go?" he asked.

"Well," said No. 3, "if I were you, old man, I think I would go home."

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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
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## MISS FRISCO

### Brilliant Local Color at the Tivoli This Week.

"Miss Frisco" at the Tivoli is a good play gone wrong. Like Powers' "First Born," it has been written upon a San Francisco subject, and its action involves the fortunes and misfortunes of a number of well-known San Francisco characters. As far as it goes, the little opera is good enough, even though conceived along the lines of the broadest burlesque. The Exempt Firemen, the old plaza, Lotta's fountain and even the new Cliff House are all legitimate material for scenic representation, while the street characters, such as Emperor Norton, Father Elphick, the matrimonial-paper man and several others are all in the line of good comedy.

The management of "Miss Frisco" got started in the right direction—following the lead of Mr. Powers, who discovered his own city, as one might say. The public like to see and to recognize themselves anywhere, whether in novels or in caricature or behind the footlights. The promoters of "Miss Frisco" started right but they very promptly managed to get off the beaten track. The illusive will o' the wisp of advertisement lured them down a by path and it is to be feared will soon lead them to the arid waste of failure.

The scene about Lotta's fountain could be made very attractive were it not for the advertisements of corsets, cigars and daily newspapers that shout aloud from every flat and backing. While the scene at that certain place of amusement at the end of Haight street is as obviously paid for as the ads. upon the drop curtain.

These are the principle drawbacks in the way of the success of the "operatic melange," as the programme has it. But it is extremely doubtful whether the management can take such liberties with its audience and yet keep the piece on for more than a week. The public may enjoy being fooled, but at least it must be cleverly fooled—fooled in such a way that the trick is not too grossly apparent.

In other respects "Miss Frisco" is a jolly little operetta, and for this week at least is playing to the capacity of the house. The best scenes are those representing Lotta's fountain (barring always the advertisements), the Cliff House and the old plaza. Ferris Hartman as Tommy Nothing was easily the hit of the evening. The recitation he gave of "King Phillip's Fool" was dramatic and stirring enough, though one questions the appropriateness of anything so grim and tragic in the midst of comic "turns" and breakdowns. Myra Morella, despite the fact that her part necessitated the greatest number of changes of costume the writer ever remembers to have witnessed, "caught" the audience at once with her sprightly rendering of the title role.

***

Comfortably filled, but not crowded houses have been the rule at the Baldwin this week. The German citizen laughed ponderously over the witticisms of the diminutive Franz Ebert and Adolph Zink, but the ear unfamiliar with German took little enjoyment from it, for the entire performance is rendered in that language. True, both Ebert and Zink are amusing, both in facial expression and gestures, but the non-German-speaking portion of the audience was compelled to depend upon the eye for its amusement, and not the ear. "The Merry Tramps" is a spectacular play with four acts and eleven tableaux, written expressly for these little chaps as a vehicle for bringing out their specialties. They have an air-ship, an experiment with the cathode ray, harvest festivals, a dance of the lanterns, a manape, a ballet of silver laces, and all the gaudy, gilded and impossible things that go to make up an extravaganza and a spectacular play. "The Merry Tramps" is not as amusing as its predecessors, and unless recollection fails me, both Ebert and Zink when last here relieved the situation by holding many of their dialogues in the English language, a thing which it was unwise for them to abandon. The honors of the week were carried off by Ebert, Zink, Bertha Jaeger, Ludwig Merkel, Miss Toni Meister and Max Walter. The play is interspersed with music, dancing and specialties, and all in all the entertainment is pleasing.


### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious.
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### TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG.

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of $65 a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of $50 a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for out door sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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At the terminus of Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway. Concert every Sunday during the season from 1 to 5 p. m. The Club House will be conducted under the management of Mrs. Rachael Hayward, whose reputation as a purveyor and hostess is unequalled.
Take Oakland Ferry at the foot of Market street on the hour or half hour to Fruitvale Station. The Haywards Electric Cars make connections for Park without change.

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To-night, Sunday Night, and all next week. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
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Last time Sunday Night, June 20th
Monday, June 21st, the Lyceum Theatre Company in The Prisoner of Zenda

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FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Monday, June 14th, first time on any stage of the new comedy by Mr. Lorimer Stoddard entitled
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Seats now on sale
In preparation Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah"

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O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL
Week Commencing Monday, June 14th
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Last week of Adgie and her Lions. NOTE: Feeding of the animals in full view of the audience
In conjunction with Russell Bros., Dailey & Hilton, Johnson & Dean, Vadis Twin Sisters, etc.
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A Positive Triumph! Ovr First Annual Review!
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Sumptuous Costumes, Magnificent Scenery, etc.
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In a gorgeous production of WANG
The brilliant spectacular comic opera
Popular Prices . . 25 and 50c.

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Last performances of The House on the Marsh
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Commencing Monday, June 14th, Grand Scenic Production of the Wonderful Romantic Melodrama
In the Heart of the Storm
Original and Startling Mechanical Effects!
Charleston Earthquake! Great Flood Scene!
Picturesque Swamps and Everglades!
Evg. Prices, 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

## TURF TOPICS

### Jockey Club Programmes—Prospects of the Harness-Racing Season.

In the dearth of turf news on the Coast, rather more attention than has been warranted by the facts of the case has been given to reports regarding the projected race track in the neighborhood of San Rafael. There is no reason to suppose that any scheme of the kind is likely to mature, and as the running-horse stables have pretty well dispersed, summer racing near San Francisco need not be looked for. The poolrooms have failed to find cover at Sausalito, and their owners are now, no doubt, living in hope that the fresh attempt which is being made to get the Supervisors of this city to legalize betting offices will admit of their conducting their operations in the metropolis. It is needless to say that the interests of the Ingleside and Oakland tracks lie in quite the opposite direction, and the authorities of both are no doubt alive to the situation, and understand how to protect themselves.

The two local jockey clubs are at present occupied in laying their plans and preparing programmes for next winter's racing, the intention being to leave no stone unturned to still further improve the character and quality of the sport. In the columns of this journal we have previously pointed out that, as things have been progressing the last two or three years, there are practically no limits to the possibilities of California as a racing country. Of this Eastern visitors who attend our meetings are convinced, and as the attractions we have to offer become better known there is no reason why more foreign horses should not find their way here to take part in the game. The officials concerned are not losing sight of any possible opportunity to offer inducements, which would have this effect, and something may be done ere long in that view. In the meantime it is to be hoped any attention the subject may receive from the press may be judiciously bestowed and not be limited to suggestions and comparisons, which would only tend to bring ridicule upon California in the minds of practical horsemen outside the State. Racing men are conservative by instinct, and are not to be cajoled by sensational stories regarding the big chances to be put before them by enterprising promoters. Their policy will be to wait until they absolutely know what is coming before troubling their heads with the matter.

The great want in the programmes on this Coast is more long distance racing. Of races on the flat over a mile out of the 1,030 events brought off here last season there were only 140, of which again but 40 exceeded 1⅛ miles, namely 21 at 1¼, 3 at 1½, 4 at 2 and 2 at 4 miles. There can be no question as to long distance racing being most attractive to the public as a spectacle, nor any doubt that it serves to do more for the improvement of the breed of horses than short cuts can ever do. Will our racing caterers therefore consider whether it be not practicable to let us have more events at 1¼, 1½, 2 and 2½ miles? The last mentioned distance is far enough for all reasonable purposes. There is a sufficiency of one mile races, but there should certainly be more between that distance and 2½ miles. One of the great difficulties in turf operations at all times is to weed out the rubbish, and the simplest way to do this is without doubt to maintain a full proportion of long distance events. Four miles racing is very heroic, but experience does not favor its extension; and to accomplish the object sought we need something more moderate and of more frequent occurrence than is possible at that distance.

The publication of the entries for the meeting of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, to be held at Oakland the second week after the close of the State Fair, affords satisfactory proof that there will be plenty of sport in the way of harness racing. A glance over the list goes to show that in point of numbers the pacing division is now just about on equal terms with the trotting section, while it is further noticeable that the smaller owners are not so overpowered by the representatives of the large breeding farms as in former years. This latter condition argues well for the prospects of harness racing, for the more general the character of the entries the greater must be the public interest. The free-for-all events, both trotting and pacing, have not filled, and it is proposed to reopen these stakes, which are the most valuable, the purse being $2,000 in each case. It is to be hoped the ultimate result may be satisfactory, as these races always attract more than local attention.

Entries for the two and three-year-old Futurity Stakes of 1899 and 1900, aggregating $3,000 guaranteed and divided into four events, one for trotters of each age and one for pacers, have been extensively made, a total of 146 entries altogether having been reached. The Palo Alto and Oakwood Park Stock Farms are the largest contributors, with twenty and nineteen youngsters, respectively. Santa Rosa Farm, D. E. Knight, of Marysville, C. A. Durfee, George Gray of Haywards and W. H. Stimson of Los Angeles have also entered liberally in these stakes.

The circuit arrangements are still unsettled, but Chico, Willows and Santa Rosa have all placed themselves in the hands of the P. C. T. H. B. Association, who will, no doubt, be able to arrange satisfactory programmes, with the subsidy at their disposal that is understood to be forthcoming from each of these localities.

Altogether the outlook for harness racing is more favorable just now than it has been for some time.

Accounts to hand so far this season go to show that horse breeding operations have been conducted with more discrimination than usual. A larger proportion of good stock has been bred and a smaller number of poor mares and worthless stallions mated than used to be the case. There is absolutely no sale for rubbish nowadays, and people have therefore ceased to trouble themselves with what cannot be turned to account. In thoroughbreds and trotters California is in the first rank, but in regard to horses for light and heavy draft, as well as saddle work, our standing is not good by any means. With one or two exceptions nothing seems to be doing to make it otherwise. Of course the local demand is but slight, but good animals are not dependent on that for disposal. The dealers will find their way here, if there is good stock to show them. Recent sales of miscellaneous consignments in the local auction yards have been attended with results very unsatisfactory to the owners.

BENEDICT.

The Duke of Argyle is said to have the finest and biggest piper in all the Highlands. Outside Inverary Castle his grace's piper was accosted by a certain nobleman with, "Can you tell me, my man, where I could get a piper like you?" The man ceased playing, and, glowering with wrath, looked down upon his questioner, and burst out, "There pe mony a wee lord like you in England, but there is na another piper like me onywhere!" And he marched off without vouchsafing another word to the astonished Southron.

Mme. A. Ruppert begs to announce to the ladies of San Francisco that she has recently removed to rooms 15-16, 131 Post street, where she hopes to receive the same patronage as formerly.

At this season of the year, when orchards are smiling and the grain-fields are golden, there are but few more pleasant trips to be found than a ride over the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway to Haywards Park, where there is a comfortable club-house, and refreshments and music of the best quality are to be found.

A full assortment of the latest Eastern novelties at Gruenhagens, 20 Kearny street. Ice Cream Chocolates—a superior make—a specialty. Goods delivered free to Oakland, Alameda or Berkeley.

### $25 Rate to Chicago via the Santa Fe Route.

The low rates made for Christian Endeavorers will be open to the public if they travel via the Great Santa Fe Route. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.

### New Safe-Deposit Vaults.

Safes $4 to $150 per annum. The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, are the strongest, best guarded and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts as executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge. Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has sold his partnership interest in the firm doing business under the name of The Novato French Cheese Factory, at the town of Novato, county of Marin, State of California, to C. Schulz, and that the undersigned is no longer a member of said firm, or interested therein, and is not responsible for the debts of said firm. JAMES NEWLANDS JR.
Dated April 20, 1897.

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NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

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For names of dealers handling the genuine whisky, apply to our wholesale agents
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Opens Monday, August 16th. Preparation for college. A limited number of house pupils. Kindergarten in connection with the school. Miss Mary B. West, principal. 2014 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Oakland Seminary
528 Eleventh Street, Oakland, Cal. Next term opens July 26th. For particulars, apply to Mrs. M. K. Blake, principal.

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The Winter term commences September 1st. For particulars, apply to Principal.

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Gives diplomas and confers degrees. Reopens August 4th. Address Mrs. C. T. Mills, President, Mills College Postoffice, Alameda County, California.

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### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Dividend No. 44 (twenty-five cents per share) of the **Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Co.** will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market street, on and after Monday, June 21st, 1897.
Transfer books will close Tuesday, June 15th, 1897, at 3 o'clock p.m.
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The largest, best-ventilated and most complete in San Francisco or west of Chicago, a full line of saddle, road and carriage horses, the newest styles of buggies, rockaways, traps, wagonettes, victorias, etc.; long lease, cheap rent, fireproof building; riding school attached; best location in the city for light livery and boarding; clears 35 per cent on investment; in full running order; will be sold for unavoidable reasons at a great bargain. B., 200 Hyde street.

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When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

Address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.

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Boston excursions via Kansas City, Chicago, Montreal and the White Mountains leave every Tuesday.

**San Francisco ticket office, 644 Market Street, Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.**
**Oakland office, 1118 Broadway.**

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## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. June 1, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30; July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 26, 30; August 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. the 2d each month.

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BULLION MINING COMPANY. — Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 4th day of May, 1897, an assessment (No. 50) of ten cents (10c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 8th day of June, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 28th day of June, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

---

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of JOHN REIDY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

A. C. FREESE,
Adm. of the Estate of John Reidy, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

---

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
Amount per share, 5 cents
Levied May 21, 1891
Delinquent in office June 25, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 16, 1897

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 27
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied May 11, 1897
Delinquent in office, June 12, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, July 1, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

---

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

At a certain old-fashioned country church the clergyman was in the habit of thumping the pulpit to emphasize his words. One morning he had taken for his text the words, "Behold, I come quickly." During the sermon he repeated the text two or three times, bringing his fist (each time) down, not very gently, on the woodwork. Suddenly the pulpit and minister fell, burying in the ruins an old woman who had been sitting in a pew directly underneath listening very intently. Help was near at hand, and the old woman and the clergyman were quickly rescued. When she had recovered her breath a little, she looked up into the minister's face and remarked, quietly: "Oh, lor! I didn't think thee meant to come quite so quick!"

An eminent Scottish statesman, noted for his free views of religion, met after a long and fatiguing day's canvass, a dissenting minister, who was very keen upon the subject of getting the bishops out of the House of Lords, and, in pursuance of his favorite hobby, asked, "Well, sir, what are you prepared to do about the bishops?" The statesman, irritated and fatigued by his day's work, muttered, testily, "Oh, hang the bishops!" The minister bowed, and replied: "Well, Mr. ——, you go rather beyond me there; I canna' undertake to go altogether that length with ye, but ye shall hae my vote!"

An old-time Abolitionist in Illinois went to a theatre in Chicago and saw Forrest playing Othello. The stranger was not very well up in Shakespeare, and did not know that the tragedian was a white man, who had blacked his face for the part. After the play was over the friends who had invited the Illinois man to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said: "Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have had for the race, blamed ef I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em!"

Mrs. Paran Stevens, the New York Society leader, had a drunken coachman in her service. On one occasion she was at a party, when her host thought it his duty to inform her that the man was so tipsy that it would not be safe for her to allow him to drive her home. Mrs. Stevens said very quietly, "Let me speak to the fellow myself;" and she went to the halldoor, where the following dialogue was overheard: "Are you drunk, John?" "Yes, ma'am." "Are you more drunk than usual, John?" "No, ma'am." "Let down the steps, then! I shall go home."

Prince Bismarck was once asked by Count Enzenberg, formerly Hessian envoy at Paris, to write something in his album. The page on which he had to write contained the autographs of Guizot and Thiers. The former had written, "I have learned in my long life two rules of prudence. The first is to forgive much; the second is never to forget." Under this Thiers had written, "A little forgetting would not detract from the sincerity of the forgiveness." Prince Bismarck added, "As for me, I have learned to forget much, and to ask to be forgiven much."

Lord Rosebery, when quite a young man, was in the establishment of an Oxford-street hatter, buying a new hat. While he stood bareheaded, waiting to be fitted, a bishop entered on the same errand, and mistook the Earl of Rosebery for one of the shop assistants. "Have you a hat like this?" he asked, showing him his own extraordinary headgear. The future Prime Minister took it from him, and examined it critically before he answered. "No," he replied, at length, "I haven't got a hat like that; and if I had, I'm blest if I'd wear it!"

A well known politician who affects to despise the fads of the leisure class, met a society person who is an eminent practitioner of golf. He inquired, with a wink, to a friend who was with him: "Say, Mr. J—, what is the difference between goll-f and 'guff,' as I believe it is called?" "Well, Mr. Q——," replied the amateur golfer, "golf is a game I try to play, and 'guff' is what you give us."

A government official in Washington politely inquired of the Secretary of the Brazilian Embassy, whose English is better than it is good: "How is your wife to-day?" "She's got a head on her," replied the Secretary gravely. They parted. An hour later the official had a call from the Secretary, who explained that he had made a mistake. His wife had neuralgia, and not the effects of a debauch.

One Sunday morning recently a collier, going up a street in Vancouver, met another pitman dressed in his "Sunday suit" of black cloth, but pushing in front of him a heavy wheelbarrow. "Hello, Jack," said the first, "what are ta doing wi' t' barrow?" "Well," was the reply, "I've lost t' dog, and my chum Bill's away, and a chap looks such a fool walking out by hissel'!"

In the early part of the Queen's reign a story was current that her Majesty once asked the Duke of Wellington what kind of boots he was in the habit of wearing. "People call them Wellington, madam." "How absurd!" her Majesty exclaimed. "Where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Wellingtons?"

Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes—with a leaning to the side of mercy."


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Where Coal is King

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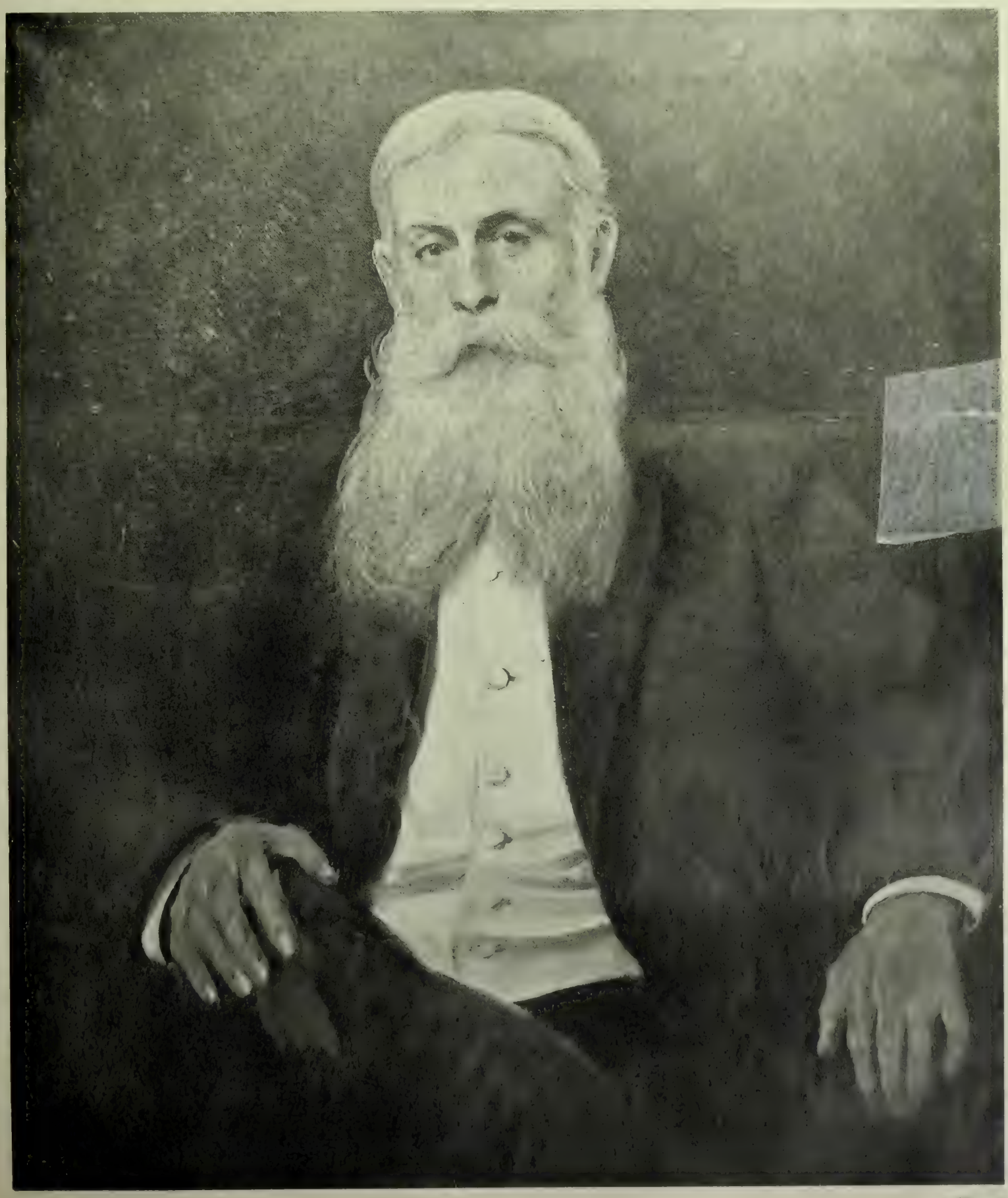
VOL XVI. No. 25 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 19, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.



SANFORD B. DOLE

PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF HAWAII

FROM A PAINTING BY FRED YATES

# THE WAVE

is published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 19, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| Delving for Coal on the Banks of Carbon River | 4 |
| "Not Guilty": a Story from the French | 5 |
| To Symbolize Stevenson | 5 |
| Exits and Entrances | 6 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| Where Coal is King | 7 |
| If Hawaii Were Ours | 9 |
| "Made in France" | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary; by Miss Cricket | 10 |
| Love From the Moment of Proposal in three Novels | 12 |
| "The Question"; by F. N. | 13 |
| Turf Notes; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE RICH MAN AS A MUNICIPAL ASSET.

The commercial progress and industrial upbuilding of a city are not things of chance or good luck, to be coaxed into being by nailing a horseshoe over the municipal doorway. Neither do any mysterious laws, the understanding of which are beyond the grasp of the ordinary mind, govern a city's progress. Good, wholesome, old-fashioned common sense, backed up by wealth and enterprise, will accomplish for a community, in these modern days, more than will the ordinary advantages of geographical location in the hands of a less enterprising community. If San Francisco is not as prosperous as the past has promised it should be, or as its natural advantages would seem to warrant, then there is something wrong with its citizens. We may not improve the favors which nature has showered upon us, but we may improve ourselves to mutual advantage.

A city is a corporation, nothing more, nothing less. Practically, all of its citizens are stockholders, and each is entitled to a vote and a voice in naming its presiding officer, its board of directors, and all the lesser municipal governing powers. Great power, indeed, all power, is lodged with the citizen stockholders. The professional idler upon the street, whose purse is replenished by soliciting alms, may vote to compel the man of wealth to expend his money against his will upon some useless municipal extravagance; or, if he be a Populist, may vote to deny to him the privilege of issuing bonds and assessing himself to pay for some needed public improvement. The "stockholders" govern, and the spirit of the community, indeed its very morals, are reflected in the public functionaries chosen at the popular elections. If we suffer a governmental wrong, or are inflicted with bad, unscrupulous or dishonest officeholders, the fault lies with the people themselves, and is chargeable to no one else.

Under the laws of this State, five or more citizens may erect themselves into a corporation for private profit. Each shareholder is entitled to a vote in naming the governing body of the organization, and its management, like that of the municipal corporation, is under the absolute domination and control of the individual shareholders. The object and the purpose of these corporate promoters may be development along industrial, commercial or agricultural lines. It does not matter which, but the success of the corporate operations will hinge upon the policy of its promoters, the spirit that dominates them and the business ability of its directors and its stockholders. Into such a corporation a man of wealth is not only welcomed and invited, but he is necessary and vital to the corporation itself. If a clique of stockholders in such a corporation should make war upon the richer members simply because they were the richer, such a proceeding would soon disgust the man of capital and drive him to seek another and more congenial environment. Such senseless antagonism would be, not only suicidal, but unreasonable, and unless a majority of the stockholders partook of this hostility toward capital it would not be tolerated for a moment.

The case of the municipal corporation is in this respect on all-fours with the private corporation. Under the laws of our State, any portion of a county, containing not less than 500 inhabitants, may become incorporated and have and enjoy all the powers and privileges conferred by law upon municipal corporations of the same class. By this means a definite and lawful city or municipality is constructed. Its success as a municipality, as a commercial center, as a point of shipment, as a point of trade, as a place of residence, will depend very much upon the wisdom of its governmental policy, the spirit that dominates its people, and the business attributes that live with them. Five hundred beggars gathered in one portion of a county could neither inaugurate nor maintain great enterprises, commercial or otherwise, while 500 enterprising men, with a sprinkling of wealth among them, might build a city that would reach magnificent proportions in wealth and population.

A very able man of sound judgment and keen observation recently asked the writer why this city did not make more use of its men of wealth. He spoke of the rich man as a municipal asset, and pointed out that the growth of New York had been due largely to the united efforts of her richest men, and that the public spirit of Chicago was due in the main to the harmonious relations that existed between such men as Armour and the enterprising but less wealthy mass of citizens. From time immemorial, ever since history began, not only in this country but in the older European countries, the growth of cities has been attributable to the men of wealth who took up their residence within them. Probably the city of St. Louis is advancing more rapidly to-day than any of her sister American cities: The moving spirits of that municipality have mastered the theory upon which great cities have secured their rapid advancement. The history of Chicago was before them as an open book, and under a combination between the great masses of the people, the mercantile life and the wealthy classes, St. Louis is to-day forging ahead with hitherto unheard-of rapidity.

Every man in a community may be regarded as an asset or a liability. The poor wretch whose shattered frame is stretched out upon a couch in our almshouse or county hospital is a charge upon the rest of the community, and is as much a municipal liability as is the maintenance of any necessary public work. Our broad stretch of harbor and our trade possibilities are municipal assets, but without money and enterprise to develop them they are just so much dead capital. The man of wealth who abides and has his home and fortune with us is likewise a municipal asset—not that he is merely a thing to be assessed and taxed, but in a broader sense he is of distinct value to the community.

The attitude of San Francisco toward its rich men and its large corporate interests is notorious throughout the world. As a community, we have inclined toward the view of the wrong-headed stockholders whose rude and profitless attacks have driven capital from enterprise. Point out a San Franciscan engaged in any undertaking of magnitude, and we will indicate to you a man who has suffered from one species or another of official attack and blackmail. The unfortunate capitalist who has an investment, the operations of which, or the rates of which, fall under supervisorial control, lives in daily dread and fear of the hungry and marauding public servant, who would wreck and ruin his enterprise for the mere lust of it unless something was forthcoming to satisfy his greed. We do not hold our rich men in proper perspective. Mr. Huntington, for instance, who has immense interests in this city and State, is permitted to visit us for a few months, attend to his personal business, and then depart. He is a man of influence in the East, and enjoys a wide acquaintance among men of influence in national affairs. He has proved himself a very successful agent for the railway company, and might easily be procured to advance our welfare as a city in particular directions, for the mere asking of it. A drive through the Golden Gate Park at the suggestion of one of the Park Commissioners, once brought from him a donation of $25,000, and as a result we have an artificial lake and a waterfall to beautify our public playground. To reap the benefits that should come with the possession of rich men, we need to mend our manners toward them, and mend them radically. There are districts in this city at present unsupplied with water. The corporation engaged in the business of purifying water would not be justified to-day in constructing expensive reservoirs and laying pipes to serve these sparsely-settled districts, but it is thinkable that, with better treatment, it might, in advance of necessity, construct these works, and by the mere doing of it advance the price of property in the neighborhood affected.

One does not need to agree with Claus Spreckels' position on the sugar question to find much that is reprehensible in the personal attacks now being made upon that gentleman. We owe much to Mr. Spreckels. If the beet-sugar industry has been developed in this State, and the world has been taught that we have here an undeveloped field wherein capital may with safety venture, we owe it to Claus Spreckels. If hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been put into labor, and the city's material wealth increased by the erection of handsome buildings at a time of unparalleled stringency in the money market, we owe it to Claus Spreckels. When the Valley Railroad was a languishing, expiring thing in the hands of the Traffic Association, it was Claus Spreckels who came forward and put life into the enterprise and made it a success at an outlay of millions of dollars. We may not agree with Mr. Spreckels, but we need not abuse him for caring for his own interests.

These are mere isolated examples, however. When the attitude of the community undergoes a change, once we come to regard and treat the man of wealth as a municipal asset, as a something to be "worked," if you please, for the good of the community at large, the more readily will you find him entering into the development of the municipality and hastening its growth and prosperity. The experiment is well worthy trying, for we have been pursuing the contrary direction without success for many years.

## THE DESTINY OF HAWAII.

The question of what shall be done with the Hawaiian Islands is one that presses for prompt settlement. We have announced to the world that the Islands will not be permitted to become a possession of or to be subordinate to any other power. The real reason for this announcement is not the fact that the Islands are by settlement and sentiment thoroughly American, for such a policy would require us to assume paramount rights over any other region, the development of which might fall to the hands of our fellow citizens. It is the geographical position of the Islands alone which makes it imperative for us to prevent them from falling into the hands of any power that may one day be hostile to us. Our trade relations with the country are probably sufficiently secure from interruption for economic reasons, even if the Islands continue in their present independent condition, unless we legislate against our own interests. We have practically extended the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine to cover the territory of the island republic by announcing that he transfer of its sovereignty to any other power will not be permitted by the United States. If the Islands could maintain their independence under a stable Republican government, our citizens would probably be well content to leave them undisturbed; but it is apparent that they cannot maintain themselves against the increasing pressure from the Asiatic side of the Pacific, and their weakness as an independent sovereignty furnishes a constant temptation to any strong power with the fever for colonial expansion. It is because these Islands are the most valuable place of arms in the whole expanse of the Pacific ocean that we cannot allow them to become the prey of any European or Asiatic power, and, in default of their ability to maintain themselves, we must, in some way, incorporate them in our own territory.

No great nation of the earth is, probably, more free from the ambition of war than we are to-day, but freedom from warlike designs cannot relieve us from the necessity of preparing for wars that may possibly be thrust upon us. The duties which we have assumed under the Monroe Doctrine itself are such as to make a war in defense of that principle always a possibility. So long as there is any possibility of a war with any naval power—and in these days all great nations are naval powers either alone or by their alliances—so long will the possession of the Hawaiian Islands be an indispensable necessity for the defense of the Coast and of our trade in the Pacific ocean. The Islands stand at the crossroads of all the important highways of the world's greatest ocean, and when, if ever, the American isthmus is cut by an ocean canal there will be added another ocean road of transcendent importance by which the commerce of the East will pass to the Asiatic coast. On this road the Islands will be the half-way station. With the track of almost every ship that traverses the Pacific crossed or flanked at close range by this group of Islands within a week's steaming of San Francisco, the value of the group as a place of arms, a great naval station, needs no demonstration. With a fortified harbor provided with facilities for the docking and repairing of war vessels there, we could feel secure in the possession

of the greater part of the great ocean. With a cable to furnish communication with the mainland we should have an outpost of incalculable value to our fleet and to the defense of our coast against a naval descent. The character of the population of the Islands and their remoteness from our coast have been urged against the advisability of annexing them. As, however, it is their value as a military station alone which make it necessary to annex them, and as their remoteness is really an element of their military value, that consideration may be dismissed. And, at any rate, they are much nearer to California than California was to the rest of the nation at the time of the conquest.

The difficult part of the problem which annexation will bring up for settlement is the character of the government which must be provided for our new acquisition. There is a natural reluctance to admit to our citizenship the bulk of the present population of the Islands, and equal reluctance to make a state out of a mixed population inferior in number to that of a very modest city. We have perhaps made statehood too cheap already, and the presence in the union of two or three derelict states has added nothing to the strength of our government or the stability of our politics. The territorial form of government is at best a temporary expedient, always looking to the development of the territory into state. The suggestion that the Islands be erected into a county of California may as well be dismissed as impractical. The Islands are wanted for national purposes, and their people would never be content under a county government subject to the whims and caprices of such Legislatures as are gathered biennially at Sacramento. California itself lived and prospered for five years after the conquest of the country by the American arms under a military Governor, and it was not until it had been made apparent that the influx of white immigrants was sufficient to ensure the continuance and prosperity of the state that a state government was erected. Why cannot the Hawaiians be asked to submit to the same test of development? As the group is needed really for military reasons only, let a military Governor be appointed to administer the affairs of the Islands, with the assistance of a local territorial Legislature. The District of Columbia, containing a greater population than the Islands, is well governed without any elective officers, and with only a fraction of Congress as a makeshift for a local legislature. Why cannot such a government be devised for the Hawaiians, who are soon to be our fellow citizens, until time shall have demonstrated that they have the men and the resources necessary for the making of a real state?

## *THE DEPRECIATION OF CAPITAL.*

Mr. John J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo & Company, and a thoughtful student of economics, takes Mr. W. H. Mills to task for a statement which recently appeared over that gentleman's signature in an article on "Economic Conditions." The paragraph to which Mr. Valentine takes exceptions is this:

The depressed condition through which the whole world now appears to be passing has not arrested the tendency of unequalizing the distribution of wealth. The vast advantages of associated capital have not been disturbed. The underlying evolutionary force of the existing system has suffered no change. The largess of life, which appears to have been the patrimony of one class, has not been diminished. Hardships attendant upon the stringency of the times have been experienced only by one class, and that class the producers of raw material, and especially have these hardships fallen with oppressive weight upon the agricultural classes.

Practically this was the argument of the supporters of Mr. Bryan during the late campaign. The producers were told, not so gently, perhaps, as Mr. Mills puts it, but they were repeatedly notified in language vigorously abusive, that all the burdens, sufferings and hardships were being borne by themselves, while capital serenely glided along in safe waters, secure from the financial storm and profiting from the misfortunes of the unfortunate. This declaration had its effect upon some minds. It is a species or argument that is apt, if not directly calculated, to breed hatred among the producing classes.

Mr. Valentine declares that "to say that the hardships attendant upon the stringency of the times have been experienced only by one class, and that class the producers of raw material, is to make a statement widely divergent from the real facts of the situation, and hence likely to produce an injurious effect." He then cites the case of the Union Pacific shareholder, who bought, a few years ago, at one hundred and twenty-five dollars and higher per share, and was receiving six per cent. dividends on his stock, and who now can market his stock at only seven dollars a share, with no possibility of dividends, and he pertinently asks the question: "Has the holder of these shares, who is not a producer of raw material, experienced no hardship?"

He also cites instances of hardship that have fallen upon the owners of New York Central stock, of Santa Fe stock, of Northern Pacific bonds, of New York Central and Lake Shore bonds, and conclusively shows that credits have materially declined in value. Quoting from the Interstate Commerce Commission's report for 1895, he shows that the group of railroad lines operating in California, Oregon and Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and the western half of New Mexico, with a stock capitalization of $578,602,553, paid no interest on 97.54 per cent. of that sum, less than two per cent. on eleven millions, and six per cent. upon only three millions. Eleven hundred banks have failed within the last five years; some of them were compelled to assess the owners of stock as high as eighty per cent. in order to reimburse depositors. And he asks: "Have these owners of stock suffered no hardships?" There is competition in capital as well as in labor, and in that competition capital has suffered quite as much as have the producers of raw material. Mr. Mills' reply to Mr. Valentine will no doubt be interesting, and if it will bring out a public discussion of the question we will doubtless profit by it.

## THE CALIFORNIA LAWYER

### A Defense of a Much-Maligned Profession, together with Criticisms of the Conduct of Durrant's Trial.

The fame of the California lawyer is growing. The slurs and sneers of an ignorant local press are being copied in the East and giving to our State bar a reputation that is not altogether enviable, yet which is based, nevertheless, on qualities worthy of emulation and admiration. Because a lawyer is loyal and makes every effort that can honestly be made to protect the client and secure to him his rights, there are many to cavil and jeer, though they know that the astuteness of the attorney, his resourcefulness and his ingenuity serve as often to work benefit as injury to the community. If there are too many sharp curves and quick turnings to the law it is not the doing of the lawyer, but of the people, who indirectly make all laws. If procedure is intricate and the right of appeal too liberal, the remedy is in the hands of the voting citizens. But who shall say that lawyers are to relax their energies because their first move fails, who would call that man honorable who should desert his trust because one tribunal or a fickle populace thought his side in the wrong?

The California lawyers in their fight for wealth or fame never let go a case until the last card, produced from some hidden receptacle as a last resort, is played. Neither are they at a loss to find something new to turn up in the nick of time, so long as they can get a hearing in a case before some judicial tribunal.

This from a Washington paper came to us as an echo of the shouts that rise from the throats of the forces of disorder against a profession that has given more distinguished statesmen to our country than all others put together. The California lawyer does nothing more than his Washington brother does—he makes the best use of his brains to do that which he is sworn as an attorney to do. There is no distinction between the members of our bar and those of any other in the land, save that we may very properly and proudly boast a superior article in the line of lawyers. If our lawyers seem more persistent and hard to kill than those of Washington, it is matter to our credit, not cause for our apologies. Continuing his comment, the above quoted editorialist vents himself with much evident satisfaction in this fashion:

For ways that are dark and devious to circumvent the just penalties which the laws prescribe for the punishment of crime, California is entitled to the precedence. In that State, as in others under the system of elective judges, there has been permitted to grow up a mass of legal technicalities of the most trivial and nonsensical kind, and a system of legal procedure which makes it an exceedingly expensive and difficult matter to convict criminals charged with the most heinous crimes against society. In addition, jurors are approached by professional bribers, or the jury is stuffed. Barefaced perjury and subordination of that crime and every scheme of trickery and deceit are resorted to by attorneys to bamboozle judges, jurors and the people. The more atrocious the murder and more daring the robbery, it would seem, the better is the chance for the criminal's escape from the network of the law. The most brutal fiend who commits the boldest outrage against society, the most savage and repulsive murderers of women and children, seldom fails to have his female, as well as male, mawkish sympathizers to labor for his acquittal or his pardon after conviction. The history of the civil side of the courts of California shows also a lamentable state of public morals and of conscientious principles in the individual of right and wrong.

How all these facts, so difficult to prove, so easy to suggest, but as all judges know so slight in foundation, how these things come to be so positively known to our Washington friend we do not know. It is a fact, a lamentable one, that attempts have been made to bribe juries in California, that judges have been on the bench, a very few, who were suspected of dishonesty or partisanship. But this is the limit of our sinning so far as the unprejudiced observer can ascertain. And New York, old, respectable New York, that never saw a mining camp and never saw such a mixture of peoples as we have seen, has a much worse record, as shown by [illegible] newspapers and her reports than this wild and wes[illegible] outpost of civilization.

As to the Durrant case, which is the timely excuse for such abuse of our bar and our people as we have quoted, there is this to be said, that in the opinion of a large number of the members of this bar Durrant did not have a fair trial. The writer has talked within a week with possibly a dozen attorneys, who, while expressing no opinion as to the young man's guilt or innocence, were unanimous in the statement that his trial was not such as the bar contemplated. It was said by one that the Judge who heard the case was notorious as a public prosecutor, a man who by a wink, a shrug of the shoulders, a pose of body or inflection of the voice could convey the suggestion of his belief of guilt. Another lawyer thought the jury prejudiced, and intimidated, citing in proof the threat made to one juror that if they didn't hang Durrant the people would hang the jury, and the heated argument made by another juror to a neighbor in favor of Durrant's guilt, and this while the trial was proceeding and the evidence not concluded. Still another lawyer, and one for whose judgment all have respect, disclosed that never in the world could Durrant have been declared guilty had not the daily press joined in the prosecution with a license never before known in an English or American community. We all remember how for months after the arrest of Durrant and more especially during the trial, the most imaginative and vicious minded of the local reporters were given full swing in our papers. It was notoriously a matter of pride with the local police that Durrant should be convicted, and a man's life was made to hang on the more or less dangerous evidence of short-sighted old women. Altogether it is hardly to be doubted that if the same combination of forces—press, police and prosecutors—could have been brought to bear against Mayor Phelan, Rev. Dr. Dille or Prof. Harrison, it would have gone hard with any one of them.

Durrant may be guilty. There is much evidence to show that he is. But there is a difference between fact and proof. The law has for the protection of us established certain rules which are intended to guard the suspected against passion and prejudice. Those who know the law think that these guards were thrown down in the Durrant case and the man's life given over to the hands of an inflamed mob. Now, mobs are not always wrong, but mob law is not the kind we pretend to administer.

A few weeks since Butler was arrested in this city for crimes alleged to have been committed in the Australian bush. Pages were given him daily in our papers. Butler was taken back to Australia. The press of that fair continent reprinted much of this matter. Promptly the law came down on these papers, and with a warning that they should do so no more, not till the facts came out at the trial, and then not in comment, the papers were fined five hundred pounds each. If our papers had been treated so would Durrant have been convicted on the evidence offered? This is one way to look at the question of Durrant's trial.

To go to the U. S. Supreme Court on appeal on habeas corpus in such cases is not novel procedure. It has been done before, and in no case that we know of has this U. S. Supreme Court interfered with the judgment of the State Courts. The question of procedure involved in the appeal in the Durrant case is worth having settled, and when such a man as Circuit Judge Gilbert grants the appeal there can be little question as to the law.

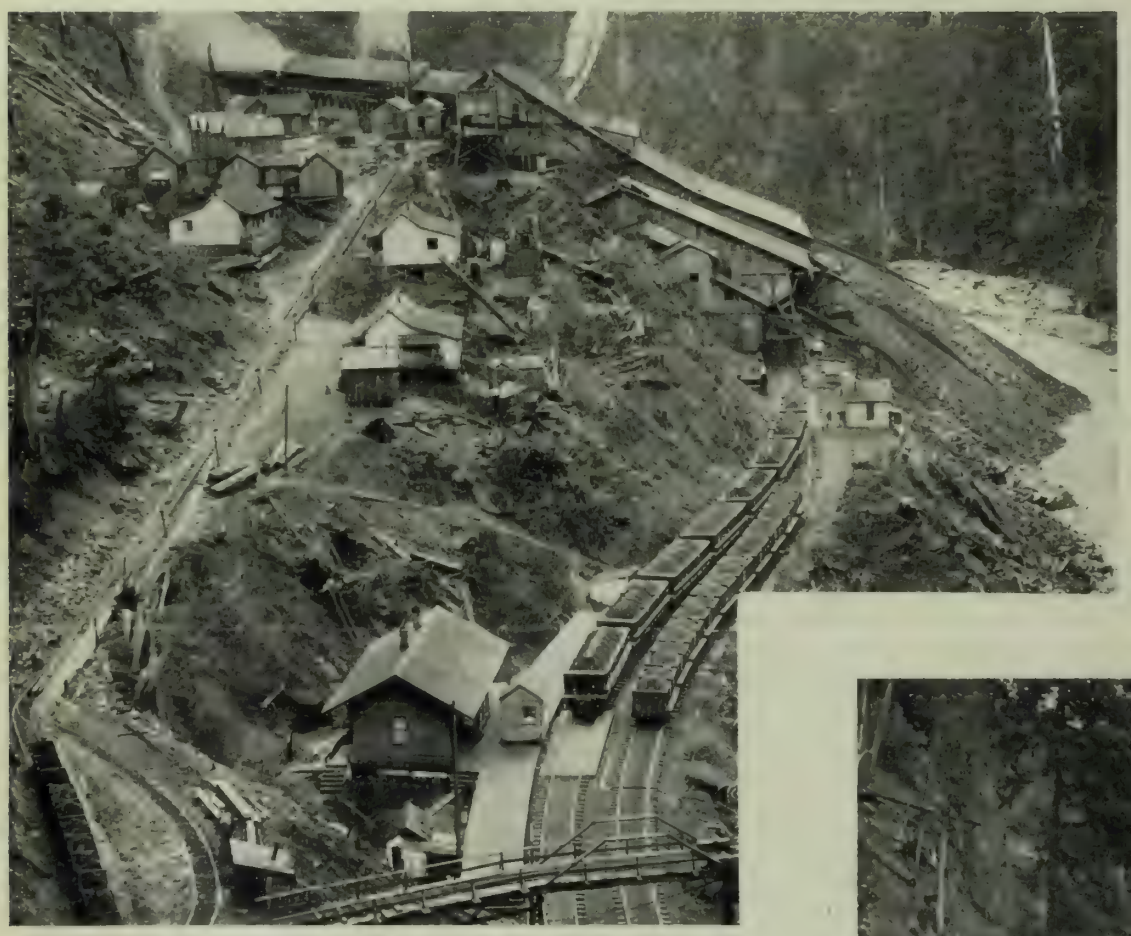
All said and done, the California lawyer is a fighter for his client, and his practices are not more reprehensible than those of his brothers to the east or north. There is not another class of professional men, we are convinced, which contain fewer fakirs or rascals.

F. K. L.

The average age at which people in England marry has steadily risen for a good many years. Sir Brydges Henniker, Registrar-General for England and Wales, has only now completed his detailed report for 1895, and he states that the mean ages of those who entered wedlock in that year were about twenty-eight and a half years for men and slightly over twenty-six years for women. These figures, however, include the ages of widowers and widows who re-enter the matrimonial estate, and who ought properly to be excluded from the calculation, for the average age of widowers who remarry is over forty-four, whilst that of widows is forty. If, therefore, we deal only with the case of bachelors and spinsters, we find that the mean ages on marriage are twenty-six and a half and twenty-five years respectively. The number of under-age marriages registered in 1895 was the lowest recorded for between forty and fifty years.

The latest Parisian institution, which is pretty sure to be copied in all civilized countires, is an alibi office. The concern undertakes to post letters for customers from any point of the world, and render other little services tending to indicate the presence of at least an astral body at a certain point while the physical body is otherwise engaged elsewhere.

COAL TRAIN FROM MINE TO BUNKERS



BUNKERS FOR SCREENING AND WASHING

HOISTING WORKS NO. 1 MINE

THE 1200-FOOT INCLINE

A TRUE GLACIER RIVER

DELVING FOR COAL ON THE BANKS OF CARBON RIVER

See page 7

# Not Guilty?

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARCEL L'HEUREUX

BY JUSTIN STURGIS

The accused was a young man, slightly built and of a delicate appearance. It was almost impossible to believe that he was the murderer for whom the police had been searching. He was positively frail; besides, he looked like a gentleman and was dressed like a gentleman — in appearance just such a man as might be met at an afternoon tea or an evening function. Besides, he was known to be wealthy.

Yet, in spite of all this, he was accused, and no doubt rightfully, of the murder and robbery of an aged couple living in a little hut on the Versailles road. Here was a mystery that was baffling enough. The accused had never so much as heard of his victims before the time of the murder, while at the very moment he was rifling their old-clothes press of some score of pitiful Louis, a bank account of over a million francs was ready and waiting for him at the Credit Lyonais.

When I entered his cell he was sitting at his little wooden table, his head between his hands. He turned about sharply at the noise of the closing door, and I introduced myself.

"Ah," said he, "you are the gentleman who expects to save my head from the guillotine," and he added, "it will be perhaps a difficult task, for I feel as if I had already lost it."

I examined him again with attention and surprise. The certain aristocratic distinction of his face, the intelligence of his eyes, and the air of refinement of his whole person, was absolutely incompatible with the idea of the crude and brutal crime for which he was imprisoned. And yet he had pleaded guilty at the preliminary examination. There was nothing in his actions or words that even suggested dementia. It was certain that he had done a murder, and it was certain that he had done it for robbery. But why this robbery? Here everything became obscure. He had no need of money, he was not in debt. His life hitherto had passed even delightfully, unvexed by any financial or social embarassment, untroubled by any affliction.

"Look here," said I, "you don't mean to tell me that your motive for this murder was robbery? There is a mystery here somewhere, and if I'm to attempt to clear you of this charge, I must know each and every detail of your case."

He rose to his feet at my words and began to pace up and down his cell. This movement brought his head and features into the clearer light that was filtered through the little grating of the cell, and I could see more clearly what manner of face was his. His nose was long and thin, the lips indeterminate, the eyes abnormally restless, small, bright, and wide apart; the chin was small, and I could fancy that the color would come and go in his cheeks with great rapidity. His gestures as he talked were abrupt, agile, and dramatically expressive of almost every shade and variance of mood. I am no great believer in the face and gesture as interpretive of character, yet for all that I was convinced that here was a temperament, sensitive and nervous, as delicate and highly organized as a tiny watch or musical instrument. But yet the man was absolutely sound of mind.

"Monsieur," said he, all at once, "it is true that I murdered the old couple, and it is true that I murdered them for money, but the crime was not accomplished on the seventeenth of April last as you suppose. I shall be quite frank with you. I committed it three years ago."

The air of sincerity with which this was spoken confirmed me in a suspicion I had begun to entertain, and I put my client down as one of those unfortunate monomaniacs, victims of one particular idea.

Why should he speak of three years ago? Had not the old couple been killed on the night of the sixteenth or seventeenth of the last month?

But he suddenly stopped directly in front of me, and fixing upon me a penetrating glance, exclaimed:

"No, Monsieur, it is not as you believe. I was and now am in full possession of my faculties. You understand," he went on, with some pedantry, "you understand, I suppose, something about reflex action. Pinch the foot of a rat after removing a certain part of the brain and he will squeal, or decapitate a frog and drop him into a vessel of water. He will sink at once to the bottom, inert, apparently dead, but if you can irritate one of the motor nerves in the upper part of the leg, he will begin to swim as if in a normal state.

"Well, there exists in the psychological world a certain class of phenomena, of an order more complicated and more elevated than these lecture-room experiments, to which, nevertheless, they can be compared, because they are in a sense mechanical and the result of the impulsion of exterior agents, foreign to our conscience. Under the sway of certain circumstances you will experience, for instance, a sensation of a certain order—a series of images will pass through your mind, and a train of successive ideas will lead you to conceive of a certain action to be executed; and you will conceive it with such an intensity that you will prepare for its carrying out in the smallest and most trivial details. Time passes—two, three, four years—chance throws in your way the means to execute this action that you formerly but dreamed of. You may have perhaps forgotten this action, you no longer have any desire to accomplish it, there is no longer any reason that it should be accomplished; yet this means of execution, just as the irritation applied to the motor nerves of the decapitated frog, acts mechanically upon your will, though beyond the range of your consciousness, and provokes and co-ordinates all the movements necessary to accomplish the action. You perform the action, you carry out the idea formerly conceived and planned—you do the deed in spite of yourself. It is impossible for you not to do it."

"Monsieur," he began again, after a short silence, "I have not always been the rich and happy man of whom you have heard. Three years ago I broke with my family, and, ruined by a life of dissipation and debauchery, suddenly found myself in the lowest stages of misery and degradation. I was crushed under a load of debt. Nowhere could I obtain a sou of credit. My friends deserted me. I had begun to starve—for days not a morsel of food passed my lips. One by one I underwent all forms of humiliation and contempt. I submitted to every insult—I pocketed every slight. And it was then at length that I fell a prey to a distorted and perverted imagination—an imagination which is never more brilliant than when the body is weakened—an imagination that clutches at empty dreams of fortune quickly made, and that runs riot after all manner of chimerical adventure, at once splendid and ignoble.

"You can perhaps imagine the effect of abject misery, of actual starvation, on such a nature as mine. Conscience grew numb in this instability of my daily life; criminal ideas (whose immorality became doubtful under the assault of a thousand sophistries which sprang up to justify them) thronged my brain. And my distorted, terribly overtaxed imagination, released from all control like a broken engine, whirled me along from one scene of crime to another. It was then I first had the idea of robbery, and I invented all sorts of the most skillful and dexterous affairs, out of which I came without the least taint of suspicion. From robbery to murder is but a step. I took that step and upon a certain day planned the crime which I was to commit three years later.

"I became possessed of the idea that I should murder an old man and his wife—an old couple living together in an isolated hut. I had no particular old couple in mind, nor any particular hut. The people and circumstances were absolutely fictitious—creatures and things of my diseased imagination. But in my mind I saw them clearly. And again and again and yet again did I rehearse the scene. There in the loneliness of my wretched room I enacted the scene of my intended crime in all its detail. For some obscure reason I chose to believe that I would kill the old woman by smothering her with the bolster of the bed. The old man I would slay by striking him upon the temples with a wooden mallet such as coopers use. Why I should imagine this mallet it is impossible to say, but invariably I associated the slaughter of the old man with the idea of a heavy boxwood mallet. After the murder I saw myself turning upon the chest of drawers, that should stand near the bed—an old-fashioned chest of drawers, surmounted with an oval mirror—ransacking them from end to end, rifling them of their contents, and finally discovering the couple's little store of gold hidden in a corner.

"Such was the scene that I, or rather my crazy imagination, constructed, piece by piece, but I may truthfully say that never did I attempt, or think of attempting, to carry out in reality that which was suggested to me in my frenzy.

"Some time later my father, who had disowned me, died, and I came into my fortune. Then I thrust from me with horror all remembrance of the cruel days of my misery. I effaced from my memory the strange delerium into which I had allowed myself to drift. The calm and assurance of my new life, the certitude of the morrow, fortified my conscience, and for a time I was happy.

"On the sixteenth of April, towards the evening, being at that time on horseback in the neighborhood of Versailles, I was surprised by a shower of rain. An isolated hut was near by at the edge of the forest, and I resolved to asked shelter there until the shower was over. I tied my horse to the fence-post and knocked. The door opened. I entered. The hut was of but one apartment. An old man was there, and an old woman—his wife. In one corner was the bed—a long bolster flung across the head in place of pillows. Near by stood an old-fashioned chest of drawers, surmounted with an oval mirror. On the table lay a heavy boxwood mallet such as coopers use. But it was only on the morrow that I could picture the scene clearly to my mind. I was not conscious of what I did at the time. I could only remember it. I said never a word, but walked straight to the boxwood mallet, grasped it, and turned to what I had to do, moving about just as I had done when I rehearsed this scene in my garret. With the precision and inevitableness of a machine, I struck down the old man with the mallet, and with it battered out his brains as he rolled on the floor at my feet. Still moving like a piece of mechanism I stifled the old woman's shrieks beneath the bolster. Machine-like, I rifled the chest of drawers — machine-like, I walked forth from that shambles, mounted my horse, and rode into the city. I came to myself only the next morning."

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The gondoliers of Venice seem to be not only a vociferous and picturesque class, but also pretty good men of business. When they threatened to strike recently the municipal authorities hinted at a withdrawal of licences. The gondoliers then lay low, with the result that the Municipal Junta has raised the tariff for gondoliers and set apart a sum for subsidizing those on duty at ferries during winter nights.

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"Old Moore's Almanac" made a hit over the Paris fire with this prophecy relating to the last days of April: "We are almost sure to hear news of an awful fire in Paris, which will involve great loss of life, whilst a gang of loafers will be busy amongst the ruins." This is quite near enough to pass for fulfillment.

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Melbourne Theosophists have spent $40,000 in driving a shaft four thousand feet deep at Red Bluff, St. Kilda, having been assured by Mahatmas that they would find rich deposits of coal there. So far only ocean mud has been found.

## TO SYMBOLIZE STEVENSON

### The "Golden Ship" That is to Stand in the City's Plaza.

In commenting upon the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, the London "Telegraph" made the statement that a sculptor who could conceive of a monument—other than the frock-coated figure of convention—that would adequately interpret or express the author, would have to be as great a man as Stevenson himself.

The attempt has been made, however, by two or three of Les Jeunes of this city, and bids fair to be successful. Surely no more appropriate city could be found than this adventurous, romantic town of San Francisco in which to erect a monument to the author of "The Wreckers," and no more appropriate site could have been selected than the old Plaza—a spot typical of the older, wilder, rougher city of the days before the seventies. Here the monument is to stand. It is to be called the "Stevenson Ship." For by a "ship"—a "thirty-gunner" of the sixteenth century—careening along westward, with golden sails full spread, and with the figure of Pallas, looking toward the setting sun, upon the bow, do the designers of the memorial intend to symbolize Stevenson. The ship is some five feet high; below is a simple granite plinth, upon which is inscribed the famous passage from Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," beginning

> "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to keep a few friends and these without capitulation."

The simplicity of the monument will probably be its greatest charm. On one surface of the plinth is to be a spigot and cup, and underneath a drip-stone designed especially for thirsty dogs. When Stevenson was here and going to and fro about the city, he often commented upon the Lotta Fountain, lamenting the absence of a drip-stone for the dogs, such as will appear upon his own monument in the Plaza.

The name of the ship will be the "Bonaventure," and the sight of it, sailing always westward, will be, in a manner, a reproach, and, it is just barely possible, an inspiration to some of the stranded and shattered human wrecks that have taken ground upon the Plaza—the jetsam of misfortune.

Bruce Porter and Willis Polk are the designers and promoters of the happy idea, and George Pipers is the sculptor, but, indeed, all the world has aided. Andrew Lang has contributed, and Sir Henry Irving; and Louise Imogen Guinly has been an ever-present help. The expense of the stone plinth has yet to be defrayed, but subscriptions will not be wanting, for wherever his books are read Stevenson is loved and the memory of him cherished. The little monument in San Francisco is but the concrete expression of a wave of sympathy and hearty affection as wide and as vast as the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

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The Radical papers in London have been exercised because Mr. Gladstone has not been fitted into the Jubilee procession. Seeing, however, that the G. O. M. is nowadays enjoying the pleasure and comfort of being a "private gentleman," it is not easy to see where there is ground for complaint. So great a man is far beyond the ephemeral distinction to be derived from joining Her Majesty in her passage to and from St. Paul's, which is a simple duty on the part of her leading officials and a mark of respect from her distinguished visitors representing other governments. An ordinary citizen, however eminent, has no place in the ranks.

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Rechad Effendi, the heir-apparent to the Turkish throne, is a red-haired Turk, with blue eyes. If Rechad Effendi ever becomes Sultan he will have to dye his hair jet black. Rechad is a great favorite with all who know him. Unlike his brother the Sultan, he is the reverse of fanatical. His two wives dress like fashionable Frenchwomen. They speak French, German and English fluently. Rechad himself is a good pianist.

THE "BONAVENTURE"

SHE STEERS EVER TO THE WESTWARD AND HER SAILS ARE OF GOLD

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES

### Some Characteristic Gateways of San Francisco.

What the mouth is to the face, so the gate is to the house. By the gate you can tell the character of the house, and by the house you can tell the character of its inmates. For it is not the people who go in at the gate who lend it character, but the people who come out of it. The gate is not meant for the world outside—except that it is meant to shut it out—but primarily for the tiny little world of the house and its people, it opens only for them, and at their sesame, and when it closes upon them, by the mere magic of its click and spring, it isolates them from their fellows. Consider now. I am in the street, on my way home, we will say, and I come to my gate and stand there a moment looking about and up and down the street, for no particular reason. Thus far I am nobody, nothing but a member of a class, a citizen, like a thousand others, like a million others, a

A mysterious doorway on lower Pine street

mere vertebrate mammal for the matter of that, part and parcel of the vast ocean of human life. I go into my gate and shut it behind me. In an instant I cease to be a type, I become a character. I am a thousand miles and a thousand years away. I am an individual complex, peculiar, particular. Outside is the vague, indeterminate ocean, within is the drop of water, bottled up, and capable of being analyzed, and microscopized, and separated into parts, a thing upon which to ponder, upon which to theorize, upon which to build a whole

A reminiscence of the older aristocracy on Washington street

system of theology. And all this is done by the opening and shutting of a gate.

And if you think there is not character in gates be pleased to observe these half dozen examples taken almost at random from the streets of this city: 1 and 3 are beyond question of the secretive type (suggestive

The gateway according to the New Architecture

of the closely pursed mouth), gates that do not invite you to enter, as does 2, for instance, and 5. I fancy that 1 is used oftenest at night, and I hope that the people who go into it are muffled or cloaked. An admirable gate is 3; note that it is at the bottom of a flight of stone steps and that grass has grown about the sill, an admirable gate for an elopement or for a rendezvous. Numbers 2 and 4 are the reverse of 1 and 3—gates that are meant to open wide, that call upon you to stop and enter. There is nothing to be hidden behind these gates. The bon bourgeois lives there, the good man, whose books are ever ready to be experted. Number 4 is the gateway built for two. It is a servants' gate I believe, and it is a veritable stage setting for a little comedy of two characters. I wonder how often the butcher, the baker and the kerosene-lamp maker has talked to the housemaids over this gate. But as expressive of character I like this one least of all. The other gates have evidently been adapted to the habits and customs of the people of the house. Number 4 smells of the architect at once.

Dr. O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, gave some plain Sunday talk to a congregation at Askeaton recently. He told the people that they were "idiots or worse" to conceal the names of a clique of individuals who disgraced the diocese by murder and violence—men, he added, who in free countries like France or America wou d be "shot down like dogs." For his part, if he could get their names, they would be publicly excommunicated. He counseled the people to pay their rents and not to trouble themselves about "keeping up a number of professing patriots, who are knocking money out of the people." The warning might be extended to some of the simple-minded Irish folk in America, who are stinting themselves for the benefit of the same class.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

It is slack water time over at the State University just now, professors and students alike are scattered to the four winds enjoying their vacations, the buildings are closed and the campus is neglected and overgrown with weeds. However, there is a note of preparation here and there. The question of water supply for the irrigation of the grounds (that bete noir of faculty and students alike) is to be answered by the erection of a reservoir somewhere along the course of Strawberry Creek. This should go far to relieve the brown dryness of the campus during the summer, and will be hailed with delight by all the "old grads" of the college. The U. C., as it is, is often rather bare looking. A judicious

An old-time doorway at the summit of Stockton street

use of water would easily make a different place of it. Apropos of the campus, it is understood that the athletic authorities of the State University contemplate some rather radical changes and reforms in the conduct of the coming football season. Berkeley was rather shaken up over the "farce of '96," as the last football game was called, and does not intend that it should be repeated. For one thing, the U. C. has probably seen the last of Eastern coaches. Mr. Mott of Brown University and Al. Lean, the whilom trainer of the Reliance Club, will take the eleven in hand in September. Mott is a resident assistant instructor at the

An aristocratic gateway of the "fifties"

college, and was chosen by Captain Whitney for his All-America Eleven. Al. Lean has been engaged to handle the U. C. athletes for the next two years. As an earnest of what may be expected of this combination, it is only necessary to refer to the year just past. The University of California has been victorious in every intercollegiate event during the season, winning the baseball tournament handily from Stanford for the first time in the history of the two colleges. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mott and Mr. Lean will be equally successful with the California Eleven. It is said that the practice and training for the Thanksgiving game with Stanford will be lighter and easier tran ever before. This is a highly commendable policy, as the U. C. has never put an eleven upon the gridiron against Stanford that was not lamentably overtrained.

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The selection of Jack Bonnet as License Collector forms an extraordinary precedent. He is a real newspaperman, is actively engaged in reporting, and though he has worked hard and often for the success of friends in and out of office, is actually accorded political recognition. Time and again have I known public men declare their success and prominence directly due to the efforts of certain journalists, whom they have affected to esteem but for whom they have done little. Gratitude has been expressed verbally and has been exhausted in words. In this instance, however, a newspaperman has obtained a valuable office, and all his colleagues rejoice. Some twenty-two deputyships are his to divide, and the salary is well worth collecting. In addition to his success in journalism, Bonnet is the champion handball player of the coast and has been president of the Press Club. He has "done" the City Hall for the "Report" these many years and has a very large acquaintance—a most valuable advantage in his profession—and he has both good sense and judgment. He used to be the best baseball reporter in town. Over the appointment there was quite a contest. A combination had been made on behalf of Fred Lees with Rainey at Sacramento, and the portly boss had promised to assist in retaining the son of the Chief in office. It was assumed that this could be done by enlisting the Mayor and the Auditor on behalf of different candidates. A lengthy petition was filed with Mr. Broderick on behalf of a certain Mint employe named Jack Fenton, one of Rainey's most obsequious followers. At the same time half a dozen men were begging the aid of Phelan. However, Bonnet has the favor of the Auditor and he obtained the backing of the Mayor, who believes in recognizing journalism. He succeeded in conciliating certain votes in the Board, and on the eventful night there was a majority for confirming him, quite upsetting the calculations of Lees, who imagined Rainey could create a deadlock and that he would hold over for another term. He has already held the office four years. The consequences, it is said, will be disagreeable for the Boss, as the failure of Lees' plan is attributed to treachery and there is a great deal of feeling involved. The Chief is not the most comfortable man to have as an enemy.

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I ran across a paragraph in the daily papers a few days ago which stated that an amended complaint had been filed in the Alameda Superior Court in the suit instituted against Josiah P. Ames by his aged sister. The document alleged fraud and deception with all of the ugly and formidable language of the law, and was leveled at the integrity of an old and honored man. Mr. Ames is somewhere in the middle sixties, and his sister, reported to be a kindly old lady, has rounded out full seventy years of age. For years the brother had the management and control of her property, which he carried out with rare skill and financial sagacity. In the natural order of things the money so intrusted to him would have increased none, and its owner, unfamiliar with business methods, would have been fortunate had it produced a fair rate of interest alone. During the term of his management the amount grew to much larger proportions. Finally a rupture came, through some intermeddler, I am told, and the result has been a crop of unsavory law suits. Ordinarily litigation does not appeal to the sentimental side of my nature, but there is something pathetic in this situation. Life at best cannot continue for any protracted period with either of the litigants. From prattling infancy they had been trustful, tender and loving with each other. For years he had been her adviser, and just at the hour when the sun of their lives cast long shadows behind, and death and eternity seems but a step beyond, it seems inexplicable that the weaker of the two could be induced to publicly blacken the reputation of the other and in the closing days of his career embitter his life and throw suspicion about him that he may never live to explain. Even if Ames were guilty, which is highly improbable, it would seem to be human nature, under all the circumstances, for the sister to conceal his delinquency rather than expose it. But humanity is "mighty uncertain" after all. While my sympathies go out to the assailed, I must confess to some sympathy for the aged lady who has been led to such a course. Such litigation should not be permitted to hang fire in the courts, for even if completely victorious, the brother will never live to wipe out the suspicion that will stick in spite of innocence established under ample proof.

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In the best sense of that much abused term, the late George Barnes was a gentleman. Among the journalists of the city he stood out a notable and distinguished figure—notable for his splendid physique, fine manner and rich, admirably modulated voice. He was decidedly a personality, was George Barnes, reserved, dignified, courteous, with whom fate had dealt less kindly than his deserts. He was mainly identified with journalism through the "Morning Call," of which he was one of the founders and the first managing editor. Selling out his interest to Pickering and Fitch, he went to his home in the South, and returned to California to assume the role of dramatic critic for that paper. He was an excellent critic, urbane and kindly in statement but accurate and unflinching in his judgments. Of acting he was really a judge; his verdicts were no guess work or vague impressions, for he had a ripe experience to guide him and a liberal and responsive mind to keep him alive to the progress of the drama. He had prejudices, of course, but they were well founded, and I know of no writer whose opinions and whose individuality had mong actors greater weight. George Barnes lived aloof from the noisy world in a suite of rooms at the Commercial Hotel, which he had occupied for over a decade. There he attended to his literary labors, which were quite extensive; he wrote sketches, prepared the news of the month for the Australian newspapers, whose representative he was here. Readers of the "Bulletin' will remember the sketches of early day celebrities he contributed to its columns. They represented a vein of his peculiar knowledge, and though hardly equal in style to certain of his earlier writings in the "Call," were of vital interest and importance to Californians. He had a very easy, fluent style at all times, but in none of his literary experience did he convey the distinction of his individuality. He was a man whom the writer will always remember as a gentleman, kindly, honorable, manly and true.

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To let a man out on his O. K. is, in the language of the Police Court hangers-on, to release him on his own recognizance. The custom as understood by some of the Judges of these courts is capable of variations which would not sound well in the columns of the daily press nor redound to the credit of the gentlemen who indulge in them. It is the "push" that has the "pull," and that it knows how and where it may best be applied is illustrated by the subjoined dialogue overheard in a certain hall of justice of this city. One of the parties, a gentleman of Irish extraction—rather imperfectly extracted—was overheard to remark to a county officer: "Devil a bit could I move him." "Is that so?" answered the deputy. "Why was that?" "I dunno," said the other; "but faith, we'll pull the Judge's leg so hard that he'll be pushed out on his own O. K. to-morrow."

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What a pity it is that the real interests of our State don't somethimes engage the solicitude of our Congressmen. It is possible to work up an agitation against the Southern Pacific Company and command the zeal of all our representatives, but if it is the obtaining of an appropriation or pushing through a public work for the coast, they are lax and, apparently impotent. Years ago the Government purchased a building site on Mission street for a postoffice. Congress subsequently appropriated over a million for preparatory work. Plans were prepared for an extensive and costly building, on which it was proposed to expend four millions of dollars. At the same time there were to be erected Federal buildings at Portland and in Arizona, and Supervising Architect Aitken announced that these structures would be constructed of stone quarried in the environment. This announcement did not at all suit the ideas of Senator Proctor of Vermont, who, with Senator Platt of New York and certain other eminent Senators, have large interests in the marble and granite trust that controls the operations of the Eastern quarries. So they demanded the dismissal of Mr. Aitken, and it said now that new plans are to be prepared. This means not only a delay of years, but also that the stone will be cut and dressed in the Eastern quarries of Senator Proctor and shipped here round the Horn. This an excellent prospect for Californians, who will have the privilege only of setting the rocks in place. However, as long as the basis of our Congressional representation is hatred of the Southern Pacific Company our city will have the worst of it. Think what an assistance during the period of depression the expenditure of a few million of Government money would have been. The fact is, combination is the basis of strength in Washington as elsewhere in legislative bodies, and our people will never have any strength until they join forces and consider the interests of their communities above the claims of party politics.

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The mists and cool winds which followed the hot spell in the San Joaquin Valley have done wonders for the wheat. Instead of a poor crop, as was anticipated, there is every prospect of last season's returns being exceeded. Indeed, I am told that new orders for bags have been sent in, and that the reaper and harvester men are happy over the prospective activity of business. The fruit crop is also better than the original forecast, and altogether California will have a bountiful year. The effect of this prospect is apparent in country banks, where there is a revival of confidence, and money is much easier in consequence.

BOSWELL JR.

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vidas" into English, is one of the foremost of American philologists. He began his work of translation in Mexico, where the story in its serial form reached him, very often in the most out of the way places. He commenced it in Guadalajara, continued it on his travels, and finally finished it in Guatemala, in Guatemala City, and in country and mountainous districts, where no white man had ever been. In his translation he was given much assistance by his wife, who did all the mechanical work. Mr. Curtin is a Wisconsin man, a graduate of Harvard, and was for five years atached to the American Legation at St. Petersburg. It was there he acquired an extensive knowledge of the Slavonic tongues, for which he has become distinguished, and which enabled him to translate not only "Quo Vidas" but also three other novels of Sienkiewicz—"With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michard"—a most dramatic trilogy.

## WHERE COAL IS KING

### The Town of Carbonado and Its Inexhaustible Beds.

It would appear that while the citizens of San Francisco are paying the most extravagant prices for their supply of fuel, there are practically inexhaustible beds of excellent coal almost at their very doors. The State of Washington can produce quite as large a quantity of coal as any State in the Union, and a protective tariff is supposed to offer every eccouragement to the home mines. But it is the kind of protective tariff that does not protect. A substantial tax is levied on coal with the intention of stimulating mine-owners to develop their property. There is no doubt that this would prove effective if there were other tariffs, but the American ship must also be protected.

The domestic shipper is handicapped far more than the amount of the tariff on foreign coal by his inability to obtain an American steam collier. Any foreign tramp that comes to our port can be secured by the British mine-owner to bring his coal to market at a price far below anything the American ships can offer. Last year 1,500,000 tons of coal were consumed in the San Francisco market. Washington contributed but 380,000 tons of this amount, British Columbia and Australia furnishing the greater portion.

The Washington mines can and do produce annually 1,250,000 tons. Last year this product was sold at the mines at an average price of $2.16 to the short ton, and if proper colliers could be obtained it could be landed in this city at $3.66 per ton. Coal at this price would enable our manufacturers to compete on equal terms with manufacturers in the East, while in the matter of domestic consumption nearly $2000 per day could be saved.

Much of the coal of the State of Washington comes from the mines at Carbon Hill. These mines are situated on the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, about thirty miles from Tacoma, and are among the most interesting and picturesque in the country. They are located upon the banks of the Carbon River, which in itself is a most remarkable little stream. It is a pure glacial river, ice-cold and rapid, and in course of time has cut a deep canyon in the stratified formation of the mountains through which it flows. In summer it is of a most peculiar color—milk white—from the impalpable granite dust which permeates its waters. This dust is due to the tremendous grinding of the glaciers upon its rock channel, reducing the rocks to a powder as fine as flour. In winter, however, when the glaciers freeze tight, the dust vanishes as if by magic, and the river becomes as clear as crystal.

The whole flank of the mountain upon which the mines are located is tunneled like a honeycomb. Some of these tunnels are much over a mile in length, and in order to facilitate a quick extraction, the management of the mines have actually put on tiny locomotives to draw the ore cars from the breast of the vein to the surface. Recently, however, one of these trains, in emerging from the tunnel, was caught in a landslide and carried down into the river. A huge dam was formed at once and the course of the river checked, until, at length, the pressure of the water burst its bounds and carried away the debris in a huge freshet. So great was the amount of earth collected in the river and so powerful was the force of the current that the entire train and locomotive were not so much as seen again.

It is because of the danger of these landslides that the town of Carbonado, a picturesque village of very considerable size has been located upon the bluffs overhanging the canyon instead of at the bottom of the ravine. On more than one occasion a falling rock has become loosened from the slope above, and, crashing down the mountain side, has made a hole in a building in its path as clean and sharply cut as though the result of a cannonade.

There is no denying the enterprise of the English. Accompanying the recent military expedition sent into the Ashantee country in Africa to punish the king for certain massacres was a clever young mining engineer, who calculated that he might find extensive gold fields there. This assumption was based on the variety of gold ornaments worn by the natives and to the fact that the savage monarch possessed a service of gold drinking cups and other utensils which he brought out on great occasions. The supposition proved accurate, for the engineer found a formation of country that promises to be one of the great gold fields of the earth, transcending the rich Transvaal region. He located a claim and organized a syndicate to take hold. A ten-stamp mill was set up at once, and the result is eight hundred ounces of gold per month, though this is but a commencement. The company has purchased from the natives one hundred square miles of territory, embracing the best mineral land, which should give them a species of monopoly. The young engineer who made the find is now in San Francisco looking into certain California properties on behalf of his syndicate. He is to go to the Kootenai district and then back to Ashantee to take charge of the developments there.

Paper can now be hung by machinery. The device has a rod on which a roll of paper is placed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed, so as to engage the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall, and the machine started up the wall, being held in place by the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the top of the wall is reached, the operator pulls a string, which cuts the paper off from the roll.

The Paris cab-drver Georges, who distinguished himself in rescue work at the fire, has been enrolled a Knight of the Legion of Honor. It is stated that the worst burns received by himself and others who assisted on the occasion were received from the flaming flesh of the women whom they bore out of the blaze.

DOWN FORT STREET

GLIMPS

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

HONOLULU FROM THE BELL-TOWER

THE WATER FRONT

## IF HAWAII WERE OURS

### Some Things to be Gained by the Annexation of the Islands.

The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the American Government, should such an event come to pass, will be, so it would appear, rather a matter of form than of actual reality. For the "Islands" have long since been practically Americanized. The American is the dominant spirit in Honolulu. It is he who does the governing, the thinking, the buying,, the selling and the trading. It is he who founds the industries, erects the buildings, prints the papers and opens up the plantations. The native, good-natured and non-progressive, counts but for little on these his own islands, while the British and German elements, the only foreign elements that are not American, are too small to make themselves felt or heard.

So it is that any change in the administration of the Hawaiian Is'ands effects chiefly the Americans. American opinions, aims and institutions are those that shape the policy of the country, and it is these that must be consulted first when any very radical change is contemplated. So strong is this American element in the "Islands" that it has forced its way into and now practically controls the Government. The Executive is American, the Ministers are American, the heads of half the departments are natives of the United States and strong majorities in the Advisory Council and Legislature, as well as in the Supreme Court, are Americans. Navigators from this country were almost the first white people to set foot upon the "Islands." These pioneers have built up the country, and it is now their descendants or successors who are in practical possession. They have made the country an American colony, and now are only waiting for the formal sanction of the Home Government to become a part and parcel of the United States.

There can be no doubt as to the advisability of the annexation of the "Islands" from a financial point of view. The conditions of soil and climate have made of Hawaii a veritable hot house on a gigantic scale, to such an extent, in fact, that sufficient coffee, sugar and kindred products of tropical localities can be cultivated to supply every city and town throughout the entire western coast of America. Of course the United States would be obliged to assume the Hawaiian debt, but the Island Government is so far from being bankrupt that after all obligations had been met there would yet remain to the credit of our country something over four millions of dollars.

Besides this, even the most conservative are at one mind on the subejct of an increase of values as a result of annexation. Not only would all kinds of property be advanced in price, but in the course of one presidential administration would even double in value. The revenue accruing from the taxes alone, over and above all expense, would amount to $1,000,000 yearly, while in the words of Mr. P. C. Jones, the sometime Minister of Finance, "The income from customs duties alone, for twenty years, taken on an average, would pay the entire interest on the public debt, together with the debt itself, and leave a balance in the treasury of $731,700."

The American whale ships were the commercial pioneers in the "Islands" as far back as 1819, a few years after their discovery, and for a long time this industry continued, and, with the trade in sandalwood and copra, was the chief business of the place. But twenty years later the planter had come, and come to stay; a white resident population had grown up, and coffee and sugar began to be cultivated. With the growth of the sugar industry began Hawaii's great prosperity, all kinds of collateral business flourished, substantial warehouses, office buildings and residences were built, and when, three years later, the "Islands" were recognized among the other nations of the world and a formal treaty had brought all danger of political disturbances to an end, Hawaii could be said to have fairly entered upon the best period of her prosperity.

N THE BUSINESS QUARTER

NUUANU AVENUE

If the present negotiations relative to annexation are successful, the United States may become proud in the possession of a group of islands as fair and as beautiful as any the world round. Set in a tropical sea, the climate deliciously warm, productive to a marvelous degree, and peopled by gentle, sober and industrious natives, the "Islands" are no doubt all that is claimed for them—a prize to be coveted by any of the nations of the earth.

## "MADE IN FRANCE"

### The Latest Gossip from the Gay French Capital.

Le Tout Paris is just now agitated over the proposed "New Academy," whose existence has been for a long time threatened by the persistent lawsuits on the part of the Goncourt heirs. It seems that the famous brothers left some seventy thousand dollars in cash and some two hundred and fifty thousand in property to be devoted to

HUMBERT, KING OF ITALY

Whom Princess Helene has involved in a family scandal

the founding of a new French academy, thoroughly hostile and antagonistic in its theories to the old band of Immortals of the Institute. The Goncourts named a certain number of contemporaneous French authors as charter members of the society, with the provision that these charter members should elect ten more. Alphonse Daudet is at the head of the enterprise, and will no doubt be its first President, now that its inception is assured. For some time, however, the heirs of the estate have been trying to break the will, which of course puts almost the whole estate out of their hands. A final judgment has been awarded in favor of Daudet and his friends, and the "New Academy" will no doubt soon become a feature of literary Paris. If by any means the heirs of the Goncourts should break the will, Daudet and his associates will undertake the founding of the academy on their own responsibility, though naturally it will not be upon such an ambitious scale as the Goncouts intended.

By the way, Daudet is to publish—in fact, has published—his latest book. This is the one topic of conversation amongst the literary gossips of Paris. The book is perhaps disappointing to the readers of "Jack." In fact, it is not a novel at all. It might be called a collection of short stories, but it is hardly even that. Daudet himself calls them "pages de la vie," which indeed are simple little sketches of real life with but little fictitious composition and without much sequence. However, "amateurs de la prose" will be delighted with the exquisite choice of words and the inimitable pen pictures, examples of which can be found in almost every paragraph. There is a sad and minor note that often recurs in these little sketches that is very characteristic of Daudet. A delightful exception is "La Fete des Toits," in which there figure as chief actors sparrows, gnomes, kobolds and the "petit Jesus" of the French Christmas.

What with the persistent train of disasters, sudden deaths and attempted assassinations the nerves of Paris are kept on the rack. Last week another kinematograph caught fire, and the boulevardiers, with the Charity Bazaar horror still in mind (and perhaps a little heedful of the charge of cowardice laid upon them), fairly stampeded the place in their mad efforts to extinguish the blaze. The damage done by the fire amounted to but two hundred francs. The wreckage caused by the efforts of

FELIX FAURE, PRESIDENT CF FRENCH

Whose "suppression" was attempted this week

the volunteer fire brigade in their misguided efforts was repaired at an expense of two thousand.

And in this connection it will be fitting to speak of the prompt and well meaning generosity of the Countess de Castellane (nee Anna Gould), who has offered two hundred thousand dollars in cash for the rebuilding of the Charity Bazaar. The only condition attached to the gift is that the building must be fireproof.

And now again Helene of Orleans, once called the most beautiful Princess of Europe, has brought herself before the world in her effort to escape from it. On a previous occasion Helene tried to stab herself in the presence of her husband, whom she detests, and did actually cut her wrist to such an extent that she was in a fair way to bleed to death. Two or three weeks ago, in the afternoon, the Princess was suddenly missed about her palace, and was sought for in vain until her servants remembered that she had last been seen on the way to the bath. The door of the bathroom was forced, and the unhappy woman was found face downward in the tub, which was half full of water. She was unconscious at the time, and at first her resident physician despaired of her life. After three hours' work she revived only to become hysterical and frantic, declaring her loathing and hatred for her husband and reiterating her decision never to return to him again. Helene's has been a life of many romances. All the world knows of her love for the present Czar, and how the match—though Nicholas himself was in love with the beautiful Bourbon—was broken off for state reasons. Similar reasons were the motive for her present alliance with King Humbert's nephew, the Duke of Aosta. So violent is Helene's dislike for her husband that she at one time fled from his palace and took refuge in the residence of a French noblewoman of her acquaintance. Here she was followed by the King and his ministers, who bullied her into submission and almost by force returned her to her husband. It was on this occasion that she attempted to stab herself.

The people of Italy are passionately devoted to Helene, and at each fresh dash for liberty (even though at the price of her life) on her part only serves to augment the bitterness which is fermenting in the hearts of the Italians against their King. From the time of Marie Antoinette women have largely figured in revolutions,

ALPHONSE DAUDET

Whose new book, "La Fedor," is the talk of Paris

and it would not be surprising some day if the Princess d'Orleans, Duchess d'Aosta, etc., should become the pivot about which would revolve the red whirl of popular insurrection.

Mr. Tyson, the Australian multi-millionaire, made his first big haul shortly after the great rush to the Bendigo goldfield. Thousands of gold seekers were encamped on the golden flat, and a meat famine was at its height, when Tyson shrewdly arrived on the scene with a herd of cattle and a numerous flock of sheep. He made a profit of something like 10,000 per cent. on that little speculation, and he went on investing in sheep-farming, railway contracting, acquiring land in the vicinity of rising towns, etc., until now his accumulated wealth is variously estimated at from five to seven millions.

Frederic Harrison and Cyril Maude, at the Haymarket Theater, announce that the dramatization of "Under the Red Robe," made by Edward Rose, an American, has yielded a profit of $110,000. With "Secret Service," the reigning success in London, it seems almost as if the old order has been reversed and London is looking to New York instead of New York to London.

A session of the Ladies' Club in "The Question," Lorimer Stoddard's new play, at the Columbia Theatre

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

We are told, Diary dear, in volumes of natural history that in the winter time "bears and kindred beasts hibernate in secluded places"—and, from personal observation, I am inclined to think that men employ their time similarly in the summer. Last week mamma and Aunt Sybil made a tour of the various springs in order to see how all the world disported itself in these June days. But, my dear, they might have been in a land of Amazons, for, with the exception of the stage driver, an occasional and a stray clergyman on his summer vacation, nothing of the genus male appeared on the horizon. But women, hordes of them—bright-eyed little girls, would-be flirtatious maidens and calm ox-eyed matrons. Aunt Sybil said she learnt more of the behavior of servants, the upbringing of small children and the woes with dressmakers than she deemed possible outside of a Woman's Congress. Then, too—but do not breathe it in Gath—the moral question was discussed in all its bearings. What do they do at the springs? Eat, sleep and gossip. An occasional adventurous spirit takes a walk; a "blue" reads a novel—a Duchess novel. Few "Patience Sparhawks" are seen at the springs. Mrs. Atherton is too exciting in these warm summer days.

I have been stopping at the San Rafael off and on for the past week, but I try to come home and see that papa and Arthur are comfortable. Papa will not leave the city before July. You know he is far too busy—and we must have the bawbees. On Friday evening Bertha and Ethel Smith arranged a moonlight cycle ride at San Rafael and invited we-us, etc. We had a capital time. The roads there are rather good and the country for riding is exceedingly pretty. I hear a great deal of paper chases in the near future. All or nearly all of the equestrians have been perfecting themselves during the winter months by taking courses in horsemanship at the Pacific Avenue School, you know, so cross-country riding will no longer be considered a feat to be avoided, unless one carry a heavy life insurance. Then there is considerable excitement over the Fourth of July tennis tournament which is to be the Event, with a capital E, of the season, and superior to any former tilt for supremacy.

On Saturday evening I stayed with the Boyds, and a party of us went to a dance at the Pinkerts' place in Ross Valley. All the Eyre-Atherton-Macondray crowd, together with the elite of San Rafael, were there in full feather and we had a blissful time—even though it was hot for dancing. The gowning was simple—organdies, light grenadines, etc., but it was a very jolly party.

On Sunday we wheeled up to Fairfax Villa for luncheon. That is the "correct caper," as Arthur would say, and one gets a capital lunch nicely served. Leila went to the Burlingame picnic on Sunday which she enjoyed vastly. All the Tobin-Jarboe contingent were en evidence. On Tuesday quite a crowd of us went to bid Juliet Williams a fond farewell when she started on her Eastern trip. Her section was simply piled with flowers, books, and innumerable boxes of candy. I trust she won't turn into a sweet before she arrives, though in these warm days a grease spot is nearer the mar... I hear that the Owens have taken the William B. Hooper house at the corner of Jones and Sacramento streets, so I hope they will renew their practice of giving those jolly little dinners which we all enjoyed so vastly. Allie Owen has a special gift in the arrangement of a dinner and knows just how many to invite and who wishes to sit beside whom, and what more can the most exacting demand. And now farewell for a little while, Diary dear, even an indefatigable debutante with the disposition of a cricket must need a silly season in which to collect her waning faculties. Lovingly your own

MISS CRICKET.

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The wedding of the week was that of Miss Mabel Estee, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, and Mr. Leonard Everett. It was celebrated amid an abundance of flowers and foliage, and after the ceremony the usual reception followed. Mrs. Everett made a very interesting and happy bride, and looked quite her prettiest in the snowy silk of her wedding garments.

* *

At the Hotel Rafael there are now one hundred and thirty-five guests, with additions every week. Indeed, the caravansary is better filled than it has been at any time in years past, and with a sort of people who are being made very comfortable and who will probably remain throughout the season. Married folk are in the ascendant, though there is quite a goodly crowd of bachelors and maids. The feminine element have the hotel to themselves all day, so the daily excitement begins with the arrival of the 5 o'clock train from town. There have been a few riding and driving parties during the week, though the weather has hardly been as inviting as it might. The nine-pin alley is the gathering place at night, and one sees some competent bowling, Mr. Crooks and Miss Kip being the accredited champions.

The list of events is rather brief thus far. On Friday last the Misses Smith had a bicycle meet. On Saturday there was a dance at the Pinkerts', at Ross Valley. On Sunday there were numerous luncheon parties at Pastori's. On the previous Thursday night Mr. Pardee gave a dinner in the private dining room, in honor of his fiancee, Miss Adams of Philadelphia. These are but the forerunners of other entertainments to be given later on during the season. In the early future the paper chases will begin, and the San Rafael Hunt Club is making arrangements to have its first hunt a week from today. The course has been selected by an expert huntsman, and he has guaranteed that there will be no danger whatever in following the scent. This will dispose of the impression that hunting is an anxious pastime. Whoever wants jumping can have it, but care will be taken that no one need do any leaping unless specially ambitious. Among the arrivals for the week are Mrs. Hager, Miss Hager and Miss Alice Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenstock, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and Miss Mills.

Madame Barrios has not yet emerged from her quarters at the Rafael. She is taking the rest cure, but her term is nearly over, and the probabilities are that she will soon participate in the current gaieties. The young Poheims have contributed cleverly to the entertainment of the guests recently, rendering selections on the violin and piano. They have considerable musical talent.

* *

Though not unexpected, the death of Mr. Hiram Tubbs has cast quite a shadow over Oakland. Mr. Tubbs was one of the oldest residents and was held in universal esteem, not alone by his cotemporaries, but by all the younger generation that were accustomed to consult him on their business ventures. Though a shrewd man, he was generous, open-hearted, and took a paternal interest in the affairs of his city. His three daughters are among the most popular of the Oakland society women. They are Mrs. Judge Henshaw, Mrs Will Henshaw and Mrs. Hall.

At last the summer exodus has commenced in earnest, and Oakland is almost deserted. The Pringle family and Mr. Rausam have gone to Little Geyser Springs, and thence are to visit the various springs in Lake county. Mrs. C. E. Steele and her daughters, accompanied by Miss Elsie Bennet, are at the Steele Ranch, near Auburn. The A. A. Moores are at their ranch near Mission San Jose, and Mr. A. S. Macdonald, Andrew L. Stone and E. F. Adam are at Laurel Dell lake.

Miss Minnie Bailey, who has been traveling in Europe for the past year or so, has just returned. Miss Maud Howard and Mr. Frank Howard are expected home about the end of June.

An exceedingly pretty home wedding was that of Miss Belle Van Arminge, of East Oakland, and Mr. James Monroe Gamble, of San Francisco. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room, which was hung in garlands of pink blossoms. These were suspended from the center of the ceiling, where they were tied with an immense bow of pink satin. The bride, who is a pretty girl, wore a soft white organdie over white taffeta. There were no bridesmaids. Miss Aimee Reid was maid of honor, and wore white organdie over pink silk.

There seems to be no end to the entertainments given to Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry Knowles, and rarely has an engaged couple received such an ovation. Mrs. J. A. Folger gave a dinner in their honor last week which was an immensely smart affair. The table decorations were in red carnations. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Donaldson and Mr. Sam McKee. Judge and Mrs. Garber also entertained Miss Coleman and Mr. Knowles at dinner in Berkeley last week. The menu was capital, the dinner particularly jolly, as all the Garber entertainments are. Miss Doff, Miss Donaldson, Mr. Bakewell and Mr. McKee were among those invited.

In interesting affair was the "conundrum" luncheon given by Mrs. Seaton at her home in Highland Park, last week, in honor of Mrs. Thompson. Prizes were given to those who solved the greatest number of riddles, and several original ones were propounded. The table was massed in pale blue corn flowers.

Another smart luncheon was given by Mrs. John J. Valentine at her home in Cedar Croft. It was in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Valentine, who is at present visiting her. The table decorations were roses. Quite a large affair was the luncheon given by Mrs. Babcock at the home of her mother, Mrs. D. Henshaw Ward. There were about twenty guests who were seated at small tables all decorated in green and white.

The entertainments to the various whist clubs continue. A jolly dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hall to the members of their whist club last week. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyton, Mrs. Brookes and Mrs. Pennoyer.

Oakland has again been attacked by the bicycle fever, and every night informal parties are arranged, and from ten to twenty young people sally forth in the direction of Haywards or Berkeley, or over to Alameda. These affairs are usually arranged by telephone, and the participants either take supper at the Hayward's Club House or have Welsh rarebit and beer on their return home.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all druggists

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

Quite the most interesting collection of photographs to be found here is that of the Taber Photograph Gallery, 121 Post street. Here is a splendid collection of Pacific Coast views, views of the old Missions, of the great orchards of California, of the Yosemite, Kings River Canyon, and all the other great scenic points. They are excellent views and clever compositions in the pictorial sense. Indeed, Taber's is the only place in town where one can obtain good views of San Francisco and its environment. Among the collection are splendid photos of Alaskan scenery and a most interesting assemblage of Honolulan views from which the photographs published in the current number are made. It is interesting to note that Mr. Ross, Taber's new operator, is spoken of by experts as the cleverest operator in the country.

Style counts more positively in a hat than in a gown. To obtain a chic hat intelligent women go to E. E. Caswell's, 28 Post street. It is interesting to note that all the hats and bonnets in this stock have been reduced to half price.

DR. G. A. DANZIGER, Dentist, 22 Geary st.

## LAWN TENNIS

### Again Threatning to Develope Into an Excitement.

For the first time in years tennis begins to be an excitement. The annual tournament is at hand, and the cranks have begun to assemble at early morning and at dewy eve in the various courts. Their talk runs on about champions past and present, and is much concerned with the outcome of the match on July 4th at San Rafael. It seemed probable, earlier in the season, that certain of the prominent Eastern players would be persuaded to come West. General Warfield, who has manifested considerable interest in tennis, made an effort to realize this anticipation, but the time was not propitious. The prospect, however, has proved a spur to the local cracks to keep in form during the winter, and in consequence the fight for the "singles" championship this year will be far harder than usual. Every day for the past week or two the courts of the California Lawn Tennis Club have been active. Out at the Oakland grounds there has been an equal movement. I learn that the Hardys are already in their finest form. Messrs. Stone and Nicholson, who played such good tennis at the San Mateo tournament, Selby, Gage, Pratt and Spencer, are doing excellent work and will be heard of in the finals. Alameda will be well represented by Holmes and Bowen. The latter has been practicing recently at the California Club.

Those who are interested in forecasting the championship probabilities will be glad to learn that George De Long proposes to participate during the week of the Fourth. He has put in several afternoons at the California courts recently, and shows he has lost little of his old dexterity, though it is two years since he has done any work. However, the local men are not to have it all their own way. Mr. Dillingham, who is the champion of Hawaii, is on his way up from the Islands to participate. It is said he is a strong man. If his form may be gauged by that of one of his clubmates, Mr. Wilder, who has done considerable practice on the grounds recently, he will prove a hard man to beat.

On Sunday last there was quite a gathering at the courts to see the match between R. N. Whitney and George Bradshaw, who crossed racquets with H. N. Stetson and Professor Joe Daly. The result was a victory for the visiting team, the score being 6-2, 6-4. Tomorrow a party of tennis experts are expected at the hotel to participate in practice games. I learn also that there has been formed a Hotel Rafael Club, for which the services of Professor Daly have been secured. Mr. Crooks is one of the prime movers in the tennis cause, and is interested in developing new players. There are some excellent budding possibilities in sight which ought to add to the interest of the coming events. The indications are all for a very successful tournament, and the experts claim that the cup will surely change hands.

### A Splendid Showing.

Since assuming the agency at the beginning of the year, of Moet & Chandon White Seal (Grande Cuvee), Messrs. William Wolff & Co. have imported twenty-six hundred cases—in view of the dull season, a remarkable sum—of which the agents, as well as the shippers, may well be proud. Californians also know a good thing when they can get it.—Pacific Wine and Spirit Review.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Singers of the Guilbert sort, of the style of Pacquerette and Anna Held, are practically an unknown quantity in San Francisco. The nearest we have had to the type, at the Orpheum, at least, is Josephine Sabel. Sabel is very bright, her gown is very pretty with its pink bodice and its pink roses, and her powdered back is a dream. She sings a French song very well; in truth, right cleverly, even though she lacks the finish a chanteuse should have. Her second number, a pretty American thing, is a little forced, but we could love her if she stopped at that. Unfortunately she goes on with a rough negro ditty with some rough business brought in which takes away the effect of her pretty ways and her pretty gown. The negro work takes well, better than the chasonette or the pretty American melody, but it takes with the gallery—that thing of whistles and vulgarity, and in her darkey song Sabel sings to the gallery.

The prettiest scene in the romantic drama, "In the Heart of the Storm," at Morosco's this week, is the ruined distillery in the third act; it is well put together and makes a pleasing picture. It is unusual to see Lander Stevens as a villain, but as Romeo Estado, a Cuban smugglar, he is picturesque and effective ,and with John J. Pierson, his partner in evil, gives the very best work in the performance.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," with its interesting romance and dramatic situations, will be given at the Baldwin Theater Monday evening by Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, with James K. Hackett as Rudolph, Charles Walcott as Colonel Sapt and May Mannering, the new leading lady of the compay, as the lonely Princess Flavia. The remainder of the cast includes Elizabeth Tyree William Courtleigh, Frank P. Mills, George W. Middleton. For the second week "The First Gentleman of Europe," Mrs. Burnett's new play, will be given, and for the third Louis N. Parker's "The Mayflower"; for the fourth and last "The Late Mr. Costello."

The play at Morosco's next week, "The Man From the South," will be noticeable for its dramatic interest rather than any special mechanical effects, although one scene, that of the Dakota Club, a gambling hell, will be very much out of the ordinary. Maud Edna Hall appears as Madeline Ashley, which she created in the East two years ago. The balance of the cast will be given to the regular company, including Miss Virginia Jackson, a talented young actress, who will make her first appearance as Florence Stanley.

An interesting revival of a famous old play will be given at the Alcazar Monday evening in the production of Douglas Jerrold's "Black Eyed Susan." The scenery has been specially prepared and the cast, which is a long one, includes George Osborne as William; Charles Bryant, Captain Crosstree; F. B. Clayton, Hatchet; Adele Belgarde, Susan, and Juliet Crosby, Dolly. The "First Born" will enter on its seventh week, the fiftieth performance occurring Monday evening, when souvenir medallions will be distributed in honor of the event.

Lew Dockstadter, the greatest minstrel of them all, will open at the Orpheum Monday evening with some very new specialties. Caron and Herbert, comedy acrobats, are among the new people; also Alexander Heindel, the great cello virtuoso; and Canfield and Carleton, comic opera and burlesque artists. Josephine Sabel heads the balance of the bill, which includes Conway and Leland, Russell Brothers, and Dailey and Hilton.

John Drew follows the Lyceum Company at the Baldwin, presenting "Rosemary." Isabel Irving will be his leading lady.

Bronson Howard's war drama, "Shenandoah," will be given by the Frawley Company at the Columbia next Monday evening. "Shenandoah" is one of the most exciting and interesting plays of the Civil War. The story is natural and effecuve and the situations intensely dramatic, the most thrilling being the great ride of Sheridan and the retreat of the Confederates at the close of the third act.

Mr. Edward Stevens will open his season of light opera at the Tivoli Monday evening in a production of "Wang." Special scenery and costumes have been prepared. Mr. Stevens will impersonate Wang, a character in which he has been successfully identified for over a year in the cast. Miss Helen Harrington will reappear as the Widow Frimousse, and Miss Irma Fitch as Gilette, her oldest daughter. Myra Morella will be Mataya, the Crown Princess.

Quite the most interesting dramatic debut announced recently is that of Miss Amanda Josephi and Miss Josephine Culver, who will make their initial public appearance at Native Sons' Hall on the evening of June 30th. Both ladies are young, talented and handsome, and they are to appear in a series of character sketches, which will show off their ability to advantage. Mrs. Tilley Morrisey will assist with vocal selections.

MISS AMANDA JOSEPHI

MISS JOSEPHINE CULVER

Two talented young artistes, who will make their dramatic debut on June 30th at Native Sons' Hall

## BOOKS RECEIVED

"Sweet Revenge," by F. A. Mitchell (Harper & Brothers).

"The Descendant," by Elen Glascow (Harper & Brothers).

"Soldiers of Fortune," by R. H. Davis (Chas. Scribner's Sons).

"The Burglar who moved Paradise," by H. D. Ward (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Prisoners of Conscience," by Amelia E. Barr (The Century Co.)

"Lovice," by "The Duchess" (The Lippincott Co.)

The season at Highland Springs has proved already decidedly gay. There are any number of people there for the summer, and between the beautiful scenery and the swimming, shooting and fishing they are having an enjoyabe time.

A full assortment of the latest Eastern novelties at Gruenhagens, 20 Kearny street. Ice Cream Chocolates—a superior make—a specialty. Goods delivered free to Oakland, Alameda or Berkeley.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Bianco & Bruno, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

## LATE VERSE

### Her Courtship.

A man of modern science wooed
A maiden of accepting mood,
Who, dreading lest contagion might
Do mischief to her chosen wight,
With sol. bichloride washed her hair
And likewise all her features fair.

She rinsed her mouth with Listerine,
And held, her snow-white teeth between,
A pad of antiseptic gauze,
Covering her nose, as well as jaws,
Which formed a sort of respirator
Between them and her osculator.

But this reminds: I should have told
That these were things he'd taught of old,
With others which I may not tell, in
Regard to spots that germs might dwell in.
She was a wise professor's daughter
And practiced all which had been taught her.
—Buffalo Courier.

### The Moving-Van.

Beside the monster moving van
The moving monarch stands;
You would not think to look at him,
With grime on face and hands,
That he is rich as rich can be
In stocks and bonds and lands.

His trousers are not in the mode,
His footgear is not tan,
His curses are both loud and deep,
He loves to rush the can;
But he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owns 'most every man.

The householder with woful face
Stands in the open door,
His women folks are flying round
From cellar to top floor,
To keep the man from smashing things—
He simply smashes more.
—Buffalo Courier.

So this good medicine man, with pride
Clasping his antiseptic bride,
In disinfected murmur low
Asked "Why she loved her doctor so?"
And softly nestling down, she sighed,
"You're such a dear old germicide."
Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

### Engaged!

SHE.

She lingers still in the driving mist,
Striving to keep his shadow in sight,
There's a tremulous smile on the lips he has kissed,
In her eyes shines a new sweet light;
And the sodden landscape fades away,
A shining path spreads before her feet,
Love's deathless domain she has entered today,
And, oh, to be living is sweet!

HE.

He, hurrying off to catch the train,
Hopes that his people will like the match;
What a lucky girl such a husband to gain,
For she wasn't much of a catch.
Well, the deed is done; the victim must pay;
How much did that dress cost she wore tonight?
She should make her own, there's a saving that way;
Once married he'll set all such things right.

E. D. PIERSON.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

J. W. CARMANY, 25 Kearny street, for a complete line of Spring shirtings and neckwear.

$1,000.00

Be sure you get the yellow ticket in every package of Schilling's Best tea. It gives you one guess at the thousand-dollar word.

Many tickets—many guesses.

Watch for details in daily papers about the first and middle of June, July, and August.

Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

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EGYPTIAN BALM

An excellent preparation for softening and healing the face and hands. Is unexcelled for local pimples, heals burns, chapped lips, hands, etc. Contains nothing poisonous and is not a whitewash.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S HAIR TONIC

Positively removes dandruff, all scalp diseases, arrests falling hair, and in many cases restores hair; also produces eyebrows and moustache. Price, $1.00 per bottle

My book "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL" free on application

MME. A. RUPPERT,

Rooms 15-16, 131 Post Street, San Francisco.

## HOW, WHEN AND WHERE

### The Crucial Moment as Told in the Latest Novels.

Wonderful and many are the ways of making love and of asking the final, fatal question—as wonderful and many as the stars of the night, and as varied. The method of introducing the matrimonial topic depends altogether upon the man—as his temperament is so is the nature of the asking. There are all sorts of men possessing as many sorts of temperament, passionate and otherwise—principally otherwise. There is the man who says something about setting the day, and there is he who takes his Very-best out driving and makes conjugal remarks about comfortable looking houses. Then there is the practical man, who says something like this: "Well, Jennie, isn't it about time we—" a pause, a look, and then that case is settled. There is the impetuous young man, who is so very noisy, and the passionate man, who is so very deep and so very intense, who talks with his breath rather than his tongue. And there are others and others ad infinitum; but before them all is the poet, the man of dreams and fancies; after all he is the one who knows love best. Love is the poetry of life, and only the gentle poet possesses it in all its fullness.

But these are words, words some of them true and some of them idle; the thing is to consider the manner of proposing. Men will not do so on the roof-tops, nor in the streets, and as eavesdropping is very bad form, to say nothing of being uncomfortable, we must take ourselves to the playwright or the novelist. Let it be the novelist.

In Herbert D. Ward's pretty story, "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," the "burglar," who is a very nice man, is talking to Miss Corona in her seaside home, which she has called Paradise—old maid's paradise, at that. Miss Corona has put the burglar off several times before; now he is desperate. They are discussing repairs that must be made in Paradise. Workmen are about the place; his chance has come, limited though it is; there is no one about, not a workman in sight; it is now or never. He takes her in his arms.

"It's no use, Corona," he whispers. "I love you so I can't wait."

"But, Zero," she flutters. Zero is the small boy. Miss Corona doesn't want him to have cause for talk.

"It shan't be called Old Maid's Paradise any longer if I can help it," he insists. "When shall we change the name, dear?"

"Not yet, oh Alec (Alec is the burglar's name), not yet, dear."

"Shall it be the middle of June? Quick." There is a munching of feet on the snow. "Quick—they are coming."

"Alec! Don't—yes, then—yes."

And it is all over, and Zero comes in without the least chance of seeing anything to talk about.

Here is love on horseback; it is in "Sweet Revenge," a story of the Civil War by F. A. Mitchell. They are in a woody road; he rides up close to her, and laying his hand on her horse's neck, strokes it for a moment; all this time his eyes are fixed on hers. He bends forward and without a word puts his arms about her and draws her to him. This seems to be the proper thing in nearly all cases—the putting around of arms and the drawing close to. The man of the horse puts his arms around the lady and draws her close, until her head sinks slowly and at last rests on the gold thread and things of his official breast. "Sweetheart, I love you," he whispers, "and I believe you love me." A pause follows, broken by the cooing of the creek and the billing of the birds; their lips meet, and their hearts thump as one. Stray strands of her hair fall on his wrist and a moisture comes in her eyes. She suddenly seeks to disengage herself, remembering several things—he is a Union officer and she a girl of the South, but he catches her, and holds her long enough for one more embrace, one long kiss, and then lets her go.

"The Duchess" labored long at the novelistic boom and spun many a tale of felicitous love. In her last work, "Lovice," she has half a dozen young people to marry off, which she manages to do quite happily. This is how one of her men makes the attempt—rather trite, it must be admitted. It is at a wedding and they are inspecting the presents.

"What a lovely ring," she says, taking up a hoop of diamonds and rubies.

"Yes," he returns eagerly. "You like rings? You fancy them?"

"I love them," she exclaims enthusiastically.

"Ah," and he sighs oppressively, "if I only dared to offer you one—a plain gold band."

But she doesn't see it that way; her heart is given in another direction, though the formal transfer is not made till later on. It is well on to the end of the book, and they have been cycling, but coming to a hill they dismount to walk. His name is Digby, hers is Louie. He has, or thinks he has, a rival in Colonel Grant, the sighing swain who would offer the fair Louie a plain gold band. They are almost at the summit; the Colonel is in the trees at the foot pumping a tire that has been maliciously unvalved by Digby, who is at present engaged in a jealous quarrel with Louie over the hapless Colonel. She declares she detests him.

"You mean it?" he says.

"Yes, I do."

"Then I think you are a girl of great discrimination, and as a reward of merit I shall allow you to marry me."

"Pouf," she replies, "I could have done that eighteen months ago."

Then follows a parley anent feminie conceit and the quality of the reward.

"Am I to understand you despise it?" he asks. They come to a stand on the summit; there is a pause, in which he finds time to put his arm around her waist. "Look here, Louie, you do like me a little b.., eh? Say you do, and that you will marry me, darling."

"I—I don't know," she stammers; "we are always quarreling."

"So much the better to get it all over now, and live happy ever after. Say yes, Louie," he adds coaxingly.

They are interrupted by a shout.

Louie's heart gives a little jump of joy.

"Oh, Digby, do take away your arm," Louie cries, very much alarmed. "Surely that is Colonel Grant's voice."

"Yes, but he is out of sight behind that clump of trees yet. I advise you to hurry up and say yes—he'll be here in no time. I do believe he is in sight," trying hard to imagine such to be the case.

"Oh, very well—yes—I mean no—I don't—"

"Here he is, really quite close."

"What a beast you are, Digby. But I must say yes—yes."

What follows is left to the imagination. Then mounting their bikes they speed away, and when the exhausted Colonel emerges from the trees he finds the road deserted.

So much for "The Duchess." Amelia Barr may come next with her "Prisoners of Conscience," a sombre story of the Shetland Islands. The people are simple fisherfolk, and one of them, David Borson, goes to woo Nanna Sinclair. The door of her house is open, and the wind blows the salt savor of the sea into the room. Nanna is knitting. David enters the house, shuts the door and goes to her side; his heart is too full to hesitate or to choose words.

"Nanna, I have found out that I love you," he says. Nanna, dearest woman, do you hear me?"

Her cheeks burn rosy, she looks at him, her hands tremble and the work falls from them.

"Love me a little, my dear! Love me, Nanna!"

"I do love you, David. Who in all the world have I but you?"

She stands up, he takes her in his arms, kisses her and is happy.

Now for Richard Harding Davis and his "Soldier of Fortune." Clay and Hope Langham are making their escape from the fire of their enemies; she is driving, couched between his knees, while he, bending over her, forms a protection from the bullets. The danger passed, the horses drop into a tired walk, the palms above them bend in benediction, the warm breeze carries the odor of ripening fruit, and the long leaves silver in the moonlight. Hope sinks slowly back and touches Clay's knee, then straightens herself as if to rise. He bends forward, as in a spell, and lays his hand fearfully on her shoulder. The touch seems to stop the blood in his veins and hush the words upon his lips. She raises her head slowly and looks into his eyes; it seems that he has been looking into those same eyes for centuries and has known them always and the soul that looked out of them. He bends his head lower, and stretching out his arms, draws her to him—her eyes do not waver—he raises her and holds her close against his breast—her eyes falter and close.

"Hope," he whispers, "Hope." He stoops lower and kisses her, and his lips tell her what they could not speak.

This how "The Descendant" has it:

"Rachel," he says, "will you listen to me?"

Rachel looks slightly bored.

"Not if it is long, please," she answers. "I am just as tired as I can be."

"It is not long," he says. "It is very short; it is only that I love you."

"I wish you wouldn't," she says pettishly. "I can't bear lovemaking; it's silly."

"It is not silly," he answers, "and it is not lovemaking; it is earnest, absorbing love. You may do what you please afterwards, but you must listen to me now. I tell you I love you, I love you, I love you! I have never said these words before in my life, and I never shall again. They are meant for you and you alone. * * * * * I love you, I love you. No, you can't get away. You shall hear me again—I love you!"

He speaks rapidly, his lips tremble, his face is white, his magnetic gaze illuminates her, scorching her as though the scintillating flames were shafts of fire. He reaches forward and takes her hands, holding them firmly in his own, bending still upon her that most impassioned glance. Rachel is duly impressed with all this, for she appropriately shivers, trembles and pales until her face seems of marble; but suddenly fear dawns in her eyes, they grow dark with suppressed tears—then she breaks from him and boils into wrath—just why, one must read the novel to find out. Rachel boils into wrath. "You are cruel, cruel, cruel," she cries. * * * * Why can't you leave me in peace? * * * * I hate you, I hate you!" and, her wrath having boiled, sinks on a couch and what is left of her dissolves into tears.

## BOOK NOTES

The merit of "Leonora of the Yawmish, a tale of the Oregon woods, by Francis Dana, (Harper and Brothers), is almost entirely in its excellent local color and its title cover, a taking affair illuminated with long, slender pine trees, well needled and coned, through which may be seen a green mountain and a pink sky. The fair Leonora is a sort of modern Diana, and lives in the wilds of the Northwest with her father, a man of culture, who, like Timon of Athens, fled from his fellow-beings in general, and sought consolation in solitude. A young New Englander comes across Leonora while hunting, falls in love with her, or thinks he does, after a time proposes and is accepted. He soon returns to his Eastern home, where he meets an old sweetheart, now a lively widow. The feeling of first love returns, and at the widow's suggestion he sends out West his impecunious younger brother, very much like him in face and form, to win and wed the fair Leonora in his name. At the prospect of liberal reward the brother goes to Oregon, falls in love with Leonora, finally confesses his imposition, is forgiven, becomes wealthy in logging, marries the Yamish maid, and, after acquiring an immense fortune in a very short time, returns East. The descriptions of the country and its odd bits of inhabitants could hardly be improved upon, and for that reason, if for no other, the book is well worth reading.

"Mademoisells Blanche," by John D. Barry (Stone and Kimball), is an idyl of the circus, a tale of tears and sawdust. Mademoiselle Blanche is a young acrobat, as lovely as she is virtuous, who does a most remarkable act culminating in a marvelous leap for life. She becomes the wife of a young Frenchman, who loves her in a selfish sort of a way. He gives up business and becomes a sort of hanger-on and so-called manager of his wife's affairs—a very familiar type. After a time Blanche finds her health giving away, but continues performing, finding that only by doing so is she able to retain her husband's affection. The story ends pathetically with the death of Blanche in the circus net, killed by the wonderful leap. In "Mademoiselle Blancne" Mr. Barry has whitten of a loving and lovable woman in a most natural manner.

"A Singer's Heart," by Anna Farquhar (Roberts Brothers), starts out in a mild and amiable manner, improves rapidly as it continues, and developes into an interesting and readable story, resulting finally in an unexpected tragedy. The heroine is a young American with an unusual voice, red hair and a variable disposition. On the reversal of family fortunes she sets forth to study singing and meets with the vicissitudes that so frequently beset the ambitious damsel of slender means. She goes to Europe and finally becomes a great singer, indeed, a formidable rival to the only Adelina. She falls in love with a journalist, and the happiness of both seems imminent, when he dies of heart disease on the way to her side to propose marriage.

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## "THE QUESTION"

### A Clever Satire by Lorimer Stoddard at the Columbia.

It is almost certain that if Lorrimer Stoddard's "Question" were produced in any other of the larger cities of America, other than this, it would score a pronounced success; equally probable is it that coming to San Francisco from the Eastern circuit the play would be received with enthusiasm. It is a thoroughly good piece of work; the audiences of the Columbia know very well that it is, and yet because of a couple of paragraphs in the daily papers they withhold their judgment and their applause. The most suprising feature of "The Ques .on" was this apathy on the part of the audience and its failure to catch the right points at the right time. A dozen or so claqueurs would not have been out of place on the opening night, for a score of times the house was moved to a stir of amusement when no amusement was intended or again sat stolid and imperturable through scenes and bits of dialogue that on other occasions would easily have provoked a clamor of intelligent recognition.

For one thing, San Francisco audiences are not keyed up to such a style of play as Mr. Stoddard and the Frawley Company have put on. Its best points are its most delicate. Exchange of repartee as bright and as evererescent as an electric spark, a bit of situation come and gone as quickly as a kinetascope picture, a touch of character acute and subtle as a lancet. Fresh from the highly colored, strongly marked melodramatic scenes of "The Fatal Card," and so many other of brusque, coarse-fibered plays that find their way to the Coast, it is perhaps not remarkable that "The Question" is slow to succeed. The difficulty about such a play is that it appeals strongest to a limite- public. It presupposes a rather unusual degree of intelligence on the part of its audience, an intelligence that can find more pleasure in an exchange of wit than in an exchange of blows, that rejoices in the thrust of keenly-pointed satire rather than in that of the assassin's knife. There are not many such people amongst San Francisco theater-goers. There were certainly few in the Columbia on the first night of "The Question." The house that foregathered beyond the footlights expected, in fact, desired, quite a different manner of play. They expected violent action and they got delicate insinuation. They wanted blood and they got an epigram. But the people who can appreciate Drew and the Daly companies should see "The Question." Frank Worthing is not "Lord Chevebrook, Mr. Stoddard "Pinero," but the drama which is the result of their combined effort is far and away ahead of the average of the dramatic work that has been of late produced in this city.

The dialogue, especially the dialogue between the women, fairly coruscates with brilliant repartee, so much so that the only criticism possible is that its cleverness is almost too pronounced to be true to life. There are, however, several little touches, here and there, so slight as to be almost impalpable, that do nevertheless add strongly to the impression of transemblance.

As, for instance, Mrs. Cannon's momentary forgetfulness of Oskamp's name, and her difficulty with that of Miss Quintard. Such points as this seem almost too trivial to mention, but they tell, they help, to create an impression. They are the "superflu si necessaire." Miss Moretti was cast in a role that seemed in some manner distasteful to her, and was not very effective. Miss Bates as Mrs. Cannon showed an admirable skill in the interpretation of a strong and sterling woman, superficially weak, and regardless of convention. It is a task of enormous difficulty and delicacy to strike precisely just the right note in the rendering of such a role, but never for a moment was Miss Bates' work out of tune. Such, too, was the case in Gladys Wallis' Miss Quintard, especially in what may be called for want of a better word the "champagne scene." It would have been the easiest thing imaginable to overdo this scene, and give an impression of coarseness and vulgarity. In Miss Wallis' hands it was veritably delicious, and indeed as much can be said of her entire role. As Miss Quintard she is quite as charming as any actress of her kind seen here this season.

It is perhaps niggardly to foggle over details, but the rustling of the leaves, that so conveniently adapts itself to Mrs. Cannon's lines in the second act might be omitted with advantage. Mrs. Cannon's words would have just as much significance without it, and the effect is neither natural nor artistic. It is thrust upon the audience at that particular time and at no other. But the fact that so trifling a criticism could be hazarded at all is perhaps the best proof of the excellence of the entire performance.

F. N.


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The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for out door sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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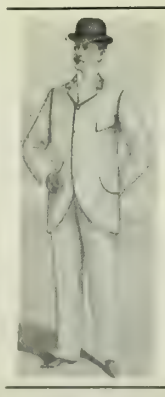

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A Play with a Sensational Story of Intense Interest
Elaborate Scenic Effects! A Strong Cast!
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## TURF TOPICS

### Sales of Thoroughbred Yearlings in New York — Breeding Notes.

The American invasion of England is being attended this season with a very fair measure of success. Keenan, Mr. August Belmont's representative in the all-ageu division, Berzak, the Lorillord three-year-old, by Sensation, and Mr. Croker's two-year-old Rhoda B., by Hanover, are all highly regarded, and in a fair way to secure honor, as well as considerable profit, for their respective stables. Berzak, by all accounts, is not unlikely to grow into a really good horse before many moons have gone by. Rhoda B. is not very fully engaged, which is unfortunate, as she seems to be one of the best two-year-olds racing in England this season. She is expected to face the starter this week in the New Stakes at Ascot, and if she beats Mr. Perkins' smart colt by Bend Or—Jenny Howlett her reputation will have been made.

The uninitiated are often at a loss to understand the enormous prices that are paid now and then for first-class horses by racing and breeding men. When the possibilities in the way of returns are considered, however, there is no real cause for wonderment. Take, for instance, the case of Hampton, whose career of service is now closed. Born in 1872, he was purchased after his first win as a two-year-old for 200 guineas and five years later became the property of Lord Ellesmere for the sum of 7,200 guineas. During his career on the turf he won £7,735, and, up to the end of last season, had sired 137 winners of 433 races—value, £222,632; three winners of the Derby, namely, Merry Hampton, Ayrshire and Ladas, as well as one Oaks winner, Reve d'Or, being amongst his produce. As a sire he began with the modest fee of 30 guineas, which was soon advanced to 150 guineas, at which it remained.

The attempt is still being made to stimulate public interest in the scheme of operating a race track on the Marin county side of the bay, so as to furnish the gambling element with employment during the summer. When the promoters can make it appear that they desire to furnish good sport and not merely to exploit bookmaking projects their plans will receive consideration at present wanting.

At the first important sale this season of thoroughbred yearlings, held at the American Horse Exchange, New York, there were 30 head disposed of at an average of $347, the highest price being $3,725, paid by I. E. Madden, of Lexington, Ky., for Glenheim, a colt by Hanover—imp. Cinderella. The sale was composed of consignments from the McGrathiana, Dixiana, Runnymede, Woodburn, Melbourne, and Larchmont studs. Eleven youngsters were purchased by I. H. McCormick, the trainer, for Burns & Waterhouse, the highest priced one of the lot being a bay colt by Falsetto—Pearl Thorne by Pat Malloy, knocked down to them at $1,250.

The sale above mentioned is the equivalent in quantity of the Rancho del Paso offerings to be made in New York this coming week. It will be interesting to see how the financial results compare, and what light they throw on the breeding of thoroughbred stock in California and Kentucky respectively.

The English critics, according to my information, seem disposed to reckon Galtee More a "smasher" worthy to take rank with his kinsman, Ormonde. Unfortunately for the comparison, however, this year's Derby winner was beaten once, the second time out, in his two-year-old career, namely, by Brigg in the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes (£1,611), whereas Ormonde never owned defeat in his life. Moreover, the class generally this season does not seem to compare with the quality of the horses that were running during Ormonde's three-year-old career. It is certainly too early yet to define Galtee More's precise place amongst the best horses of the present era. The only opponent that has come anywhere near getting his measure this season is Velasquez, who, it seems, has been a sufferer from teething troubles and by no means, therefore, in the best fettle. It is quite on the cards that Lord Rosebery's colt may show improved form later in the season, though there seems to be an impression that he is not going to make a long-distance champion. Mr. Gubbins' horse is no doubt a great colt, and the only time he was defeated, as mentioned above, he was distinctly interfered with in the race. From the pictures I have seen, and which look to be very good, Galtee More stands all over Velasquez, and the appearance of each horse fully bears out their respective merits so far as they have at present been determined.

The St. Simon blood has not been holding its own this season up to date, but if Persimmon annexes the gold cup at Ascot for the Prince of Wales this week, as he should do, things will look a little brighter in that direction.

Here is a good story from "Country Life" of Newmarket trainers' methods with their boys: "Can't quite do it, I'm afraid, Mr. Burnish," a pale, thin, ravenous-looking lad observed to a well-known trainer one race morning, "but I'm within three-quarters of a pound, sir—we shall 'ave to give that away, I s'pose?"

"Give nothin' away, fat-head," grunted the frowning trainer. "You must a bin breakfastin'?"

"Wishamadie if I've 'ad anythin' but a warnut an' 'alf a pint o' warm castor oil since the day before yesterday, sir."

"H—m!" returned the other. "Hau a Turkish bath?"

"Two, this blessed mornin'."

"Took a walk?"

"Fourteen mile, with three suits o' clothes on."

"H—m!" repeated his master, digging his ash-plant into the turf. "Then you shall just run to Ely an' back behind my dog-cart an' get your toe-nails cut afterwards. I'll have you the right weight, my lad, if I have to drag out every tooth in your head, stoppin' an' all."

The four miles record performance of Lucretia Borgia has attracted a great deal of attention throughout the country, and it will not be surprising if it leads to an attempt being made before long to beat the time she made with more weight up.

BENEDICT.

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DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, J. J. De Haven retiring from the practice of the law. The unfinished business of the firm will be completed by S. C. Denson, who retains his offices in the Mills Building. S. C. DENSON.
J. J. DE HAVEN.
San Francisco, June 16th, 1897.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Certain members of the Chamber of Commerce were discussing the ability of Germans to drink beer, and one of them offered to wager that any Teuton out of a crowd at work on a building near by could drink a gallon of lager without stopping. The party approached a sturdy looking stone mason, and the sporting man asked: "Will you drink a bucketful of beer if I pay for it?" The mason thought a minute. "Vell, I drink it if I can. I don't know, though, if I can. You wait a minute." He disappeared into Leidesdorff street, but returned a moment later, smiling. "All right," he said, "I vas ready." They went into an adjoining saloon and the Teuton drank the gallon of lager without a wink. Coming back to his mallet and chisel, he said: "I vas not sure if I could drink a pail of beer or not, so I vent into Chris Olsen's and tried it first."

During the sham battles at the Presidio, it is often necessary, for purposes of instruction, to indicate with signs the location of bodies of stationary troops at certain points. Quite recently a young officer charged down upon an apparently isolated man of the opposing force. The man made no attempt to escape, but stood quietly holding a long staff with a board nailed thereon. "You're my prisoner," said the officer with the body of cavalry. "Beg pardon, sir," returned the isolated one, "I'm a brigade!" Fortunately there was no umpire looking just then, so the body of cavalry rapidly headed for a less dangerous part of the country, while the "brigade" was left grinning alone.

A year or two ago a Colusa county rancher who had loaded up too heavily with debt during the flush times was gathered in by the bank on a foreclosure sale. Recently his son was asked how his father was getting on, and he replied, "Oh, he is doing a great deal better now. He rents the land from the bank and doesn't have to pay interest." This was not a joke, but a fact. The farmer gives the bank one-third of the crop for the use of its land, and keeps two-thirds for his labor; formerly three-thirds would hardly have sufficed to pay interest.

In the old days of patronage a Scotch minister was once forced upon a congregation. He was coldly received; but, calling one day upon an elder, he took a chair in spite of his gruff reception. In order to meet an awkward pause, he took out his snuff-box. "Oh," said the elder, "ye tak' snuff, dae ye?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Weel," said the elder, that's the first sign o' grace I've seen in ye." "How's that?" "Dae no read o' Solomon's temple," replied the elder, "that a' the snuffers were of pure gold?"

When the celebrated Bishop Wilberforce was a student at Oxford, he had a chum whose habit was to come into his friend's room at breakfast-time and smoke a huge pipe. Wilberforce could not abide his bacon and toast saturated with tobacco-smoke, but he was at a loss to know how to convey the necessary hint. At last one morning he remarked apologetically, "I say, old chap—you'll excuse me—I hope you don't mind—but do you object to my going on with my breakfast while you are smoking?"

Rubenstein, the great pianist, was seldom at a loss for an answer. A lady once begged him for a seat at his concert, where, of course, there was not a single place to be had. "I have only one seat," he said, "but I will willingly give it up to you." "Oh, thank you! How good you are! Really I don't know what I have done to deserve such kindness! And where is the seat?" "At the piano."

A well-known Parisian who is credited with having made his escape from the fire with remarkable vigor and promptitude, was some little time afterwards pushing aside a lady in his attempt to get before her into a theater. She found it hard to keep her place. At last, losing patience, she turned round and said: "Remember, sir, that this is not the Charity Bazar." He at once collapsed.

An Irish member of Parliament the other day said that Mr. Balfour's statement of the British Government's new Irish policy "came like a windfall out of a clear sky," and an English musical journal recently said that an operatic manager had "unearthed a new star."

A country curate, calling on the great lady of the village, introduced his newly married wife as "a poor thing, madam, but mine own"; whereupon the lady, looking upon the curate severely, replied: "Your wife ought to have introduced you as 'a poorer thing, but mine owner.'"


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VOL XVI. No. 26 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 26, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 26, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 3 |
| A Jubilee Function; a flashlight by The Elite | 4 |
| Photographs of the British Royal Family | 5 |
| London in Jubilee Week | 5–6 |
| California's English; by A. B. | 6 |
| A Home Jubilee | 6 |
| "Victoria Regina": a Poem by Lucius H. Foote | 6 |
| The Marriage Problem | 7 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 7 |
| Ark-Life on the Bay | 8 |
| Little Dramas of the Curbstone; by Frank Norris | 9 |
| Lew Dockstader's New Ditty | 10 |
| In Society | 10 |
| A Literary Dialogue | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Howell's New Women | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## DEBS' CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

It is only a few days since the illustrious Eugene V. Debs was heard from at Salt Lake City echoing the advice which the blood-thirsty Boyce of the Miners' Federation there gave to his followers. That advice was that each miner should equip himself with a firearm of the latest and best model and drill himself in the use of his weapon till he should be able to do good execution with it upon the foes of "Labor." Then, it seemed, in the opinion of Debs and Boyce, that the time when such execution would be called for was not far distant, but in the short time since the meeting at Salt Lake City a great change seems to have come over Debs, and now he is preaching a new gospel for the salvation of "Labor," in which, so far as appears from the text as published, there is no clash of arms or smell of powder smoke. It was at Chicago, last week, that the new programme of Debs was given to the world, and a very significant programme it is, coming from one who has so long been the apostle of practical anarchy. The design is nothing less than that Debs and several thousand of his followers shall go to work. With Debs as their Moses, these thousands are to be led forth from the Eastern Egypt, the land of "industrial slavery," into some promised land in some Western State, where there are millions of fertile acres that can be easily irrigated. On these acres, when they get them, the tribes of Debs will plow, sow and reap, build stores and factories, dig canals, make roads, build schoolhouses and other public buildings, including a printing establishment for the production of newspapers and "literature of the right kind." There is to be a common store for the supply of all the wants of the colonists, and even a common kitchen from which the cooked rations of the faithful will be distributed to them—a much better arrangement than relying on the manna of the wilderness. Of course the colony is to produce a great deal more than it will need, and the surplus is to be sold to the rest of the world, in competition with the produce of the farmers who selfishly till the soil on their own individual accounts. It would, no doubt, be a great and painful surprise to the colonists if these selfish farmers, taking a leaf from the old philosophy of Debs, were to denounce them as "scabs" and resent by riot and arson and force of arms such irregular intrusion into the industry of agriculture. The whereabouts of the promised land is as yet rather indefinite. Debs represents that "dozens of States" are bidding for the honor of the impending invasion, but this may be safely regarded as an exaggeration due to the first fever of socialistic enthusiasm. Only four States are mentioned as finding favor in the eyes of the leaders of the new exodus—Texas, Utah, Idaho and Washington—and it is, perhaps, a mere coincidence that in each of these States some form of populism is the prevailing political faith, to which the votes of the Debs contingent would be a very acceptable accession of strength. How the pilgrims of the new faith are to get to the land of promise is another question not answered in the prospectus. Debs thinks that some of them may have to walk. We should think that they would all take to that independent method of transportation rather than contribute one shekel from the treasury of the faithful to the soulless overlords of labor who manage railroads.

It needs no skill in prophecy to foretell the result of such an attempt as Debs has proposed, if it is ever seriously made. It is simply an experiment in practical socialism, and an experiment which has been repeatedly tried by wiser and more prudent men than Debs and his disciples, by associations with greater resources than his poor followers will be able to furnish, and under more favorable circumstances and in more favored regions than he will probably find in any portion of the Western wilderness still remaining unredeemed. In every instance the promoters of such socialistic schemes have held up before their followers the same glorious visions of ease and plenty and independence with which Debs seeks to inspire the new movement. It is always a part of the gospel of socialism that the individual in the community can produce more and with less effort than he can by independent exertion in the same line of work, and the uniform result of repeated experiments has been to give the lie to this article of the socialistic faith, and to make over and over again the demonstration that the only efficient and economic form of co-operation yet possible is that in which each worker exerts himself to what he believes to be his own advantage in the industry for which he believes himself best fitted. Even if there were no fundamental defects in Debs' theory of co-operation, it would still be impossible for him to erect a stable and prosperous community on the foundations which he proposes to lay. If he has ever been a real workingman he must recognize the impossibility of making successful farmers out of a rabble of the unemployed gathered up from the great cities, not one in fifty of whom has any practical or theoretical knowledge of the difficulties which the successful farmer has to meet and overcome. And it adds nothing to the chance of Debs' success that he has associated with him in his new crusade a number of professors and preachers more distinguished for kindly sentiment, perhaps, than for good sense. They are all of the school which believes and teaches that human institutions can be made over anew without any making over of the human nature which has evolved them in their present form. If crops could be brought out of the ground by talk, or if the wheels of factories could be turned by tongue-power, such auxiliaries would be valuable to the new enterprise, but under no other conditions.

It is announced by the friends of Debs that the once potent American Railway Union is by its former leader regarded as dead. It might be profitable and instructive to the deluded thousands who formed that organization to hold an inquest on its remains and to determine, if possible, of what it died. Perhaps a statement contained in Debs' announcement of the new crusade may shed light on the question. He says: "Trades unionism furnishes no adequate remedy for the terrible evil which confronts the toilers. If all the workers in the country were organized at the present time and engaged in a concerted warfare with capital, they would be beaten." Here, at least, is truth from Debs. So long as the purpose of labor organizations is "concerted warfare" on capital, which alone can furnish them a market for their labor and with which it should be their primary purpose to co-operate, they must be beaten. Debs' followers saw the futility of "concerted warfare" before Debs acknowledged it. Now he seeks to turn a new trick, in which his failure must be speedy. We opine that we shall soon hear the last of Debs.

## CLERICAL DEGENERATION.

About a year and a half ago, a clergyman who had long been the pastor of a prominent church in San Francisco was publicly accused of gross immoralities, offenses involving a high degree of moral turpitude, and especially disgraceful to one who had assumed the functions of an expounder of revealed truth and an exemplar of pure living. There followed a reluctant examination of the charges, by the governing body of the church over which the accused pastor presided, in which was developed all the characteristic and too familiar features of the "church trial." The non-judicial character of the ordinary religious mind was exemplified by the attitude of a numerous cohort of the friends of the accused clergyman who, in spite of the most apparent truth against him and the most transparent falsehood put forth in his behalf, clung to their pastor as if faith in him and in his moral infallibility was a condition of their personal salvation. After a trial the accounts of which filled columns of the daily papers with the most nauseous details of the reverend delinquent's doings, and which probably wrought more moral harm to this community than could be repaired by the labor of a lifetime of the sinner, if repentant, the pastor was adjudged guilty and unfit to continue in the exercise of his sacred functions, and this judgment was confirmed by the local body of clergymen of the sect to which he belonged. It was supposed that the end of the matter had been reached then, and that the convicted sinner would depart into that obscurity which most men, clerical or lay, would have welcomed after such an experience as his had been. To every candid mind the rehabilitation of such a man and his restoration to the honorable station of a teacher of morals and preacher of truth seemed a moral impossibility. But the reverend sinner knew the cast of the clerical mind better than the public, in spite of what seems to have been ample means of instruction, has yet learned to know it. He betook himself, after a brief period of rest, to another field, and there applied to the association of the clergymen of his sect for admission to their number as one qualified in all respects to preach the gospel and to lead souls to salvation. There was no evidence produced in refutation of that on which his own brethren in San Francisco had condemned him, and there was not even a re-examination of the testimony on which he was convicted here, yet his fellow clerics, by an overwhelming majority, accepted him as one worthy to stand with them in the battle which they profess to be waging against vice and crime and falsehood and unbelief. This man, cast out as a moral leper from the community in which he lived, condemned as a criminal by the ordained preachers of the faith which he professed, in the place where his crimes were committed, has only to go to Chicago and there slander the people who had cast him off, and forthwith he is accepted as one of themselves by the exponents of the same faith, is made pastor of a church and exercises again the cure of souls!

The guilt of such a man is of very trifling significance, but the acceptance of such a man and his reinstatement in the ministry at the hands of his fellow clergymen is of very striking significance. The action of the ministers of the Chicago Association was not the casting of the mantle of charity over the past offenses of a sinner doing penance, for the sinner was not repentant, but defiant, and those who took him to their hearts as a brother certainly displayed no charity to their distant brethren in California. In no gathering or association of men of any other occupation or profession could such a substitution of emotion and prejudice for evidence and judgment be looked for. If any association of physicians or lawyers or engineers were to act in like manner in the case of one of their number charged with unprofessional conduct, and should come to a conclusion so flatly in violation of the common sense of justice, the authority and public standing of such an association would be rudely shaken; and it is safe to say that the profession as a whole would take pains to express its emphatic dissent from such a conclusion. Yet the clergy, who profess to be guided by a higher code than is recognized by any other of the learned professions, accept, without audible protest, actions which would disgrace a boss-ruled political convention.

The assumed function of ministers of religion is to teach, and to teach by authority. It will be apparent to any one who will read the reports of sermons in the daily papers that they do not confine their teaching to the more or less abstract dogmas and doctrines of their several sects, but that they are more and more inclined to lay down laws for the guidance of their hearers in their political, social and business affairs. Of the value of such teaching delivered with good judgment by men of learning and reason there can be no question. It is accepted that ecclesiastics shall be the counsel for their several creeds, and the champions of foregone conclusions in matters of abstract belief, but the value of the pulpit as a power for social good will not suffer for that reason so long as it is occupied by men of good ability and of clean lives. But it is the duty of the clergy as a whole, to defend themselves against the consequences of such an action as that taken by the Congregational Conference of Chicago, who have given another instance to be cited by those who maintain that the clergy are deteriorating and the clerical mind degenerating.

## MUNICIPAL REGULATION OF GAS AND WATER RATES.

A novel suit relating to water rates has recently been brought against the City of Oakland on the relation of a stockholder in one of the two water companies of that city. A lawyer's clerk, holding a trifling amount of stock which was transferred to his name in the hope of qualifying him to maintain such an action, has filed a lengthy printed complaint, alleging that the water rates fixed by the City Council are unjust and unreasonable,

inasmuch as they are so low that the corporation in which he is a stockholder would, under them, be unable to pay operating expenses and interest. Besides declaring the rates unfair, the newly-fledged stockholder seeks to have the order of the board set aside, upon the ground that the schedule was adopted without a hearing or any investigation, and is therefore illegal and void.

In view of all the surrounding circumstances the suit is novel. Two rival water companies have for a year or more engaged themselves in a rate war. The price of water has gone down to practically nothing. Corporate dividends were long ago suspended, and the stockholder in lieu of profit has been forced to contemplate rapidly shrinking stock values. Both companies claim to be losing money on the operation, and they doubtless speak the truth. The rates fixed by the Council, by which the newly-born stockholder complains, are far higher than the rates voluntarily fixed by the companies themselves. The corporations are not suffering by reason of the schedule adopted by the Council, yet a stockholder seeks to have the latter rate decreed unjust, and its adoption by the Council without investigation illegal.

If the court will consider the case on its merits—and it seems doubtful that it will do so on the relation of a stockholder without the corporation itself being made a party—it will open up a new and interesting field of law. May a corporation insist upon a due observance of all the formalities of investigation and a fixing of rates based upon valuation, money invested and operating expenses, notwithstanding it has itself elected to reduce rates far below the point of profit? So far as we know, the question is new. But there is another peculiar phase to the Oakland situation. As the mortgage debt, the capital stock and operating expenses form the basis of all legislative regulations, it would seem, there being two purveyors of water in Oakland, that the Council would be compelled to investigate separately as to each, and if there was a wide difference in the sum of these three items would likewise be compelled to fix different rates for each company. For instance, the Dingee company, with a small capital invested, might be compelled to furnish water at a lower rate than that fixed for the Contra Costa company, with its larger plant and more extensive reservoirs and pipe system. So that legally there would exist in Oakland two water schedules fixed by the same Council at the same time, yet varying in rates. Under such a proceeding—and technically that would be the only legal method the Council could adopt—the company having the largest capital invested—other things being equal—would be entitled to charge the maximum rate where there was no competition, and to cut rates in the portions of the city that had been invaded by its rival.

The Oakland situation admirably illustrates a contention we have repeatedly urged, viz., that competition offers the only true method of reducing gas, water or any other rates. To satisfy the demands of those who constantly clamor for rate reductions would be impossible. To be perfectly plain, this class of citizen is more noisy than numerous and more insincere than honest. To comply with their exactions would compel us to bow to that hollow mockery they dignify as "a doctrine built upon principles of public policy," which runs to confiscation. It is that doctrine of which the Examiner stands as the chief exponent. We need water and gas and transportation facilities. They are a public necessity. Development without them would be impossible. The individual who inaugurates such an enterprise is to some extent a public benefactor. His primary object may be personal profit, but wherever his enterprise extends, be it rails for transportation or pipes for gas or water, neighboring property is enhanced in value, and residence there made possible. Cut off from any portion of the city either gas, water or transportation facilities, and you may begin to realize the extent to which the community profits by such enterprises. The doctrine advocated by the professional "rate regulators" would make all such property a public prey, and the fortunes invested therein public playthings to be tossed and buffeted about in the municipal halls of legislation and for the profit of the miserable wretch who is "out for the stuff."

The Examiner insinuates that the Board of Supervisors were corruptly procured to vote for what is known as the Haskins ordinance. Assuming this is true, what is the situation? Under the laws of the State the Supervisors are compelled to annually fix the rates to be charged for water, and in so fixing they are hedged in by well settled rules, which demand first a fair and impartial hearing, and finally the fixing of a just and reasonable rate. It is contemplated that "a just and reasonable rate" must provide for at least three things. First, the payment of operating expenses; second, the payment of interest on the bonded indebtedness, and, third, the payment of interest to stockholders. The rates just fixed by the board permits the corporation to meet their obligations, but nothing more. In considering rates it would hardly be practicable for the board to declare operating expenses exorbitantly high, and order a reduction on that account, for it is reasonable to assume, with hundreds of watchful stockholders, legally entitled to examine the books of the concern and directly interested in judicious and economical management, extravagances in this direction would hardly be possible. Nor could the Supervisors consider interest on the bonded indebtedness as fair game for their pruning knife, for this fixed expense is a matter of contract which the corporation may not avoid and cannot reduce so long as the present series of bonds are outstanding. There is but one other direction in which the rate reducer may look, and that is to the stockholder. It would seem as though this unfortunate being above all others interested should be entitled to the highest rate of interest. He takes all the risks and assumes all the liabilities. His security fluctuates with every whim of the money market or raid of the demagogue. But it was upon this class of investors the municipal regulators thought it best to level their attacks. The notch to which the rates might be reduced seemed to hinge upon what was a fair rate of intehest for the stockholder. If we were to take every one seriously who has an opinion upon this subject the rate of interest would go dwindling down from 6 per cent. to 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, and, finally, to satisfy the man who believes that money is not entitled to earn money, we would soon reach the vanishing point. Argument could never be unanimous upon this subject. The order adopted by the board observed all the requirements demanded by law. It would seem that so long as the corporation was keeping within the letter and spirit of the law, and paying only an ordinary rate of interest to its stockholders, that agitation could answer no good purpose. Even if the Supervisors acted upon the suggestion for lower rates, it is questionable whether the facts would justify or the courts uphold the reduction.

Upon its own statement the Examiner's agitation has only resulted in creating a market for Supervisors' votes. There was no wide or general complaint among actual rate payers. Indeed, had it not been for that journal the public would never have been told that they were paying excessive rates. This kind of thing has been going on for years. Annually the same old cry of corruption springs up, and the charge is openly made upon the assumption that no man may be honestly convinced of the corporation's fairness. This is a cheap method of acquiring a reputation for incorruptibility and explaining your own defeat, but, if it is true, agitation has made it more expensive to operate a water company in this city, and has fattened the purses of the corrupt Supervisor with money that must eventually come out of the water consumer. Assuming then that a majority of our Board of Supervisors is corrupt, where is the profit to the community in agitating this or any other question that would make it possible for them to sell their votes? Such a proceeding, under the circumstances, simply plays into the hands of corruption.

If the Examiner's theory is correct, it is impossible to elect an honest Board of Supervisors in this city. Then let us cease to make it profitable for that class to seek public office. If there is to be any rate agitation let them raise it among themselves, and meanwhile treat the corporation fairly, and in all likelihood the novelty of decent treatment would encourage the corporation to extend its service to portions of our city that stand sadly in need of water. Perhaps, too, with peace and the natural increase of consumers, rates may voluntarily be reduced. The experiment is worth trying.

## *COMMUNICATION.*

Wardner, Idaho, May 20th, 1897.

Editor "Wave"—

Dear Sir: In your issue of May 15th I notice a leading article referring to one Edward Boyce, President of the Western Federation of Miners, who recently made an inflammatory speech before that body at Salt Lake City. In the editorial referred to you have made one or two mistakes which I wish to correct.

In the first place, you give his residence as Wardner, Idaho. Permit me, as a resident of this maligned place, to correct this error. Boyce is not a resident of Wardner, neither has he been for several years past; the fact that he at one time owned a cabin here does not entitle him to a residence. In fact, the only time he has been in this town for over one year was one night last February, when he, in company with Debs and others of the same kidney, made a speech here. I can safely say that if Boyce had been alone on that occasion he would not have had a corporal's guard to hear him. The people of Wardner are heartily tired of Boyce and his methods. Now, Mr. Editor, you are not to blame for not knowing the address of this man Boyce, as it would give his most intimate friends some trouble to definitely locate him; but you are very much mistaken when you say that the residents of Wardner celebrate or in any way sympathize with him or his clique in their observation of the anniversary of the destruction of the Frisco mill and the taking of human life at that time. The town where this event is celebrated is at Wallace, and not at Wardner. This celebration is in no way countenanced by the people of Wardner, but rather is looked upon with abhorrence.

The fact that Boyce spoke so vehemently against the National Guard may be charged to two reasons: First, the part played by that organization in the recent great strike at Leadville, Colorado; secondly, that at Wardner is located the only body of that organization in the Couer d'Alenes. This organization has the hearty support of ninety per cent. of the residents of this vicinity, and it is due to its presence that Boyce and his followers cannot work their own sweet will on this community. I hope that you will set us right before the world, for we have enough to bear without having this demagogue thrust upon us, either as a leader or we as disciples of his teachings. Yours very truly,

G. P. PENFIELD.

## THE REGENTS ARRAIGNED

### Glaring Misuse of the State University's Appropriation.

If the Regents of the State University were bent on arousing popular distrust of themselves and their institution, if they had made up their minds to sweep away in a few months all that has been gained in the last five years, they would not have acted in a manner much differing from their recent performances. That the greater number of the Regents mean well by the University, we have repeatedly maintained, and do not even now doubt. But it will be difficult to convince the people of the State that such is the case, in the light of latter events. That the Regents have shown themselves to be the ready tools of designing politicians and of intriguing professors is apparent at a glance. Just how the wire pulling has been accomplished is a matter which future developments will probably bring out much more clearly. At present, the obvious fact is that the Regents have most shamefully failed to exhibit even ordinary common sense, much less the ability and integrity which we have a right to expect from them.

When the people were called upon to increase the University's income last fall, they were assured that the institution was overcrowded—badly in need of new men and new buildings. Class-rooms were said to have "standing-room only," instructors were overworked, laboratory courses dropped from lack of space, and the impression that the institution was much in the condition of a New York tenement house was generally spread abroad. Well, the Alumni worked, the people gave, the University celebrated, and then the field was cleared for the Regents. The multitude held its breath, waiting for these doughty champions of the higher education to knock the incubus of overwork and overcrowding "galley west."

They began by raising sundry professors in rank. How much raise in salary accompanied this is not now known. The Regents have a way of keeping these matters from the public. But any one acquainted with the past history of such proceedings in the University knows that the raise in salary in any case is only a matter of time. It has become quite the thing of late to divide a raise up, giving the rank first—an innocent appearing thing when unaccompanied by an increase of salary, and then, later, raising the salary to correspond with the rank—a mere act of justice, you see. Just how this relieves the tension is not clear to ordinary people. An increased salary or a new title is a novel remedy for an overworked brain—how superior to Weir Mitchell's cumbersome and tedious rest cure!

In the matter of buildings the Regents have exhibited their usual dilatoriness. At the end of the last year it was said that the new structure would be up for the opening of the fall term. Vacation is nearly half over now, and nothing has been seen of it. The University will open next fall with less accommodations in the way of buildings than ever—for the new Agricultural Building will not be finished—and with its badly "overworked" faculty as overworked as ever, with a few exceptions. Nay, more so, if the apparently overworked condition of the Regents is evidence.

But let us not be rash in condemning the extravagance of these faithful servants of the people. A notable instance of economy has lately come to light, just in time in fact to save their reputation for wise administration. The salaries of janitors have been reduced five dollars! These bloated bondholders have hitherto enjoyed the princely income of sixty dollars per month. Of course, since none of them have any one but wife and children dependant upon them, the possession of so much might lead to a degree of extravagance which would set a bad example to the young idea at Berkeley. Moreover, the cut of five dollars will effect a net saving to the University of four or five hundred dollars per year. Enough to give Professor ——— the salary corresponding to his new title of full professor—enough, perhaps, to pay his bills at the University Club!

The most maddening thing about this reduction in the janitors' pay is that it is not only wrong and unnecessary, and small, but woefully impolitic If the Regents had been looking for something to do by which, with the least effort, they could most thoroughly spread the notion that the University is essentially an upper-class institution, opposed to the interests of the common people, nothing better than this cut in the janitors' salaries could have been devised, coming as a sequel to the apparent increase of that of a number of professors. Of course, we who know the University know that it is not an upper-class institution, and that the cut means nothing but that a well-meaning but blundering Board of Regents has been trying to balance its cash account in its usual short-sighted and blundering fashion. We know it only means that, pulled this way and that by struggling factions, the Board has had to land on its feet as best it might, and that this year it has done so with more than usual lack of grace and dignity. But the people of California, who have to judge by appearances, what will they say?

*A JUBILEE FUNCTION*

*LOCAL BRITONS BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN*

Elite, photo

THE PRINCE OF WALES

VICTORIA
From her latest, perhaps her last, photograph

THE DUKE OF YORK

THE PRINCESS OF WALES

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER SISTERS

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

## LONDON IN JUBILEE WEEK

### Four Million Visit Five Million, and Both Celebrate.

And now little Consuelo Vanderbilt, Duchess of Marlborough, is to be decorated with some sort of order apropos of Mrs. Wettin's diamond jubilee. One does not exactly see why Mrs. Wettin should give to Mrs. Churchill a little golden cross. There is no doubt some reason in it, some reason that you and I and all the rest of us don't understand, just as there is doubtless some unexplicable reason why nine million of people should howl themselves hoarse because Mrs. Wettin has kept her situation for sixty years. Of course, it must be very nice to keep one's place—and at so large a salary—for so long a time—and it must be good fun to preside at the opening of guild halls and institutions, and to press the button that launches battle ships, and to have a chair and an umbrella when corner stones are laid, and perhaps you and I and all the rest of us could not do it so neatly and in such dignified manner. That is all very well, but I can't for the life of me see why nine million of people should make complimentary remarks of Mrs. Wettin because of the great number of great things that have happened during the time she has kept her place. They say she is good and virtuous, and they say it—these Londoners—in a hundred and fifty thousand different ways, and write down what they say in gay colored letters and hang 'em up publicly. It's very charming, I'm sure, of Mrs. Wettin to be good and virtuous, but I know of a little waitress in a down-town coffee joint in this city who is good and virtuous, too, and several other young women who are just as good and just as virtuous, and yet somehow they worry along without diamond jubilees and nine million of people to rejoice and wonder at their goodness and virtue. And as for the wonderful things that have come about during Mrs. Wettin's time, it seems to me they would have happened any way whether Mrs. Wettin was there or not. If old Mammy Pleasant had had Mrs. Wettin's place I think the telegraph would have been invented just the same, and the telephone and locomotive. But it's an English show, and they have a right to do as they please when they own the place.

Speaking of the people who own the place, it is understood that the proprietors along the line of march have had a sudden set back in the matter of obtaining high prices for seats. Only in the circle about St. Paul's are prices firm. Elsewhere the thing has been overdone and there's a reaction. You must part with five guineas before you can get a place in front of St. Paul's, but $10 or $15 will seat you nicely enough almost anywhere. The trouble began with the sudden hegira of Americans from London. They all at once made up their minds that they would not be robbed of their money merely for the sake of seeing Mrs. Wettin's show, and rather than be in London that day with its roaring nine millions, they have begun to go toward the country. The move has brought a collapse in hotel prices as well. Now you can get a room at Morley's or similar hostelries for Ascot or Derby prices.

By the way, trade is at a standstill; only the milliners, florists and tailors are doing any business. The other places are closing up. Everybody is on the streets and no one dreams of doing business. It is like a succession of Xmas days, but the florists, the milliner and the tailors rest not neither day or night. Anything apropos of Mrs. Wettin is good copy now at the rate of $7 per 1,000 words. The "latest Wettin sensation" is that the lady in question has dropped a tear. The drop occurred at Windsor Castle, where a young Irish girl has been visiting. One evening, in order to pass the time away, the young Irish girl was asked by Mrs. Wettin to sing, which the same she did, singing to everybody's surprise and consternation, "The Wearing of the Green." According to the double-leaded scareheads and closely packed columns of the next morning's papers Mrs. Wettin wept over the song, and made a remark that no one knew of her sympathy for the Irish and the tenderness of her heart in that quarter. Just about that time a band of young Irish students in Dublin were going about

with a banner on which was inscribed the fact that during Mrs. Wettin's time two million of the Irish had died of starvation. So, perhaps, Mrs. Wettin's depth of sympathy and tenderness of heart are a little malapropos.

WILLIAM GREER HARRISON
Chairman of the Literary Committee

## CALIFORNIA'S ENGLISH

### Some Facts and Features of Our British Residents.

Though there are something like 20,000 residents in the British colony of San Francisco, it is perhaps the colony that is least in evidence among those of our foreign populations. Only on occasions such as was brought about by the Queen's Jubilee is it heard and felt.

The reason for this is found no doubt in the fact that an English colony is not a thing segregated and apart. From a social point of view the Englishman in San Francisco does not regard himself otherwise than American. He associates as much with Americans as with his English compatriots, joins the American clubs, and to large degree adopts the American ways. There is no particular quarter of the city he affects for residence purposes, nor has there been any attempt at organization of the colony. Another thing to be taken into consideration in this connection is the fact that the English are one of the few peoples of the world who do not celebrate any national holiday. The French have their 14th of July, the Swiss their independence day, Ireland St. Patrick's, Scotland St. Andrew's day, and we of the States let the eagle scream on the glorious Fourth, but the Englishman has no national holiday, perhaps because he can never remember the time when he was not independent.

Financially, the prominent Englishmen of San Francisco are for the most part large merchants. Such was the character of the pioneer Britisher's business, and such it remained for a long time. There were at one period some half dozen merchant princes doing business in this city. Some of these firms still exist, and even those that have passed away are well remembered along Sansome and Front streets. Such were the houses of Falkner, Bell & Co., Dickson, de Wolf & Co., Daniel Gibbs, Cross & Co., S. L. Jones, Balfour-Guthrie and Hart Blair, who was the husband of Mrs. Yarde Buller, and who was drowned off the African coast.

In the early days all the better class of English business men in this city were in mercantile pursuits, but of late their occupation has changed its character somewhat, and to-day the tendency is towards banks, fire insurance and marine insurance and mining syndicates. The laboring class of Britishers in our city are almost entirely absorbed in mechanical pursuits, the Scotchman taking to machinery like an Italian to music. Though the English more closely resemble the Americans than any other foreigners they are precisely the ones who never quite amalgamate with us freely and without reserve. It does not take long to Americanize a German or a Swede. The Irishman governs us or tries to overthrow our government in six months. Germany, Scandinavia and Ireland become for them mere names, often even associated with a feeling of revulsion, but so long as an Englishman remains above ground, no matter what part of the world that ground may be, for just so long will he bewail his privation of "vegetable marrow," for just so long will he take off his hat to "God Save the Queen."

For a true Englishman never becomes merged into the people of his adopted race. He will mix freely with Americans, but he will never quite become one. In a foreign country he must do one of two things, either keep entirely and quietly to himself or else (if he can) get control and possession of the country from the native population, take charge of the government and run the show to suit himself. The Englishmen of San Francisco are slow to become naturalized—slower perhaps than any other Europeans saving the French. The clause in the naturalization papers relating to the renouncing of their allegiance "especially to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland," has perhaps a good deal to do with it. It is, in one way, rather fine that this should be so. One finds it rather admirable than otherwise. It is curious to note in this connection that Englishmen living in San Francisco choose to call themselves Californians rather than Americans. Just why this should be so it is hard to say. Perhaps it is for the same reason that led them to espouse the Southerners' cause in their States' rights difficulties of 1864.

The "younger son" element is not much in evidence among us. Some time ago there were a number of them to be seen at the clubs and at functions, where they set the fashions in waistcoats, taught the hunting set how to worm a foxhound or lay a drag, borrowed money and disappeared. They have not had many successors, and the most popular Englishmen in San Francisco to-day are those who are past middle age. In politics our English colony is intensely conservative, clinging obstinately to the approved order of things long established, suspicious of innovations and lovers of old customs, if there can be said to be any old customs in so new a city as this. With this in mind it is hardly necessary to name the ticket they vote. When they vote at all they are Republicans almost to a man.

## THE JUBILEE AT HOME

### How the Great Anniversary Was Celebrated in San Francisco.

The English residents of San Francisco celebrated the Jubilee in elaborate fashion by appropriate games, ceremonies and banquets. The games and ceremonies came off at the Chutes, while the banquet was held with all due observance in the main dining hall of the Palace Hotel. The gentlemen who were at the head of the Jubilee celebration or connected with it as speechmakers, toastmasters and the like are among the best known members of the English colony here. Mr. William Doxey was President of the General Committee, while heads of other committees were Wm. Greer Harrison, H. J. Stewart, James McNab and A. J. Callingham.

General Barnes, as the most brilliant public speaker of the coast, was chosen orator of the day, and delivered an eulogy, from which we make the following extracts:

The magnificent pageant which began this morning

GENERAL W. H. L. BARNES
Orator of the Celebration

under the meridian of Greenwich will culmiate with Tuesday's parade. The music of the martial airs of England will cease. That human ocean, lifting its living waves high above the pavements, foaming in every casement, rising above the roofs of the habitations of London, and hoarse with the loyal greetings, has at last ebbed.

The pealing of cannon, the chiming of bells, the march of civic societies, the cadenced step of soldiery, and the noisy trampling of artillery and cavalry will then be silenced, and a million witnesses of the jubilee ceremonies, full of rejoicing sympathy, gathered from every British possession and every friendly nation on earth, have been dispersed to palaces, luxurious abodes, to lowly homes.

But as the sun, which shone upon her as the vast procession threaded the streets of London, traveled from east to the zenith and from zenith to the west, over ocean, island and continent, his beams have illumined everywhere the same rejoicings and have beheld the same manifestations of loyalty repeated with equal enthusiasm and he will continue to hear the same strain chanting the Queen's glory until he has circled the entire globe.

The sixty years of Victoria's reign furnished an eloquent theme for the orator:

Our own republic has, during the same period, inaugurated thirteen Presidents, of whom few memories are preserved outside of national archives, national statutes, and national treaties, and even the names of some of them are not easily recollected by the average American, and by the world at large are utterly forgotten.

For all our great civilian Presidents, save Washington and Lincoln, there is absolutely no affectionate and personal remembrances deeply graven in the bosom of the people. The Father of His Country, and its great-hearted martyr, and its heroic general whose ashes repose in the stately mausoleum but just completed on the banks of the Hudson, are almost the sole though glorious exceptions to the rule that republics are ungrateful to and forgetful of those who have builded and died for them.

Not the least interesting passages of General Barnes' oration were those in which he expatiated on the respect and kindliness the Queen had ever shown to the United States. This sentiment was exhibited most conspicuously in the Trent affair during our civil war.

In the fall of 1861, when doubt and uncertainty clouded with perplexity and care the future of the Union, and its fate was hanging in the utmost suspense, the San Jacinto, a United States war steamer, arrested in mid-ocean the British mail steamer Trent and forcibly took from her Messrs. Mason and Slidell and their associates —four Southern citizens—on their way to England, charged by the Confederacy with a diplomatic function to the British government. The act was a gross violation of international law, extremely provoking, and, unless disavowed furnishing a solid cause of war and certainly calculated to arouse that sense of instinctive resentment which is natural to a proud and fighting race.

Many members of the English Cabinet were more than suspected of desiring to behold the disruption of the American Union. The Prime Minister was not slow to avail himself of this opportunity for armed intervention. He caused to be addressed to the British Minister resident at Washington a communication which roughly required the restoration to liberty and the return to the deck of the Trent the captured Confederate Commissioners, and with them an ample and humble apology.

His demand was coupled with and unmistakable threat of war in case of failure to comply with his demand. When the dispatch was forwarded to Her Majesty and examined by herself and the Prince Consort, it was totally disapproved. Its truculent language was eliminated, and the Prince, at the Queen's dictation, corrected and reframed Lord John Russell's dispatch so that it spoke in a gracious and kindly spirit, suggesting rather than demanding what was plainly right and just to be done by the United States and expressing the confident hope that the latter would at once see the propriety of immediate and full amends.

I need not say that the suggestion of the dispatch was gratefully accepted and promptly acted upon by President Lincoln.

## VICTORIA REGINA IMPERATRIX.

O Woman whose annals can never be torn
From the record of England's renown;
How wisely and well in your day have you borne
The burdens of scepter and crown.
Your hand on the pulse of the people, you feel
The throb that responds to your own;
Their will is the will and their weal is the weal
Of the Commons, the Lords, and the Throne.
Evolved by the fates, and adjusted by time,
The poise of the Nation is true;
Its future is fixed, and its past is sublime,
And its glory is symboled in you.
Not the prowess of England, the might of her arms,
Wherever her flag is furled;
Wherever her flag is unfurled,
But the clang of her hammers, the tilth of her farms,
Have won her the marts of the world.
Your reign has been marked by the triumphs of peace,
Resplendent in letters and art;
O that war and the rumors of war may cease,
Is the cry of your woman's heart.
Type of all that is noblest in mother and wife,
We hail you, O Empress and Queen!
God save you! and grant that your autumn of life
Be peaceful, benign and serene.

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

There is many a slip between copy and type, and by reason of a most regrettable error "The Wave" has been led into an egregious blunder. On page 5 of this issue a

WILLIAM DOXEY
Chairman of the Jubilee Celebration Committee

group of ladies connected with the household of Queen Victoria has been entitled "The Princess of Wales and Her Sisters." This should read of course "The Duchess of York and Her Bridesmaids."

## THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

### What Notable Women Say Upon the All-Important Subject.

Life, Death and Marriage, these three, and the greatest of these is marriage. For, after all, a man can make of his life much what he chooses, and when he's dead he's done for, and no more said, but when he gets married—that's the serious thing. Like the two vases floating in a cistern. It's all very well so long as they keep apart, but when they once come together and there's a smash, both break. Yet here are the opinions of some dozen or more women, clever women, of the sort who are supposed to know, who aver, that—but we'll take 'em one by one:

John Oliver Hobbes for the first. She is brief and to the point. (She sent her opinion by cable): "Men and women who are not bound by a religious vocation or by special circumstances should unquestionably marry," says she. Nothing undecisive about John Oliver.

Emma Thursby has an idea that early marriages even are to be preferred; says they are by far the happiest; says that it is not easy for those who have lived alone until middle life to adjust themselves to the changes involved. This expression, adjusting oneself to the changes involved, is grim with suggestion. "Changes involved!" One would rather say that there were changes involved. It is like being born again, making oneself over on a new scale. That's bad enough for most women and for all men, but if you don't adjust, it is worse.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that marriage means an earthly heaven or an earthly hell, and I fancy she has this "making over process" in mind. It's heaven if the process is successful, on both sides, and it's hell if it's not. Most heavens and hells, says she, are of our own making. Ella Wheeler Wilcox prefers remorse to regret, and then adds a saying so clever that I must quote it bodily: "Better try for happiness and be sorry for it than to go through life and be sorry you did not try." Ella Wheeler Wilcox says, "Marry, certainly." Starts out with that, and says it over again in a score of different ways, throughout some 800 words. She believes that love should accompany marriage, but she adds—and the thing rings strange—the ability to love and to win love can be cultivated by a proper attitude of mind, then suddenly she breaks sharply from this sober proper attitude of mind to cry out, "Love is the one thing worth thinking about in this breath of our existence."

She resorts direct to nature, does this Ella Wheeler Wilcox woman; she don't care a rap about conventions and practical things and radical issues. Love is the one thing worth while, and if you love each other you must marry because she reminds you that marriage is the universal law of nature, that bees marry the flowers, that trees entwine their roots under the sod, that the birds all go in pairs. This would be fine if life were more elemental, if it were a sort of Phyllis and Corydon arrangement with only the sheep to think of. But you see life means cities nowadays, with asphalt instead of hillsides. Phyllis and Corydon became a Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, liable for one another's debts, and instead of thinking of the sheep as sheep, they must must consider them as mutton chops and roasts.

Lillian Russell has an eye for this hardpan sort of thing, and Miss Russell knows the cities well—who better, in Heaven's name? She sounds the note of income at once with this. "The income that permits a young man of good social standing to live well, but just within its limits is not likely to permit two persons to do the same, especially if one is a woman. I should gather from Lillian's remarks that she does not put much faith in marriages, and surely Lillian is not speaking without experience. Only can the young man marry, according to her, unless he marries influence, money or so much brains that the woman's talent (the talent of an actress, probably) is sure to sweep him along to success.

She winds up with this:

"No man's success is so permanent that it may not be wrecked, however. If every young man deferred his marriage until he had a certificate from the Fates that he would never be anything but a success, Hymen would go into bankruptcy." Clara Barton is cautious, temporizes, cites the case of one man leaping from Brooklyn bridge in safety, and of the forty-nine who leap and are not safe. If marriage is such a leap as this one would prefer to stay safely on the bridge. But she has belief in common sense to such an extent that she claims "a well-founded, honest, accepted partnership should almost bid defiance to hard times and misfortune." This, I take it, has in mind the poor young couple, or say the poor young man who has no social position to keep up, who would have to make no great sacrifices because of a wife. But suppose the other case—the poor young man of the city who has a social position and who must live right up to his income to keep up appearances. This is the kind Mrs. Senator Frye has in mind, no doubt. She says: "To the question, can a young man of moderate earnings marry before his own future is assured: I should answer, Yes, provided he finds the right kind of wife. If he does, his future is assured." This is a good hearing, because a young man always thinks he has found just the right kind of wife. Mrs. Frye thinks it is most unfortunate for a young man to become a clubman. What he spends upon himself at the club will go far to help in the support of two, and Mrs. Frye believes that if he really cares for his wife the little economies he will be forced to practice after marriage will become a pleasure. "Yes," she says, in conclusion, "I should marry on a small salary and marry young."

Eva Wilder Brodhead shifts the responsibility of the matter upon Mrs. Humphrey Ward, citing the marriage of David Greive and Lucy as a case where a marriage by no means complete and perfect may in its results upon character ultimately fulfill a perfect and complete end and aim.

Marguerite Moore comes down to figures and states that a man about to marry ought to have a salary of $25 a week unless he intends to marry a domestic servant or other woman accustomed to hard work. "The chances of getting on," says Marguerite Moore, "are becoming slimmer every day, and in the case of a pinch it is the woman, the wife, who has the hardest part of the work."

Jeannette Gilder takes an opposite point of view. She says that a man can "get on" to-day just as easily as he could in his grandfather's time, and that whether he and his wife do "get on" or not rests largely in themselves. Every man and every woman, no matter what their circumstances, can marry and be happy if they choose, in Miss Gilder's mind, but it is the children question that makes the thing so serious, says she. No man has the right to bring children into the world that he cannot provide for, and of course she is quite right.

Mrs. John Sherman is somewhat outspoken in her views on the matter. If both the young man and the young woman are strong and healthy and able to support a family, they should, in Mrs. Sherman's opinion, marry at once. She does not discriminate in the least between the sexes in this affair. "If the woman be the better able," she says, "either mentally or physically, to sustain the burden of support let her take the helm and go forth to earn her bread, leaving her husband, to follow his special line of talent, whether it be domestic, artistic or poetic. Mrs. Sherman does not believe that the most important question relative to marriage is, "Can a man afford to marry?" but "Is he fitted to assume the responsibilities of a husband and a father?"

Mrs. Russell Alger has theories that are decisive enough to suit anybody, especially anybody who wants to get married. She married young, and she married poor, and she believes in marriage whether you are poor or not. "I married the General when I was only twenty and he twenty-four," says she. "He had a prosperous lumber business that was ruined by the war, and for a long time we had to practice the utmost economy, trusting to our love for one another. Marriage is a dual contract in which both parties must learn to bear and forbear, and is founded upon mutual respect. No trial is too difficult to bear when both are working together for the best interests of the family."

So all these prominent and clever women believe in the advisability of marriage for the poor young man, even though at the start of his career. I had intended at the first to offset and contradict all these female opinions with that of Mr. Kipling's, poetically expressed—the one that reads, "He travels the fastest who travels alone." But I've forgotten. He's married, so he don't count.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

The idea of Charles D. Lane betaking himself out of California on the very legs that the Democracy had intended to extend for the reception of W. J. Bryan suggests a suspicion that his gentle confidence in Democratic humanity has been tampered with. This would prove a calamity in certain quarters, but seems a reasonable assumption. Considering the ardor with which he has advanced the silver cause out of his pocket-book and the enthusiasm which was aroused in him by the news of the advent of Bryan, it is curious that he should refrain from assisting towards the entertainment of the Boy Orator. He must know that the purse of the party is light, yet he saddles it with this burden, when a few thousand from the Utica would have touched the occasion with glory. What is money to a man of his white metallic sentiment? A bagatelle. Either Mr. Lane has been informed that his generosity has earned him prominence not as a benefactor but rather as a "good thing," or he has been persuaded that other high lights of the party should be allowed to unbuckle their purses for the good of the cause. His letter, phrased so kindly, exuding rich wishes and gentle words, is not a document on which money can be raised unfortunately, and, coming in lieu of a check, was a most delightful piece of irony. However, Bryan must be entertained, and it has been suggested that Louis Metzger, the distinguished Democrat who has been appointed to the Executive Committee, might manage to bridge the difficulty with a special drawing of the Little Louisiana Lottery Company. The town is ever ready for a gamble, and I can readily believe that two such laudable objects as the entertainment of a coming man and the prospect of personal enrichment would prove most attractive, and besides, would relieve the drooped spirits of the committee.

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What form of romance is comparable with the sudden acquirement of wealth? We all must live, and to live requires bed and board, which are only had by virtue of dollars. Even in our heroes, we demand an eye to the main chance, because experience demonstrates that the path of him who has no money, however fearless he be, is thorny indeed. What matters the winning of a Victoria Cross, if the owner is driven to pawn the decoration by lack of bread? Mere valor, intelligence, integrity, or learning are nothing save mediums for making money—special equipments for wresting coin from a tight-fisted world. In California, nowadays, one hears seldom of fortunes built up by business operations, but, at frequent intervals, one is told of the discovery of a mine which nets men millions. Money so easily gained often takes flight with equal facility, but many of the wealthy folk who live in fine houses along the residence streets of San Francisco, and whose income is derived no one knows whence or where, owe their gold to the sudden development of a prospect. Here, by way of illustration, is the story of a young man named Deedart, who, at 17 years of age, was given a place by his uncle Dr. Zeille, in the rich mine which that worthy capitalist owned in conjunction with the late Lawyer Heydenfeldt. Deedart was in as a bookkeeper, and watching the operations of the institution, started to study mining scientifically. He read all the books, worked out the various experiments at first hand, and learned about leads, ledges, and the operation of drifts on the Mother Lode. Besides, he saved his salary. A better place to obtain a real knowledge of mining could hardly be found. In prospecting he came across a property—the Argonaut—a good sized claim adjoining the famous Kennedy, which has made millionaires of several plain citizens. The surface indications pointed to a rich ore deposit, at least as good as its neighbors, and, just at this time there being little excitement about mines, Deedart, at a small outlay, bonded the place, and subsequently organized a small company to develop it. He retained for himself the controlling interest in the corporation, and every cent he could raise went into the shaft. They are down now twelve hundred feet and have exposed six hundred feet of a fourteen-foot ledge, the rock from which mills $30 per ton. Indeed, next to the Gwin, the Argonaut is to-day the most promising mine north of the Tuolumne. What is more, it has been found that the Kennedy, in its operations, had, unwittingly, I suppose, encroached some forty-two feet on its land between the 1,200 and 1,800 foot levels, and a big suit is now pending in the courts thereon. This won, Deedart will begin reaping the profits of his industry with a substatial share of the Kennedy's gold. The Argonaut mine is worth a million at least, so here you have a bookkeeper aged now about thirty-eight, who has never had aught but his salary, and who has pinched himself his days through to obtain dollars for his venture, a very wealthy man with the world before him and relieved of the cares of necessity for the rest of his days. Besides, he is equipped with a working knowledge of mining that cannot fail to add to his riches.

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Never was there such activity in mining as to-day. From the Rawhide to the Tuolumne river every inch of country is claimed, and under development, making a solid mining belt of five miles in length. Indeed, it is just now the only prosperous region in the State, and I believe we are but at the inception of its possibilities. In the meantime, the condition of the real estate in San Francisco is the reverse of satisfactory. I am told that two of the most successful money lenders in town, Louis Metzger and Judah Boas, have recently offered, through a prominent real estate agency, their realty holdings at 60 per cent. of what the properties cost them. Considering the shrewdness with which these men conduct their business, this step seems a radical one, but one hears all around similar stories. The Hibernia Bank is rapidly foreclosing all its more hopeless mortgages, and this bank property can now be had for 80 per cent. of the assessed value. Indeed, under the influence of the depression, the increase of the last fifteen years has vanished. Though this bears the characteristics of calamity to some minds, it must seem to the thinking man the best possible treatment for the very worst of our local evils. For the last decade the favorite form of investment in San Francisco has been real estate. Whenever a man had money to spare he bought houses and lands. The idea of putting their surplus funds into a business, of developing with them some new industry, never occurred to our capitalists. If they did not care for realty there were savings banks galore to take their coin and pay 4 per cent. for the use of it. But these times have changed. Our millionaires must retire from the role of money lender and find some productive investment if they would have an income from their hordes. They must develop and devise, and instead of letting the East supply our local needs, must undertake dealing with them at first hands. There are mines to exploit and forests to convert into lumber—indeed, a thousand enterprises which, under intelligent direction, might be made to yield profit, not only to individuals, but to add materially to the wealth of the Coast. In the meantime, almost any one can get a home, for prices are quite low enough to put property within the reach of poor men.

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They have it on California street that Claus Spreckels proposes to open a commercial bank on the first floor of the Spreckels Building. The "Call" is to have its own quarters in an adjoining structure, and the tall white tower will be consecrated to finance. No one in town has so much coin to loan as the Sugar King, whose immense income is far beyond his capacity to invest. If he obtains the services of competent bankers—and certainly he never does things by halves—there is no reason to doubt but that he could build up a big institution. It is said, too, and I give the report for what it is worth, that the Spreckels are quite ready to convert the annexation of the Islands to good and profitable advantage, should it be accomplished. A great colonization scheme has been formulated which would bring to the new territory a splendid class of European immigrants, and I am told the arrangements have gone far enough to ensure results. Of course annexation would be the making of the Oceanic Steamship Company, and the other interests of the Sugar King would benefit in proportion. However, he is in opposition, and he is a strong opponent.

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If "Doomed" has not been heralded as the most remarkable story of San Francisco ever published we might have accepted it as a fitting contribution to Sunday supplement literature, but the announcement, like the booming of poor Mary Mannering, made us all unduly expectant and actually persuaded me to read what I should otherwise have looked at. In the first place, and with due respect to the editor of the "Examiner," "Doomed" is not a story at all. It is by no means the most marvelous article about San Francisco ever written. That is rather a bold claim, and not to be put forth without due consideration. Let the Sunday Editor be less audacious in his announcements. Otherwise, last week's was the smartest "Sup" the Monarch has issued since the colored press began its ruthless raid on space. The interviews with the Prince of Savoy and Adgie were good features.

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Apropos of newspaper work, Miss Mabel Craft is entitled to credit for her clever and entertaining reports of the Fair case in the "Chronicle." It is no easy task converting the dry details of the day's proceedings into the gay and breezy sketches that confront one at one's morning coffee. How difficult it is may be realized by comparing these articles with the stereotyped statements of essential details which form the staple trial report. During the year Miss Craft has decidedly come to the front, and the fact that she is pitted against the "Examiner's" stars, Ed. Hamilton and Cahill, shows the strides she has made in her profession.

BOSWELL JR.

AN ARK DINING-ROOM

SOME PROMINENT BUILDINGS IN THE TOWN OF ARKS

## IMITATORS OF NOAH

### How the Resident of the House-Boat Enjoys Life on the Water.

I know some people who have solved the problem of having a maximum good time at a minimum expense, and they live in house-boats or "arks" over at Belvedere. The writer passed two days in one of these arks last week, and if he lives and does well he hopes some day that he will have an ark all of his own, and pass two months of every summer in the same. It is hard to say just wherein lies the charm of ark life. At first thought or glance one would believe that the inhabitants would be something too much cabined, cribbed, confined—that there would be no walks to take, no rides nor drives—that space would be wanting in which to swing the proverbial cat, and in a measure all this is true. Cabined you certainly are. Only one man, we believe, ever succeeded in walking on the water, and he's drowned, and the swung cat is a sensation that must be experienced to be enjoyed. But in a week's time the house-boat man "adapts himself to his environment" (we did it in two days—even less), and when he has done that and got into the spirit of the thing, he begins to see that there are other things in life besides mere walking and driving, and that the habit of swinging cats can be outgrown. Note what are some of these "other things": The pleasures of boating combined with the "comforts" of home, sea air that is better than champagne, a cool plunge bath at your threshold, with fresh water every hour of the day; fishing that is a relaxation, not an exertion (the fish are caught while you wait and can be cooked as soon as caught); an entire change of scenery out of the window four times a day, as the boat swings with the tide; neighbors a-plenty; idleness of the monumental sort; and last of all, but merely a detail, of course — a trivial advantage that only the sordid bourgeois would appreciate — absolute and complete immunity from ground-rent, taxes, insurance, repairs, and all the rest of the expenses that are connected with residence in a town house.

One of the first novelties you experience when you go aboard an ark to take up your residence is the confusion of ideas suggested by this floating house. You sit down to table and you feel as though you were in any well-appointed dining-room of the Western Addition. There is nothing suggestive of a yacht or boat of any description; in five minutes you have forgotten that you are on a boat, then suddenly the hanging-lamp sways gently, and the water in the goblets (or say wine, if you like) shifts its level and the floor and whole room careens slightly and settles to its place again. It is really very curious, especially if, as the writer did, you have quite forgotten about the nautical character of the thing, when that boat heaves under you, you think at once of earthquakes or the "haunted swing," or else you clutch wildly but furtively at the table-ledge with sudden suspicion as to the strength and headiness of your host's wine. Then he tells you that it is only the swells of the seven o'clock boat, and you remember where you are.

It is sometime before you can reconcile these conflicting sensations of house-boating and ark life, because when you remember the house part of the ark you forget the boat, and when you get used to the boat you forget the house. For instance, when we got up and were dressing the next morning, looking out of the window the whiles, and listening to the cluck-clucking of the water along the sides, we couldn't get back to the "house" part of the scheme at all, and found ourselves wondering how long this blamed boat was going to stop out here in mid-stream. And when you come to that you are not cribbed nor confined after all, any more than is the Venetian. Every ark has its little following of row boats nuzzling at its flanks, and the shore is but a half dozen strokes away. Many of the arks, too, have their naphtha launches. These last are, of course, merely for the fun of chasing up and down the bay in the near neighborhood, visiting from ark to ark, or going after the mail and the like, but it is very amusing to notice how this system of ark life has impressed itself upon the shore-living tradespeople. The butcher, the baker, the laundryman and the grocer each has his launch or boat, and goes the round of the arks twice a day, just as his brothers in the city call with their delivery-wagons. Some of the arks even have a telephone wire laid to shore, and it wouldn't be surprising if next season saw a system of electric lights established on these stationary boats. Not altogether stationary, however. In the winter season, when the railroad bridge is lifted, the arks are towed over to their winter quarters on the other side of the bay, and are laid up till the following summer.

What makes the whole affair so interesting is that it is so unique. Nowhere else, save perhaps in the rivers of China, has one ever heard of this custom of living in arks. The thing has become so popular that the number increases every year, and some day, perhaps, they will have to be laid out in rows and blocks at right angles and the streets, or rather waterways, named, and bridges thrown across here and there, and a miniature Venice created. But think of the confusion in the very unlikely event of a gale of wind, or if one of the arks should slip its moorings and go careening riotously off with the outgoing tide!

One of the most original, as well as one of the most comfortable arks at Belvedere is Mr. Habenicht's "Nautilus.' It has been built of four street cars placed end on two and two and the partitions removed. It is surprising what a delightful pair of rooms such a combination brings into existence—plenty of light on all sides, a couple of sliding doors at both ends, lamps built into the wall, ventilators a plenty and a long bench flanking the walls. But where else, on what other waters of the world than this bay of ours, would you find such an anomaly, four street cars built as a boat and used as a house?

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Under the auspices of the Peruvian Government, a permanent exhibition of machinery and appliances useful in the industrial arts will be established in the Machinery Hall of the Exhibition Palace at Lima. It will be opened to the public on the 28th of July.

LOOKING DOWN THE WATER-WAY

# Little Dramas of the Curbstone

BY FRANK NORRIS

The first Little Drama had for backing the red brick wall of the clinic at the Medical Hospital, and the calcium light was the feeble glimmer of a new-lighted street lamp, though it was yet early in the evening and quite light. There were occasional sudden explosions of a northeast wind at the street corners, and at long intervals an empty cable-car trundled heavily past with a strident whirring of jostled glass windows. Nobody was in sight—the street was deserted. There was the pale red wall of the clinic, severe as that of a prison, the livid gray of the cement sidewalk, and above the faint greenish blue of a windy sky. A door in the wall of the hospital opened, and a woman and a young boy came out. They were dressed darkly, and at once their two black figures detached themselves violently against the pale blue of the background. They made the picture. All the faint tones of the wall and the sky and the gray-brown sidewalk focused immediately upon them. They came across the street to the corner upon which I stood, and the woman asked a direction. She was an old woman, and poorly dressed. The boy, I could see, was her son. Him I took notice of, for she led him to the steps of the nearest house and made him sit down upon the lowest one. She guided all his movements, and he seemed to be a mere figure of wax in her hands. She stood over him, looking at him critically, and muttering to herself. Then she turned to me, and her muttering rose to a shrill, articulate plaint:

"Ah, these fool doctors—these dirty beasts of medical students! They impose upon us because we're poor, and rob us and tell us lies."

Upon this I asked her what her grievance was, but she would not answer definitely, putting her chin in the air and nodding with half-shut eyes, as if she could say a lot about that if she chose.

"Your son is sick?" said I.

"Yes—or no—not sick; but he's blind, and—and—he's blind and he's an idiot—born that way—blind and idiot."

Blind and an idiot! Blind and an idiot! Will you think of that for a moment, you with your full stomachs, you with your brains, you with your two sound eyes. Born blind and idiotic! Do you fancy the horror of that thing? Perhaps you cannot, nor perhaps could I myself have conceived of what it meant to be blind and an idiot had I not seen that woman's son in front of the clinic, in the empty, windy street, where nothing stirred, and where there was nothing green. I looked at him as he sat there, tall, narrow, misshapen. His ready-made suit, seldom worn, but put on that day because of the weekly visit to the clinic, hung in stupid wrinkles and folds upon him. His cheap felt hat, clapped upon his head by his mother with as little unconcern as an extinguisher upon a candle, was wrong end foremost, so that the bow of the band came upon the right hand side. His hands were huge and white, and lay open and palm upward at his side, the fingers inertly lax, like those of a discarded glove, and his face——

When I looked at the face of him I know not what insane desire, born of an unconquerable disgust, came up in me to rush upon him and club him down to the pavement with my stick and batter in that face—that face of a blind idiot—and blot it out from the sight of the sun for good and all. It was impossible to feel pity for the wretch. I hated him because he was blind and an idiot. His eyes were filmy, like those of a fish, and he never blinked them. His mouth was wide open.

Blind and an idiot; absolute stagnation; life as unconscious as that of the jelly-fish; an excrescence; a parasitic fungus in the form of a man; a creature far below the brute. The last horror of the business was that he never moved; he sat there just as his mother had placed him, his motionless, filmy eyes fixed, his jaw dropped, his hands opened at his sides, his hat on wrong side foremost. He would sit like that, I knew, for hours—for days, perhaps—would, if left to himself, die of starvation, without raising a finger. What was going on inside of that misshapen head—behind those fixed eyes?

I had remembered the case by now. One of the students had told me of it. His mother brought him to the clinic occasionally, so that the lecturer might experiment upon his brain, stimulating it with electricity. "Heredity," the student had commented; "father a degenerate; exhausted race; drank himself into a sanitarium."

While I was thinking all this the mother of the boy had gone on talking, her thin voice vibrarant with complaining and vituperation. But indeed I could bear with it no longer, and went away. I left them behind me in the deserted, darkening street the querulous, nagging woman and her blind, idiotic boy, and the last impression I have of the scene was her shrill voice ringing after me the oft-repeated words:

"Ah, the dirty beasts of doctors—they robs us and impose on us and tell us lies because we're poor!"

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The second Little Drama was wrought out for me the next day. I was sitting in the bay window of the club watching the world go by, when my eye was caught by a little group on the curbstone directly opposite. An old woman, meanly dressed, and two little children, both girls, the eldest about ten, the yougest, say, six or seven. They had been coming slowly along, and the old woman had been leading the youngest child by the hand. Just as they came opposite to where I was sitting the younger child lurched away from the woman once or twice, dragging limply at her hand, then its knees wobbled and bent and the next moment it had collapsed upon the pavement. Some children will do this from sheer perversity and with intent to be carried. But it was not perversity on this child's part. The poor old woman hauled the little girl up to her feet, but she collapsed again at once after a couple of steps, and sat helplessly down upon the sidewalk, staring vaguely about, her thumb in her mouth. There was something wrong with the little child—one could see that at half a glance. Some complaint, some disease of the muscles, some weakness of the joints, that smote upon her like this at inopportune moments. Again and again her old mother, with very painful exertion—she was old and weak herself—raised her to her feet, only that she might sink in a heap before she had moved a yard. The old woman's bonnet fell off—a wretched, battered black bonnet, and the other little girl picked it up and held it while she looked on at her mother's efforts with an indifference that could only have been born of familiarity. Twice the old woman tried to carry the little girl, but her strength was not equal to it; indeed, the effort of raising the heavy child to its feet was exhausting her. She looked helplessly at the street cars as they passed, but you could see she had not enough money to pay even three fares. Once more she set her little girl upon her feet, and helped her forward half a dozen steps. And so, little by little, with many pauses for rest and breath, the little group went down the street and passed out of view, the little child staggering and falling as if from drunkenness, her sister looking on gravely, holding the mother's battered bonnet, and the mother herself, patient, half-exhausted, her gray hair blowing about her face, laboring on step by step, trying to appear indifferent to the crowd that passed by on either side, trying bravely to make light of the whole matter until she should reach home. As I watched them I thought of this woman's husband, the father of this paralytic little girl, and somehow it was brought to me that none of them would ever see him again, but that he was alive for all that.

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The third Little Drama was lively, and there was action in it, and speech, and a curious, baffling mystery. On a corner near a certain bank in this city there is affixed to the lamp post a call-box that the police use to ring up for the patrol wagon. When an arrest is made in the neighborhood the offender is brought here, the wagon called for, and he is conveyed to the City Prison. On the afternoon of the day of the second Little Drama, as I came near to this corner, I was aware of a crowd gathered about the lamp post that held the call-box, and between the people's heads and over their shoulders I could see the blue helmets of a couple of officers. I stopped and pushed up into the inner circle of the crowd. The two officers had in custody a young fellow of some eighteen or nineteen years. And I was surprised to find that he was as well dressed and as fine looking a lad as one would wish to see. I did not know what the charge was—I don't know it now; but the boy did not seem capable of any great meanness. As I got into the midst of the crowd, and while I was noting what was going forward, it struck me that the people about me were unusually silent—silent as people are who are interested and unusually observant. Then I saw why. The young fellow's mother was there, and the Little Drama was enacting itself between her, her son, and the officers who had him in charge. One of these later had the key to the call-box in his hand. He had not yet rung for the wagon. An altercation was going on between the mother and the son—she entreating him to come home, he steadily refusing.

"It's up to you," said one of the officers, at length; "if you don't go home with your mother, I'll call the wagon."

"No!"

"Jimmy!" said the woman, and then, coming close to him, she spoke to him in a low voice and with an earnestness, an intensity, that it hurt one to see.

"No!"

"For the last time, will you come?"

"No! No! No!"

The officer faced about and put the key into the box, but the woman caught at his wrist and drew it away, It was a veritable situation. It should have occurred behind footlights and in the midst of painted flats and flies, but instead the city thundered about it, drays and cars went up and down in the street, and the people on the opposite walk passed with but an instant's glance. The crowd was as still as an audience, watching what next would happen. The crisis of the Little Drama had arrived.

"For the last time, will you come with me?"

"No!"

She let fall her hand then and turned and went away, crying into her handkerchief. The officer unlocked and opened the box, set the indicator and opened the switch. A few moments later, as I went on up the street, I met the patrol-wagon coming up on a gallop.

What was the trouble here? Why had that young fellow preferred going to prison rather than home with his mother? What was behind it all I shall never know. It was a mystery—a little eddy in the tide of the city's life, come and gone in an instant, yet reaching down to the very depths of those things that are not meant to be seen.

And as I went along I wondered where was the father of that young fellow who was to spend his first night in jail, and the father of the little paralytic girl, and the father of the blind idiot, and it seemed to me that the chief actors in these three Little Dramas of the Curbstone had been somehow left out of the programme.

When the Queen recently performed the ceremony of opening the fine new Town Hall at Sheffield, 50,000 children were gathered together in Nolfolk Park to sing on her arrival there, each child being furnished with a programme, varied in color, so that on the paper being waved at a given signal a gigantic Union Jack was simulated. For these little ones the Duke of Norfolk, Mayor of the city, provided tea, in connection with which the following story is related: The Duke sampled the buns to be given to the children and said they were too plain. The baker said they were the best he could do for the money, a penny each. "Then stick another half-penny on and put more currants in," said the Duke. The baker opined that if the buns were too rich they might be bad for the children. "Oh, no," replied the Duke, "when I was a child, I never thought anything of a bun unless it made me feel bad."

Henry Labouchere's bias in Transvaal matters is pretty well understood, and, notwithstanding that the value of his advice has been considerably discounted by his prejudiced and intemperate course of procedure as a member of the investigating committee in connection with the Jameson raid, he continues to devote columns of "Truth" to advising both British and Boer governments as to their proper course of action now and in the future. In a recent article he remarks that most of the English "would at once leave were the gold mines to pan-out." We should have supposed that this sapient cosmopolitan editor would know the meaning of the term "pan-out," which he uses to convey the opposite of what it really signifies. An American miner would say "peter-out" in the premises.

THE "ARGONAUT" IN THE STREAM

THE "ALAMEDA" AT HER MOORINGS

"Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me"

"Eb'ry nigger grabbed a lady but me"

"Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me"

"Den when I commenced to shoot"

LEW DOCKSTADER'S NEW DITTY, WHICH HE IS SINGING WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE ORPHEUM

Marceau, photo

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Over at San Rafael the paper chase is the one great topic. The first meet of the Hunt Club takes place on Saturday afternoon and there will be a goodly gathering of maids, matrons and men to follow the scent. Frank Johnson promises an easy course, with nothing dangerous in the way of fences or ditches, and every one who can ride is exhorted to get a horse and go after the hounds. There are to be twelve hunts this summer, and a dozen silver cups have been subscribed to reward the winners. Quite a number of the sojourners at the Rafael have announced themselves as candidates for the prizes, and if only the newspapers will keep their hands off and avoid guying the participants there is little doubt that the chases will enjoy great popularity. After the hunt there is to be a ball at the Rafael to-night, which should prove a jolly affair. Invitations to the number of several hundred have been sent out, and there will be a large gathering of young people from Ross Valley, San Rafael proper and its environment. On Saturday night last the charmed circle around the big fireplace in the hall was rather broken into by an impromptu musical performance gotten up by Mr. Fries. Howard Taylor sang and was followed by Miss Della Mills, who has a fine voice and who rendered admirably several pretty songs. Subsequently, Miss Finnegan gave several pretty morceaux in French, and altogether the evening passed quite brilliantly.

There is more real gaiety and movement at San Mateo than at any of the suburban resorts. A number of congenial people are householders there, and in their circle there is a continual interchange of hospitalities that make the time pass very quickly. Not a night passes without it yielding amusement in the form of cards or a Welsh rarebit party or music or some other diverting and agreeable form of entertainment. Among the residents there are the Doutys, Fords, A. S. Baldwins, C. B. Stones, Schwerins, Greens and Bates. The members of this coterie succeed in thoroughly enjoying themselves, for, after all, it is congenial people that make a summer pleasant anywhere.

There was the usual gathering at the clubhouse at Burlingame on Sunday, and it was beguiled with music, which is the latest innovation and promises to be popular. Not that the people who go down there are denied music in other ways, but there is something festive about a band which helps out the holiday effect. There is polo as usual on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Among the sojourners at Burlingame a prayer goeth up nightly that building operations there may soon be terminated. The half dozen villas in course of erection fill the air with raucus noises. However, most of them are on the verge of completion, and the happy owners are preparing to move in. Mrs. Will Crocker talks of additions to her pretty home, as it has not proved large enough for all the visitors she desires to entertain. Colonel Crocker is making himself comfortable in his new house, and is erecting on the Howard place a commodious stable after a design in harmony with the present structure.

Monday being the opening night of the Lyceum Company, and of "Shenandoah" at the Columbia, the theaters attracted quite a number of people from the country. At both shows there were scores of parties. The McBeans, Carrols, Tobins and Houmans had parties. The Hagers came over from San Rafael to see "Shenandoah."

Lawn tennis is decidedly in the ascendant. It has again become a subject of conversation in polite society, and one hears the form of the different aspirants discussed with animation and details over the tea tables of San Rafael and Oakland. The annual tournament at the courts of the Rafael is anticipated with the greatest interest. It is to begin Friday, July 2d, and will continue through the 3d and 5th, and is to be conducted under the auspices of the U. S. National Lawn Tennis Association. For the winner of the Allcomers there is a handsome prize, valued at one hundred dollars. The second is also to have a prize, and there is to be a consolation cup for the third man. A handsome silver cup has been selected for the match between the winner of the Allcomers and the present champion, Mr. Hardy, which becomes the personal property of the winner after its third capture. Walter Magee acts as referee, and George Whitney, Sumner Hardy and George Bradshaw are the committee in charge.

In the Sierras it is indeed summer. The sky is clear and free from all traces of the pernicious sea fog that hangeth around San Francisco, and incidentally keeps us comfortably cool. But nowhere is the air more delightful than at Deer Park Inn, up near Lake Tahoe. Quite a number of interesting people are sojourning there for the summer, among others, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne and their family, who propose staying until October. Accompanying them is Miss Marjorie Ide, the third of the beautiful daughters of Chief Justice Ide of Samoa. Among those who are to be there during the season are Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, who have taken for their family the log cottage "Tamarack." Judge and Mrs. Van R. Paterson will occupy Sierra Cottage during July and August, and the "Forty-Nine" cottage will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Rankin and many others are also sojourning there.

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Annie Lawlor and Mr. Walter Wells. Miss Lawlor, who is quite a fascinating and decidedly pretty girl, is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lawlor of San Quentin. She is a favorite member of the younger set. Mr. Wells is a son of the late owner of the San Francisco Laundry, and is one of the managers of that institution. He is a bright, competent young business man with a future.

On Wednesday Joseph D. Grant and Miss Edith Macleay were married at the First Presbyterian Church in Portland. It was a very simple affair, only relatives and special friends being present. The bride had her sister, Miss Mabel Macleay, as maid of honor, and Roderick Macleay, her brother, acted as best man for the groom. Contrary to expectations, Mr. Grant had none of his friends from town to see him through the ordeal, but his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, were there to do the occasion honor. The newly wedded twain set out almost immediately after the ceremony for Europe, where their honeymoon will be spent. I am told that the presents were very gorgeous indeed, including all sorts of silverware and jewelry. Considering that there are millions on both sides of the union this is not extraordinary.

Undoubtedly the marriage of Miss Koshland and Emil Greenbaum would have been converted into a function but for the recent death of the bride's father. Both are well known in society, Miss Koshland being reckoned quite the brightest member of her set, an exceedingly witty conversationalist, and possessed of literary skill and intelligence. She is a daughter of the late Simon Koshland, the well-known capitalist. Mr. Greenbaum is associated with the King-Morse Canning Company, and is a very accomplished and intelligent man. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Voorsanger at the home of the bride's mother, 1808 Pine street. Miss Koshland wore a handsome gown of corded silk, draped with point lace.

The summer at Oakland is being broken into by weddings. Quite a variety of these interesting events have occurred to relieve the tedium of existence there. Lunch-giving and dinner-giving are, for the time being, obsolete forms of entertainment. The high lights of the haute monde across the bay are in the mountains or in the secluded valleys of the interior, or maybe by the seaside, resting the rest of the just, the tired and the rich. Nowadays one must be rich to rest.

As for the weddings, first and chiefest was that of Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Knowles on Wednesday last. The ceremony was celebrated with due rejoicing but with no flare. There was music with feasting subsequently, set forth with decorations and other insignia of a great matrimonial entertainment. But tout Oakland was by no means invited. It was rather a family affair, about seventy-five men and maids being present, and there was ample room for all of them in the Coleman house. Miss Donaldson, who had come out from Philadelphia, was maid of honor. After the honeymoon the happy pair are to settle down to married life, with its cares and comforts, or trials and tribulations, whichever it may be, in a comfortable villa on Oak street, which they have taken for the winter. The wedding presents are rich and numerous, and include innumerable silverware from the Knowles family.

Here you have the wedding of prime importance—union of wealthy and prominent families—popular girl and man with innumerable friends. All their circumstances conduce to comfort and their dispositions to happiness, so what more is there left to desire. Next let us record the nuptials of Miss Esther Needham and Mr. Mering, a Woodland merchant. Miss Needham has won a meed of favor with her voice and is a member of the First Methodist choir, where the ceremony was performed on Wednesday last. Decorations of pink daisies set off the pretty white organdie of the bride's gown. Six pretty girls dressed in snowy white and wearing big picture hats performed the function of ushers. There was good music, subsequently a reception, followed by rice and slippers, for the wedded twain.

Another marriage which united business and song was that of Mrs. Olive Reed and Mr. Cushman. Mrs. Reed's name is familiar to concert-goers, for she possesses a fine soprano organ which is often heard in public. Her husband is in the employ of the Valley Railroad Company. They were wedded in Mrs. Reed's home on Filbert street, to the accompaniment of some very good music, towards which Andrew Bogart and Dr. Graham contributed. They are to live on Octavia street, San Francisco, so Oakland loses another sweet singer.

As the season advances so Oaklanders scatter further to the north and south in a wild search either for change or pastures new. The Whitneys are in Mill Valley, where they have leased a villa for the summer; the Hutchinsons are in Sonoma; the Folgers are at San Rafael; Mrs. Henry Vrooman and her daughters have gone to their Santa Rosa Ranch. In the fall Miss Beatrice Vrooman goes to Smith College and Miss Mary to the Boston School of Technology.

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"Den no nigger had a lady but me"

George Osbourne as Dr Pow Len

Miss Carrie Powers

*THE FIFTIETH NIGHT*

Jubilee performance of "The First Born" at the Alcazar

## DRAMATIC NOTES

San Francisco knows Ed. Stevens, light opera comedian, and San Francisco likes him. He was a good enough Stevens for San Francisco as he was. It is not necessary that he should Hopperize himself to add to his popularity here. We know what Hopper's idea of "Wang" is, and we have given our approval. We would like to know what Stevens' idea of the same bluffing, cowardly, pretentious scoundrel may be. But our beloved Edwin refuses to divulge his notion and insists on our taking Hopper filtered through Stevens. The result, of course, is not displeasing, very far from it. But one cannot help wishing that Stevens were a bit more self-confident and always looked at things through his own eyes.

The entire production at the Tivoli is worthy. There is not a distinctly poor soloist, and the chorus, especially the male portion, is unusually excellent. The happy jingles and the elaborate jokes have been again received by San Francisco with all the cordiality of old friends. And again we pause to remark that not in any other city in the broad United States can so well staged and well sung opera be seen for so little money.

Maud Edna Hall has some very emotional work as Madeline Ashley in "The Man from the South" at Morosco's. She enacts the daughter of a gentleman gambler, who, after marrying the man she loves, discovers that her first husband, whom she had left at the altar and considers dead, very much alive. Everything turns out well in the last act, but in the interim there is trouble for almost everyone. Mortimer Snow is a heroic and manly young hero. John J. Pierson is calmly disagreeable as the recalcitrant husband, and Sanders Stevens makes a good character of Madeline's gaming but finally repentant father. Lorena Atwood is again cast as the lady villain, and is quite clever in her wickedness. Virginia Jackson, the new soubrette, is a pretty young woman. She is capable and well dressed, but her "cuteness" is altogether too vigorous to be agreeably acceptable.

Lew Dockstader is the soul of the show at the Orpheum, and for forty full minutes holds the stage and the audience along with it. His political speech is inimitable and his topical songs the most humorous heard heard here in many a day. Caron and Herbert are clever acrobats, clever out of the ordinary, and amusing in their comedy; but like many others they carry it a little too far. Alexander Hiendl, with his 'cello, charms the audience and receives enthusiastic encores for "Ben Bolt" and the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," both of which he plays in an artistic manner.

A very striking feature of "A Social Highwayman," to be given its initial production in this city at the Columbia next week, is the spiritualistic scene, a startling and novel combination that was one of the sensations when the play was seen in New York. The

*EDWIN STEVENS*

Who is enacting "Wang" at the Tivoli

piece is a dramatization by Mary T. Stone of Elizabeth Phipps Train's story, and was originally produced at the Garrick Theater, New York, by E. M. and Joseph Holland. The play gained favor at once and soon became one of the successes of the season. The Frawley Company is very likely to give the piece a satisfactory production

One of the very best costume plays of the period is "The First Gentleman of Europe," which is to be presented by the Lyceum Company at the Baldwin next Monday evening. It is the collaborated work of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Miss Constance Fletcher, a young novelist, better known as George Fleming. The Regent was hardly an admirable character, but in the play he is connected with an object of sympathy. James K. Hackett will be the Prince of Wales and Mary Mannering Daphene Oldfield, the daughter of an impecunious goldsmith.

Another play of the South will be staged at Morosco's next week in "Blue Grass," a romance of Kentucky. The scenery and effects are to be unusually elaborate and the cast, headed by Maud Hall, takes in the entire company.

The tenth anniversary of the opening of the Orpheum will be observed Wednesday evening, and souvenirs commemorative of the event will be distributed. The new people that go on next week are Smith and Fuller, bamboo bell players, whose act is said to be novel. Lew Dockstader continues, also Caron and Herbert, Alexander Heindl, Canfield and Carleton, Russell Brothers and Josephine Sabel.

Boucicault's two-act comedy, "Andy Blake" will be the attraction at the Alcazar next week, in addition to "The First Born," which begins its eighth week. Miss May Buckley will be seen as Andy, a boy's part, and will bring in a few specialties. On Thursday afternoon, July 1st, there will be a professional matinee performance of "The First Born." Frank Carlyle, Miss Selene Johnson and George Trader are under contract to the Alcazar and are now en route from the East to open after the run of the Chinese play.

"Wang" will go on for another week at the Tivoli. The production to follow will be the first presentation in this city of the comic opera "The Isle of Champagne," written by Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison, with music by W. W. Furst.

Oakland has developed quite a number of aspiring playwrights. In the contest inaugurated by Manager T. D. Bates there were over thirty contestants. Mr. Raymond Buss was awarded first prize, Mr. Henry S. Kirk second, and Miss Elizabeth C. Bunner third.

## THE NEWEST BOOKS

"Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis. Chas. Scribner's Sons', publishers.

"Max," by Julian Croskey. John Lane, publisher.

"Derelicts," by William J. Locke. John Lane, publisher.

"Matka and Kotik," by David Starr Jordan. The Whittaker & Ray Co., publishers, S. F.

"Ziska," by Marie Corelli. Stone & Kimball, publishers.

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## THE MONTH'S FICTION

### The Editor and His Wife Talk Over the Latest Books.

The Editor prefers to have it believed that his mind has soared beyond fiction. He imagines an acquaintance with the latest novel bespeaks a frivolity of intellect which agrees ill with his high professions. Yet the habit of years is strong on him and his wife, who devours the volumes that come to the office, finds her husband equipped with views which he could only have gathered from the books themselves.

"It's too bad you are so busy," murmured the Editor's wife, as they sat over their coffee and raisins after dinner.

"Why, my dear," he replied.

"It would amuse you so much to read 'Soldiers of Fortune,' the new book of Richard Harding Davis. I began it this morning after breakfast, and knew nothing until Hope and Clay were well on the way to New York to be married. Then I felt hungry and found it an hour after lunch time. There's fascination for you."

"I've dipped into the book," the Editor admitted, rather reluctantly. "As stories go, it is a cleverly managed tale, but, my dear, does it not seem to you that a man who has so attractive a literary manner might employ it to better purposes writing truth rather than such fairy stuff? Clay would be quite as good a hero without that preposterous record. Imagine a man under thirty, if description counts for anything, who had served in Chile with Balmaceda, on the Nile with Wolsey, in Africa as a Chasseur d' Afrique, who had him decorated by the German Emperor for besieging a fort, by the Sultan of Zanzibar for some other reason, and by the Spanish government for presiding over an international Congress of Engineers at Madrid, these being but a few of his acquirements. In addition to all this, Clay had achieved eminence in his profession, had built several railways in various parts of the world, had opened up mines in Chile, Brazil and Peru, yet knew Paris, Vienna and London well enough to talk familiarly over them with a millionaire who had spent his life pleasure seeking. Remember that one does not learn engineering by intuition, and that campaigns take years rather than months."

"But I thought," interrupted the Editor's wife, that you had only dipped into the book.

"Don't mistake me," continued the Editor. "I found 'Soldiers of Fortune' a most entertaining tale, but the author has talent enough to achieve success without burdening his composition with color. Clay would appear just as fine a chap had he been only a brilliant engineer. The foreign record is lugged in and is but the superfluous paint and powder on the face of a beauty."

"It is not Davis' metier to be realistic," objected his wife. "He leaves the mere facts of his wife for Howells to drone over or for Jesting to analyze, and offers us a stirring tale compounded of new material. I liked it immensely, though I object seriously to the shelving of Miss Langham.

"That was a most priggish person," interrupted the Editor, "and she would have made him an insufferable wife. One ought to remember she was not the kind of woman to have assisted in gaining Madame Alvarez. So the proposal under fire could never have been accomplished if it had not been that Clay switched his affections to Hope. Then, Davis does not permit his heroes to marry the women with whom they commence by being in love. We are only wasting time, though, discussing a fairy tale—the brilliant but poor and proud youth who has risen from the dust in love with the cold and haughty beauty, who is also an heiress; the prince, who admires her in a distant, impassive way, and for whom she is evidently intended, and then the little sister, so young and impulsive and yet beautiful and rich like the princess, whom the poor and proud youth marries. Still the youth, having conquered nature and all his difficulties, might also have been permitted to melt the heart of the princess, though I fear he would have had a terrible time living up to her. However, let Dicky Davis give us next the story o. Captain Burke—the brewer of revolutions, you know; let him sedulously avoid the introduction of New York society, and you'll have as good a yarn as any one weaves, even though the smooth-flowing narrative which carries you along so swiftly, so easily, is but two inches and a quarter deep."

I'd rather read of Alice Langham than of Maud in 'Max,'" returned the Editor's wife.

"What is 'Max?'" he asked. "A new novel?"

"Yes," she replied, "by one Julian Croskey, who seems to have crowded innumerable experiences into his first tale. The scene opens in a Shanghai prison, and the hero, who eats opium, rehearses, under the intoxication of the drug, his previous experiences and the episode which has brought him to gaol. He has been engaged fostering a native revolution, beguiled by a lovely Chinese woman, Aysha, who subsequently marries an English Earl and shines in London society. Then we all go to England, accompanying Max, who, being an unfortunate fellow, is at once involved in the troubles which make a most mournful Odyssey out of his wanderings. Though well-meaning, brave and true to his friends, he lacks the decisive power to control circumstances. After mishaps innumerable, he dies by his own hand. No one cares very much."

"You don't do the tale justice," commented the Editor.

"Indeed," replied his wife, "I assumed it was a new novel by a new man because it is so unconfined. It brims over with reflections on life, many of which are wise and true, but the action with less comment would add a dramatic conciseness to the tale which it requires to be effective."

"Let me say to you that the two chapters devoted to dissecting the opium habit are worth a dozen 'Soldiers of Fortune,'" interrupted the Editor. My impression was that the several characters are acutely realized, especially the identity of Max and of Maud. The scenes in which the latter, tired of her husband, ends by her coquetries to win back the regard of her old lover are rendered with rare insight and power. The manner in which his resistance is finally conquered is most naturally done, and one cannot but admit the subtlety of presentation that so keenly expresses the degree of their relationship. Indeed, this episode and that of Naomi, together with the extraordinarily shrewd analysis of Max's mental processes, suggests a new writer of real strength."

"I thought you had only glanced at 'Max,'" murmured his wife.

"Yes," retorted the Editor, "but it was a glance to some purpose. Listen to this remarkable dissertation of the opium craving and its effect on the will. You know that a Chinese opium smoker, as soon as the 'yin' or craving has fixed on his entrails, requires it at least once a day. Max had not from the beginning felt any growing of the temptation from the normal habit of indulging only once in ten days. He always waited for the actual desire of the flesh. Now listen to this:

"On the seventh or eighth day after indulgence, when his digestion and health were recovering their ordinary tone, he would become conscious that the desire was growing up within him again; and then his brain was strong and sound for a day or two until the craving mounted and befogged it.

"It was a terrible state of existence; and the workings of the mysterious medicine were fantastic and inconsequent. It might be that towards the tenth day he was in this sound condition, mentally and bodily, and that his work was progressing with giant strides. Then, as he felt the demon rising, his soul would urge him to resist; he dreaded all the old consequences which he knew would follow, and this importunate soul would tell him that one struggle now, and one or two thereafter, would break the back of the craving and leave him always in possession of his steady flow of health. But if he listened to this insidious righteousness, which, to do the poor fellow justice, was his original nature (for he hated beastliness and loved exercise and the open air), he was soon to learn that the demon within him was a jealous demon. He resisted the climacteric of the craving; well and good. He was playing with a dangerous coquette. It went away, and left his brain in a fog and his body restless and ill at ease; he lost his appetite, and his digestion immediately went wrong. Try as he could, he could not settle down to work; cobwebs at once drew tangles in his brain. Walk as he would, hour after hour, in sun or wind or rain, he could not feel tired or restful or hungry; there was always that uncomfortable vacuum which neither air nor alcohol nor tobacco could fill. And the worst of it was, that the climacteric once allowed to pass, he could not allay this vacuum with opium; no, it was too late—the thing was a coquette. The drug would do him no good; his will, influenced by God knows what demon of the bile, would not even let him try it. He must wait a week till the normal desire should again arise. And having resisted a fortnight, it would seem madness to yield then; all common experience cried out to him to preserve and conquer this alien invader. And then, perhaps, by the use of exercise and alcohol, he would pass a month or six weeks in tranquillity— but only in a medium condition for brain work, every hour of concentration inducing drowsiness. And one day as he cudgelled his brains over a blank sheet of paper, suddenly the desire would invade him—so sweet, so gentle, so insidious, so mighty! Before he knew that the enemy was upon him it would have seized the citadel of his reason and be working on him by irresistible sophistries. Come, come, it would whisper insidiously, why be such a fool?—why go struggling on against cobwebs which you cannot brush away, when with my help your brain will suddenly clear up, take strength, and teem with powerful sustained flights of imagination when your blood will flow warm and rich in your veins, and your appetites will be set free, and you will be wrapped up in a warm world of your own, concentrated and resistless, indifferent to the petty annoyances of life?

"Then a transformation came over the man. His face became suffused with a warm glow, his eyes dilated into swimming darkness, his lips filled and smiled, as stealthily he locked the door, drew the curtains, stirred up the fire, made tea, got out the pipe, lamp, and bottle of smoking mixture, and even lingered to admire himself in the glass. The disgusting truth is that he became exactly like a lustful man who has long tempted some charming mistress, and at length expects her, yielded, to his room. Every detail of preparation was full of sensual delights to the opium-smoker, and he lingered over them as a tiger might toy with his prey; he would have the light just so, the couch in front of the fire, the tea ready for the table by his side; he would pour out his quota of the mixture into a little thick gold pot, he would warm it, perhaps dilute it with a drop of liqueur and grate into it a little Patna dust or hemp-cake; then as he lay on his side before the fire, holding the bamboo pipe in one hand and the needle in the other, he would hesitate to burn the treacle in order to relish all the delight of dallying anticipation. Then how his nostrils sniffed up the rich and heavy odours as the ball of paste on the needle-tip fizzed and bubbled over the small flame of the night-lamp!"

"That is very well done," commented the Editor's wife. "It seems to me that you have read everything that has come in save 'Derelicts.' You will have to accept my conclusions there."

"I'm not unwilling," replied the Editor.

"Then, let me say, 'Derelicts,' of the breed of the modern English novel which is intellect, really a hundred leagues above its predecessors that were written for curates and housewives by widows and spinsters. There is an effort at real characterization and an approximation of the facts of individuality which were never confessed by the older generations of minor novelists. This book does not approach greatness, but it is fairly well done and leaves one with a pleasant impression in one's mind."

"In other words, respectable but uneventful," the Editor put in.

"Better try for yourself," she retorted.

Here they adjourned.

C.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Princess of Alaska," by Richard Henry Savage. Rand, McNally & Co.

"For Life and Love," by Richard Henry Savage. Rand, McNally & Co.

"Which Loved Him Best," by Bertha M. Clay. Rand, McNally & Co.

"Delilah of Harlem," by Richard Henry Savage. Rand, McNally & Co.


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## THE THEATRES

### Miss Mannering of the Lyceum Company a Disappointment.

There is a young woman up at the Baldwin Theater—Miss Mary Mannering—who has my entire sympathy. I don't know that she is entitled to it, but she has it nevertheless. Miss Mannering has been extravagantly, ill-advisedly boomed by the management of the Lyceum Company as possessing something phenomenal in the way of womanly beauty. The daily press has, in its customary sensational way, pictured her as entirely eclipsing Langtry and all the bevy of stage beauties that history, ancient and modern, has ever known. This is an unfortunate circumstance for Miss Mannering, inasmuch as it is untrue. Assuming the lady herself to be powerless in the matter, I am sorry for her. Immediately she appears upon the stage every woman in the audience has her under critical examination from her teeth to her toes, and scalpel in had, is ready to lay bare every defect of her face and figure.

If the advance agent had been hushed, and the advertising end of the company had been prohibited from proclaiming her "a peerless beauty" and as "a rival of Langtry," etc., I would not feel justified in devoting this much space to Miss Mannering's physical presentment. Beauty is largely a matter of individual taste, but there are striking types that the world recognizes and accepts as standards, and to which it is pretty apt to pay its devotions if permitted so to do. Miss Mannering does not come up to any of these standards. She is gentle, modest and pleasing, and in the absence of the managerial exaggeration of her charms I would pay my devotions to a fine pair of eyes and a graceful, girlish manner. But she is not a beauty of the professional type, and the management does her a wrong to so proclaim her. Nor is she a remarkable actress.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is a favorite of mine, and Rassendyll would not be Rassendyll in other hands than Hackett's, so admirably does he fit into the character. That "old brick" Colonel Sapt is still in the hands of that sterling actor, Charles Walcot. I should never care to see the "Prisoner of Zenda" with another Rassendyll or another Sapt. The personnel of the company has been altered somewhat since its last Western tour, but I would hardly set down the changes as being improvements upon the former production. So much of society as remained in town or was within easy traveling distance to the city took advantage of the occasion, and the Baldwin during the week was comfortably filled.

* *

Sentiment is the thing in "Shenandoah," sentiment of the stars and stripes and the Union forever; it is the one thing that has brought the play through all these seasons of success. Without Sheridan's ride, without the din and roar of the battle, the floating of flags and the blowing of bugles, "Shenandoah" would be unprofitably stale. The first act is draggy, the last is stupid, and the climax altogether conventional. It is rather late in the day to criticise "Shenandoah"—public sentiment has placed it upon the height of glory, and public sentiment will likely keep it there indefinitely, all of which is quite appropriate; but "Shenandoah" is not a great play—great from a purely histrionic view. It is interesting—tearfully so in many parts, the death of young Haverhill in particular; the love scenes are cleverly constructed, and the signaling is, or was, most meritoriously original. But we should take what the gods or the playwrights, provide, and "Shenandoah" is a dish flavored to suit the great American eagle.

The Frawleys serve it well—as well as experience may expect; the setting of the Shenandoah Valley is pretty, and the signaling on the mountain is well managed. The acting is good throughout. Of the men, J. M. Colville as General Haverhill and Frank Worthing as Colonel Kercheval West are the most noticeable. Mr. Colville is dignified and consistent, every inch a general. Mr. Worthing is at his best in the third act, his conflicting emotions of love and disappointment are quite effectively rendered. A clever bit of character is Harry Corson Clarke's Sergeant Barket. There may be a term to apply to Blanche Bates, a phrase to fit in with her work, but it is far in the shades of the undiscovered. It is probably best to say that she narrowly escapes being a very able actress; as it is, she is popular, natural in many ways, and in the role of Gertrude Ellingham, the tempestuous Southern girl, wears some pretty gowns, and, what is more, loks well in them. Miss Bates hasn't a corner in pretty gowns nor in popularity, either—Miss Georgia Bushby has very much of both. She looks proverbially angelic as Madeline West, and acts very much in the same manner. Gladys Wallis is lovable to the twelfth degree as Jennie Buckthorn, the little Northern girl who would be a boy and a soldier to boot. Dainty are her ways, and bright and pretty is she as a daffodil on a morning in June.


### New Safe-Deposit Vaults.

Safes $4 to $150 per annum. The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, are the strongest, best guarded and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts as executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge. Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

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Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious.
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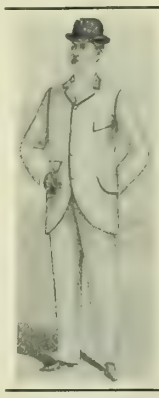

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### TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG.

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of $65 a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of $50 a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for out door sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock p. m., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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Mid-day, afternoon and night lunch, consisting of fine American, French and Spanish dishes. Private rooms.

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At the terminus of Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway. Concert every Sunday during the season from 1 to 5 p. m. The Club House will be conducted under the management of Mrs. Rachael Hayward, whose reputation as a purveyor and hostess is unequalled.

Take Oakland Ferry at the foot of Market street on the hour or half hour to Fruitvale Station. The Haywards Electric Cars make connections for Park without change.

**BALDWIN THEATRE** AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS.

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**Lyceum Theatre Stock Company**
Headed by JAS. K. HACKETT and MARY MANNERING
from the Lyceum Theatre, New York
Presenting for the first time here
**The First Gentleman of Europe**
A play of sentiment and manners
By Frances Hodgson Burnett and George Fleming
Followed by The Mayflower, The Late Mr. Costello, etc.

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FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO. LESSEES AND MANAGERS

Monday, June 28th, Fifth Week
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY
Another Great Play
**"A Social Highwayman"**
Week of July 5th, Comedy Week: **The Great Unknown** and **The Two Escutcheons**

**Orpheum**
O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL
**Week Commencing Monday, June 28th**
ANNIVERSARY WEEK
The Eminent Musical Artists, **SMITH & FULLER,**
Bamboo Bell Players
Lew Dockstader, Caron & Herbert, Alexander Heindl, Canfield & Carlton, Josephine Sabel, Conway & Leland, Russell Bros., and Johnson & Deah
SPECIAL: Wednesday evening, June 30th, every lady will be presented with a Tenth Anniversary Souvenir of the Orpheum—an elaborate work of art.
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING : Proprietor and Manager
**The Hit of the Season!**
Triumphant welcome accorded the Eminent Comedian
**MR. EDWIN STEVENS**
Every Evening **WANG** Written by J. Cheever Goodwin Music by Woolson Morse
The Greatest of all Comic Operas
Splendid Cast! Correct Costumes! Beautiful Scenery
Next, first time in this city, the comedy-opera
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BELASCO & LA FAILLE : : : Lessees and Managers
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**Week of June 28th. Matinee Saturday at 2**
Dion Boucicault's Comedy in two acts
**ANDY BLAKE, or the Irish Diamond**
THIRD MONTH
POWERS' CHINESE DRAMA
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Last performances of **The Man From the South** with its interesting situations, beautiful gowns, etc.
Commencing Monday, June 28th, Elaborate Scenic Production of the Exciting Melodrama
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A Romance of Kentucky, by the author of "The Man From the South"
Sensational Scenes! Curious Comedy!
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Get your Lunch at the **NEW OYSTER HOUSE**
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Everything fresh and well served. Oysters, Clams, Crabs and Shrimps a specialty. Families and Hotels supplied. **Marin County Market on Fourth St.**

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**Commission Brokers and Dealers in Investment Securities. Eastern and Foreign**
403 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.


## HOWELL'S NEW WOMEN

### Some Fresh Types in His Latest Novel.

One is inclined to believe that Mr. Howells' women will live longer, much longer, than his men; certain it is that he succeeds better with women. Perhaps it is because of his extreme delicacy (delicacy carried out to six places of decimals), supersensitive refinement, and his power of observing details, veritably miscoscopic that helps him out in this direction. This sort of machinery applied to the coarser nature of the man sometimes suggests a locomotive at work hauling paper boxes, but it succeeds admirably when used to pick a woman to pieces. For instance, in his latest novel, "The Landlord at Lion's Head," when Bessie Lynde had been kissed by a jay:

She, for her part, realized that she had been kissed as once she had happened to see one of the maids kissed by the grocer's boy at the basement door. In an instant this man had abolished all her defenses of family, of society, of personality, and put himself on a level with her in the most sacred things of life. Her mind grasped the fact and she realized it intellectually, while as yet all her emotions seemed paralyzed. She did not know whether she resented it as an abominable outrage or not; whether she hated the man for it or not. But perhaps he was in love with her, and his love overpowered him; in that case she could forgive him, if she were in love with him. She asked herself whether she was, and whether she had betrayed herself to him so that he was somehow warranted in what he did. She wondered if another sort of man would have done it, a gentleman, who believed she was in love with him. She wondered if she were as much shocked as she was astonished. She knew that there was everything in the situation to make the fact shocking, but she got no distinct reply from her jarred consciousness.

Then, again, in dealing with a character so really impalpable and diaphanous as Cynthia Whitwell, who but Howells could have the power to crystallize such fugitive feminine impressions as this:

She went to the table by the darkening window, and quickly turned up the light of the lamp. In her ignorance of his presence, he saw her as if she had been alone, almost as if she were out of the body; he received from her unconsciousness the impression of something rarely pure and fine, and he had a sudden compassion for her, as for something precious that is fated to be wasted or misprized. At a little movement which he made to relieve himself from a sense of eavesdropping, she gave a start, and shut her lips upon the little cry that would have escaped from another sort of woman.

Mrs. Durgin herself is an old type, but the dissection of her character (it is dissection rather than construction) is carried further than ever novelist carried it before. She is introduced to the reader as the mistress of a decaying New England farmhouse, where visitors from a near-by hotel sometimes come to enjoy the view. Here they meet Mrs. Durgin:

They could scarcely have felt that they ever had a welcome from the stalwart, handsome woman who sold them milk, if they wanted it, and small cakes of maple sugar if they were very strenuous for something else. The ladies were not able to make much of her, from the first; but some of them asked her if it were not rather lonely there, and she said that when you heard the catamounts scream at night, and the bears growl in the spring, it did seem lonesome. When one of them declared that if she should hear a catamount scream, or a bear growl, she should die, the woman answered, Well, she presumed we must all die some time. But the ladies were not sure of a covert slant in her words, for they were spoken with the same look she wore when she told them that the milk was five cents a glass, and the black maple sugar three cents a cake.

But Mrs. Durgin has the capacity of a man of business in selling what the people want, and in making the most out of opportunities, for:

When they told her that her maple sugar would sell better if the cake had an image of Lion's Head stamped on it, she answered that she got enough of Lion's Head without wanting to see it on all the sugar she made. But next year the cakes bore a rude effigy of Lion's Head, and she said that one of her boys had cut the stamp out with his knife; she now charged five cents a cake for the sugar, but her manner remained the same.

Mrs. Vostrand is another admirable type of a not very admirable American woman, the woman whose husband is never in evidence and whom one has to explain to one's friends. She and her daughter are much alike:

The mother had kept her youth in face and figure so admirably that another light she would have looked scarcely the elder. It was the candor of the morning which confessed the fine vertical lines running up and down to her lips, only a shade paler than the girl's, and that showed her hair a trifle thiner in its coppery brown, her blue eyes a little dimmer. They were both very graceful and they had sott, caressing voices; they now began to talk very politely to each other, as if they were strangers, or as if strangers were by.

They are great friends of Westover's, the artist—who, in this story, is Mr. Howells' mouthpiece—and in the artist's reflections, after making a call upon the Vostrands, Howells has touched of the natures of the two women with an accuracy and a nicety of touch that are all his own:

Westover got himself away with a very sweet friendship in his heart for this rather anomalous lady, who, more than half her daughter's life, had lived away from her daughter's father, upon apparently perfectly good terms with him, and so discreetly and self-respectfully that no breath of reproach had touched her. Until now, however, her position had not really concerned Westover, and it would not have concerned him now, if it had not been for a design that formed itself in his mind as soon as he knew that Mrs. Vostrand meant to pass the winter in Boston. He felt at once that he could not do things by halves for a woman who had once done them for him by wholes and something over, and he had instantly decided that he must not only be very pleasant to her himself, but he must get his friends to be pleasant, too. His friends were some of the nicest people in Boston; nice in both the personal and the social sense; he knew they would not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for him in a good cause, and that made him all the more anxious that the cause should be good beyond question.

The only possible difficulty one can find with the story is that it is almost too delicate. Mr. Howells' people have a fineness and perception in the matter of taking affront that makes the reader sometimes ashamed of himself, because he cannot appreciate it as well. It makes one feel coarse-grained and callous somehow, and I think one could forgive "The Dean" for a little more action, a trifle—but the merest trifle—more sensation, if only for the sake of contrast.

"The Landlord at Lion's Head." Harper & Brothers, publishers.

As it is not everybody that can find time for week-day trips into the more beautiful parts of the country, the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad offers special facilities by means of Sunday excursions. Amongst the chief attractions just now is the railroad's fish hatchery, within a mile of Ukiah. The entire route of this road passes through some of the best fishing and hunting districts in the State, and this nursery for trout is interesting not only to the sportsman, but to every intelligent individual. Next Sunday a special excursion has been arranged for to Ukiah, leaving the foot of Clay street by the Tiburon ferry at 8:30 a. m. and returning by 8:30 p. m., allowing four hours at Ukiah. A seat will be provided for every passenger in return for $2, full charge for the round trip.

Style counts more positively in a hat than in a gown. To obtain a chic hat intelligent women go to E. E. Caswell's, 28 Post street. It is interesting to note that all the hats and bonnets in this stock have been reduced to half price.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.


**A Great Bargain!**
The Largest, Best Ventilated, and Most Completely Equipped
**LIVERY STABLE**
in this city, in full running order, is for sale
Splendid location. Riding-school attached
Long lease, cheap rent, fireproof building
**Clears 35 per cent on the investment**
Address "B," 200 Hyde Street

**SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES**

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of TERESA YOUNG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 19, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

---

DIVIDEND NOTICE—San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California street, cor. Webb.—For half year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits, and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

---

DIVIDEND NOTICE—German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street.—For half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty hundredths (4-20.100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty hundredths (3-50.100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

---

DIVIDEND NOTICE — Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post street.—For half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and one-third (3.33⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

---

**DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP**

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, J. J. De Haven retiring from the practice of the law. The unfinished business of the firm will be completed by S. C. Denson, who retains his offices in the Mills Building. S. C. DENSON.
J. J. DE HAVEN.

San Francisco, June 16th, 1897.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A certain bishop, who was about to make a visitation of his doceses, was thus addressed by his spouse, a comely person, who knew his digestion: "Now, Bishop, you mustn't eat any mince pie; for you know it never agrees with you." "No, I won't," said the Bishop, and for a while he withstood the temptation in various quarters. But, at last, he succumbed to an especially choice piece, and it was so good that he ate another. That night he was taken violently ill, and the physician who was summoned was greatly surprised to find how extremely nervous his patient was over his condition. "Why, Bishop, surely, you are not afraid to die?" "Oh, no," said the Bishop, 'I am not afraid, but I am very much ashamed to die."

A brawny Swede visited the City Hall the other day to procure a marriage license, and a couple of clerks to whom he innocently stated his wishes directed him to the department where dog licenses are issued. He approached the license window diffidently, gave his name and address, and asked what the document would cost. "It will cost you $1 a year for every dog you keep," replied the clerk. "Dog?" echoed the Swede. "Why, certainly," continued the clerk, "don't you want a dog license?" "Val, no," cried the would-be benedict. "Ay kaint afford to buy a dog dees year. Ay vant to get only a vooman now."

The head teacher in a Sunday school was much disturbed by the noise of the scholars in the next room, and, mounting a chair, looked over the partition to see who the offenders were. One boy, a little taller than the others, was engaged in rather rapid talk, and the irate instructor, leaning over, seized him by the collar and, lifting him over the partition, banged him into a chair, saying, "Now, be quiet!" About fifteen minutes later a small head appeared around the door, and a small voice meekly piped: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher!"

When Queen Victoria was crowned, the pages attending the Duke of Leinster, who represented Ireland, were the late Lord Otho Fitzgerald and the late Lord Partarlington. After the ceremony, Lord Otho bowed very gravely, but the other little fellow, who was only 7, instead of making a respectful exit, clambered into the lap of the young sovereign, and exclaimed, "How d'ye do, Queen?" much to the delight of Victoria, who was beginning to be weary of the ceremonies of the day.

The little maiden had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge wandered about the house, upstairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying dejectedly: "Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yes'day—two smoove ones and one woolly one."

Senator Cameron once called upon President Lincoln at the White House in behalf of an applicant for a consulate who was a particularly pestiferous person to him. "Where do you want to have him sent?" asked the President. There was a large globe in the room. The Pennsylvania Senator put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said: "I do not know what my finger is on, but send him there." And he was sent.

A poor woman who kept a small grocery shop in the outskirts of San Jose suffered severely under the application of a tempestous and inebriated husband. He died very suddenly, and one of the customers came to sympathize with the widow. She said: "I am sure, Mrs. G—, you must miss your husband." "Well, mum, it do seem queer to go to the shop and find something in the till!"

An Irish officer, who had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles in Holland, was lying on the ground, and an unfortunate soldier who was near him, and was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed: "Hold yer row, will ye? Do you think there is nobody killed but yourself?"

Though she be mild, modest and retiring, Ada Rehan has a clear wit. Standing at the wings of Daly's Theater with Clyde Fitch, one night, he asked: "Are you a quick study, Miss Rehan?" "Yes," replied she. "Then how long will it take you to like me?" "Present or absent?" innocently replied Miss Rehan.


## HOTELS AND RESORTS

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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 27 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 3, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

*ON THE MAIN DECK OF THE HI-YEI*

The Captain of the Japanese Man-o'-War addressing his crew on the whole duty of seamen

# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 3, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Scenes at the San Rafael Paper-Chase | 4 |
| The Cruiser "Hi-Yei" | 5 |
| July Magazines; by Oracle K. B. | 6 |
| "The Strangest Thing"; by Frank Norris | 7 |
| The San Juan Celebration; by Jefferson | 8 |
| Birthday of an Old Mission | 9 |
| London Day by Day | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| Dramatic Notes | 11 |
| Miss Sabel's Husband: a vicarious interview by F.N. | 11 |
| Mrs. Sherwood's Book; by C. | 12 |
| The Lyceum Company | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## WHAT THE JUBILEE MEANS.

Victoria, Queen and Empress, has reigned for sixty years, and her loyal subjects the world around have been celebrating the fact and rejoicing over it. The occasion itself is not at all significant. To attain a throne early and retain it during a long life must, in these days, be taken as marks of the possession of good health and the favor of fortune rather than of wisdom, valor and fortitude. Prudence is, perhaps, the highest in the list of the virtues which would be indispensable for the accomplishment of a reign of six decades in a country with a monarchy plus a constitution, and with prudence has Her Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen and Empress, been abundantly endowed. With similar endowment—and some improvements, not to be looked for immediately, among the people over whom he rules—His Catholic Majesty the present small King of Spain, who began to reign from the hour of his birth, might easily surpass the years of the Victorian reign without rivaling the years of Victoria herself. To have sat successfully for sixty years, a period longer than the term of any of her long line of predecessors, on what is undoubtedly the safest and most comfortable throne of Europe, is something for which the venerable Queen may very well be congratulated; to praise her for doing it is unnecessary, to say the least.

Among the forms to which the average Briton resorts for an expression of his patriotism perhaps the first and most usual is that of fervid profession of personal loyalty and devotion to his sovereign and the ascription to her of a large share in the glory of the conquests and advances made by her subjects. And so wherever the jubilee has been celebrated—and that means almost everywhere under the sun—the long roll of British glory has been called, in print and in speech, and the growth of that glorious record during the three score years since Victoria's accession has been marked out and the inference left to be drawn that the credit for it is, in some way and in some part, due to the Queen. But in truth the Queen has had but the smallest part in the triumphs and the achievements of her long reign. She is no more responsible for the great strides of science, the great development of the arts, or the additions to the literature of the English language that have been made in her time than she is for the score or more of wars, great and small, just and unjust, which, as a sovereign reigning but not ruling, she has been obliged to declare and which her subjects have waged in her name. Elizabeth and Anne gave their names to brilliant periods of their country's history to the glory of which they, personally, contributed no more than the Queen has contributed to the glories of the time which will go into history as the Victorian age. Some of Her Majesty's eulogists, realizing, perhaps, how small has been her personal influence and her control of the great power of which she is the nominal head, have betaken themselves, with very questionable taste, to very extravagant praise of the Queen for the purity and womanliness of her private life. Such virtues as they praise so loudly in the Queen are not so rare among women as their praise would leave to be inferred. The vast majority of women are good women, and in these days even queens, to be successful, must be respectable.

The real and notable result and, perhaps, the real purpose of this striking celebration of this climax of Victoria's reign has been to display to the world the tremendous strength and the almost boundless resources of the world-wide British Empire. For years the position of the United Kingdom as a European power has been one of splendid but perilous isolation. The colonies to which she sends a large part of her surplus population and the surplus products of her industries have by many been regarded as elements of weakness in her political and military organization. From the very beginning of the plans for the celebration of this jubilee the part assigned in the display to the colonies and dependencies of the kingdom has been, and not without design, the most prominent. When the Queen rode to St. Paul's on the great day of the celebration through the streets lined with millions of her applauding subjects, she went escorted by troopers, gunners and foot-soldiers from every region of her possessions, the representatives of the world-wide force that guards a world-wide empire. The spectacle then presented was one to give pause to any power which may have covetous designs against any part of the colonial dominions of the British crown. The demonstration has been made that the colonies, recently regarded, even by a numerous party in the United Kingdom itself, as elements of weakness in the empire, as vulnerable points which it would be difficult or impossible to defend against aggressions, may be made a sword and a shield. So long as she is firmly united with her colonies, Great Britain is not isolated, and any great militant power of Europe seeking the spoils of empire might easily break its teeth in vain against the array which could be put afloat and in the field by the United Empire of Great Britain. To inaugurate a policy of consolidation among the scattered parts of the whole empire is, undoubtedly, the second object of the wonderful display made last week in London and at Spithead. With the acknowledgment that all the members of the vast confederacy have a common interest in maintaining it will come the acceptance of the principle that the strength of each member shall be available for the common defense of all, and with such a concert of the British Empire the United Kingdom may feel reasonably secure against the results of the concord or discord of the other powers of Europe.

It is a striking fact that for more than a hundred and fifty years no battle has been fought on British soil. During that long period the frontiers of England have truly been the coasts of her enemies. War has raged often enough in her colonies, in her dependencies, and even in her sister island, but since the day of Culloden the clash of hostile arms has not been heard in England or Scotland. To her sustained dominion of the sea alone Britain owes this immunity from war within her own borders, and it was eminently fitting that the last feature of the great jubilee should be a display of the fact that she still holds her maritime supremacy and of the means by which she holds it. Her empire is sea-born, and only by the continued power to control the sea can it be maintained. If any of the colonial representatives who bore the homage of their constituents to their sovereign had any doubt of the ability of the mother country to do her share in keeping open the sea roads between herself and her daughter nations, that doubt must have been dispelled by the sight of the miles of ships of war that made up the fleet that was reviewed at Spithead last Saturday. What other power could, without seriously interfering with the normal duties of its fleet, gather together for a peaceful display a hundred and sixty-five vessels of war? What other power is sufficiently envious or covetous to assail the empire which has made such a display? To ask those questions peacefully, and to await an answer, is perhaps the only real purpose of the great jubilee.

## ALIMONY IN DIVORCE.

There is good sense in the position taken by one of the Los Angeles judges, refusing alimony to a divorced woman, when she was as well able to take care of herself as her husband is to take care of her. There was no separate or community funds to divide, and the court refused to rule the husband's future earnings liable for her support. We say this seems to the lay mind very sensible doctrine, though perhaps it may not prove good law. Indeed, the attitude of our Supreme Court on this question of alimony indicates that the Los Angeles judge, if he had no other reason for his refusal to allow alimony, than the one given, was merely a point of law. It may be that the upper court will not reverse on this point, as it may be a matter of dissension in the lower court, but that a wife has a right to alimony is well established, even though her husband has no property, and she is young, strong and with a fair prospect of remarriage. This matter was very exhaustively considered by our Supreme Court in the Spencer habeas corpus cases taken up from this city six or seven years ago. There a man, who had been divorced and ordered to pay alimony, had remarried and had children by his second wife. He was sent to jail on contempt proceedings for not paying to his first wife the alimony allowed her. Judges Fox, Sharpstein, McFarland, Thornton and Chief Justice Beatty refused to release Spencer unless he paid the alimony. Judge Paterson alone dissented, and his opinion has given much satisfaction to married men with first wives at large. The extreme harshness on the divorced man of the present law cannot be better shown than by extracting from Judge Paterson's opinion.

"I do not believe that the Legislature intended to provide that the immediate daily earnings of a man, having a wife and child dependent upon him for support, should be taken to support the wife of another, because he may have had, at some prior period in his life, the fortune or misfortune to be her husband; yet to that extent of the exigencies of the conclusion reached by my learned associates carry us. It is a construction which seems to me to be at variance with the entire scope and spirit of the law governing the subject of "personal relations." Such a law, if it exist, should be repealed, or the right to an absolute divorce and privilege of remarriage be abolished.

"The law encourages the marriage of persons competent to assume the marriage relations, and fosters its continuance. All contracts and conditions in restraint of marriage are void, being against public policy. In this State divorce is absolute; there is no such thing as divorce from bed and board under the law as it now exists. When a marriage is dissolved, each party is relieved from all the obligations of the bond. From the time of the dissolution they are single persons, and their acts are, as between themselves, the acts of strangers—no obligations or duties are due from one to the other. They are free to marry again—indeed, as stated above, the law encourages them in the assumption of marital rights and obligations.

"Under these provisions a divorced man marries a second or third time. The divorced wife does the same thing. The man upon whom the duty of supporting his family is dependent upon his daily earnings to perform this duty. The woman, who has by the decree of divorce been released from all duties toward him, demands that his earnings, or a portion of them, shall be devoted to her support, and his lawful wife can, and their children must, take what is left. If he refuse to take the bread from them and give it to her who owes him no duty, he may be thrown into jail, and be thus deprived of the power to support any of them. Such a law as this—a law which permits or encourages a man to assume the responsibilities of husband and father, and imposes at the same time such inconsistent conditions, and such unequal and inequitable burdens—ought not to blister the pages of our statute books. Either absolute divorce should be denied and the privilege of remarriage be abolished, or it should be provided—as I believe our laws under proper construction do now provide—that only the property, separate and community, in existence at the time the marriage is dissolved, may be taken for the support of the wife. It is an anomalous condition of domestic affairs which requires a man who has been permitted and encouraged to assume new marital duties and obligations to support a legal relict who is not only matrimonially dead to him, but is perhaps married to another, who is unwilling or unable to support her.

"The leading opinion does not discuss the question whether or not the subject before us can be tested properly on habeas corpus. I deem it unnecessary, therefore, to investigate or consider the fact."

So it appears that a man with a family may be forced in California to let his wife and children starve in order that he may have his money wherewith to pay alimony to another man's wife. The marriage of a divorced woman does not stop the order for alimony. But the judge, when he is a man of the world, realizing how harsh is the law upon a man whose only crime is that he married a woman whom he can't live with, may perhaps use the discretion vested in him, and while granting the divorce refuse permanent alimony. If this were the rule there would be fewer divorces and fewer hasty and ill-considered marriages. No better plan could be devised to put a stop to the modern scheme of marrying one day and divorcing the next than to let it be known that if the women are without children and fully able to take care of themselves they will not be given alimony. A wife may make a sufficient showing to justify a divorce, and yet make no showing which would justify a reasonable court in compelling her husband as long as he lives to support her and any paramours she may choose to take up with. As the law is now administered the alimony provision is too often a provoker of vice; it fills cheap boarding houses with divorced women who live off one man and for another.

## BREAKING WILLS.

A very large part of the duty of our State courts is the distribution of the property of deceased persons, either under the provisions of the statutes regulating the succession to property or of the last wills of decedents. The probate business of the courts must always be of great volume and of great importance for the reason that once in every generation practically all the prop-

erty in the community must pass through and be distributed by the probate courts. Even when the decedent has died without making a will, and when, in consequence, the distribution is made by the court under the provisions of the statute, the process is, at best, tedious and expensive. But it is when the courts are called on to pass upon the validity of wills which are contested by those whose expectations have been disappointed by the testator that the public business is grievously delayed, and that justice, as decided by the mouths of a jury, is most liable to go astray.

The law assures to a man the right to direct, by his last will, the disposal of his property after his death, just as strongly as it assures him in the possession of his right to part with it during his life. But when a testator has made a disposition of his estate which, if made during his life time, would never be attacked, but which, after his death, is found to be not in accord with the anticipations of some of his heirs, the temptation to attack the validity of the will is strong, and the facilities for the attack are always at hand. A will contest, if successful, will pay for itself, and competent lawyers can always be found who will undertake the task of setting aside the dead man's intentions as to the disposal of his estate, looking to the estate so secured from the grasp of the dead hand for the reward of their skill and industry. It is not even necessary for the contestant of a will in our courts to make oath to his own belief in the truth of the statements on the strength of which he asks to have the will declared void. The truth of the allegations in his pleading will be passed on by a jury, and every appeal may be made to the prejudices, the sentiments and the emotions of the jurymen who are to decide. It is not to be wondered that with such temptations and facilities for instituting litigation of this character the probate courts are filled with it, and the discharge of their duties seriously impeded by it. In many cases juries have been persuaded to set aside testamentary dispositions of property which, if made by the testators while living, would never have been open to question at all. This has been accomplished by an appeal to the "'sense of justice' of the jurors, and to their natural prejudices against confirming what seems to them a harsh and unjust treatment of heirs at the hands of testators. But with the justice or injustice of testamentary provisions jurors have nothing to do. Any man who will comply with the provisions of the statute of wills has a perfect right to make his will as harsh and as unnatural as he chooses toward any or all those who, in default of a will, would be his heirs, and it is the duty of the courts and of juries to sustain and enforce the provisions of such a will as they would sustain if it squared with the common idea of what is just and natural under such circumstances. Juries do not exist to do justice in accordance with what may be their personal ideas of justice in any given case. It is their duty to pass upon disputed questions of fact which are submitted to them in the manner prescribed by law. Nor do courts sit "to do justice," as that expression is generally understood. It is the duty of the court to declare and speak the law, and to do justice only as that law directs, even when that direction may seem to lead to injustice and hardship. It has always been, and no doubt it always will be,difficult to keep prejudice and sentiment and emotion out of the jury box, and to keep the decisions of the jurymen within the limits of the law; and in cases in which a contested will is submitted for decision this difficulty will always be great. In proportion to the probability of error in such decisions, and the grave results of such error, is the necessity for a full and careful review of such cases by a court of appeal removed from the atmosphere in which the jury may have gone astray. Our Supreme Court has by its action in two recent cases indicated that such cases are to be closely scrutinized on appeal, and that where there is sufficient reason to believe that the jury has reached a conclusion under the influence of passion or prejudice the conclusion will be overruled. The right of a testator to make what would generally be considered as an unnatural, unjust or cruel will is strongly declared, and such wills will be sustained if no more valid objections can be urged against them. One result of these recent decisions will be the discouragement of frivolous and speculative contests of wills. Another result will be to improve the probability that in such cases justice will be done according to law and not according to the caprice or the momentary sympathy of juries.

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There was a prolonged debate recently in the House of Commons on the question of the time to be allotted to speakers, and in course of his remarks on the subject Major Rasch convulsed the House by stating that he had been compelled on one occasion to bring in a bill for the compulsory marking of shrimps in the interest of his constituents on the East Coast.

Statistics show a deficit of 1,000,000 marks in the Baltic canal. During the last year 19,960 vessels, of 1,848,458 tons, have passed through this waterway. Of this number, 17,862 vessels were German, 828 were Danish, 219 were British, 455 were Swedish and 375 were Dutch.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The impression that certain enthusiastic Democrats are engaged in spreading abroad that this Western trip of the Boy Orator is a triumphal tour should be accepted with reservation. The truth is, Mr. Bryan's star is on the decline. He has found nothing new to say since the campaign was over, and the clamorous accusations that the election of McKinley has not assisted prosperity is being negatived throughout the East by the stir of reviving business. The fact is that prosperity has begun to dawn on the Atlantic Coast, and with better times the vogue of Bryanism must inevitably cease. I am told his views may no longer be considered as the views of the party, however strenuously the "Examiner" may contend to the contrary. On his arrival in San Francisco there will, of course, be a spirited demonstration, though the brilliancy of the occasion will be sadly minimized by the absence of Mr. Lane's contribution. In consequence thereof the project of the reception committee, to hire a special car to take the great man to Los Angeles, has fallen through.

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There is not a lover of clean amateur sport nor a single patriotic American between the oceans that should not take off his hat to-day to the eight young men of the Cornell 'varsity crew and their wonderfully clever coach, who, by their combined efforts, showed their rudder to Harvard and Yale on Friday last. The Poughkeepsie race was not merely a triangular contest between three rival crews. It had an international significance vastly more important. Old England and Young America in reality went over the course, and America won so handily that their English-trained competitors hardly made the race interesting. Three distinct systems of rowing were on trial — the pure English (Harvard), the English-American (Yale), and the pure American (Cornell). Nothing could have been more decisive than Cornell's demonstration of the superiority of the American stroke. Not only was her eight some fifteen pounds lighter than either of her rivals, but she rowed fewer strokes to the minute than did Harvard or Yale. At the finish Cornell was three lengths ahead of Yale and nearly ten ahead of Harvard. The American-trained crew were so fresh that they rowed on for another half mile to receive the acclamations of the spectators, while the two crews trained under English methods crossed the line in a state of collapse, Numbers 2 and 3 in the Yale boat in a dead faint, and Numbers 3 and 5 of the Harvard eight almost unconscious. The race is as much a triumph over England as if Cornell had crossed oars with Oxford or Cambridge, and if that plucky eight should try conclusions with the English boats this year at Henley it is quite possible that the British coxswains, too, might have an opportunity of examining the configuration of the American shell's stern.

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It may now be state with some definiteness that the wheat crop of California will be a fair average yield. reaching something in the neighborhood of 840,000 tons. At ruling prices this means about $24.50 per ton, which should give the farmer a reasonable profit on his operations. Thus far, however, the growers are holding their grain in the hope of better prospects. Over Sausalito way there is a fleet of British ships awaiting charter. They headed here on the notice given the world that our harvest would exceed by many thousand tons the average. Many of them refused what would now be considered good terms in the hope of obtaining better prices. In the meantime they block the entrance to Richardson Bay with their great red hulls and make the most picturesque feature in the harbor.

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The condition of affairs in the Kennedy mine is a bit uncomfortable for those gentlemen who have acquired the habit of drawing down big monthly dividends from the property. As I stated recently, the ore body has fallen off in value. The Kennedy rock was of a high grade, but that encountered on the new level is of poor quality. However, it will yield a fair return if can be got to the surface, but the old shaft proves inadequate under the new conditions. The experts invoked to examine the property have prescribed the construction of a vertical, three-compartment shaft which should touch the new ore body and render easy its transportation to the surface. But besides being a costly work, this would practically stop operations during the two years required for its construction. Pending the new developments, the old shaft is being extended down further, and the directors trust the low grade ore may soon give place to rock of a richer quality.

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The latest financial scheme started to settle the vexed question of country property has virtues which are liable to win the regard of the antagonistic classes—the moneyed and the moneyless. It is pretty well known that though business throughout the State is seriously depressed it is not because of the absence of coin, but rather on account of the timidity of bankers. New ideas must be discovered to capture the fancy of the capitalist, and certain clever financiers have found a way. The desideratum in the East is income-paying property—investments that will bring in dollars per annum. The interior valleys of California are covered with fine farms and orchards, bearing excellent crops, the owners of which, for the most part, men who have borne the heat and burden of planting, are struggling under a dead weight of mortgages. In many instances such properties are owned by banks that have foreclosed. Yet they are productive and reliable concerns, and need only a year or two of plenty to make their owners comfortable. Recognizing this, certain Boston men have been traveling the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys purchasing ranch properties at the lowest valuations and securing in regard to each the most reliable data available. The promise of this is generally a guarantee of twelve and fifteen per cent. on the investment. The next step is to incorporate a company, issue bonds bearing eight per cent. interest on the real security and floating these in the East, the dealer depending for his profit on the difference between the total earnings and the expenses. The original owner of the property is put in charge at a fair salary and the situation is accomplished. The character of the investment makes an attractive prospectus; the idea is well founded, really, the difficulty with our California orchards has always been the poverty of the planters, and the new buyer takes his place at the moment of productivity. It is no wonder that the bonds have been taken by conservative institutions and have found a ready welcome among people of small means, to whom eight per cent. is fortune. In the meantime the idea is helping to solve some of our difficulties, and, as it is extended, cannot fail to put the interior on a better footing and relieve the uneasiness of certain very respectable banking institutions.

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The downfall of Collector Welburn makes a very sad episode in the history of this curious town of ours. Four years ago this man enjoyed an enviable reputation and a position in the Democracy which seemed to guarantee the fulfillment of whatever aspirations his ambition might dictate. He had come from Gilroy and had the prestige that a clever countryman gains in a metropolitan council. He was also steady, diplomatic and intelligent. He said neither too much nor too little, and had the gift of making friends. Elected vice-president of the State Central Committee, he assisted in the campaign which turned California democratic for Cleveland, and was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue. For an ambitious man there is no place as important as the revenue office, inasmuch as its occupant is brought into connection with powerful political influences and he is enabled to make alliances of a character liable to yield him the most competent kind of backing. Besides, through his deputies, he can come near controlling the make-up of conventions. Welburn began well, appointed his friends to office, and seemed competent to take advantage of the great chance that had opened for him. Alas, he was from the country and the temptations of the town proved more than his manhood could resist. Almost without warning he yielded to the seductions of the Tenderloin. Of a sudden he lost his grip upon himself quite completely and began knocking himself to pieces in a manner wholly and absolutely inconsistent with all his past life. His friends were astonished. Their efforts to save him proved abortive. His career is now at an end; politically he has committed suicide, has jumped overboard, quite literally thrown himself away, blind to his best interests, ignoring his chances, casting his prospects from him and giving the lie to all the training and habits of a hitherto upright life. Cashier Norton is the same. But his story is finished and done for. It would be interesting to know just what kind of devil enters into these men after thirty, forty and even fifty years of probity. A powerful, resistless devil beyond any question, for it gets them on the run to hell in short order, and once going there is no chance to stop.

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But here is a stranger suicide than that of Cashier Norton. Norton did himself to death after evil has been committed, but here is this man Cannon up there in Tuolumne County who takes his life after years of well-doing. There is a great deal that is grim and tragic about the affaire Cannon. An extraordinary man beyond any doubt, a long time ago, when he was starting out in life, Cannon had plenty of money and in his profession of mining engineer was considered an authority. His trouble began by the sudden collapse of his mining schemes and the loss of every penny of his fortune. Then practically at the same time he became maimed for life. He was skating somewhere in Nevada carrying a loaded gun. Managed somehow to slip and fall, and six months later left the hospital one arm gone and his right leg useless. He left the hospital to return to his wife and children. Here was a fine position for a young man, but Cannon went at it with teeth and fists clinched, resolved with all the strength of his will that come what would he would make enough money and leave his wife and children in comfortable circumstances. So he started in, maimed and deformed and without a cent. But he was a good miner and expert in his calling. Little by little he got upon his legs again, promoted some mining schemes that turned out well. Then bought a mine and sold it at a profit, bought one or two more and worked them to advantage. He starved and toiled and labored day after day, month after month, year after year, always having his ironclad resolve in view. At last everything was to his satisfaction but a certain litigation over the title to one of his mining properties. In the end this was decided in his favor, his title was clear, his wife and children comfortably provided for. The man's life-work was done and then without hint or premonition, without so much as a word to his dear ones, this extraordinary fellow locks himself in his room and quietly blows out his brains.

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It is to be regretted that the Sunday "Examiner" saw fit to abuse and ridicule the Hotel Del Monte in its last issue. After all is said the Del Monte is one of the great summer resorts of the world, and has done the State an immense amount of good. The Monarch's enmity to the railroad is understood, but a hotel such as that at Monterey is much more than a private institution. It acts as a tremendous inducement in the way of bringing Eastern tourists (and incidentally Eastern money) to the coast. The policy of the local dailies seems to have only censure and criticism for local projects and enterprises, and the "Examiner" heads the van in this respect. Not only is the Del Monte a drawing card for the State, but especially is it such for San Francisco itself. Perhaps nearly a thousand people visit the hotel yearly who afterwards come up to the city to swell the registers of the caravansaries here, and to spend their money upon Kearny and Market streets. Without the existence of Del Monte this crowd would, it is quite probable, be directed to San Diego or to Castle Crags, and San Francisco would entirely lose the benefit of its patronage.

BOSWELL JR.

The Hares

A Group of Hounds

At the Porch

Waiting for the Start

Lining Up for the Start

Waiting the Signal

The Finish

These Also Ran

*SCENES AT LAST SATURDAY'S PAPER-CHASE AT SAN RAFAEL*

Photos by Weidner

## THE CRUISER "HI-YEI"

### She Has Fought at Wei-Hei-Wei and at the Yalu River.

Even if the Hi-Yei, the visiting Japanese cruiser, is wood instead of steel, she is quite imposing enough for photographic and descriptive purposes, and when you are told, in the broken English of one of the sub-lieutenants that she took an active part in the battle of the Yalu River, you begin to regard her as quite a distinguished personage. By the way, you mustn't speak her name as though you were calling a 'bus or a newsboy—"Hi-yi! Hi-yi!"—because it is pronounced this way: "He-Yay." But this en passant. She is a training-ship, this "He-Yay," with a complement (I trust this is the technical word) of three hundred and twenty-five men and eighteen cadets. The cadets are the raison d'etre for the ship, as she is their means of learning navigation and gunning and the management of men and all that goes to makes up the whole duty of the seaman. The midshipman system, so it appears, obtains in the Japanese Navy, and it is to that grade that the cadets are appointed as soon as they have done their practice-work with sextant and cannon and compass.

The Hi-Yei is just a bit old-fashioned — at least so she appears to the observer fresh from the trim smartness of the Monadnock or the Bennington. One must remember that she was built eighteen years ago. She is a twelve-knot boat, of twenty-three hundred tons displacement and twenty-five hundred horsepower, and for battery sports two 8-inch and four 7.2-inch Krupps and six Nordenfeldts.

I have an idea that such a ship is seen at a disadvantage in her present condition and circumstances. You come away with a certain impression of haphazardness, of easy-going good nature on the part of the crew, and a vague, hardly defined familiarity between officers and subalterns, and between subalterns and men, that would rather astonish an American man-o'-warsman, and that would make an English naval commander curse God and die. But from one point of view the Hi-Yei is far above

THE HI-YEI IN THE STREAM

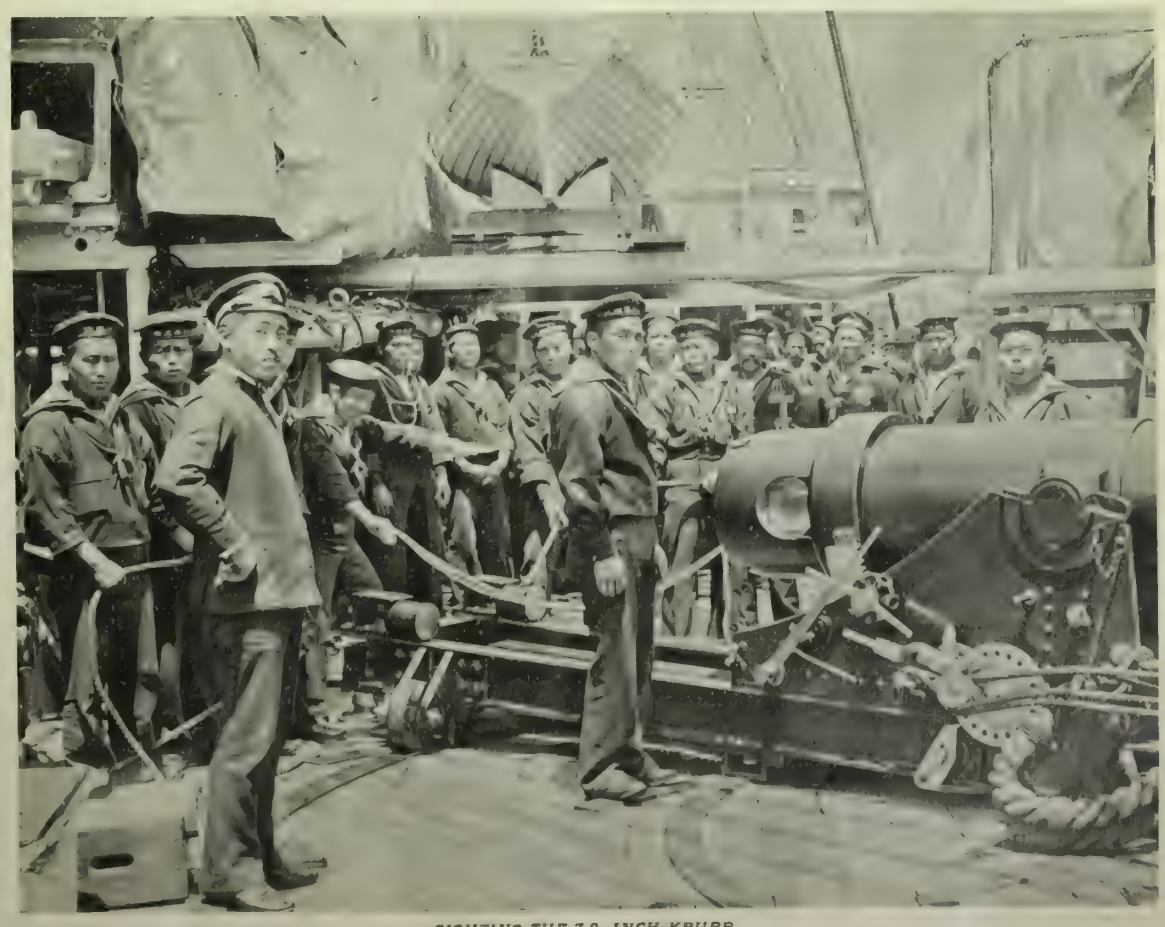
the best ship of either England or America. It may be an exaggeration, and the point of view may be a false one, yet somehow if it came to grapples, I would prefer a berth on board the Hi-Yei to one on the Camperdown, for instance, or the Texas, for this reason: The Hi-Yei has been proven — has received the famous "baptism of fire" that the war correspondents love to write about. She has been under fire, has shot and been shot at, knows the meaning of a real battle, and the feel of the water churned and eddid by squadrons in actual maneuver. You would be sure that after her little go on the Yalu that the Hi-Yei wouldn't suddenly fill and sink of her own accord, or ram a friendly hull, or turn turtle, as did the battleship of our dear Spanish friends in the Bay of Biscay. The Texas and the Camperdown, for all their gay paint and trim, smart drilling, and gray, grim guns (as, perhaps, Stephen Crane would call 'em) are amateurs at best. The Hi-Yei, wood-built, slow, and out of date, with her slackly-drilled crew, equipment and uniforms the worse for wear, is the professional—one of the few ships of the world's navies that has committed assault with intent to kill.

FRANK NORRIS.

The French are hard to please, no matter how you take them. Just now Paris is exercised over the telegrams of condolence as to the Charity Bazaar fire, received from the Czar and from the Kaiser. The Boulevards are displeased with the Czar's message because it arrived so late, and with that of the Kaiser because it arrived too early. The German Emperor's telegram was rushed upon the wires through to the capital with all the haste of a war dispatch from Thessaly, while his contribution of $2,000 to the charitable fund was almost placarded upon the streets. It is bitter for Paris to have her national and hereditary foe paint his advertisement, as it were, upon the very catafalque. Not the least exasperating feature of the affair is that Paris can do nothing but say thank you. As a crowning annoyance to the whole affair that grim visaged, sternly moral old prelate, the Francescan Monk Olliver, who was selected to preach the funeral oration, took the occasion to denounce the follies and foibles of the capital in such unmeasured terms that for a time Paris was more occupied with this denunciation than with the catastrophe which had provoked it.

WASH-DAY IN THE FO'CASTLE

GUN DRILL ON THE FORWARD DECK



SIGHTING THE 7.2- INCH KRUPP

## JULY MAGAZINES

### The Editor and His Wife Discuss the Monthlies, Their Contents and Editing.

"'Tis now the witching hour of the month when the magazines impose their bulk upon our leisure hours," said the editor sententiously. He was turning over the morning's mail, which was heavy with books and booklets and newspapers from all the world over. His wife was deep in La Gallienne's version of the 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' in the 'Cosmopolitan,' and had already possessed herself of the contents of the 'Atlantic' and 'Harper's,' which lay open and cut on the floor beside her.

"It's good to have the leaves cut for one in advance," commented the editor lazily. "Still these are only folded front and side—the very worst happens when they are also impenetrable at the bottom, like 'McClure's.'"

"That is true," returned his wife, "but you must remember McClure's costs but 10 cents, and it is good value for the money. You are likely to find in it a Kipling yarn, and, you know, Kipling comes high nowadays."

"The pictures in 'McClure's' are generally poor, whereas the 'Cosmopolitan's' and 'Munsey's' are carefully over-engraved," continued the editor, dispassionately. "But on the subject of pictures, did you notice Zogbaum's illustrations to General Forsyth's discription of Sheridan's ride to Winchester? They are capital, both as reproductions and as compositions—cleverly drawn, and spirited, especially that on page 173; though Zogbaum has not caught the proper action of the hero's horse, which gallops in the good old style that photography has superseded."

"I read the article," returned his wife. "If General Forsyth wrote all of it, he should be allowed to devote his leisure hours to literature. Why, the description of the scenery of the Shenandoah valley is beautifully done and worthy a distinguished craftsman, which the General is with the sword, rather than with the pen."

"I don't care whether he wrote or dictated it," explained the editor, "or if he only assisted in compiling the article. It makes a charming feature, and certainly is an authentic tale of one of the most stirring incidents of the war. I see, though, he denies the 'terrible oath' of the poem—says he did not hear Sheridan utter it."

"Anyway," said his wife, "Forsyth gives us another good war tale. It is about his return to headquarters—you know he was a member of Sheridan's staff and had made the great ride with him—after the battle. He had followed Custer's cavalry in pursuit of the retreating Confederates and then, returning down the road, essayed to count the cannon captured from the enemy. It was pretty dark and almost impossible to distinguish between guns and caissons. To make sure, Forsyth dismounted and tested each piece with his fingers, and he reached headquarters at 9:30. He reported to Sheridan, who inquired, peremptorily, 'Where do you come from?' 'From Strasburg,' was the reply. 'What news?' 'The road is lined with transportation of every kind, and we have captured forty-four pieces of artillery.' 'How do you know that we have forty-four pieces of artillery?' 'I placed my hand on each and every gun!' Then Forsyth adds, 'Standing there in the firelight I saw my chief's face light up with a great wave of satisfaction.'"

"How can you 'light up with a great wave?'" asked the editor.

"That is hypercriticism," returned his wife, "and unworthy; but have you read Hawthorne's article on the Indian famine in the 'Cosmopolitan?'"

"Yes," assented the editor. "To my mind it was a mistake to publish so small an installment of Hawthorne's narrative. Though the description is excellent work and strongly written, it merely presents circumstances without construction. There is your spectacle, but no illuminating opinion. That, possibly, will be given subsequently. There is nothing in the context, however, to justify the editorial introduction, which strikes me as a cheap and vulgar piece of clap trap, palpably written to catch the ears of the groundlings. We are asked to read between the lines a condemnation of British rule in India. One gathers no such impression from the narrative. The mere fact that when England conquered India its population was but 150,000,000 against 300,000,000 today, is surely conclusive evidence of the contrary. Indeed, one is forced to realize that the very humanity of British rule is responsible for the famine, as the population, apparently, is greater than the land can sustain."

"I suppose that is material for controversy," interrupted his wife, "but the subject is beyond me. To revert to the other monthlies again—I find 'The Martian' has run its course. Have you followed it?"

"Have you?" asked the editor, cautiously.

"Assuredly," she answered. "It does not catch one as 'Trilby' did, but is rather after the fashion of 'Peter Ibbetson' than of its immediate predecessor. There is much imagination and more discursiveness, and the pictures render the Du Maurier woman in all the glory of her English loveliness. The July 'Harper's' has a new serial, 'The Kentuckians,' by John Fox, Jr., which begins excellently, and in the 'Century' 'Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker' draws to a close. That is a novel I shall read when it emerges. Otherwise the new 'Century' is rather sporty—'Hunting Big Game in India and Africa,' by H. W. Seton-Karr; 'Jaguar Hunting in Venezuela,' and 'Seventeenth Century Sport'—all generously illustrated. Cole's engraving of 'Garrick and his wife' is inimitable, and quite the finest picture in the July magazines."

"Richard Watson Gilder declares the 'Century' always contains at least one picture that is worth more than the price asked for the magazine," said the editor. "But to my mind this is not as good a 'Century' as the May issue, for instance."

"For that matter the second installment of T. P. O'Connor's 'Celebrities of the House of Commons' does not compare with the first," his wife suggested. "There is nothing intimate in his comment on Lord Salisbury, and one is not admitted to the secret of a personality which is that of one of the most fascinating men in Europe. But you ought to read Howell's essay on the 'Modern American Mind!'—also in 'Harper's'; it's a delightfully clever piece of diagnosis full of delicacy and insight. He claims that Americans have learned modesty and are recovered from the superlative self-assertion that characterized us in the period after the war. The quiet of our patriotism strikes him as a notable fact, explained by the idea that we are like people whose religion has become their life. We trust the republic more than ever, and realize that our safety is in our own keeping. It is not an article you want to quote from, though; it must be read."

"There are some excellent articles in the 'Atlantic,'" said the editor. "'Godkin on the Decline of Legislatures,' for instance. He claims that legislative councils throughout the world have all deteriorated save the British Parliament, and attributes it, among other reasons, to the absence of connection between the levying and spending authorities which characterizes the American system, in particular. He suggests that our Legislatures meet only at intervals of five or ten years, and that all measures of important legislation be submitted to the people. Woodrow Wilson discusses the nation as a nation, and concludes that our government suffers from a lack of national leadership. Both articles are intelligent and should be read by all students of the American system. It is quite the best number of the 'Atlantic' has had this year—indeed, it is to-day among the great critical magazines of the world."

"Let us not forget that remarkable publication, the 'Ladies' Home Journal,'" said the editor's wife. "That is not a sneer, is it?" asked the editor. "To my mind that is the smartest journal in the country—the idea and handling of it are very clever, and the articles selected with a consummate insight into the tastes of its immense clientelle. We may all laugh at E. W. Bok's advice to girls who have graduated and gibe at his discussion of 'going away in summer,' but the stuff is read and thought about. The July number contains an interesting article by W. G. Jordan on the 'Greatest Nation on Earth'—the United States, of course, and one by G. W. Smalley, on the 'Personal Side of the Prince of Wales.' However, the magazine has nothing just now as good as its Harrison contributions."

"I was surprised at the weakness of the American girl picture on the inside page," said his wife. It makes rather a poor engraving. However, I want to read the latest little bit of Well's 'War of the World' in the 'Cosmopolitan, so if you will pardon me I'll retire."

ORACLE K. B.

*RICHARD LA GALLIENNE*

This is the young English poet who has dared a new version of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." It is a graceful and sensuous rendering of the great Persian poet, beautiful rather than strong, and will hardly disturb the vogue of Fitzgerald's version

On the occasion of the opening of a new golf club house at St. Andrew's, lately, Lord Rosebery made a very entertaining little speech. In touching upon the infatuation for the game he remarked that probably Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrews, and himself, were the only two Scotchman in existence who did not play golf. He also observed that a man once seriously inoculated with the love of golf is of very little use for any other purpose afterwards, while he mentioned that amongst his friends was a man of considerable possessions and large business transactions, who declines to open his letters in the morning on which he is going to play golf, for fear anything in them should distract his attention.

The New York "Herald's" attempt to raise a fund for the relief of Mark Twain is received curiously in Hartford, where the great humorist has made his home. The actual fact is, though somewhat harrowed with debt, the amount he is likely to receive from the proceeds of his forthcoming work to be published by the American Publishing Company, of that city, will more than liquidate his entire indebtedness. Meantime he is in receipt (through his wife) of the income from the sale of his twenty or more copyrighted works, amounting to several thousand dollars a year. He has an offer of a very large sum for a lecture tour in this country. His wife is possessed of considerable property, including two or three handsome residences. They are traveling in Europe with two or three servants at the present time.

## IMPRESSIONS

### The Success of Gelett Burgess — A Sensation at Hopland.

Yet a few more days and the Christian Endeavorers will descend upon the city like an invading army, crowding the streets, filling up the hotels, and overloading every means of transportation. Apropos of transportation, it is understood that the railroad company has made some stupendous exertions in the matter of handling this influx of Eastern visitors. It may be confidently asserted that eighteen thousand is to be the number of Endeavorers that will come in from various cities and towns east of the Mississippi. To meet the demands of this tribal migration the Southern Pacific is to put on seventy-two trains. The number is really unprecedented. Fancy if these trains were placed end to end along a reach of track they would make a solid line of coaches and engines eight miles in length.

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The news has filtered westward to this coast that the sometime editor and perpetrator of the "Lark," Gelett Burgess, is making the New York public "sit up" in a most sudden and amazing fashion. Mr. Burgess, to use his own expression, went "toward the East" this spring without any definite plans in mind, merely stuffing his pockets with "Lark" manuscript to be sprung upon Eastern editors. He sprung them with such good effect, we understand, that he has commissions galore to write for Atlantic coast periodicals. "Truth" is to take a series of "Goup" cartoons and Quatrains. "Scribner's" has made an offer for the Vivette papers, published serially in the "Lark." "Life" is also prepared to "take stuff," and it is even reported that so staid and conservative a publication as "Harper's Monthly" has opened its columns to the eccentric little genius from California. All of which goes to proove that San Francisco is an admirable training-school for literateurs, despite the apathy of its public and its distrust of local merit. Burgess will catch on in the East, there can be little doubt, and will make for himself more money and reputation in two months of New York than in two years of San Francisco. It has been said by one of Les Jeunnes that whoever can make a success in San Francisco can make a success in New York. What, then, is the good of waiting in San Francisco?

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A banquet is jolly good fun at any time, and a banquet of actors and theatrical people particularly so, but when such a banquet is held on the stage of a theater that is celebrating a little decimal "Jubilee" of its own, there is an effervescence of jollity in the air that can only be compared to very particularly dry champagne. Such was the character of the festivity with which the Orpheum management celebrated the tenth year of the existence of the theater and simultaneously ushered in its second decade. A gathering of the choicest spirits in the worlds of drama and journalism came together on the stage of the Orpheum on Wednesday night of this week at midnight, after the end of the performance, and made merry til the small hours grew to large ones. Ferris Hartman was toastmaster and presided over the ceremony as only Ferris could. Incidentally he was assisted by Supervisor Rottanzi and the artists who are now performing at the Orpheum. The gastronomic plot, as the menu was termed, was quite an elaborate affair, beginning with oyster cocktails (without feathers) and continuing bravely on through salads (with sky borders), cucumbers (tormentors), till it culminated in champagnes (Mumm's the word, or any other brand).

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Hopland has a sensation, or rather had, for the tale is twice told by now. Staid, dignified, conventional Hopland has furnished the material for a newspaper story of a sensational nature. Once upon a time not so very long ago there lived in Hopland a certain Dr. Pike, who had a fairly good clientele of patients in the country side, a comfortable little home, and a professional gig with a good roadster in the shafts. Also he had a wife. She is the one that makes the story—of course. In course of time that which happens to all good doctors happened to Doctor Pike. He died. This was but a few months ago. The dead doctor died and was buried under four feet of nice, heavy, soggy brown dirt. All the Hoplanders went about extolling his virtues and condoning with the wife, who married a young man of inferior social position a few weeks after the funeral. Consternation! (Can't you see the thrill that ran from end to end of Hopland—and the awe-struck "gibble-gibble" of the old women over their tea-cups.) Well, the two were married in the face of public opinion, but "determined to brave it out," "live it down"—said as much defiantly with their chins in the air—all that sort of thing. But on the night of the day they were married dark forms could have been seen stealing through the streets of the town and concentrating upon the Pike house. (This may sound like a description of a lynching—but there is no lynching to follow, be assured.) No, it was not a lynching, but a "chivaree," and at a signal a terrible clamor split the Hopland atmosphere. Tin horns, tin pans, pot lids, dinner bells, every conceivable contrivance for making a noise, aided and abetted, naturally enough, by lugubrious cat-calls, groans and howls. Up went a window. The crowd fell silent on the instant. The widow—I mean the bride—was there, and judge for yourself the horrible embarrassment of the charivarists when she launched upon them this burning reproach: "Ain't ye 'shamed," said the widowed bride. "Ain't ye 'shamed to make such a noise around this house, and Doctor Pike not three weeks dead."

An extraordinary sensation has been made in English fruit circles by the arrival of the big seedless California oranges, not only on account of their appearance and proportions, but exquisite flavor as well. According to the principal journal of the fruit growers the seedless orange has come to stay, and will head the list by a great lead and rank in the wholesale fruit markets of Great Britain as the finest orange in the trade.

# The Strangest Thing

By FRANK NORRIS

The best days in the voyage from Southampton to the Cape are those that come immediately before and immediately after that upon which you cross the line, when the ship is as steady as a billiard table, and the ocean is as smooth and shiny and colored as the mosaic floor of a basillica church, when the deck is covered with awning from stem to stern, and the resin bubbles out of the masts, and the thermometer in the companion-way at the entrance to the dining-saloon climbs higher and higher with every turn of the screw. Of course all the men people aboard must sleep on deck these nights. There is a pleasure in this that you will find nowhere else. At six your steward wakes you up with your morning cup of coffee, and you sit cross-legged in your pajamas on the skylight and drink your coffee and smoke your cigarettes and watch the sun shooting up over the rim of that polished basillica floor, and take pleasure in the mere fact of your existence, and talk and talk and tell stories until it's time for bath and breakfast.

We came back from the Cape in The Moor, with a very abbreviated cabin list. Only three of the smaller tables in the saloon were occupied, and those mostly by men — diamond - brokers from Kimberly, gold - brokers from the Rand, the manager of a war correspondent on a lecture tour, cut short by the Ashanti war, an English captain of twenty-two, who had been with Jamison at Krugersdorp and somehow managed to escape, an Australian reporter named Miller, and two or three others of a less distinct personality.

Miller told the story that follows early one morning, sitting on the Bull board, tailor-fashion, and smoking pipefuls of straight perique, black as a nigger's wool. We were grouped around him on the deck in pajamas and bath robes. It was half after six, the thermometer was at 70 degrees, The Moor cut the still water with a soothing rumble of her screw, and at intervals flushed whole schools of flying fish. Somehow the talk had drifted to the inexplicable things that we had seen, and we had been piecing out our experiences with some really beautiful lies. Captain Thatcher, the Krugersdorp chap, held that the failure of the Raid was the most inexplicable thing he had ever experienced, but none of the rest of us could think of anything we had seen or heard of that did not have some stealthy, shadowy sort of explanation sneaking after it and hunting it down.

"Well, I saw something a bit thick once," observed Miller, pushing down the tobacco in his pipe bowl with the tip of a callous finger, and in the abrupt silence that followed we heard the noise of dishes from the direction of the galley.

"It was in Johannesburg three years back, when I was down on me luck. I had been rooked properly by a Welsh gaming chap who was no end of a bounder, and three quid was all that stood between me and——well," he broke in, suddenly, "I had three quid left. I wore down me feet walking the streets of that bally town looking for anything that would keep me going for a while, and give me a chance to look around and fetch breath, and there was nothing, but I tell ye nothing, and I was fair desperate. One dye, and a filthy wet dye it was, too, I had gone out to the race track, beyond Hospital Hill, where the pony races are run, thinking as might be I'd find a berth, handling ponies there, but the season was too far gone, and they turned me awye. I came back to town by another road — then by the waye that fetches around by the Mahomedan burying-ground. Well, the pauper burying-ground used to be alongside in those dyes, and as I came up, jolly well blown, I tell ye, for I'd but tightened me belt by wye of breakfast, I saw a chap diggin' a gryve. I was in a mind for gryves meself just then, so I pulled up and leaned over the fence and piped him off at his work. Then, like the geeser I'd come to be, I says:

" 'What are ye doing there, friend?' He looked me over between shovelfuls a bit, and then says:

" 'Oh, just setting out early violets;' and that shut me up properly.

"Well, I piped him digging that gryve for perhaps five minutes, and then, s' help me, I asked him for a job. I did—I asked that gryve-digger a job—I was that low. He leans his back against the side of the gryve and looks me over, then by and bye, says he:

" 'All right, pardner.'

" 'I'm thinking your from the Stytes,' says I.

" 'Guess yes,' he says, and goes on digging.

"Well, we came to terms after a while. He was to give me two bob a dye for helping him at his work, and I was to have a bunk in his 'shack,' as he called it—a box of a house built of four boards, as I might sye, that stood just on the edge of the gryveyard. He was a rum 'un, was that Yankee chap. Over pipes that night he told me something of himself, and do y' know, that gryve-digger in the pauper burying-ground in Johannesburg, South Africa, was a Harvard Grad.! Strike me straight if I don't believe he really was. The man was a wreck from strong drink, but that was the one thing he was proud of.

" 'Yes, sir,' he'd say, over and over again, looking straight ahead of him, 'Yes, sir, I was a Harvard man once, and pulled at number five in the boat'—the 'varsity boat, mind ye; and then he'd go on talking half to himself. 'And now what am I? I'm digging gryves for hire—burying dead people for a living, when I ought to be dead meself. I am dead and buried long ago. It's just the whiskey that keeps me alive, Miller,' he would say; 'when I stop that I'm done for.'

"The first morning I came round for work I met him dressed as if to go to town, and carrying a wickered demijohn. 'Miller,' he says, 'I'm going into town to get this filled. You must stop here and be ready to answer any telephone call from the police station.' S' help me if there wasn't a telephone in that beastly shack. 'If a pauper cops off they'll ring you up from town and notify you to have the gryve ready. If I'm awye, you'll have to dig it. Remember, if it's a man, you must dig a six foot six hole; if it's a woman, five feet will do, and if it's a kid, three an' half 'll be a plenty. S' long.' And off he goes.

"Strike me blind but that was a long dye, that first one. I'd the pauper gryves for view and me own thoughts for company. But along about noon, the Harvard Grad. not showing up, I found a diversion. The Grad. had started to paint the shack at one time, but had given over after finishing one side, but the paint pot and the brushes were there. I got hold of 'em and mixed a bit o' paint and went the rounds of the gryves. Ye know how it is in a pauper burying-ground—no nymes at all on the headboards—naught but numbers, and half o' them washed awye by the rynes; so I, for a diversion, as I sye, started in to paint all manner o' fancy nymes and epitaphs on the headboards — any nyme that struck me fancy, and then underneath, an appropriate epitaph, and the dytes, of course—I didn't forget the dytes. Ye know, that was the rarest enjoyment I ever had. Ye don't think so? Try it once! Why, God blyme me, there's a chance for imagination in it, and genius and art—highest kind of art. For instance now, I'd squat down in front of a blank headboard and think a bit, and the inspiration would come, and I'd write like this, maybe: 'Jno. K. Boggart, of New Zealand. Born Dec. 21, 1870; died June 5, 1890,' and then, underneath, 'He Rests in Peace'; or else, 'Elsie, Youngest Daughter of Mary B. and William H. Terhune; b. May 1st, 1880; d. Nov. 25, 1889 — Not Lost, but Gone Before'; or agyne, 'Lucas, Lieutenant T. V. Killed in Battle at Wady Halfa, Egypt, August 30, 1889; born London, England, Jan. 3, 1850—He Lies Like a Warrior, Tyking His Rest with His Martial Cloak Around Him'; or something humorous, as 'Bohunkus, J. J.; born Germany, Oct. 3d, 1880; died (by request) Cape Town, Sept. 4, 1890'; or one that I remember as my very best effort, that read, 'Willie, Beloved Son of Anna and Gustave Harris; b. April 1st, 1878; d. May 5th, 1888 — He Was a Man Before His Mother.' Then I wrote me own nyme, with the epitaph, 'More Sinned Against Than Sinning;' and the Grad's, too. His motto, I remember, was 'He Pulled 5 in His 'Varsity's Boat.'

"Well, I had more sport that afternoon than I've ever had since. Y'know I felt as if I really were acquainted with all those people—with John Boggart, and Lieutenant Lucas, and Bohunkus, and Willie, and all. Ah, that was a proper experience. But right in the middle of me work here comes a telephone message from town: 'Body of dead baby found at mouth of city sewer—prepare gryve at once.' Well, I dug that gryve, the first, last and only gryve I ever hope to dig. It came on to rain like a water-spout, and oh, but it was jolly tough work. Then about four o'clock, just as I was finishing, the Grad. comes home, howling drunk. I see him go into the shack, and pretty soon out he comes, with a hoe in one hand and a table leg in the other. Soon as ever he sees me he makes a staggering run at me, swinging the hoe and the table leg and yelling like a Zulu indaba. Just to make everything agreeable and appropriate, I was down in the gryve, and it occurred to me that the situation was too uncommon convenient. I scrambled out and made a run for it, for there was murder in the Grad's eye, and for upwards of ten minutes we two played blindman's buff in that gryveyard, me dodging one headboard to another, and he at me heels, chivying me like a fox and with intent to kill. All at once he trips over a headboard, and goes down and can't get up, and at the same minute here comes the morgue wagon over Hospital Hill.

"Now here comes the queer part of this lamentable history. A trap was following that morgue wagon, a no-end swell trap, with a cob in the shafts that was worth an independent fortune. There was an Old Gent in the trap and a smart Cape boy driving. The old Gent was the heaviest kind of a swell, but I'd never seen him before. The morgue wagon drives into the yard, and I—the Grad. being too far gone—points out the gryve. The driver of the morgue wagon chucks out the coffin, a bit of a three-foot box, and drives back to town. Then up comes the trap, and the Old Gent gets down—dressed up to the nines he was, in that heartbreaking rain—and says he, 'My man, I would like to have that coffin opened.' By this time the Harvard Grad. had pulled himself together. He staggered up to the Old Gent and says, 'No, can't op'n no coffin, 'tsgainst all relugations—all regalutions, can't permit no coffin tobeopp'n.' I wish you could have seen the Old Gent. Excited! The man was shaking like a flagstaff in a gyle, talked thick and stammered, he was so phased. Gawd strike me, what a scene! I can see it now—that pauper burying ground way down there in South Africa—no trees, all open and bleak. The pelting ryne, the open gryve and the drunken Harvard Grad., and the excited Old Swell arguing over a baby's coffin.

Pretty soon the Old Gent brings up a sovereign and gives it to the Grad.

" 'Let her go,' says the Grad., and with that he gives the top board of the coffin such a kick as started it an inch or more. With that—now listen to what I'm telling—with that the Old Gent goes down on his knees in the mud and muck, and kneels there waiting and fair gasping with excitement while the Harvard Grad. wrenches off the topboard. Before he had raised it four inches me Old eGnt plunges his hand in quick, gropes there a second and takes out something—something shut in the palm of his hand.

" 'That's all,' says he. 'Thank you, my men,' and gives us a quid apiece. We stood there like stuck swine, dotty with the queerness, the horribleness of the thing.

" 'That's all,' he says again, with a long breath of relief, as he climbs into his trap with his clothes all foul with mud. 'That's all, thank God.' Then to the Cape boy: 'Drive her home, Jim.' Five minutes later we lost him in the blur of the rain over Hospital Hill."

"But what was it he took out of the baby's coffin?" said half a dozen men in a breath at this point. "What was it? What could it have been?"

"Ah, what was it?" said Miller. "I'll be damned if I know what it was. I never knew, I never will know."

A comparison of the average height of men in various trades and professions in different countries brings out the fact that the English, as a nation, are the tallest men in the world. It has been found that the English professional classes, who are the tallest adult males, average 5 feet 9¼ inches. Next on the list come the males of all classes of the United States. Most European nations average for the adult male 5 feet 5 inches, but the Austrians, Spaniards, and Portuguese fall a trifle short of this standard.

HARRY CORSON CLARKE

A clever member of the Frawley Company now playing at the Columbia

Marceau, photo

SELENA JOHNSON

The new leading lady of the Alcazar Company

Falk, photo

Procession Passing Down Main Street

A View of the Church

Bird's-eye View of San Juan

Interior of the Mission

*SNAP SHOTS AT THE SAN JUAN FESTIVITIES*

Photos by Jefferson, Hollister

Views of the Centennial Celebration



ennial Mass in the Mission



A Cool Porch

## BIRTHDAY OF AN OLD MISSION

### Mission San Juan Celebrates Its Hundredth Anniversary.

They have been celebrating down at San Juan of late, celebrating the founding of the old Mission there, with all the customary parades and reviews, and "floats" and orations and fireworks. The ancient little town is in a state of excitement, the like of which it has never known before. It was built there nearly one hundred years ago, which is ancient history as things go in California. Prior even to that time the old Mission had been erected and durably so, to boot, the walls being some four feet thick and constructed of adobe and burnt bricks. It is a thousand pities that the picturesque tiled roof has been removed and supplanted by the ugly modern affair. However, the walls and interior have remained intact, and are of more interest to the antiquarian and the amateur of the early California archaeology and architecture than perhaps any other Mission in the State.

San Juan is not only picturesque and interesting; it has an historic value as well. Adjoining the Mission church is the inevitable plaza, quite a huge affair, nearly 400 feet square. More than one review and muster has been held here where the troops—American and Spanish alike—have gone forth to battle and sudden death, while in the foothills just behind the town itself is shown the spot where Fremont unfurled the Stars and Bars and claimed the country for the United States.

Quite the feature of the celebration was the Spanish supper, served in the corridors of the old Mission itself, an idea that was as charming as it was novel and effective. The long tables were loaded down with tortillas, frijoles, enchillados, and the like, and the guests waited upon by the young girls of the town, who, for the occasion, masqueraded in the Spanish costumes of the early forties. The procession was peculiarly successful and under the charge of Grand Marshal Flint made a tour of the town without let or hindrance or a moment's unnecessary delay. The "floats" representing the ancient Spanish life of the place were most unique, and took the fancy of the crowd from the very start. High mass was said in the Mission church after the parade by Bishop Montgomery, who also delivered a very forcible address on the founding and purposes of the Missions.

The Mission of San Juan was organized in 1797, and the work upon the present building was commenced in 1803 by the missionary fathers, Catala, Martiarena and Tasuere. It was the fifteenth Mission started in California by priests traveling northward from Mexico, and it was not long before it had attained a great degree of prosperity. No better field for a mission could be found than in this particular valley, which, at that time, could boast of twenty-three Indian villages or rancherios and a native population of over a thousand. There are hardly more than a handful of these native Indians left at this time, yet they are still faithful to the Mission fathers and took part in the parade. One very curious feature of the "Jubilee' was an ancient Indian woman over 100 years old, who is still a devout worshiper in the Mission, and who was actually alive and present at the time of its foundation.

The Mission prospered well during the early years of the century. In 1800 the number of converts was 641, which, two years later, had increased to nearly 1,000—all Indians. Now, although the old building has practically outlived its usefulness, it is still in an excellent state of preservation, and there is no reason to suppose that it will not last for another hundred years, attractive as an interesting bit of archaeology, if not as the headquarters of a vigorous and influential order of friars.

The accompanying set of photographs, illustrative of the day's festivities, are from the studio of W. G. Jefferson, of Hollister, who was "on the spot at the time," and succeeded in making some very good shots.

## LONDON DAY BY DAY

### Aftermath of Jubilee Week in the World's Metropolis.

People in London are beginning to think that Barney Barnato's death was something like his life. Barney went up like the rocket and came down like the proverbial stick. Everything was sensational about this little man. The mystery of his birth, his early means of livelihood, his phenomenal rise to wealth and power and his mid-ocean suicide. Of a Tuesday, his taking off was the only subject in the mouth of London, Wednesday it was merely a sensation, suddenly on Thursday the whole matter was forgotten, and Barney and his millions were promptly relegated to the domain of episodes. They say some unkind things of the Kaffir King nowadays. His wealth, it is reported, was absolutely wasted upon him! to the end he remained a sneaking, treacherous, totally untrustworthy little beast, sordid, narrow, mean of taste, low of desire, precisely the same man that once sold shoestrings in the London purlieus.

It is only since his death that his real character has become apparent. Those that knew Barney best, that knew him for what he was, were precisely the men who could not afford to speak their minds and opinions because of intimate business relations with the ex-circus clown, the one-time peddler, the inveterate drunkard. Truly a nasty little beast, the world is well rid of him.

The Jubilee is over and done with at last, and now that the fun of the show is all past, one begins to overhear comment and criticism, especially criticism. It was not altogether an unmixed blessing, this Jubilee business, when all is said and done. Pervading everything that went forward was a vague, hardly defined sense of terror. The intangible feeling of dread that detaches itself from things that are vast, huge, and ungovernable, from a crowd of nine millions of people, for instance. But London is beginning to breathe easy again and with returning breath comes articulate speech, speech that is seasoned with complaint. It seems that much of the Jubilee was horribly mismanaged. The bull, relative to the cards of invitation for the American Embassy, is, of course, stale news by now. But the latest blunder, or series of blunders, is in connection with the reception of the Colonial troops. They came from the four corners of the world—otherwise the British Empire—and were largely made up of volunteers who paid their own expenses. When they at last reached London, no attention was paid to them by the war office. They came in at dark and deserted docks and stations, at all sorts of uncanny hours, and found no one to meet or to greet them, and no preparations made for their entertainment in the unfamiliar metropolis.

They were obliged to grope their way about London looking for barracks of which they knew but the name. You can fancy what remarks would be made on such occasion by sleepy subalterns from Ceylon, let us say, or Guiana, accustomed to be regarded as quite important personages in their little posts and garrisons. Not until the complaints of these unfortunates had begun to echo from one end of London to the other did the war office bestir itself. The most exasperating feature of the affair—to English minds—was the contrast of this style of reception with that accorded to the "ancient and honorables" at the time of their visit.

The admiralty was not much better than the war office. Fancy the authorities forgetting to make arrangements for the Colonial troops to see the naval review at Spithead. The torrent of frenzied protests this stupidity created elicited from the admiralty only the gracious permit to view the fleet four days after the review. "And you know," said the admiralty, soothingly, "you can see the ships to much better advantage when there is no crowd." Which remark did not tend to make the Colonials feel any better.

It is not often that England imitates America—more's the pity. The Duchess of Devonshire, however, has taken her cue from Mrs. Bradley-Martin and is to give a fancy dress ball on almost exactly the same lines as those which characterized the New York lady's function. The haute noblesse, of course, is to be there in full force, led by the Prince of Wales. It was understood at the outset that the Prince would attend the affair in the costume of Henry IV. of France. But he has changed his mind of late, since the Queen discouraged the idea, representing to him the lack of dignity in his assumption of the character of a foreign monarch. Now he is to appear as a simple Knight of Malta. The women are quarreling, so they say, more than they did over the Bradley-Martin affair. They all want to be queens—it's really very funny—and as the number of queens is limited, some of them must be left out. These must be content to follow in the train of their royal mistresses as court ladies of the period. How Mrs. Bradley-Martin will appear is not definitely stated. It is known, however, that she saved a good thousand dollars on her Jubilee seat. Bradley-Martin, Jr., was lucky enough to draw a seat at one of the windows of the Bachelors' Club, of which he is a member, which same seat he dutifully presented to his mamma. Strangely enough, Mrs. Bradley-Martin occupied it alone, no member of her family being near her.

Filial regard is not extinct in South London. A young man charged with hitting a woman over the head with a beef bone, explained that she had been fighting from 5 o'clock in the morning till noon with his mother, and that he thought it time to stop it. A policeman testified that in the same street two women once fought all day long, stopping only for meals, till one went home and died. Her husband had looked on, calmly mending shoes, while the fight went on.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out

I wonder, dearest Diary, whether my confidences will be of sufficient interest this week to warrant their existence. To please, according to our oracle, Aunt Sibyl, is our one excuse for being, and where we fail to do that we become as salt that has lost its savor. But your pages are alluring, and in these warm days when the sun beats down and the wind becomes a caressing zephyr temptation takes the form of a clump of trees, a cosey hammock well stretched, and, in lieu of a man, a sympathetic diary.

To the maiden in search of interesting amusement this is certainly an unsatisfactory answer. In the first place society is so scattered. Numbers of girls everywhere but no gathering of cliques as is the usual thing. Last week I went up to Aunt Elinor's ranch in the Sonoma valley and found various families there enjoying the country life, the hay rides and the fruit. The Hutchinsons had a houseful of young people, and the Havens expect to have house parties all through July. You know there is a hotel at Agua Caliente with a mineral spring, and a goodly portion of the southern element is ensconced there. I saw there the Van Wyck crowd. You know they gave such jolly dances during the winter. Uncle Harry, who has been wandering about like the proverbial lion seeking, not whom he can devour, but merely what waters will suit his specific complaint, finds many maidens at each of the different springs. It seems to be fashionable to take the "waters" this year, but as no particular waters were dictated society wanders whither it listeth.

Aunt Sibyl and Mabel go to Santa Cruz for July. I hear of quite a few girls who are to be there—Julia Crocker and Emma Butler among the number. When the W. E. Deans, the Dutards, the Nesmiths and a flock of people from the southern portion of the State are at the Vendome in San Jose. The weather has been [illegible] and pleasant. They [illegible] time. Wheeling, riding and driving. I am very fond of San Jose, as one can live an active life there and yet be as lazy as one desires.

On Friday night Mabel, Leila and I went to the Presidio hop. It was a lively affair, but chiefly [illegible] for the extreme youth of the girls. I hardly saw one maid whose social experiences numbered even one winter, but all next year's buds were in evidence. Marie Wells, Kathro Burton, Charlotte Ellinwood, etc. You have no idea how difficult it is to find an escort to go to the Presidio dances. The men absolutely detest them. Arthur says there is nothing strange in that when one considers everything. In the first place the girls are apt to forget their escorts when the arrive and just dance with the officers. Arthur is very ingenuous in some ways, and he can not understand why a fellow should not be perfectly frank about expressing his feelings.

On Saturday I went to San Rafael to stay until Monday, and had a capital time. The paper chase was really exciting, and I was splendidly mounted and came in near the front. I hope to be a hare before the season closes if only papa will get me that thoroughbred. He is such a dreadful procrastinator, though, I just have to coax and beg, and beg and coax. I wish I had money of my own. Should I not make it fly! There was a little dance in the evening that was quite lively. But, my dear, there were few girls and less men, and those not of the dancing order. The place teems with young married people, who, however interesting they may be to one another do not prove particularly fascinating to an unattached maiden such as yours truly. They are so awfully happy, too, which, if anything, increases their dullness to the looker-on. It it not funny, but quarrelsome couples are always more interesting? I suppose it is like yachting. a quiet sea becomes very monotonous, but when one is always on the look-out for sudden squalls it becomes a matter of some moment. I wish, however, that some one would take Ed Greenway's place and organize regular entertainments. That is, I think, the reason of the extreme quietude of the season. Every one is willing to follow, none to lead. If only some young fellow would get in and start things. I wish I were a man. I should try my hand at social manoeuvering, and I know I should become the darling of the town, the envy of every Brownie. If Louis Bruguiere were only grown up he might do. My impression is that if some one would get in and be entertainer in chief things might be made hum in San Rafael. You see we have everything but an organizer, and like sheep without a shepherd, the flock disperseth.

I am going on a hay ride up to the Bancroft's ranch over the Fourth, and expect a lively time. Leila is to be at San Rafael, and is muchly excited over the tournament. Mabel has gone to Monterey to stay with the Breezes. And now, dearest Diary, farewell. From your loving

MISS CRICKET.

* *

The first event of the season at San Rafael was the paper chase on Saturday, to which allusion is made elsewhere. It was followed in the evening by a ball,which gathered in the young people of the surrounding country. Summer in California is not the best time for dancing, and there were rather more lookers-on than dancers, though some very swell gowns were worn and an air of festivity pervaded the institution. The heroine of the occasion was of course Miss Gardie McFarland of Honolulu, who had so handily won the chase. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels was in white crepe over pink silk, trimmed with accordion pleated insertions over Valencienne lace. Mrs. Crooks wore a skirt of lace flounces with a gray chiffon waist. Mrs. Nuttall wore a white satin waist, the skirt covered with Duchesse lace. Mrs. Wm. Fries was in red liberty chiffon over red satin. Miss Hager was in white and pink organdie and pink ribbon, with trimmings of D'Alencon lace. Miss Mills wore organdie and white lace. Miss Julia Crocker was in blue organdie with pink flowers, blue ribbons and insertions of white lace. Miss Kipp wore a white satin skirt and waist covered with yellow chiffon. Miss Marie Kipp was in light blue organdie with white lace. Among the prettiest girls present were the Misses Oge of San Rafael, who were daintily gowned in white and pink.

After the ball there was a general adjournment to the clubhouse, where numerous suppers were served. The water tower, which is a characteristic feature of the San Rafael landscape, has been converted at last to a useful purpose. In the lower story a comfortable supper room has been fashioned, in which there is a piano for the use of the guests. Connected with the room is a grill, over which there presides one of Gobey's celestial chefs, a past master in the gentle art of making Welsh rarebits. I believe that there are not many summer hotels in the United States where such an excellent thing in rarebits can be had as those now available at San Rafael. It certainly does not detract from the attractiveness of the place. The new grill room had its formal inauguration the other night when Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels invited a number of young people to supper there. Mrs. Paxton and Miss Mills sang. At the same time Mrs. Barfield had a large party of more elderly people at another table. By the way, the latest additions to the summer colony at San Rafael are Mr. and Mrs. Tay, who are installed in one of the Dodge cottages.. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson had a dinner at their home in San Rafael, at which they entertained quite a number of young people.

Attention is concentrated of course on the tennis tournament which began yesterday. This afternoon and Monday, however, will be the important days of the tournament, and on the fifth there is sure to be a big gathering. In the evening the annual ball will undoubtedly prove a great success.

No special arrangements for celebrating the Fourth have been made at Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart have issued a general invitation to the county to celebrate the national birthday in the grounds of their pretty home.. A programme of athletic sports has been arranged, and it is probable that the Burlingamites and others will assemble there. At Menlo, where quite a number of welll known families are installed in their country houses, the day will be individually celebrated. The Ed. Hopkins have a house party, finishing up with a dance Monday night. The Eyres are to have a big luncheon on Monday, and similar entertainments will take place in other houses. There will be polo at Burlingame on Saturday and the usual gathering at the clubhouse on Sunday. The tennis game at San Rafael on Monday will be a great attraction for the young people.

President Eels has taken charge of affairs at the University Club with a strong hand, and the policy he has inaugurated ought to make an excellent showing at the end of the next fiscal year. A very intelligent move is the announcement of a change in the management of the ladies' department. During the summer months the restaurant has been run at a serious loss. Its operations are now partially suspended, but whoever desires to dine or sup there is privileged to do so by notifying the steward a day in advance, when proper arrangements will be made. This will make a big saving in provisions and other things.

* *

One never realizes the absolute emptiness of Oakland until the latter days of June. Then everything ceases, there is a dearth of incident and the sole happenings of the week are the goings and comings of the Sunday pleasure seekers. The informal bicycle party becomes a dream of the past and the Haywards Clubhouse is patronized by city people. This season very few Oaklanders have sought the larger resorts. De. Monte has yet to see the influx of Alamedans that in former years filled its halls. The Folgers are in San Rafael. The Requas and Langs are still in Piedmont. Mrs. L. A. Booth is anticipating the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Phelps, and Miss Elinore Phelps from New York. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. More, with a party of young people, are at their ranch in San Jose, and nearly all the Deux Temps crowd are at their ranches scattered over the country.

Few people seem to draw as much unalloyed pleasure out of life as the Hush family. They always find some way of making time pass agreeably. Recently a party of them left San Francisco in a big coach for Lake Tahoe. They were amply provisioned, and carried all the impedimenta for making both day and night comfortable. They anticipate remaining away about a month.

Miss Ethel Moore, who left last March on a trip around China and Japan, is expected home about the twenty-fifth of July. Miss More travelled all over Japan in a jinricksha, and has seen more points of interest than usually falls to the lot of the tourist.

A very jolly yachting party was given by Miss Ada English in honor of her sister, Mrs. John Irwin of Mare Island. The party left early in the morning and sailed up to the island. On their arrival a capital luncheon was served on the houseboat Independence, which was prettily decorated in flags, flowers, etc. They had a good band, and the young people had a merry time. About fifty participated, chiefly the members of the younger set.

Mrs. L. L. Bromwell gave a smart little dinner on Thursday in honor of her son Mr. Percy Bromwell. The house was prettily decked with branches of roses, and after dinner the young people played cards. Among them were Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Genevieve Fore, Misses Florence and Blanche Sharon, Miss Hale and Miss Gertrude Allen, Messrs, Brayton, Rosborough, Belden, Herbert Beck and Harry Farr.

A garden fete is to be given at the home of Mrs. Fisher in Haywards next Thursday afternoon for the benefit of the Haywards library.

Miss Jessie Coleman made an unusually striking bride, and her gown of white satin regulation length and trimmed with duchess lace, was strikingly made, and showed off her figure to decided advantage. From a point of view of originality there is nothing to say. The ceremony did not differ in one particular from the usual, and one home wedding is singularly like unto another. The ceremony took place beneath an arch of sweet peas, two little maids, cousins of the bride, daintily gowned in white frocks served as ribbon bearers.

## THE FIRST PAPER CHASE

### Opening of the Hunting Season at San Rafael.

Such a gay gathering at the Hotel Rafael last Saturday afternoon—equipages of all the varieties found in the dealers' catalogue, fine horses, pretty girls in riding habit, men in appropriate equestrian garb—all ready for the first paper chase of the season. On the piazzas scores of spectators in summer raiment gazing out on the confusion of carriages and horses crowded into the gravelled terrace in front of the hotel. Decidedly a brilliant array, pervaded with excitement, moving with the ebb and flow of preparation, the rushing hither and thither of hares and hounds, the arrival of new carriages, the passing of spectators. Of course paper chases are not held every day, and there was much expectation over this, that inaugurated the season and afforded a veritable sensation of interest far beyond the milder joys of tennis or golf.

The natural tendency is to compare paper chases with their predecessors. This is legitimate, and affords a welcome opportunity for declaring the superiority of the latest development. Not only was there a larger but also a more enthusiastic gathering of riders than that at last year's chases. The arrangements were capital. Mr. J. J. Crooks and Ward McAllister had consummated the preparations and Frank Johnson, as huntsman, had laid out the course. The hares, Miss Warburton and Dr. Howitt, were given fifteen minutes and led an easy route through the Coleman tract, thence up over the ridge to the west of the Petaluma road, from there across the marsh and through the Porta Suelo, and then to a finish in a meadow a few miles north of the hotel. There was a stiff breeze blowing, which rather scattered the paper, but the hounds followed the chase with lots of energy and rode the course valiantly, taking all obstructions with alacrity. The finish, as is shown in the photograph on page 4, was spectacular. Miss McFarland of Honolulu, who rode astride, as is the custom of the Hawaiian kingdom, led the field in brilliant style, and next after her followed Hugh Hume, F. Farnsworth, Miss Crowley, Mrs. Crooks and Frank Johnson. They had all made a gallant ride of it—by no means without incident, though nothing of serious import occurred. The silver cups were awarded to Miss McFarland, who was liberally cheered for her bold riding, and to Hugh Hume, whose hunter made the running in fine style. Altogether the chase was a great success, and it is to be hoped that the subsequent meets will be equally satisfactory.

The following took part in the chase as hounds: Miss Alice Hager, S. Pardee, Dr. G. F. Shiels, Miss Della Davidson, Miss Mary Kipp, James Swinnerton, Baldwin Wood, Ward McAllister, Frank S. Johnson, Miss McFarland, E. Finnigan, R. E. Warfield, A. J. Dibblee, L. H. Allen, S. H. Boardman, Miss Crowley, T. J. Crowley, George F. Page, E. Evans, J. Parkin, Hugh Hume, Alfred F. Hollman, F. Farnsworth, A. Folger, F. Hankin.

---

The grand concert to be given by "C. E. Chorus" on Tuesday evening next will be a fitting inaugural for the big convention which is to follow.

The chorus is 1,000 strong, and will be reinforced for the occasion by one hundred or more of the best soloists of the city.

The programme embraces some of the best selections from the masters, and all in all will be an event one should not miss. Besides, it will afford an early opportunity to see what the hall committee has accomplished in the way of an auditorium. The transformation of the pavilion is indeed a revelation.

Seats are on sale at 112 Post street, and we understand will be withdrawn to-night.

There's to be a Letter Carriers' picnic at Schuetzen's Park, San Rafael, which promises to be one of the events of the Fourth of July. These industrious servitors of the mail have organized the affair on an elaborate scale, and propose to devote the proceeds to entertaining the visiting delegates to the Eighth Annual Convention, which will be held here in September. Quite a number of useful and valuable articles have been contributed, which are to be utilized as gate prizes.

Mr. Frank Davey, so long identified with Taber's Photograph Gallery, has established the Davey Photograph Co. in Honolulu. He has just made a tour of the islands securing negatives, and he obtained some excellent pictures of out of the way regions seldom visited even by ambitious amateurs. Among his latest views are new pictures of the volcano Kilauea, of which an eruption is expected. Tourists desiring to obtain views could not do better than write to the Davey Co.

### Favorite Brand of Champagne.

Speaking of champagnes, the Moet & Chandon brand appears to be the favorite among swelldom. Unaided by the influence of caterers and leaders so frequently employed, Moet & Chandon appears to have captured New York cultured society. The brand was exclusively served at the Patriarchs' ball, Washington Gridiron Club (banquet of international repute), New Year party of O. H. P. Belmont, and at the famous Bradley-Martin costume ball.—Hotel Gazette.

A. Schilling & Co.'s competitions are being watched with interest. Finding that the grocers, and not the consumers, captured $200 in prizes for sending in the largest number of "Schilling's Best" tickets, they duplicated the payment and gave $100 each to two of the largest consumers. This liberality is not being overlooked by the public in the big missing word competition which the firm are now conducting.

### Fourth of July Half-Rate Excursions to Haywards Park.

The Haywards Electric Motor train will leave Fruitvale Station at 12:50 p.m., on the arrival of the 12 m. Broad Gauge Local from San Francisco, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, returning from the Park at 5:30 p.m. There will be a concert on the verandas of the clubhouse every afternoon and Saturday evening. Mrs. Hayward, the proprietress of the clubhouse, has made elaborate preparations for holiday entertainments.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

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## MISS SABEL'S HUSBAND

### A Vicarious Interview, with Occasional Intrusions by the Subject.

I saw Miss Sabel in a room about as big as a trunk in which had been placed a trunk about as big as a room. So you might call it a tete-a-tete affair. (Observe I say "you"

The profile of Miss Sabel

might call it tete-a-tete. I wouldn't. Her husband was there.)

Said I: "I want to say before anything else how much I'm delighted with your act, Miss Sabel. I—"

"Thank you," said Mr. Sabel. "Yes, it takes everywhere.

Miss Sabel spread her short skirt very carefully and sat down. I found a seat on the trunk.

"I'm not surprised that it should take. I'd like to know one thing, Miss Sabel, are you French or American?

Miss Sabel cleared her throat and opened her lips.

"I—"

"She was born in this country," interrupted Mr. Sabel, "of French parents."

"Oh, yes. I see. Well, now, Miss Sabel, those songs of yours. How is it you manage to throw into them such dash, such fire, such vivacity?"

"I—"

"That," said Mr. Sabel, "is just a matter of study and practice. We go over a song word by word, line by line, till every little detail and gesture is perfect."

"It must be very fatiguing in the end," I hazarded, turning to the little songstress again.

"Oh, I—"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Sabel. "Miss Sabel would rather work than eat."

"Are you so fond of singing as all that?"

"Yes; I—"

"You may say that Miss Sabel has played the largest engagement of any vaudeville star in the United States. Why, she was at Hammerstein's Olympia three consecutive months."

"Were you, indeed. It's a wonder you didn't break down. Miss Sabel, you ought to take a rest."

"She never rests. In two years and a half she has rested six weeks."

"Where do you get your songs, Miss Sabel, and how?" I asked, desperately.

"Well, you see—"

"She never sings a song that's been sung anywhere before. 'Somebody Loves Me,' for instance. She got that in MS. straight from the author. She made the song and the song made her."

"Now," said I, 'that one, 'Hot Times in the Old Town To-Night,' that's a ripping good song. Is it your favorite?"

"Oh, I like—"

"Oh, she likes them all. But 'Hot Times' is as popular' as any. Then there's 'Somebody Loves Me,' and 'Remus Takes the Cake,' and 'Bye-Bye, Belinda,' and the 'Faded Leaf of Shamrock'—all popular."

"You know what I like so much about your singing, Miss Sabel, is that you seem to be having such a good time yourself, and you laugh at your own jokes in a way that's quite irresistible, that takes your audience right off their feet. Now tell me do you really enjoy it so much as you seem to, or is that part of the game?"

"Oh, that," began Mr. Sabel, but I resolutely held my face from him, trained my glance at Miss Sabel as though I were aiming a machine gun. Mr. Sabel went on talking steadily, but in the interstices of his words I managed to make out that Miss Sabel was saying:

"No, I really enjoy it; there's something in an audience, you know—

"—Just a matter—(from Mr. Sabel.)

"—that carries one away,

"—of study and practice.

"—that sort of hypnotizes you;

"—We go over a song

"—that sort of hypnotizes you and exhilarates you,

"—word by word,

"—makes you excited.

"—line by line,

"—Why, it's not so much I who have magnetism over an audience

"—till every little detail

"—as the audience has

"—and gesture

"—magnetism over me.

"—is perfect."

"Quite an idea,' said I to Miss Sabel, and "hard work will tell" to Mr. Sabel. Then to Miss Sabel again:

"Where do you go from here, Miss Sabel?"

"We go," began Mr. Sabel—

"We will go to Salt Lake City and Denver," broke in Miss Sabel—

"And—"

This is Miss Sabel as she sings a lullaby

But she had her head now and went on in spite of him.

"I'll take a company from here—from the Orpheum—

"And—

"and tour the West with them—

"and—

"and disband in Denver, I think."

"What then, Miss Sabel?"

"She," began Mr. Sabel—

"I am going on with Hallen," interrupted his wife.

"She—

"It is to be 'Sabel, Hallen and Fuller.' "

"I only wish," said I, "that I could have got a lot of photographs of you in costume, Miss Sabel."

"Well, she—

"It's so hard to keep photographs," she said, pathetically. "Everybody takes them from you." I had been maneuvering toward the door for some time past and just about here managed to take myself off. I went away with an impression of a very charming little woman, indeed. Josephine Sabel is not what you would call pretty, but she is French to her fingers and toes, which is much better. She can do precisely what she ilkes with her audiences—making them laugh or weep or whistle at her will. But if she's so fascinating to an audience, think what must she be when it comes to one man—if she cared to try. I know one man she can try it on—but, there, one forgets that there is a husband.

F. N.

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## AT THE SHOW

### Frank Worthing as the Genteel Highwayman — Plays to Come.

The idea of "A Social Highwayman" is altogether impossible—that of a man of mental and moral excellence engaged in the very low work of stealing from his friends, but it reads well in the novel and equally interesting is it in the play. Courtice Jaffrey is very much a villain, but gains sympathy in the beginning for his handsome rooms and finally for his efforts to rise to better things.

Mr. Frank Worthing, Mr. Frederick Perry and Miss Eleanor Moretti may be said to be the features of the play as presented by the Frawley Company, and it may also be said that it is one of the very best presentations the Frawley Company has ever given. The settings of the stage have been well selected and well arranged, and all the little details carefully looked to. But to get back to the players. Mr. Worthing is the gentlemanly robber, and the part fits him quite well—as well as anything in which he has yet been seen. Comparisons with Mansfield or to Holland may be invited, but such comparisons should hardly be considered; we have had neither Mansfield nor Holland in the part, and likely never shall, and it really doesn't matter if we don't. Mr. Worthing is our only quantity—let him be sufficient thereof. Jenkins Hanby is a clever character, and Mr. Frederick Perry gives it clever coloring; he gathers interest to himself all through the play, and in the final scene the outburst over his dead friend sounds like a despairing voice in the night. Miss Eleanor Moretti as Senora Lelia Caprices is very dramatic—altogether the very dramatic person Senora Lelia Caprices should be. She makes a splendid appearance and wears some remarkable gowns.

Apropos of gowns—the ladies in the play are all well gowned—Miss Busby, as Her Grace of Clayborough, comes on in veritable visions. But every sight of Miss Busby, pretty, very pretty as she is, brings up thoughts of a much prettier and very much darker haired girl who played with Chauncey Olcott. It is the same Miss Busby—but la chevelure—it is not the same! Blanche Bates has little to do as Elinor Burnham, but does it sweetly and with simple grace. Miss Phosa McAllister as Mrs. Deane, the medium, has a ghastly make-up and deserves a good word for her uncanny scene.

* *

The production of "Captain Paul" at Morosco's next week, beginning with a Monday matinee, will introduce two new people, Ulric B. Collins, the Dodor of the original "Trilby" company, and F. W. Strong, who has been stage manager with Charles Frohman for the past eight years. "Captain Paul" is a romantic naval play by Edward E. Rose, and is of the period just following the war of the revolution. It is a costume play and a little out of the regular run of melodrama. There is some very pretty scenery at Morosco's this week in the Kentucky drama "Blue Grass"—the ruins of an old chruch by moonlight and effective prison exterior. The play itself is interesting and dramatic, the lynching scene being exceptionally realistic. Maud Edna Hall plays Mary Brand, a part she created in the original production, and plays it well, with engaging manners and tearful emotions. Lorena Atwood has little to do as the repentant adventuress, but does it cleverly—her death struggle is one of the best things in the performance. Mortimer Snow has the double advantage of a good appearance and a good voice, which he manages well as the hero. John J. Pierson always a good villain, but this week seems to be better than usual.

H. S. K.

Next week will be the ninth and last of "The First Born" at the Alcazar. This clever little drama has had a remarkable run and could doubtless run with profit for some time to come, but must be withdrawn owing to road engagements, which will be filled with the original company. The play preceding the Chinese play will be the rattling comedy, "A Victim of Circumstances," an adaptation from the French in three acts. Miss Selene Johnson, who has been with Charles Frohman and A. M. Palmer, will make her first appearance as leading lady. She is said to be a beautiful woman and an able actress, and will doubtless become popular. Mr. George Trader, a favorite at the Alcazar some years ago, and now under engagement to Minnie Maddern Fiske for next season, and secured for next season by Manager Belasco, will also be in the cast. A special holiday matinee is announced for Monday.

Another costume play, "The Mayflower," will be given by the Lyceum Company at the Baldwin Tuesday evening, Monday being devoted, matinee and evening, to special performances of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The story of "The Mayflower" is pretty and graceful, set in quaint scenes and full of quaint color. It begins in Holland, continues in England, and finally concludes on the shore of Massachusetts Bay near Plymouth Rock. James K. Hackett is cast as Lord Gervase Carew, an English nobleman, who makes love under an assumed name to the Puritan girl Joan Mallory (Mary Mannering). This is a part in which she acts agreeably, and is fair to look upon. The cast includes Messrs. Walcott, Morgan, Wheelock, Elizabeth Tyree, Grace Root and Mrs. Thos. Whiffen.

The Frawley Company will give two timely performances of "Shenandoah," matinee and evening, on Monday in observance of the national holiday. "The Two Escutcheons" will follow on Tuesday evening and will continue through the week. Theodore Hamilton will be seen as the Baron and Blanche Bates will be the Widow Stevenson, the part played last season by Maxine Elliott. Frank Worthing, Harry Corson Clarke, T. D. Frawley, George Bosworth and Phosa McAllister will all appear in their original roles. John Drew's play, "Christopher, Jr.," will be the next attraction.

To the busy man who wants to make the most of the public holidays the S. F. & N. P. Railroad offers special inducements. A series of excursions to various points on the line have been arranged at reduced rates, so as to enable those who wish to enjoy a few days in the country with their families to travel at the minimum of expense.

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## MRS. SHERWOOD'S BOOK

### Ante-Bellum Recollections of an American Woman.

The literary and social experiences of Mrs. Sherwood form an interesting feature of her book, memoirs entitled "An Epistle to Posterity." (Harper & Brothers, publishers.) During her long and interesting career she had opportunities of meeting most of the great American writers, and she details her little stories of them very pleasantly. She was living in New York when Thackeray was a visitor there, and got to know him well through her friends, the Baxters. Miss Sally Baxter, the daughter of the house, is said to have been the original of Ethel in "The Newcombs." Here is the episode:

Sallie Baxter was a dark beauty of the Spanish type, most exquisitely lovely, with fabulous great black eyes, whose lashes swept her eyebrows. She was a natural unaffected person, and during his stay in New York Thackeray was frequently a guest in her mother's house. Miss Baxter seemed to treat him like a daughter. Perhaps she brought back those dear ones whom he had left at 13 Young street, South Kensington. Many suppers and dinners and theater parties brought me to see the great man rather intimately, and I do not remember a more easy-going and genial person. His tall, commanding form and gray head, his nez retrousse and his eyeglasses, his firm tread and charming laugh, got to be as well known in New York as they were in London. His little notes in his very neat handwriting found their way into our albums. He was always accessible and full of enjoyment, and yet when we saw him sailing along majestically down Broadway, with his hands in his pockets, there was an air of melancholy and of pre-occupation in his expressive face. But he was "reticent as he was brave," and no one heard him speak of his sorrows, if he had any.

Mrs. Sherwood was in Rome while William Waldorf Astor was Minister to Italy. She speaks familiarly of the personality of a distinguished gentleman who has been vulgarly abused by a vulgar press.

With grand parties and excellent dinners, the home of our minister, Mr. W. W. Astor, was a distinguished rallying-place for the Americans. Mr. Astor, speaking all languages, and having a great fortune, could and did live as the representative of our great country ought to live in every foreign city. He was so cultivated and had lived so much in Rome when he was studying art (for he is a good sculptor) that he was also a prince of cicerones. He was just writing his excellent novel of "Valentino," in which, as one of his American critics said, "he had attempted to whitewash the Borgias, and had taken rather a large contract." He did it very well, however.

His beautiful wife, so famous for her Italian eyes, was a great favorite with the Queen, who said that she outshone the Italian beauties in their own style. This gentle creature, so modest and humble, seemed always to be shrinking away from her splendid position, and to care for this earth and its grandeurs very little. Her early, unexpected death seemed to call for Cicero's lament over his daughter.

One mounted gladly the famous marble stairs of the celebrated Palazzo Rospigliosi, with its marble busts of the emperors, to see this home of the Astors.

One of the most interesting reminiscences in the volume is the account of a diner at the Millais mansion in London at which Mrs. Sherwood met a bevy of distinguished persons. She had several letters of introduction to the family of the distinguished artist. However, let her speak for herself.

Lady Millais appointed an hour for me to call, and I found her in her morning room with one of her "Cherry Ripe" daughters. She was a remarkably handsome matron, I thought, and very cordial. She immediately sent for Sir John, who took us in to his painting-room, sat on a table himself, in a boyish fashion, while we looked around the studio, and talked incessantly.

"Will you come and lunch with us informally to-morrow;" said he, "and afterwards we shall give you a dinner. Now, whom do you wish to meet?"

I begged him not to trouble himself about me, that a sight of him and his was all that I expected, and a lunch with the family far more than all I deserved.

But he insisted, and I said at length that I should like to meet Robert Browning. "Oh," said he, "nothing easier; and Fred Leighton, and Mrs. Proctor [Barry Cornwall's widow], and Lord Houghton, and—my dear, you must get the rest" (turning to his wife).

I told Lady Millais that I was in deep mourning and hardly expected to go to a great London dinner-party.

"Oh," said she, kindly, "mourning is always considered full-dress."

Here is the dinner:

The day for the dinner came, and I got in five minutes early, glad to see Lord Houghton in the parlor before Lady Millais came down. We had a quiet chat, and Browning also arriving ahead of time, Lord Houghton introduced him to me. Then came in quite a number of people, Lady Coutts Lindsay among them; she had just been divorced from her husband, Sir Coutts Lindsay, of the "Greenery Yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" fame.

Browning took me in, and I had Lord Houghton on the other side. Opposite me was Mrs. Procter, the oldest queen of the literary coterie in London, and a singular genius; and also vis-a-vis a Mr. Godwin, famous for a mania for buying the chairs of distinguished personages.

Mr. Browning was a great disappointment at first. He looked like a retired ship-captain, was short, rather stout, red-faced, with a large nose and white hair, but he was so simple and kindly and polite that I forgave him for not looking the poet. Very soon he and Mr. Godwin got into a discussion as to the genuineness of a relic. Mr. Godwin said that he had just bought a chair, "the very one in which Mrs. Browning wrote 'Casa Guidi Windows.'" Mr. Browning said that was impossible, for he had never parted with a thing which had been in her apartments.

Mr. Browning was quite agitated about this. Mr. Godwin, however, persevered, and said that the chair was one which Mrs. Browning had given away in her lifetime to certain English friends, two unmarried sisters, who were in Florence with her, or living near her, after the celebrity of the "Casa Guidi Windows" poems, and that they had asked her for it.

Mr. Browning could not dispute this, and fortunately I asked a question about George Eliot, which turned the tables.

Mrs. Procter declared that she "had never called on George Eliot; that she would not have taken a house-maid with such a character."

This brought out Browning and Lord Houghton, who told me many hitherto unknown stories about Thornton Hunt, the supposed lover of the first Mrs. Lewes; of Lewes himself, and of George Eliot, who seemed to have been most generous and self sacrificing in giving up fame and name for Lewes, whom they did not think deserved so much goodness.

An important chapter of the "Epistle to Posterity" is devoted to discussing and describing Washington life, comparing it with the Capital of to-day. Mrs. Sherwood was a personage then, first as the daughter of her father and a friend of the Daniel Webster household, subsequently her own as a grand dame. She tells of the times of President Polk in the following paragraph:

The President's "levees," as we used to call them, were very much smaller than to-day, but they were very like them. I always wonder what we did for light in those days, as oil lamps, always smoky, and candles, always dripping, are all that these splendid affairs had to use in place of the diamond brilliancy of to-day. I once went up-stairs in the White House to search for a pair of overshoes, and I remember there was one candle in that immense hall. I can see now that feeble glimmer.

Mr. Corcoran gave fine dinners; so did the English and French Ministers; but elsewhere I do not remember anything like the luxury of to-day. Indeed, it did not exist, and those who could afford it did not care for it. John Quincy Adams, whose magnificent head was the pride of the House, whose fame made him our first citizen, who was a rich man, lived plainly in rather a Southern fashion. It was a great treat to be permitted to see Mrs. Adams, who had been, as Mr. Everett told me, one of the most admirable hostesses of the White House—her conversation was charming. It was the fashion to be poor in Washington in those days, and I remember the witty Henry A. Wise, who had just then published his clever book, "Los Gringos," when he became engaged to the brilliant Miss Charlotte Everett, saying to his fellow-officers: "Don't be afraid. She is so unlucky as to have some money, but she is a good fellow for all that." What a witty man he was, and how much we enjoyed the suppers at the Mays', of which he was a factor!

Rumors have been current in Constantinople that the warlike tribes of Arabs at the back of Tunis and Algeria have sent many of their chiefs to beg the Sultan to expel the French from the coast of northern Africa. The Islamic party has backed up the movement, and the Sultan has appeared to give encouragement to the suggestion. While of course the French colonies cannot be broken up, an increase of the garrisons may be found needful. This means expense and more of the foreign service which is so distasteful to the peasant soldiers.


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### A Novel in Dramatic Form at the Baldwin.

I prefer to regard "The First Gentleman of Europe" as a novel—a pretty bit of story, admirably told and well interpreted by an even company of players. It is not a drama. The four acts are really four chapters to a romantic novel. Its authors have made no appreciable effort to work up climaxes, or to play harshly or dolefully upon either the sentimental or the heroic side of the audience by means of the artificial or the unnatural or by picturesque, but impossible tableaux. The close of the third act approaches more nearly to the dramatic than any other portion of the play, but it is merely a touch and lingers a few minutes only. This is a remarkable state of affairs in a play laid in the days of knee breeches and wigs and powdered hair. Ordinarily, "anything goes" in the romance of two hundred years ago. Then every gentleman wore a sword, and the ordinary drama of that day, by all the rules dramatic, should have had its duels and its deaths. When Otis Skinner was here, he gave us some fine examples of this ultra sort of thing, but the action of "The First Gentleman of Europe" is more to my liking, it runs in quite a different groove—runs smoothly and placidly along without much to jar upon you in the way of sensation. If the audience is not explosive in its appreciation of the play it does not follow that it lacks appreciation, for the drama does not call for boisterous recognition of its merit. You are expected tto take your enjoyment of it quietly and sensibly. The story of the play is not new. Nobility in love with a commoner's daughter is not a novel theme. It is almost threadbare, but like the story of love itself, though old is ever fresh. That the commoner's daughter who has aroused the passion of nobility should herself be desperately and irrevocably in love with a poor genius whose home is a garret, is not new. And that she should prefer the genius to the gentleman and be faithful to him through poverty and temptation, is something long ago made familiar to us upon the stage, if not in real life. That the discarded mistress of the nobleman shoud plot in court circles to bring the impoverished lovers together and outwit her erstwhile lordly suitor is as old as the stage itself. All of these things, however, do not deter me from pronouncing the play interesting and worth seeing.

I confess to experiencing a little shock at the closing scene of the last act. Daphne, the goldsmith's daughter, to save her lover has consented to yield to the embraces of the prince. I can understand how this First Gentleman of Europe would be moved by Daphne's woe and her devotion to Cartaret; how his pride would be awakened when she gives over to her deep anguish on discovering that the Prince of Wales, who had ever been held in her child's heart as an idol, typical of honor and virtue, was in point of fact but a profligate and debauchee. I can understand that the attitude of Daphne would appeal to any man who possessed a spark of honor, and that to her the Prince might have surrendered in deep contrition, but it is beyond human nature that he should have apologized and humbled himself to Cartaret, who bursts into the room for the purpose of seeking his death. It was not necessary to compel the Prince to go thus far and the wonder of it is that the playwright put him in such a pitiable plight.

Hackett is admirably adapted to the character of Prince George. This man has a manner and a mien that strongly appeal to me. He is buoyant and dashing, and has a face and a pair of eyes that respond to every sentiment. Then, at a moment's notice, he may discard these dashing manners and assume the impressive and severe with equal aptitude. There should be a romance somewhere in the revolutionary period that might be dramatized, with Washington as a young officer for the central figure. Whenever an American playwright hits upon a happy theme in this connection, may he dispose of it to Frohman and may Hackett be cast as the Father of His Country, for he has a face that reminds you of him.

Edward Morgan is not molded in mind or in body for a lover. He is awkwardly tender and manifestly ill at ease in the love scene, but his passionate denunciation of the Prince before that young profligate's face and in the presence of the lords and ladies of the court was rendered with fine spirit and surprisingly good judgment. It brought down the house, and the young man deserved all the plaudits that were vouchsafed to him. Walcott, as the splenetic country baronet, runs Hackett a close race in the affections of the audience. Probably Walcott could do nothing badly.

Miss Mannering, I think, was better cast as Daphne in "The First Gentleman of Europe," than as Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda." She was not so gorgeously costumed; indeed, she wore the same gown throughout the play, but her acting was more evenly good. Maud Odell likewise appeared to much better advantage, and handled well the part of Lady Sack, notwithstanding the charge of overacting, which one of the daily critics, I believe, unjustly lays at her door.

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## TURF TOPICS

### Epsom Derby Notes—Sale of Haggin Yearlings—Ingleside Notes.

When one takes up a serious journal like the Saturday Review and finds a three-page article on financial matters opening with the statement that "Galtee More has been the most important topic" of the week under notice, one may be pardoned for some further allusion to the Derby in this column. And here I may mention that, perusing the same journal a few weeks before the event, my eye caught an article headed "Mr. Armstrong on Velasquez." Now, I thought, here is an explanation as to how Lord Rosebery's horse came to be beaten in the Two Thousand Guineas. A little further examination showed that the writer was discoursing of the works of the great painter! One is too apt at times, perhaps, to let matters of sport crowd everything else out of the brain.

The report that Mr. Marcus Daly had cabled Mr. Gubbins an offer for Galtee More was ridiculous on the face of it, though wearing a very circumstantial appearance. A stud master negotiating for a Derby winner would not be likely to take the "man in the street" into his confidence in the initial stages of the transaction.

That Kendal's son Galtee More is a great colt there seems to be no doubt. At the same time, barring Velasquez, he had nothing against him of any merit. It would have made the race much more exciting if Vesuvian and the American colt Berzak had gone to the post, though probably Galtee More held them both safe. Berzak injured his hock in a gallop a few days before the race and had to be scratched. It is worthy of notice that out of the eleven runners two were sired by horses now in California, namely Monterey by imp. Goldfinch, and St. Cloud II by imp. Candlemas.

It is reported that the service fee of Kendal, the sire of the Derby winner, has been fixed at 300 guineas for the future. Galtee More's full brother, Blairfinde, winner of the Irish Derby, has been standing at a very moderate fee at Mr. Gubbin's place in Ireland.

Mr. Haggin has had his proverbial luck in having secured his four representatives of the Bend Or blood, namely, Goldfinch, Golden Garter, Golden Dawn and Order, before the boom had fully set in for that strain, which seems destined to keep the line of Stockwell still to the fore.

The recent successes of the Bend Or blood on the English turf have given rise to much discussion as to the merits of his most famous son, Ormonde, and of the sons of the latter now at the stud, one result of which has been the making of a novel match. The owners of Llanthony and Sorcerer, two of Ormonde's sons now at the stud in England, arranged a "show match," which was to be held on June 19th at the Cobham Stud. Prince Louis Esterhazy, M. Blanc and Captain Machell being amongst the judges selected to decide the competition. Mr. Allison, of the London "Sportsman," is part proprietor of Sorcerer.

Irish bred horses have been wonderfully successful on the English turf this season, having already captured, amongst other important events, the Lincoln Handicap, Grand National Steeplechase, Liverpool Spring Cup, Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Stakes Chester Cup and Epsom Derby. This is a remarkable record and is sure to give a great lift to the breeding of thoroughbreds in the Green Isle.

The recent sale of the Rancho del Paso yearlings in New York proved fairly satisfactory. Altogether 58 head were disposed of at an average of $880, a very much higher figure than the average obtained for the produce of any other stud this season. At the same time it must not be overlooked that only a portion of Mr. Haggin's offerings changed hands, the demand for fillies especially being very small and many being sent out of the ring without eliciting bids.

As might have been expected, the get of imp. Goldfinch sold best, the total proceeds of the eight head sired by imp Ormonde's son being about the equivalent of the price Mr. Haggin paid Lord Alington for the horse in England. Two of the Goldfinch youngsters made the top prices of the sale, namely, $8,000 for the colt out of Carina, the dam of Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough's good stallion St. Carlo, and $5,000 for the filly out of Kiss-Me-Quick, by imp. King Ernest. Both lots were taken by Matt Byrnes. For the two colts by imp. Sir Modred, brothers to Dr. Hasbrouck and Comanche, $4,000 and $3,000 were paid respectively, the former going to Mr. P. Lorillard and the latter to Mr. M. Byrnes. Of the total number sold all but 15 were sired by imported stallions. Out of 14 head by Tenny appearing in the catalogue 7 were sold and 2 out of six sired by Salvator, the prices for these being much below the average, with the exception of the colt by Tenny-Loto, which made $1,000. A Fitzjames colt out of the imported Australian mare Harmony realized $1,050, the best price paid for any youngster by an American-bred sire.

The result of the sale affords fresh proof that there is always a good demand for the highest class of stock and that no other sort is wanted. In the tremendous development of thoroughbred breeding of late years this fact has been too often lost sight of. It is quality and not quantity that furnishes satisfactory returns in horse breeding, especially in the case of racing stock. Probably a man with 15 or 20 first-class mares that he could afford to put to the very best stallions, with decent luck and good management would make more money out of his stud than any breeder in the country. At the beginning of this year I drew attention to the fact that one breeder in England had realized $88,885 in 1896 for his entire crop of 12—though the printer unfortunately made the figure 22—yearlings, and I should not be at all surprised if this man made more profit out of this comparatively small production than Mr. Haggin does at Rancho del Paso out of his annual consignment of some 200 head, after allowing a fair rate of interest on the capital invested in stock and establishment in each case.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club held last week the various officers were re-elected and certain improvements to the Ingleside track approved.

The intentions with regard to stakes next season are not yet known, but the liberal policy hitherto pursued by the management will certainly be adhered to, and the big events, which gave Ingleside so much prestige last year, will no doubt be repeated and possibly added to.

The idea attributed to the Pacific Coast Jockey Club of offering a large stake for an international event in San Francisco has been freely mentioned in the sporting columns of the press throughout the country. Although the notice was in some measure premature, it is very possible that something of the kind may be brought about. Whatever is done, it is, of course, understood that the basis would be weight for age, with probably an allowance to Australian horses in consideration of their later foaling season.

The Spirit of the Times says: "Col. Clay of the Runnymede, has started in to carry out his plan in regard to reducing the production of thoroughbreds. He has already had three fillies operated upon as an experiment. They are doing so well after having the generative organs removed that some more of the troop of fillies will be operated on, and Col. Clay is doing all he can to have his fellow breeders follow suit."

There have been some wonderful sales of polo ponies in London recently. Anything really good has commanded from $750 to $1,250 dollars at public auction, and in one case $2,675 was paid for a very choice pony. The raw article can be bought for anything from $100 to $250, and therefore the enhanced price of the educated mount with an established reputation affords a fine return to the man who can put the finishing touch on a good-mannered, fast pony of the right quality.

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CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| On the Eve of Annexation | 3 |
| Where Anglers Angle | 4 |
| "His Wife's Son": a Story from the French | 5 |
| An Ignorant Crœsus | 5 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| The Invasion of Endeavor | 8 |
| A Bicycle Gymkhana; by Justin Sturgis | 9 |
| Jubilee Jars | 9 |
| Tennis Tournament at the Hotel Rafael | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Magazine Notes | 12 |
| New Books | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## MR. BRYAN'S TOUR OF EDUCATION (?)

It matters little, indeed it does not matter at all, if Mr. Bryan, late Democratic candidate for President, is being paid twenty thousand dollars a year and traveling expenses for preaching the doctrine of free silver throughout the United States. He is a poor man and could ill afford to devote his time exclusively to this task without compensation. If the silver mine owners of America, and those individuals who are in agreement with them, choose to set aside a large retaining fee and employ this speaker to travel from State to State advocating a financial doctrine that will bring benefits to them, it at least argues strongly for the earnestness of his employers, and does not of itself cast shadows of doubt on either his patriotism or his earnestness.

Mr. Bryan has reached San Francisco in his Western journey, and already thousands of people have listened to his defense and his advocacy of the cause that met defeat last November. Thoughtful men must read this orator's utterances on the silver question with a mixed feeling of sadness and contempt; sadness, that such altogether meaningless, empty and implausible mouthings should carry weight and favor with any considerable number of our fellow-men; and contempt, that the chosen leader of a great party should deliberately elect to confine himself to cheap, tawdry and unworthy methods. The cause of which Mr. Bryan is the special and professional advocate is most radical, and if adopted would be far-reaching in its effect for good or for bad. Earnest men, wise in the laws of finance and in matters of political economy, strenuously negative all that Mr. Bryan claims, and solemnly and gravely warn us that to engraft his financial theory upon the policy of the nation would not only invite but would precipitate a financial panic that would inevitably result in individual and national disaster, if not in bankruptcy. Charges so seriously made by serious-minded men, apprehensions so grave and deep-seated among honest citizens, demand a thoughtful and well-chosen answer, not flippant and shallow jeers and tricks of oratory that will not bear analysis. Mr. Bryan overflows with the wit of the cartoon papers, and punctuates his speeches with imaginary anecdotes or cullings from "Life," "Puck" or "Judge" as lightly and as frothily as the buffoon who amuses yokels on the country stump during local campaigns. The man who takes life seriously, who would have this Government adopt a wise financial course, whatever it may be, single or double standard; the man who is face to face with the problem, is conscious of its importance and anxious to meet and determine the question fairly and squarely upon its merits, will find neither meat nor muscle, neither logic nor reason in the speeches Mr. Bryan has so far delivered here. He has not made a statement which has not already been met and vanquished upon a dozen platforms.

Mr. Bryan ridicules the idea that the quantity of silver bullion contained in a dollar would remain at fifty-three cents so long as the Government would coin it free of expense into dollar pieces, and he asks sarcastically: "Who would sell bullion at private sale for fifty cents, if he might himself have it coined at one hundred cents?" It is at this point that many a good man stumbles. The writer has read one hundred or more letters, written from all over the West to the author of "The Story of the Silverthorne Family," a pamphlet issued during the late campaign. In every letter from individuals leaning toward the silver side the same question was asked: "How is it that the dollar of free coinage will be a fifty-three cent dollar, when the Government stamps it one hundred cents? And if it will be a fifty-three cent dollar, and silver refuses to increase in value, how will the owner of bullion profit by the transaction?"

Measured in gold, and gold is the standard the world over, the silver dollar of free coinage will be worth fifty-three cents. Mr. Bryan admits that it would be worth less than at present. His contention is that the dollar of to-day has appreciated in value and has too much purchasing power. He would give us more pieces of silver money with less purchasing power. We would be more prosperous because we could jingle in our pockets two pieces of money with no greater purchasing power than one piece has at present. He wants the value of commodities to rise, not the value of money. This he proposes to accomplish by calling something a dollar that is not a dollar under our present measurement of value. Immediately this kind of money comes into circulation, every merchant will mark up his prices until they reach a figure calling for as many of the new dollars as it would take to equal in value the present price of the gold dollar. If your new dollar should be worth fifty cents in gold, then an article now selling for one dollar of the present money would sell for two dollars of the free coinage money. "So prices would go up," says Mr. Bryan. "So money would be debased," says the opposition. The silver miner would profit by this transaction, inasmuch as he would find a ready market for his bullion. He would be able to demand and obtain an American coin stamped one dollar for a given quantity of silver that can now be purchased for fifty-three cents. We would call that disc of metal a dollar, but its purchasing power would be limited and restricted and would vary and fluctuate with the price of bullion as measured in gold in the markets of the world. Mr. Bryan claims that by a mere Act of Congress we may place silver upon a parity with gold at the ratio of sixteen to one, and increase the value of the silver money of China, Mexico and the strait settlements over $932,000,000—an amount greater than many a national debt.

Mr. Bryan's tour of speech-making will have a good effect upon the people of America, for it will set them to thinking in time of peace, when party fervor is not running high, and if they will but investigate at such a season, when calm deliberation is possible, one cannot doubt the result of their investigations will firmly oppose the silver theories of Populism.

## THE COLONIAL POLICY OF GERMANY.

At the opening of the session of the German Reichstag, which adjourned last week, the German Admiralty presented for the consideration of the legislative body an official programme, which called for an appropriation of about $32,000,000 for the increase of the German fleet. The proposals were accompanied by a strong hint to the legislators that a great war might soon be necessary for the safety of the Empire, and for its expansion into a power with world-wide interests and a world-wide policy. But the frightened legislators recoiled from such a prospect, and refused at first to give their sanction to the beginning of a programme, the end and object of which they feared, and feared the more because they were concealed. It was then announced that the Kaiser, without regard to the disapproval of the Reichstag, would proceed with the programme as laid down; that the ships of war asked for and refused would be built anyway, and that the money would have to be forthcoming when the time came to pay for them, if not from the present or future Reichstag, then by the methods with which Germans became familiar in the days of Bismarck and the first Wilhelm. It was a clear threat that the means by which the Iron Chancellor had made the Prussian army, in spite of the opposition of the Prussion Landtag, would be resorted to to provide a German navy with which to establish the dominion of Germany on the seas, and beyond the seas, as firmly as the German army has established the position of the Empire in Europe.

There is, to be sure, no second Bismarck yet in sight prepared to carry his sovereign through another such time of conflict, but it is not at all improbable that the bumptious young Kaiser considers himself abundantly qualified to fill the role of the Man of Blood and Iron which Bismarck played for the first Kaiser. To this distinct threat the Reichstag yielded, the greater part of what the Kaiser and his counselors demanded has been given to them, and there is no reason to doubt that the full measure demanded as the means of carrying out the imperial policy, whatever it may turn out to be, will ultimately be granted or, if not granted, will be extorted. The interesting question now arises, What is the German imperial policy, and what part is the German navy designed to play in its development?

Naturally, Great Britain, as the foremost naval power of the world, looks with interest and with some suspicion on any increase of the naval strength of the Germans, and the British press has not been slow to comment on it, and to forecast the probable result if the Kaiser's ambition shall lead him into a conflict with the United Kingdom. The German navy as it exists to-day is by many reckoned as the fourth in strength in Europe, being surpassed only by those of Great Britain, France and Russia. Its quality is such that the British may well say of it what was said by a Marshal of France of the British infantry in the Peninsular war: "It is magnificent, and, thank God, there is very little of it." For very little of it there is when it comes to a comparison with the prodigious naval force of the British Empire, and even if the Kaiser encounters no obstacle to his design of increasing his fleet as rapidly as possible, it will be many years before he can find himself in condition to challenge the supremacy of England on the sea, or to undertake, with any reasonable prospect of success, to acquire by conquest any of the British colonial possessions. It is against some power lower down in the scale of naval strength that his plans are, doubtless, formed, and it is not at all improbable that he sees in the United States an obstacle to his scheme of imperial expansion, and that it is to silence or to overcome our opposition that he needs a greater navy than would be necessary for merely maintaining the present position of Germany in Europe.

Since the overthrow of the French Empire by the German armies in 1870, Germany has increased greatly in population and in wealth. She has developed immense manufacturing industries and built up a merchant marine which is second only to that of the United Kingdom. In her the British have learned to recognize their most dangerous rivals in the industry and trade of the world. For some years it has been evident that the expansive power of the German race has been beyond the capacity of the present territories of the Empire to accommodate, and that the overflow of German's population has been going to strengthen alien and possibly hostile countries. From this condition has grown up in Germany a colonial party whose purpose is to provide for the Empire a colonial dominion to which the surplus sons and daughters of the Fatherland may emigrate without being expatriated, and where they and their descendants may continue to be Germans. In pursuance of this policy Germany has acquired within a few years territory in Africa and in the Islands of the South Pacific amounting in the aggregate to a million square miles, but in all that vast area barely 2,000 Germans are now living, and these are traders, not settlers. The British and the French had been before them in the colonizing field, and there was left to Germany only regions in which there is no present prospect of a successful settlement by a white race. Even if by the absorption of Holland the Dutch colonies should fall into the hands of the Germans—an event to which all Germans look forward as something close to a certainty—the desired end would not be attained, for the Dutch possessions have never been settled by their white possessors. They are and always have been mere trading stations, and they furnish no soil to which branches of the German race could be transplanted with the hope that they would take root and flourish.

There remains one field in which the Kaiser may think that he sees a posisbility of establishing a new Germany beyond the sea. The great continent of South America lies largely in the temperate zone, and presents wide areas suitable for occupation and development by a people so intelligent and so industrious as the Germans. Already there are thriving settlements of former subjects of the Kaiser in the Argentine and in the Brazilian States of Santa Catarnia and Rio Grande do Sul. But these settlements of Germans are not German colonies. They contribute nothing to the strength and prestige of the German Empire. It may be the Kaiser's ambition to restore his lost subjects to their former nationality, and to find in South America a reservoir to which may be directed the stream of German emigrants who are now entirely lost to Germany. Only one thing stands in his way, if such is his ambition, and that is the declaration of President Monroe which for three quarters of a century has made South America

safe from the colonizing raids of European powers. The instability and weakness of the governments of most of the South American republics are such as to furnish easy pretexts for attack to such a sovereign as Wilhelm Second, a sovereign who is not much hampered by constitutional restraints and who considers himself vastly superior in wisdom to his subjects and their representatives. He must know, indeed, that any attempt on his part to conquer a foothold on the southern continent would be resented by the United States and resisted with the whole strength of the republic; but he may feel strong enough to risk the encounter. He knows our present military weakness, and there is probably not a detail of our foolish military administration which is not known to the German general staff. He may have concluded that he can safely ignore our army and that it is with our navy alone that he would have to hold any serious reckoning. From this point of view the demand for an increase of the German navy becomes intelligible.

We have assumed a position toward the weaker republics on our hemisphere which casts upon us the duty of standing between them and any armed aggressor from the other side of the world. The Germans do not love us. They have cherished a resentment against us ever since our government intervened between them and the Samoan morsel, which they were about to swallow a few years ago. So long as there is even a remote probability that, in the discharge of our self-assumed duties toward the southern republics, we may be called on to resist the German tendency to forcible expansion, we cannot afford to throw away such an ocean outpost as the Hawaiian Islands, and we cannot afford to arrest the development of our navy short of the point at which it will be competent to curb the efforts of the Kaiser, or of any other ambitious sovereign, to gratify his earth hunger at the expense of our neighbors.

### *TWO SPECIES OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.*

There has been perceptible recently a faint renewal of public interest in the discussion of the possibility of securing a new municipal charter for San Francisco. The Merchants' Association continues its work in that direction, and opens the columns of its journal to suggestions and discussions of what is desirable in such a charter. There have appeared of late some expressions of opinion favorable to the European plan of city government, and arguments have not been wanting to urge the adoption of that plan in the next charter to be submitted to the people.

Under this system the municipal electors choose a body which is called a town council. With the choice of that body the duty of the voter ends, except insofar as he may feel called upon to observe and criticise the official conduct of the councilors and to favor them with advice as to the discharge of their duties. The council chooses its own presiding officer, who thereby becomes Mayor or Lord Mayor or Burgomeister, as the case may be. The council appoints its own standing committees, just as the United States Senate does, and these committees discharge the duties of the various boards of commissioners, elective and appointive, to which American cities are wont to confide the direction of the different branches of the municipal service. Under each of these committees is a permanent salaried official, who is the executive head of the department over which the committee presides. The council contains in itself the entire body of municipal powers. It is a legislative, an administrative and a financial body. It enacts the ordinances of the city, levies and collects taxes, appropriates the municipal funds to the several municipal wants, and expends them as appropriated.

Nobody can fail to see the close resemblance of such a system of city government to the government of the United Kingdom by the House of Commons. In the affairs of Great Britain the House of Commons exercises the functions of legislation, taxation and appropriation, and the Cabinet, which is merely a committee of the House, is the real executive of the kingdom. It is easy to understand why such a system of city government has grown up and proved itself acceptable in England, and in other countries in which the citizens have always been accustomed to see the legislative and executive powers exercised by one hand or by one body. And not a little of the success of the system is due to the fact that it prevails in old and stable communities in which the civic spirit has had ample time to grow, and where the citizen is as much interested in the policy of his town council as he is in the policy of his national government.

In the United States, on the other hand, we have from the beginning of our government as a nation insisted on the separation of the great functions of government and have entrusted them to separate and independent hands. We elect a Congress which may make laws but must not execute or interpret them. It levies taxes but does not collect them. It appropriates money but others expend it as appropriated. We elect a President who, to be sure, has some small share, of a negative character, in the making of laws, but whose sole remaining duty is to execute them when made by the Congress. And, finally, we have a corps of judges whose duty it is to interpret and apply the law as it is given to them by the people and the Legislature, but who have no voice in the making of the laws which they are to interpret. On this same plan have been formed all of our State governments, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that our people will do well to adhere to it in their attempts to work out a practicable system of municipal self-government. They have become accustomed to look to one branch of government to detect the corruption and check the encroachments of any other branch, and to feel themselves relieved, to that extent, of the duty of personal watchfulness over the details of the official conduct of their chosen Governors. We believe that this tendency is now ineradicable, and that the only prospect for good city government under a legislative grant of municipal powers lies in the complete severance of the legislative and the executive functions of the city government. With the judicial power in such a government we have, fortunately, no concern.

The people of San Francisco have had ample experience, under successive Boards of Supervisors, of government by council and committees which engross the whole municipal power, legislative and executive. If the Supervisors were restricted to legislative functions alone—including the power of levying taxes without the power of expending them directly—the pressure of unworthy men for seats in that body would be greatly dimnished. With the whole executive power in the hands of a Mayor, who should have power to appoint and remove, all executive subordinates, the pressure of the people to choose a good Mayor would be irresistible. Let the next new charter provide such a system and we firmly believe that it will be accepted by the people, and that San Francisco will have a good government.

## ON THE EVE OF ANNEXATION

### Commercial and Strategic Value of Hawaii to the United Stotes.

If one looks at the movements of the great peoples of the world with the largeness that the sight demands, with an intellectual eye, let us say, of the dimensions of the Yerkes glass, one is inevitably led to a certain definite conclusion. The great nations are growing larger. There are two ways in which a nation may grow. One way is by expansion, the other by absorption. The first is the Latin system, the way in which Rome developed, an impulse coming from the Anglo-Saxon method; it is the way in which England and Germany have extended their boundaries, the attraction to a common center. In the first the movement is in a direction away from the center; in the second the movement is toward the center. The movements are directly opposed to one another, but the result is identical. It is aggrandizement.

The nations are becoming larger; one by one the great powers are absorbing the smaller; one by one the little kingdoms and domains and principalities are falling into the government of one or the other of the world's nations. Just as Germany was compelled to a unification with Prussia, just as England, the greatest and most gluttonous gobbler of them all, swallowed India, and just as now the United States of America is about to annex the Hawaiian Islands.

Consider for a moment the disposition of the Pacific ports. South of the Equator are any quantity of harbors, ports and stations that have been pre-empted by or brought under the protectorate of some one of the great nations. But north of the Equator there are only two groups of Pacific islands that can boast of any harbors to speak of. To the north are the Aleutian Islands, already the property of the United States, but almost too far out of the way to be of any international importance. But if this government should annex the Hawaiian Islands it would by such means have advantage of an enormous area of unoccupied ocean. By their very position the Islands should belong to this country, and to no other, since they are its natural outposts, in a commercial as well as a military and strategic sense of the word. Practically the Islands are already ours. The government has gone so far now that should any interference on the part of an outside nation subvene during the coming recess of Congress the President could rightfully interfere on behalf of the country at large.

Again, the annexation of Hawaii is directly consistent with the revival of the old-time maritime spirit which has become apparent in the American people since the building of the new navy. The coastwise commerce of this country is quite the largest in the world, but even that is exceeded by the scope and magnitude of the Great Lakes commerce. In the States around the Lakes a genuine sailor spirit has been aroused analogous to that of the old old-time Mediterranean republics, all this within the last fifteen years. Living between the two greatest oceans of the world, and having in its center the greatest system of lakes in the world, it would be surprising if the United States were not a strong maritime power, and such being the case, surely Hawaii—as the key to the Pacific—should be ours.

Look for a moment at any of the travel maps of the world and see how many lines converge and meet at Hawaii. It is the cross-roads of the Pacific, from America to Middle Asia, from San Francisco to Australasia, from the mouth of the Nicaragua Canal, from Callao and Valparaiso and the Straits of Magellan to Port Arthus, Japan and Russia. It is only a question of time, and a short time at that, when the Pacific will be the great trading ocean of the world. The completion of the trans-Siberian railway and the opening of the canal through the Isthmus are to revolutionize the whole state of the Pacific commerce and will make the Hawaiian Islands of almost inestimable importance. The sudden leap of Japan into the ranks of the civilized nations has gone far to hasten this time, and Corea and China, under the influence of the Mikado, are soon to become factors that must be reckoned with by the commercial world. England has already made herself felt in the Pacific by way of India, and France, too, is striking in from Siam.

From a military, strategic point of view the possession of the Islands is even more important. In case of war with England (supposing that England should get control of Hawaii), the Islands could and of course would be used as a base of operations against the Pacific Coast. So long as the United States is not in possession of the Islands they remain an impending menace to the safety of the Pacific Coast, in the not impossible event of a European war, as a naval station. They are invaluable, for not only could the harbor be made practicable by the largest battleships now extant, but at a very small expenditure could be put into an admirable state of defense. An English squadron could mobilize upon Honolulu, and from that point, as it were, the British islands themselves could send out commerce destroyers in every direction and literally sweep the sea of American ships, and this with perfect impunity. Captain Mahan, the great American naval authority, speaking of the possible seizure of the Islands by the British, has said:

"It is rarely so important a factor in the attack or defense of a coast line—of a sea frontier—is concentrated in a single position, and the circumstance renders it doubly imperative upon us to secure it, if we righteously can."

The other nations of the Old World have long since seen the strategic importance of the Hawaiian Islands, and have more than once attempted to seize them. Twice have foreign flags been raised over them, and one nation at least—our old, inveterate, hereditary foe, our only one—has made strenuous though futile attempts to gain possession of them. No clear-minded American can doubt for a moment that had it not been for the firm attitude of our government in the matter England would have long since landed troops at Honolulu "to preserve order," and would have been busily engaged in "preserving" it at this present moment—the kind of preservation, for instance, that builds fortresses, establishes barracks, organizes armies of occupation and strews the harbor entrances with torpedoes and mines. If, then, Hawaii would be such an important acquisition for England, why should it not be equally so for us?

C. F. N.

There are few harder lots in life than that of royalty unendowed with wealth. The pauper princess, the Infanta Isabella, who died last month in Paris, was a striking case in point. She was a sister of the present King-Grandfather of Spain, a niece of Ferdinand VII, and a granddaughter on the maternal side of Francis II, King of Naples. The late Infanta made a runaway match in 1841 with the Polish Count Gurowsky, who died ten years ago, and in her time had been greatly considered in the highest circles of society in the French capital. Latterly she had been dependent on a small pension bestowed regularly by the King-Grandfather aforesaid, and lived in a pair of rooms over a courtyard near the Parc Monceau, served only by a femme de menage, who came in for two hours a day. Her only other visitor was a former lady of honor. The princess would walk out early in the morning, with a hood or broad-brimmed hat drawn well forward to conceal her face, doing her own marketing and carrying home her provisions in a small basket, with fancy knitting on the top to hide them. Her children made rich alliances, but troubled themselves little about her. Whenever they did spare her any of their funds she would bestow gifts on her numerous godchildren among the poor. She was always ready to stand godmother to any little one, and never lost an opportunity to attend a poor funeral. An apoplectic attack finally ended her existence. When the seizure took place she was entirely alone, and was found, some time after death had taken place, by her femme de menage.

WILDCAT CREEK

RUSSIAN RIVER

SALMON-TROUT FISHING NEAR DUNCAN S MILLS

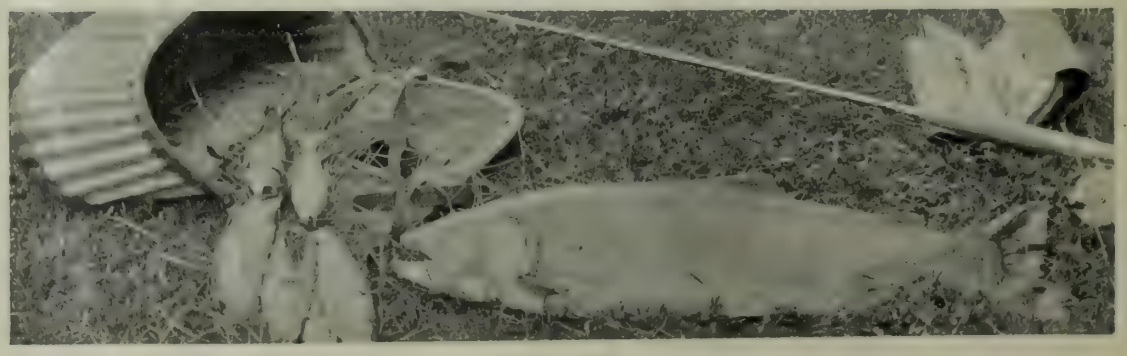
WALTON POOL RUSSIAN RIVER

PLUTUS RIVER CANYON

THE START

NEAR POINT REYES

PIETA CREEK



THE FINISH

## WHERE ANGLERS ANGLE

Photos by W. J. Street and Charles Weidner

# His Wife's Son.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARCEL L'HEUREUX

It was at Cannes that Pierre Geliot first met the adorably little Marquise de Ronieres, whose divorce had made so much stir some two years before. The husband had not only won the suit, but was also allowed the custody of the child. However, the Marquise had innumerable champions, who did not hesitate to declare that she had been the victim of an odious conspiracy. After the trial she retired from the world, living alone, and visible only to her most intimate friends. It was one of these who brought Geliot to call. Marthe de Ronieres was at that time eight and twenty years of age, and possessed a delicate, melancholy beauty. Pierre at once fell in love with her—eperdument. His was one of those nervous, highly organized natures with whom love is a mild hysteria, and all his youth he had been subject to crises of passion. His affection for Marthe seemed to be his grand affaire, and, in fact, though his Catholic conscience gave him many a twinge on the subject, the two were at length married. It was a strange marriage — the union of two such temperaments was in itself an augur of evil to follow.

Nevertheless their married life seemed to give the lie to the gloomy predictions of their mutual friends, and for two years Marthe and Pierre were genuinely happy. A child was born — a delicious pink little gamin, who came suddenly into their lives like some new kind of sunlight. But, unfortunately, though they had left the Past behind them, it was there, nevertheless, waiting and watching its opportunity to destroy this frail card house of their happiness.

* * * * * * *

Last summer at the seaside, the hazard of the dining-room, with brutal unconcern of consequences, brought face to face Pierre and Marthe and the Marquis of Ronieres and his little son. Then, in that banale eating-room, in the midst of a clatter of conversation and the hurrying of waiters, occurred one of those secret dramas of life, all the more poignant because the actors must perforce repress their feelings, suffering in solitude with the hidden shame of their grief and with humiliating knowledge that the heart of each is known to the others as an open book.

At the sight of her first husband Madame Geliot was shocked almost to the point of fainting. Throughout a period of ten years she had not heard either of him or of his son—her son—and now, suddenly from out the calmness and placidity of her life, occurred this sudden resurrection. And also must she hold herself against the maternal instinct that drew her sharply to her little son—her other dearer little first son, who had long since forgotten her.

The two husbands furtively observed each other, hating one another at first sight, moved by an unreasoned instinct. Ronieres affected a lofty indifference, and a stolidity he was far from feeling, while Geliot betrayed his agitation by a sudden restlessness — a movement of the finer muscles of the face and a quantity of nervous and erratic gestures which he found as impossible to control as the twitchings of Saint Vitus. And the drama of this lamentable scene was made still more poignant by the presence of the two little children unconsciously exchanging smiles and coquettries with one another across the table.

* * * * * * *

That same evening M. and Madame Geliot went back to Paris. Not a word was even spoken between them of the dreadful scene in the hotel dining-room, but merely by the glances exchanged between them they knew that their happiness was at an end — that hereafter the Past would stand between them, killing their mutual confidence and poisoning their lives.

By far the bitterest jealousy is that which is jealous of the past—that has nothing tangible to work upon—that fights the air in the dark!

How often, in the first months of their marriage, had Pierre Geliot felt its spur! But in the end time had done its work. He did not know the Marquis de Ronieres, had never seen the son of his wife. By means of her tact and the delicacy of her affection for Pierre, Marthe had put from them both that menacing period of her life. Then their child had been born and the last tie between the present and the past seemed to have been broken. Life spread out before them fresh and new and smiling. And now the merest chance — stupid and evil chance—had all at once quickened this past they believed forever dead.

From this time on a sombre process began to take place in the mind of Pierre Geliot. His memory, abnormally active, and his imagination, abnormally vivid, had carried away from the hotel dining-room not only the general impression of the scene, but also its most trivial details. At will Geliot fancied he could recall it all with the distinctness of a photograph, especially the pale and impassive face of the Marquis, with his blonde beard and his eyes of a hard, cold blue, and he could picture to himself his wife's son, blonde and pale like his father. The resemblance was striking. At once he found himself comparing the physiognomy of Ronieres with that of his own son, who also was blonde, who also was pale, who also had cold blue eyes. His own son strongly resembled that of the Marquis, and abruptly the logical conclusion to be drawn from the resemblance, gripped upon him, brutally, fiercely, resistlessly.

Pierre would have fled from the horrible idea, but in vain. He studied his son closely. The likeness was certain — undeniable — and the miserable man told himself that, no doubt, Ronieres had also perceived the likeness, and that, no doubt, his amour propre had thrilled with joy and satisfaction at the thought.

Given the naturally nervous temperament of Pierre Geliot, it is easy to understand and imagine the disorders that were the outcome of his fancied discovery. The idea of this fatal resemblance tortured him in his love, in his pride, and in every quality of his nature. It became firmly established in his brain, undermined his reason, overturned his intelligence. The progress of the moral disease was not slow. Every day Pierre loosened his grip upon his wits. Even by his attitudes and gestures one could see that he was rapidly approaching a nervous crisis. He began to loathe his wife and child. More than once Marthe surprised him watching them with the expression of the deepest hatred in his eyes.

One day she tried to question him on his trouble. What was it that was so weighing upon his mind? What evil was this he was hiding from her? He looked at her an instant in silence, then, suddenly seized by an ungovernable fury, struck her and thrust roughly from him her little child, who had been clinging about her skirts. His little son fell, cutting his forehead on a projecting angle of the furniture. There was a spurt of blood, and Pierre, raising his voice in a lamentable cry, fled away, down the staircases of the house.

* * * * * * *

To-day, in the sanitarium where he is confined, the unhappy madman, by a singular shifting of indentity, believes himself to be the Marquis of Ronieres and implores his guardians to help him meet out vengeance upon this wretch Geliot, who has slain his son.

# AN IGNORANT CROESUS

## Barney Barnato's Queer Ways and Large Means.

Mysterious enough during his life time, now that Barney Barnato is dead and done for stories of him are springing up like a rank growth of weeds, and we have begun to know something about the man. In the first place his name appears to be not "Barney," but Barnett Isaac Barnato, and his parents poor folk, Hebrews, in the Whitechapel district of London, where also Barney lived till he went to find a fortune with half a dozen others, in South Africa in 1873. Almost his first impression of Cape Town was the sight of a large elderly gentleman, very portly, who wore three huge diamonds in his shirt front, and who was spoken of as the President of the Diamond Diggings. He spoke kindly and patronizingly to the raw little Jew boy from Whitechapel, and asked him what he did. "I am called Barney Barnato," said the other, "and I am going up to the diamond fields, where I hope to make a good deal of money." What follows is told in Barney's own language, for, Heaven save us, he has written and published his autobiography.

"A look of sympathy, almost of pity, suffused his face, as, placing his hand in a fatherly manner on my shoulder, he said:

" 'Go home again, my boy, for I have cleared that country of all the gems it contained,' and, looking at the sparkling brilliants which shone out from every possible part of him, I was almost convinced that his statement was true. I was too proud to let the tears of disappointment fall, and stood wondering what would be said to me if I returned home to admit that I had been on a wild goose chase; this was sufficient to make me adhere to my original intention, whatever the result might be, so I determined to go and book my seat on the coach which was leaving the next morning, lest anything else should occur to make me waver.

"This year—twenty-three years after my interview with him—I met in the market square at Johannesburg this same gentleman, who had cleared the country of all the gems it contained, and on my reminding him of the incident he asked:

" 'How did you discover the De Beers diamond mines and become a life Governor of the company?'

"I replied, 'By not taking your advice to go home again.' "

It was in some of his dealings with Rhodes, however—that colossus of Rhodes—that Barney's shrewdness came to naught. He was up against a bigger man than himself, and a cleverer, and the anecdote is happily illustrative of the fact that even the extraordinarily quick witted man is no match for one really great, even in trivial things (if indeed a bucketful of diamonds could be so classed.) Several years ago Barney's firm was a very large customer of the Beers for rough diamonds. Barney made Rhodes an offer for an unusually l quantity of stones en blue. After a moment's thou Rhodes answered:

"All right, Barney, you can have the diamonds on your own terms on one condition."

"And that is?" asked Barney.

"I'd like to see what no one has ever seen yet," said Rhodes, "a whole bucketful of diamonds; let's pour 'em all out into a bucket." It was done as Rhodes suggested, and afterwards the diamonds were photographed. The deal was consummated, and Barney, struck with the strangeness of Rhodes' conditions, asked why he had made them.

"Well, you see," answered Rhodes, "these diamonds have to be resorted into 160 different classifications, and it's going to take a long six weeks, at least. Meantime I've got an absolute command of the diamond market."

It was always well known that Barney, while he had a great admiration for Rhodes financially, opposed his political schemes, and always set his face resolutely against the land-grabbing and aggrandizement to which Rhodes was so partial. As long ago as 1887, on the occasion of the sale of the Kimberley mine, this opposition of Barney's was always a feature in Rhodes' movements. When the transfer was made Alfred Beit, Rhodes and Barnato came together at the Grand Hotel, Kimberley. Each had a concession he wished to ask of the others. Those of Barney and Alfred Beit have long since been forgotten. That of Rhodes was one of the causes of the Uitlander insurrection.

"I want the power," said he, "to carry out the expansion here and in the Transvaal, and I want the company to back me up."

"Never! Never!" cried Barney, with great energy, and until 3 o'clock that morning the discussion was carried on angrily chiefly between Rhodes and Barney. Beit had but little to say, and said it in favor of Rhodes. At last Barney exclaimed impatiently:

"Well, Cecil, some people fancy this and some fancy that, and if you must be amused at empire-building. I suppose I'll have to humor you." The check was signed that night, and for years after its fac simile was sold as a souvenir in the Kimberley shops. It was for $5,500,000.

While he was a tenant of Spencer House, Barney's wife gave birth to a son, whom Barney promptly named after the Derby winner of that year. In honor of the occasion Barney proposed giving his wife a triple necklace of diamonds. When the jeweler called with the necklace, Barney opened the door himself, with the remark that although he had seventeen servants he could not that day get one of them to answer the door bell. Chevalier, the famous coster-monger singer, was present at the moment, and Barney showed him the necklace.

"Say," said Barney, "what do you think of these? Do you think they'll do? I wonder if we shouldn't get Mrs. Barnato something nicer."

"Yes, you might," answered Chevalier, throwing the necklace across the table; "But, I say, Barney, wouldn't this do for the baby to play with?"

A grand spectacle of chess with living pieces was recently enacted in the city of Prague in the presence of 5,000 spectators. The extent of the "chessboard" was 2,500 square metres (about three-fifths of an acre), and the "pieces" numbered 300, with 20 horses. The subject was the victory of the Bohemian King George Podebrad over the Hungarian King Mathias Corvinus in 1469. A similar performance was given in Prague on the occasion of the Ethnological Exhibition in 1895.

Highest single-night receipts at the Paris theaters bring together a curious list of plays. The Grand Opera's record breaker was "Tannhauser," 22,981 francs; at the Porte Saint Martin it was the mystery "La Passion," 13,012 francs; at the Opera Comique, the opera "Don Juan," 9,234 francs; at the Amedie Francaise Moliere's "Les Femmes Savantes," and "M. de Pourceaugnac," 8,825 francs.

A new view of the Crater of Mauna Loa, the great volcano of the Hawaiian Islands
Made recently by the Davie Photo Co. of Honolulu

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The eminent Bryan has come and gone and has left us disillusionized. This is not the first city he has disappointed, nor will it be the last. The Popocratic candidate for President is neither the orator his followers depict him nor the magnetic statesman the "Exanimer" would have us believe. Force, he has, and confidence and a voice that carries over a vast area, but neither subtelty nor intelligence nor a sense of the character of his audience. We have orators of our own in San Francisco whose vocal and verbal attainments make a high standard by which to measure our visitors. As one critic observed, after listening wearily to Bryan's speech. "Heavens, but they are great speakers!" "Who?" inquired the friend to whom he had made the observation. "Why, General Barnes and John P. Irish, of course. This man is not worthy to unloose their shoestrings." That is really the current verdict on Bryan. Though the Pavilion at Woodward's Garden was jammed and crowded, the audience did not remain for the climax of the Popocrat's oratory. After the first few opening sentences the multitude began to stream through the doors just as it did out of the Madison Square Garden in New York when Bryan spoke there. There is nothing in the matter of the speech to arrest the mind, and there are so many extraordinary misstatements and exaggerations that the intellect is up in arms in protest. Yet it is easy to understand his success in certain environments. He has a rough but vivid enthusiasm which cannot but appeal to the masses. Indeed, it has been observed, with more truth than tenderness, possibly, that no man in the world is so admirably constituted as Bryan to talk to a hod-carrier.

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The excursion of the great man through California has created a pleasing crop of dissensions among the Democratic leaders. There was tremendous competition for the honor of clinging to Bryan's toes, and those who for the honor of clinging to Bryan's toes, and those who captured a number were regarded with envious glances by their colleagues. This jealousy is liable to express itself sooner or later in the councils of the party and will not aid in the cause of harmony. Otherwise what need be thought of a man who makes his campaign three years before election? It is reasonable to believe that he who campaigns in an off year will never be called on for orating when the issue is nigh.

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A rumor has been going the rounds of the town within the last week, that seems at last to have crystalized into a fact. It relates to the founding and organization of a new club. What the name of the association is to be has not yet been announced, and in all probability its members have not yet decided upon it. It will be inaugurated soon after the Spreckels building is finished. That the opening of the club should depend upon the completion of the structure is due to the fact that its members have been negotiating for quarters upon the very top floor of the huge white tower. It is also that the new club is an off-shoot from the Pacific Union, and is largely made up of the disappointed in the ranks of that institution, reinforced by a fair sprinkling from the Bohemian and University. The moving spirits of the scheme have certainly shown excellent judgment in the selection of an abiding place. It would be hard to imagine more delightful apartments. The new institution is to be a lunch club primarily, and while located in the very heart of the business quarter is at the same time far removed from the dust and noise of the city's streets. Besides, fancy the view to be had from the windows while at lunch! It is understood that a special elevator is to be run for the benefit of the lunch clubmen, a "through" elevator, that does not stop at way stations, not even upon signal.

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Apropos of clubs, Uncle George Bromley, dear old Uncle George, the famous old Bohemian known and loved wherever the Bohemian Club is spoken of—and Heaven knows that is widely enough—has delivered himself of another "mot," which has already obtained a wide circulation in clubdom. It is Uncle George's custom to put in an appearance at the club about an hour after breakfast and take a little nap over his morning paper. Uncle George, as everybody knows, is very nearly 80 years old, though in Bohemia he is called the oldest young man that ever lived. One morning last week a certain member of the club discovered him in his accustomed place just waking from his wonted nap, and bade him a very good morning, at the same time asking him what was interesting in the morning's paper. "Nothing; nothing much," responded Uncle George. "But you know, my dear young sir, I never look at the headlines of one of our daily journals without a certain feeling of apprehension lest I should see in great scareheads, something like this: 'Gone to His Last Jinks. Another Old Bohemian Laid to Rest. Uncle George Bromley, of the Bohemian Club, Passes Quietly Away.'"

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To William P. Sullivan belongs the honor of bringing off the successful and dignified Fourth of July celebration that San Francisco assisted at on Monday last. The affair differed from its predecessors not only in magnitude but also in arangement. But few civil organizations paraded, so the procession was comparatively brief, though brilliantly uniformed. Otherwise there were neither scandals nor quarrels, and we will miss for once that aftermath of bickering and accusations which seem the inevitable climax of a celebration in San Francisco. Of course, it is proper that the great holiday be fittingly solemnized, and after seeing the last procession one cannot but realize how much more appropriately this is done by soldiers in uniform than by citizens masquerading in military costume. The precision and dash of the men who walked the cobbles Monday last was a fine contrast to the clumsy and footweary air which our citizens are accustomed to wear when necessity or the order of some grand comander or another condemns them to march. Colonel Sulivan, who arranged the events of the day, is well known in military circles, and has a fine quality of executive ability which he has ample chance of exercising in his present role—that of Mayor's secretary.

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Colonel Dan Burns has reason to believe the kind fate by whose ministrations he became wealthy has not abandoned the good cause of his fortune. The news he brings back from Candelaria indicates the discovery of three new ore bodies in the great mine and also a change in its character. The Candelaria has long been known as a silver mine, yet the latest developments have brought out rock which is sixty per cent gold. This means greater dividends to Colonel Burns and his associates, and, doubtless, better horses for Burns & Waterhouse. It seems that the Candelaria is a mountain four thousand feet high, and ...e tunnels and shafts have not yet defined the limits of the ore body. The latest manifestations and the extent of the good rock available make it one of the world's great mines well worth a trip to Mexico to see.

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They have been examining certain ablebodied persons who have been admitted to the Force in Oakland on subjects connected with their future profession. Don't imagine civil service rules the municipality across the bay, because it does not, though it obtains in office the services of better men than this city can with all its resources. This, then, was not a civil service exam., but merely a brief drill as to matters which every man, and particularly every policeman, is supposed to know. The answers elicited were, in several instances, delicious. One sturdy fellow, asked to define homicide, replied: "That's suicide committed at home." Another deserving would-be guardian of the peace thought that committing a nuisance meant "getting together and having a good time." A third replied, when asked what manslaughter meant, "Oh, that's killing your brother in self-defense."

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Probably the most popular and successful feature of the programme of the Christian Endeavor Convention was the grand concert and chorus that opened the exercises. It was a new departure and sets the pace for future conventions. The customary simple anthems were replaced by music of the highest order rendered with the greatest precision by an immense chorus of two thousand voices. The success of this concert was due to Mr. A. M. Denham, who has had some thirty-six years' experience as a conductor. He is a student of the Normal Music School of New York, and a pupil of the famous Italian master and composer, Carl Bassini and Signor Hensler. He has conducted choruses in Indianapolis and Minnesota, and for the past seventeen years has been director of the large choruse choir of the First Congregational Church in Oakland. He has visited all the musical centers of Europe, and, taken all in all, is one of the ablest conductors in the United States.

BOSWELL JR.

Henry K. Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," is the most remarkable of Polish writers. He has a striking personality and a wonderful capacity for work, preferring it to social attention and public notoriety. His great novel, "Quo Vadis," the scene of which is set in Rome during Nero's time, was originally published in serial form in the leading daily paper of Poland. Since then it has been translated in several languages, including English, and has become one of the most widely read books of the day. The exact local color so noticeable in "Quo Vadis," is the result of the author's close study of the localities mentioned in the novel. Mr. Sienkiewicz is as familiar with Rome as was Nero, and knows every natural phase of the scenes among which his characters move. He has already given much attention to the American girl, having made her the heroine of a number of short stories.

In his home life the novelist is particularly happy. He has several sons, whose education he is personally supervising, taking much pleasure and pride in their achievements, much more than in his own successes. He passes the summer with his family in the Karpathians, and generally winters in Rome, where one of the leading Cardinals is his intimate friend. He is also intimate with the several Polish artists in the eternal city.

Colonel Smolenski, the Greek commander, is endowed with great physical courage, as well as military wisdom. It is related of him that a few years ago he had to visit Germany for the purpose of undergoing a severe surgical operation. The doctors were proceeding to administer an anaesthetic, but Smolenski would have none of it. "Chloroform," he exclaimed, "is only fit for women," and while the knife was being used he said: "Go on gentlemen!" as coolly as though he were a mere spectator.

Sir Samuel Bancroft, the celebrated English actor, realizes a life-long ambition in receiving the jubilee honor of knighthood. Sir Samuel's stage work is more of the past than of to-day, and it said that several of the younger men, now in the vigor of their power, consider themselves overlooked, noticeably Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and it is even whispered that Mr. Wilson Barett thinks he has claims to consideration as an actor.

*LISTENING TO THE ORATOR OF THE SILVER TONGUE*

William Jennings Bryan spoke at Central Park on Wednesday of this week to the largest crowd ever assembled within the precincts of San Francisco

COMMITTEE AWAITING ARRIVALS AT THE FERRY

INTERIOR OF THE PAVILION

RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT HEADQUARTERS

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS FROM ARMENIA

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS

THE HOSPITAL WARD

THE IMPEDIMENTA OF THE ARMY

FEATURES OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT THE MECHANICS PAVILION

*THE GREAT CONCERT AT MECHANICS PAVILION*

*AT WHICH A CHOIR OF TWO THOUSAND VOICES RENDERED CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS*

From a flashlight by Bushnell

## THE INVASION OF ENDEAVOR

### Disposition of the Army A Somewhat Nearer View of the Soldiers.

San Francisco is in the throes of a Christian Endeavor Convention. The city of the Golden gate is appareled in purple and gold, the streets flutter with purple and gold streamers, purple and gold hangings frame the porticos of churches, banks and clothing stores. An arch—the familiar old arch of many a previous convention—spans Market street, and the result is an air of festivity that harmonizes splendidly with the blue skies and the golden sunlight of a California July. It is not for nothing that San Francisco has gone in so lavishly for gala attire. The crowd of strangers it is entertaining is the largest that has ever slept within its gates. It is also the most religious. For the first time in its history it has a great moral show on, and San Francisco—which the experts call the wickedest city in the world (except Port Said, perhaps)—has risen gloriously to the occasion. Yes, it has done greater honor to the visitors than Christian Endeavorers have ever before had paid them at convention times. Despite its reputation the guests must take home wtih them a brilliant impression of the city of the Golden Gate. The fine air of respectability it wears must awaken in their minds a reasonable doubt—an idea that, after all, "Frisco" may not be as black as its journals paint it. Indeed, the whole affair looks very well for the wickedest town on earth. Virtue, like beauty, is often in the eye of the beholder, and the delegates are all declaring their satisfaction over the arrangements, for their comfort and housing, for the good time given them, for the big concert and the good fellowship and all the other things so hospitably arranged for their benefit.

The Christian Endeavorers have invaded the city 30,000 strong like an army with banners flying; 30,000 pairs of shoes are wearing down the pavements; 30,000 voices are asking directions and all manner of unanswerable questions, and 30,000 purses are being emptied—slowly and carefully, of course—in stores, shops and hotels of Market and Kearny streets. Did you ever stop and think of how much money the Endeavorers will leave in San Francisco. At the very lowest estimate $1.50 is the amount per capita that will be spent daily, so that 30,000 people spending $1.50 per day for seven days is $315,,000. Now that's a good big round sum to be set a-rolling through the highways and byways of this burg, and it's the proverbial "conservative estimate"—half a million is probably nearer the figure. And besides this the influence of such a throng must be taken into the consideration. Of course a great many people poke fun at the Endeavorers, and perhaps there are fissures in their armor, but to say the very least, their interests are identical with those of law and order and progress and morality, and, on the whole, it's a mighty good thing for the city that they are here.

If you don't agree with this, why just supose that instead of Christian Endeavorers this host was composed of sports—you might talk about "influence" then.

It is really a sight to see the installments of the 30,000 coming into the city. Hardly an hour passes but that one of the seventy-two trains that are at work on the transportation problem does not halt panting on the Oakland mole and vomit forth its contingent and swell the throng of those already arrived. They travel for the most part in groups, these Endeavorers, a couple or more families going it together. The fathers in the lead with the heavier parcels and valises preoccupied and excited over the matter of cars and cabs and express wagons, the women folk behind them with the canes and umbrellas and children. You will see them passed on from one white-capped reception aid to another, finally to be lodged on the front of a Market street car, when they take a moment's breath and look about them.

There are not merely scores of these groups—these family parties—there are not merely hundreds; there are thousands and thousands of them, and as you stand at the foot of Market street and watch the crowd at the ferry exits growing bigger and bigger and yet bigger with every moment, broadening and widening like the overflow of a gigantic dam, you wonder how in heaven's name the city is going to take care of them. But the way these "good people" are being handled and managed by the local branch is really astonishing. That Reception Committee, for instance—the white caps. There are nine hundred of them altogether, two hundred in Sacramento to meet the trains from the East and North, two hundred at Fresno for the Southern trains, two hundred at

*A. M. BENHAM*

Chairman Music Committee Christian Endeavor

Oakland, and the balance here in the city. These "white caps" were an excellent idea. You can pick them out in a crowd at once, and the people who wear them are a tremendous help to the visiting stranger. They tell where, when and how to register, where to go, what to do when he gets there, what hotels to stop at, when to get there and everything else that is worth knowing. Most of the delegations have ordered their matters very carefuly. The Pennsylvania delegation, for instance, came as a body (1,000 strong) and had their advance agents out here nearly two months ago making preparations, engaging three hotels entire and establishing a headquarters—at the Palace it is. Many other delegations have done the same thing. Each State has its headquarters, besides the general convention headquarters at the Pavilion.

The whole affair is really extraordinarily well managed. Whoever has been the moving spirit in the matter could be General of an army—or even a circus manager. At the Pavilion now there is every kind of branch office that is necessary. There are branch newspaper offices, branch postoffices, branch laundries, branch telegraph offices and telephone offices. The whole business and machinery of the convention can be carried on right there as if in the conning tower of a mammoth war vessel.

There is only one feature of the crowd that is at all open to unfavorable comment. One sometimes wishes that so many of the C. E. girls wouldn't wear glasses, and one would like to see a few waists among them. One could also desire that there were more young men in the number who did not dress in black diagonal cutaway coats, pique four-in-hands and striped "blue" trousers. The girls, though, impress one as quite different from the California type. We are used to the big, good-natured girl. Just a trifle indolent and particularly well dressed, almost Parisian in the smartness of her trappings. The type of girl that appears with the Endeavorers is different. She does not consider dress as of paramount importance; she is energetic and active, and she is smally built and practical, and not to be imposed upon one single bit. If she could only discard her spectacles she might be pretty, and one could forget she had too much waist.

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The author of "The Descendant" is a remarkable young woman with a most unusual intellectual capacity. Her name is Ellen Glascow, she is only twenty-two years old, has keen brown eyes, chestnut hair, diminutive hands and feet and lives in an old gray colonial house in Richmond, Virginia. Miss Glascow is to a great extent self-educated. She did not go to school as a child owing to physical frailty, and save a little help from older sisters pursued her educational way unaided. At the age of ten she had read all of Scott's works, Hugo's "Les Miserables" and any book with a story to it she could lay hands on, and as her family was a bookish one she was well able to gratify her desires. At the age of sixteen her mind found its natural bent, and her studies from that time on were wholly scientific and political, so much so that she has rigidly followed in the way of Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy and has studied the works of Darwin, Mill, Huxley, Hackel, Lubbock, Lyell, Romanes, Moleschott, Weissmann, Laing and Grant Allen—a startling array for a young woman of twenty-two. Miss Glascow's studies are history and natural law, and man's real life, development or failure is what she cares to read about. Although Miss Glascow had written ever since she was able to hold a pen, she had published nothing save a short story called "A Woman of To-morrow." "The Descendant" was written in secrecy, partially in her bedroom and in the family sitting-room, as she had nowhere else to work, and here she was tried with many interruptions; but her labor was rewarded, for the very first deliberate acknowledgment she received for her book's success was the assignment by her father of a small, quiet room in the second story for her literary work, and in its peaceful seclusion, surrounded by books on science and political economy and walls covered with photographs brought from Europe last summer, the young authoress may write in quiet.

The depth and value of Miss Glascow's novel may be gauged pretty well by the amount of discussion it has occasioned. The deep research the author has made in science and politics, in the great run of natural law, necessarily makes it of much import in questions of the moment. Miss Glascow is now at work upon another novel of broader scope than "The Descendant," in which the hero is a young scientist and the heroine a most bewitching personality.

## A BICYCLE GYMKHANA

### How Leander Proposed to Vary the Meets of the Whirligig Club.

Leander sat down suddenly on my bench in the Park, where I had been listening to the music, and pushed his hat back. There was an agitation in his manner that betrayed intense excitement.

"Say, Just', I've got an idea."

"It's astonishing."

"You bet it is—I mean the idea, you fool."

"Oh."

"Listen here. I know you think I'm crazy about—"

"The head?"

"No, no. About wheels, by—"

"Same thing."

"Oh, well, if you won't listen."

"Go on, go on."

"Well, you know, that wheel club of ours; we call it the Whirligig Club, and we've been taking fortnightly whirls for the last year or so, and we're all dead sick and tired of it. That's all we can think of doing. We ride in the hot sun all day and drink beer en route and get up the next morning feeling like 30 cents, and—well you know how it is."

"I don't either."

"You said you wouldn't interrupt; wait till I unfold this idea. Now you know there's a girl's club around the corner from our quarters. They call themselves the Ixions, or some other fool name, but we've nicknamed 'em the 'Mary-Go-Rounds;' capital josh name, isn't it, now, for a girls' bike club? 'Mary-Go-Rounds;' I invented the name. Well, there's a scheme on foot to get up some kind of a joint entertainment—sort of a moonlight ride—a fly-by-night. The same kind of old thing we're sick and tired of. Well, now, I'm going to propose to the 'Mary-Go-Rounds'—"

"Which one?"

"Oh, get out. I'm going to propose that we all have a—what do you call it?—a gin—a gin—"

"Fizz?"

"No, a gym—gym—something or other. Some kind of a do-funny with an Indian name; see it in Kipling's stories."

"Oh, a gymkhana."

"Right you are. Yesir, a bicycle gymkhana. We and the girls get together and, oh, do all sorts of things; we—"

"You needn't wait for a gymkhana for that, you know."

"Just', you're horribly indelicate. I mean, mean—now, listen: we get a big building. The Mechanics' Pavilion would do, and have all sorts of events on bikes, potato races, hurdle races, lancers, obstacle races, slow races, and then, oh, yes, we'd wear—well, to begin with: First would come a sort of a march around. We'd all wear white duck trousers, and—"

"Leander! ! Talk about 'horrible inuelicacy!' Really I can't listen to this."

"No, no. We wouldn't wear 'em; we—"

"Good bye; sir, unhand me—"

"Oh shucks! I mean, of course, the Whirligigs would wear white duck trousers and caps, and red stockings, and the Mary-Go-Rounds would wear white duck skirts, and—and—and red stockings."

"Silk?"

"How do I know? Say, it would look out of sight; that march around would be a kind of musical ride; we'd go around the hall once, then down the center in twos, then down again in fours, then eight in a row, and then sixteen straight across. There'll be just sixteen of us, you know; eight men and eight girls. Then the girls would start from one corner and the men from the corner opposite and cross each other in the middle of the hall, forming a letter X—(frantic applause from the gallery.) The next event would be a potato race for three Whirligigs and three Mary-Go-Rounds. You see a girl can mount so much quicker than a man that the Mary-Go-Rounds would stand a good show of winning. Then we'd have a little funny business; a fellow would come out and do a clown act perhaps."

"Oh, I see. Leander, it's a shame, you're getting up this affair just to have a chance to show yourself off in some specialty."

"Oh, dry up. Say, and then we could introduce the winding of a Maypole by twelve little girls in white dresses, their wheels all bedecked with white roses—"

"Their wheels—what, with white roses?"

"Well, fixed up, you know. Then we could have an obstacle race; we'd put a couple of hurdles across the hall and the competitors would ride down the hall, dismount, lift their wheels over the hurdle, mount again, ditto with the next hurdle, eat a cracker at the far end of the hall, drink a glass of beer—"

"Beer for the Mary-Go-Rounds?"

"Well, lemonade, if you insist, and return as they came and make a circuit of the hall. Next would come a lancers, and after that a thread and needle race. The Mary-Go-Rounds would ride down the hall, present each of the Whirligigs with a thread and needle, and wait while he threads it; when he's done that she rides back again, and the first one in wins."

"Of course."

"Well, not always, 'cause I'm going to have a race where the last one in wins."

"Again for your 'special benefit.' "

"Say, I won't stand your guying me all the time; even the worm will turn, you know. No, this race is for the one who can go the slowest on a wheel without falling off. And, then—oh, but say, this would be the event of the evening. We'd have ring riding. The contestants one by one would ride down the hall at full speed, with a long spear in their hands and try to catch a ring on the point of the spear as they go by—and then—then—then—well," exclaimed Leander, drawing a long breath, "that's as far as I've got yet. Say, what do you think of the idea?"

"Leander," said I, "you've got a head between your shoulders, beyond any doubt, and if there are wheels in it they constantly do turn to some purpose. The bicycle gym khana is a novel and fetching idea, and some of the clubs here certainly ought to try it on.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

## JUBILEE JARS

### The Sorrows of Citizens Whom Salisbury Refused to Make Noblemen.

Now that the Jubilee is a thing of the past, men are sitting down—specially in the London clubs—counting the cost and criticising the deportment of those in high place, and the one thing that rankles most, that sticks in the obstinate British crop is the briefness of Salisbury's honor list, i. e., the names of those preferred for knighthood and the like. Now on New Year's day or the birthday there is quite a little column of these, and all sorts of well-deserving men go about the world thereafter with handles on their front names and are very proud. But on this Jubilee occasion, quite the greatest week in the history of England, when if there ever was a chance to do the magnificent, the Marquis of Salisbury set forth the meanest, stingiest, most abbreviated honor list of the century. Men were promoted on strictly partisan lines by this noble Marquis, and grudgingly promoted even at that. Salisbury has made many a weak error and many a blunder in his administration, but never has he shown himself quite so little, quite so small and petty as in this promotion business. Think of passing over the Chairman of the County Council because he was a Radical! He—this Salisbury man—had a golden opportunity to make a splendid and dignified mark upon the passing pageant of the Jubilee and made a dirty little blot instead. The world has often had occasion to wonder whether Salisbury was a really great man or whether he actually fitted into Bismarck's contemptuous appellation of him. His niggling partisan jealousy in the knighthood promotions will go far to allay that doubt, and the day is perhaps not far distant when Salisbury will be known and acknowledged as a lath painted to imitate iron.

But the most amusing thing about this Jubilee business is the fact that the English have suddenly awakened to the fact that the Queen was pretty. Now, really, in all seriousness, it won't do; that sort of thing won't do; it's too downright bad, you know, to expect the world to swallow such a pill. The English may tell us (the poor miserable rest of us that have no part in the Jubilee and must be contented with our poor little Fourths and Fourteenths of July)—may tell the rest of us that dear old Mrs. Wettin is good and virtuous, but that she is pretty, that she has "lovely sapphire eyes," that her expression is "one of majesty, pride and tenderness," that she was the "belle of the occasion." Oh, come now—I say! Really, you know, it won't do.

By the way, the Orleanists were rather sharply turned down by dear, old Mrs. Wettin. She is related to all that family, and they were counting on special invitations and honors and all sorts of distinction which could be made into a beautiful advertising dodger for themselves and their royal claims. But England is rather friendly with the French Republic just now—apropos of contemplated arbitration treaties—and in the end they were all firmly shut out.

Another really important bit of news was the exclusion of Munir Pasha from the Jubilee procession. Munir Pasha is the Sultan's special envoy and a man of much mark and dignity. What was the surprise of London then to note that no place was allotted him in the line of march. Only the Sultan's aids were given a place. The thing in itself was important, but what made it of paramount interest was the fact that none of the London papers had anything to say about it the next morning. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from this surprising reticence. Beyond question the Foreign Office had requested that it be ignored, a request that gave the matter more notoriety than if it had been trumpted from the street corners.

But on the whole England is well satisfied with her Jubilee. She generally is with everything England does. What she is particularly proud of is that the affair was carried on by the people rather than by the Government. Private subscription paid for every yard of decoration, every point of illumination, paid even for the Poor dinner and for the transportation of the Colonial troops from their distant barracks to London.

In the course of her record reign Queen Victoria has seen six Archbishops of Canterbury, the same number at York, five Bishops of London, and every Episcopal See vacated at least twice, and many of them four or five times. Eleven Lord Chancellors have received the Great Seal at her hands. Ten Prime Ministers and six Speakers of the House of Commons have taken office during her reign, while she has survived every member of her first Privy Council, all those members of the House of Lords who sat there at her accession, and all the members of her first House of Commons, except Mr. Gladstone, Mr. C. P. Villiers, Mr. J. Temple Leader, and possibly one or two more.

The first set of the championship game: Whitney returning a swift drive from Hardy

Some of the spectators

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT THE HOTEL RAFAEL

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The glorious Fourth was celebrated at Del Monte very quietly and comfortably, but with the eclat which always characterizes festivities at the great caravansary. Never has the region looked lovelier than under the influence of the brilliant sunlight of the Nation's natal day. The gardens are glowing with flowers, and the air balmy with perfume and the scent of the pines and cypresses. An interesting set of people, composed quite largely of habitues of the Del Monte, passed the period from Saturday to Monday within the hospitable portals enjoying the music and the dance on Monday night, not to mention the elaborate menu set forth for the holiday dinner. Of course the conditions are changed at the hotel, whic is now being administered under the European plan, but thus far the innovation has proved a welcome relief, inasmuch as people order what they really require and no more, and the prices exacted are moderate. It is a fact that the average bills are below those of former years and the guests are satisfied.

Salmon fishing is the thing at Del Monte these days. The bay is full of fish and great catches are the rule. Both sexes indulge in the sport, which is much more exciting than tennis. There already begins to be heard talk of the annual "shoot" of the Country Club at Del Monte. It will be conducted under different auspices this year, and the indications suggest a satisfactory outing.

The Fourth of July hop at the Hotel Rafael established an unique precedent. It was a success—the first Fourth of July hop at the Rafael that ever was a success. Most hotel dances are distinguished for the degree of tedium they induce; in this both spectators and participants were interested. Of course there was the usual dado of onlookers round the ballroom, but for once the dancers were in a respectable majority. In addition to all this the affair was notable for the number of handsome women who figured at the festivity, and for the many smart gowns in which they were displayed. Indeed, save at the Cotillions, nothing more brilliant than certain of the "effects" is ever seen. Apart from the scenic value of the affair—and really that should not lightly be discounted—it had lots of swing to it and a certain real air of enjoyment, induced, doubtless, by the enthusiasm and excitement generated at the tennis match.

Among the most noticeable girls present were: Miss Gladie McFarland, the winer of the recent paper chase, who wore green and looked stunning; Miss Mary Belle Gwin, who has a reputation as a beauty; the Misses Oge, slender and graceful of form and charmingly pretty; Misses Minnie and Marguerite Jolliffe, Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Alice Adler. I remember also Miss Hunt and Miss Geisleman, who were beautifully gowned. Among the matrons Mrs. Churchill of Napa, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Crooks, Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. Tay, Mrs. Wilder of Honolulu, and Mrs. Fred Green were most conspicuous. Here, however, are some of the gowns they wore:

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels looked her best in a white chiffon waist and a heavy white corded silk skirt trimmed with narrow white satin ribbons. Mrs. Fred Green was in an elegant ball gown of blue silk, elaborately trimmed with rich lace. Mrs. Blethen-Sherwood was handsomely gowned with yellow satin trimmed with white seed pearls. Mrs. William Fries wore a light blue chiffon waist trimmed with white lace and embroidered in gold, and a skirt of heavy white and blue brocaded silk. Mrs. Charles Fox Tay looked exceedingly pretty in a white chiffon waist with a white crepe skirt. Mrs. Churchill of Napa wore a white satin gown with a bertha of rare old lace. Mrs. Sam Heller was in an imported gown of white embroidered lace over silk, with exceedingly delicate trimming of small beads and spangles. Miss Emily Hager looked extremely stylish in white satin tulle, the trimming consisting of artificial violets. Miss Mary Belle Gwin wore white organdie over green silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and green ribbons. Miss Julia Crocker wore a charming gown of pink Pompadour silk, the waist trimmed with white chiffon. Miss Alice Hager was in blue silk covered with white organdie, the skirt having several rows of narrow ruching of the same material. The Misses Oge wore organdies; one was in light green and her sister in delicate blue. Miss Kipp wore yellow satin, the waist covered with white chiffon, and Miss Mary Kipp wore light blue. Miss Jolliffe looked very sweet in white embroidered chiffon over white silk. Mrs. Bush wore black chiffon, Mrs. Paxton wore a beautiful confection of white satin and a fichu of old lace, and Mrs. Frank Johnson was in a charming gown of black and white silk.

It was quite a glorious Fourth they had at San Mateo. The town has just been formally incorporated with A. B. Ford as airman of the Board of Trustees, and the celebration commemorated not only the national holiday, but also the inauguration of the new municipality. Irving M. Scott delivered the oration, which was a vigorous piece of speech-making with lots of good sense, patriotism and information in it, as Mr. Scott's speeches always have. The townspeople turned out in force in their best bibs and tuckers and were reinforced by delegations from the countryside. At noon Colonel Fred Crocker had Mr. Scott and a number of other gentlemen who had assisted in the celebration to lunch at his new home, and later in the day the assemblage repaired to the Hobart racetrack, where they indulged in games of various kinds and degrees. It seems there had been some difficulty about obtaining a suitable place for the sports. A delegation of citizens had called on Alvinza Hayward and Mr. Corbett for the use of their racecourses to celebrate the day, but neither of these gentlemen responded. Walter Hobart, who was appealed to finally, cheerfully acquiesced in the idea and gave carte blanche to the projectors. A spacious dancing floor and band stand were erected, together with awnings to shade the spectators. The affair was well conducted, and a series of races were put through effectively. There were half-mile dashes, sack and potato races, trotting races and many other things. Burlingame and all the country houses had delegations out to see the fun. Among the spectators were innumerable pretty girls in white and light dresses, and they danced rapturously throughout the afternoon. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Hobart entertained a crowd of young people at dinner, and then drove them down to Menlo Park to attend the ball at the Ed Hopkins house.

It was a bit quiet at Burlingame over the Fourth, owing to the fact that so many people went to the festivities at Hobart's. It is interesting to learn that the Crocketts and Wilsons expect to move into their new homes next week, but the Kruttsnic villa will not be ready before August 1st.

It has really been much gayer at Menlo this season than at San Mateo. The Ed Hopkins have entertained a good deal, and their ball on Monday evening was quite the event of the summer season. Their house is admirably adapted for a big entertainment, inasmuch as all the rooms of the lower floor open into one another, so that there is lots of space for the dancers. A very fine supper was served, and later in the evening there were fireworks to give the proper national flavor to the occasion. The Eyres had a big luncheon party on the Fourth at San Mateo, and the Parrotts had their usual firework display.

Between the latest scandal and the Christian Endeavorers, the dailies missed recording the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson last week. Mrs. Anderson was formally Miss Perkins of Boston, and quite the richest heiress in the United States, as she inherited twenty millions from her father and will have twenty millions more from her mothers, whose only daughter she is. Lars Anderson was Secretary of the American Legation at Rome at the time of their engagement, and is a member of a prominent Ohioan family. The bride is rather petite of figure, dark, and decidedly pretty. She is well educated and quite Bostonian in manner. She and her husband are traveling very comfortably, but without any affectation of style, and instead of making the world's tour in a private yacht, as they are abundantly able to do, they prefer touring around by the ordinary land and ocean conveyances. While in San Francisco they kept very much to themselves, but were entertained at a small dinner by Major and Mrs. Rathbone, who are old friends of both the Andersons and the Perkins.

Among the distinguished arrivals of the week was Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who is accompanied here by her niece, Miss Apperson. After a few days at the Palace Mrs. Hearst went up to her beautiful Spanish villa at Livermore.

Decidedly the week has been gay at San Rafael. A variety of dinners, dances and picnics have been given. Bicycle parties have been an incident; luncheons at Fairfax were details. Miss Ella Goodall had a dance Saturday night at her temporary abiding place in Ross Valley—a smart affair, by the way, and followed the next day by a coaching party in which the same set participated, Mr. Will Powning's coach officiating. Then, the Babcocks had a dinner Friday night, Mrs. Warfield gave an elaborate dinner to Madame Barrios the same evening at the afael, Milton Latham escorted a party of young people to the beautiful grounds of the Miramonte Country Club Sunday. On the night of the Fourth there were several displays of fireworks around San Rafael, besides a very jolly vaudeville entertainment at the Page Camp. All this without a word for sundry minor dinner and supper parties at the Rafael and the great and only tennis tournament.

Though Madame Barrios has participated but slightly in the festivities at the Hotel Rafael, she has done a good deal of entertaining herself, and has reason to be thankful for the degree of health her stay there has gained for her. The dinner given in her honor by Mrs. Warfield was an elaborate affair—served in the private dining-room. A charmingly decorated table and some admirable wines were among the notable features of the entertainment. After dinner coffee was served in the tower-house, and then Mrs. Paxton sang a variety of songs very charmingly.

Out of Oakland there cometh precious little this week, except the gossip of far away festivities in which Oaklanders have taken part. This is but the happening of the expected, however. The citizens and citizenesses of the Alameda beau monde are scattered by mountain stream and sea and presumably are having a brilliant, hot time of it wherever they are. In a small way things have occurred, just, I suppose, to counteract the current impression that the county is deserted. For instance, there was a surprise party given to Mrs. Mary Partridge on Saturday evening, by the Oakleaf Chapter at the Scottish Rite Hall, in honor of her birthday. There must have been fifty of her friends present, and they were entertained with music and other forms of Christian Endeavor. Then Mrs. Howard Bray had a ragtag party, at which the guests appeared in most unique costumes. The host figured as the tamale man, "Prince Morocco." Miss Sinclair was disguised as a gypsy girl, lost, strayed or stolen. Fred Vane figured as "Ole Oleson, and Miss King was the "Daughter of the Regiment." It was really a distracting combination of tatters and colors, and out of it all came a great deal of fun. Besides the clothes, they had dancing and music, and an excellent supper.

Camping excursions exercise considerable of a fascination on certain residents of East Oakland. Quite a jolly party left for Pescadero on Thursday of last week, returning on Tuesday. It was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Jordan and other members of the Jordan family, Miss Ida Lovett and Miss Grace Roberts, who borrowed for the occasion the large camping wagon of the Pringles, in which that adventurous family make their periodic trips into the country. This vehicle contains all the appliances for sleeping and eating, and its owners en route are magnificently independent of hotels and other resorts. The Jordans had a capital time of it and had an abundance of fun.

Among the many friends of Miss Grace Fisher, the clever Oakland girl who recently dared the dangers of the stage. There is due satisfaction over the hit she has made in New York. She figured as the younger sister in Madelaine Lucette Ryley's new play, "The Mysterious Mrs. Bogle." Another Oaklander, Mrs. Oliver Henshaw, formerly in the philosophic department of the State University, who has latterly passed a brilliant examination in Germany, is expected home on a visit to the Wilkinsons in Berkeley.

The daughters of the American Revolution have an organization in Oakland, and, as is proper in feminine societies, their meetings have several of the characteristics of a function. On Wednesday last at the home of Mrs. G. W. Percy there was a gathering of the charter members, when officers were appointed and various other arrangements made. Mrs. Percy is Regent, Mrs. Cornwall Vice-Regent, Mrs. W. H. Friend Registrar, Mrs. S. G. Smythe Recording Secretary, Miss Marguerite Knight Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Giles Gray Treasurer.

Fruitvale never looked more charming than at present, and there are those who declare its fascinations superior to all that San Rafael or San Mateo can offer. A very jolly little garden party was given there on Friday last at the home of Mrs. Charles Molder. It was in honor of Miss Peck of Milwaukee, who has been visiting Mrs. Alexander for the past few months.

There was a good deal of intellect in the party that set out last week for the McCloud River on a fishing excursion. It consisted of Senator Fred Stratton, Dr. McLean, President Martin Kellogg of the University, Professor Bradley and Lieutenant Greenleaf.

Quite a number of Oaklanders have located themselves for the summer at Sim Sothern's, which place seems to have developed quite a degree of popularity. Among others, the Goulds, Matthews, Nusbaumers, Glascocks and Edwards are there, and it is said the trout fishing is first rate. The climate and scenery are all that the most exacting could demand, which is saying a good deal.

## THE TENNIS CONTEST

### An Exciting Struggle for the Coast Championship.

During the latter part of last week throughout Sunday and, of course, on Monday, San Rafeal was given up to the tennis players. There were dozens of slender, cleancut youths around who dined sparingly and went to bed early, being in training for the tournament. The merits of the games played that resulted in the meeting of Whitney and Sam Hardy on Monday afternoon are a fitting subject for expert discourse, which the writer is not competent to give. But there is no denying the interest of the great match of the 4th—the game which took the championship from Hardy and vested it in Whitney. A select and fashionable audience witnessed the struggle and forgot to be self-conscious even, as it deepened in interest. It was quite the finest and most fiercely fought battle for the championship on record, and as a display of skill, determination and endurance was ahead of anything ever seen on the Rafael courts.

At first the tide of victory turned strong against Whitney, who, though rather the most brilliant player, lacked the coolness of his adversary, who won handily the first two sets. The future for the San Francisco man hung on the fate of the next set, which he won, not easily, indeed, but by sheer determination and dexterity. Every game was stubbornly contested—contested to the "vantage-deuce" stage, and Whitney escaped defeat time and again by the narrowest margin. Both men played a somewhat similar game, but negotiated successfully the most difficult strokes and evoked at frequent intervals generous bursts of applause for their brilliant "rallies." During the final set the greatest excitement prevailed, for the fate of the cup often hinged on the return of a single ball. In the narrow extremities Whitney was nearly always successful however, due to his excellent condition. Finally the San Francisco man won the decisive set, and then the decisive game, and straightway became the hero of the moment. Altogether the contest made a sensational and exciting spectacle—to what degree may be realized by the fact that the entire audience remained until the very end—somewhere in the neighborhood of 6 o'clock.

For the most complete line of summer shirtings and hose, J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st.

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## THE THEATRES

### Hackett as a Substitute for Himself—A Good Show at the Columbia.

If the Lyceum Company is not crowding the Baldwin—and in truth it is not—the fault does not lie with the attraction, for it is of the first order; nor can the blame rest upon our theater-goers—for most of them are gathering freckels or sea shells, hillward or seaward, as their individual fancies have dictated. The bill for the week opened with an unnecessary one act comedietta, "When a Man's Married." Clever one act plays, like creditable short stories, are rare birds. One above the average happens along occasionally, but they are painfully infrequent. Ninety per cent. of them hinge upon marital quarrels, and call for nothing above the ability of an amateur.

But the "Mayflower" itself unfolds a sweet little love story of olden days. Historical accuracy the author entirely disclaims. He has simply taken in the dramatic possibilities of the situation. The self-expatriation of the rugged Pilgrim Fathers and the gentle maids and matrons of the day, the severing of ties of home and of love, have furnished the foundations upon which have been built an "idyllic love story" of almost exquisite workmanship.

Joan Mallory, who, with her father, had fled from England to Holland to escape religious persecution, meets Lord Gervaise Carew, whose father had been the author of all the misfortune of the Mallory family. Gervaise, a wild rake of fellow, falls desperately in love with the Puritan's daughter and she with him. A hurried determination to sail to America in the Mayflower, coupled with the superserviceable interference of a Jack Poynings, who also worships the dainty Joan, separates the lovers until Gervaise, after manifold hardships and privations, puts in an appearance at the settler's clearing near Plymouth.

This scant recital gives but the thread of a story that is purely, simply and effectively told in "The Mayflower." Joan gives Miss Mannering better opportunities than she has been vouchsafed before during the engagement. Daphne, in the "First Gentleman of Europe," bears a striking resemblance to Joan of "The Mayflower," but of the two the latter seems to more nearly fit the abilities of this young lady. It is a strange circumstance that in each of the three plays so far presented by this company the leading role falling to Hackett requires that gentleman to masquerade under an assumed name. In the "Prisoner of Zenda" he was Rassendyll, a young Englishman personating a Prince. In the "First Gentleman of Europe" he was the Prince of Wales disguised as Folliett, a young libertine and scapegrace, and in "The Mayflower" he is for a time Harry Butler, a college student traveling in Holland. Hackett appeared tired and worn Tuesday night and was not quite himself. Walcott, Dustan and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., were well cast and played most acceptably.

B.

* *

It is in such plays as "The Two Escutcheons" that the Frawley Company appears to best advantage, and to such plays it should confine itself altogether. The light lines of social talk and the light lines of social life become the ladies as well as their handsome gowns, and the gentlemen handle tea cups and repartee much better than swords or sombreros. And of tea cups and repartee is made "The Two Escutcheons" a bright, breezy nothing of bright, breezy people. Blanche Bates plays the Widow Stevenson, Maxine Elliott's role last season, and plays it better than did the lovely Maxine in spite of her training with Daly. Miss Bates has a better conception of the part and gives her lines more easily and with happier effect. Frank Worthing again plays opposite to the widow, a character well suited to his manners and action. His scenes with Miss Bates are the life of the piece, full of graceful comedy and clean by-play. Theodore Hamilton is the Baron and Phosa McAllister the Baroness, and two very aristocratic people they are. American sentiment is very likely with Mr. Foster, the pork gentleman from Chicago, but Mr. Foster of Chicago as played by Mr. Harry Corson Clarke deserves sympathy neither American nor otherwise. Such a relative would be a blot on any 'scutcheon, to say nothing of the Baron's. Mr. Clarke's comedy is clever, but not always desirably clever. Instead of holding the mirror up to nature he holds it up to burlesque and exaggeration. But Gladys Wallis as little Miss Foster makes amend for her uncultured papa, and is as pretty and dainty as only Gladys Wallis can be.

George Trader is back again at the Alcazar, and with him come a lot of memories of the old Alcazar days, when Ethel Brandon was the first lady of local stagedom

FRANCIS CARLYLE
Who appears in "Rosedale" next week at the Alcazar

and L. R. Stockwell our only comedian. Since then Mr. Trader has been with the Frohman's and Minnie Maddern Fiske, and has had a lot of excellent experience. He is playing this week in the familiar farce, "A Victim of Circumstances," and as the unhappy "victim" finds plenty of chances for clever light comedy. Miss Selene Johnson, the new leading lady, may be said to have made an agreeable impression. Miss Johnson lacks experience more than she lacks ability. She is tall and graceful, well formed and well gowned, and in view of all this and a little more that might be mentioned, some agreeable work may be expected from her. Mrs. F. M. Bates plays a mother-in-law, a mother-in-law of the stage, stagey, with the penal code and every other code continually at the end of her tongue, and plays the part with her usual energy.

"Captain Paul" is a very patriotic play, and the audiences at Morosco's receive it in a very patriotic manner. Captain Paul is a young American soldier of fortune who wears a picturesque blue cloak and does everything from commanding a man-of-war to fighting a duel with two men at the same time. But Captain Paul is a brave, heroic young fellow, the very person who could manage a battle at sea and a double duel as well, and, played by Mortimer Snow, he is altogether a dashing and attractive figure. Two new people make their first appearance, Ulric B. Collins and W. F. Strong as Viscount Ormonde and Ben Ironsides. Both these gentlemen are highly melodramatic, more so and less convincing than any other two in the cast, Mr. Collins in particular; he should tone himself down to the more natural level of the company. Landers Stevens as Philip Breville makes the finest appearance in the entire play and acts well throughout. Maud Edna Hall looks very pretty in her long pink satin gown, but her blonde wig is not as becoming as her natural coiffure. Rosella La Faille is quietly effective, and the remainder of the cast is well up to the usual standard.

Oakland is coming into prominence with its local playwrights. Last week the three prize plays were put on and each one made a separate and positive success. Probably the most commented upon was Henry S. Kirk's "Love and the Roses," an unusually pretty comedietta. Although receiving the second prize Mr. Russ' "Nancy Fill" being given the first, and Miss Bunner's "Contest Play" the tird, "Love and the Roses" was the only one of the three on which the curtain was rung up, and in addition to this Mr. Kirk received a hearty curtain call.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Few plays of recent years have been as successful as the great Wallack drama "Rosedale." It has long been a favorite piece with celebrated actors, and in view of its intense interest and existing situations it has been equally popular with the public. The Alcazar revives "Rosedale" next weeek and will give it an elaborate presentation, with particular attention to the costumes, scenery and tableaux. Mr. Francis Carlyle makes his first appearance at this theater as Elliot Gray. Mr. Carlyle will be remembered for his good work in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Baldwin some seasons ago. Hugo Toland will play Matthew Leigh, George Osbourne Miles McKenna, Adele Belgarde Lady Florence May, and Selene Johnson Rosa Leigh. The last performance of "The First Born" will take place to-morrow night.

For its last week the Lyceum Company will present a varied programme. First we are to have Sydney Grundy's comedy, "The Late Mr. Castello." The piece is in a farcical vien and the situations are both whimsical and ingenuous. It will be preceded by a one-act play, "The Wife of Willoughby." This is for Monday and Tuesday evenings. On Wednesday "The First Gentleman of Europe" will be repeated, and for Thursday and Saturday "The Prisoner of Zenda" is announced. A special bill is for the Saturday matinee. It is to consist of "The Late Mr. Castello," preceded by the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering as the immortal lovers. The next attraction at the Baldwin will be Mr. John Drew in "Rosemary."

The Orpheum has a number of new people for next week. Frey and Fields, sketch artists; John Perry and Maurice Burns, Irish comedians, who are said to be quite clever; William Whyte, an Australian basso of some repute, and Lillian Perry, an engaging soubrette. Lew Dockstadter makes his last appearances, also Caron and Herbert.

Another military play goes on at Morosco's next week. It is a romantic Russian drama entitled "For Her Sake," and has had a sucess both in New York and in London. The action occurs in the reign of Alexander II., the story is intensely emotional, relieved with amusing comedy, and the scenery and costumes are very elaborate, noticeably in the first act, where a Russian encampment is shown.

The production of Mr. Charles Ulrich's Chinse play, "A Celestial Maiden," in Oakland next Monday evening is being looked to with much interest on both sides of the bay. Mr. Ulrich's piece differs from "The First Born" inasmuch as the Alcazar affair is merely a dramatic incident, while "A Celestial Maiden" is a complete drama entirely different in construction and replete with novel and startling phases of life in the Chinse quarter. Miss Ola Humphrey, who will play the Celestial maid Kim Soy, is a well-known Oakland girl who has a creditable professional record as a dramatic reader and as a member of Frederick Warde's company.

"The Isle of Champagne" has the boards of the Tivoli next week. There are three acts of fun and music which the experts declare better than "Wang." There is a King Mumm, whom Edwin Stevens will impersonate; Moet and Chandon are his soldiers, and Apollinaris Frappe his prime minister; between them they rule the Isle of Champagne. The complications will be unfolded at the Tivoli on Monday night. The cast includes Edwin Stevens, W. H. West, Miss Sea Brooke as Priscilla, Myra Morella will be the Diana. The opera is said to be well worth seeing, and therefore a treat is looked forward to.

GEORGE H. TRADER
The new member of the Alcazar Company

Next week at the Columbia Mrs. Rylev's comedy, "Christopher Jr.," will hold the stage, with Frank Worthing as the spendthrift Christopher. The piece, which was last produced here three years ago by John Drew and Maude Adams, is full of exceedingly funny situations and has some very pretty love scenes. These scenes promise to be managed well by Mr. Worthing and Blanche Bates, who will assume the character played by Maude Adams. The next piece to be given by the Frawleys will be Pudd'nhead Wilson," Frank Mayo's great success.

Lydia Thompson has been touring of late with Mr. Edward Terry's English company, playing the part of an elderly housekeeper in the comedy, "Love in Idleness."

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## NEW BOOKS

### Brief Comment on Good, Bad, and Indifferent Novels.

"One Man's View," by Leonard Merrick, which has appeared in serial form in St. Paul's, has been brought out very attractively by Herbert S. Stone & Co. The story is of an English barrister, who weds the daughter of an old chum. The young woman has been very ambitious, has struggled for a whole year to obtain a theatrical engagement, but without success. She does not love the barrister, but marries him in a vague sort of way and, after a few years of married life, runs away with a celebrated dramatist, who survives their elopement but a few months. In the meantime, the barrister rises rapidly, becomes a Q. C., and is knighted, but never gets over his love for his former wife, whom he comes across after a few years. She has been living with an aunt, and is patiently awaiting death from consumption, which she believes she has. The two come together—find out they love each other, also that the lady hasn't consumption at all, and then the story ends leaving the reader to suppose that they existed happily ever after. This tender supposition is the salvation of the novel—being altogether unexpected.

A comparatively new field of literature is opened up in "Tales of the Sun Land," by Verner Z. Reed (Continental Publishing Co.) The book contains a number of short sketches, the scenes of which are laid in the southwest, in the valley of the Rio Grande. One of the best is "In the Caverns of Ulo," a narrative of a half-breed Mexican, who accidentally comes across the subterranean dwellings of his maternal ancestors. He is made king of the tribe, marries a beautiful young woman, who subsequently dies from the bite of a sea snake. After an attempt to convert the Ulos to Christianity, the young fellow returns to Mexico. He afterwards seeks to refind the caves, but without success. The other narratives are full of startling and romantic adventure.

The scene of Amelia E. Barr's new novel, "Prisoners of Conscience" (The Century Co.) is in the Shetland Islands, and the characters are simple fisherfolk, brought up in the strictest tenets of Calvinism and hedged about, as the author says, with the "phantoms of a gloomy creed." It is in this unhappy condition that the hero and heroine struggle through many years until they finally find peace in a milder and more reasonable belief. The story which has been published in briefer form in "The Century Magazine," is most naturally written, and is illustrated by Louis Loeb, who was sent to the Shetland Islands to make the drawings.

One of the most satisfactory of recent novels is "The Sun of Saratoga," by Joseph A. Altsheler (D. Appleton & Co.) It is a romance of the revolution, touching on the surrender of Burgoyne, and is told in the first person by a young officer of the patriot army. Whigs and Tories, British officers and soldiers, Hessian hirelings, patriots, spies and traitors, are all brought in the movement, and secret midnight expeditions, sudden attacks, surprises, triumphs, and defeats follow one another in startling succession. A consistency of movement with the cleverly colored character sketches is the chief charm of the story.

"A Galahad of the Creeks," by S. Levett-Yeats (D. Appleton & Co.) is another of the many stories of the far East. The creeks are the tributaries of the Iramadi, and the Galahad is an Englishman who goes to the Orient to occupy a government position and falls into troubles as many and devious as the creeks themselves. He is finally killed by a native, and a lot of trouble which threatens to be is happily averted. Another story in the book, "The Widow Lamport," is also a tale of India, well written and dowered with an altogether unconventional ending.

Mr. John Lane of The Bodley Head, has brought out a new series called the Bodley Booklets. The first of these is Max Beerbohm's "The Happy Hypocrite," which appeared last year in the "Yellow Book." Mr. Beerbohm terms the Hypocrite a fairy tale for tired men. To make a somewhat decadent comparison, "The Happy Hypocrite" may be likened more than anything else to a tiny sylvan lake with little frogs floating about on water lily leaves who say something quaint, very quaint, and then flop into the water.

"The Jessamy Bride," by F. Frankfort Moore (Herbert L. Stone & Co.), may be termed a companion volume to "The Impudent Comedian." It resembles it in style and general movement, and introduces as principal characters Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other worthies of the time. The book is interestingly and is refreshingly written. The quaint customs and phrases of the days when Goldsmith lived and wrote, and the immortal Woffington ruled the realm of comedy are cleverly woven into the tale.

"Sister Jane," by Joel Chandler Harris (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is, according to the title page, "a narrative of certain events and episodes transcribed from the papers of the late William Wornum." Indeed, "Sister Jane" is altogether a narrative, a series of sketches of Southern life drawn in Mr. Harris' very happy manner. It makes delightful reading, full of the charm of simple existence, and may be likened more than anything else to an old-fashioned garden filled with the flowers of yesterday.

Sir George Gray and Premier Seddon of New Zealand are old friends. They met recently in London, where both had gone to see the jubilee. It was in the House of Parliament, and a flight of steps had to be descended by the aged statesman, who, after saying good-bye to his protege, set about the task with caution. Seddon, who is a very strong man, solved the difficulty. He bodily lifted the veteran in his arms and carried him to the bottom of the steps.

"The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by Z. Z. which stands for Louis Zangwill (D. Appleton & Co., publishers), tells of a young Englishman who falls in love for the first time with Miss Brooke, an American art student. Miss Brooke has already experienced the gentle passion some hundred times over, and is an adept at handling it. The end of it all, as may be expected, is the disillusionment of the young man, brought about by Miss Brooke herself.

Du Maurier's pen and pencil sketches of William Dean Howells, have been brought out in a new edition by Harper and Brothers. Before the appearance of "Trilby" these sketches attracted much attention, but since the advent of the famous novel they have enjoyed an almost unprecedented popularity. Mr. Howells' sketch of Du Maurier is written with much feeling, and alludes to the novelist and his work in a most sympathetic manner.

A new edition of Laura Bride Powers' "The Missions of California" has been published by Mr. William Doxey, and in view of the recent and prospective mission centennials it is timely reading. Miss Powers makes a strong plea for the preservation of the old mission buildings—all that is left of the pastoral times of California.


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## MAGAZINE NOTES

### Weak Tea Tales in the Big Monthlies—Amelie Rives' Pig-Killing.

"Incredible as it may sound," announced the Editor sententiously, "there's a good story in the 'Century.'"

"Your sarcasm is lost on me," returned his wife, looking up from a pile of 'copy.' "I had an impression that American short stories were the best published."

"Gentle soul," replied her husband, "it is evident you are not reading the magazines with the attention their illustrations deserve. My emphasis is revoked by the fact that I've religiously gone through the five great monthlies and find that Maurice Thompson's 'Defense by Resurrection' alone has plot and interest. Don't imagine that tale is a spellbinder either," he added. "It's greatest virtue is its superiority to the others."

"Good stories are hard to find," suggested the Editor's wife. "Maybe they are the best sent in.

"Nonsense," declared the Editor. "Read the Sunday 'Sun.' You will find in it half a dozen brisk, spirited yarns every week—stories with blood and life in them, told directly and vividly. When I eulogize Thompson's tale I wish to be understood as speaking comparatively—its advantage is being a real episode, though the plot is not symmetrically developed and the point is not sufficiently accentuated. Yet there is intention in the narrative, which is more than can be said for 'A Life Tenant' in the 'Atlantic.' That is a futile attempt at depicting frontier life and is absolutely without a flavor of reality. The writer attempts to describe two people, a man and a woman, both of striking individuality, and only presents a brace of inventebrate puppets."

"Maybe the story is true and the writer a Western woman," interrupted the Editor's wife, whose criticisms have been confounded occasionally by localities.

"That is not impossible," returned the Editor, "however unnecessary. The point is that the story as printed does not produce the impression of reality. Another reckless piece of story telling is 'An Argonaut' in the 'Century.' The problem there is interesting but is inadequately handled. Unless one is gifted with tenderness and power it is little use attempting such dramas, for they require the rarest comprehension and sympathy—the gifts of genius."

"A certificate of genius to accompany every manuscript,' suggested the Editor's wife, ironically. "That is surely a fatuous criticism.'

"You misunderstand me," corrected the Editor. "To do justice to such a theme as the separation of a wife and a husband, and their subsequent reunion followed, as here, by a second separation requires a capacity to set before you vividly the type and manner of the man so he be a real entity to you, then the skill to let you know truly what it all meant to him. You cannot get that effect unless the situation means something equally serious to the writer.

"The 'Cosmopolitan' has a tale by Amelie Rives—surely she has the story teller's gift," said his wife.

"That is the tale of a pig killing, followed by a scene in a hospital with a dissection for climax," explained the Editor. "I've really given myself trouble over that story trying to decide why it was written, and then the wherefore of its publication. True, the slaughter of the pigs is most vividly depicted—one is given the shrieks, the blood, and all the attendant horrors—with a background of snow to set forth the color effects. The little girl and her paper dolls in the hospital and the gentle love making of the young doctor, which forms the second scene, strike one as tame after the pork episode, but the denouement in which the heroine's weak little heart is handed to her quondam lover in the dissecting room is quite horrible enough for the preface. In the same magazine, however, there is a tale by Robert W. Chambers which is distinguished by ease of manner and skill in workmanship. It is only an installment, however, for the conclusion is deferred a month, an exasperating condition which enrages one almost as much as the manner in which the 'War of the Worlds' is doled out. There is a story for you."

"Why cannot 'Harper's' and the 'Century' persuade H. G. Wells and Morley Roberts, who often writes a strong story, to contribute,' 'asked his wife.

"There seems to be a preference among the editors for cold tea stories," he explained. "Now 'Harper's' has a flabby attempt at humor. Miss Enrita Fleason's 'Relaxations.' which turns on the idiosyncrancies of an old maid in a Brittany boarding house. 'A Portrait by Cabanel' is veritably a fool tale with no rhyme and less reason, though it be relieved by one admirably rendered picture by A. E. Sterner. Both yarns, flat and pointless though they be, are brilliant, however, in comparison with 'The Love of an Ideal'—an anaemic story hopelessly spun out and inaridibly flat in the same number."

"Don't grow abusive," corrected the Editor's wife, who has an objection to vehemence save when it is a personal expression. "Had you been as disappointed about 'One Fair Daughter' in the 'Atlantic' as I was you might talk that way."

"Of what especial sin did you find that guilty?" asked the Editor, lighting his pipe.

"It reminds me of a man I know who used to read half of one of Henry James' stories and then finish it off with a climax by Miss Braddon. He told me in that way alone could he read James, though he admired his prose immensely. He was one of those creatures whose mind requires a happy ending. Mrs. Kirk states a delightful situation, outlines her dramatic personae with insight and humor, evolves a situation that has an intellectual value, and just as you are wondering how the hero is to be extricated, lo! he, the plot and the heroine are drowned in treacle and precipitated into one another's arms—it's a savage waste of good material."

"There is a story of W. C. Morrow's in 'Lippincott's' that you will find clever," put in the Editor. "A fantastic tale like others in the 'Ape-Idiot' series—done very conservatively, too—no interludes or prolixity. Talking of tales, though, read the 'Mountain Moloch,' a story of adventure which makes Lippincott's' novel this month. It has blood and action to spare, though one cannot help thinking a more imaginative writer would have done better with the Phoenicians who inhabited the mysterious island of Karana. They should have been dowered with a variety of extraordinary weapons, or, at least, Vance, the hero, should have devised some more artistic method of precipitating the slaughter of priests than by the mere use of a revolver."

"You are hard to please," interrupted his wife, yawning; "but, my dear, I promised to have this copy ready first thing in the morning."

With which the Editor proceeded to cut the leaves of the last "Yellow Book.


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## BOOK NOTES

Two new numbers of Appleton's Town and Country Library (D. Appleton & Company) have made their appearance. "Arrested," by Esme Stuart, and "A Spotless Reputation," by Dorothea Gerard. Both novels are well constructed, the plots well defined, and the dialogue bright and interesting.

The prose works of William Wordsworth have been brought together in chronological order for the first time in a new edition by Macmillian & Co., edited by William Knight. The edition which is in two volumes contains the entire prose work of the poet, much of which has never before been separated from the volumes of verse.

In "A Marital Liability" (J. B. Lippincott Company) Elizabeth Phipps Train has written a clever and agreeable story. There are a number of highly dramatic situations in the tale, and the dialogue throughout is bright and entertaining.

The First Congregational Church has ordered one thousand boxes of Townsend's California Glace Fruits to present to the Christian Endeavorers from Ohio, Michigan and Indiana.

### $25 Rate to Chicago via the Santa Fe Route.

The low rates made for Christian Endeavorers will be open to the public if they travel via the Great Santa Fe Route. Ticket office, 644 Market street, Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531.


Bank Stock paper relieves, strengthens and saves the sight. Made in five different qualities. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay street.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, S. E. corner Grant Avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Tel. 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

**The German Savings and Loan Society**

**526 California St., S. F.**

Guarantee Capital and Surplus - $2,040,201 60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash - 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896 - - 27,730,247 45

OFFICERS

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First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY
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Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

**San Francisco Savings Union**

*532 CALIFORNIA ST.*

Deposits December 31, 1896 - $22,885,377
Paid Up Capital and Surplus - 1,594,503

ALBERT MILLER, Pres. E. B. POND, Vice-Pres.
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DIRECTORS

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**Capital Fully Paid - - One Million Dollars**

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Acts as Executor, Administrator and Trustee under wills, or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the Company's Attorneys and are taken care of without charge. **Safe Deposit Boxes** to rent at prices from $5 per annum upward, according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

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**Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco**

**33 Post Street, below Kearny, Mechanics' Institute Building**

**Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000**

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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

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Cash Reserve Fund, $25,000

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OFFICE, MILLS BUILDING

Policies of Insurance issued, guaranteeing titles to be perfect. Abstracts made and continued

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OF ERFIEST, GERMANY

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**The Lion Fire Insurance Co.** Limited of London. Total Cash Assets in United States, $885,797.09

**The Imperial Insurance Co.** Limited of London. Established on Pacific Coast in 1852

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**DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP**

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, J. J. De Haven retiring from the practice of the law. The unfinished business of the firm will be completed by S. C. Denson, who retains his offices in the Mills Building. S. C. DENSON.
J. J. DE HAVEN.

San Francisco, June 16th, 1897.


HENRY ST. GOAR EDWARD POLLITZ
Members Stock and Bond Exchange

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403 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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In 10c., 25c., 50c. and $1 bottles

**Haywards Park Club House**

At the terminus of Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electric Railway. Concert every Sunday during the season from 1 to 5 p. m. The Club House will be conducted under the management of Mrs. Rachael Hayward, whose reputation as a purveyor and hostess is unequalled.
Take Oakland Ferry at the foot of Market street on the hour or half hour to Fruitvale Station. The Haywards Electric Cars make connections for Park without change

**BALDWIN THEATRE** AL HAYMAN AND CO. INCORP'D PROPS

Monday, July 12th, Last Week of Daniel Frohman's
**Lyceum Theatre Company**
Monday and Tuesday Evenings, first time here of the comedy, **The Late Mr. Castello**, by Sydney Grundy
Wednesday Evg., **The First Gentleman of Europe**
Thursday and Saturday Evgs., **The Prisoner of Zenda**
Friday Evening, **The Mayflower**
Saturday Matinee, Special: **The Late Mr. Castello** and Balcony Scene from **Romeo and Juliet**
James K. Hackett as Romeo, Mary Mannering as Juliet
Next attraction, JOHN DREW in ROSEMARY

**Columbia Theatre**
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Monday, July 12th, and during the week
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY
The Most Perfect Dramatic Organization in America
Presenting the Great Comedy by Madeline Lucette Ryley
**CHRISTOPHER JR.**
Monday, July 19th PUDD'N HEAD WILSON

**Orpheum**
O'FARRELL STREET, BETWEEN STOCKTON AND POWELL
**Week commencing Monday, July 12th**
First time of **Frey & Fields**, Sketch Artists
**John Perry and Maurice Burns**, Irish Comedians
**William Whyte**, the Great Australian Basso
**Lillian Perry**, Singing and Dancing Soubrette
Positively the last week of **LEW DOCKSTADER** and **Caron & Herbert**
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

**Tivoli Opera House**
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING : Proprietor and Manager
**Last Nights! The Eminent Comedian**
MR. EDWIN STEVENS
WANG
Monday, July 12th, Gorgeous Production of the Comedy-Opera
THE ISLE OF CHAMPAGNE
Correct Costumes! Splendid Cast! Beautiful Scenery!
**Popular Prices . . 25 and 50c.**

**Alcazar Theatre**
BELASCO & LA FAILLE : : : Lessees and Managers
**Week of July 12th** Matinee Saturday at 2:15
First appearance at this theatre of
MR. FRANCIS CARLYLE
Elaborate Scenic Production of Lester Wallack's Drama
ROSEDALE
With the full strength of THE ALCAZAR COMPANY

**MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE**
WALTER MOROSCO : : : Sole Lessee and Manager
Last performances of **Captain Paul** with its Marverous Naval Engagement
Commencing Monday, July 12th, Initial Production of the New York and London Success
FOR HER SAKE
An Intensely Emotional Romantic Russian Military Melodrama!
Elegant Russian Costumes! Beautiful New Scenery!
Pathos! Comedy! Realism!
Evg. Prices, 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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**PACIFIC CARRIAGE CO.**
At Baldwin Hotel
200 Sutter Street, corner Kearny
48 Eighth Street, or
St. Nicholas Hotel, Market and Ninth Streets
Steamer and Train Service a specialty 'Phone 1950

## TURF TOPICS

### Yearling Sales — Summer Racing in California — Gentlemen Riders.

The sales of thoroughbred yearlings have continued in New York, the most notable lots being the brother to the dead champion Morello, which was purchased by Mr. R. W. Walden for $2,550, and the brother to Ornament, the best three-year-old of the season, which Mr. J. S. Curtis, the South African millionaire, bought for $10,100, the highest price paid for any yearling this season. The same gentleman was also the purchaser of the brother to Henry of Navarre at $2,600, and he has been buying pretty freely during the sale season. Mr. Curtis has been an owner and breeder to some extent in South Africa, and now proposes to keep a string of racehorses in this country, and also to operate a breeding establishment in Kentucky. He will be a welcome accession to the ranks of turfmen.

Thanks to the good figure obtained for Ornament's brother the Beaumont Stud, Kentucky, has secured the highest average, namely, $1,088, at the sales this season to date. Eighteen youngsters were disposed of from its paddocks, nearly all of them being the get of imp. Order, now at Rancho del Paso in this State.

It will be remembered that Mr. Haggin bought Victorine, the dam of Ornament, last fall at the same time that he purchased Order.

Mr. Haggin has made arrangements to have about fifty of the yearlings that were unsold at the Rancho del Paso auction sale in New York broken and put to preliminary work at Monmouth Park, presumably with the intention of making private sales as opportunity offers, as it is contrary to his policy to take any active part in racing himself nowadays.

American thoroughbreds have done sufficiently well in England this season to encourage a belief that, if a reasonable number of well selected youngsters were shipped across the water by some of the leading breeders of this country, they would command attention. Everything would depend, however, on how the attempt was carried out, the great thing to be avoided being a rush of stock at the outset.

The success of Mr. G. B. Hulme's harness horses at several of the principal English shows this summer has favorably impressed the European buyers of horses, and there is no doubt that American-bred horses of all kinds are getting a name on the other side that will have a good effect in the immediate future.

The "Spirit of the Times" makes some pertinent editorial comment on the proposal, now no longer before the public, to establish a track for summer racing in this neighborhood. Turf interests in the East and Middle West have suffered severely through the existence of tracks which have been operated solely for gambling purposes, and it is therefore the duty of people in California, who wish to have sport for its own sake and the good that it is capable of doing to the people, especially to those who are interested in the legitimate and highly interesting business of horse-breeding to nip such schemes in the bud. It is needless to say the "Spirit" is satisfied that nothing but harm would result from the opening of a summer campaign in the vicinity of this city. Fortunately the idea has now entirely collapsed.

The efforts that have been made in the East and Canada to promote races for gentlemen riders this season have not apparently been rewarded with success. This is in every way a pity, as anything that tends to keep the blood of the true sportsman, as distinguished from the mercenary adventurer of the Turf, in good health and active circulation, is beneficial to the best interests of racing. It is however a mistake to suppose that an occasional offer of a prize will provide for this class of event. Race-riding requires constant practice and can only be undertaken by men in hard condition. At present men who meet the requirements are scarcely to be found, but, if the racing associations would make some attempt to provide frequent scope for gentlemen riders on the flat and over the sticks, things might be otherwise. In California the trouble generally has been that too short notice has been given when a race of the kind is introduced, and anyone wanting to take part in it has had to beg or borrow a steed for the purpose. A few small purses for gentlemen riders sprinkled through the season's programme might induce men, who covet distinction in that line, to have a horse or two of their own, which is really wnat is wanted to give this branch of sport real life.

Adverting to remarks made in a recent issue regarding the amount of money won by the get of first-class stallions, it may now be mentioned that the Rancho del Paso stud horse imp. Sid Modred has sired in seven seasons (1890-1896), in America, horses that have won $786,323. He is now 20 years of age, and Mr. Haggin has placed his son Uncle Jess, out of Preciosa, by imp. Glenelg, in the stud.

"Turf, Field and Farm" is authority for the statement that John Splan has discarded the overdraw check rein and maintains that an animal can go faster rigged with a side check, as it leaves the head perfectly free. It will be interesting to see whether this example is followed to any extent by other drivers. The overdraw check is unquestionably the most unnatural and unsightly gearing that was ever devised for the harness horse, but whether fast trotters can be developed without it as a general rule, and, perhaps more important still, whether their drivers have the horse skill to manage them without it is another question. One thing is perfectly certain, and that is, that were the overdraw check given up, there would be far fewer trotters crippled in the back than there are at present. A look at the horses' faces when they are on the track tells the tale plainly enough.

BENEDICT.

In its Paris edition the New York Herald" recently published an interesting article on the Bloodhound, including some valuable information obtained from Mr. Edwin Brough, the first President of the new Bloodhound Association of England.

Mr. Brough has the finest kennel of bloodhounds in the world. He has for many years been their principal breeder and is recognized as the greatest living authority on these hounds.

"I trust," said Mr. Brough, "that the work of the association will dispel some popular illusions in regard to bloodhounds which appear to have been current from time immemorial. To take one example; many people believe that the bloodhound is a savage brute which, after hunting and overtaking a man, would attack and tear him limb from limb. This is simply amusing to any one who undertsands the tractability of the breed, for the bloodhound is the most docile and affectionate of hounds. He is quite satisfied with overtaking his quarry, when the quarry is a man, and instead of savaging him, as many people suppose, will simply wag his tail and lick his hand with pleasure.

"They used to call all sorts of things bloodhounds in America, but so far as I can learn, the animal chiefly used in the Southern States was the foxhound of the country, perhaps sometimes crossed with what was called the Cuban bloodhound. At any rate, I think it pretty certain that there were no bloodhounds in the United States when I first sent some over in 1888.

"Probably the name of the bloodhound has also had something to do with keeping up the popular illusion as to its savage qualities. It has a ferocious sound, but according to Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu the name was given it simply to denote a hound of pure blood, just as you would speak of an English racer as a blood-horse."

One of the dangers to the continued vitality of the breed which Mr. Brough mentioned is the difficulty of obtaining fresh blood, most of the best known hounds at the present time being closely related. He himself has endeavored to counteract this trouble by introducing the blood of the Southern hound. He also bought some hounds from the kennels of Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu, who kept some pure English bloodhounds for many years. These hounds were of the English blood, but had the advantage of having been bred for several generations in France.

For the future, however, Mr. Brough looks hopefully to America, where the bloodhound cult is also steadily advancing. The hounds in America have, of course, either been sent from England, or bred from imported dogs, but he believes that in time the interchange of hounds between England and America, which have been bred under different climatic conditions, will prove a healthy substitute for the introduction of really fresh blood.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.**

For nervousness and neuralgia: Bromo Kola.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5097.

Bank Stock pads and tablets are made from pure stock, and are of high value from an oculistic standpoint. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay street.

### TO THE PIANIST.

O maid with black, abysmal eyes,
That glint like stars in southern skies;
Whose face is as the lily's fair,
And crown'd by raven-color'd hair;
I know not which I most adore,
The Master's chant upon the score,
Which rings beneath thy finger tips,
The sweetly smiling, pucker'd lips,
Or—God forgive if 't be a sin—
To love a rarely classic chin,
That tapers with dimpl'd grace
To beautify an angel's face!
To see thy matchless form forebent
And touch the golden instrument,
The lifeless keys of which obey
Thy sweet caress with sweetest lay—
Would set the hearts of saints on fire,
And make them rave with wild desire;
And thrice would make them cry "encore!"
And vow a lasting "Je t' adore"!

—G. A. Danziger.

DR. H. G. YOUNG — Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

The Banquet Hall at the Maison Riche is the largest and best equipped in San Francisco.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

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NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
Stewart Hartshorn
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Have you a friend who a smoker is,
Tell him there is just out a Smoker's Tip
Which will prevent a cancer lip,

Mailed on receipt of three 2-cent stamps, by

**ELASTIC TIP CO.**
Patentees and Manufacturers of Rubber Specialties
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BOSTON CHICAGO

**IRVING INSTITUTE**
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Accredited to the Universities
Conservatory of Music, Art and Elocution; Primary and Kindergarten Department for Children. Carriage will call. Next term will open August 2d. For catalogue address the Principal. REV. E. B CHURCH, A.M.
1036 Valencia Street.

**SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES**

**Miss West's School for Girls**
Opens Monday, August 16th. Preparation for college. A limited number of house pupils. Kindergarten in connection with the school. Miss Mary B. West, principal. 2014 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

**Oakland Seminary**
528 Eleventh Street, Oakland, Cal. Next term opens July 26th. For particulars, apply to Mrs. M. K. Blake, principal.

**Selborne School, San Rafael, Cal.**
The Winter term commences September 1st. For particulars, apply to Principal.

**Mills College and Seminary for Women**
Gives diplomas and confers degrees. Reopens August 4th. Address Mrs. C. T. Mills, President, Mills College Postoffice, Alameda County, California.

**Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael**
Classical, Literary, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Regular Army Officer detailed by the War Department. Eighth year begins Aug. 11. Arthur Crosby, A.M., Head Master.

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Office 1004 Market St.
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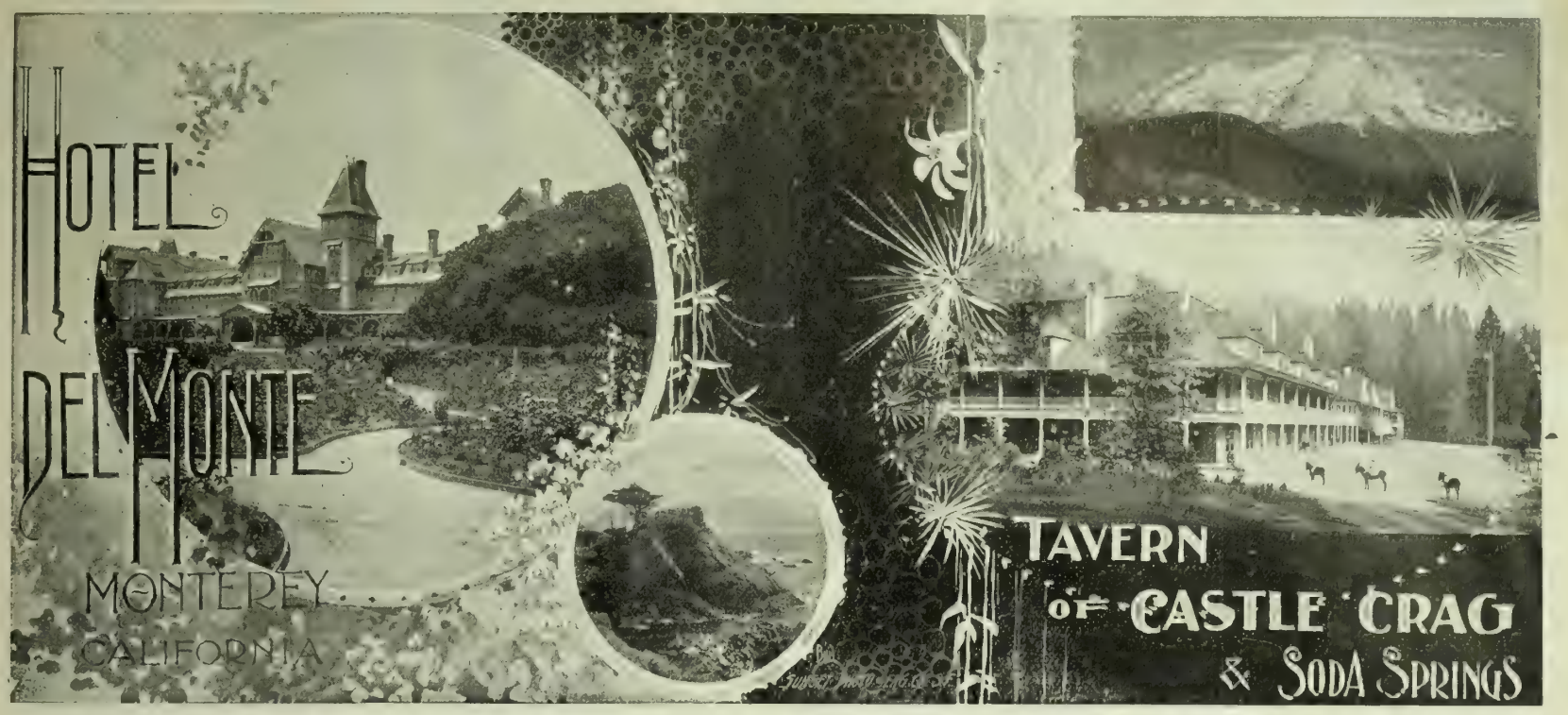
Tel. Main 971 S. W. Cor. Stockton & Geary
Embalming a Specialty. Open Day and Night

**When You Go to San Rafael**
Get your Lunch at the **NEW OYSTER HOUSE**
opposite the Court House
Everything fresh and well served. Oysters, Clams, Crabs and Shrimps a specialty. Families and Hotels supplied. **Marin County Market on Fourth St.**

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

Address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.




THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG, the most attractive and accessible of the interior mountain resorts of California, 320 miles from San Francisco, on the line of the famous "Shasta Route." Elevation, 2100 feet. Luxury, good cheer, hospitality, and matchless scenery.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager.

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Leaves daily at 5 p.m. Pullman palace drawing-room, also modern upholstered tourist sleeping-cars, Oakland Pier to Chicago, via Kansas City. Annex cars for Denver and St. Louis.

Boston excursions via Kansas City, Chicago, Montreal and the White Mountains leave every Tuesday.

**San Francisco ticket office, 644 Market Street, Chronicle Building. Telephone Main 1531. Oakland office, 1118 Broadway.**

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 26, 30; August 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28; September 1, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 27.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. July 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. the 2d each month

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing

Ticket Office: Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

**GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.**
General Agents
**No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

## OCEANIC Steamship Company

**Hawaii**
**Samoa**
**New Zealand**
**Australia**

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only,** Tuesday, July 13, 1896, at 2 p.m. Special party rates.

S. S. "Moana," **for Australia,** Thursday, July 22, 1897, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

**Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.**
**Freight Office 327 Market St.**

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of TERESA YOUNG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 19, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California street, cor. Webb.—For half year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits, and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street.—For half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty hundredths (4–20.100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty hundredths (3–50.100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 28, 1897.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1897, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1897.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, cor. Sutter. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1897, at the rate of four and one-fifth (4 1-5) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1897. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1897.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — Continental Building and Loan Association, 222 Sansome street. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on term deposits, and 12 per cent on installment stock, all free of taxes.

DR. E. D. E. HILL, President.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Vice-President
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Man.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE — Best and Belcher Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of July, 1897, an assessment (No. 62) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of August, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of August, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

## DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

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Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

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of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

**128 POST ST.,** Bohemian Club Bldg.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St. Lawrence. Though wrapped in furs he felt the cold acutely, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian meandering around barefooted, enveloped only in a blanket. He asked the savage how he managed to bear such a temperature when he had so little on. "Why you no cover face?" inquired the Indian. The Marquis replied that no one ever did so, and that he was accustomed to have his face naked from birth. "Good," rejoined the Prairie King, "me all face," and walked away.

Though Colonel Watterson is a great speech-maker, he is not given to after dinner oratory. Called on recently for a talk after a big meal, he compared his role to the comfort of Daniel's position in the den of lions. "After Daniel had decided that escape was impossible," said the Colonel, "tradition tells us he folded his arms and turned upon the ferocious beast which was licking his chops preparatory to devouring him, and he said: 'There is one comfort, anyhow. After this meal there won't be any speech-making.' "

A missionary bishop who attended the Episcopal convention at Winnipeg as a delegate from Farthest North, stated on beginning his address, that he spoke for himself and for a brother bishop who could not be present because his diocese had gone to the dogs. There was a thrill of surprise at this. "He went out among the Eskimos, did our brother," explained the bishop, "and built a church out of whale ribs and walrus hide. Alas, the food supply gave out. The dogs grew famished and literally eat the church."

Bishop Potter visited a brother prelate last summer at a popuar seaside resort. As the reverend gentlemen were walking home from the Sunday morning service, they could not fail to notice the crowds of bathers in the surf, clad and unclad in all manner of costumes. The resident prelate turned to his visitor, saying, with a sigh: "What should you do if you were confronted by a problem like that in your diocese?" "Brother," Bishop Potter quietly replied, "this is not my see!"

The distinction between the professional and the amateur is very strictly drawn in England. Lord Hawke, one of the cleverest of the gentlemen's team of cricketers, invited a prominent professional to have lunch with him in the "gentlemen's pavilion." A colleague of his lordship's objected to the presence of the professional, whereupon Hawke turned to his guest. "Then, sir," he said, "since I cannot entertain you here, perhaps I may have the pleasure of lunching with you."

A gentleman of the clerical persuasion and a drummer scraped acquaintance in a railway car, when the latter, after the manner of his kind, boasted much of his success in his profession. Finding his listener apparently well posted in commercial operations, the drummer was led to inquire what line he was traveling in. "Me?" said the divine, "Oh, I'm in the spiritual line." "That so?" said the drummer, "what a devil of a business that whisky trust is getting to be."

A certain eminent practitioner of the early California days, noted as much in Placerville in the early fifties for a habit he had of sucking lozenges as for his eloquence, was defending a murder case. He was standing with a bullet in one hand, and the usual lozenge in the other, when, suddenly, in the midst of a fine burst of eloquence, his face fell, and in a tone of agony he cried: "Gentlemen, I've swallowed the bullet!"

The better half of a leading sausage merchant in one of the local markets is much given to deploring the feeble health of her spouse. Being kindly questioned as to how the old man was doing, she answered: "Oh, he's much about the same; he don't sleep good and he ain't got no appetite," adding, with the knowledge gained in her trade, "but then, as I always says to him, it ain't no use putting good meat into a bad skin."

Bulls are not absolutely confined to Ireland. According to "Law Notes" of England, an English judge in sentencing a prisoner recently said: "Are you aware that for these repeated breaches of the law it is in my power to sentence you to a term of penal servitude far exceeding your natural life? And, what is more, I feel very much inclined to do it."


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 29 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 17, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

BRIGADIER - GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U. S. A.

COMMANDER OF THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA

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CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Closing Scenes of the Endeavor Convention | 4 |
| "This Animal of a Buldy Jones"; by Frank Norris. | 5 |
| The City to Have a Zoo | 6 |
| General Shafter and His Staff | 7 |
| The Opinions of Leander; by Justin Sturgis | 7 |
| Photographs of the Queen's Jubilee; by Taber | 8 |
| Last of the Jubilee | 8 |
| The Week in Paris | 9 |
| Capital Gossip | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| "Equality": a Review by T. P. | 12 |
| Miss Tyree Talks | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## CHARLES F. CROCKER.

The reports coming from the physicians and friends in attendance upon Charles F. Crocker, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, do not hold out encouragement that the stricken man will ever again resume his place in active business affars. That his life may be prolonged probably expresses the full extent of the present hopes of his friends and family.

The prominent position held in this community by Colonel Crocker justifies more than a passing reference to the man, and an acquaintanceship extending over twenty odd years qualifies the writer to speak with some accuracy of the sterling qualities that were distinctively his. There exists among men a kindly custom which draws over the frailties and shortcomings of a friend the curtain of forgetfulness when disease assails or death intrudes. Immediately the blow falls, friends of the stricken man speak only of the merits that were his, extol the virtues he possessed, and discharge from memory every thought of human imperfection.

There is little need for this kindly concealment in the case of Colonel Crocker. Few young men inheriting great wealth have been as unassuming as he. His was a frank, open, manly character; abrupt at times, perhaps, but it was the abruptness that is ever the handmaiden to frankness; quick to resent, perhaps, but it was the quick and honest resentment that will not temporize with injustice, tolerate an imposition, or yield to demands that are unusual or outrageous. That it was his desire to be just, no man who knew him will deny. The principles that governed his business career were high and honorable. It was his aim to do right, and if he ever fell short of the mark whereat he shot, the fault did not lie with his intent. Throughout his life he was charitable to an eminent degree. His sympathies were easily aroused, if but convinced that the cause was worthy, and hundreds would not number the silent charities that found performance at his hands.

In his personal affairs he was generous to a fault, yet in this respect he drew a rigid line between his personal affairs and the corporate matters entrusted to his care. Here he measured his course by unbending rules of business and administered his office as a trust wherein he did not permit to creep the impulses that largely governed the conduct of his purely personal understandings. As a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, he was active, earnest, and a liberal contributor to its funds, whenever money was necessary to prosecute some scientific or astronomical investigation in this or some other country.

The season of peace that has latterly come between the railways and the public, the hushing of rancorous speech and the absence of wild attacks against the corporation, have been a theme of general comment among men who are observant of such affairs. The condition is far from being accidental. For a year or more Mr. Crocker has labored to divorce the railway from politics and from the political manipulator. He has endeavored earnestly and honestly to avoid participation in local, State or national political quarrels, and to a great extent had succeeded in the undertaking. His assurance once given out, that the corporation would not attempt the defeat or election of this or that individual, was a guarantee that so far as he could control there would be no corporate interference. It was not his nature to indulge in double dealing. Whatever of animosity he felt toward a man was plainly, tersely and strongly expressed. He had never learned the trick of pretending to admire and respect a man whom he disliked, nor to "whisper a man to death" behind his back. He was blunt, frank and open. His word was equivalent to his bond, and he was implicitly trusted by those who knew him. Thoroughly imbued with the feeling that the corporation should leave politics severely alone, having no personal axe to grind, no personal profit to make by the advancement of men to office, he was well equipped for the work carved out for him, and which he was pursuing with such earnest diligence. For the State's sake, as well as for that of the corporation, it is regrettable that robust health was not vouchsafed him, so that he might prosecute this great work to the end, and finally come to see the corporation of which he was a part become popular and free from the assaults of the demagogue and boodler.

## JAPAN AND HAWAII.

The government of the Mikado has, through its representative at Washington, made a formal and polite but firm protest against the consummation of the treaty now awaiting the action of the Senate providing for the incorporation of the islands of the Hawaiian republic within the territorial domain of the United States. A similar protest is reported to have been made by the Mikado's representative at Honolulu to the government of President Dole. There has been some disposition on the part of the American people and the press to regard these protests lightly. To most of our citizens it seemed, and still seems, incredible that the Japanese should seriously set themselves to oppose the accomplishment of the projected annexation, which the people and the government of the United States undoubtedly desire, and which was avowed to be the purpose of those who overthrew the corrupt regime of Liliuokalani and erected the temporary republic in its place. It may be that the Japanese government is not altogether serious in its opposition to the treaty of annexation, for a diplomatic protest is a thing which may mean much or little, according to the intentions, not always visible, of the protesting power. It is a device of diplomacy which imports only vague designs, opening the door to the diplomatic series of purposeless protocols and the like, which may end in nothing at all, but may also end in an ultimatum. It is easy enough for the protesting party to recede from a mere protest, or to ignore it if later developments make it seem advisable to follow it up. The ultimatum is an instrument of very different import, and though there is no present prospect that the Japanese will carry their opposition so far as to threaten the use of force to prevent the consummation of our plans to annex the islands, it is not at all impossible that they may go so far, and we may yet hear of an ultimatum as a result of the polite protest of the Japanese government.

At the termination of their triumphant war with China less than three years ago the Japanese disclosed an ambition to obtain a foothold on the continent of Asia, and, from such a beginning, to develop themselves into the dominant power of the far East. The realization of this ambitious dream was summarily prevented by the prompt intervention of Russia, backed by other western powers, on behalf of China. The Czar probably derived more substantial advantages as the results of Japan's brilliant war on the sea and in the field than the Japanese themselves. The only permanent addition to the territory of the Japanese empire which resulted from that war is the island of Formosa, which was wrested from China only by the consent of Russia. Finding themselves practically excluded from the Asiatic mainland the Japanese seem to have modified their ambition. They now aspire, probably, to become a great island empire with a power on the sea sufficient to make them the dominant people of the North Pacific. The possession of the great island of Formosa, which, under their vigorous sway, may be reasonably expected to emerge from the condition of stagnation and savagery in which it remained under Chinese rule, brings them within striking range of the Philippines, and when that rich group of islands falls from the feeble hand of Spain it may well be that the hand of Japan will be reached out to grasp it. With an island empire covering the eastern coast of Asia from the frozen north to far within the tropic, the Japanese ambition to become the "Great Britain of the Orient" would be handsomely realized. And the Japanese have shown themselves to be a people sufficiently expansive to colonize and assimilate such a dominion, sufficiently progressive to redeem and administer by modern methods the great island tracts now given over to barbarism, and sufficiently valorous to hold what they acquire, or, at least, to give good cause for hesitation to any single power of the west which might contemplate the advantages to be achieved by assailing them on sea or land.

To the realization of such a scheme of empire the possession of the Hawaiian Islands, while not essential, to be sure, would nevertheless be an immense advantage. If to the ownership of the long chain of islands which skirt the eastern coast of Asia could be added the control of the only group in the North Pacific, lying midway between that coast and the western shores of the American Continent, the power so endowed would be the unquestionable mistress of the world's greatest ocean. If there are among our statesmen and legislators some who are unable to perceive the value of the Hawaiian group, for both military and commercial purposes, there are not probably any among the statesmen of Japan who are similarly blinded. The prize is worth trying for, and the diplomatic protests filed at Washington and at Honolulu are the first notes in the game.

The promptness and the eagerness with which the Japanese government seized upon the occasion of some trifling dispute, over a question of the rights of some Japanese immigrants to Hawaii, to embroil the feeble government of the Hawaiian Republic in a diplomatic contest displayed the readiness of the Japanese to seek troubled waters in which to conduct their fishing operations; and their promptness in sending ships of war to Honolulu showed their readiness to apply force to the island government if a suitable occasion offered. The subjects of the Mikado have gone to Hawaii in large numbers to furnish the labor for the industries of the islands which the decaying Kanaka race was unable to supply. They are second, in the population of the islands, only to the Kanakas themselves. If it were a question of dealing with the government of the islands alone there is not much room for doubt that the islands would fall an easy prey to the Japanese. But the publication of the annexation treaty has rudely interrupted the progress of whatever plans Japan may have formed in the design of acquiring the group. It is with the United States that she will now have to reckon, and she may pause, after her diplomatic protest, to consider well whether such a reckoning would be to her advantage. She is committed to nothing as yet, but there is in the protest filed with the Secretary of State at Washington an ominous statement that Japan will consider any disturbance of the status quo of Hawaii as threatening the continuance of the present relations of the great powers bordering on the Pacific. It may seem to most Americans absurd to suppose that the Japanese should contemplate a conflict with the United States. It will be recalled by the thoughtful that three years ago it seemed equally absurd that they should court an armed collision with the giant power of China. Yet within a few months the power of China was prostrate before the vigorous arms of Japan, and Pekin was glad to purchase a humiliating peace, the price of which is not yet paid, though considerably reduced by the interested efforts of Russia. We do not look for any such result from any war which the Japanese may elect to wage against us; but there is, as we have had occasion to point out, too much of the Chinese character in our own military administration, and a victory over Japan would be costly and long delayed. The brunt of such a contest would necessarily fall on our navy, and in the Pacific ocean the Japanese naval force is superior to ours. If the Japanese should conclude to land a force and occupy Honolulu we would find ourselves without means to expel them at once, and we would undoubtedly be called on to defend our own coast against attack. The Japanese staff is probably as well informed as to our Chinese-like arrangements for the defense of San Francisco as it was of the similar condition of China herself three years ago. We still have, however, good gunners on our ships, though we have dispensed with them for our shore guns, and it might be well for us, if there is any prospect of war, to keep the Oregon at home instead of sending her to Honolulu.

## TIME TO WORK FOR A NEW CHARTER.

The question presented to the people of San Francisco, at the election of last November, of the adoption or rejection of the municipal charter then submitted to them was second in importance only to the other question then presented of the adoption or rejection of the programme of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Altgeld and their following for the conduct of our national government. The Charter then proposed was rejected by the voters by a narrow majority. It was opposed, as every such proposition will be opposed, by all those who are interested in the perpetuation of a species of municipal misgovernment of which boss rule is the principal feature, and in

which the spoils of office are deemed to be the primary purpose of government. But this class of voters were not sufficiently numerous to compass by themselves the rejection of the proposed charter. If the instrument, as drawn and submitted by the latest Board of Freeholders, had been such as to commend itself to the body of good citizens who constitute a majority of the voters of San Francisco, it would have triumphed over the most determined opposition of the adherents of boss rule and the parasites on the city and county service. But the proposed instrument was not a good charter, though it received the support, more or less cordial, of almost half —and that the better half—of our citizens. It bristled with defects which seemed to many to be only too liable to result in expensive litigation and wearisome delay before a working municipal government could be set up under its provisions. The Board of Freeholders who drew up the instrument undoubtedly did their duty as best they could under the circumstances under which they worked, but their handiwork showed the effects of haste, and of the spirit of compromise between conflicting opinions which arises when time for full discussion and elaboration is lacking. The result was that when the citizens came to vote on the proposed charter there were many who, though heartily desirous of a change for the better in our municipal government, preferred to take the chances of another year or two under the antiquated Consolidation Act and its extensive growth of judicial interpretation and special legislation, rather than throw away the opportunity of securing a good and lasting Charter. There were enough citizens of this opinion to secure the rejection of the proposed Charter when their votes were added to those of the citizens who are sure to oppose any change.

But the need of a change in our system of city government and the demand for it are just as great as ever. Immediately after the late election there was considerable discussion of the advisability of holding a special Charter election, so that a new Board of Freeholders might be set to work at once, and with ample time, to prepare an instrument which would escape the fate of its predecessor at the hands of the voters, but the discussion seems to have died out without result, though the interest in the movement has not died. The Merchants' Association continues its labors in the cause, and Mayor Phelan loses no opportunity to impress on the people the necessity for improvement in our municipal methods. But there is an apparent lack of any effort looking to immediate action.

In this, as in every other public movement, the real work that must be done lies in the education of the ignorant and indifferent among our citizens. They must first be impressed with the importance of the question, and then there must be explained to them the immediate and lasting advantages that will accrue to the city of San Francisco if its municipal affairs can be conducted under an honest and business-like government. To provide such a government a Board of Freeholders should be chosen with the greatest care, and at the earliest possible moment, in order that the maximum time may be allowed them for their labors, and the maximum time may be available for a full discussion and complete explanation of their work before the people are called on to pronounce their approval or their rejection of it at the polls. It will take time to make a good Charter, it will take time to discuss it, and to educate the voters to an understanding of it. If it is good it will certainly be ratified by the people. And one desirable result of such a process of education will undoubtedly be the development of a much greater public interest in municipal affairs and the growth of a civic spirit and pride which will serve to shield the city from legislative interference with its affairs, and assure to us the right of municipal home rule.

---

The idea of establishing in San Francisco a zoological garden worthy of the city is distinctly in the line of municipal advancement. Money devoted to increasing or improving our attractions is money well laid out. It is an investment that not only contributes to the material pleasure and enjoyment of our own citizens, but adds greatly to the allurements that bring the stranger, the pleasure seeker and the tourist to our municipal gateway and bid them tarry with us. San Francisco has just had an experience with a visiting host of Christian Endeavorers, tourists and pleasure seekers who took advantage of the excursion rates in force, that should be profitable in more senses than one. It is estimated that these strangers left between $500,000 and $1,000,000 with our merchants, hotels, restaurants and the like. We here enjoy a summer and a winter climate that is world famous, and although we have a public park that is without a peer in any other American city, we are still far behind in the line of public amusements and attractions. We have a climate and all facilities for making San Francisco the Mecca of every tourist and pleasure seeker in America, and every step that brings us nearer to that end is a step in the line of progress that will bring benefits for generations to come. The writer has a knowledge of a merchant living in Santa Barbara county, who, besides conducting a large general merchandise business, is a man of wealth and refined tastes. Annually it is his custom to leave his home upon a purchasing tour. Although Los Angeles offers a much nearer market where he might purchase, he deals exclusively with San Francisco mercantile houses, for the reason that this city offers more amusements than does the nearer city. This is but one case in point. There are doubtless thousands of others, and as we add to these public attractions, so, too, will we add to the material welfare and prosperity of our city.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The name of Bradbury has been so much in the papers that the mention of it may seem like the suggestion of scandal. There are other Bradburys, however, especially a fine, courageous old miner, who founded the family fortunes by the discovery of the great property in Mexico that is called after him. Before descending into the southern zone, the original John Bradbury prospected the Sierras with great industry and little success. He looked north and south for mines, but found none, though he managed to obtain credit from one of the big mining machinery houses of San Francisco and also to owe them considerable money. This firm was anxious to get some of its advances back, and there were vigorous expressions of dissatisfaction when its members heard Bradbury had gone out of town without saying good-bye. He went to Mexico, and for many years not a word of him was heard. Yes, there was talk of a Californian who had discovered a great property in the realm of President Diaz, but the association was not made and the debt was relegated to the region of lost hopes. One day fifteen years afterwards there arrived at the Ferry an old man well dressed but rather rough and decided of manner. He headed for the old-time headquarters of the big mining firm, the ownership of which had undergone many important modifications in the interval, introduced himself as John Bradbury and intimated a desire to settle his account. "You don't owe us anything that I know of," said the clerk. "Look up your books," said Bradbury. They searched for five years back and discovered no indebtedness. "Perhaps you will tell when you dealt with us?" interrupted the clerk. "Oh, just about fifteen years ago," returned the old miner. They finally found the ancient ledgers of the concern and located the account. With interest added it figured up to $75,000—but, of course, was outlawed half a dozen times over. Promptly Bradbury pulled a check book out of his pocket, filled out a blank for the whole amount, signed it and tossed it carelessly to the cashier. "Maybe I'll need a little credit, as I have to get some expensive machinery for my mine," he said, as he left the office. "You can have anything we've got, sir," returned the manager of the company, "until the members of this firm are bankrupt."

The Bradbury mine is one of the great metal producers of the world and still, in spite of the millions that have been taken out, produces over $150,000 per month —surely a sufficient income to indulge vagaries on.

***

The State University has secured by the generous donation of Mr. C. P. Huntington a collection of manuscripts, official and otherwise, printed books and pamphlets, bearing on the history of California in the last and present century. Space does not admit of a detailed catalogue of even the most interesting of these treasures, which had been gathered together by Colonel J. L. F. Warren and added to by Mr. Robert E. Cowan of this city; but when it is said that no literary collection of a like character, save that of Bancroft, has ever been put together, it will be understood how inestimable is the value of Mr. Huntington's gift. Moreover, many of these records have so far remained sealed to historians, and will therefore afford new material for writers of the chronicles of California. Altogether there are some 4,000 separate manuscripts covering 12,000 pages, 600 books, bound and unbound, and 3,300 pamphlets, all of which will now be put in order as to binding, classified, indexed and catalogued, under the supervision of the University Librarian, Mr. J. C. Rowell, so as to be in the best possible shape for purposes of reference. This generous gift is an index of Mr. Huntington's feeling for California, which, but for newspaper attacks, would have ere this expressed itself in benefits even more substantial than the beautiful waterfall in Golden Gate Park, for which he subscribed so liberally some years ago at the suggestion of the late W. W. Stowe.

***

The Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks, high, low and otherwise, comes off a week from to-night in the redwoods about Guerneville, and Care is to be buried with all appropriate rite and ceremony. The club will officially take up its quarters in the camp Saturday morning, but the vast majority of the members are already domiciled in a little canvas city of tents upon the spot. The Bohemians take with them their club servants, their mixers of drinks, their chef and entire cuisine staff, and it is safe to say that the rooms on Post street will be quite deserted all of Saturday and Sunday. These summer outings of the Bohemian Club are one of the features of San Francisco social life, and have been celebrated in fiction and magazine articles all over the English-speaking world. It is chiefly by this means that the club has become one of the best known organizations in either England or America, and there is not a member on its rolls who would care to miss the few days' sojourn in camp. I understand that Charles Dickman is to be the sire of the low jinks, which is only another way of saying that it will be an uproarious and unqualified success. Mr. Dickman has introduced a dance by some of the members—Frank Owen, Fred Greenwood, George DeLong and others—which is calculated to bring down the house, or, more correctly speaking, the grove of redwoods and sugar-pines that surround the ampitheater. Mr. H. J. Stuart has been chosen as the sire of the high jinks, and will make an effort to get together "the greatest aggregation of talent ever seen in this country." Altogether his high jinks promises to be one of the most notable in the history of the club. It is given out that it will be largely musical in character.

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Without one single hitch or mishap the Southern Pacific Railroad in eight days delivered into this city 24,000 Endeavorers from Ogden, over 900 miles of single track traversing very heavy grades, 10,000 more from California points, and 6,000 from Oregon, Washington and Arizona, in all some 40,000 people, with an enormous quantity of baggage. This record far surpasses anything before undertaken on our railway system, and, in fact, doubtless the highest previous figures. The officials are justly proud of the performance, which claim has never before been equaled in railway an The achievement illustrates what has often been serted by Eastern managers, that the Southern Pacific is one of the most admirably handled railroads in the world, and that the discipline and method observed and enforced throughout its great system are worthy of the highest commendation rather than of the vulgar abuse in which certain influential papers indulge when alluding to the company's affairs.

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The visit of Candidate W. J. Bryan to Southern California is declared to have precipitated more jealousies among the members of the party than anything that has occurred there in years. The true-blue Silverites were determined that only the loyal should have the honor of his acquaintance, and of snubs and snubbing there was no end. In San Francisco the Silver League passed its days shivering lest the Democrats of the State Central Committee should come within hailing distance of the great man. The detachment of representatives detailed to escort Bryan aroun could only communicate with him by telephone. Whenever one of them got near enough to see the candidate through an opera glass the Silver Committee made themselves into a wall and shut out the view of his imperial person. However, the odds may have been reversed by the final episode of the little drama, for Chairman Alford rode from Sacramento to Ashland with Bryan and had lots of time to tell him the newest stories about his friends.

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The Fish and Game Commissioners are getting a few large contracts on their hands, by all accounts, that are likely to keep them going just when local sportsmen are sallying forth in their might to reap the benefits of State control of fur, fin and feather. But if the work of the Commission be of the arduous, it is relieved by many pleasurable and at times comic effects. Of the latter kind is an incident reported from the further recesses of Marin County. It seems that a town-bred probationer in the sporting world recently established himself on the ranch of a friendly farmer, transporting thither a perfect arsenal of the most approved types of every sort and kind of deadly weapon. In one of his forays the family shorthorn fell a victim to misplaced skill on the part of the sportsman, and it at once became a question with the thrifty hayseed how he was to recover his loss. A bright thought struck him that the Commission was by law established for the purpose of dealing with such cases, and he lost no time in putting in a claim for damages at the cost of the State. It may be fortunate for Henry Babcock and his colleagues that they do not owe their distinguished position to the vote of the free and independent elector whose cow is no longer possessed of the vitality which insures its ability to jump over the moon.

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A more serious question for the Commission, however, is the condition of affairs arising out of the serious injury to the fishing qualities of the Sacramento River through the immense quantity of debris that is being shot into the upper reaches of the stream by the Iron Mountain Mining Company at Keswick, near Redding. This concern is conducting smelting operations on a vast scale, and has made an immense change in the conditions of business in Shasta County. It gives employment to a large army of workers, and the whole neighborhood would soon be up in arms if anything were done to hamper the undertaking. In the performance of their duties the Commissioners may be called upon to place restrictions in the way of the smelting works that would seriously interfere with the handling of the ore, and consequently with the livelihood of workingmen, to say nothing of the drawback to the capitalistic stockholders; and, therefore, the outcome of game preservation versus industrial development may have yet to be settled as affecting the interests of far away Shasta.

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The ghosts of Mr. James Corbett and Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons—condemned for an indefinite period to go over again the scene of their deeds—have come to haunt the city. They "walk" at the Olympia—the old People's Palace, and, it must be said, do so to some purpose. It must be remembered that the veriscope pictures of the Carson affair were not taken under the same favoring conditions as were obtainable in the Corbett-Courtney "go." The camera had to be placed further from the ringside, only one attempt could be made, and there was no black background for the fighters to maneuver against. Yet, even taking all these drawbacks into consideration, it is surprising what an excellent impression of the fight the veriscope gives the spectator. The thing must be considered as a whole, not as a collection of details. Looked at from this last point of view, the pictures would leave much to be desired. There are plenty of imperfections in the films that stream across the field of vision like gigantic notes, and the oscillation is trying on the eyes. But taken as a faithful representation of "the greatest pugilistic event of the century," the veriscope is a success, and the films of the last and most important round are fortunately the best of all. The lay spectator takes away with him the impression that honors were easy until the beginning of the fourteenth round. Both men had taken turns in doing all the fighting, while at once time in the sixth and seventh rounds it even looked as though Corbett had Fitz going fast. In the middle of the last round Corbett sinks to his knee—the plexus punch is not visible to the naked eye—listens calmly and attentively till the timekeeper has counted seven seconds, starts to rise, and, to every one's stupefaction, has trouble in doing so; he shifts his hand nearer his body to gain a better brace and in so doing raises it from the floor an inch or so, leaving his body unsupported for the fraction of a second. Instantly he goes over, gasping for breath, one hand over his stomach, and the crowd rush into the ring. There is a great deal of drama about the veriscope pictures, but drama of a peculiar kind; one feels that one is looking at a picture, a fake, in a sense, and yet simultaneously one is perfectly aware of the fact that it "all did happen." The peculiarity of this double sensation is perhaps "alone worth the price of admission."

BOSWELL JR.

Father Clark and his party

The Tennessee corner

The crowds at the entrance to the Pavilion

An Endeavorer from the Celestial Kingdom

Banquet at the Palace Hotel of Presidents and Trustees of State Unions

The Foreign Missions gallery

The Council of Trustees and State Presidents

*THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT THE MECHANICS PAVILION*

Photos by Weidner

# "This Animal of a Buldy Jones"

By FRANK NORRIS

We could always look for fine fighting at Julian's of a Monday morning, because at that time the model was posed for the week, and we picked out the places from which to work. Of course the first ten of the esquisse men had first choice. So, no matter how early you got up, and how resolutely you held to your first row tabouret, chaps like Roubault, or Marioton, or the little Russian, whom we nicknamed Choubersky, or Haushaulder, or the big American—"This Animal of a Buldy Jones"—all strong esquisse men, could always chuck you out when they came, which they did about ten o'clock, when everything had quieted down. When two particularly big, quick-tempered, obstinate and combative men try to occupy a space twelve inches square simultaneously, it gives rise to complications. We used to watch and wait for these fights (after we had been chucked out ourselves), and make things worse, and hasten the crisis by getting upon the outskirts of the crowd that thronged about the disputants and shoving with all our mights. Then one of the disputants would be jostled rudely against the other, who would hit him in the face, and then there would be a wild hooroosh and a clatter of overturned easels and the flashing of whitened knuckles and glimpses of two fierce red faces over the shoulders of the crowd, and everything would be pleasant. Then perhaps you see an allusion in the Paris edition of the next morning's "Herald" to the "brutal and lawless students."

I remember particularly one fight—quite the best I ever saw at Julian's—or elsewhere, for the matter of that. It was between Haushaulder and Gilet. Haushaulder was a Dane, and six feet four. Gilet was French and had a waist like Virginie's. But Gilet had just come back from his three years' army service, and knew all about the savate. They squared off at each other, Gilet spitting like a cat, and Haushaulder grommelant under his mustache. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," the big American, bellowed to separate them, for it really looked like a massacre. And then, all at once, Gilet spun around, bent over till his finger-tips touched the floor, and, balancing on the toe, lashed out backwards with his leg at Haushaulder, like any cayuse. The heel of his boot caught the Dane on the point of the chin. An hour and forty minutes later, when Haushaulder recovered consciousness and tried to speak, we found that the tip of his tongue had been sliced off between his teeth as if by a pair of scissors. It was a really unfortunate affair, and the government very nearly closed the atelier because of it. But "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" gave us all his opinion of the savate, and announced that the next man who savated from any cause whatever "aurait affaire avec lui, oui avec lui, cre nom!"

Heavens! No one aurait voulut affaire avec cette animal de Buldy Jones. He was from Chicago (but, of course, he couldn't help that!) and was taller than even Haushaulder, and much broader. The desire for art had come upon him all of a sudden while he was studying law at Columbia. For "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" had gone into law after leaving Yale. Here we touch "This Animal of a Buldy Jones's" great weakness. He was a Yale man! Why, he was prouder of that fact than he was of being an American, or even a Chicagoan—and that is saying much. Why, he couldn't talk of Yale without his face flushing. Why, Yale was almost more to him than his mother. I remember, at the students' ball at Bullers, he got the Americans together, and with infinite trouble taught us all the Yale "yell," which he swore was a transcript from Aristophanes, and for three hours he gravely headed a procession that went the rounds of the hall bawling "Brek! Kek! Kek! Co-ex! Co-ex!" and all the rest of it.

More than that, "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" had pitched on his 'varsity base ball nine. In his studio—quite the swellest in the Quarter, by the way—he had a collection of balls that he had pitched in match games at different times, and he used to show them to us reverentlv, and if we were especial friends, would allow us to handle them. They were all written over with names and dates. He would explain them to us one by one:

"This one," he would say, "I pitched in the Princeton game, and here's two I pitched in the Harvard game—hard game that—our catcher gave out—guess he couldn't hold me" (with a grin of pride) "and Harvard made it interesting for me until the fifth inning, then I made two men fan out one after the other, and then, just to show 'em what I could do, filled the bases, got three balls called on me, and then pitched two inshoots and an outcurve, just as hard as I could deliver. Printz of Harvard was at the bat. He struck at every one of them—and fanned out. Here's the ball I did it with. Yes, sir. Oh, I can pitch a ball all right."

Now think of that! Here was this man, "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," a Beaux Arts man, one of the best color and line men on our side, who had three esquisses and five figures "on the wall" at Julian's (any Paris art student will know what that means), and who was in a fair way to be chosen to compete in the Prix de Rome concours, and yet the one thing he was proud of, the one thing he cared to be admired for, the one thing he loved to talk about, was the fact that he had pitched for the Yale 'varsity base ball nine.

All this by way of introduction.

I wonder how many Julian men there are left who remember the affaire Camme? Plenty, I make no doubt, for the thing was of a monumental character. I heard Roubault tell it at the "Dead Rat" just the other day. "Choubersky" wrote to "The Young Pretender" that he heard it way in the interior of Morocco, where he had gone to paint doorways, and Adler, who is now on the "Century" staff, says it's an old story among the illustrators. It has been bandied about so much that there is danger of its original form being lost. Wherefore it is time that it should be hardened and crystallized into type.

Now Camme, be it understood, was a filthy little beast—a thoroughpaced, blown-in-the-bottle blackguard with not enough self-respect to keep him sweet through a summer's day—a rogue, a bug—anything you like that is sufficiently insulting; besides all this, and perhaps because of it, he was a duellist. He loved to have a man slap his face—some huge, big-boned, big-hearted man, who knew no other weapons but his knuckles. Camme would send him his card the next day, with a message to the effect that it would give him great pleasure to try and kill the gentleman in question at a certain time and place. Then there would be a lot of palaver, and somehow the duel would never come off, and Camme's reputation as a duellist would go up another peg, and the rest of us—beastly little rapins that we were—would hold him in increased fear and increased horror, just as if he were a rattler in coil.

Well, the row began one November morning—a Monday—and, of course, it was over the allotment of seats. Camme had calmly rubbed out the name of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" from the floor and had chalked his own in its place. Now, Bougereau had placed the esquisse of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" fifth the preceding Saturday, and according to unwritten law he had precedence over Camme. But Camme invented reasons for a different opinion, and presented them to the whole three ateliers at the top of his voice, and with unclean allusions. We were all climbing up on the taller stools by this time, and Virginie, who was the model of the week, was making furtive signs at us to give the crowd a push, as was our custom.

Camme was going on at a great rate.

"Ah, farceur! Ah, espece de voleur, crapaud va, c'est a moi cette place la, Saligaud va te prom'ner, va faire des copies au Louvre."

To be told to go and make copies in the Louvre was in our time the last insult. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," this sometime Yale pitcher, towering above the little frog-like Frenchman, turned to the crowd, and said, in grave concern, his forehead puckered in great deliberation:

"I do not know, precisely, that which it is necessary to do with this kind of a little toad of two legs. I do not know whether I should spank him or administer the good kick of the boot. I believe I shall give him the good kick of the boot. Hein!"

He turned Camme around, and held him at arm's length, and kicked him twice severely. Next day, of course, Camme sent his card, and four of us Americans went around to the studio of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" to have a smoke-talk over it. Robinson was of the opinion to ignore the matter.

"Now, we can't do that," said Adler; "these beastly continentals would misunderstand. Can you shoot, Buldy Jones?"

"Only deer."

"Fence?"

"Not a little bit. Oh, let's go and punch the wadding out of him, and be done with it!"

"No! No! He should be humiliated."

"I tell you what—let's guy the thing."

"Get up a fake duel and make him seem ridiculous."

"You've got the choice of weapons, Buldy Jones."

"Fight him with hat pins."

"Oh, let's go punch the wadding out of him—he makes me tired!"

"Horse" Wilson, who hadn't spoken, suddenly broke in with:

"Now, listen to me, you other fellows. Let me fix this thing. Buldy Jones, I must be one of your seconds."

"Soit!"

"I'm going to Camme and say like this: 'This Animal of a Buldy Jones' has the naming of weapons. He comes from a strange country, near the Mississippi, from a place called Shee-ka-go, and there it is not considered etiquette to fight either with the sword or pistol—they're too common. However, when it is necessary that balls should be exchanged in order to satisfy honor, a curious custom is resorted to. Balls are exchanged, but not from pistols. They are very terrible balls, large as an apple, and of adamantine hardness. 'This Animal of a Buldy Jones' even now has a colleetion. No American gentleman of honor travels without them. He would gladly have you come and make first choice of a ball, while he will select one from among those you leave. Sur le terrain, you will deliver these balls simultaneously toward each other, repeating till one or the other adversaries drops. Then honor can be declared satisfied."

"Yes, and do you suppose that Camme will listen to such Tommyrot as that?" remarked "This Animal of a Buldy Jones." "I think I'd better just punch his head."

"Listen to it? Of course he'll listen to it. You've no idea what curious ideas these continentals have of the American duel. You can't propose anything so absurd in the duelling line but they won't give it serious thought. And besides, if Camme won't fight this way, we'll tell him that you will have a Mexican duel."

"What's that?"

"Tie your left wrists together, and fight with knives in your right hand. That'll scare the tar out of him."

And it did. The seconds had a meeting at the Cafe of the Moulin Rouge, and gave Camme's seconds the choice of the duel Yale or the duel Mexico. Camme had no wish to tie himself to a man with a knife in his hand, and his seconds came the next day to choose and solemnly chose a league ball—the one that had been used against the Harvard nine.

Will I—will any of us ever forget that duel? Camme and his people came upon the ground almost at the same time as we. It was behind the Mill of Longchamps, of course. Roubault was one of Camme's seconds, and he carried the ball in a lacquered Japanese tobacco-jar—gingerly as if it were a bomb. We were quick getting to work. Camme and "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" were each to take his base ball in his hand, stand back to back, walk away from each other just the distance between the pitcher's box and the home plate (we had seen to that), turn on the word, and—deliver their balls.

"How do you feel," I whispered to our principal, as I passed the ball into his hands.

"I feel just as if I was going into a match game, with the bleachers full to the top, and the boys hitting her up for Yale. We ought to give the yell, y' know."

"How's the ball?"

"A bit soft and not quite round. Bernard of the Harvard nine hit the shape out of it in a drive over our left field, but it'll do all right, all right."

"This Animal of a Buldy Jones" bent and gathered up a bit of dirt, rubbed the ball in it, and ground it between his palms. The man's arms were veritable connecting-rods, and were strung with tendons like pa[illegible]larly well-seasoned rubber. I remembered what he about few catchers being able to hold him, and I recalled the pads and masks and wadded gloves of a base ball game, and I began to feel nervous. If Camme was hit on the temple or over the heart——

"Now, say, old man, go slow, you know. We don't want to fetch up in Mazas for this. By the way, what kind of ball are you going to give him? What's the curve?"

"I don't know yet. Maybe I'll let him have an upshoot. Never make up my mind till the last moment."

"All ready, gentlemen!" said Roubault, coming up.

Camme had removed coat, vest and cravat. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" stripped to a sleeveless undershirt. He spit on his hands and rubbed a little more dirt on the ball.

"Play ball!" he remarked.

We set them back to back. On the word they paced from each other and paused. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" shifted his ball to his right hand, and, holding it between his fingers, delicately raised both his arms high above his head and a little over one shoulder. With his toe he made a little depression in the soil, while he slowly turned the ball between his fingers.

"Fire!" cried Roubault.

On the word "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" turned abruptly about on one foot, one leg came high off the ground till the knee nearly touched the chest—you know the movement and position well—the uncanny contortions of a pitcher about to deliver.

Camme threw his ball overhand—bowled it as is done in cricket, and it went wide over our man's shoulder. Down came Buldy Jones' foot, and his arm shot forward with a tremendous jerk. Not till the very last moment did he glance at his adversary or measure the distance.

"It is an in-curve!" exclaimed "Horse" Wilson in my ear.

We could hear the ball whirr as it left a gray blurred streak in the air. Camme made as if to dodge it with a short toss of head and neck—it was all he had time for—and the ball, faithful to the last twist of the pitcher's fingers, swerved sharply inward at the same moment and in the same direction.

When we got to Camme and gathered him up, I veritably believed that the fellow had been done for. For he lay as he had fallen, straight as a ramrod and quite as stiff, and his eyes were winking like the shutter of a kinetoscope. But "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," who had seen prize-fighters knocked out by a single blow, said it was all right. An hour later Camme woke up and began to mumble in pain through his clenched teeth, for the ball, hitting him on the point of the chin, had dislocated his jaw.

The heart-breaking part of the affair came afterward, when "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" kept us groping in the wet grass and underbrush until long after dark looking for his confounded base ball, which had caromed off Camme's chin, and gone—Heaven knows where.

We never found it.

The spinning wheel has been taken up by a New York society, and it is now quite the fad to be able to spin even as dexterously as women of a century ago. Golf is said to be indirectly responsible for the fad, and golf stockings are now no longer bought in the shops or even made to order; they are spun at home by the industrious dames of swelldom. The Princess of Wales learned to spin some time ago, and it may be that the example of her royal highness may have had something to do with the beginning of the custom in America.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, now in prominence in the trial of the great Tobacco Trust, has an almost inexhaustive fund of good humor, and while he is able to keep himself and the court in continual amiability, he never cuts loose from the merciless satire and audacious strength of invective of which he is past master. Mr. Choate's face is youthful in expression, but marked with lines of power, his eyes are brown and quizzical; his head, covered with thick, curly hair, is round and massive and is finely if jauntily posed on an erect and active figure of more than middle height.

Herbert Spencer was not made a Privy Councilor by the Queen, and this neglect has been termed inexplicable and unpardonable, except upon the ground of sheer ignorance. Mr. Spencer's friends are agitating the question more than himself, for the venerable philosopher has a theoretical objection to titles, and has declared that were any distinction offered him he would refuse it.

Nansen, the explorer, is at present in St. Petersburg, and is said to be organizing a novel business enterprise. He is forming an international company, with a capital of 50,000,000 rubles, to exploit the riches of the Far North. On his last journey he found on the coast deposits of iron and nickel ores that are said to be enormously rich. Nansen's company is to mine and market these ores.

Senator Stewart is in training in a Washington bicycle academy, and before long expects to make his first public appearance as a scorcher. Senator Stewart is now seventy years of age and will make a striking figure on the wheel, with his long white beard, heavy white eyebrows and serious aspect, needing only the conventional scythe to make him a modern Father Time.

The Sultan, it is said, wishing to honor a European lady of exemplary character, presented her with the Ribbon of the Order of Chastity, Second Class. The feelings of the recipient were much relieved when she learned, a short time afterward, that the First Class honor is reserved exclusively for Sultanas.

Miss Dellareefa Richardson, a New York heiress to about fifteen million dollars, lives in a small Houston-street house, where she does her own work and marketing and every morning sweeps down her front steps, gazed at more or less enviously by half the East Side.

ONE OF THE ENTRANCES

LOOKING WEST THROUGH GROVE

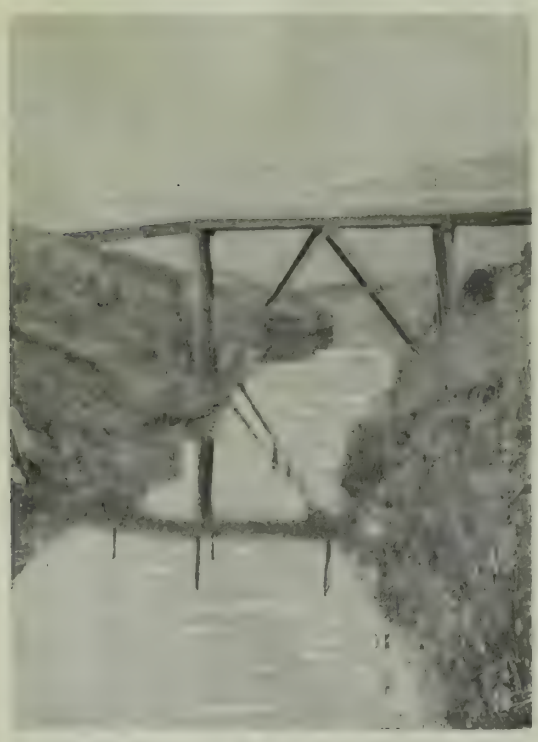
*VIEWS OF THE PROPERTY OFFERED BY BALDWIN & HOWELL FOR A MISSION PARK AND ZOO*

# THE CITY TO HAVE A ZOO

## Contemplated Plans of a Menagerie at the Mission.

That a Zoological Garden has been contemplated for San Francisco is already an old story, but of late the idea has been crystalized into something like a definite and tangible shape. Professor David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, and Professor "Jo." Le Conte, of Berkeley, have been interesting themselves in the project, and a local organization has been formed to further the scheme. This society has communicated with several of the city's capitalists and milionaires and have found them willing to contribute largely to the project, provided the city will meet them half way.

The latest move in the matter comes from the firm of Baldwin & Howell, who have offered 145 acres of Mission land to the city as a site for the proposed "Zoo." The



ISLAIS CREEK, JULY 14, 1897, IN PROPOSED MISSION PARK AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

boundaries of the proposed park are from Thirtieth street to Sunny Side, and from Stanford Heights to the Fairmount tract.

The great advantage that San Francisco would have over almost any other city in the world in the matter of zoological gardens lies in the fact of the evenness and temperature of the climate. In other cities, in New York for instance (whose "Zoo." is the largest in the world), and in London and Paris, complicated and expensive winter quarters have to be provided for the tropical animals, and special contrivances designed for the summer quarters of those whose habits is within the Arctic circle. However, it is claimed by experts on the subject that the average temperature of San Francisco is cool enough for the bear, elk and moose of the northern countries, and at the same time warm enough for the lions, elephants and hippopotami of the tropics. It will not be necessary to build winter quarters for any of the animals, unless possibly for the South American monkeys —the most delicate and sensitive little beasts known to the collector.

The tract offered by Baldwin & Howell has been carefully examined and surveyed by George Hansen, the landscape gardener, who reports most favorably upon its adaptability for the purpose intended. The tract has the further advantages of accessibility and very generous water supply. The San Francisco and San Mateo electric road passes the southeasterly corner of the property, the cable road which now terminates at Castro and Twenty-sixth streets, could be, at small expense, extended up Twenty-sixth to Diamond street, and out this street to the park, while several avenues of approach could be cheaply arranged from Mission street. Indeed, a petition has already been addressed to the Board of Supervisors asking that this be done.

Besides this, the property in question has a special value owing to the number of springs located upon it from which could be obtained almost enough water to supply the entire park. The ground has been gone over carefully with this end in view, and it is estimated that very nearly 3,000,000 gallons of water per month are available. This amount can be unquestionably increased by proper development of the springs—development which would mean a monthly saving of the city of $600—a most important consideration, by the way. Nor would there be need for any labor in the transporting of soil, loam, etc., for the beautifying of the "Zoo." grounds. The soil upon the tract offered is naturally rich, and it will require but little time to cover it with a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs. Indeed, everything connected with the tract is peculiarly favorable for the upbuilding of a really fine "Zoo." The only wonder is that it has not been discovered sooner. San Francisco ought to have a zoological garden, as nothing has been found more attractive to visitors than a well-kept collection of wild animals.

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The construction of the Balboa Boulevard from the Almshouse to Ingleside last winter and spring is a work that reflected the highest credit on our citizens, who gave of their money and their time, without hope of reward, for the benefit of the unemployed in the first instance and the comfort and convenience of the general community in the second. Space does not admit of the mention of the names of all of those who assisted in the good work of subscribing and disbursing the fund of $34,472 21, which was raised for the purpose, besides contributions of tools and materials needed in the work; but amongst the many active members of the committee in immediate control and the earnest advocates of the undertaking, Messrs. W. M. Bunker, Chairman, L. R. Ellert, John McCord, Lippman Sachs, Henry J. Crocker, C. C. Bemis, Daniel Meyer, Harold Wheeler, Herman Schussler, Hugh Craig, C. W. McAfee, Cornelius O'Connor, and last, but not least, Mayor James D. Phelan, have to be mentioned. The construction work extended over a period of three months and afforded a livelihood to a very large number of decent men, who, with their families, would otherwise have been sufferers for want of the common necessaries of life. Practical charity of this kind is excellent in its effect, whether the donors or the beneficiaries be considered. In order that the full advantages of the work may be secured to the public, it is important that provision should be made for maintaining the road in the same perfect condition that attended its completion. Very trifling expenditure is needed to keep a highway so constructed in perfect order, if drainage and surface repair are effected immediately the necessity arises. The dilatory and neglectful policy that generally prevails in such matters throughout the State is wasteful and expensive in the last degree.

M. Jacques de Morgan, Director-General of Antiquities of the Egyptian government, has made another find in the Nile valley, the value of which, according to archaeologists, cannot be over estimated. The find consists of the tomb and mummified body of the first King of Egypt, who is supposed to have reigned 4800 B. C., or almost 7,000 years ago. The tomb contains twenty-one rooms, in each of which were placed sarcophagi holding mummified remains. The mummy of the king was found in a large room occupying the center of the tomb, adorn-

WILLIAM M. BUNKER

ed with elaborate hieroglyphics and wonderfully drawn sketches, representing the achievements and funeral rites of the royal inhabitant. M. de Morgan, who made the discovery, is one of the greatest of Egyptian explorers. He penetrated two years ago the hidden passages of the famous pyramids of Dashur, and discovered the mummies of Amenemhart III, Amenemhart IV, and the Princess Naub-Hatep, three of Egypt's most famous rulers. In addition to this, M. de Morgan has unearthed many of the oldest records pertaining to early Egyptian history, and a large portion of the contents of the Imperial Museum of Antiquities at Gizeh evidences his success in discoveries of ancient treasure.

## GEN. SHAFTER AND HIS AIDES

### A Group of Distinguished Military Officers.

The recent retirement, at his own request, of Major-General James W. Forsyth was promptly followed by the assignment to the vacant command of the Military Department of California of Brigadier-General William R. Shafter, whose portrait we present to our readers to-day. General Shafter was born in Michigan and began his service as a soldier immediately after the outoreak of the civil war as First Lieutenant in the Seventh Michigan Volunteer Infantry. From this regiment he was mustered out in August, 1862, only to accept a commission as Major of the Nineteenth Michigan Infantry, in which regiment he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel in June, 1863. When the government decided to organize for the Federal service the available material in the colored population, and good officers were in demand for the purpose of what was considered by many to be a very dubious experiment, General Shafter was chosen to command the Seventeenth United States Colored Infantry, of which regiment he became Colonel in April, 1864, retaining his command till he was honorably mustered out of the volunteer service in November, 1866. He had served with honor and distinction through the entire war, and at the close of the contest had achieved the brevets of Colonel in the regular service and Brigadier-General of Volunteers "for gallant and meritorious services."

When the regular army was reorganized after the civil war General Shafter went into the regular establishment as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-first Infantry. In the subsequent consolidation of regiments he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Infantry in April, 1869, with which regiment he continued to serve till he was promoted to be Colonel of the First Infantry in March, 1879, and remained in command of that regiment till his recent promotion. In all the hard frontier service during the years of Indian hostilities which followed the close of the civil war, General Shafter sustained the reputation which he had acquired during that

ROBERT H. NOBLE
Senior Aide-de-Camp of General Shafter's Staff
Taber, photo

great conflict as a brave, active and able officer. Not a little of the splendid reputation of the First United States Infantry is due to General Shafter's command of the regiment during eighteen years of its history. He came to San Francisco with his regiment in 1886, and, with the exception of a few months' absence at the time of the Pine Ridge Indian outbreak in 1890, has remained here in charge of the posts at Angel Island and the Presidio. General Shafter wears the medal of honor awarded by Congress "for most distinguished gallantry in the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia, May 31, 1862," where, though wounded early in the action, he remained on the field till the close of the engagement.

In the choice of his personal staff officers General Shafter has been both wise and fortunate. Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, the senior aide-de-camp, was graduated from the Military Academy in 1880 and assigned to the First Infantry. He was promoted to be First Lieutenant in that regiment in 1891, and was Colonel Shafter's regimental adjutant at the time when the promotion of the Colonel made him Commanding General. The junior aide is First Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, who was graduated from West Point in 1887, and came to San Francisco with his regiment in 1890. To him was assigned the responsible duty of mounting most of the heavy ordnance recently placed in position for the defense of this port, and when his regiment was transferred to the East, Lieutenant Miley was retained here to continue that duty. Both of General Shafter's aides are young officers, of the studious type, who apply themselves seriously to their profession, and, like their chief, both have had the advantage of long service in the Department of California.

The army garrisons in the vicinity of San Francisco have always been a prominent element in the public life of our community, and their relations with the citizens and the State troops have ever been most friendly and cordial. Under the command of General Shafter, which, we trust, will continue until the law provides for his retirement, we may with confidence look for a continuation of this happy condition.

## THE OPINIONS OF LEANDER

### 'Holds Forth at Length on the Subject of "Girl."

The other morning as I was engaged in shaving myself in my rooms—I have recently taken rooms not far from the University Club and am vastly set up over it—the other morning, I say, Leander dropped in. He was in a golf suit, which he pretends is a bicycle outfit, and had but that moment returned from riding his wheel in the park.

"I say, Just," he remarked, collapsing with a groan of exhaustion among the cushions of my divan, "I say, old chap, you've got dead swell rooms here."

"Oh," said I, carelessly, as I scraped underneath my chin, "they'll do for a place to wash one's hands in."

"Come, now, don't pose; you make a guy of yourself."

"There are others," said I, and I glared at his green and red plaid stockings.

Leander curled his offending legs under him and glared back.

"Oh, well," he said—"Say, Just," he added in a moment, "what do you think of girls, anyway?'

"Do you want to make me cut myself?"

"I didn't mean to be so abrupt. But I've been thinking a good deal about girls lately."

"You have? How many? Leander, the more you think about a lot of girls and the less you think about one girl the happier you will be."

"That ain't yous?"

"I swear it.'

"But, say, Just, go on; tell me what do you think about girls, anyway."

"Girl" (I misquoted)—

" 'Girl is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft', familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.' "

"Now, I know that's not yours."

"It's an improvement on Mr. Pope's patent, anyhow. What do 'You' think of girls, Leander?"

"No family should be without one," he answered promptly. "But I'm thinking of California girls—I mean San Francicso girls—the girls you and I know; the typical San Francisco girl, I mean."

"We know some very charming girls, Leander," said I.

"They are very charming.'

"And pretty."

"Well, I wonder—and style!"

"None in the world more stylish."

"And jolly."

"Well, I should say so."

"And clever."

"Clever as one o'clock."

"Know how to take care of themselves."

"You betcha."

"And refined—eh?"

"Steady, now."

"Ah, that's just it."

"Suppose we compare 'em with the Eastern girls of the same class."

"Oh, don't do that."

"Ah, you see, there's a difference."

"Just the barest, tiniest, little bit of a difference."

"Well, now, hold on. I don't want to say the least little thing against our girls.'

"Heavens! no."

"We know they're good, and—and—well, confound it, we know they are as straight as a string."

"I'd hit the man who'd say they weren't."

"So you would, Leander."

"But now, see here, Just, we've got to make a distinction. Of course there are girls out here who are refined to beat four of a kind—you and I and all the rest of us know that kind. They're the kind of girls whom we never talk about among ourselves, whose names you never hear mentioned in a crowd of fellows. Every fellow knows two or three of that kind of a girl."

"I know four."

"Lucky man. But they're not 'out.' "

"Never will be, thank God."

"Just', this fervor——"

"Pardon me, there are four of them I said, not one."

"Well, as I was saying, they're not society girls, and they have ideas and convictions about things. But we're not talking about those kind."

"No, let's don't."

"Those are the 'Other Kind Of Girls.' Now, mind, I say there's nothing bad about these girls who are 'out.' "

"Nothing in the world."

"They're just—well, what'll I say?—not over-refined. They're too easy going; they allow a man certain little familiarities, and their only idea of a good time is unconventionality. Now, Just, I,ll tell you what I saw the other day. Oh, you've seen it hundreds of times yourself—all the rest of us fellows have. I went with a crowd to Mrs. Ten Eyck's lawn party last Thursday. It was very small—only fifteen or twenty—and everybody was well acquainted. I was the only one there, I guess, who didn't know everybody. Well, there were a lot of girls along, young society girls—pretty young—swell, you know, and awfully nice. They called all the fellows by their first names, and allowed the fellows to do the same."

"They needn't have been ostracized for that."

"No, but what's the good of it, and then listen. After lunch they began to have what they called a good time."

"What did they do?"

"They played tag."

"No!"

"Yes, they did. Nothing serious in that, but it's just undignified. They ran around like so many tomboys, the girls did, and the fellows after them; and the girls' hair came down, and their faces would get red, and when a fellow would catch one of them he'd think it was ing of putting his arms around her, and the girl would let him; and she'd let the next man, too, and the next and the next. The fellows pull-hauled them about without the least ceremony, and upon my word, the girls even seemed to enjoy it."

I think I shrugged one shoulder here.

"Just', it suggested a—a—blessed if it didn't suggest a Sunday picnic. It was common. Now, you know these girls are all right. They're straight as strings. That's why it's so strange to see. We all went into the house afterward. Everybody paired off little by little, and towards four o'clock I found a couple in the conservatory. The fellow was smoking a cigarette—and so was the girl. Now, don't interrupt—let me tell you more about that girl. I met her and a girl chum of hers down at Monterey one Fourth of July, and in the evening just as I was saying good-night to them, they begged me to have a couple of mild cocktails sent up to 'em from the bar."

"And did you?"

"Said I would; and then had the barkeep' mix a little grenadine and bitters in cocktail glasses and put a bit of lemon peel in. They never knew the difference. Told me in the morning 'how much good it had done them'—pshaw! Now, honestly, just', what do you think of that—of the whole business, cocktails and cigarettes and pull-hauling and all?"

"Well, these girls are good girls, Leander."

"I know they are, Just; but there's something more—something better than being merely good. My servant girl is good, my laundry woman is good; but we fellows, you know, have a right to expect something better from society girls; we expect 'em—well, damn it, y know—to be refined and modest and well behaved and all that. Take any of those girls at the lawn party, how often do you suppose they've allowed fellows to kiss them?"

I scratched an ear.

"Now, isn't it rotten? And it's because these girls are so pretty, so fresh, and so clever, that it's a thousand pities they throw themselves away like that. They make themselves cheap in a fellow's eyes, when they ought to and when they could so easily make him re-

JOHN D. MILEY
Junior Aide-de-Eamp of General Shafter's Staff
Taber, photo

spect them and—well—confound it, y' know, have a good influence over him. That sounds priggish, now, don't it; but where's a chap going to look for the good influence of refined associations——"

"Ahem, ahem—but, go on; I guess you're right."

"If he does not find it in the best society?"

"Well, you know where to find it."

"Where?"

" 'The Other Kind Of Girl,' the girl who don't 'come out,' who has ideas and opinions and convictions."

"That's so; I'd forgotten. Say, Just'——"

"But we fellows don't talk about them, y'know."

"They're all right, though," cried Leander.

"You bet, every time," said I. Then, after a pause, I said :

"You've a queer streak on to-day, Leander. How long is it since you've objected to a girl smoking cigarettes and drinking cocktails and permitting certain liberties? How about Flossie Delaney, and 'Tenny' Hunt, and——"

"Oh, that kind of a girl!" exclaimed Leander with a grin.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

Much alarm is being caused in Paris over the avowed intention of the Parliamentary Committee, now dealing with the Beranger Purity bill, to restrict not only the sale, but the possession of certain classes of literature and works of art. Acknowledged works, such as are exhibited in the Louvre and some classical literature, will be placed on the blacklist, and the directors of the museums and National Library will also be brought within the statute. The list drawn up includes over 100 masterpieces of the most illustrious authors of France, and imprisonment for a month to two years and fines of 100 to 5,000 francs are the penalties for lending or giving any of them away.

PRINCE OF WALES THE QUEEN

The best view of the Queen's carriage

The Queen at the steps of St. Paul's

Turning into

The Horse Guards passin

Photos b

## LAST OF THE JUBILEE

### How the Streets Looked Along of March.

: London is quieting down after the maels jubilee, and is taking its breath again and over. Most of the princes and special envo turned to their respective countries and cou along the streets one hears nothing but the n and hammers and the clatter of loosened bo decorations and stands come down.

The choice spot and corner along the lin seems to have been at the intersection of St. and Piccadilly. St. James street was garland to side and was lined with Venetian masts Corinthian pillars with gold capitals. In one Queen, under the white parasol, is just p point, the Duke of Cambridge and the Prin riding at her carriage wheels. A more gen

PRINCE OF WALES THE QUEEN DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

ament street

Houses of Parliament
London

the equipage is the one taken as it turned from Westminster Bridge Road into Parliament street. The Queen's face can be seen just between the shoulders of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Christian. The picture also gives a good idea of the Hanoverian cream white horses. Those horses are from the famous Brunswick stud, the exclusive property of royalty, old as history itself and absolutely priceless. Following hard upon the Queen's carriage come detachments of some of the most popular bodies of cavalry in the English service. Despite the ill-favor into which the honorable Cecil has fallen, his troops were cheered to the echo, while the Horse Guards presented a picture of some hundred and fifty of the finest groomed and best drilled cavalry in the world.

The fourth picture shows the arrival of the Queen at St. Paul's, the foreign princes and the Prince of Wales in the immediate foreground. Incidentally it puts to confusion the bungling officials who distributed tickets of admission to the steps of St. Pauls. These had declared that there would not be sufficient room on the steps to admit the throng of distinguished foreign visitors, and in consequence many were refused. As it transpired, however, fully a hundred more could have been accommodated. One of the large empty spaces is shown on the right of the picture.

Taber, the well-known San Francisco photographer, is now established in a swell studio in London and has already won a name in the metropolis over the bas-relief pictures of which he makes a specialty. Describing a visit to Mr. Taber, a correspondent writes: "We were ushered into a huge reception-room superbly furnished, the walls paneled in green silk and ivory wood; heavy blue satin and lace curtains hung over the windows; on the floor a deep, soft carpet in a tone of moss-green; a huge Brinsmead piano in one corner; photographs of celebrities on the walls. Adjoining it, a second drawing-room, similar in style; then the operating room, finely arranged with all sorts and conditions of backgrounds. Upstairs there is a Chinese tea room—a very handsome apartment done in Oriental style with vases and hangings and screens. Taber's own office, a beautiful little room, comes next. I talked to him about London and his work. He has already made a fine picture of the Prince of Wales and of other members of the royal family, and expects to make a picture of the Queen. Her Majesty is very averse to sitting, inasmuch as her robes of state are heavy and she objects to the trouble of preparing for the artist."

## THE WEEK IN PARIS

### Movements of Americans in the Gay French Capital.

The one thing that is heard on the Boulevard des Nations these days—barring of course the jubilee—is President Faure's contemplated trip to Russia. It is not within the bounds of probability that there will be any opposition to it in the Chamber, as Right and Left, Radical and, Socialist and Legitimist alike recognize the tremendous significance of the President's excursion to the court of St. Petersburg. It is an occasion when all petty difficulties and political differences are to be sunk in a question of the common good, the closer union between France and Russia.

Paris is at her loveliest this month, and if ever it were good to be alive it is when one is in Paris in the summertime. But the Parisians are a peculiar people, forever running after some new thing, some new sensation, something with which to "epater la bourgioisie." Their latest fad is killing themselves. Never before was there such an epidemic of suicides. The series began on Sunday, and four were reported before nightfall. Three more occurred the next day, and four more on the next. The suicides were all the more notable because of their sensational character. One of the saddest was that of Louis Beeker, the theatrical manager, who hanged himself at St. Denis because of police interference with his play, "LaJeunnesse des Mousquetaires." Then a romantically inclined young man threw himself into the Seine because he found it impossible to secure a divorce which he was desirous of obtaining in order to marry his mistress. She drowned herself with him. When the bodies were found they were lashed together with a rope.

Then, after this, a young opera singer, only seventeen years of age, despairing of attaining fame and glory in her chosen profession, took counsel with herself and several of her friends and swallowed some paper which had been previously saturated in corrosive sublimate. She died almost immediately in dreadful agony. Nor is this list yet closed, for the "Figaro" announced four more suicides this morning. Apropos of suicides, the civic tribunal of Bavaria has handed down an important decision to the effect that a confirmed morphine fiend is not necessarily a maniac—this in connection with the self-destruction of the poet Edouard Dufois. The young fellow took an overdose of morphia, from which he never recovered, and a relation attacked his will on the ground that he was insane. The court, however, refused to break it.

The Valiant arrived at Havre the other day, having on board W. K. Vanderbilt and a party. They came on to Paris almost immediately. Another bit of gossip interesting to Americans is the proposed marriage of the daughter of Sylvanius Reed to the son of the celebrated painter Jean Francois Millet. The son has inherited his father's famous name, and it is also reported some little of his genius. The marriage promises to be extremely brilliant. The ceremony will take place at St. Pierra de Chaillot.

One of the society events of the week was the elaborate reception given by General Porter on the occasion of his installment in his new hotel. The function occasioned no end of comment and not a little dissatisfaction, in that uniforms were requested to be worn. The American diplomatic corps has not taken kindly to the idea, since they have always looked upon receptions of this nature as affairs at which uniforms could be dispensed with. What is still more irritating is the fact that General Porter himself will wear plain evening dress, since it is the privilege of his office to do so if he finds it desirable.

A good joke has been going the rounds of this diplomatic world, and much amusement has been had at the expense of the British Ambassadors because of the faux pas committed by him at the recent jubilee dinner given in the embassy. Among the guests, and, in fact, quite the guest of the occasion, was Mgr. Clave, the Pope's Nuncio at present in Paris. However, the host had forgotten that the day was a fast day. In consequence the Nuncio was obliged to send from him plate after plate of the most tempting entrees, being forced to content himself merely with a dish of ice cream. The Nuncio is said to have inquired of his neighbor and secretary, Mgr. Morosini, how it was he seemed so satisfied after the dinner, though apparently he had eaten no more than himself. "Oh," Mgr. Morosini is said to have replied, "I took the precaution to have a light lunch before coming to dinner, as I fancied just such a contre temps.' "Wise man," answered the Nuncio. "But why did you not warn me?"

## CAPITAL GOSSIP

### Illness of Tom Ochiltree — Senator Quay's Great "Pull."

President McKinley's appointment of Samuel J. Randall as Coiner of the Mint at Philadelphia aroused considerable antagonism among the Pennsylvania politicians. It will be remembered that Mr. Randall, who is a son of the famous Democratic tariff exponent and Speaker, was a Democrat previous to the last campaign, when he took the stump for McKinley. As a reward for this service he was appointed Coiner, a lucrative and responsible position, much to the disgust of certain old-time Republicans, who claim that the President's selection was made purely on the basis of personal sentiment.

Senator Matthew Stanley Quay is indeed a great man in Washington. A member of the House of Representatives received a letter from the aunt of a young man in Pennsylvania who wanted to obtain a government position. After extolling the virtues of her nephew, and giving the names of a number of persons who had recommended the appointment, the good aunt added that the only man in Pennsylvania who did not favor it was Senator Quay. "Indeed," commented the Congressman, "what a pity that good woman does not know that if Senator Quay was the only man in Pennsylvania who favored her nephew's appointment, instead of being the only man who opposed it, he would have got the place a month ago."

The warm weather has brought out the Senators in all the glory of their summer raiment. During the recent sugar bounty discussion there were sixty Senators on the floor, and twenty-seven different types of summer clothing were represented. Nine Senators who are placed in the milionaire list wore $3.65 Kentucky tow suits, resembling crash towels after an active service in a Turkish bath. The most noticeable suit was worn by Senator Thurston of Nebraska, who looked cool in white duck. His shirt was a pink outing affair, in vivid contrast to the duck, and for a crowning glory he wore a necktie, a thing in black and yellow, similar to those affected by Bowery ladies at Walhalla Hall.

Senator Platt of New York is one of the busiest men in the Senate, making his average working day from fourteen to sixteen hours, every moment of which is occupied with private or public business. His headquarters and home are at the Arlington Hotel, in which he has a suite of rooms fitted up to resemble the metropolitan offices of a big corporation. He has a long-distance telephone, a secretary and two typewriters, and keeps the entire force busy from nine in the morning until late in the afternoon. He is a frequent caller at the White House, but is privileged in being allowed to pass into the presence of the President through the Cabinet-room instead of through the Secretary's office.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who has been agitating Cuban recognition, is now about seventy-three years of age, and first took his seat in the Senate a little over twenty years ago. In addition to his sympathy with people who are, or appear to be, suffering anywhere on the globe, Senator Morgan is also a typical advocate of "manifest destiny," believing that the United States should acquire all the land, water and people in the Western Hemisphere, and thereby widen the sphere of American liberty and enlightenment. This tendency makes him ever ready to to further any plan like the completion of the Nicaragua Canal or the laying of an ocean cable to South American ports.

The serious illness of Colonel Tom Ochiltree creates something like real regret in Washington. All sorts of stories about him are being revived. Ochiltree commenced his career as a wit early, being taken into partnership by his father, a lawyer in Austin, while barely out of his teens. Young Tom, during the absence of the paternal relative, changed the firm name to read, "Thomas P. Ochiltree and father, attorneys." He fought through the war on the Confederate side, but accepted the verdict and was made Marshal for Texas by President Grant, who had taken a great fancy to him. The relations that existed caused a great deal of jealousy, and the faction opposed to Colonel Tom determined to snub him on the occasion of Grant's visit to Galveston after the South American tour. He was ignored in the reception arangements, and was not one of the distinguished citizens appointed to meet the great man. Instead of going to the ship, Ochiltree located himself behind two rows of celebrities who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel steps to the curb. The reception committee—or part of it—was standing in the hotel door, waiting to give the General the gladsome hand. Ochiltree watched until the General and Mrs. Grant had stepped from the carriage and then he bulged through the line. He rushed down the crimson carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend, and after offering his arm to Mrs. Grant marched proudly through the rank and file of leading citizens to the hotel.

During his career as Marshal of Texas, Ochiltree was somewhat inattentive to the duties of the post and many complaints reached Grant declaring his protege spent his official hours skylarking around the country. He was sent for to Washington, and beguiled the time the President kept him waiting audience reading the report of the previous day's racing at Saratoga, where a horse named "Tom Ochiltree" had won second money. Grant chided him gently, saying how much he had regretted to learn of Tom's inattention. "Why, Tom," said the President, "I don't pick up a paper without finding your name. You are everywhere, sir, but in Texas, where you ought to be." Ochiltree sighed. "It's not my fault, General, if the press gets hold of my name. See, here," he continued, pulling out his paper, "I find I carried off second money at Saratoga yesterday and am said to be in fine form and faster than ever. Am I to blame if while attending faithfully to my work in Texas some confounded race horse is blasting my reputation through the country?" The answer caught the President, and Colonel Tom had a new lease of official life.

JAMES K. HACKETT AND MARY MANNERING IN "ROMEO AND JULIET"

Thors, photo

GEORG'A BUSBY

One of the beauties of the dramatic profession, and a member of the Frawley Company

Thors, photo

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Of society in San Francisco there is really very little to write. The one event of importance that has happened in the immediate past was the wedding of A. H. Small and Mrs. Annie Wooster, which was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson, on Sutter street. Mrs. Wooster made an exceedingly charming bride, and Mr. Small is certainly to be congratulated upon having won so fascinating and graceful a wife. The happy pair have set up housekeeping at 1920 Washington street, in a pleasant house which they have furnished together. It is just below the Goads, and commands a fine view of the bay. The wedding presents were particularly handsome, as might have been expected, for both Mr. and Mrs. Small have very large circles of friends.

Mrs. Martin is about to move into her magnificent new home on Broadway, the house Mrs. Annie Donahue had so anxiously looked forward to occupying. It is really one of the fine houses of the city, perfectly adapted for entertaining, with immense, spacious rooms which command a noble outlook over the bay. Miss Belle McKenna, who has most artistic taste, assisted Mrs. Martin in supervising the details of the decoration and furnishing, and as no expense has been spared the general effect is superb. If it is not too daring, I venture to hope that Mrs. Martin will give a grand housewarming and ball at which society will have an opportunity of inspecting the new residence.

Quite an interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Sadie Samuels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Samuels of the Lace House, and Mr. J. S. Foorman, son of the well-known capitalist, Simon Foorman. Miss Samuels is an exceedingly sweet, pretty and accomplished girl, who has devoted considerable of her time to charitable work. Mr. Foorman is a competent business man, and derives a large income from his interests in Tuolumne mines and in the Campo Seco canal.

Mrs. J. M. Cunningham has returned from New York and is living at her home on Pacific Avenue. She has been in bad health since the death of her husband, but doubtless the congenial climate of California will restore to her the vigorous health she has usually enjoyed.

The H. Wangenheims celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their temporary home in Sausalito. A large gathering of relatives and friends assisted in honoring the occasion, and I am told that some of the ladies exhumed the gowns they had worn at the Wangenheim wedding years ago. It is not every woman who can keep her gowns twenty-five Winters.

Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon are building a pretty cottage near the Clarke Crocker villa on Pacific Avenue. It is a species of bungalow, and undoubtedly will be furnished with good taste. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Schmiedel are living in a pretty villa on Baker street.

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The second paper chase of the season saw an excellent turnout last Saturday at San Rafael, and the Hunt Club is to be congratulated on its efforts to provide sport. The previous winning hounds, Miss Gertrude McFarlane and Mr. Hugh Hume, were hares, and the following riders started in pursuit at about 3:30 p. m., after allowing twenty minutes start. The run was timed as having occupied about 1 hour and 20 minutes, the hounds making up eight minutes on the handicap. A small boy, A. H. Curtis, on a bareback steed, who was said to have cut the course, showed up first and received a special prize, but Miss Ema Hunt amongst the ladies, and Mr. A. H. Boardman were the legitimate prize-takers. Miss Warburton and Miss Bella Davidson secured honors also, and among others who rode were Miss Crowley, Dr. G. F. Shiels, F. J. Johnson, Dr. Howitt, A. Folger, M. Farnsworth, Ward McAllister, J. and G. H. Poheim. The guests of the hotel assembled at the start and many spectators collected together in carriages at the meet.

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After the festivities of the Fourth the guests at the Hotel Rafael have indulged themselves in a rest. The weather has been simply glorious over at San Rafael, and the moonlight nights have served excellently the purpose of the enthusiastic bicyclers, though there has really been less riding and driving done on account of the pervading warmth. Of course, as there are a number of people at the hotel there is always something going on, and small dinners are of frequent occurrence. There are parties to the Fairfax Villa almost every night, and indeed there is no lack of entertainment and incident at this caravansary.

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The event of the week was the celebration of Mr. Sam Boardman's birthday. Mr. Boardman is one of the most popular young men in society, and in honor of the occasion a surprise party was arranged for him. Most of the young people in the hotel gathered in the new summer house and enjoyed a jolly supper. The guest of honor was toasted, and was the recipient of innumerable gifts, most of which were accompanied with humorous doggerel reflecting upon Mr. Boardman's many accomplishments, and on his recent success in the paper chase on Saturday, which he won in fine style.

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On Friday last Mr. Donald De V. Graham, assisted by Mr. H. J. Stewart, gave a song recital in the San Rafael Hall. Though a very beautiful, it was also a very warm night, and that doubtless prevented the gathering of as large an audience as Mr. Graham had every reason to expect. It was a thoroughly interesting concert, however, and the enthusiasm made up for the lack of numbers. Mr. Graham is an excellent vocalist, and rendered charmingly a variety of songs in English, French, German and Italian. Indeed, he was in good voice and did his talent and his reputation justice. It is to be hoped he may be persuaded to repeat the concert, as those who missed the occasion lost a treat. After the entertainment Mrs. Hager gave a supper in honor of Mr. Graham at her cottage in the Rafael grounds, which proved a very interesting affair, as all Mrs. Hager's parties are. Some twenty young people gathered around the table and everyone had a thoroughly good time.

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At the Hotel Mateo this evening there will be given a ball that is expected to surpass anything before seen at that center of fashion. The local residents, summer visitors, and a large contingent from this metropolis have interested themselves in the affair, and there is promise of a gay and festive gathering, with everything done in first-class style, under the supervision of Manager Sheppard. The large dining-room and adjoining reception-room will be transformed into a ballroom for the occasion, with lavish and tasteful decorations of flowers and choice plants. An excellent orchestra from San Francisco will furnish the music, and everything is to be done to make the event as enjoyable as is possible.

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Between the Endeavorers and Bryan, Oaklanders have managed to amuse themselves fairly well these latter days. I have record of a number of small affairs, yachting parties, picnics, hay rides and other festivities of a similar type, all of which provide entertainment for those most concerned. At all events it is not nearly so tiresome in Oakland as it generally succeeds in being at this time of year, and that is a big step in advance. Among the recent affairs was a yachting party on the Dolphin, chaperoned by Mrs W. E. Sharon. Besides the members of her own family, she had as guests Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Sadie Whitney and Miss Genevieve Fore, Mr. Walter Lambert, Mr. Dan Belden, Mr. Elmer Smith, Mr. Herbert Becht and Mr. Will Russell. Then there was a picnic party to Lake Chabot, chaperoned by Mrs. Seth Mann, whose guests were Miss Harris, Miss Clift and Miss Judson. Miss Elizabeth McGraw had a surprise party given to her on Saturday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Henley. There were about twenty young people present, and the evening was alternated between games and dancing. Some thirty men and maids went off with Mr. Hackett on his yacht. The trip proved thoroughly jolly, and concluded with a clambake. Mr. and Mrs. William Schwerin of Alameda had a party on Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Schwerin. The home was handsomely decorated, the garden illuminated with lanterns, and there were all the other appropriate features of out-door enjoyment. At Berkeley it is very quiet. Miss Lombardi entertained a number of young people at her home recently, but otherwise there has been but little going on.

Miss Jones of Sacramento is the guest of Senator Eli Denison, and several entertainments have been given in her honor. Miss May Tucker and Miss Bernice McDonald are guests of Mrs. Baxter at Santa Barbara.

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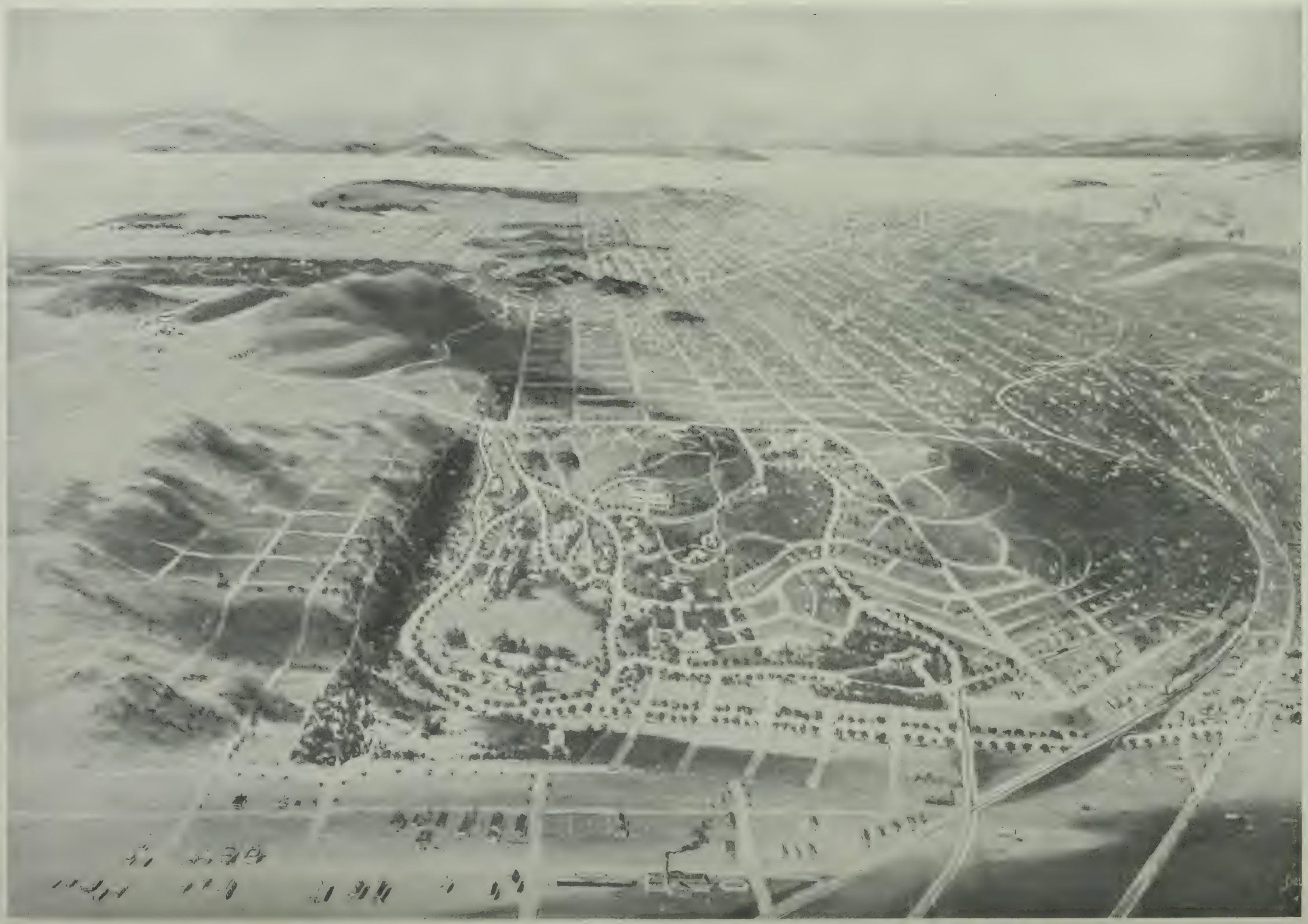

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO. PROPOSED PARK AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PROPOSED MISSION PARK AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

# PROPOSED SITE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN AT THE MISSION.

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# THE THEATRES

## Drama, Comic Opera and Vaudeville in Town.

Heaviest melodrama and lightest, frothiest comedy have been served together as the piece de resistence of the Baldwin menu this week. "The Wife of Wiloughby," a romance in one act, as the author calls it, and the "Late Mr. Castello" (so late in fact that he does not come at all), make a fairly good double bill, though the comedy is, of course, by far the most successful. The idea of "The Wife of Wiloughby" appeared some year or so ago in "Town Topics" in short story form, and many of the "Topics" readers long remembered it as a strong and pungent tale leading swiftly to a capitally original climax. It was better as a story than as a play, or perhaps one should say it was better as "a" story than as "the" play. In the play the culminating situation (Isabel's avowal of her guilt under the assumed anger of her husband) can be foreseen from the very start, so that when at last it comes it has none of the element of surprise, which in the more cleverly constructed story was it main charm and strongest point. Morgan, so it seemed to us, missed his chance for admirable acting in this scene—the scene where he learns for the first time of his wife's infidelity. His back is turned toward the audience as he receives the news, a business—it cannot be unintentional—which is only allowable in actors such as Irving and Jefferson, who know how to make a pose as effective as a speech, and an attitude as powerful as a violent gesture; who can throw expression into their shoulders and suggest grief in their back hair. Mr. Morgan is far from this as yet. Besides this, his Wiloughby grasps the complication far too readily and quickly. The strangeness, the incredibleness of the situation should have been at first and for a long time his strongest and most predominant sensation.

Maud Odell's Lady Isabel was less open to criticism. Miss Odell is one of the most painstaking and conscientious actresses now before the public, and at the same time one of the most ambitious; besides this, she is young and at the very threshold of her career. With such a combination elle trait loin. Without doubt tragedy seems to be her forte just now, but one rather suspects that this is merely a transient phase. There was a certain exuberance about Miss Odell's Isabel that is perhaps to be at once regretted and excused. The value of restraint and the tremendous importance of suggestion are the very last things that an actor or an actress learns. Some never learn it. Those that do are spoken of by their last names ten years after they are dead or retired, which is another way of hailing them as geniuses. Miss Odell does not overact. There is not the slightest suggestion of rant about her; exuberance is, perhaps, after all, the best word. Miss Odell merely emphasizes too strongly and exaggerates too generously the emotions of her assumed character. Her acting is truthfulness, but truthfulness pushed to the very verge of improbability. She goes in the right direction, only she goes a little too far.

Miss Mannering was more successful as Sadie, in "The Late Mr. Castello," than in any other role in which she has thus far appeared. In her witty fencing with Captain Trefusis (Hackett) she was the clever, ingenious, artful young widow from curtain to curtain. The naturalness of her manner, and the unaffectedness of her spoken lines were as good as anything seen here since Rehan gave us Gucki, while her impotent rage over the return of Alvarez—even though based upon a comedy situation of the broadest character—suggested almost Shakespearean possibilities. Indeed, the women of the piece carried off all the honors. Mrs. Charles Walcott was at her very best as Mrs. Bickerdyke, and Miss Tyree in the ingenue role of Avice was particularly delicious. She made the scene where Avice almost proposes to Uniacke—does in fact kneel at the chairside—altogether charming and naive, and it would have been so easy to have given the impression of coarseness. Hackett as Captain Trefusis was only fairly good: farce comedy is not his forte and never will be. Mr. Hackett cannot unbend gracefully. The formal, the stately, and the grand manner fit him like a glove, while agitation and the flapping of coat-tails seem utterly foreign to him. In the very last tableau, where he is holding the fainting Sadie in his arms, his fervor of manner was little short of ridiculous, and quite inconsistent with the character of his role. It was fortunate for him that his lines helped him out. Mr. Hackett certainly could not have been effective otherwise.

* *

"Christopher, Jr.," is a cleverly written comedy, full of bright, interesting lines, and in it the Frawley Company appears to advantage, almost, if not quite, to as much advantage as did John Drew and Maude Adams. In presenting Mrs. Ryley's play the Frawleys display commendable originality, and, as a result, their work may be termed a new version of a familiar piece. Frank Worthing plays the careless Christopher, and his comedy is quite acceptable, even with the memory of Drew in one's mind. It is true that one misses the byplay and sidework of Drew, but one is also thankful for the originality of the conception, for the absence of any attempt at imitation. Blanche Bates isn't Maude Adams, and she doesn't try to be, wherein there lieth another cause for rejoicing. Passable originality is infinitely more agreeable than clever imitation—not that Miss Bates' originality is merely passable; it is more than that—in fact, it is very pleasing, but it is the idea, the freshness of her conception that takes even better than its effect.

Outside of Christopher and his Matilda there is little in the play for the balance of the cast. J. M. Colville is good as Christopher, Sr., and Harry Corson Clarke makes a clever character out of the silent Mr. Glib. Eleanor Moretti has some original and effective gowns as Mrs. Glib, and Gladys Wallis is a very pretty Nelly Colt. An agreeable feature of the production is the setting of the third and last acts. It is on the trifles in a cabinet or the pictures on a wall that the fortunes of a play may depend almost as well as in the work of the players, and the sooner Mr. Frawley realizes this the sooner will his productions reach the desired perfection.

* *

By very long odds, "The Isle of Champagne" is one of the most agreeable comic opera productions San Francisco has had for many a month, and one of the most satisfactory the Tivoli has ever given. In fact, the Tivoli has taken unto itself a lease of new life—pleasing, energetic life. It may be due to Edwin Stevens, or the new music, but to whomever it may be due, it has brought pleasure to the public and dollars to Mme. Kreling. As for the opera, its title is alluring, suggesting much it does not contain. It suggests bright sparkling music as bright and bubbling as champagne itself, and comedy as crisp as the first small bottle. Mr. Hurst's music is pretty—very pretty in parts, but there is little or no sparkle in it all. The most taking numbers are "The Imp of the Wine" and Priscilla's bird song; the opening chorus has little life in it and is altogether too long. But melody is hardly the thing in "The Isle of Champagne;" its crowning glory is its comedy—and most of this is given to his Majesty, King Mumm. As the sovereign of Champagne, Edwin Stevens has a great advantage over his work in "Wang"—there are no comparisons to make, but at the same time his action all through is very suggestive of Hopper, a sort of refined version of the lengthy De Wolf. Elvia Crox Seabrooke, as Priscilla, the New England maid, has some pretty music and sings it quite acceptably. Myra Morella has also some pleasing music, but a much prettier gown—the dainty affair of the last act with the pink roses. The two ballets are good, the second in particular—a graceful dance, set to a graceful air.

* *

Though the new features at the Orpheum are hardly up to the excellent standard of the house, the entire performance affords ample variety and excellent amusement. Lillian Perry's song and dance turn catches the gallery, and Caron and Herbert, the comic acrobats, give occasion for plenty of merriment. The singing of Charles Whyte and Imogen Comer are well received, as also Harry Le Clair's burlesque entertainment. The Irish comedians, Perry and Burns, are not the best of their kind, and are permitted too long a run. Lew Dockstadter's inimitable drollery, embellished with much local color, continues to maintain its quality and freshness, and probably no artist in the city at the present time will be more missed when his engagement ceases. The little farce, with clever dancing, by Frey and Fields, is a spirited production decidedly worth seeing.

It is quite a clever idea that of the Johnson-Locke Mercantile Company inducing the community to patronize the Ivory & Lenox soap by virtue of tickets to the Orpheum. Provided you use a certain number of cakes of these excellent soaps you are entitled to a proportionate number of admissions. Of course, the soaps are the best of their kind, and the show is equally good in its way, and for further particulars of the scheme our readers are referred to page 14—to the announcement of the Johnson-Locke Company, where the offer is set forth at length and with complete details.

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"ROWY" AND "CHAMBERS"

A scene from "Pudd'n Head Wilson," to be produced at the Columbia Monday evening

# DRAMATIC NOTES

The good success of the Isle of Champagne" at the Tivoli has encouraged the management to bill the piece for next week. There will be no change in the cast, and the audience will have another chance to hear Edwin Stevens as King Mumm and Elvia Seabrooke as Priscilla. The other roles will be interpreted as heretofore.

With this evening's performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda" the Lyceum company terminates its engagement. John Drew opens the autumn and winter season of the Baldwin, and his own as well, on August 22, with "Rosemary," by Louis N. Parker, author of "The Mayflower." Miss Isabel Irving has replaced Maude Adams as Mr. Drew's leading lady.

Ouda, the world famous aerial artist, heads the list of new people at the Orpheum next week—his performance is of a most thrilling nature. Miss Ida Gray Scott, an operatic soprano of some repute, will sing some popular selections, and Mr. Frank J. Bryant, monologue artist, is to appear in a clever and amusing sketch. Mr. Lew Dockstadter has been retained for another and positively final week, also Imogene Comer, Smith and Fuller, etc.

The production of "Rosedale" at the Alcazar is announced for Monday evening, although the drawing powers of the Chinese play might continue for several weeks to come. The appearance of Francis Carlyle has awakened considerable interest, and promises as well for the performance as for the attendance. George Osbourne will play Miles McKenna, J. Harry Benrimo Colonel Cavendish May, and Hugo Toland will reappear as Matthew Leigh. Of the ladies, Adele Belgarde will play Lady Florence May, Miss Selene Johnson Rosa Leigh, and Mrs. F. M. Bates Tabitha Stork.

Mr. Theodore Hamilton has given "Pudd'nhead Wilson" very successfully in the East since the death of Frank Mayo, and his version of the character at the Columbia next week may be looked forward to with reasonable pleasure. The play itself, dramatized by Mr. Mayo from Mark Twain's well known "Century" story, is full of charm and dramatic interest, and is one of the very few plays of Southern life without some distressing allusion to the war. This ante-bellum period admits of quaint costumes and old time effects, a welcome relief, for a week at least, from modern gowndom. Miss Eleanor Moretti will appear as Roxy, her creation in the original production of the play. "The Case of Rebellious Susan" will follow "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Next week Morosco's wil put on "The Fast Mail." The play is well known, having been immensely popular for the last three years, both in this country and in England. It is replete with dramatic interest and unusually startling mechanical effects. In one scene a freight train consisting of engine, fourteen cars and caboose, dash across the stage with all the accompanying realism of steam whistle, brakes and switches. Another scene represents a steamboat race on the Mississippi, another the familiar patrol alarm, and still another Niagara by moonlight. The cast will include the regular company, strengthened by the engagement of George E. Bebon, dialect impersonator, and the reappearance of Rosamond O'Connell and Julia Blanc, who has recently recovered from a dangerous illness.

Mr. Charles Ulrich's Chinese drama, "A Celestial Maiden," has been received in Oakland with much more favor than was anticipated. Mr. Ulrich has taken excellent advantage of the dramatic possibilities of life in the Chinese quarter, and as a result his play is interesting and effective from beginning to end. Miss Ola Humphrey as the Celestial maid Kim Soy is graceful and dramatic and has been well received. The success of "A Celestial Maiden" has been so pronounced that it will very likely be continued for another week, something almost unprecedented in Oakland. The audiences have been large and composed mainly of some of the best people of Oakland and San Francisco.

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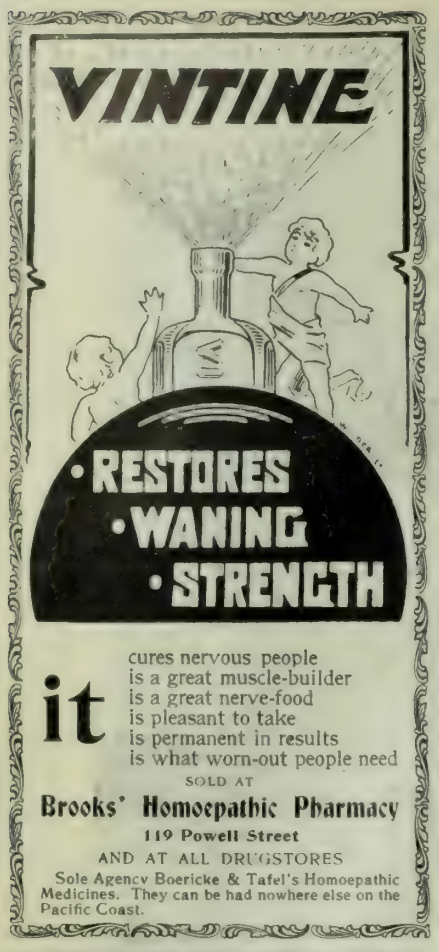


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# "EQUALITY"

## Bellamy Brings "Looking Backward" Further Forward.

Edward Bellamy has dreamed another dream, one less poetic than his "Looking Backward," yet, marvelous to tell, a logical continuance of it; a thing quite remarkable in dreamology. "Equality" (D. Appleton & Co.), as this new book is called, tells more at length the story of the socialistic America which Mr. Bellamy with prophetic eye first looked upon about ten years ago. It is not a romance but an economic study, not a thing of art and beauty, nor of life and blood, but of facts, arguments, reasonings and debates. It is a dream because intangible, unreal, the product of a disturbed mind, and it is as reasonable as a dream, as likely to be true, as possible as some. The characters are the old ones: Julian West, the young millionaire who went to sleep in 1887 and slept a century, to find himself on waking, in a new world where "everyone is somebody and no one anybody," as Gilbert sings; Edith Leete, great-granddaughter of that other Edith to whom West was engaged when he went to sleep; Dr. Leete, father of Edith and West's guide, philosopher and friend in this strange world, where everyone has $4,000 a year and comparatively little use for that. It is a fine hope some ways, that of this Massachusetts lawyer. He seems to believe that some day it will be. The song that he sings is one of enchantment to every struggler in this world of competition, of hard blows and rough tussling for a bed, a loaf and a coat. It is quite as alluring as that which came to the ears of those confident young men who left this city some months ago to find that paradise in the South Pacific, where it was said rich and luscious maidens were eagerly awaiting them upon the coral strand; wives with dowries of lands and unstrung pearls were to be had without the asking, and life was to be one long sunny afternoon at a seaside resort. Quite as alluring and quite as false. Taking advantage of the years of hard times we have endured since "Looking Backward" was published, Mr. Bellamy makes his new work a review of our situation—the growth of trusts, industrial and land syndicates, railroad monopolies, strikes, bank failures and governmental chaos—to tell the world that all these things would not be if socialism prevailed, if we substituted national capitalism for private capitalism, national co-operation in industry for private management and control.

In this America of 2000 A. D. pictured by Mr. Bellamy every one works and no one starves, and the Government directs every one and the Government is every one, and women wear trousers, and men don't drink, and horses are no longer seen, and all clothes are made of prepared paper, and suits cost only ten or twenty cents apiece and are as beautiful as poems and are never worn but once, and the sewage is deodorized by electricity before it leaves the house, and the girls are all hypnotists, and every one has a job he likes, and the churches don't fight, and the newspapers don't publish advertisements. It is a great world to be sure, but what would Huntington and Rockefeller and Pullman and a few other such men be doing in that world of sweetness and light? Mr. Bellamy thinks that the Napoleonic spirit can be killed by giving Napoleon enough to eat and a vote at the polls.

The most captivating portion of the picture presented by Bellamy is that dealing with improvement of physical conditions, not those resulting from socialism, but those which have taken place within the hundred years, and most of these seem thoroughly reasonable, altogether quite to be expected. The hero is much surprised to find that the heroine, the fair Edith, with whom he has fallen in love, is what we would call to-day an agricultural laborer. He asks for an explanation, and is carried out to the farming district on an airship, where he looks down upon the scores of maidens performing the hardest, or what would to-day be considered the hardest kinds of farm labor. But the difficulties are all smoothed out by means of electricity. In every field are small electric stations, simply a couple of wires containing the electric power which is generated by the action of the waves of the sea a hundred or two hundred miles away. Electrical machines perform all the drudgery, being guided and directed by the hands of women as well as men. It is no more difficult to work a plow than to ride in an electric car, no more trouble to spade a garden than to run a wheelbarrow, and through rapid transit facilities being so thoroughly developed farm-workers no longer live isolated and remote from the advantages of city life; electric lines and air machines carry their passengers at a hundred miles an hour, and enable Miss Leete to live in Boston and cultivate a farm in the Berkshire Hills with no more inconvenience than if she lived in San Francisco and a ranch in Berkeley. Julian West is asked if he does not wish to attend a performance at the theater to be given in Honolulu that afternoon, and laughing at the oddity of the suggestion is taken into a room whereby the use of what Bellamy calls an electroscope he sees and hears all that takes place on the stage at Honolulu and at the very time it occurs. With the development in electrical science which has been made in the last decade, it does not seem ridiculous to expect that in less than a hundred years we would be able to enjoy the pleasures that come from this combination of the telephone and the veriscope. It is hardly fair for Mr. Bellamy, however, to claim advantages for his socialistic commonwealth which are alone due to the discoveries of natural science and the inventions of men, but without these facts the book would be a most hopelessly dreary economic treatise. These fancies, however, act as a sugar-coat to the socialistic pill.

Bellamy deals at length with the influence upon woman and her condition of his socialistic scheme. The hero notes that neither maidens nor matrons wear diamonds or gold or silver ornaments, and asking Dr. Leete for the reason, is told that when woman gave so much thought to devices for enhancing her beauty it was owing to her economic dependence on man's favor; a woman's face was then her fortune, while the reason that men are so careless as to their personal appearance was their independence of mere physical beauty. In themselves because they are no longer dependent. Bellamy's idea is that in this day, while the most of men are the servants of the rich, the woman is subject whether her husband be rich or poor; she is the servant of a servant. At the very bottom of the social heap, bearing the accumulated burden of the whole mass is woman; all the trials of the soul, mind, and body which the race endures weigh at last with cumulative force upon her.

"The failure of a man to marry may cost him happiness, but in the case of woman it not only involves loss of happiness, but as a rule exposes her to the pressure of poverty," says Bellamy. The result is one of the most shocking spectacles the world has ever seen, nothing less in fact than a state of rivalry among women for the opportunity to marry. Not only is there a constant surplus of unmarried women desirous of securing the economic support that marriage implies, but beneath these are hordes of wretched women hopeless of obtaining the support of man on honorable terms, and eager to sell themselves for a crust. While the marriage contract is to-day embellished by a rich embroidery of sentimental and religious fancies, it is, after all, only a legal undertaking by the man to support the woman in consideration of the surrendering of herself to his exclusive disposal. The only point which the social censor looks to in fixing the purity or impurity of any sexual act is as to whether the condition under which it has been performed is in accordance with legal forms. That point properly fulfilled, everything formerly regarded as wrong and impure becomes rightful and chaste. There may be persons drawn together to marry by base and sordid motives; the bride may be constrained by need to accept a man she loathes; youth may be sacrificed to decrepitude, but according to our standard if the contract has been legally executed all that follows such marriages is white and beautiful.

There are now two distinct codes in sexual matters, one for men and one for women; men refuse to be bound by the law society enforces on females by reason of this economic dependence. All these various relationships are done away with in Bellamy's new world; women, having an equal income with men, demand and receive equal consideration. Not only is the female of the twentieth century a new woman in the enjoyment of equal rights, but quite as much so in the attainment of perfection of figure. The woman of the future it appears is to be more lovely than the Venus of Milo. She is to attain a stature two inches taller than the present average of the sex—gained by the full, free and untrammeled life which economic independence will have opened to her. No more invalids then, for all women having to work a moderate amount and being able to lead their own lives will have strength and health.

One of the great problems of our day is the concentration of population in cities. The city is fast devouring the country. But this process will be stopped if Mr. Bellamy has anything to say, by the simple process of abolishing the need of markets. The national organization for production and distribution will perform all the functions of exchange now rendered by private capitalists. The produce of the country will no longer be handled and distributed by the cities except so far as produced and consumed there. The provision of employment and maintenance on equal terms to all will take away the advantages of localities as aids to livelihood, and there will no longer be any motive to lead a person to prefer a city to a country life.

As to the political system which will rule a hundred years hence, Bellamy is prophetic. He makes Dr. Leete say that in this new America power is never delegated irrevocably, but is always subject to recall. Public officials are liable to have their powers revoked at any moment by the vote of their principals. Any measure passed by a representative body must be referred back to the people. Thevote of any delegate upon any important measure cannot stand until his constituents have had an opportunity to cancel it. There is no bribery because the credits which the people have are untransferable. There are one hundred or more elections every year, and all manner of questions, from the temperature of the public baths or the plan to be selected for a public building to the greatest question of what they call World Union, or what we would call international policy, are passed upon by vote. But we regret to say that our great grandchildren will dine in the middle of the day and will be vegetarians, if Bellamy is an accurate predicter.

Mr. Bellamy has evidently attempted in this book to answer the various objections and criticisms that have been made on his "Looking Backward." His work cannot rank with that of Lasalle or Marx, for he is not scientific in his mode of dealing with economic questions. He is evidently a gentleman of kind heart, and he labors sincerely, but ignorantly, with the question of how the lot of all can be made more happy. It is my recollection, however, that when "Looking Backward" came out and proved tremendous in sales, Bellamy confessed that he had not expected to become the father of a movement by his book, his ambition being along the line of fictionist rather than economist. Sucess has proved to him, however, that he may get a following and win both fame and fortune. "Equality" is not a good book to give into the hands of those untrained in the consideration of social and economic problems. The author has ignored the weak points of his scheme and emphasized the strong ones—but in so doing he has been unfair and unscientific. He is able to show the injustice of the present conditions, and he promises a better time under socialism as glibly as does Mr. Bryan under silver, but with no more reason to support it. His dream is not a new one. Three hundred years ago More dreamed one equally good. He evidently is unable to see that his hope cannot be anything more until man's nature has been changed, and it takes tens of centuries, not tens of years, to modify even so little as a human prejudice. Bellamy is adroit, not deep, forceful, not convincing. "Equality" is neither a novel nor an economic study, and it will fall far short in popularity of "Looking Backward." T. P.


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| Deposits December 31, 1896 - - | 27,730,247 45 |

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532 CALIFORNIA ST.

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| Deposits December 31, 1896 - | $22,885,377 |
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301 Montgomery Street


## MISS TYREE TALKS

### Frohman's Pretty Actress Expresses Her Views.

An actress that didn't want to be interviewed! Now, just think of that. And yet that's what Miss Tyree said.

"Not that I find it a bore," she said, as we sat down in the only two chairs the Endeavorers had left vacant.

"What then?"

"Only that my opinions are not important enough."

Miss Tyree is very pretty, and some men have found a pretty woman's opinions to be—under some circumstances—the most important things in the world. I wish I'd

*MISS BESSIE TYREE*
Thors, photo

thought to say this, but I didn't. I made a deprecating mumble instead. Miss Tyree was good enough to assume it had coherency, and remarked:

"I have a conscientious objection to interviews"—I reached for my hat—"but I guess you can stay and talk."

We began on dramatic tendencies. It's a safe foundation to begin on.

"The public are getting tired of serious plays. Pinero, Jones, Grundy and those men. Somehow they're not so popular as they used to be."

"What's the trouble," said I.

"Oh, the public must be amused. It's a great big child playing with blocks. It doesn't even want letters on the blocks. A play that strikes some seriously and stirs them up a bit—they don't want it. They want comedy every time."

"They don't want to pay attention too closely?"

"That's it. I suppose many of them are business men who come to the theater with their brains tired enough anyhow. It's hard enough to get their attention at the best, and hard enough to hold it when you've got it. But San Francisco is a first rate theater town—better even than New York."

"For instance."

"Well, this hat ordinance. You'd never have got New Yorkers to take their hats off. Just think of having the right now to make a lady take her hat off. But there is, oh, there is one thing I wish they wouldn't do."

"What's that? They're pretty bad about some things."

"No, about most things they are pretty good."

"What?"

"Just so soon, in the last act, as a San Francisco audience sees all the actors begin to assemble for the closing tableau—just so soon as they see that, you'll begin to hear them stir and reach for their hats and things."

"That's very true. I'm afraid I've done it myself."

"You are very bad."

"I am that."

"And rude."

"I'm afraid so."

"Why do you do it?"

"Oh, I—because—well, the others do."

"Fancy now!—as if that was a reason. Do you have to catch a boat? Do you live in Oak—"

"Miss Tyree!"

"I beg your pardon. Well, then, why do you do it?"

"The seats at the Drinkand—" I began, feebly.

"Oh, pshaw, but I know. San Francisco people, the men, I mean, must eat and drink right away after the play's over."

"I never—"

"Some of them don't wait even for that."

"I go to listen to the music," I protested, stoutly.

"Why not stay and listen to the play. You've paid a dollar and a half for that."

"That's very true."

"Do you know we often have to cut and rearrange the last act just on that account, for fear the people will start to go at the wrong time."

"I never knew that."

"But it's really very rude for the audience to act that way, and after we've tried so hard to please them all through an evening."

"Of course you're right."

"You wouldn't do it in a parlor, would you, at a musicale, say?"

"Well, naturally—"

"Look here! Suppose a chum of yours was telling you a good story, and thought you were listening, and all of a sudden you would turn your back and walk away."

"Oh, come now, it's not the same thing."

"We actors feel just as bad as your chum would."

"But are we worse in San Francisco?" I asked.

"'M-hum, much, otherwise you're fine, but you do get up before the piece is over, and its really dreadful of you."

"But those tables at the Drinkand—" I began again.

"As though that made a difference."

"Well, I won't do it again."

"Pooh, of course you will."

"No. I promise. It is as you say, very rude and discouraging."

"And annoying to the nice people who really want to listen."

"That's so. Well, I promise."

"And say so in your interview?"

"But this was to be an interview on 'tendencies' 'and—and—all that."

"Bother your tendencies. Will you say so in your interview?"

"I—I guess so."

"Promise me."

"That's an old song.'

"But will you say it?"

"All right, I will, like this: It is very rude and unkind and ungenerous for an audience to get up and leave the theater—or start to do so."

"Or start to do so before the very end of the piece. You'll write it just like that?"

"I will."

And I hope I have. F. N.

She was a new girl at the central telephone exchange. Her previous experience in this busy world had been behind the counter at Chintz & Chintz, the drapers, whose motto is: "We strive to please."

There was a ring at the bell. She applied her ear to the instrument and asked sweetly: "What number, please?"

"Give me No. 474."

"I am sorry that No. 474 is engaged now," she replied. "You can have No. 473 or No. 475 if you wish."

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## TURF TOPICS

### Racing and Breeding Notes — American and English Celebrities.

California horses have made but little show on Eastern tracks so far this season. The Burns & Waterhouse string, the two-year-olds of which especially promised so well, seems to have had a good deal of ill-luck in the way of health. Of the older division belonging to other owners, Ruinart, Howard S., and Scarborough have all to prove their quality yet in the East. The first-named is reported to be in fine fettle, and has already won the good opinion of the Eastern critics in his work. Mr. E. J. Baldwin's stable went away from Santa Anita only lately, and has yet to settle down to business.

The California-bred horse Ostler Joe seems to be meeting with all the success in Montana that was predicted for him in these columns. It seems almost a pity that he was not given an opportunity of distinguishing himself in Eastern fields.

Eastern turfmen seem to be satisfied that Ornament, the winner of the Latonia, St. Louis and Oakley Derbies, is the best three-year-old on this continent, and anyone venturing to question this estimate would hardly be considered in his right senses. His last victory in the Oakley event called for considerable effort, but it was evident that the colt was a good deal off, owing to his previous exertions and the effects of traveling. He will probably put in an appearance for the Buckeye Stakes to-day, and is also expected to start for the International Derby at Detroit on August 10th. He seems to be able to hold his own at any distance, being possessed of speed, staying powers and courage, even when giving weight away to all of his competitors upon tracks in all conditions of going. He is described as standing about 16 hands and weighing, say, 1,100 pounds; in color a rich chestnut, with blaze on face and near hind leg white half way to the hock, bloodlike in appearance, true in proportions and a beautiful mover in all his paces. It is to be hoped that Mr. Haggin may be fortunate enough to breed from his parents, now at Ranch del Paso, another of the same sort to bring glory to California.

One of the best horses that has figured on the English turf of recent years is Victor Wild, who has just gone into retirement. Foaled in 1890 by Albert Victor, a son of Marsyas out of a Stockwell mare, dam Wild Huntress by Remorse, a son of Macaroni out of Rio by Plum Pudding, a son of Sweatmeat, he was not a fashionable thoroughbred according to present ideas, but his ability to take a crushing weight to the front over courses of three-quarters of a mile to one mile in length, has proved amazing. He seemed to have a particular liking for the Jubilee Course (one mile) at Kempton Park, having in two succesive years, 1895 and 1896, won the Great Jubilee Stakes, on the last occasion carrying 133 pounds, and having also there landed the Coronation Cup—his final essay as a racehorse—on June 26th last with 139 pounds in clever fashion, giving from 37 to 48 pounds to other speedy animals. His performances in the Royal Hunt Cup (7 furlongs—166 yards) at Ascot, winning once as a four-year-old with 105 pounds, and running second twice subsequently, the first time with 132 pounds and the second with 138 pounds, and giving lumps of weight away to horses of good class, will always be memorable. Since being purchased in a selling race when a two-year-old by his present owner, Mr. T. Worton, he has earned for him somewhere in the neighborhood of $250,000, and will now go to the stud, and, if all goes well, produce a handsome annual income. In his last race he was ridden by Momy Cannon, and the return to the paddock was the occasion of one of the most tremendous ovations ever given to any horse in England, where "old Victor" had become a public idol. In the betting Mr. P. Lorillard's smart three-year-old gelding Sandia, a prominent winner this season across the water, divided the honors of favoritism with Victor Wild, the former having slightly the call, but the old horse gave the American representative 42 pounds and finished three lengths in front of him, the five-year-old Chasseur landing second, a couple of lengths in advance of Sandia.

The thoroughbred yearling sales in New York have shown rather better results on the whole since the month opened. Mr. W. H. Forbes' select consignment of youngsters by imp. Meddler brought an average of $1,027, the colt out of imp. Ononia, by Hampton, being taken by Mr. J. A. Keene at $4,100.

One of the problems troubling breeders of thoroughbreds is how to dispose of the surplus stock that owners of racing stables decline to bid for at the annual sales. In the present condition of the market, unless a youngster can be sold for racing purposes as a yearling, it is valueless. At the same time anything possessed of substance and good looks should by proper management be made to cover the cost of raising, even if no profit can be obtained. The French government are reported to have made extensive purchases in Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee this spring of thoroughbreds suitable for cavalry mounts, and it only requires a little satisfactory experience on the part of buyer and seller respectively for further developments in this direction. There is not the same prejudice in Europe against thoroughbreds for useful service that there is in this country, and, in fact, blood is essential in the harness and saddle horse, though it must not be obtained at the sacrifice of power and weight—carrying capacity; with those two essentials in the make-up the more blood the better. Very high prices can be obtained for thoroughbreds that promise to be suitable for hunters, chargers, and ordinary saddle and harness horses. If breeders will give attention to substance, as well as speed, the foreign buyers will be glad to take three and four-year-olds that were not saleable as yearlings, and pay remunerative prices for them. In the United States there is probably a better demand now for high-class saddle horses of thoroughbred type than there ever has been, and this feature is certain to develop, as no one who has once regularly ridden a horse of the kind ever wants to own anything without such quality. The thing to do therefore is to cease breeding weeds as far as possible and keep the yearlings that are unsalable for the race course until they can be turned to account for useful purposes.

All reports encourage hopes of a good harness racing season on the local circuit, thanks to the efforts of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' Association to maintain the standard of the meetings, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the State appropriation from the district fairs. At Los Angeles there is a promise of an excellent meeting in the fall.

The State Board of Trade has published this month a valuable book dealing with the resources of California, its history and products. Amongst a series of interesting papers included therein is one by Mr. Charles M. Chase, President of the State Agricultural Society, on the "Live Stock Interests of California." In dealing with horses Mr. Chase states that the statistics of his society show that in the last twelve months there has been a reduction of ten per cent. in the number of horses in the State, and a more than corresponding increase of values, which even now on Mr. Chase's showing are perilously near zero. Really good horses for useful purposes are very hard to find, and no special effort seems to be making to remedy this state of things. The conditions of the market are a serious impediment to breeding enterprise,

An "illustrated review" under the title of "Racing in California," edited by Ben Benjamin, the well-known local turf writer, and published by the Racing Publishing Company, 313 Bush street, San Francisco, will be of interest to all horse-lovers. Several of the principal illustrations have appeared from time to time in the pages of the "Wave," and from its issues some have been reproduced in leading Eastern journals. The articles on "California Horses in the East," by Ralph H. Tozer, and "Pioneer Racing in California," by Captain Thomas B. Merry, are both of historical value, and bring out most strikingly the merits of California as a horse country. The data supplied by Captain Merry should form part of every American horseman's library.

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## STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

## The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

A CORPORATION

**And where said Assets are situated dated June 30, 1897**

### ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is | $26,631.655 07 |
| The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said Office, which is its principal place of business, and said notes and debts are there situated. | |
| 2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is | 126,500 00 |
| The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its Office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "The Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent. Bonds," "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent. Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent. Bonds," and "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent. Bonds," the market value of all of said Bonds being $170,480 00. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said Office, and said Notes and Bonds are there situated. | |
| 3—Bonds of the United States ($8,000,000 00) and of the District of Columbia ($506,000 00), the actual value of which is | 8,949,565 30 |
| The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults, and are there situated. They are "Registered 4 per cent. United States Bonds" and "District of Columbia 3½ per cent. Bonds"—guaranteed by the United States Government"—and are payable only to the order of said Corporation. | |
| 4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is | 1,473,618 85 |
| The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults, and are there situated. They are "Market Street Cable Railway Co. 6 per cent. Bonds" ($884,000 00), "Spring Valley Water Works 4 per cent. Bonds" ($211,000 00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent. bonds" ($186,000 00), "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent. Bonds" ($31,500.42) and "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent. Bonds" ($23,000 00). | |
| 5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1, 1897 | 117,816 59 |
| 6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($309,405 69), and in the County of Alameda ($21,972 51), in said State, the actual value of which is | 331,378 20 |
| (b) The land and building in which said Corporation keeps its said Office, the actual value of which is | 562,226 14 |
| The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive. | |
| 7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation, and in its possession and situated at its said Office. Actual value | 1,215,118 57 |
| Total Assets | $39,407,[illegible]8 72 |

### LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is | $36,646,927 43 |
| The condition of said Deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby. | |
| 2—Premium on Bonds, Actual Value | 2,639 90 |
| 3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value | 2,758,311 39 |
| Total Liabilities | $39,407,878 72 |

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California,
ss.
City and County of San Francisco,

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President, and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary, of The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1897.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 26, 30; August 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28; September 1, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 27.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. July 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. July 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE — Best and Belcher Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of July, 1897, an assessment (No. 62) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of August, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of August, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of TERESA YOUNG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 19, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

---

DIVIDEND NOTICE—German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street.—For half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty hundredths (4-20.100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty hundredths (3-50.100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE — Continental Building and Loan Association, 222 Sansome street. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on term deposits, and 12 per cent on installment stock, all free of taxes.

DR. E. D. E. HILL, President.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Vice-President
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Man.

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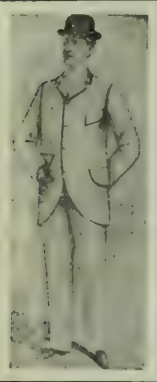

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The late Dr. von Stephan, the German Postmaster-General, recently took a train from Konigsberg to enjoy a few days' deer-stalking. Arrived at Dirschau, he stepped into the station telegraph office to send news of his safety to his wife in Berlin. The official recognized his chief at once, and with all obsequiousness began to write down his message. Suddenly the Morst instrument, used for service-telegrams only, began to work, and very shortly his excellency pricked up his ears, for he distinguished the particular clicks that represent his own name. A glance at the clerk's face, now deathly pale, induced him to inquire further into the purport of this State telegram, and, when the clicking had ceased, he took up the paper ribbon and read as follows: "Look out for squalls. Stephan is somewhere on the line. He will be poking his nose everywhere." The Postmaster-General smiled sardonically, and then went to the transmitter and flashed back this reply: "Too late! He has already poked his nose in here—Stephan."

An amusing clerical yarn is told by S. K. Hocking in "The Temple Bar." Dr. D., an eminent clergyman, had preached a special sermon, and had scarcely got into the vestry when in rushed a well-dressed and rather good-looking man, who greeted him effusively. "Delighted to see you, doctor," he said. "You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat—a real inspiration to us all." The doctor smiled, and expressed his gratification, and the man left the vestry. But no sooner had the door closed than one of the deacons looked up from the "Notice Book," and said, "You must not take any notice of him, doctor—he's got softening of the brain."

A party of Stanford professors undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the depths of an old Tuolumne mine. One of the number relates the following startling incident. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, as he thought, unmistakable symptoms of weak places in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half-way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow if we get up safe to-day, sir."

Munro Fraser, one of the Inspectors of Schools for Scotland, tells a story of a Highlander who was out for a walk with his wife one day, and had the ill-luck to fall into the water. After great difficulty he managed to scramble out again, and was assisted up the bank by his wife, who had been almost distracted. "Ah, Donald, dear," she said, "you ought to be ferry thankful to Heaven for your life being spared!" "Ay, ay!" he replied. "Profitence was ferry kind, but I wass ferry clever, too!"

Mahony, the Irish wit, known as "Father Prout," once called on a literary lady, whom he found conversing with a gentleman whose manners indicated his familiarity with good society, but whose apparel betrayed his slovenliness.

"Did you not notice his well-bred ease and courtly tone?" asked the lady of Mahony, after the gentleman had left the room.

"Yes," growled, the cynical wit, "your friend can well afford to put some polish in his manner, for he keeps none for his boots."

An eminent Oxford man was invited to dine with Jowett, Master of Balliol, at the Lodge. The butler, who helped him to take off his coat, sighed deeply. "I am sorry to hear that!" said the guest. "I hope you have no cause for anxiety at home?" "No, sir—it's nothing," answered the butler; "only the master invited twelve to dine this evening, sir, and you are the eighteenth who has come."

On one occasion Mrs. Julia Ward Howe presented herself at a club of which she was a member with her bonnet wrong side front. After some hesitation, lest Mrs. Howe should feel hurt, a sister member informed her of the mistake. "What a blow to my vanity!" said Mrs. Howe, with an amused smile. "I thought I was receiving quite an unusual amount of attention as I came down town in the car, but attributed it solely to my own attractions!"

An ancient sage, who lived when it was common to erect statues to obscure persons, being condoled with that no such honor had been conferred upon him, replied with wit, but also with satire: "I prefer to hear it asked why I have no statue, rather than why I had one."


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 30 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 24, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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*FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY*

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# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 24, 1897

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Views Inside the Rotunda of the City Hall | 4 |
| Another Chinese Drama | 5 |
| The City Hall Rotunda | 5 |
| The Late C. F. Crocker | 6 |
| The Opinions of Leander; by Justin Sturgis | 7 |
| Heard on the Boulevards | 7 |
| A New El Dorado, with Views of the District | 8–9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| San Rafael is Gay | 10 |
| A Miner Interviewed by F. N. | 11 |
| An American Novel | 12 |
| The Theatres | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| Mechanical Work on the City Hall Dome | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |

## IN THE EVENT OF WAR.

The projected annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States has progressed no farther than to a favorable report from the Senate Committee, to which the pending treaty for annexation was referred. The Senate has displayed no disposition to accept the recommendation of the committee, or to act on the treaty at all during the present session of Congress. The present probability is that when the tariff bill is passed the Senate will adjourn to the time of the regular session in December, leaving the annexation treaty no nearer to consummation than it has been since it was formally signed in the State Department a month ago. In the interval which, as it now seems, must elapse before the ratification of the treaty can be finally considered, every influence hostile to its confirmation will be actively at work to defeat it, and every danger to which we are exposed by such unnecessary and unreasonable delay in the final disposition of an affair of such grave importance to ourselves will become more acute. Among these dangers must be reckoned the chance of war, however remote it may seem at present.

The protest formally made by the Japanese Government against the treaty still stands. It will be remembered that this protest rests substantially on three points: first, that a continuation of the present status of the Hawaiian Islands is essential to the maintenance of a proper understanding—meaning, probably, of friendly relations—among the powers bordering on the Pacific ocean; second, that the treaty, as drawn, makes no provision for the future maintenance of the rights which the Japanese now enjoy under the present treaty relations between Japan and the Hawaiian Republic; and, third, that no provision is made by the proposed treaty for satisfying the claims, preferred by Japan against the present government of the islands, for damages incurred by Japanese subjects in violation of their rights under existing treaties. With the justice or sufficiency of the points so raised we are not at present concerned. Secretary Sherman has answered the Japanese protest in a rather perfunctory fashion, with the customary assurances of friendly regard, but it may be taken for granted that the answer is not such as will induce the Japanese Government to withdraw its protest or to abandon any design which it may have formed of preventing, if possible, the accomplishment of the projected annexation. In this age of the world governments bent on war look for plausible pretexts rather than for justifiable motives for their actions; and if the Mikado's statesmen really contemplate disputing by force our right to incorporate the Hawaiian Islands within the territory of our Republic, on our own terms, they can easily find pretexts in sufficient number in the points which they have formally put forth by way of protest against the treaty of annexation. Such pretexts may perfectly well serve their purpose while their real motives and intentions are carefully concealed or even politely disavowed.

However small may be the probability of a war with the Japanese, it may be interesting to consider the probable course of such a conflict if it should be forced on us. It must be forced on us if it comes, because the publication of the terms of the treaty has placed us in the position of exercising a virtual protectorate over the islands, and thereby thrown upon the Japanese the onus of making a declaration of hostilities if they shall conclude that their interests require such action. We Americans are generally so impressed with our great numbers, our prodigious strength and our endless resources that we have almost persuaded ourselves that no such power as Japan will ever have the temerity to force upon us an armed contest, and we believe, almost unanimously, that the only possible result of such a conflict would be the complete discomfiture of our assailants. We have a comfortable way of forgetting that we are habitually unprepared for war, and that we have always had to suffer for our lack of preparation at the beginning of every war in which we have been engaged. In 1814, when there were eight millions of us, our national capital was taken and burned by an expeditionary force of only 3,500 men. We have learned no lesson from the contemplation of that incident, and in the earlier stages of a war with Japan we would probably have to endure serious disappointment and humiliation. The opening act of such a war would unquestionably be the seizure by the Japanese of the cause of controversy, the Hawaiian group. Such a seizure is perfectly feasible, for the Japanese have a stronger naval force available in the Pacific than we have; they have ample transportation for an expeditionary force sufficient to the task in their merchant marine, and they have an army vastly more numerous than any force we could dispatch against them and far superior in efficiency to any troops that we could organize outside of our little regular army. Three or four strong brigades of infantry once landed on the islands, with a proportionate train of artillery, supported by a fleet strong enough to command the sea for a time sufficient to allow the material for fortifications and submarine mines to be brought and placed in position, could so strengthen their hold that it would be a task of some difficulty and doubtfulness to dislodge them. Yet we are powerless to prevent such an occupation of the islands, if the Japanese see fit to attempt it. We have available for service in Pacific waters one battleship, two coast defense vessels, three good cruisers, and not a single torpedo-boat. This entire force, if it could be concentrated, would be insufficient to encounter the Japanese fleet with any sure prospect of success in preventing a hostile occupation of the islands, and we have no land force to send with it for that purpose. But our fleet, even such as it is, could not safely be concentrated for such a purpose. To do so would be to strip the Pacific Coast of its only defense, and the Japanese generals and admirals showed, in their brief and successful war with China, that they are not to be relied on to neglect such an opportunity for taking the offensive as our naked coast would furnish them. They may even think that they see in us another China, huge, rich, and helpless. In the matter of the defense of our coast we are, in fact, much worse off than China was at the time of the Japanese invasion. In the seventeen degrees of latitude through which our Western coast extends we have not a single modern gun or mortar in position, except at San Francisco; and if we are to believe the Commanding General of our army, the guns and mortars that we have are in the wrong place, and what he has officially pointed out as the site for the Gibraltar of the Pacific coast is as yet destitute of armament. The same military authority has detached our gunners from their guns and sent them to unfortified places for reasons which, if they have come to the notice of the Japanese generals—as, doubtless, they have—will hardly tend to increase their respect for our military leaders or their terror of our defensive preparations. Aside from San Francisco the entire coast is open to any raid that may be undertaken by anything from a fleet to a single cruiser. To this consideration San Francisco may, in the event of war, owe its immunity from attack. The prizes to be had elsewhere are greater in the aggregate and are to be had with no great risk or trouble. The coast cities of the south can be held to ransom by a cruiser on the high sea. The bar of the Columbia river, once no mean defence for the cities of Astoria and Portland, has been removed at great expense to facilitate navigation, but no defensive substitute has been provided. The great inland waterways of Puget Sound are as free and open to an enemy as to a friend, and Seattle, Tacoma and Port Townsend are the prey of any naval spoiler who may covet them. Seattle, to be sure, is to have an army post and a regiment of infantry at Magnolia Bluff, but this military arrangement, in perfect accord with the prevailing Chinese tone of our military administration, has no relation to the defense of the Sound, but is dictated solely by considerations affecting the value of real estate in that vicinity. The Sound cannot be defended from Seattle any more than San Francisco could be defended from Stockton or Benicia.

Enough has been said to indicate that there is reason for our belief that we should have anything but plain sailing in the event of war. Let us take what comfort we can from the belief that war will not come this time, and dilute it by the reflection that whenever it shall come it will find us, in all probability, quite as helpless and unprepared as we are now.

## ANOTHER MUNICIPAL MUDDLE.

The Mayor, the City Attorney and the Council of the city of Oakland have managed to involve that city in a legal problem, the solution of which is a matter of lively interest to every municipality in the State. Up to November last our State Constitution provided that cities and towns, and their several charters, should be subject to and controlled by general laws. At the November election there was submitted to the people of the State an amendment of the Constitution, in what was supposed to be the interest of municipal home rule, by which the "municipal affairs" of cities and towns were excepted from the operation of such general laws, and this amendment was ratified by the voters. Nevertheless, the Legislature, at its recent session, proceeded to enact general laws affecting municipalities throughout the State, and, necessarily, affecting their "municipal affairs." One such Act of the Legislature required that all ordinances passed by the legislative body of any municipality which affected the appropriation of public moneys, the granting of public franchises or the determination of gas and water rates, should be submitted to the Mayor of the municipality for his approval or disapproval. The City Council of Oakland requested the City Attorney to furnish an opinion as to the applicability of this Act of the Legislature to the proceedings of the Council, and the City Attorney in his reply held that the charter of the city of Oakland prevailed against the general law in any matter affecting the municipal affairs of the city, and that the acts of the City Council were not controlled by the law in question. The law certainly related to a very important "municipal affair"—the manner in which the legislative power of the municipality should be exercised in certain very important cases—and the power to exercise control over such affairs had been taken from the Legislature by the constitutional amendment. If the City Attorney's opinion was correct, it meant that no general legislation affecting municipalities could be valid, because any such legislation must almost inevitably affect "municipal affairs."

Soon another complication arose. It became necessary for the city of Oakland to refund certain bonded indebtedness of the city, and in the absence of any provision in the city charter for the authority to effect and the method of effecting such an operation, it was necessary to look for authority in the general laws of the State concerning municipal indebtedness. Such a law, general in its nature, had been enacted by the last Legislature, which prescribed in minute detail the duties of the City Council and the various municipal officers in connection with the process of refunding. In accordance with the provisions of this law the City Council passed an ordinance providing for the desired refunding of the debt. Thereupon the Mayor of Oakland requested the opinion of the City Attorney as to the validity of such an ordinance. The funding of the city's debt seemed to the Mayor to be quite as purely a "municipal affair" as the passage of a city ordinance affecting water rates; and if the Legislature had been deprived of all power to control the Council in one affair, it must be equally powerless to confer any power to proceed in the other. If the general law passed by the last Legislature was invalid, then the bonds to be issued by the city of Oakland under the authority of its provisions would be illegal, and the credit of the city would be impaired. However desirable it might seem to the members of the City Council, and to the City Attorney, that their legislative acts should be exempt from review by the Mayor, it was not desirable that the operation of refunding the debt of the city should be stopped for lack of legal authority. So the City Attorney promptly furnished the Mayor with an opinion that the general law on the subject of refunding does apply to the city of Oakland, from which it follows that the refunding ordinance passed by the Council is valid. The City Attorney bases his opinion on the fact that the city charter is silent on the subject of refunding, and says that in such a case a general law of the State applies. But there is no exception in the constitutional provision by which the Legislature is deprived of control over municipal affairs. There is no mere subordination of a legislative right to control in municipal affairs to the right conferred on a municipality by its charter. The prohibition is, in terms, an entire exclusion of the Legislature from control of municipal matters. When the validity of legislative acts concerning cities and towns is attacked, the question that arises is not whether such Acts concern municipal concerns for which the muni-

cipal charters have not made provision, but simply "Does the Act relate to municipal affairs?" It is clear that the City Attorney of Oakland has involved himself in two inconsistent opinions, and that the city of Oakland has become involved in a muddle from which the courts alone can extricate it. It should be remembered that our theory of municipal government proceeds on the assumption that all municipalities are the creations of the State from which they derive all their powers. The Legislature is the organ of the State's sovereignty, from which such powers are granted and by which they are limited and defined, subject only to the Constitution. It seems now that by resorting to a constitutional amendment for protection against possible encroachments by the Legislature we have deprived ourselves of the only source of relief in emergencies in which our city charters may prove to be defective. It may be that the Supreme Court will find a way for us out of the present dilemma, but it is more probable that we shall have to resort to another amendment of the Constitution for relief.

## DEFICIENT CONSULAR REPORTS.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the Consular service of the United States has hitherto failed to maintain its standing as compared with the same services in other countries, so far as regards information furnished respecting the commercial situation and progress of the localities within their respective jurisdiction. The frequent representations on this point that are being made by the press and the commercial community of this country have produced some improvement during more recent years, but the shortcoming is still serious, and the cause of perpetual annoyance to those interested.

The general character of the work that is done is perfunctory. It seldom extends beyond brief periodical reports on foreign manufactures and the import and export trade of certain ports. Such a thing as dealing with articles of produce is rarely thought of apparently, unless it be to touch upon some more or less exceptional product, such as a particular kind of fibre, for instance, which has provoked inquiry from some quarter of the United States that may have been thought suited to its cultivation. All the time, however, growers of staples like cotton, grain, hops, and other great standbys of our agriculture are left by our Government hopelessly in ignorance of the doings of their competitors in other lands. It is quite possible that the instructions to Consuls may not cover this ground, and that consequently the Secretary of Agriculture is not in a position to benefit his constituency by furnishing the information which could be derived from their advices on such subjects; but, if this be the case, there should surely be some better system devised.

In other countries, Germany more particularly, provision is made for helping agriculturists in this respect, with the result that the producers are to a great extent as well posted on the conditions which are likely to affect markets as are dealers and shippers themselves. As a matter of fact the necessities of the American growers are greater in this respect than those of their competitors, for this is a country of vast distances, and the producer is not within personal reach of his market in the way that the grower in older and more thickly settled countries is, with dealers and agents competing at his very door. The farmer here is, therefore, entitled to every bit of useful information that his Government can procure for him, and he has a right to expect that the Secretary of Agriculture in particular will take his interests into his care in every way he can. In the direction to which we refer there is manifest neglect, and possibly if the attention of the Federal Government were given to the matter this could easily be remedied.

There is a steadily growing conviction that California is within sight of really prosperous times again. Many go so far as to herald a boom, but this condition of exaltation being always attended by a disastrously long swing of the pendulum on the reverse side later on, the best friends of the State would wish to see the benefits that are said to be coming to our citizens rendered permanent by the causes that can at present be distinctly seen at work. The mining interest has always been of supreme importance, and hardly a day passes but what some satisfactory account comes to hand of developments on existing properties and embarkations on fresh enterprises. The use of electricity in mining work has become a powerful factor for good, and large undertakings are being conveniently handled with its aid. The quartz crushing era has hardly begun yet in California, and it is the universal opinion, not by any means new, but thoroughly established, of all well-informed mining men that greater wealth is in store for the mine operator than has ever yet been found. In the grain market the level of prices is very much higher than has been known for years, with prospect of continuance or even advancement in the future. Although there is always a large speculative force at work in the market here and abroad, the actual trading situation contains much assurance for the farmer who, with December and May wheat selling in the neighborhood of $1.42 per cental in the local market and "foreigners taking everything in sight," as reported from the East, can experience a sensation to which he has long been a stranger. In fruit circles the general outlook is more cheerful from every point of view. Crops are on the whole good, the foreign trade is in vastly improved condition as to prices and inquiry, while the winemakers are now getting returns that leave them good profits on their investments. Livestock is also on the upward grade,and so with almost every commodity, save, perhaps, the small hop product, in the commercial list. All this means a vastly increased revenue for producers, and a consequent enhancement of values throughout the State to give confidence to the capitalist, the immigrant, and those who have borne and are bearing the burden and heat of the day. The development in the Northwest will not be without its reflection on this metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and our people may be depended upon to share in its benefits, as indeed they have done already to a considerable extent.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

Quite the most important personality in Central America to-day is Reyna Barrios, who so recently appointed himself Dictator of Guatemala. Of course one does not attain that degree of power even in a Latin-American republic unless possessed of uncommon capacity, and in the accomplishment of the scheme it is inevitable that a little history bemade. Some months ago there was an election in prospect in the Guatemalan republic, and for the Presidential chair there were four active and influential candidates. They were rather too energetic to suit Barrios, who was determined to succeed himself, and announced his own candidacy with equal enthusiasm. They have been making laws in that region for many a moon, and one of the aspirants discovered a statute which expressly provided that no President shall be eligible for a second term. This barred Barrios, and the other candidates were happy. Not for long, however. Barrios discovered an equally ancient statute which compelled any citizen to serve in the army if so ordered by the President, and made it high treason to refuse. He at once drafted his four rivals into the army and sent the regiment to which he had attached them into the interior, many miles from Guatemala City. A month after the little man had proclaimed himself Dictator the quartet of aspiring successors were told what had happened. The historian, however, has failed to describe their expressions when the situation was fully revealed to them.

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There need be no doubt about the importance of Barrios. He is the most ambitious man in America. No longer may he be spoken about as "coming"—he has arrived. He has something of the stature of Napoleon and is an ardent admirer of the little Corsican; posseses all the histories and memoirs that relate to the Emperor's deeds, and is as ready to fight as to administer. This heritage of his uncle's aspirations (Barrios I.) has descended to him, and now he bids fair, by diplomacy, to achieve all that this relative had set out to conquer. A recent telegram told us that Guatemala had joined the new confederation of Central American States. The constitution agreed upon provides that the man who is the first President shall serve but one year and shall not be eligible for re-election, but is empowered to name his sucessor. An eminent San Salvador statesman, who had the backing of Barrios, was elected to rule the new republic, and the story goes that he has evinced a desire to have the Dictator of Guatemala take the seat when he vacates it. This means that Barrios will be supreme in Central America for twelve years, for that is the Presidential term. He may remain also Governor of the State of Guatemala, a position that will unite both profit and power. Barrios has done wonders in his own environment, as I have before stated. With such a fine endowment of administrative ability he is liable to make a compact government of the new confederation, which would then prove a potent factor in Continental affairs. Unlike Diaz, he has been at great pains to win the favor of the Church, which is his staunchest upholder. His uncle banished bishops and priests from the land. Barrios has had them all back and reinstated them in their old authority. He is all the more effective in his ambitions because he has both subtlety and determination and will carry a project through at any cost. It is this type of man that makes nations.

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That an influential local corporation like the Alaska Commercial Company should find itself in a position to help forward the developments in the Northwest, and to secure benefits for the business interests of this city, as well as itself, is a matter for much congratulation. When the company ceased to exploit the sealing trade of the Alaskan waters it turned its attention to developing that region upon a general trading basis, and by energetic and judicious management has succeeded in placing itself in a position that any competitors who may now enter the same field will find it hard to assail. The navigation of the Yukon river for well-nigh 2,000 miles is a task by no means easy, and can only be effected by flat-bottomed steamers of very light draft. To carry fuel for the voyage is out of the question, and the only provision possible in that respect is the establishment of wood depots, no coal being obtainable, at regular intervals along the route. These reserves of fuel have been systematically collected by the Alaskan Commercial Company, whereby they are enabled to-day to maintain a regular service of steamers, which has become an important factor in assisting the colonization and trade development of the region within their influence. To say that this was done with a view of existing mining developments is to assume Messrs. Sloss, Gerstle & Niebaum gifted with prophetic powers. They doubtless foresaw important trade developments and now reap a splendid harvest for their enterprise. The Alaska Commercial holds the same position towards the new country that Cecil Rhodes and his associates held towards the Transvaal, and thus profits will be enormous. Already they have made hundreds of thousands of dollars and the great rush will net them millions.

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The wish being father to the thought that the great strikes in the Northwest might be found to have been made on ground belonging to this United States, a suggestion was soon thrown out that the Canadian Government were trespassing there. A little enlightenment from responsible persons has served to show that this has not been the case, and by all accounts it is well for the pioneers, who have so courageously faced all difficulties, that they were not left to be a law unto themselves, as would have been the case pretty much had they been rushing on to American ground. From the returned adventurers lately landed here, and from all reports coming in from the Yukon district, nothing but grateful praise is forthcoming for the Canadian system, which has provided competent official control at the mines. When disputes, at all times unavoidable under the conditions prevailing during a rush, have arisen, the surveyor on the spot has given immediate attention to their adjustment, and on his report of the position of affairs reaching the Canadian Government a Commissioner was forthwith appointed to the locality, with absolute power to carry on the civil government, collect revenue, issue licenses and administer justice by deputy or otherwise. From his decisions there is no appeal, except to the Supreme Court of the Dominion, whose policy in all such matters is as far as possible to uphold the local authority. The latter is at the same time instructed to avoid all technicalities, as far as possible, in rendering his decisions where mining matters are concerned, and to treat questions from an equitable and common sense point of view. The feeling that is said to prevail with ninety-nine American miners out of every hundred in the Northwest Territory is one of thankfulness that they are amenable to the mining laws of British Columbia.

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Not only for the professional miner and seasoned prospector, the hardened veteran of blanket-roll and pick, does the Klondyke hold forth its barren and questionable charms. The fever, this new kind of "yellow" fever, has smitten the men of San Francisco like any plague, sparing neither high nor low, rich nor poor. The question now heard on all sides is, "Are you going?" and among those who can return, an affirmative answer, are some of the best known and finely-bred young men of Pacific Avenue and the Western Addition—young fellows whose fathers knew the difference between a pay streak and a blind lead, and who have the fever bred into their blood. The latest additions to the ranks of the younger generation are Duke Baxter, Laurie Adams and G. H. Whitney of tennis fame, who go north on the Excelsior on the 28th to try their luck. These young men set their faces toward the Pole with full realization of all the hardships to be undergone before the El Dorado is attained, but the game is worth the candle, and who can say how much "dust" they will bring with them on their return to God's country.

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Just within the last three days of this week the real, genuine gold fever has appeared in this city, or reappeared, one should say. It is a relapse, as it were. We had it once, this gold fever, some fifty years ago, and of late we had thought we were quite cured of it. But the germs, the bacili, still remain, and at the first contact with the old familiar dust, lo! the old disease, the old craving and thirst and fever is back again, spreading like an epidemic, like a plague, as strong and resistless as ever. It was very like the "Examiner" to organize the expedition to the new diggings, and quite consistent with the tremendous enterprise and activity of Mr. Hearst's "Monarch." One may smile sometimes at the "Examiner's" colored supplement and Sunday "scareheads," but at the same time it is as active and vigorous a news collector as can be found between the oceans. The "expedition" is to go by the river route, and will probably be the last large party to get in this season. The energy displayed by the management can be appreciated by the fact that Mr. Hamilton and his party will be obliged to take their own couriers (probably natives) with them, sending them back with their stuff at different points along the route. The regular mail comes out but twice a year, and though it is understood a contract has been drawn up providing for a monthly mail service, it is extremely doubtful if this will always be able to "get through." The "Examiner Expedition" will, however, be independent of this system.

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Far from the madding crowd, and from the pernicious, demoralizing effects of the gold fever, the Bohemian Club is quietly spending the week under the sombre redwoods on the Russian River. It is all one to the Bohemians, these days, whether fortunes are lost or gained on the Yukon, whether gold or gravel is found along the Klondyke. The return of the successful miners staggering under their weight of dust and nuggets is only mildly interesting to them so long as the afternoons are long and the nights serene. There has been a veritable "rush" of Bohemians to the "diggings" on the Russian River this week. Never before in the history of the club have so many of its members availed themselves of this golden opportunity for a week's outing. The camp is full already and overflowing, and to-day (Saturday) will witness the last influx of tardy ones, who arrive just in time for the great midsummer Jinks, High, Low—and otherwise. The Low Jinks promise to be especially entertaining this year. Charles Dickman has put on the finishing touches to his ballet, and H. J. Stewart has labored nightly to make the High Jinks (of which he is the Sire) one of the most memorable of all. By the way, the "ballet" is to be tout un affaire. It is given out that for over two weeks it has been under almost daily rehearsal at the Tivoli, under the supervision and direction of professional ballet masters.

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As was quite confidently expected and predicted by everybody not interested in the "wild-eyed" scheme, the South Pacific Colony, which left here on the Percy Edwards last winter, has totally and miserably collapsed. The company has split up into a dozen or more cliques, all jealous of each other and all pulling in opposite directions. Instead of going on to the Solomon islands, "the Eden of the Pacific," the Percy Edwards has headed for Auckland, New Zealand, with about sixty men. There are seventeen left on the Fiji islands, while some twenty-three set sail for Serva (some hundred miles from the last-named group), in a small sloop.. But the skipper of the sloop piled her up on a reef near Levuika, where the men lost everything but their bare lives. The funny part of the business is that a British man-of-war, The Lizard, was obliged to accompany the Percy Edwards down to New Zealand for fear of a mutiny on board. The seventeen men who deserted the ship at the Fijis would, it was supposed, start in at once collecting bananas, and an arrangement was made with the owner of a stern-wheel steamer plying down to New Zealand to bring up a certain cargo of plows, horses, etc. It would appear, however, from letters received in this city that the enervating influence of the tropical climate has already begun to tell upon the colonists. Some of them don't care a rap about growing bananas, and the stern-wheeler has never been heard of. The colonists hold that it is much pleasanter to consume than to produce. When they are not chewing sugar-cane, they are boating in a Fiji canoe and generally enjoying themselves. They describe the climate as warm—about 80 degrees—with a shower of rain about once a day.

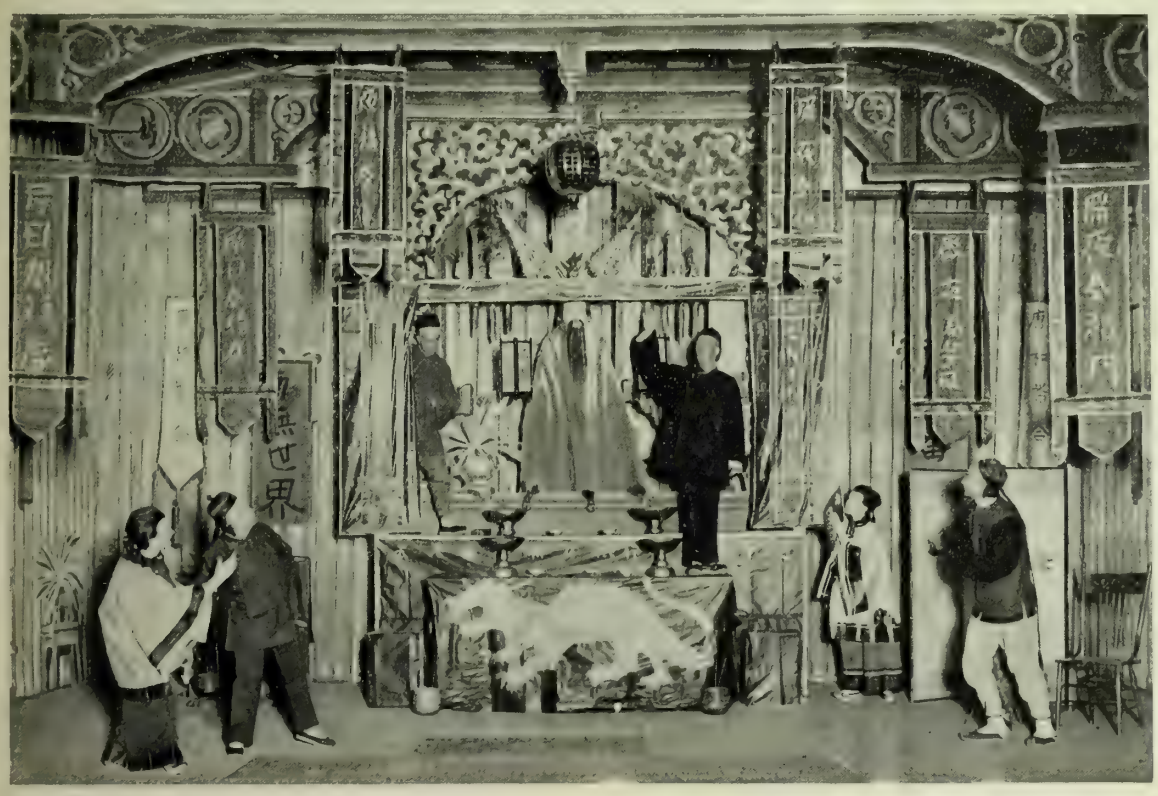
BOSWELL JR.

*VIEWS INSIDE THE ROTUNDA OF THE NEW CITY HALL*

*FRANK T. SHEA, ARCHITECT*

Photos by Taber

LI CHING'S TRIUMPH OVER CHOW YET



CHAN YET DEFIES LI CHING

LAMENT OF AH ME OVER LI CHING

SOME OF THE STRIKING SCENES IN THE LATEST CHINESE DRAMA

Photos by Weidner

## ANOTHER CHINESE DRAMA

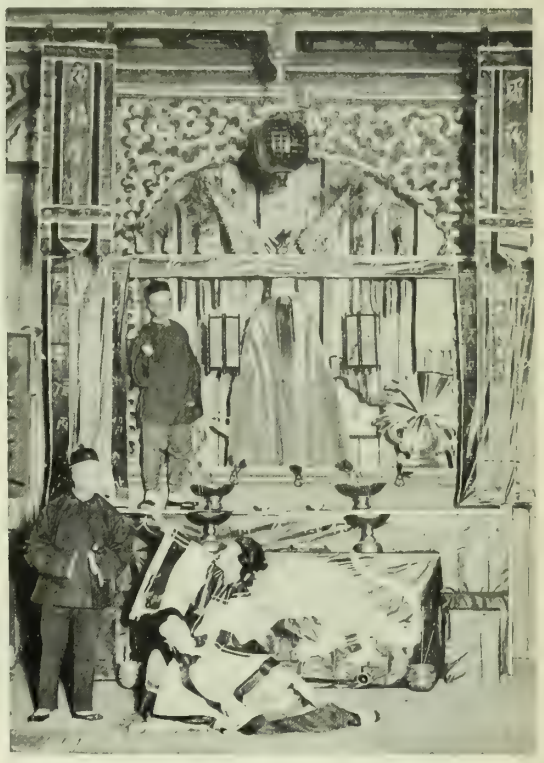
### Highbinders and Kidnapped Maidens on the Boards in Oakland.

Mr. Charles Ulrich of Oakland has "seen" Mr. Francis Powers of San Francisco and "raised" him a bean or two. His play, "The Celestial Maiden," at the Oakland Theater, seems to have "caught on" with no little degree of tenacity. A big audience welcomed the first pertormance and the piece has been playing to the capacity of the house ever since. Whether the Chinese drama has come to stay is yet a matter of speculation. One is inclined to suppose that the novelty of costume and setting is the great attraction, and that when this wears off the Chinese drama will have to be judged upon its merits, just as the ordinary play. Ulrich's "Celestial Maiden" has for locality, of course, San Francisco's Chinatown, and the three principle scenes—the street scene, the joss house and the interior of the opium den—are true enough to life, though not so carefully staged as was the Alcazar play. The actual Chinese who act as supers will probably be a feature now of every Chinese drama that is billed. Mr. Ulrich's Orientals were admirable, and go through their parts with quite as much intelligence as their white brethren.

It is rather strange that the successful stories and dramas composed thus far that deal with the life in Chinatown have had to do with kidnaping. Chester Bailey Fernald began with "The Cat and the Cherub," Powers followed with the spiriting away of Chan Toy, and Mr. Ulrich has swung into line in making his story revolve about the stealing of his "Celestial Maiden," Kim Loy. There is a certain Romeo and Juliet element in Mr. Ulrich's play. He makes use of a love affair between young people whose families are at feud to evolve an interest in his characters, the feud in this case being the chronic mutual hatred of Sam Yups and See Yup.

Li Ching is a prominent and wealthy Chinaman, a member of the San Yups, and in fact one of the officials of that organization. He has for a friend a certain Chon Yet, of whom he first wins the confidence, and afterward the betrothed Li Ching owns a slave girl named Ah Mee, however, who, in consequence of brutal treatment, betrays the fact of the kidnaping of a fortune teller, Lee Toy, who finds means to communicate the news to Chon Yet. Chon Yet stirs up the Sam Yups against the false friend; Li Ching is assassinated, Kim Loy is rescued, restored to her lover and all ends well.

The humorous element of the play is supposed to be furnished by the Irish policeman, who, nevertheless, is not always successful in sending the audience into gales of merriment. The wedding party is a rather pictur-



AH ME DEFENDS KIM SOY

esque affair, while quite the best scene of all is that of the joss house, where the Orientals are depicted throwing the prayer sticks and burning incense to the great porcelain and gilt gods. The play is to be continued another week.

## THE CITY HALL ROTUNDA

### Color Effects in California Marbles — The Height of the Dome.

A very pleasing effect has been contrived for the rotunda of the City Hall dome by the architects and designer (Frank T. Shea). The style of the rotunda—in harmony with the rest of the building—is in the Italian rennaisance style, the only difference being in the choice of materials used. Some of the interiors in other portions of the City Hall are lamentably bare. The rotunda, however, gives an admirable impression of richness and color. Everything in the rotunda, marbles, flooring, tiling, copper molding and the like is of California production. The copper indeed was not mined in this State, but the design for the capitals of the pillars, where copper was used, was executed here. The marble that has been used in the rotunda is one of the most notable features of the design. The twelve-foot wainscotting on the ground floor is of what is called Mono county travertine, and is the very best marble from the quarries of Mono county; the marble in the second gallery is of a beautiful shade of green, and is again the first marble taken from its particular quarry—the Rimball quarry of San Diego. The marble in the third gallery is from Inyo county, while that employed in the pavement and staircase is from Amador. All the ornamentations, the capitals of the pillars, the trimmings, fittings, hand rails, etc., are of copper, laid in hammered sheets or heavily electroplated upon iron.

It is a pity that the general effect of the interior is marred by the incorrect spacing of the columns. This peculiarity of the rotunda has naturally enough brought about a good deal of criticism. The distance between the pillars seems to have been left almost, as one might say, to chance. In some cases the distance is fifteen feet, in others nine and in others ten. This blunder, however, must be laid upon the conscience of one of the former architects, and, indeed, this arrangement of columns was a serious drawback and disadvantage against which Mr. Frank T. Shea was obliged to contend. Nor was it the only one. The same firm were the architects for the dome itself. The height of the dome called for 355 feet from the curb to the top of the torch, and, according to the "law of domes," the diameter of "the lower order," or rim upon which the dome rests, should be of equal dimensions. In the City Hall, however, this was not the case, and it was found impossible to construct a 300-foot foundation for the dome. Mr. Shea was therefore compelled to construct a "lower dome," whose height would greatly exceed its breadth.

It is not universally known that the present dome, or more technically speaking, "tower-dome" of the City Hall is one of the highest domes in the world; it is thirty feet higher than the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and only shorter than that of St. Paul's, London, by the same distance.

J. S.

COLONEL CROCKER'S OBSEQUIES. CONVEYING THE CASKET INTO THE CHURCH

## THE LATE C. F. CROCKER

### Able in Business, Openhanded in the Interest of Science and Charity.

There is one less notable man in California since last Saturday night, one less big-hearted gentleman. Charles F. Crocker was one of the few millionaires of the State who was really popular outside the circle of his intimate friends, and it will be long before the death of one of San Francisco's business men will be so universally lamented as his was.

Charles Frederick Crocker was a native of Sacramento, being born in that city on the day after Christmas, 1854. He was educated in that city until the age of sixteen, at which time he entered the California Military Academy,

THE MATERNITY COTTAGE; A PROTEGE OF THE CROCKER ESTATE

remaining there until he was nineteen years of age. At twenty Mr. Crocker went abroad and spent a year or so traveling in the old country, after which he returned to America and entered the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. It was only a failing of eyesight and general ill-health that prevented him from graduating thence with distinction; as it was, however, he was obliged to forego a college career and enter upon one of business. Mr. Crocker accordingly returned to California and identified himself with his father's financial and railroad interests. He served a thorough apprenticeship, went through the operating department, acquired a knowledge of traffic affairs, and in due course was called on to take his father's place in the executive department of the company. He served first as Second Vice-President, and was subsequently elected First Vice-President—a position of tremendous importance and power. It is very easy to say that Charles F. Crocker owed his advancement to the fact that he was his father's son. But it must be borne in mind that besides his father there were to be consulted the other gentlemen who controlled the interests of the great railroad, and among whom were some of the shrewdest and most discerning financiers in the country. Had Mr. Crocker shown himself incapable or unsuited for the honor placed within his reach, these gentlemen would have soon found means to impede his advancement. So one may assume that Mr. Crocker fairly earned his promotion.

Personally Fred Crocker, as he was familiarly known, was the most approachable of men, and his manner invariably tended to put the visitor at his ease. There was no ostentation about him, no offensive swagger, no disagreeable assumption of dignity and importance. One of the richest men west of the Mississippi, he was at the same time one of the most companionable. Let us hasten to add one of the most charitable as well. It has been estimated that his estate gave away yearly to charitable institutions something over $30,000. He was, however, as methodical in this as he was in his business, and even employed an agent whose duty it was to investigate the validity of the thousand and one claims made upon him. Mr. Crocker was particularly interested in astronomical observations, and made several splendid gifts to the Lick Observatory, including one of the most valuable astronomical cameras in America. He was also a Regent of the State University, and though a man of multifarious interests was perhaps the most regular in his attendance at meetings of any of the board. It may be said also that he cared much for pictures, having possessed himself of some splendid canvases by eminent artists, including several of Keith's finest landscapes.

Beyond these exterior expressions of his character Mr. Crocker was a most generous host and loved to entertain, and he entertained. He gave the best dinners in town, and his cellar contained clarets beyond price. He was a most devoted father, and in all respects of life tried hard to do what was right. Indeed, it may be truly said that he was a very good man, and his death is a subject for real regret. The pictures that accompany this sketch show two of the charitable institutions with which the Crocker family is identified.

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In the July Forum Frances M. Abbott, writing on the "Social Standard in America," remarks: "We are now taught not to eat with our knives; though any well-bred old lady will tell you that that was the custom fifty years ago." Evidently another case of history being the reverse of the truth or is the breeding of the "any old lady" not quite up to the mark?" There are people in the world who can trace their family back for twenty centuries and are still eating with their fingers, but they would not be quoted as examples of refined society and the manners and habits belonging to it for many long years before the present century. The writer of the article would seem to need much enlightenment on other subjects also, for she says: "It is possible—in some places—to get as appetizing a meal on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast." We who know both coasts and live on the former by choice would say: "Yes, only more so."

## HEARD ON THE BOULEVARDS

### Gossip and Personalities From the French Capital.

Of things theatrically interesting to Americans, the most important that has happened in Paris this week is Yvette Guilbert's return from the States, and the expression of her opinions as to Americans in general. We Americans may possibly be in doubt as to Lord Salisbury's attitude toward us, or we may not be quite sure of the good will of Ambassador De Lome, but we know now precisely, exactly and unequivocally just what Yvette thinks to the ninth part of a hair. Yvette loathes and hates and abhors and detests and abominates Americans. There is nothing too bad that she cannot say of us. In her remarks upon the subject she attains a height of tragic oratory that is not far short of downright sublimity. She is eloquent, impassioned, intense. She is almost—but I say almost—clever. This little explosion of rage, this miniature eruption, was started in an interview sought by an unhappy corespondent of the New York "Journal." According to Yvette's story she was induced to write an introduction to a book about her life, which she was stupid enough not to have read first. When the book appeared it was not to her liking. Oh, not at all to her liking. So she went forthwith straight into heroics, or hysterics, whichever you prefer. "Never! Never! Never!" says Yvette, will she return to America, where they have dared! dared! dared!! compare her to Anna Held, and where the managers called her songs shocking because thereby they thought to fill the houses.

It is just barely possible, however, thatYvette's career is on the wane; that her bolt has been shot, and her song sung. Sarcey, the actor-maker, has turned his back upon her, finds her no longer entertaining, rather the contrary, a little faded, a little passee, a little dull.

THE CROCKER OLD LADIES' HOME

One cannot afford to be a little passee as regards the public Parisian; one must be like an egg, absolutely and irreproachably fresh, or—

By the way, Alan Dale has had a very funny interview with Cleo de Merode. He came over from New York to talk to her, expecting to see her name in every kiosk and in every newspaper. There was nothing of the sort, however; no one talked of Cleo, and her name was nowhere to be seen. True, she went on in "l'Etoile" at the opera, but excited no comment. Later on Alan Dale hunted her up—actually had to hunt for her—and after all sorts of amusing mishaps with one of those French elevators which you are supposed to run yourself was landed in Cleo's apartments. He describes them as co.. and in execrable taste. Cleo talked with him for half an hour and left him in a state of abject surprise. She insisted that she was an intensely proper, serious-minded young woman—fancy Cleo—and that dancing with her was merely business; that she never, never went anywhere without her mamma, no indeed, and that the interpretation of the classic dance was all she cared for. Then just as Mr. Dale was beginning to be genuinely alarmed at the eerieness of the situation a discreet cough from the adjoining room afforded him the solution of the matter. Mamma Merode was there. When Cleo heard this cough, what do you think she did? She looked at Mr. Alan Dale of New York and winked an eye. This situation was saved.

Meilhac is dead, the author of "Frou-Frou" is dead. He had rallied from his last attack, and at a time seemed in a fair way to recover; did, in fact, recover, and then relapsed suddenly, fatally, till he could no longer remember anything. One mot is accredited to this Meilhac, one mot while breathing away his life upon his deathbed. Just before the end he pulled together a bit; said (to Granderoux, his collaborator): "Do you know, I can recall my name again?" "But nobody forgot it," answers Granderoux. "Yes, yes, I did," says Meilhac, "and that is quite enough." So he dies. Almost at the same moment Rejane is wringing salvos of applause out of her London audience with her rendering of "Frou-Frou."

Ambassador Porter is doing himself (and incidentally we other Americans) very proud in this city of Paris. He is very popular, "is cheered on the streets—by Frenchmen even—entertains with great ceremony, is seen at functions, launchings, corner-stone layings, openings, and the like." Last week he unfurled "Old Glory" over the new rooms of the American Art Students' Association, in the impasse Conti. The new rooms are a vast improvement over the old quarters, on the Montparnasse Boulevard; two floors of a large building are occupied, with baths, dining-rooms, reading-rooms, reception-rooms, etc. "All the modern conveniences," in a word. American art students will 'now have decent headquarters when they arrive in Paris, a point de depart, a base of operations, and in this can boast an advantage over all the other foreign students.

On Independence Day—as the American colony elect to call the Fourth of July—Ambassador Porter and Mrs. Porter kept open house to all their compatriots at that time in Paris. It was supposed some ten or eleven hundred people would be present. Two thousand descended upon the house. Mr. Porter was equal to the occasion, however. The overflow was received upon the lawns and in the gardens, while hasty orders to caterers met the unexpected demands for "lunch." Not one of the two thousand carried away with him the impression that he was not fully expected or provided for. At the Grand Hotel the same evening Mr. Porter again distinguished himself by a speech or two of more than usual eloquence quite surprising the table by his departure from the cold formal and guarded diplomacy that ordinarily marks and mars such utterances. Our own dear Chauncey was there, too, and, of course, maintained his reputation, not to say fame, as an after-dinner talker.

Henri d'Orleans is expected back from Abyssinia soon, where he has been imperially entertained by Menelik; has been given orders and gold wreaths and the like, and has obtained the Grand Cordon of the Abyssinian order for the Prince de Jainville. One fancies that the Italians are not so well pleased over the heartiness of this reception as are the French.

William Waldorf Astor paid Paderewski somewhere in the region of $5,000 for playing at a reception recently.

## THE OPINIONS OF LEANDER

### 'Holdeth Forth Upon Our Boys and the Ways of Them.

I was villifying the head waiter in The Drinkand the other night, just after the play, because he would not let me sit in the main room where the orchestra plays, when Leander came up.

"Come on, Just," said he; "you know they won't let you sit in here unless you are with ladies."

"We wouldn't permit a lady to sit in here unless she was with a gentleman, sir," interposed the autocrat.

"The danger," said I, "is due, I should suppose, to the mingling of the sexes, not to their separation—divided we stand, united we fall. You will, perhaps, recall the fable of Æsop, of the two jars floating in a cistern—Haec Fabula docet that——"

The autocrat wavered at this point.

"I observe," said I, pressing home, "a vacant table near the door with two places——"

"Well, you know," protested the autocrat, feebly, "it's against all regulation."

We sat down.

Leander began to bow to people he knew who were sitting at near-by tables. The place glittered with electricity and silverware. There was a staccato note of conversation in the air. The orchestra sobbed away at La Paloma.

"Perfect! Perfect!" murmured Leander under his breath.

"Theatre?" I asked, and looked at his clothes.

"No—call."

"What! in a brown tweed suit, tan shoes, and a blue shirt with a white collar?"

"Thanks for the collar. Yes, I have been making a call."

"In a sack suit? Good Lord!"

"Remember this is San Francisco—1897!"

"True! true! But the suit is not even black, nor the shoes—really, Leander."

"I know her rather well."

"Still——"

"My boy (I am Leander's senior by six years) you come from a place near Brooklyn, called New York, where everybody must conform to a certain mould in clothes as well as ideas. We in the freer West avons change tout cela. Out here a man does not always have to appear in evening dress after six, nor even wear a high hat of a Sunday afternoon, unless he wants to."

We ordered our drinks. Leander, I think, had an oyster cocktail. After a moment's reflection he looked about the place, and exclaimed, nodding his head:

"For the young man with a small salary, who lives at home, San Francisco is the best place in the world."

"Or the worst," I observed.

"Huh!" exclaimed Leander, "there's something in that. But it charms you."

"So does a snake," I added, sepulchrally, "only to bite and poison you afterward."

"I say! I say!" exclaimed Leander, looking at me in some alarm; "what's up—been bitten?"

"Not yet—only charmed."

"Say, Just," exclaimed Leander, "last week we said something about the girls out here. How about 'Our Boys?' We—I mean you and I, and all the rest of us—are we desirable—are we very particularly fine?"

"We are," said I, "what our English cousins would call a jolly rum lot."

"Perhaps not quite as bad as that. But we're not very nice."

"Let's see—how aren't we nice?"

"We lack purpose, aim, ambition. We are content with little things—little glasses of liqueur, for instance" (this significantly. I was drinking a creme de menthe myself). "We do not rise to the dignity of champagne, or even to the height of straight Bourbon. Life," began Leander, rhetorically, "life in this city of ours is like a little glasslet of liqueur—pungent, sweet, heady, but without foundation, without stability—an appetizer that creates only small desires, easily gratified, and we are content with those. We are like this, we men—you and I and the rest of the fellows—at our best."

"Heavens! What must we be at our worst?"

"At our worst," said Leander, severely, "we get drunk and come to dances that way."

"Come, now——"

"Hoh! My dear fellow, it's a common sight."

"A fellow under the influence——"

"No, drunk—I choose to call it drunk."

"At a dance?"

"Worse—dancing."

"With a girl?"

"Whom, perhaps, you know and admire."

"Why not punch his head on the spot?"

"Bad form, head-punching, at a function."

"But not drunkenness?"

Leander shrugged.

"Who are they—what class do they trot in, in Heaven's name?"

"Ours. Many of them are college chaps in their junior and senior year."

"Little fools."

"Hear! Hear! and some even among the older men; but it's mostly the younger boys. Now, when these boys grow up and begin to associate with the kind of girl we were talking about last week—the kind of girl who smokes a cigarette on the sly and drinks a cocktail—then——"

"Leander, spare me the picture! After us the deluge."

"There's one of them now. Look at the third table."

"The slender chap with the pinkish eyelids and the impossible tie?"

"Sure! I know him—he's a Junior at Berkeley. That's his fifth pousse cafe."

"Little beast."

"He's drunk already, and I saw him just like that on a yachting party last Thursday, when there were a lot of nice girls along."

"Faugh!"

"And everybody knew it, and the girls—some of them—said, 'Oh, well, you know it's only little Jack Spratt.'"

"And yet we would call that a gentleman out here."

"As Doctor Pow Len says in Mr. Powers' admirable little play, 'such is the lamentable fact.'"

"A gentleman, that."

"In New York we would tell him his carriage was ready."

"Here he's received and called good form."

"I say, Leander, who is that broad-shouldered chap behind him, sitting with his back towards us? He's got a good pair of shoulders on him, and I don't think his tailor is responsible for 'em, either."

"Rather well put up, to be sure. Oh, I say, Just, look what he's ordered."

"Well, I declare! Tea and toast and a little fruit! Now, imagine a chap asking for tea and toast and a little fruit in The Drinkand! What a jay! Say, Leander, I think he must be a Christian Endeavorer who's blown into the wrong place."

"I've seen that chap somewhere, though," said Leander, perplexedly; "wonder where it could have been?"

"Hoh! Tea and toast and a little fruit! What a dead farmer—and—there! he's just declined to smoke. Poor little dear—if his mamma could only see him now! Bet he's got a C. E. badge on as long as your arm."

"Where in snakes," muttered Leander, "have I seen those shoulders and that head? 'Wish he'd turn around."

"There—he's getting up."

The tea and toast chap turned about, and we saw his face. Leander uttered an exclamation:

"It's Spider Kelly, the prize-fighter."

"Nonsense! Would he take tea and toast?—he——"

"Training, y' know. Fights Lon Agnew next week. Ten rounds, with a decision."

"Leander—let's take a walk. I'll pay for the drinks."

"You'd better."

There was a long silence after this, then Leander said:

"Anyhow, I've more respect just at this moment for the Spider than I have for the little college chap."

"At least he has a purpose, even if he is not 'good form,'" I murmured.

And with that we went away.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

General Lew Wallace will be a candidate for the Senate in 1898, to succeed Senator Turpie, whose term of office expires on March 3, 1899.

THE SHIP THAT WILL TRANSPORT THE ALASKA ARGONAUTS

PROSPECTIVE BONANZA KINGS IN THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO'S OFFICE

A. C. Co.'s "Bella" landing first cargo of supplies at Dawson City early last June from Fort Yukon

First camp out from Dyea

En Route: One of the lakes after crossing Chilkoot Pass

Scene on Yukon, near Confluence of the Clondyke

Forty-Mile Creek

Halteman with dog sledge

Crescent City, 150 miles from Dawson

Sixty-Mile Creek

SCENES IN THE NEW MINING DISTRICT THAT PROMISES TO BE THE BIGGEST BONANZA YET

Camp ot miners on the Clondyke

Fort Selkirk

The Yukon River

## A NEW EL DORADO

### The Gold Diggings of the Yukon — Fabulous Finds of the Pioneers.

Every journal in the country has been teeming, within the last few days, with accounts of rich finds of gold in Alaska, and while the argosies are actually arriving at Pacific Coast ports with vast treasure, one is filled with wonder that the secrets of the Yukon river district have been so well kept. Indeed, if the columns of the daily papers be any evidence, one would almost be inclined to think there had been a conspiracy in existence to mislead everyone on the subject. That hardship in the way of travel, climate, and living, would have to be encountered by the prospector was patent enough, though that the chances of finding gold were but slender, as so often urged, was a statement or opinion that has proved utterly worthless. The color existed in the frozen Northwest, it was admitted, but only to an extent that did not seem sufficient reward for the toil and trouble it took to win.

But what are the facts?

Towards the end of August last a discovery was made 678 miles from Juneau, in a creek emptying into the Clondyke river (a tributary of the Yukon), and some twenty days later this discovery was followed by another, the two finds leading to a systematic prospecting of the ground, the soil of which, when mined, had to be thawed by fires before being available for washing. On November 23d one digger got $65.30 to the pan, and the men on the spot then began to realize that fortunes were within their grasp. The news reached Circle City, 300 miles further down the Yukon river, and was at first generally mistrusted. However, reports of still larger finds following quickly thereafter, some 300 persons, including a few women, lost no time in setting out from Circle City in midwinter to the new El Dorado. This was accomplished without any loss of life by the aid of snowshoes and dog-sledges — the usual travelers' requisites in those regions. Since their arrival the results of the winter and spring digging and washing operations have been little short of fabulous, though vouched for, chapter and verse, by unimpeachable testimony and proven in the most practical way by the arrival of the yellow metal here and at Seattle to the extent of $1,500,000, while it is estimated that before winter has thoroughly set in a much larger amount will have been recovered in addition from the Clondyke district.

It is needless to say that this astonishing success has been followed by intense excitement at all the chief points on this Coast, and a great rush has already begun to the land of promise. There are at present two alternative routes — one by coast steamer 2500 miles to the Alaskan seaport, St. Michaels, thence by river steamer 1900 miles to Dawson City, as the new centre of the Clondyke district is called (this route closing when the winter once sets in) — the other by coast steamer to Juneau and thence 678 miles across country to the same destination, the trip being performed to some extent on foot, but for the most part in canoes, with which travelers provide themselves. The difficult part of this journey lies in the mountain pass of Chilkoot, where the snowstorms are very severe, and it is greatly to be feared that many of those who are unwise to take that route later in the year may suffer severely, even if they escape complete annihilation by the elements. This route is, however, the only way in and out during the winter season, and is at all times the least expensive way of getting into the country. Once Dawson City has been reached, life will be found comparatively comfortable. The temperature during the long winter is, of course, bordering on the Arctic, while the short summer (two months or so only in length), is pleasant, though hot, and often as much as 80 degrees in the shade. The population numbers about 5000 already, and regular communication with the outside world is afforded by mail once a month.

The Clondyke district is situated from 35 to 100 miles within the line claimed as the Canadian boundary, and miners and others who have returned lately to this Coast report that perfect order is maintained by the Northwest mounted police, the commanding officer acting as the civil authority. Building lots are said to be in demand at from $5000 to $10,000, and though laborers can obtain $15 a day, no man should go there with less than $500 to $1000 for his support and return, if necessary. Actual digging can be done throughout the year, but washing is only possible when the weather is open and water running.

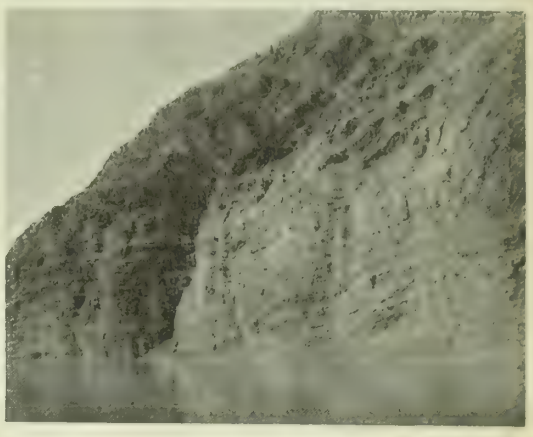
In British Columbia a prospector can, with confidence, go out into the hills and stake out a claim which he can hold against the world, so long as he has staked it properly and has his mining license. He must do $100 work on his claim every year for five years, and by that time he will have thoroughly proved whether it is of any value, and whether it is worth while going to the expense of having it surveyed and getting his patent from the Government, for which he pays $5.

The geographical position of the Clondyke river is 76.10 north latitude, 138.50 west longitude, at the point of junction with the Yukon, and the tributary creeks emptying into the Clondyke, and on which the present diggings are situated, are two miles or so above the Yukon. About fifteen feet of dirt is found above bedrock, and the pay-streak averages from four to six feet. The ground already prospected and located can be worked out in a few years, but there is a large territory still available, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that there will be scope for many thousands of miners for some time to come. Each claim consists of 500 feet along the bed of the river. The Indians in the district are found useful as guides and to pack loads.

Many of the personal stories told by the returned prospectors are almost too wonderful to relate, but the conviction is forced upon one that these placer diggings are to be numbered amongst the richest spots to be found on earth. It is positively asserted that $100 to $200 a pan has been a common return, while $500 and even $800 a pan has been got, and as much as $1200 a day taken out by one man. It is therefore not surprising to hear that there are men, whose names are furnished and who are known, that made $100,000 last winter by working themselves and leasing claims on shares.

Amongst other reports regarding the country, it is said that there are good indications of copper in the same district. It is to be specially noted that the Clondyke district has all been practically taken up, so far as original claims are concerned, and anyone going there now to work on his own account would therefore be forced to lease his ground. The general impression seems to be, however, that as prospecting proceeds on other streams, there will be good chances for anyone who is willing to endure the privations which the search for gold in new countries invariably requires a man to undergo. The excitement has apparently only begun to set in, and, coming upon us as it has done, after the pretty general disbelief in the gold-bearing qualities of Alaskan soil, we may now expect to see a furore that will be far-reaching in its effects, for adventurers from all parts of the world will hasten to the Northwest in quest of the fortunes to be had for the digging. At this time of year the wisdom of departing for Alaska is, to say the least, doubtful, and at all events anyone thinking of making the venture should not lose sight of the fact that so far we have only been hearing of the successes, and of none of the disappointments.

G. L. B.



Rock formation on Bonanza Creek

The future of Cecil Rhodes is a matter that is of considerable political interest. It is now nearly four months since he returned to Cape Town, and he has recently taken his departure for Mashonaland, where he proposes to make his home for some time to come. The conclusions of the London investigation committee finding him chiefly to blame for the raid of Dr. Jameson will probably not greatly disturb Mr. Rhodes, and, however the position may be regarded, there can be no question that he will continue to exert a potent influence in South Africa. The Dutch and English in Cape Colony are mindful that to him they owe the acquisition of Bechuanaland and the opening up and development of trade in regions north of the Transvaal, the Boer Republic itself being practically closed to the trading operations of the colonists. That Mr. Rhodes did not abandon the colony after the failure of the raid, but has shown himself determined to face the difficulties of the task before him, has won the admiration of even his opponents; and, although the Afrikander Bund and the moderate English party are hostile in their attitude towards him in political matters, a man of his immense wealth and force of character, whatever its defects, who stays on the ground, instead of making a vulgar display of his riches in Europe, after the manner of the ordinary African millionaire, will in the end secure a position of the greatest power. That this is still his aim there is little doubt, but how he may use it is at present by no means clear, nor can the lines of his policy in the past be altogether taken to indicate his course of action in the future.

A Canadian lady thus recounts what she styles a modern dog-story: One morning my sister went to see a friend, who lived a mile or so from our house, taking with her our little brown cocker-spaniel. When she left she quite forgot the dog, and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there, so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said my sister. One of the boys held him, while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled, and called, "Come home at once, Paddy." Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed at the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterwards arrived home panting.

The big steam yacht Valhalla, which has been chartered by the Count de Castellane from Joseph Laycock, the London banker, is one of the largest private yachts in the world, and has the appearance of a trans-atlantic liner or a man-of-war. It takes $150,000 annually to keep the Valhalla afloat and a crew of 128 men and boys. The Castellanes will sail about the world, visiting China, Japan, Spain, Russia and other countries, with a view of obtaining decorative art treasures for the new Castellane mansion in Paris. While on their travels the Count and Countess will participate in the gayeties of the cities they visit, and it is even probable that they may even bring the Valhalla as far as Newport before the end of the summer.

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

At the Tavern of Castle Craigs each day brings its measure of amusement, for where a number of guests are gathered together one may be reasonably assured of gaiety and incident. Among those summering at the caravansary are several enterprising spirits, and to their efforts may be credited the comedies, cake walks, and other entertainments that have served to pass these latter days so pleasantly. While a superb moon made the recent nights heavenly, riding and driving parties were much indulged in, and others of the guests on these evenings hobnobbed with the cliff dwellers of the picturesque Crags.

The festivities ushered in with the Fourth at Tallac House have continued unabated, and the continuous stream of incoming guests vouches for Tahoe's popularity this season. The magnificent balmy nights of the region have made moonlight cruising on the lake a favorite pastime, and with the first shades of evening a seat on the steamer is eagerly sought. The event of the week, however, was the mock trial of Oscar Polk, an episode which caused much merriment. Mrs. Valentine Hush and her sons, of Fruitvale, arrived at Tallac on Wednesday, and among the established guests are Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey and daughters.

The situation of Deer Park Inn is probably a potent factor in the charm it has for lovers of mountain scenery, and at present the Inn is crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the guests there are a goodly number of young people, but still the restful atmosphere rather modifies all amusement. Angling is indulged in by those who desire piscatorial triumphs, as trout abounds in the neighboring streams. Mr. T. I. Bergin and Miss Kate Mihan, together with Judge Van R. Patterson and family, are established at the Inn, and a party comprising Mrs. J. M. Lilienthal and Mrs. Louis Gerstle are among the cottagers. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hilt and Miss Donaldson are also on the list of other sojourners.

The weather at Del Monte lately has been magnificent, which is most fortunate, considering the shoals of visitors who have flocked to that hostlery recently. During the Christian Endeavor rush, the records showed an arrival of some thirteen hundred and fifty-six guests in a day. A number of San Franciscans are among the present summer visitors, and the forthcoming "shoot," which is the subject of real interest in social circles, will probably bring down there a big contingent of fashionables from San Mateo, Menlo and San Rafael. The arrangements have not yet been made for the affair, but there is a great deal of incident at the caravansary, and for lovers of rod and reel excellent salmon fishing is reported.

It is noticeable that this season popular favor runs rather in the direction of camping, the freedom and lack of conventionality found in such outdoor life being especially fascinating. Maybe, however, the hard times have something to do with the fact that society in large numbers is turning its back on the usual centers of fashion. Yosemite has gathered in unlimited numbers of campers, and throuhout the Shasta region they have made inroads. In the Agua Caliente neighborhood numerous tiny tents are visible, and, indeed, for much the same reason, all nearby vicinages present an enlivened aspect. Niles Canyon, Mill Valley and Bolinas Bay are situations also favored by campers, male and female, who declare the joys of it are far more enjoyable than life in a summer caravansary—not to mention the economy.

An event of some interest was the wedding of Miss Charlotte Van der Naillen and Eugene H .Kast. It was celebrated last Wednesday at the church of Notre Dame des Victories, and foreign circles showed their interest by being present in numbers. The bride was gracefully gowned in white satin, and besides the usual bridesmaids, two little flower bearers attended her. The wedding was a decidedly pretty affair.

The announcement of the betrothal of Miss Rose Levingston, sister of Dr. Mark Levingston, to Mr A. Harris, is of interest. Miss Levingston is an exceedingly handsome girl, and has but just returned from the East, where she has been visiting for a year past. Mr. Harris is a manufacturer of textile fabrics in Boston, and is a man of position in the social and financial world.

August 2d has been chosen as the date for the marriage of Miss Laura Gashwiler and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge. It will be a very quiet affair, celebrated at the home of the bride's mother on Central avenue, and witnessed only by relatives and a few intimates. However, Miss Gashwiler is already the recipient of many handsome presents, sent by friends of both families, and upon their return after the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Shortridge will take up their residence at the Palace Hotel, where the prospective groom has lived for many years

Miss Sadie Samuels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Samuels, whose betrothal to Mr. I. S. Foorman has been announced, will hold an engagement reception on next Sunday. Miss Samuels has been the recipient of many compliments over her engagement, and Mr. Foorman's friends are felicitating him on his intelligent choice of a bride.

Mrs. John D. Tallant, who has been traveling extensively since the death of her son Selden, is at present at Dresden, where she will remain for some time.

Considering the season and the predominance of hillside and seashore jollity, Oakland can scarcely be accused of sluggishness from a social standpoint. The suitable entertainment of some score of visitors probably furnishes the "raison d'etre" for this activity. The functions, however, seem to have been tempered to the times, and dignified dinners rather predominated over amusements of a lighter nature.

Quite the most elaborate of these affairs was the colonial dinner given by Miss Florence Sharon last Friday in honor of Miss Sarah Whitney. Miss Whitney leaves shortly for Paris to spend the next few years in the study of sculpture, in which line, it is to be hoped, success will crown her efforts. The invitations were closed and sealed in the old style, and the guests appeared in powder and patches and quaint gowns of colonial pattern. All the other details were in keeping—hand-painted cards, a central candelabrium and other accessories of the days of Washington and William Penn By way of conclusion the men and maids danced the minuet, and finished up with an old-time Virginia reel. On Thursday evening last Mr. Chris Miller entertained Miss Marguerite Jolliffe, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Donaldson of Philadelphia, Harry Miller, S B. McKee and Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams at a dinner. Exotics and ferns formed the table decorations Miss Dorothy Goodsell gave a musical Saturday last for her pupils. Vocal numbers were rendered by the hostess and several guests. Oakland's jeunesse is to be congratulated on its persistency in coming forward in the matter of engagements, Miss Libbie Moffat's betrothal to Ernest Folger being the latest announcement to stir up social interest. The young people have a wide circle of friends, and society across the bay is looking forward to the marriage, which will take place next August.

The Reverend Dr. and Mrs. Lacey informally entertained Reverend Banning Richardson at a luncheon in Alameda. The guest of honor is Canon of the Cathedral at London, Ontario, and some thirty friends greeted him on this occasion.

Mrs. Louis P. Drexler has rented the Birkmaier place in Alameda for the summer, and will probably be joined a little later by Mrs. Captain Blair. Mrs. Dr. Daggett, nee Cohen, is also spending the midsummer months in Alameda as the guest of her brother Edgar.

The recent warm wave lent an extra impetus to society's summer hegira, and the list of departures is large. Judge Garber and family, together with Mr. Sam Bell McKee, have gone to Lake Tahoe for a ten days' sojourn, and to this resort have also repaired Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Harrub and Miss Kate Harrub during the present month. Mr. Horace Watson has been visiting in New York and Boston, and from the Orient news comes that Miss Ethel Moore is still in Japan. Professor Moses is also in Japan, taking his vacation there after the year's University work. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Holt, Miss Grace Holt, and Miss Louise Summers have returned from Mill Valley, and Mrs. Prentice Selby and Miss Edith Selby are home from their outing in Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce have concluded their Eastern trip, and from the glens and gorges of Shasta county the Glascocks bring accounts of a jolly outing. Mr. and Mrs. John Allbright's lengthy stay in Lake county is also terminated, and in Fruitvale Mrs. Howard Bray is entertaining Miss Compton, of Salt Lake During the past week the Misses Gage, the Misses Anita and Pauline Lohse, and Miss Florence Walker enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Kate Chabot at Villa Remi.

The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

For the most complete line of summer shirtings and hose, J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st.

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices

## SAN RAFAEL IS GAY

### The Smart Set Amuse Themselves Day by Day.

At San Rafael one talks of the last paper chase until Wednesday evening, and of the next until Saturday afternoon. There are other subjects, of course—such as horses and saddles—the proper cut of riding breeches and the style of leggins. It is astonishing what interesting controversies may be developed out of these incidentals. Indeed, I have been told of no little bitterness being engendered by the criticism which one gentleman passed on the manner in which a certain other gentleman tied his cravat. Nothing happened, though the critic was not invited to the rarebit party which the subject's wife gave next evening in the summer house. He revenged himself by means of a stag oyster party on the club-house veranda, which failed to break up until midnight—a late hour if you live at San Rafael and catch the 7:50 a. m. from all of which it will be evident the Horse is a factor in the life of Marin county, and if you don't ride you might as well be dumb.

On good authority it is said the last Paper Chase was the "best yet." This is a characteristic it shares with its predecessors, which were equally "better" immediately after they had happened. Mr. Boardman and Miss Bertha Smith led—that is, they had fifteen minutes start over a highly diversified course consisting of assorted foothillside and meadow and brush and a bit of redwood and other accessories of San Rafael scenery. From the Hotel Rafael they set forth spreading pink paper, and confusion among a variegated array of equines in and out of traces, English and other coachmen, fair lady whips and whippers-in, maids in habits, matrons in shirt-waists, not to mention the spectators who in summer array crowd the porch. Of course the confusion only exists for the outsiders. For the illuminati the scene resolves itself into thoroughbreds or plugs, Brewsters or imitations, drags, coaches, Victorias, carts, ponies or hunters. Otherwise the atmosphere was charged with anticipation, conversation on the stipulated subjects, no little excitement and a generous allowance of heat. Yes, the Sun had a front-row chair and not a cloud separated him from the occasion.

It is a long time that elapses between start and pursuit in a Paper Chase—not in fact, but in feeling. The spirited steeds (spirited for the moment) champ their bits and paw the gravel, which is expected of steeds at such a psychological moment, and their riders engage themselves in final preparations. Then—after this interminable delay—the word is given and lo! they go—they go—they thunder down the gravelled avenue, raising a spectacular cloud of dust. After them a procession of "rigs" following the equipage of Mr. Jack Crooks, who acts as the machinery of the entertainment, and alone knows where the finish may be discovered. There he plants flags on poles, and the carriage audience lines-up to form an annue through which the hounds gallop for the silver cups that reward the good luck of the first man in and the first maid there. Last Saturday the "finish" was in a field near Fairfax Villa, and Miss Moffitt of Oakland, a decidedly pretty young woman who rode a brilliant race, and Mr. Howard got home just in front of a bevy of competitors who dashed for the flags like the Assyrian that "came down like a wolf," etc. From the appearance of the hounds it might have been gathered that paper chasing, while good fun, is hard work. They panted and mopped their feverish brows and removed layers of dust from their complexions, and gave other signs and tokens of the severity of the bout. But they were happy, confoundedly joyous and excited, and charmed with themselves and reminiscent and explanatory and expostulatory. They were other things also, but most particularly, most extraordinarily thirsty. They were not thirsty long, however—although it may have seemed a long time, it really was not.

There were accidents—what is a chase without an opportunity for the doctor. This time a charming young lady was thrown from her spirited charger and was found lying senseless under a manzanita tree. "Water, water," demanded the doctor. Midsummer in San Rafael, with brown hills and dried grasses—why not ask for spring flowers. At the psychological moment the whipper-in appeared. From the depths of an interior pocket he produced an ancestral flask—silver mounted, allegorical, crested.

"Ten year old whiskey," he whispered to the medico. "Best on the Coast," he announced still louder.

"No good," declared the doctor.

"This ten year old whikey no good!" indignantly stipulated the whipper-in. "Just try it. I challenge you, sir, to an honorable arbitration."

"The girl must have water; whiskey can't help her, I tell you." The doctor was growing excited. Does no one know where we may find water, he demanded of the bystanders.

A small boy knew where a spring was. Yes, but how bring the water? No mugs, no jugs nor cups, nor bowls.

"There's the flask," suggested the doctor.

'But the whiskey, sir," implored the whipper-in.

"It's a lady, sir; don't hesitate."—the doctor grew emphatic.

Sadly and reluctantly the whipper-in unscrewed the stopper, took a long, long pull at the ten year old whiskey, and then with melancholy gurgle the precious liquor escaped into the dark, ungrateful ground. The flask was surrendered to the urchin, who darted off in the direction of the spring. He returned, downcast—the spring had dried up. I ring down the curtain on the pathos of this most solemn and somber scene.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

The success of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Columbia has been so pronounced that the management has decided to continue the play for another week. On August 2d "The Case of Rebellious Susan" will be presented, Frank Worthing and Blanche Bates reappearing in thecast.

The sale of seats for John Drew in "Rosemary" commences at the Baldwin next Wednesday morning. Much is expected of the play, and as Mr. Drew has made in it one of his greatest successes, and will present it here with a capable company, which includes Miss Isabel Irving, it is likely expectations will be realized. "The Heart of Maryland," with Mrs. Leslie Carter in her original role of Maryland Calvert, will follow Mr. Drew.

The Alcazar will put on a double bill next week, consisting of the comedy "Gloriana," and Clay M. Greene's one-act sketch "Relaimed," in which Francis Carlyle will appear as the hero. Miss Bengie Harrison, the new soubrette of the Alcazar Company, is a New York favorite of some reputation, and will likely continue her popularity in her San Francisco engagement. Francis Power' new play, "When Turk Meets Greek," is to be presented August 2d.

Papinta, the graceful and sensational myriad dancer, will appear next week at the Orpheum in some entirely new dances, introducing a number of novel and bewildering effects in light and color. Crawford and Manning, colored comedians, said to be inimitable and incomparable, have an amusing sketch, and the "Barrelatic" Deonzos, trick barrel jumpers, have a somewhat rolling novelty. The McKees, eccentric comedy duo, complete the list of new people.

"The Isle of Champagne" commences its third week at the Tivoli Monday evening, and from present indications might run for several weeks to come. The light, pleasing music of the opera has caught on immensely, and Edwin Stevens, as King Mumm, has literaally taken the town. The ballets form a graceful feature, and the scenery and light effects are out of the ordinary. Altogether the performance is thoroughly enjoyable, one of the most satisfactory San Francisco has had in a comic opera way for some time.

There is an exceptionally dramatic scene in "The Defaulter," the play to be given at Morosco's next week. It represents a run on a bank, and is most realistic and exciting, with the angry depositors clamoring for their money, each one struggling and fighting to the front fearful that the money on hand will not last till his turn comes. The play is by Lincoln J. Carter, author of "The Fast Mail," and is interesting and dramatic from beginning to end, with purity of tone, beauty of sentiment, amusing comedy and tearful pathos cleverly intermingled. The cast includes the regular company. Special stage effects have been prepared, and the performance promises to be altogether agreeable.

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## A MINER INTERVIEWED

### Lot O. Goldinsight Gives His Views of the Clondyke.

Mr. Lot O. Goldinsight is in town, recently returned from the Klondyke region, where he has been spending a few weeks of the summer season hunting and fishing. Mr. L. O. Goldinsight reports excellent caribou shooting, and has brought with him a fine stand of horns. The salmon will rise to a fly on the Klondyke, according to the statements of this enthusiastic sportsman, at almost any time during the hot weather. During the intervals of his sport the gentleman employed his time shoveling gold dust into hogsheads.

"It is a very healthy exercise," remarked Mr. Goldinsight, "and especially good for the muscles of the back. I found it tiresome at first, but I assure you that at the end of my stay I could shovel my five hundred pounds per hour and never feel it. Have something to drink?" he added amably. "Won't you sit down?" He removed a flour-sack of gold dust from the bottom of an arm chair, and the reporter seated himself.

"By the way," said Mr. Goldinsight," I picked this up in your park to-day. It is really a very curious specimen; perhaps you can tell me something about it."

He handed the reporter a small round stone, such as is used in gravel walks. The reporter took it in his hand.

"Why sir," said the reporter, "it is merely a common pebble; we have 'em by the ton down here. It's gravel."

"Really, now," said Mr Goldinsight, "you surprise me. You know I've been on the Klondyke so long that possibly I might have forgotten. You never see gravel up there, you know. Some prospectors have gone out for it, and I believe one or two specimens have been found near the top of the gold deposits. But the percentage of gravel to gold is so small that I doubt if it will ever pay to mine it extensively. It won't run more than an ounce of gravel to a ton or more of gold."

Mr. Goldinsight carefully returned the pebble to its buckskin bag and locked it in his safe.

"I understand, sir," said the reporter, "that you have a couple of ship loads of gold dust on the way down."

"Ballast, merely ballast," returned Mr. Goldinsight airely. "I have an offer from a concrete paving company to whom I expect to dispose of the whole consignment. It is found that the gold dust mixes well with the mortar and sand, and makes a good, firm pavement."

Mr. Goldinsight was asked as to whether the finds of gold along the Klondyke would have an effect upon the value of lead.

"It is hardly possible," he assured the reporter. "It might be run into bullets, but the Winchester and Remington, and other firms are using the steel bullets so much of late that there will be practically no competition in that direction. For gas and water pipes—now there might be a market in that direction. But these gravel deposits you speak of down here—"

"Oh, there can be no doubt that the pebbles are here," answered the reporter.

"You don't think that the reports that have reached us along the Klondyke have been exaggerated?"

"Not in the least. You may say that the supply of pebbles along the ocean beach below the Cliff House is practically inexhaustible, and pebbles have been found as far south as Pescadero. There are even indications of pebbles and gravel in the Sierras and along the Mother Lode, but there they are so mixed with gold that they are considered of a low grade."

"When this news reaches the Klondyke," said Mr. Goldinsight, "I assure you there will be a rush for this place. The men there will have the pebble fever at once. The difficulty will be in getting out of Alaska. You know there are two routes—one down the Yukon and one, very dangerous, over Chilly-Cat Pass. However, when a man is picking up pebbles and gravel by the hatful he won't think of his past hardships. You know," continued Mr. Goldinsight, "I am about to incorporate a company."

"Indeed, for what purpose?"

"To mine for gravel hereabouts and transport it to the Klondyke; it would fetch something like 20 cents an ounce there."

"But what would the miners there want with it?"

"Well," said Mr. Lot. O. Goldinsight, "it would be a good thing to mix the gravel with our gold in order that we might pan the gold easier.

F. N.

**Bookkeepers, students, and business men generally use Bank Stock paper. It preserves the sight. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay st.**

## REJECTED DRAMAS

It is a singular fact that many of the most successful plays of the day were either failures when first produced or had been carried about from manager to manager before one could be found to put them on. "Shore Acres" was first presented at McVicker's Theater in Chicago and was a decided failure. To prevent a total collapse, a half-interest in the play, scenery and costumes was sold for $1,500—since then it has earned over $300,000, and is still popular.

William Gillette's 'Secret Service," now the rage in London, fell very flat on its original production a year ago. It was kept on the stage, cleared $75,000 this season, and Mr. Gillette has been offered by Charles Frohman $100,000 for his rights in the play. "The Heart of Maryland," which is to be seen at the Baldwin next monta, was several years getting a hearing, and A. M. Palmer after accepting it paid $2,500 forfeit to avoid producing it. After much difficulty and postponement it was put on and has made a fortune for everyone connected with it.

"Shenandoah" was rejected by nearly every New York manager. Since its premier it has cleared $200,000. Augustin Daly refused "Mme. Sans Gene" at $5,000, and Fanny Davenport could see nothing in it, yet Kathryn Kidder has made the fame and fortune of a lifetime as the titled wash lady. Even "Trilby" had its vicissitudes, for A. M. Palmer declared it easier to dramatize Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" than make a play out of Du Maurier's story. It was four years before "My Friend From India" was produced, and then it was in a hurry, and at an expense of $450 It has cleared $60,000 this season, and is good for as much more. On the afternoon of the day "The Girl From Paris" was first played a one-third interest was sold for $1,500. It has just finished a run of 250 nights in New York, the net profits for the last six weeks exceeding $1,000 a week. "Alabama," one of the most delightful of all Southern plays, was brought out by Palmer as a "stop gap" for two weeks, there being absolutely nothing else on hand. It has made a small fortune for Augustus Thomas, as well as a lasting reputation. An Englishman purchased a one-third interest in "Charley's Aunt" for $2,500 and has realized about $100,000 from the investment.

## BOOK NOTES

"After Her Death," by Lillian Whiting (Roberts Brothers), may be termed a tribute to Kate Field, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece. Miss Whiting possessed an unusually strong friendship for Miss Field, to which she gives expression in her little book, and at the same time writes in somewhat enraptured lines of the dead authoress. This enraptured strain runs through the whole work and dips into all sorts of questions of the quick and the dead and the life to come —somewhat vaguely at times, but with lofty vagueness.

It is a big undertaking to read "The Master Beggars," by L. Cope-Cornfield (J. B. Lippincott Company), and one hardly worth the trouble to take. The scene is set in Holland during the times of the Duke of Alva, and on almost every page is some sort of adventure, each one bloodier and more reckless than the other. The idea of the author was doubtless the production of an historical romance, but it falls flat and short of being either romance or history.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters

## LATE VERSE

### March of the Girl Graduates.

They are coming, men and brethren.
Many hundred thousand strong;
They are pouring forth an army
Exceeding wide and long.
They are smiling, they are nodding,
And their plumes are waving high.
As each maiden lifts her banner
To the glorious shining sky.

They are full of mighty wisdom.
And the world their oyster is;
They have buckled on the armor,
And are ready now for biz.
They are ready for the battle,
And their war-cry fairly thrills;
Some will sprout as full-fledged lawyers,
Some as mixers up of pills.

Man, poor, craven man, before them
Flees afar and hides his head,
For the ground is charmed completely
By the beauteous army's tread.
Man's a second fiddler sawing
Sadly on a single strand,
In the face of such an army
Swarming wildly o'er the land.

They'll be filling all the places
Filled by poor prosaic man;
They'll be claiming all the options,
Bossing ev'ry scheme and plan.
And the one nice way to stop them
In their stalwart, onward stride
Is to woo them and to win them,
And to make each one a bride!

—H. S. Keller.

### Evolution.

When Esmeralda got her wheel
And first began to ride,
She wore a long and graceful skirt
That was her joy and pride;
But soon her equanimity
Received a dreadful check—
Rude Boreas took that graceful skirt
And wrapped it 'round her neck!

She gathered all her mental force
To solve this monstrous riddle,
She lengthwise cut her riding skirt
Exactly in the middle.
She shortened it and then did sew
A seam on either side,
And in her new divided skirt
She proudly forth did ride.

But when she'd worn it just a week
She heard a dreadful rumor—
Divided skirts had lately been
Succeeded by the Bloomer.
She put a wide elastic band
In the hem below the knee,
Which made as neat a bloomer
As one would wish to see

But to her most aesthetic eye
It really seemed distasteful,
The way those bloomers flopped about
Was shocking and disgraceful.
So she took them to a tailor
Who fitted, sewed, and pressed,
And now she rides in knickerbockers
As beauteous as the rest.

### To a Queen.

O queenliest of queens,
The world admits thy sway;
Boston itself bows down
Before thy royal crown—
The beanliest of beans
Confess thy might to-day.

From Canada's bleak hills
To India's coral rills
One wild, fierce rapture thrills
The subject soul;
The dark Australian glows,
The hairy Canuck shows,
The woolly Capeman knows
Thy sway from Pole to Pole.

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So is that $1,000.

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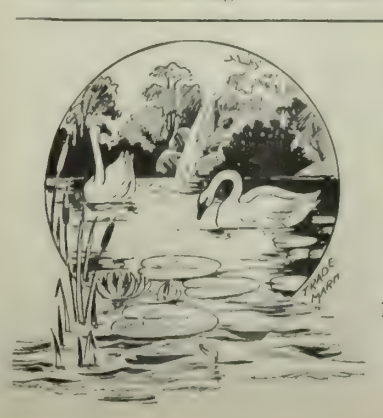

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## AN AMERICAN NOVEL

### Vigorous Characterization in Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker."

That "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," is on the verge of conclusion will cause some readers of the "Century" regret, though it may be welcome intelligence to others who have permitted themselves to long for the success of Washington and the surrender of Miss Darthea Peniston, both events having been delayed an unconscionable number of months through the necessities of serial publication. Several other important points remain to be settled, among them the feud between Hugh and his cousin, Captain Arthur Wynne, who is several kinds of a gentlemanly villain endowed with a veritably Machiavellian form of subtlety. There is no denying the interest that Dr. Weir Mitchell's story has inspired. He has certainly made a virile tale out of this narrative of the life and times of Hugh Wynne. It may be felt that the war scenes lack something of vivacity and concentration, but the strength, earnestness and distinctness with which the characterization of the hero, his Quaker father, his mother, Aunt Gainor and Miss Darthea are accomplished, make the book important as literature as well as entertaining as fiction. The several portraits are at full length—but they are completely realized and consistently rendered.

The strenuous figure of John Wynne, the father of the hero—"a proud, strong man, he was in those days of fixed beliefs, and of unchanging loyalty to the King. In his own house he was feared by his son, his clerks and his servants; outside his own walls few men cared to oppose him. He was rich and coldly despotic; a man exact and just in business"—stands out a potent factor in the tale. His wife, Marie, is a delicious portrait—a tender, loving and most fascinating woman, whose realization is a real achievement. The orphan of a French gentleman become Quaker, she invests the austerity of that strict sect with a delightful demureness, a Gallic vivacity, the actual impression of which the narrative conveys. Here she appears to us:

"This sweet and most tender-hearted lady wore a gray gown and a blue chintz apron fastened over the shoulders with wide bands. On her head was a very broad-brimmed, white beaver hat, low in the crown and tied by silk cords under her chin. She had a great quantity of brown hair, among which was one wide strand of gray. It was all very silken, and so curly that it was ever in rebellion against the customs of Friends, who would have it flat on the temples. She had serious, blue eyes, very large and wide open, so that the clear white was seen all around the blue, and with a constant look as of gentle surprise. Her goodness seemed instinctive, and to have needed neither thought nor effort. Her faults were mostly such as arise from excess of loving and noble moods."

As for Hugh, the hero, he grows up strong and brave and healthy, fearing his stern father and loving passionately the kind, spirited mother—grows up a Quaker, ruled by the dictates of that sect, compelled to cultivate their virtues, but, as life goes, he becomes a backslider and grows dissipated through frequenting the society of young British officers, who lead him into wrong ways of living, from which his mother and his best friend, Jack Warder, finally rescue him. As a Quaker, John Wynne is all for the policy of non-resistance, believing it contrary to the law of God to oppose the authority of the Crown. His sister, Aunt Gainor, however, is an ardent upholder of liberty, and through her support and the teachings of John Wilson, Hugh takes the side of the Colonists against Great Britain, and in the face of his father's opposition, goes off to join Washington at Valley Forge. In those days, before the Rebellion feeling ran high in Philadelphia, and the opposing forces—Whigs and Tories—gathered at the home of Aunt Gainor, who was a leader of society in the Quaker settlement, though by no means a Quaker herself. Here is a picture of an entertainment at that era in the home of Andrew Hamilton:

On the porch were Mr. Hamilton and Mrs. Penn, with saucy gray eyes, and Mrs. Ferguson. A slim young girl, Rebecca Franks, was teasing a cat. She teased some one all her days, and did it merrily, and not unkindly. She was little and very pretty, with a dark skin. Did she dream she should marry a British soldier—a baronet and general—and end her days in London well on in the century yet to come?

Andrew Allen, whose father, the Chief Justice, took his wife Margaret from this house, sat on the steps near Miss Franks, and beside her litle Peggy Shippen, who already gave promise of the beauty which won for her so pitiful a life. Nothing in this garden of gay women and flowers foretold the tragedy of West Point. I think of it now with wonder.

In one or another way these people became known in our annals. Most of them were of the more exclusive party known as the Governor's set, and belonged to the Church of England. With the Galloways, Cadwaladers, Willings, Shippens, Chews, and others, they formed a more or less distinct society, affecting London ways, dining at the extreme hour of four, loving cards, the dance, fox-hunting, and to see a main of game-cocks. Among them—not of them—came and went certain of what were called "genteel" Quakers—Morrises, Pembertons, Whartons and Logans. They had races, too that is, the Governor's set—and one of my delights was, on the way to the academy, to stop in Third street, above Chestnut, and see the racehorses in Widow Nichol's stables at the sign of the Indian Queen.

But I have left the laughter of the last century echoing among the columns of Andrew Hamilton's home. The guests were made welcome, and had a dish of tea or a glass of punch; and those desiring no more bohea set a spoon across the cup, and fell into groups. My aunt opened the velvet bag which hung at her waist to pay Mrs. Ferguson a small gambling debt of the night before.

"Ah, here!" she cried gaily, "Mr. Montresor, this is for you. One of Mr. Grenville's stamps; I kept two. I was lucky enough to get them from Master Hughes, the stamp officer—a great curiosity. You shall have one."

Mr. Montresor bowed. "I will keep it," he said, "until it comes into use again."

"That will be never," said Andrew Allen, turning.

"Never!" repeated Miss Wynne. "Let us hope, sir, it may be a lesson to all future ministers."

"A man was wanted in New York in place of Mr. Gage," cried Mrs. Ferguson. "As to those New England Puritans, they were in rebellion before they came over, and have been ever since."

"And what of New York, and this town, and Virginia?" said my Aunt Gainor, with her great nose well up.

"I would have put an end to their disloyal ways, one and all," cried Mrs. Ferguson.

"It is curious," said Mr. Galloway, "that the crown should be so thwarted. What people have more reason to be contented?"

"Contented!" said Miss Wynne. "Already they talk of taxes in which we are to have no voice. Contented! and not a ship dare trade with France! It amazes me that there is a man in the plantations to sit quiet under it."

"I am of your opinion, madam," said Mr. Macpherson, "and I might go still further."

"They consider us as mere colonials, and we may not so much as have a Bishop of our own. I would had I my way, sir."

"And what would you do, Mistress Wynne," asked Mr. Chew.

"I would say, 'Mr. Attorney-General, give us the same liberty all the English have, to go and come on the free seas!' "

"And if not?" said Montresor, smiling.

"And if not," she returned, "then—" and she touched the sword at his side. I wondered to see how resolute she looked.

The Captain smiled. "I hope you will not command a regiment, madam."

"Would to God I could!"

There is a heroine, of course, Miss Darthea Peniston, a most captivating and beguiling young woman, whose fascinations have a dangerous effect on all the men in the volume, especially on Hugh Wynne and his cousin, Captain Arthur. Here is the young lady at the moment of her formal entrance into the story:

For a moment I did not reply. She wore a silken brocade with little broidered roses here and there, a bodice of the same, cut square over a girl-like neck, white, and not yet filled up. Her long gloves were held up to the sleeve by tightens of plaited white horse hair, which held a rosebud in each tie; and her hair was braided with a ribbon, and set high in coils on her head, with but little powder. As she came to meet us she dropped a curtsey, and kissed my aunt's hand, as was expected of young people.

I have tried since to think what made her so unlike other women. It was not the singular grace which had at once struck my cousin; neither was she beautiful. I long after hated Miss Chew for an hour because she said Darthea Peniston had not one perfect feature. She had, notwithstanding, clear, large brown eyes, and a smile which was so variously eloquent that no man saw it unmoved. This was not all. Her face had some of that charm of mystery which a few women possess—a questioning look; but, above all, there was a strange flavor of feminine attractiveness, more common in those who are older than she, and fuller in bud; rare, I think, in one whose virgin curves have not yet come to maturity. What she was to me that summer evening she was to all men—a creature of many moods, and of great power to express them in face and voice. She was young, she loved admiration, and could be carried off her feet at times by the follies of the gay world.

After many vexatious delays Hugh goes off to join Washington at Valley Forge, undertakes expeditions of great danger and daring, is imprisoned during many months, escapes through the kindness of Darthea, then assists in the occupation by the Colonists of Philadelphia, is on the staff of Benedict Arnold and is almost involved in his treason. Here, however, is a fine picture of Washington, presumably written by Hugh's friend, Jack Warder:

"Abler pens than mine," says Jack, "have put on record the sorrowful glory of that dreadful camp-ground by Valley Forge. It is strongly charactered in those beseeching letters and dispatches of the almost heart-broken man who poured out his grief in language which even to-day no man can read unmoved. To us he showed only a gravely tranquil face, which had in it something which reassured those starving and naked ones. Most wonderful is it, as I read what he wrote to inefficient, blundering men, to see how calmly he states our pitiful case, how entirely he controls a nature violent and passionate beyond that of most men. He was scarcely in the saddle as commander before the body which set him there was filled with dissatisfaction.

"I think it well that we know so little of what went on within the walls of Congress. The silence of history has been friendly to many reputations. There need be no silence as to this man, nor any concealment, and there has been much. I would have men see him as we saw him in his anger, when no language was too strong; in his hour of serene kindness, when Hamilton, the aide of twenty, was 'my boy'; in his starving camp, with naked men shivering all night in their blankets by the fires, when 'he pitied those miseries he could neither relieve nor prevent.' Am I displeased to tnink that although he laughed rarely he liked Colonel Scammel's strong stories, and would be amused by a song such as no woman should hear?

"This serene, inflexible, decisive man, biding his hour, could be then the venturesome soldier, willing to put every fortune on a chance, risking himself with a courage that alarmed men for his life. Does any but a fool think he could have been all these things and not have had in him the wild blood of passion? He had a love for fine clothes and show. He was, I fear, at times extravagant, and, as I have heard, could not pay his doctor's bill, and would postpone that, and send him a horse and a little money to educate his godson, the good doctor's son. As to some of his letters, they contained jests not gross, but not quite fit for grave seigniors not virginibus puerisque. There is one to Lafayette I have been shown by the Marquis. It is most amusing, but—oh, fie! Was he religious? I do not know. Men say so. He might have been, and yet have had his hours of ungoverned rage or of other forms of human weakness. Like a friend of mine, he was not given to speech concerning his creed."

During one of the hero's excursions into Philadelphia he is saved from capture and death by his friend Major Andre. Subsequently this popular officer, having assisted in the corruption of General Arnold, is captured and condemned to death as a spy. Washington permits Hugh to visit him, and he is conducted into the presence of the unfortunate prisoner.

I went at once—it was now close to eight in the evening—to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. It was but an hundred yards from his Excellency's quarters. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords. My pass was taken at the door of the house, while I waited on the road without. In a few minutes an officer came to me with Major Tallmadge's compliments, and would I be pleased to enter?

I can see to-day the rising moon, the yellowish road, the long, gray stone farmhouse of one story, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door opens, and I find myself in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, "This way, Captain Wynne," and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farmhouse. Two Lieutenants, seated within at the doorway, rose as I entered, and, saluting me, sat down again. I stood an instant looking about me. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw the glow catch the bayonet tips of the sentinels outside as they went and came. There were a half-dozen wooden chairs, and on a pine table four candles burning, a bottle of Hollands, a decanter and glasses. In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was Andre. He was tranquilly sketching, with a quill pen, a likeness of himself. He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said:

"Your pardon, Major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you."

As he spoke the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features as his usual ruddiness of color never did. I have since seen strong men near to certain death, but I recall no one who, with a serene and untroubled visage, was yet as white as was this gentleman.

What is here suggested gives but the flavor of a charming story. There is not space to describe the vivid incidents that relieved the hero's childhood—the fights, the duels, the contests of his manhood, the meetings of the Friends, the scenes at Aunt Gainor's home, the tender passages between Hugh and his mother, and subsequently between him and Darthea. They will repay perusal, however, and doubtless will, in book form, earn that wide popularity an honest and well written American story is safe to command.

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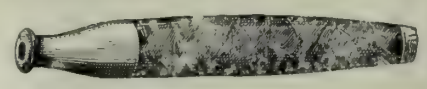

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## THE THEATRES

### "Pudd'nhead Wilson" as Rendered by the Frawleys.

At the Columbia this week one is far more interested in the play than in the actors or their interpretation of the characters assumed. It is not often this happens, and when it does, it is the result of one of two causes, either the play is of unusual strength or the actors are of unusual mediocrity. It is much more likely that "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is one of the strongest plays that Frawley has given us this season. In the title role, however, Hamilton is a disappointment, not because he is positively bad, but because he is merely negatively good. There is an opportunity in this role for actual "star" work. But at no time during the evening did Hamilton really have a hold upon his audience. It will not do to say that the house followed his lines and business with breathless interest during the close of the last act. At that moment—the critical moment in the play—it was only the situation that was interesting, and it was to this the audience gave its attention, not to Mr. Hamilton.

Right here one is tempted to criticise even the lines of Mr. Hamilton's address to the jury—at least, his closing words. As the accused impostor collapses upon the floor Pudd'nhead, turning to the jury, says, "I have done." It would have been a thousand times more effective, and at the same time less melodramatic had Pudd'nhead addressed to the Judge the usual legal formula, "We rest our case here." It seems very trivial to niggle over details such as these in a printed criticism, but heard across the footlights during the actual progress of the play they have an importance far greater than one imagines. And while we are on the subject of detail, it is worth while noting another oversight. The whole complication turns upon the mark of a bloody thumb—the ball of the thumb—upon a knife hilt. There are innumerable chances against the possibility of a thumb mark in such a spot. Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand in grasping the hilt of a knife would close the fingers over the haft and the thumb over the fingers. It is next to impossible to grip a knife securely in any other manner; and again, it is hard to understand how, with the thumb in this position, it could be stained with blood. Contrast this with the admirably natural manner in which Pudd'nhead finally secures the all-important thumb-mark of Roxy's son, when he catches up the glass between thumb and finger about and dash it on the ground.

It cannot be said that Mr. Hamilton struck the right note when, in the scene with Rowy (Miss Wallis), he first notices the discrepancies in the thumb-marks of the two boys. He has made no important discovery. His suspicions as to the interchange of the children are not aroused. He merely fancies he has, perhaps, made a mistake in labeling the marks. He is under the influence of no violent emotion. Why, then, this gasping and staggering, why this absurd blinking of the eyes, this fallen jaw and trembling hand. Mr. Hamilton overdoes the whole thing, forces the situation in order to bring about a climax of the act. Nor is the audience ever clearly aware of the exact instant when the right solution dawns upon him. In his speech to the jury he suddenly makes the charge and indicates the real Chambers, speaking of the matter as though he had known it for some time.

We had heard so much of Moretti in her role of Roxy that we had gone expecting, perhaps, too much. Miss Moretti overacts almost continually, the one notable exception being in the scene with her son when she discloses to him his relationship. Her negro laugh is a poor makeshift. She chooses to guffaw like a full negress, not at alll like a girl who was all but white. It is not at all enective, and the audience soon tires of it. In the prologue, where her child is on his way to be baptized as a white boy, she is by no means convincing, standing perfectly still, one hand raised and the eyes dilated may be a striking pose; it does not pass with the house for good acting. There are a thousand and one different dramatic situations, all familiar to the theater-goer, where such a pose has been used.

Gladys Wallis and Mr. Enos were in admirable contrast to Hamilton and Miss Moretti. Miss Wallis is first, last and always good; as Rowy she is as natural as a bird delivering her lines as though she had actually but that very instant thought of the words, while in the scene between the two boys, where Chambers compels Roxy's son to apologize for his insult—as serious a situation as we ever remember to have seen Miss Wallis attempt—she showed herself quite capable of something better than mere "ingenue work." Enos was especially strong as Roxy's scapegrace offspring, and was the vicious, mean-spirited "yaller coon" to the life. Ross' Chambers was as good as anything he has done this season, and Lewers as the French Count was dignified and restrained.

F N

* *

The combined attractions of "Rosedale" and Francis Carlyle have resulted in large houses at the Alcazar throughout the week. The play seems to have lost little of its old-time popularity, for every telling scene and thrilling climax, especially that of the fourth act, is watched with close interest and enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Carlyle looks very much as he did on his last visit—a trifle stouter, perhaps. His acting has improved with experience, and would be thoroughly agreeable were it not for a somewhat decided affectation which, doubtless, he considers effective, but in reality detracts very much from his work. George Osborne has an opportunity for good, heavy work as Miles McKenna, and succeeds in making it the strongest character in the play. Hugo Toland reappears as Matthew Leigh, and George Trader plays Bunberry Kob, the sporting squire of Kob Hall. Adele Belgarde has a number of conflicting emotions as Lady Florence May, and is properly discreet and acceptable in portraying them. May Buckley deserves commendation for her work as the light-minded Sarah; it is a part easily exaggerated, but Miss Buckley gives nature the benefit of the doubt and affords us a clever bit of art.

* *

Variety is the spice of vaudeville as well as of existence, and there is much of it this week at the Orpheum. Miss Ida Gray Scott, an operatic soprano, sings with rather brilliant effect the polacca from "Mignon," and immediately after Perry and Burns [illegible] rushing on with word that Gilligan's [illegible] tear again. Miss Scott has a voice [illegible] vaudeville—it is clear and well controlled and used with good effect, noticeably in "Coming Thro' the Rye." Francis J. Bryant, a monologist, sings a little and talks a lot—he should reverse this order of things, for his singing is as pleasing as his wit is lame. Ouda, an aerial marvel from Australia, performs on the flying trapeze and walks on a ladder with his toes, all of which has been done before, but not with the grace and action that Ouda puts in it. Lew Dockstadter is in his last week, and is as much the whole show as he was during his first. Miss Imogene Comer is also in her last week. This young woman has a good appearance, and introduces some novel and dramatic effects, but just why she persists in singing distressing songs about people drowning and dying by other methods is altogether incomprehensible.

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## TURF TOPICS

### Events on Eastern Tracks—Breeding Notes—Turf Congress Rules.

Even though the Yukon gold-fields exclude every other thought, the chronicles of sport must have right of way. For are not mining men most ardent lovers of the turf, whether working for wages with a pick in a pit or themselves owners of the nether earth hiring labor? They are invariably sportsmen at heart, with just sufficient of the gambling instinct in their make-up to give them a zest for life. In this far Western country amongst the chief pillars of the racing and breeding fabric, that have been and are, we find such names as Haggin, Daly, Hobart, Hearst, Cook, Baldwin, Boyd and Burns, all mighty in the mining world. And it is so in every land The turf is no sphere for the selfish cormorant, the counterpart of the sure-thing gambler, who monopolizes trade, or dilutes and manipulates corporation stocks for public consumption. The more gold there is found in the North-west the better for the turf. But while we are waiting let it be remembered that there are lots of good claims to be staked in the horse world, without having to imperil body and soul in the process, and that there is nothing much better as a productive asset than a really good stallion or broodmare, or a first-class performer on the race-course. That the annals of the turf need ttle study to discover.

The American Turf Congress has decided to outlaw any track within its jurisdiction that shall permit a foreign book to be operated after August 1st, the ban to include owners, trainers, jockeys, track officials and horses employed or racing on such tracks.

Certain requirements as to the minimum daily value of purses are also to take effect from same date. These regulations are calculated to encourage sport of a better class, and to check the gambling evil.

The defeat of Ornament in the Buckeye stakes, one and one-eighth miles, at Oakley last Saturday, should not be made too much of. The colt has been given a hard season and had begun previously to show that he needed rest. He was, moreover, three lengths or so behind at the start, with the course in muddy condition, both incidents being calculated to tell against a horse when not in good heart. He thus failed to collar Fleischman 112 pounds, and being beaten a couple of lengths had to put up with second place. Fleischman was previously a maiden.

The Coney Island Jockey Club summer meeting proved a decided success, save for the display of feeling on the closing day at the result of the Realisation, won by The Friar, in the fastest time ever made for the event The performance of the horse was a notable one, as he made all his own running for the mile and five furlongs, carrying 115 pounds, and won by three-quarters of a length in 2:48 2-5. It amounted, however, to a complete reversal of the colt's form in the last few weeks, and the once popular Morris colors were loudly execrated by the race-going public The Friar is said to be a horse of highly nervous temperament that cannot be depended upon to show his best form unless he is fortunate enough to find a place in front at the beginning of a race. He was beaten on the Monday following by Ben Brush in the mile and one-quarter Brighton handicap, after setting the pace for the first mile in 1:41¾. It is only right to say that after an official investigation the stewards of the Jockey Club expressed themselves satisfied that there was no attempt at wrongdoing on the part of the owners and trainer of The Friar, in connection with his running during the Coney Island meeting.

A good 2-year-old of the year is Hanburg, by Hanover out of the Fenowcraft mare Lady Reel, a daughter of Mannie Gray by Enquirer. He is the property of Mr. J. E. Madden, for whom he has won the $20,000 Great Trial Stakes and the $5,000 Double Event. There seems to be an impression that he is likely to prove the best 2-year-old of the season, though his owner claims he has a better one in Howland. In the first mentioned race Hamburg met a really good field of youngsters and defeated them in style.

They seem to have patented a good nick at Rancho del Paso in mating imp. Sir Modred with the Virgil mare, Sweetbriar. The renowned Dr. Hasbrouck and Dr. Helmuth were of this parentage; and now we have the filly Briarsweet, their full sister, owned by Marcus Daly, earning distinction by winning the Vernal Stakes for 2-year-old fillies, five furlongs, cleverly by a length and a half. Geisha second, in 1:01 4-5. Mr. Daly secured a full brother to the filly at the late Haggin sale of yearlings for $4,000.

Though far from being in thoroughly healthy condition, racing is in a better plight throughout the country than it has been for a long time, and as far as California is concerned we are justified in anticipating a good season again next winter. The mining, agricultural and fruit interests are all in much improved shape, and this is sure to have a beneficial effect

BENEDICT.

## THE CITY HALL DOME

### Masterly and Tasteful Work of the Contractors Employed.

Now that Mr. Frank Shea (of the firm of Shea & Shea) has completed his work upon the rotunda of the City Hall dome, it may be as well to cast a glance at what really has been accomplished, and review in somewhat of detail the different portions of the construction which represent the accumulated labor of some of the most able contractors of the city.

The fine effects of light that have been obtained from the unique glass dome is due to the efforts of the Pacific American Decoration Company, whose office is 26 O'Farrell street. This company has fulfilled the terms of its contract (the largest of its kind ever signed on this coast) to the letter, and the rich, warm light that is diffused throughout the enclosed space is as beautiful an effect as could be desired by the most critical taste. The same effect can be produced at night by means of a huge cluster of electric lights in the lantern

The carpentry and wood fittings are the handiwork of J. F. Leahy, of Leahy Bros., of 505 Parrott Building, and are in admirable harmony with the rest of the design, nor can the least adverse criticism be passed upon the manner of execution.

The judgment and good taste of Joseph McKenna, who, as an expert decorator, was appointed by the Commissioners to supervise the ornamental part of the construction, is apparent at every turn. Everything has been carried out with perfect good taste, and a result has been reached that is brilliant in the extreme without being ostentatious.

The visitor to the rotunda can hardly fail to be impressed with the beauty and richness of the copper work on railings, balustrades, capitals of columns and supports of the dome, etc. The San Francisco Novelty and Plating Works had this part of the work in charge, and though it is the first example of this kind of work that has been produced in this city, it will lose nothing by comparison with the best efforts of Eastern contractors. The price paid for this work, it is said, was $86,000, but even a casual inspection of the result will show that it was cheap at the price.

Mr. H. McCormick, of 115 City Hall Avenue, has reason to be proud of the result of his work in the matter of marble. This has come from the Amador quarries, and has been pronounced by the knowing as much superior to the Italian; it is of a white veined variety and extremely beautiful.

Mr. McCormick is also the San Francisco agent for the exquisite green marble that has been used in the wainscotting of the second gallery, quite 2,000 feet of the wall has been covered, and the general effect is peculiarly striking. This marble, we are told, is a new product of the State, coming from the Kimball quarry of San Diego. We hope it is an earnest of more to follow. Another variety of marble used is from the well-known travertine quarry in Mono County, whose offices are at 28 Eighth street in this city.

### Two Inky Ways.

There was a man who advertised
But once—a single time.
In spot obscure placed he his ad
And paid for it a dime.

And just because it didn't bring
Him customers by score,
"All advertising is a fake"
He said, or, rather, swore.

He seemed to think one hammer tap
Would drive a nail clear in;
That from a bit of tiny thread
A weaver tents could spin.

If he this reasoning bright applied
To eating, doubtless he
Would claim one little bite would feed
Ten men a century.

Some day, though, he will learn that to
Make advertising pay
He'll have to add ads to his ad,
And advertise each day.

—E. G. Townsend.

### The May Queen.

With a blanket about her shoulders,
A hot brick against her toes,
She sits, while a mustard plaster
Makes her chest like the blushing rose;
And her manner is sad and pensive,
And her glances are far away,
And she vows that she never, no, never more
Will consent to be "Queen of the May."

—Washington Star.

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528 Eleventh Street, Oakland, Cal. Next term opens July 26th. For particulars, apply to Mrs. M. K. Blake, principal.

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The Winter term commences September 1st. For particulars, apply to Principal.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 26, 30; August 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28; September 1, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 27.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE — Best and Belcher Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of July, 1897, an assessment (No. 62) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of August, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of August, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of TERESA YOUNG, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator with the will annexed, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California,

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Teresa Young, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 19, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Atty. for the Administrator.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street.—For half year ending June 30, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty hundredths (4-20.100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty hundredths (3-50.100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE — Continental Building and Loan Association, 222 Sansome street. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on term deposits, and 12 per cent on installment stock, all free of taxes.

DR. E. D. E. HILL, President.
CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Vice-President
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Man.


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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Coventry Patmore and Tennyson were, in their younger days, great friends. The latter had quarreled with his landlady, and in consequence left her house in disgrace. As he was walking away with Patmore he remembered suddenly that he had left on the table in his room the manuscript of "In Memoriam." As he positively refused to face the irate hostess again, Patmore offered to return for the poem. He rushed back and found the landlady fuming, standing in the doorway. She dared him to enter. Patmore made a football rush, got into the room, and there, in the table drawer, beside a piece of bacon, found the lost manuscript. He got out without damage, though that was not the landlady's fault

Mrs. Caroline Corbin, the anti-woman's suffrage leader of Chicago, went to school with Susan B. Anthony. Years after the two women met in Washington and Miss Anthony asked: "What have you been doing all these years?" "Bringing up four boys," answered Mrs. Corbin. "Boys! scornfully exclaimed the outspoken Susan. "What under the sun is a woman with your brains doing with four boys." "Would you have me strangle them?" was the retort. "Bosh," was the emphatic answer, "you should never have had them. They will grow up to be men—nothing but men." It was after this that Mrs. Corbin became an an..-suffragist.

Lord Westbury, about whom a series of reminiscences appear in the last "Cornhill," had a keen wit. A certain young Irish lawyer on one occasion attended a consultation in his chambers previous to an appeal from the Irish courts to the House of Lords, and discoursed with some volubility on the matter in question. "Really, Palmer," said Westbury, after a time to Lord Selborne, who was also in the case, "this loquacious savage appears to know some law." This remark, uttered in the softest voice and in meditative tones, speedily brought the too-talkative attorney to a standstill.

Captain Baden-Powell gives this dialogue in his "Matabele Campaign," as illustrating the topsy-turvy nature of military discipline inevitable in mixed volunteer troops. Sentry, who has been ordered not to smoke: "What—not smoke on sentry? Then where the mischief am I to smoke?" Captain Brown: "It's not allowed, and I shall make you a prisoner." Sentry, taking his pipe from his lips and tapping Brown—his butcher in peace-time—on the arm with the stem: "Now, look here, Brown, don't go and make an infernal fool of yourself! If you do, I'll go elsewhere for my meat!"

An old-time Lord Mayor of London, whose sporting experience was limited, rode forth one day to join the city hunt in the fields about Marylebone. Placed by his escort under a tree, his Lordship heard the hounds give tongue in the distance, and the sounds grew louder and louder, till one of the city scouts shouted out, "The hare comes this way, my Lord!" The Lord Mayor rose to the occasion, and, drawing his sword, he exclaimed hercically: "Let him come! I thank my God I fear him not!"—Household Words.

Ex-Governor Altgeld tells this story on himself: When he was running for Governor last fall one of his supporters asked a Swede to support him. The Swede shook his head and said: "No; that man is a bad man. He is an anarchist, socialist and everything that is bad. I will not vote for him." "Oh, he is not as bad as that," said Altgeld's friend. "He is a pretty good man. There are no flies on him." "That is vere one flies show they have got some sense," immediately replied the Swede.

Lord Westbury, before he became a Judge, was associated with a clever young lawyer in an important case. As leader he made a strong argument, and his young associate, who was to follow, remarked as they retired for luncheon, "that you have made a strong impression on the court." "I think so, too," said Westbury; "don't disturb it."

An old Scotchman who had been opposed to instrumental music in the church he attended, was asked what he thought of the organ that had been introduced. "Man," was the reply, "I'm feared I'm gaun to like it."

They had had a little party of guests at the house, and he remarked to his wife as he was getting ready for bed, that he flattered himself he had acted the part of host in rather a brilliant manner. "I can only recall one brilliant action of yours," she said. "What was that?" "Lighting the gas."


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Views of Juneau Route to Dawson, Chilkoot Pass, and Dyea Canyon

Detecting Crime in San Francisco

# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 31 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 31, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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"KLONDYKE OR BUST"

Departure of the "Excelsior" with gold-seekers bound for Dawson via St. Michaels and the Yukon River

Photo by Weldner

# THE WAVE

's published every Saturday, at THE WAVE Building, No. 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Subscription, $3.00 per year, $1.50 six months, 75 cts. three months. Foreign subscriptions—countries in postal union—$5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

THE WAVE is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address THE WAVE, 24 Montgomery Street.

HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second-class matter

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 31, 1897

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| The "Upper Office" at Work; by Frank Norris | 4 |
| Disaffection in India | 5 |
| The Opinions of Leander; by Justin Sturgis | 5 |
| Divorce or Not | 5 |
| Japan Transplanted | 6 |
| Sailing of the "Excelsior;" by F. N. | 7 |
| The Icy El Dorado; by G. L. B. | 7–9 |
| Views of the Juneau Route to Dawson | 8–9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| "The Connoisseur": a Review by C. | 12 |
| Tales Better Untold | 13 |
| The Newest Books | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |

## THE RUSH TO ALASKA.

If it were authoritatively announced that at the North Pole was to be found a solid block of gold worth millions, all the fruitless and labored voyages of scientists would be put to shame very shortly by the return to civilization of some hardy American with a large chunk of the golden Pole in his pockets. Wherever there is money to be found or money to be made, there the Anglo-Saxon will be. It mattered nothing to him that he had to fight his way through bands of butchering savages, and across the waterless deserts and climb the jagged mountains with their coverlet of snow, to reach the placers of California. He has fought his way against the assegais of the fierce natives of Southern Africa, from the Cape to the center of the Dark Continent, hunting for gold and reefs. He has built towns on the dry and dusty plains of Western Australia with the nearest water fifty miles away. He has gone into the heart of the Guinea swamps where every breath is poisoned and every cup of water a death draught. And now by the tens of thousands he plans to cut his way in ice across the steepes of the Northern Rockies, and shoot through rapids filled with floating ice into the Arctic Circle where men say there is gold for the taking. Great is the Anglo-Saxon, daring everything, fearing nothing where there is gold as the reward. No torture has been discovered that is too terrible, no climate so severe as to hold back men of our race from going where there is promise of wealth.

The world's imagination has been set on fire by this new discovery in the Northwest Territory. Not since '49, and perhaps not then, even, were men so aroused and excited over the possibilities of gathering quick fortunes on the the banks of streams and the sides of mountains. In '49 the times were comparatively easy; there were not so many people in the United States, there was an immense area of valuable unoccupied land; the Strike, the Boycott, the Labor Union, the Lock-out, the Trust and the Syndicate, fortunes $100,000,000 and marching Coxey's Armies were all unknown in '49. The pressure of civilization did not bear so hard; in America there was then no word of the "Submerged Tenth;" there was still space and opportunity in the Western States for men who wished for adventure and romance, and ample scope for men of daring and enterprise to make great fortunes without moving from their father's threshold. No, not in '49 did the discovery of this Western Eldorado bring such excitement and such hope as have been brought to the people of the United States by the Alaskan discovery of '97. If we must look for a parallel we must go back to the early part of the sixteenth century, when the Spanish Galleons returned from Mexico with ballasts of silver bricks and cargoes of gold and precious stones. Then the poor and the landless as well as the rich and lordly went wild over the news that the Spanish brought.

Men's imaginations work rapidly at such times as this. The stupid and sluggish who have fallen into the dull routine of life now come forward with schemes rivaling in boldness those of our commercial Napoleons. The quiet, digging lawyer, the cautious man of business, no less than the adventurer, dwell night and day upon the delights that will be theirs in seducing from the soil her virgin gold. The prospect of wealth fires the imagination and sets the mind ablaze. Obstacles to enterprises that would seem insurmountable at ordinary times are laughed at as the mere incidents of a pleasure trip. It is safe to say that in the city of San Francisco 10,000 men who would no more have thought of climbing the Chilkoot Pass than of swimming across the Pacific ocean, are to-day planning and anxiously looking forward to a time when they can cut their way in steps of ice across that mountain range. Young men who had minimized their ambitions to the prospect of a life of humble clerkship have all at once become possessed of the idea that with grit and a side of bacon they can arrive at independence. Old men whose hearts have not felt the tingle of rushing blood for a score of years, talk seriously of the grand, exhilarating life they will lead upon the Yukon. Once again there bursts into being all that passion and fire which sent men by the million, century after century, crusading through Europe and Asia in the name of the Cross. Materialism, civilization and progress cannot quell the spirit of romance, and from that spirit comes not only the enterprise which makes fortunes and builds up empires, but that kindling of the mind, that eruption of mental force which produces genius and stimulates to the production of noble achievement in literature and art.

## THE CONDITION OF CUBA.

The adjournment of Congress leaves the Cuban question exactly where it was, so far as our Government is concerned, at the beginning of the session. The passage of the Morgan resolution indicated conclusively that the temper of the State was entirely in favor of the insurgents, and there is no doubt that if the Speaker had permitted the House to express an opinion it would have been as emphatic on the same side. The Presidnt was at the pains of sending a special commissioner to the Island to investigate the killing of an American citizen in a Spanish prison, and so much of his report as has been made public goes to show that the charges of gross inhumanity so frequently brought against the Spanish civil and military administration in the Island are only too well sustained. The new Minister to Madrid has not yet started on his mission. In the five months of the McKinley administration not a single step has been taken toward ending the horrors of a war that has now been waged with ever increasing ferocity for two and a half years. The reports of our consular officials in Cuba are still withheld from the public on the pitiful plea, presumably, that those officers would be exposed to the rage of Spanish mobs if their official statements were made public; yet no ship of war has been sent to Cuban waters to afford to tnem and to other Americans the protection to which they were entitled.

In the meantime, the ghastly methods which General Weyler calls war have been relentlessly pursued. Unable to conquer the insurgent forces in the field he has sought by the aid of murder, famine and disease to destroy the non-combatant population, and so to bring to terms the leaders of the revolution against whom he has proved himself powerless in any real warfare. His proclamations announcing the pacification of the Western provinces have been proved to be official lies. A month ago this remarkable general took command in person of forty battalions with which, as he declared, he had surrounded the forces of the rebel Gomez, and he announced the speedy end of the rebllion. Gomez replied by a swift movement to the west and a bold proclamation of his invasion of the province of Havana, with the main army of the revolution, which promptly brought the remarkable Weyler back to Havana. Such an ignominious failure as this would be enough to end the military pretensions of any but a Spanish general, but Weyler seems to be the best that Spain has to offer.

We are a people much addicted to sympathizing with the afflicted, who are sufficiently remote from us. We enjoy denunciations of British mal-administration in India and send shiploads of provisions for the relief of the famine-stricken Hindoos. We proudly display our sympathies for rebellious Cretans, and we aimost went into convulsions over the tales of missionaries about the outrages perpetrated in Armenia. Yet for more than two years we have looked with patience on the bloody deeds that have been done in an island not a hundred miles from our own shores without discovering that the fighting Cuban is quite as worthy of sympathy as the cowardly Armenian, or that the Spaniard can turn a fair land into a shambles as cruelly as the Turk ever could. In fact we have not yet made the official discovery thatthere is any war in Cuba, and the Cubans will probably work out their own salvation without any assistance or sympathy from our government.

## CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS ON TEACHERS.

During this week we have been treated to a rather startling revelation of some of the methods by which our small army of teachers in the public schools is administered. It seems that the principles of the several schools are required to submit to the Superintendent semi-annual reports of the conduct and efficiency of the individual teachers under their charge. These reports are supposed to be confidential in their nature and are furnished for the guidance of the Superintendent in making assignments of the teachers to duty for which they may seem to be best qualified. But the Superintendent, unmindful of the supposed confidential character of the reports or of the inability of politicians of the caliber of the ordinary school director to respect a confidence reposed in them, has been in the habit of furnishing copies of these reports to the members of the Board of Education. When the exigencies of the small politics by which our public schools are governed required that vacancies on the teachers' roll should be made in order that they might be filled by the appointment of favored friends of the small politicians, it was discovered by some astute teacher that these reports furnished, or could be made to furnish, the levers by which those teachers who were without friends among the gentlemen of "the push" could be dislodged from their positions. All of the teachers, to be sure, are supposed to be protected by law from the danger of removal or discharge except for good cause, and there is not, at first sight, any reason apparent for looking for anything but just and fair reports from the principals of the schools, and on such reports the Superintendent and the school directors could not easily base unjust and partisan proceedings against teachers. But unfortunately many of the teachers highest in authority owe their original appointments and their present positions to considerations which have no relation whatever to their fitness and capacity to fill them. They are just as much the creatures of the "boss" under whose patronage they thrive as are the school directors themselves. And, though the law protects them from arbitrary dismissal at the will of the "boss" or the agents of the boss who made them, there is still vested in the members of the Board of Education a power to grant or withhold favors, as in the matter of good or bad assignments, leaves of absence and the like, which gives to the members some measure of control over the actions, and, as events seem to indicate, over the opinions of some of the principals. At any rate, when there was a pressure for vacancies on the roll of teachers there was no lack of unfavorable opinions expressed in the reports of some principals on the efficiency of such of their subordinates as were marked out for decapitation, and the solid ring of the Board of Education proceeded to make out a list of twenty-five of the proscribed, with these reports as a basis for their action. That some, at least, of the reports are unjust and probably manufactured to order is shown by the fact that they are flatly contradicted by the tenor of other reports made only six months before by the same principals in the cases of the same teachers. Some of the reports as printed—the "confidential" character of all of them being, apparently, ignored—show that they are colored by personal animus rather than by any sense of duty. The result has been to sow dissension in the corps of teachers, to arouse in subordinates suspicion of the honesty of their superiors, and to demonstrate again that the education of the children of San Francisco is largely in the hands of persons whose chief, if not only qualification for that duty lies in the fact that they are familiar with the ammoniacal flavor of the livery stable from which our good citizens are content to be governed.

## IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Since the great day of the Victorian jubilee there has been a very noticeable cooling off of the enthusiasm of the British colonials for the idea of a federation of the British Empire. At the time of the great gathering which London saw last month the presence of the Prime Ministers of all the self-governing colonies of Britain and the parade of representative detachments of the armed forces of every dependency of the Crown naturally tended to raise an enthusiastic belief in the feasibility of the task of unifying the Empire, and this belief was encouraged by the public utterances and printed statements of some of the colonial representatives. It will be remembered that the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony rather effusively announced that the people of that colony would present to the British navy a battle-ship, to be built and equipped at their own expense, as their contribution toward the defense of the Empire. This declaration was hailed with joy by all loyal Britons, and the Admiralty accepted the welcome donation with fer-

vent expressions of gratitude in advance of delivery. Since then the people of the Cape Colony have been heard from, and it is quite apparent that they have no intention of honoring their Premier's draft on their provincial purse. Their loyalty seems to reside in their mouths, perhaps in their hearts, but it does not extend to their pockets.

The colonial premiers have been extensively feted and dined since their arrival in England, and they have been profuse in their expressions of devotion to the Crown; but all attempts to get from them a public expression of opinion on the many serious questions for the solution of which federation must wait have failed. They are, perhaps, so lofty in their sentiments that they cannot descend to the consideration of mere practicalities. Or, perhaps, they are prudently holding off their interrogators till they can get home and learn what their constituents think and say on these questions.

Of all the colonies Canada alone has offered something practical and tangible for the consideration of Her Majesty's Ministers in the preferential tariff which was offered to the mother country by the Dominion Parliament at its last session. There is a reason why the Canadians should be, more than any other colonials, anxious for a closer tie with the mother country, and the reason is found in the fact that Canada alone, of all the dependencies of Great Britain, dwells in the shadow of a great power. Many Canadians, indeed, believe with Professor Goldwin Smith that the natural fate of Canada is to become an integral part of the American Republic, but this idea has always been abhorrent to the governing class of the Dominion. This class may see an additional safeguard from such absorption in becoming more truly an integral part of a real British Empire with a voice in an imperial legislature. But this consideration affects none of the other groups of colonies. The South African dependencies, as well as the Australians, feel safe in their freedom from overshadowing nighbors so long as the United Kingdom can maintain its command of the seas, a supremacy which assures them protection, while they have to contribute nothing to maintain it. There are at present racial differences in South Africa sufficient to prevent any local federation, and every attempt to federate the Australian colonies has been abortive. If these colonies, whose boundaries are mere arbitrary political lines, cannot combine among themselves it is hardly possible that they can be induced to enter the world-wide federation which seemed possible in the enthusiasm of the jubilee week. It may be that the day for imperial federation has not yet come, but it now seems more probable that that day is gone forever.

### *FIRST MOVE FOR A NEW CHARTER.*

At the request of the Citizens' Charter Association, Mayor Phelan has appointed a committee of a hundred citizens to take the necessary steps for choosing a Board of Freeholders at a charter election, and to discuss the questions as to what provisions will be desirable in a new municipal charter. Such a body of citizens ought to be, and doubtless is, fairly representative of San Francisco, and their deliberations ought to bring out a general discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of different plans of municipal government that have been presented from time to time in the public prints. The real purpose to be kept in view is to ensure the draft of an instrument which, when submitted to the voters, will meet their approval, and this, we believe, can be accomplished by giving full publicity to the discussions of the committee and of the Board of Freeholders. This time let us try to find out, before the election, what the people want. Previous efforts have merely resulted in showing, after the election, what the people did not want—valuable information, no doubt, but too costly. If all good citizens who want good government for our city will help the Mayor's committee, and if the Board of Freeholders will be guided by the result of the committee's labors we can look forward confidently to the ratification of a new charter.

Australia, which has led in many socialistic experiments made by the State, is now considering the question of State physic. The President of the Queensland Medical Association proposes that the country be divided into medical districts, under doctors paid by the State, to look after all the inhabitants, and that the money for the purpose be raised by a poll tax of $2 per year. This would enable the State to pay $1,500 for the lowest medical salaries. A New South Wales labor league has declared that "the practice of medicine should be a national service."

Naval experts at Kiel are now testing the practical uses of dragon-shaped airships, which may be put on board vessels for use in naval engagements and in reconnoitring. Some of the balloons rose 5,500 feet, remaining fastened to the deck of torpedo-boats which were steaming eighteen knots an hour, enabling the aeronauts to make valuable observations of the stations of vessels at a great distance. The observations made were communicated by telegraph or telephone from the balloons to persons on the decks of the vessels below.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

Of the men who started north after gold or news not one was better equipped than John McGilvary, who goes to the Klondyke for the New York "Herald." Not content with an ordinary journalist, the editor of the "Herald" demanded a man who would unite the virtues of style and mining knowledge. John McGilvary has considerable skill in the reportorial way, and in addition took a mining course at Berkeley, has been superintendent of a mine, has a father in the employ of the London Exploration Company and a brother, one of the most successful experts on the coast. Besides, he is known favorably to Louis Janin and Ham Smith, who expert for the Rothschilds. They all recommended him, and McGilvary was given unlimited credit for preparations and told to go north. He takes with him a first-class photographer and apparel enough to keep him warm through several winters. The outfit of this gentleman being something out of the ordinary, is worth detailing. First a heavy suit of flannels, then a suit of chamois skin; next, an ordinary suit of heavy tweeds; a skin suit with fur inside, and over that an exterior covering. Thus in working hours Mr. McGilvary expects to keep out of the cold. At night he will sleep in a big sack made of heavy woolen blankets, enclosed in skins and oilcloth. A heavy sealskin cap, with flaps for ears and throat, will protect his head and face. He has also paper blankets, provisions in plenty and all sorts of appliances, and if he can get them all through the Chilcoot may bid the regions of the Arctic defiance. The truth is that it will be impossible to get all the stuff that went north by the Excelsior up to Dawson ere the river freezes. The equipment of barges on the Yukon is quite inadequate to carry the immense quantity of supplies that awaits transportation at St. Michaels. Of course the A. C. Co. will do all it knows to send the stuff to destination, but its means are definite and can accommodate but a fixed amount. It is not credible, however, that there will be a famine at Dawson, inasmuch as most of the adventurers have enough to keep the wolf from the doors. I am told that a company of Humboldt men are arranging to procure a string of the trained mules which supply transportation facilities in the northern mountains of California. These are sure-footed and powerful and carry an enormous load, if it be properly packed. The perils of the Chilcoot I believe they could surmount at a rate to discount the efforts of dog sleds and Indians.

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Though one hears little but Klondyke talked up town and down, it must be remembered that our own output of gold here in California is the greatest in the country. In spite of Arctic excitements the mother lode continues to be the scene of unprecedented activity. Twenty big mines are in operation within a radius of five miles of the Rawhide, and there must be at least one hundred small ones. Jamestown bids fair to be one of the largest and most prosperous of the interior towns, and it resounds with the echo of hammer and chisel, for houses are going up everywhere. I am told that extensive discoveries of ore have recently been made in the Rawhide, and as a consequence Captain Nevils and his associates are kept busy looking for new outlets for their capital. There is no longer a word about selling the property, which is now paying magnificently.

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The "Examiner," in its Thursday's issue was pleased to infer that the twenty-five thousand people who assembled at Mission street wharf Wednesday afternoon to witness the departure of the Excelsior were there for the purpose of wishing Godspeed to the "Monarch's" expedition. This may be true, or again it may not. It may, perhaps, not be out of place to note that the "Examiner" has not got a monopoly of Klondyke expeditions. The "Call" and "Chronicle" are both in the ring, and while the "Monarch" has been sounding its horn to the four winds of heaven Harry Hunt of the "Chronicle" has been and is even now pushing his way through the snow drifts somewhere about Sixty Mile and will be one of the first journalists "upon the spot." Two other "Chronicle" men are following hard upon the heels of Mr. Hunt, and and ought to reach Dawson by the time the "Examiner" expedition is struggling up into the Chilcoot. For once the "Monarch" must admit that both of its rivals are in ahead of it. The "Chronicle" does not choose to call its staff of news gatherers an expedition, since the men will work independently of one another. At Dawson City, which of course will be their headquarters, they will be sent out in to the country in every direction, according as reports of finds and new strikes come in. All of the men sent thus far by the local dailies are expert news writers, and what with the rivalry and competition that will be developed in their midst, San Francisco can expect to be well supplied with news from the north—always provided the mails get through. May be this is where the "Examiner" will get in its execution. Its men are provided with unlimited credit and are authorized to hire couriers to convey their letters written en route back to Juneau.

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I am told by a gentleman who might be supposed to know that no less vigorous a citizen that Claus Spreckels himself has taken control of the destinies of "The Call." The vigorous Sugar King, during the absence of his son, John D., in Washington, objected to certain features of the paper and to its manner of handling fights, so he sent for the editors and breathed something of his own undaunted spirit into them. Now he is giving orders as to policy, and the paper already begins to feel the impetus. In future when "The Call" takes an attitude it will be no use attempting to defeat it—it's there for good and all.

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The eruption in the Board of Education is merely the occurrence of the expected. Sooner or later the gallant gentlemen who follow the lead of Dr. Ragan and Sam Rainey were certain to make places for their friends, though it must be admitted they have gone about it in rather a shabby manner. It is not generally known that the Solid Eight and the Solid Nine have taken to meeting in Mr. Devaney's bicycle establishment out on Central avenue. The lively wheelman had an idea that the secret consultations of the city fathers could be accomplished there without interference from journalists is no uncommon thing for the two bodies to be in session together, and Sam Rainey is generally at hand to give them the benefit of his experience. It was at one of these sessions that the idea of dispensing with the services of discredited teachers was thought of and effected, with the compliance of Superintendent Webster, who does not show himself a man of particular strength of character. I am inclined to think, however, that the consequence of this experiment will deter further effort in that direction. It is dangerous work attempting to interfere with ladies in office, and the cortege of objectors who made their appearance at the City Hall after the "Examiner's" publication convinced the Board of that.

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For the first time in his life Sam Rainey is really troubled. That the pardon of burglar Smith was procured by him from the Governor, is thoroughly understood. He has done everything to mitigate the newspaper sensation that naturally followed the announcement of his high handed action, expostulated with the "Bulletin" and the "Call" people to no avail. There is no question of the facts of the case. They are obvious. At the demand of a corrupt boss the Governor has turned out upon this community a thief who had plundered the home of his late opponent in the gubernatorial fight. It was a blackguard crime and properly punished. Common decency might have persuaded Budd to follow the regular course of procedure in pardon cases, but his cunning seemed to have deserted him for once and he acted without skill or intelligence. The Wave has commented freely and accurately upon the character and conduct of Governor Budd. This latest demonstration of his disregard for decency need surprise no one, for it is in accord with his previous expressions.

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At a meeting of the Solid Educational Nine at the Devaney Cyclery, Mr. Rainey, who presided, said: "Gents, there's a deal of book theorizin' in this department that I think is tommy rot. Let's have less of the stuff they call literatoor and more real practical larnin' that the boys and girls can use election times. What do all these growin' youngsters know about primaries or ballots. There's where education comes in. Yes, sir." Mr. Rainey's remarks were received with vociferous applause.

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Between the Klondyke excitement and the rise of grain there has disappeared beneath the political horizon a comet named Bryan. It was not a very important apparition, and quite the reverse of celestial, but its tail figured broadly across the sky and to the ignorant seemed a portent. However, like the price of silver, it has gone under and may be heard in Lincoln, Nebraska, where it was first observed. Tidings will be thankfully received by the Silver Committee, which imagined the comet a fixed star. Apropos of grain is it not curious that as the one rises in value the other falls in price, quite obliterating the connection which the apostles of white metal affected to find between them. You remember he declared it a fixed commercial law that as long as silver was up grain was high, that when silver fell grain went to the dogs.

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We are to have a new club, the San Francisco Club, and it will occupy the top floor of the Spreckels Building. There are to be one hundred charter members, with Adolph Spreckels as President, Harry Gray as Secretary and Sam Leake as Manager. The membership list is nearly completed. The special raison d'etre of the San Francisco Club I do not know, but it will doubtless develop a metier connected with politics.

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It is deep satisfaction to know that the millions of the late Colonel Crocker are in safe and strong hands. Charles Green and Henry Scott are both competent business men, who may be trusted to administer the property with the utmost sagacity. Both are gifted to an unusual degree with executive ability and have made a success of the various important institutions in whose management they have taken a hand. Mr. Scott is more of a public man than Mr. Green, who has spent his life in the services of the Crockers. Both in handling the estate's affairs and in dealing with the present interests of Colonel Crocker, he has shown first rate capacity and has got results without any trumpeting or pleading.

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The Midsummer Jinks is now a thing of the past. Care has been buried with due solemnity, and his death subscequently celebrated with that particular degree of festivity which only the gentlemen of the Owl Club know how to induce. The club is back in its old quarters again talking it all over and congratulating itself upon the successful outcome of its committee's efforts. It has been said that the grove never looked so delightful as it did last Saturday evening when the solemn dummy of the gang announced that the ceremonies were about to begin. Nearly a thousand lanterns depended from the overspreading branches of the redwoods, while three full orchestras discoursed the Faust music which had been selected as the accompaniment of the burial rites. It has been whispered that the High Jinks dragged the least little bit in the world. No one, however, has ought but praise for the Low Jinks, which went off with tremendous eclat, the ballet being applauded to the echo. A rumor has gone the rounds of the club, and has elated no little excitement in its circles, to the effect that one of the wealthy members—a well-known politician, by the way—has come forward with an offer to buy the grove outright and donate it to the club.

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The wife of the Washington correspondent of a San Francisco paper being about to take advantage of the reduced railroad rates to visit California, her husband bethought himself as to whose hands he would entrust her, she being young and pretty. So he wrote a letter to a handsome young clergyman, bespeaking his gentle ministrations. "I would have put her in the care of some of the newspaper fellows," he wrote, "but I know them too well!" And this in the town which produced a Brown!

BOSWELL JR.

CHIEF LEES AT HIS DESK

BENJAMIN F. BOHEN, CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES

## THE "UPPER OFFICE" AT WORK

### Detectives Who Lack the Traditional "Steel Blue, Penetrating" Eye.

There are wheels and springs, cogs, levers and eccentrics, in the running of a big city, just as there are in the running of a big engine. But much of the machinery is below the surface, and one is not aware of its existence, or at least is not adequately appreciative of it until one is personally affected — till one sets it in motion, as it were, by dropping a nickel in the slot. You drop a nickel, for instance, when your house is on fire, and that starts the wheels and cogs of the fire department moving, for your especial benefit, or again, your house is robbed, or a friend of yours (perhaps even yourself) is manhandled or misused by some kind of criminal, footpad, burglar, or otherwise, you drop a nickel in the appropriate slot, and straightway it starts in motion that surprising amount of complicated machinery known as the "Upper Office."

It is more interesting to watch the evolutions of upper office machinery than it is to look at the workings of the most intricate and powerful dynamo ever invented. The upper office is the headquarters of the Police and Detective systems, where Chief Lees and Captain Bohen are on duty like the engineer and fireman of a huge engine, their eyes upon the dials that indicate flux and reflux of the great city's crime-pressure, and their hands upon the throttles that check and retard its progress.

In order to see the engine at its work we will consider a typical case. Let us suppose that a crime has been committed. We will suppose a murder, because a "homicide case" is the most important kind of case in the estimation of the office, and the kind that arouses the most interest and attention. Besides, it will do as well as any from an illustrative point of view, as the preliminary moves of the machinery are much the same in every case. We will assume that on Monday of this week you found the body of a murdered woman lying on the floor of her cottage in one of the sparsely-built neighborhoods out beyond the Park. The first thing you do is to report this matter to the upper office—to Chief of Police Lees. This upper office is in the City Hall, on the lower floor, easily accessible, and open day and night. At the railing you announce the bloody business upon which you have come. You are in the outside office now, and as soon as the clerk knows your matter, he turns you over to the "desk sergeant." You say your little say over again to this desk sergeant, and he asks you question after question until you think he will never tire, and when all is over and your information has been pumped from you till you are dry as a pocket, you find that a stenographer has taken it all down in minutest detail.

Then the desk sergeant asks you to come along with him, and takes you and your statement into the inner office — the sanctissimum sanctorum — where Captain Lees sits watching over the city's welfare. Captain, or as he is to be called, Chief Lees, reads over the statement carefully, and perhaps asks you a few more questions. Your surprises will probably begin about here. You have thought, perhaps, that there was no more information left in you—that your case had been viewed in every possible light, but it is quite on the cards that the Chief will put to you one or two questions as penetrating and keen as lancets, that will perhaps disentangle the whole business in a twinkling, or at least give you some tangible, definite idea upon which to work.

After this, a little dramatic effect. The Chief rings his bell, and asks which one of the detectives is outside. Now, there are fifteen of these detectives in attendance upon the upper office. They have begun their respective careers as ordinary patrolmen, were moved up a grade to become corporals, another grade to become sergeants, and still another grade to become detectives. They are not "sleuths" at all. It is rather disappointing, but they are not "sleuths." They have not got "steel blue penetrating" eyes, nor "nervous, intent manners," nor even "lithe, wiry frames." You would pass them a dozen times in a crowd and not know the difference; if you did remark anything extraordinary about them they would not be good detectives, of course. Worst of all, however (it is one more idol shattered, one more illusion vanished, one more childish hope dashed earthwards) worst of all, they do not carry — but I say they—do—not—carry—revolvers! Think of that, now! Detectives—San Francisco detectives—that do not carry revolvers! I confess myself that I cannot very well understand it. Perhaps it is the fault of our criminals—perhaps they are so degenerate and effete that a revolver is superfluous. But that can hardly be. Somewhere there is something wrong. What does the detective do, I wonder, when "the infuriated man, driven to bay at last, turns savagely upon his relentless pursuer, and, with knife drawn, leaps upon him with a tiger-like bound"? By all signs and tokens he should "find himself looking down the mouth of a self-cocker." I fancy that even he would be disappointed if he did not. The absence of this self-cocker must ruin the effect of the whole scene.

Well, anyhow, these detectives do not carry revolvers. They are merely temperate, industrious men, somewhat tenacious and carefully trained in their line of business. One of these the Chief now calls into the office, and for a third time the story of the murder is re-told. In calling for this particular detective the Chief is guided entirely by his estimate of the man's abilities. Some detectives are better for a burglary case, some for a highway robbery, some for a murder, or as the upper office chooses to call it, "a homicide case." When the detective has all the points of the matter in mind, the Chief says to him:

"You'd better go out there and have a look around."

The detective "at once repairs to the scene of the crime." He is very lucky if he gets out there before the room has been touched or the body moved. He has his "look around." No matter what the case may be, or how it may develop later, there are three preliminary steps that the detective invariably takes — three things that, first of all, he tries to ascertain. The first is to find the weapon, the second is to find a motive, and the third is to find the person who was last seen with the victim. More depends on the nature of the weapon used than you would at first suppose. For instance, a revolver or dirk would indicate (I say indicate, not prove) premeditation—an axe, or chair-back, or table-leg, sudden, uncontrollable passion. Again, the knife and pistol are the weapons of the habitual criminal; the hatchet and the club are the reverse. (One hastens to add that this is mere indication—supposition—not proof.) Nothing need be said here about motives — everyone can understand their importance—but a great deal depends on the last person who was seen in the victim's company. Of course the last person, literally the last person actually in the victim's company before the firing of the shot was the murderer. It could be none else. So the de-

THE UPPER OFFICE, WHERE THE DETECTIVES COMPARE NOTES

tective must get as close to this "last person" as may be. He begins by finding out who was "the last person" seen with the victim. If he is not the person wanted, he is very apt to know a good deal about the case anyhow. He was perhaps next to the last person seen with the victim. So, when the detective gets him, even if he is not the murderer, he is getting pretty close to his game. There is only one man, then, that stands between him and the murderer himself.

Beyond this point the routine work ceases and the work shapes itself according to the nature of the case. But there are miscellaneous little points that are worthy of notice. They happen constantly. For instance, there are two characters that are almost sure to figure in every murder case. One is the Landlady, the other the Railway Conductor. Both of them are liable to come on in the same case. It is rather fortunate that this should be so, as an old detective once told me that the most observing people in the world were women, little girls, and railway conductors, and the latter are not only observing of faces, but (since they live, as my detective friend says, with their watches in their hands) they can remember to within five minutes as to just what particular time they observed the face in question.

Another point is that some detectives would rather have for identification purposes a good description of a criminal, than a photograph of him. I cannot make out very clearly just why this should be so, but I should imagine that a man carries about with him a certain distinct impression—a sort of symbol of his personality—and that, while he could easily change the expression of his face, either by shaving or allowing his beard to grow, he could not very well get rid of his personality—could not influence the impression he produces upon the beholder. Perhaps it is for this reason that a little girl is such a good hand at identification and observation. She is more sensitive to impression than an older person—a veritable sensitized plate, as one might say. You remember, it is said that dogs and children know a villain by instinct.

And I gathered from my detective friend that a good detective must get, as it were, an intuitive, instinctive idea of the man whom he wants—an idea, an impression, (to repeat the same word), that is quite independent of his face or his clothes, which can easily be changed.

The ideal detective would be one who could go into a ten-cent lodging house, let us say, and run his hands over the bodies of the hundreds of sleeping inmates, almost in the dark, until he reaches a certain one, and then, suddenly, almost without knowing why, stop short, get a good grip of the fellow's wrists, and then, as he wakes, be able, with some certainty, to say:

"I want you!"

FRANK NORRIS.

## DISAFFECTION IN INDIA

### Disturbances Proceed From British Enforcement of Sanitary Laws.

The observant man is well aware that misfortunes never come singly to the individual, and it seems to be part of the divine law that nations and countries should be similarly afflicted. As if the deaths and suffering caused to the natives of India by plague and famine were not scourge enough, the eastern side of Hindostan has been visited by an earthquake of unprecedented severity, doing immense damage to the city of Calcutta and bringing death and destruction to many parts of Northern Bengal. Simultaneously with the employment of these disastrous forces of nature a wave of discontent and sedition broke over the country, leading to riots in Calcutta and the assassination at Poona, in the province of Bombay, of officers engaged in sanitary work for minimizing the ravages of the plague. In many quarters the opinion exists that some want of judgment was shown by the authorities in employing British troops for the enforcement of the preventive measures prescribed by the sanitary laws and regulations, so excellent an authority as Sir Lepel Griffin, one of the most competent and distinguished administrators ever known in India, that land of able civilian officers, being amongst those who have condemned the Government in this respect.

Had this work been delegated to native troops and police it is probable the fierce dislike of the Hindoos to any interference with their domestic life and habits by Europeans would not have been called forth, as their countrymen would most likely have succeeded in carrying out the necessary but obnoxious regulations in a manner calculated to keep down, instead of foment, their unreasoning passions and religious fanaticism, which latter is invariably at the bottom of all difficulty in controlling Oriental peoples. There seems to be very little doubt that much mischief arises from the seditious tone generally adopted by the native press. Most of the papers are conducted by unprincipled men of no position, possessed of a superficial education, and who trade upon the weaknesses of their ignorant countrymen, on the one hand terrorizing them with the pen of the blackmailer, and on the other influencing them to resist all constituted authority. Where a section of the press in a country mainly populated by the densely ignorant prostitutes its liberty by employing treasonable methods, it is a duty of the Government to step in and put a stop to the evil. Experience has shown that the rulers of India have no other course open to them than to strike quickly and effectively whenever treason has shown its head. That the effects of the present famine and its attendant evils be apparent in the future socia lpolicybgkqjfwyp Indian Government, as well as upon the extension of public utilities, such as irrigation works, canals, railways and roads there is little reason to doubt. One of such effects will probably be to check the growth of that liberality in political tendencies, which has been the feature of the last decade or so in that great Eeastern empire.

The shipments of gold from Western Australia during the first half of the current year amounted to 265,314 ounces, as against 114,324 ounces for the same period of 1896, and 281,263 ounces for the whole of that year.

## THE OPINIONS OF LEANDER

### 'Commenteth at Length Upon Letters Received.

Last Tuesday afternoon I went around to my favorite Chinese restaurant—the one on the top floor, of the See Yup silk-merchant's, that overlooks the Plaza. I have lately contracted the habit of betaking myself thitherward for an afternoon cup of tea and a quiet half hour with a book and a cigar. It ought to be cigarettes, but I've promised a girl that——I mean that it's very charming in this golden balcony, tea is never so delicious as it is here, and your book never so interesting, and your cigar—cigar, I say, mark you—never so delicious. I like to go this place alone, for I feel it is mine by right of discovery, but on Tuesday last I caromed against Leander at the street corner. He was in Chinatown for Heaven knows what purpose. Of course I had to take him along.

"I say, Just," he remarked, as he sat down on a teak wood stool and plucked up his trousers at the knee; "I say, old man, this is completely out of sight. Say, Just, wouldn't this be a great place to bring the One Particular Girl to?"

I said something or other here.

Leander grinned with bland incredulity, then added: "Would it be good form, now?" Then suddenly: "Apropos of that, Just, you and your good form and your bad form and your confounded 'opinions' have brought me into trouble."

"Oh, get out!"

"I won't—they have!"

"I've been getting letters."

"Well?"

"From girls—girls that I don't know—who——"

"Well, there's the police, you know. The law will protect you."

"Oh, shut up! Wait till I finish. I've been getting letters from girls, and they—and they—well, they say things."

"It's a habit girls have. What do they say?"

"Here," said Leander, gravely unfolding a sheet, "is one of them. Read it."

I took the letter in his hands.

"Hum!" said I; "unglazed paper, and ruled at that! Mph! Reeks of sachet, too!"

"Oh, never mind that; it's what she says."

"Mr. Leander—Dear Sir: I read with great attention your strictures upon the young ladies of San Francisco Society ('spells it with a big S,' I commented) and I wish to take this opportunity of refuting and denying your unmanly ('say, that's rough!') and malicious charges. The young ladies of this city," I continued, "are as well bred and refined as any of the world, and though I have been in Society for over ten years ('that's a giveaway!' I cried, and, I'm afraid, I cackled) and I have never seen the slightest approach to any of the practices ('practices! Good Lord!') to which you are pleased to allude with such shameful publicity ('Oh, well, she's a chaperone—you can see that with one hand tied behind you.') In closing, all I can say is that you and your frivolous friend——"

"That's you, Just!" exclaimed Leander, grimly.

"——must have been associated with a very peculiar ('peculiar, underscored') kind of young women. You should not, I scarcely need remind you, judge all other ladies according to their own somewhat limited experiences." No signature.

"Well!" said Leander.

"Well!" said I.

"What did you get me into this thing for?" complained Leander; "do you think I like getting that kind of a letter?"

"No," said I, "I shouldn't think you would."

"Well, then, what the devil——"

Leander's voice rose to a shrill wail.

"Leander, there's nothing heroic about you. You are not willing to suffer in a good cause. You want to do all the hitting, and when someone—someone who's been ten years in society—hits back, you squeal. Shame on you! Now, I, too, have received a letter," said I, proudly; "in fact, several of them on this same subject."

"You have?" cried Leander, blankly; "let's hear 'em."

"No, one will do; they're much alike."

"Much like mine?"

"Much unlike," I returned, loftily. "Observe now" (I held the letter towards him) "pale blue paper, rather heavy, and suggestive of parchment—very faint odor of heliotrope—and, you see, she had a monogram, because, you notice, she has cut it out to concea her identity."

"Let's hear what she has to say."

"Dear Mr. Sturgis—" I read.

"That's better than Mr. Leander—Dear Sir," moaned Leander.

"I should say so," said I, very proudly. "Dear Mr. Sturgis: I read your article last Saturday on 'Girls,' and I think if more people had the sense to write similar articles, it might do the San Francisco girl some good."

"Huh!" said I, breaking off; "your girl said it was an unmanly and malicious charge."

"She wasn't young, I'll bet a hat," grumbled Leander; "and her paper was ruled—go on."

I went on: "——some good, and open their eyes to what men really think of them——"

"But we think very well of them," cried Leander; "that's just why we deplore their—their— vagaries."

"——they think it's funny and that the men laugh, but indeed they don't. I am one of the girls that are 'out,' but believe me, we are not all that way."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Leander, pounding with his stick.

"——and those of us that have——"

"She will use 'that' for 'who;' but never mind."

"——that have some sense of refinement feel just as the men do. Although I do not sign my name, I know you and you know me quite well."

"There!" said I, putting back the letter; "what do you say to that?"

"Corking fine little girl," commented Leander; "wish she'd written to me. May be, though, she comes from Oakland."

"No; she bought this paper at Robertson's. stamped on the flap of the envelope."

Leander drank off the rest of his tea, and chewed a pickled watermelon rind thoughtfully. Then:

"Just," said he, "who's to blame?"

"Who's to blame for what?"

"Who's to blame for the whole blooming show. Why do the girls smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails on the sly, and why do men come to functions drunk?"

"Leander, this brutal frankness——"

"Well, call it the vagaries of the younger set, if you like. Are the men at fault, or the girls, or is it the chaperones, or is it—by Jove, we have never thought of that!—is it the girls' mothers?"

"There's one thing," said I, "that's certain; the girls wouldn't smoke if they didn't think the men found it amusing."

"But that's just it," cried Leander. "The men don't. The girls don't know—they don't believe that the very men who encourage them to smoke have a sort of secret contempt for them after all."

"But they say they like a girl better because she's daring and chic and independent of convention. They call her fin-de-siecle and all that."

"Yes, that's what they tell the girl. But amongst ourselves, now, did you ever, in all your life, hear one man tell another that he liked to see a girl smoke, or that he liked her better because she knew how to handle a cigarette?"

I reflected. I tried to remember one—I am still trying.

"No, you never did, and more than that, the girls only know what the man says to them. He says, 'Oh, go on; what's a cigarette? Pshaw! I like to see a girl do everything a man does. I like to see a girl up to date.' But we—you and I and the rest of the fellows—know what these same men say of such girls among ourselves. They 'Hoh, yes; that little girl;' then they shrug one shoulder and smile a bit out of one side of their mouth (you know the meaning of that!); 'yes, that little girl,' they say, 'she's gay all right. You can have the hell of a good time with her.' I wonder what the girl would say if she could see and hear him? I wonder if she'd think it was so damned funny to smoke a cigarette then? Admit that I'm right now. Say, ain't I right?"

"Well, I guess you are, Leander. But now look here: You say the girls would stop smoking if they knew how the men talked about 'em?"

"Of course. Do you suppose a girl likes to smoke?"

"Well, now, listen here. These men that come to functions drunk—here's a question for you—do the girls think less of them for it? How do the girls talk about them when they are among themselves?"

"That's a point to be considered," said Leander, as we rose to go.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

## DIVORCE OR NOT

### Eminent Hands Who Think the Separation of Husband and Wife Desecration.

Mr. Marion Crawford has struck a note in his "Rose of Yesterday," that has been reaching rather widely of late. If marriage is the most important thing in life, certainly then divorce is the next in importance, and it is upon this chord of "divorce"—a disonant chord, of course—that Mr. Crawford has been harping, and all manner of people have listened and have answered so that the whole question has been momentarily revived, the question as to the desirability of divorce in the first place and the comparative ease with which it can be obtained in the second.

The main theme of Mr. Crawford's "Rose of Yesterday" is the obstinate fidelity of Helen Harmon to an insane husband, whose brutality has made their son an idiot and has also left actual scars upon her forehead. Matters are further complicated by the appearance on the scene of one Colonel Wimpole, an old-time suitor of the lady, and still her devoted lover. Harmon, the undesirable husband, is in a sanitarium, but though she loves the fatherly Colonel, Helen will not for worlds infringe upon her marriage vows: Says "That even when The Great Mistake is made, many a woman clings to the faith that made it for the sake of what might have been, in a self respect of which men do not dream. Even when she has married with little love and taken a man who has turned upon her like a brute beast, her marriage is still a bond which she cannot break, and the vow made is not void because the promise taken has been a vain lie." All of which is very noble, as any one will admit.

Women, not a few, have been commenting and talking about the book, notably and primarily Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She believes in divorce only as a very last resort, holds that wherever divorces are easily attainable morals and manners degenerate, but at the same time, says Miss Wilcox, in the little jerky maxim style she adopts, "at the same time it is greater immorality for two people to live together as man and wife after love has departed than for two people who love each other to live together with no legal tie. The latter she says is a sin against man's law and the former against God's. "Love," she concludes, "is a plant which can be fed, fertilized and nourished by proper care."

Mrs. Sherwood (the M. E. W. Sherwood, known to literature the world round) manages to slip in a rather pretty conceit while expressing her opinion. Says Mrs. Sherwood: "The 'Rose of Yesterday' is in every bride's bouquet," which certainly is very neat. Mrs. Sherwood is a "Catholique Catholiquante," and believes that Mr. Crawford would not have written the "Rose of Yesterday" had he been a Protestant. Then she goes on to assert that men and women have no right, no matter what may be their personal wrongs, so to imperil the laws of our country, the security of property, the nobility of a family name, by indulgence in what may be to us a far more agreeable arrangement than that which in a moment of fancied bliss we once assumed at the altar. "Alas!" exclaims Mrs. Sherwood, mournfully enough, "Alas! no, we took that dreadful risk of unhappiness."

So much for Mrs. Sherwood. Clara Morris now: Clara

Morris, too, waxes poetic over this much-handled rose, saying that it is but one of a very tangle and thicket of just such abandoned, slowly fading, flower-like women." It were perhaps best to use Clara's own words here, for they certainly are pungent enough: "I have tried earnestly to put myself in Helen Harmon's place and my efforts result in a slow, deadly nausea at the thought even of Harmon's physical presence, while a cold creeping horror mounts to the roots of my hair at the knowledge of the cruelty done the child. Yet with this sick horror gripping body and brain (really an admirable phase) I would say he must be allowed to return and have his chance." But her loyalty, she says very distinctly, would be to her promise and plighted troth, not to the man himself by any manner of means. But here is another view. Clara Lanza (Marquise an' 't please you), has something to say in the matter. Mme la Marquise holds that undoubtedly the author is right in condemning the wholesale putting aside of wives and husbands. "But, nevertheless," she says, "in the case presented, Helen's exagerated sense of duty partakes somewhat of the nature of weakness." (Hear! Hear!) "To have returned to her husband meant a possible repetition of the horrors she had endured, the sacrifice of her son, and the wretchedness of her love." All three would have then been sacrificed and only the brute beast of a husband considered and rewarded. The greatest good to the greatest number, says the lady, is a point that moralists frequently overlook in their laudable efforts to enforce a lesson and to present types more divine than human. Good for Clara Marquise Lanza.

Next we have Marion Harlan, who has but little to say, "believes that we should make the best of the worst." Though a Protestant herself, does nevertheless hold to the Catholic dogma about giving in marriage. Thinks divorce desirable in most extreme cases, but that re-marriage is little short of horrible crime. If two cannot dwell together in God's Holy ordinance of matrimony (so holds Marion Harland), let a formal separation relieve each of the intolerable load, but let no hope of another union that may compensate for the evils of the first influence anticipation and aggravate discontent.

Thus all these estimable, clever people. But one cannot but ask, though, if they (barring Marquise Clara) are not speekin from the outside, as it were. It is all very fine to say "be loyal to your altar vows" when one is not married, or at least married happily, and Mr. Crawford can put very noble sentiments between the lips of Helen Harmon. But one is very apt to forget that human nature is a poor thing at best, with limitations hedging it about everywhere, and most especially from above. It is all fine to sit down to one's study table and turn on the current, electric and intellectual, and moralize at length on what we should do in certain tremendous crises. We are mighty brave with our lead soldiers and pea-shooting ordinance, but it is as well to remember the beastly dirt from which we were made, after all, and reflect gravely upon how we ourselves would actually deport ourselves in actual battle and actual crises.

Helen Harmon is all very well between cloth covers and on deckel-edge paper. One is induced to believe that this knid of a rose is as rare as a flower north of the Arctic Circle.

Heavy death duties are leading to curious attempts to avoid them on the part of the British aristocracy. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon is about to disentail the Gordon estates, which give him his second title, with that object in view. The Earl of Leven and Melville asserted recently in the House of Lords that pictures valued at $17,500,000 had been sent out of England to be sold in order to free inheritances from Sir William Harcourt's crushing taxes.

A BIT OF TEA GARDEN

## JAPAN TRANSPLANTED

### Practical Summer Houses a la Japonaise at Mill Valley.

We have a little of everything out here in California—a little China, a little Mexiso, a little Spain, a little France, a little Japan, and, by way of parenthesis, a little America. We hope to have a good deal of America some day, when all these nationalities become merged into one, but we are busy race-forming just now and are rather elemental as yet.

The sojourner up in Mill Valley ought not, in consequence, to be surprised to come upon a little bit of Japan tucked away in the crevices of the hills like a curio in an old stand of shelves. Somehow he is, though, and perhaps it is because that this bit of Japan is so surprisingly real, so very Japanese. Things supposedly from Japan are not always so Japanese as is Mr. Marsh's Japanese villa, or perhaps village, for there are quite a collection of houses that go climbing up and around the sides of the Mill Valley canyon, some three or four miles back from the railroad station. It is said that one of Velasquez's portraits always gives the impression of being a remarkable good likeness because it is so well done. In a like manner the aforesaid sojourner in the valley is at once sure that Mr. Marsh's place is purely, thoroughly Japanese, even though he may never have been in Japan at all.

Altogether there are some dozen—it is impossible to say cottages—little Japanese summer houses, let us call them, quite habitable and practical but designed by Japanese architects and put together by Japanese laborers, low of ceiling, spacious of interior, cool, light and airy, ideal places for a hot summer's day. From the time the outer gate is entered until you pass through it again on your way out there is nothing in the least suggestive of Western civilization to be seen—nothing but yourself and your own ungainly clothes; at least they feel ungainly upon coming out any one of these delicious little houses.

One of these is built in a tree, or rather around the trunk of a tree, some forty feet from the ground—a charming little summer house as Japanese as any of the rest of them, straw thatched, and circular in form. The tree trunk is its center-post and the branches its ceiling-piece. The place is quite practical for living purposes, as was amply demonstrated some year or so ago when a journalist and his bride spent the year of their honeymoon within it.

AN INTERIOR IN ONE OF THE VILLAS

THE GATEWAY

THE "CUCKOO'S NEST": A SUMMER HOUSE FORTY FEET FROM THE GROUND

## SAILING OF THE "EXCELSIOR"

### A Dash for Polar Gold From San Francisco.

Well, she's gone, the Excelsior, this last of the Argoes, and you and I are left behind in our offices and at our desks or counters to wonder whether after all we've done the wise thing to stay or whether we have let slip the one golden opportunity of our lives. She cleared to-day at half-past two, Tuesday afternoon, and went out with the tide, while San Francisco looked into her wake and cheered her on her way. She is gone now, and with her

The Postmaster at Chilkoot

our last chance—your last chance and mine, and it's too late now to make up our minds.

The excitement of her departure from the Mission street wharf was quite as thrilling as anything I remember to have seen, because twenty thousand people thronged about her, packed sardine fashion on the wharves, crowding upon roofs and ships and even into the rigging of near-by masts and yards. Every class and rank and grade was represented in that crowd, from girls in smart frocks who came down from Pacific avenue in their own coupes, to stevedores and city front touts, who stood about, thumbs in belt, nodding curt farewells to grubstaked "pals," who, with blanket roll and haversack huddled on the afterdeck. There was laughter and tears, sobs and smiles, shouts of encouragement and sighs of regret. Every mood played over that huge throng, every mood but that of indifference. Not a man or woman in those thousands could honestly say that they did not catch the excitement of the occasion, did not feel the thrill of the moment. One hasn't got so far beyond the primitive type after all, at least not so far but that the first touch of gold, the pure, crude, virgin metal, stirs us to a ferment of emotion, a very fever heat of cupidity and desire. If you do not believe this, suppose for a moment that the Excelsior were bound upon some business venture, even one that involved millions of dollars, do you think twenty thousand men would rush together to see her go, and drown the noise of her whistle with the clamor of their shouting? Not by any means.

There was excitement in the air that verged upon hysteria; women who trailed down the gang-plank after the last bell, red and wet as to the eyelids, awry as to bonnets, their veils still up after that last farewell kiss, were the next moment laughing at the veriest trifles and talking to anyone who would listen. And, indeed, all of us on that Mission street wharf were friends; we stood upon a common ground; as lovers of gold, we were lovers of each other; and men talked together and slapped each other's shoulders who will pass one another to-morrow on the street, their chins in the air, in most dignified and distant reserve. The thing was replete with incident. One fellow I noted who had not caught the fever. He stood near the gang-plank grinning cynically at the embarking argonauts and prophesying direst and most dreadful failure for the whole expedition.

"Huh!" says he, with fine scorn. "Huh! whad they think they're goin' to do; pick up the stuff right offun the ground, p'raps. Just in fistfulls. Huh! little ol' 'Frisco's good enough for me this while to come, I guess. I got a business in hides that's all the gol' mine I want. Huh! The Klondyke! Huh! dam-fool gold bugs! Huh!" He spat into the water to illustrate the extremity of his contempt. About half an hour later, just as the Excelsior swung clear and began to feel the water with her screw and the crowd and whistle roared in concert, and the tossing white handkerchiefs swept over the black throng of heads like whitecaps in a black squall, this same man —I stood at his elbow—turned to a friend.

"Well," says he, with a certain defiant ring in his voice, "I could a gone 'f I'd wanted to, couldn't I, hey? Couldn't I, hey?" Then, after a pause, in a gruff mumble, as if talking to himself, "An' if that fool Batty (Batty was his friend who had shipped), an' if that fool Batty comes back with a wad, I'll kick myself 'round the whole dam' lot, I will."

Did I say there was no one in that crowd who was indifferent? I was wrong; there was one man. You may not know it, but the wharves are a good place on which to sleep off your liquor, and for that reason are much affected by the drunks of the Front. Such an one was caught by the Excelsior crowd. He was reclining against a pile of boards, and the crowd had grown up around him, and he lay there oblivious to everything that was going forward. People walked over him, even stepped on him and stumbled over him. The babel of sound was a veritable thunder, and all the sign he made was an insensate lifting of an eyelid and a vacant smile. Think of it! The city thrilling from end to end with the great find, the thousands of people rushing in to say farewell to their argonauts, and this man lay there under foot, so close to the ship that he could have laid his hand upon her hull, and cared not whether she swan or sank—probably knew not why she sailed. Never has a drunken man seemed so loathly to me. One fairly quivered with a desire to kick him from the string piece of the wharf and allow to perish in the water a man so utterly out of the race as this one. Not even the courage to stow himself away—one might have forgiven that—but not so much as to look on, to wallow there under foot. Why, the veriest tough, the most worthless and vicious scapegoat on the Excelsior's passenger list, is a hero to this beast of a man.

It was strange to see how the excitement told on the people—those who were passengers and those who were left. At the very last moment one man rushed down the plank with both hands full of silver, called a friend to him, and, as he poured the money into his hat, cried, "Give this to the wife; tell her I won't want silver up there, nothin' but gold."

Another chap suddenly remembered that he owed a departing friend a dollar, and fairly lathered himself in his exertion to reach the rail and square himself. Another man, a huge, fat fellow, who knew more people than any man I ever saw, left a little brother behind. The fat man, from the deck of the boat, was trying to talk and joke with everybody at once, but the little brother, with the tears running down his face, never took his eyes from him. The fat man never looked toward his little brother, and his face never uncreased itself from its jovial grin, but I was mighty glad to see that every now and then, on the most trivial pretext, he would come running down the plank, his huge stomach shaking in front of him, and call the little brother to him, and the two would exchange a couple of words and another hand-grip. "George," he would say, "don't forget about them insurance papers—and—and—well, good-bye again, old man."

And in another moment, after an interval of shouting and chaffing, would be back again on some equally palpable excuse. The little brother—he was perhaps fifteen —never said a word, but he wasn't ashamed to let the whole crowd see the tears running down his cheeks.

There was another man, an old man, however, upon whom the tremendous excitement—for it was all of that —acted like heady wine (perhaps he was weak-minded, anyways—probably he was). At any rate, just when the cheering was loudest, this old man completely lost control of himself and found occasion to leap into a buggy, swinging his hat violently, and thunder, "Lookout for your souls, for the kingdom of Christ is coming. Look-out for your souls, I say."

For any one accustomed to the deliberate and ponderous movement of a liner getting under way, the actual departure of the Excelsior was abrupt in the extreme, almost flippant. One instant the gang-plank was drawn in; the next, ten feet of water gaped between wharf and ship, and the next the screw was churning up the waters of the bay.

She was off at last; off hardly before we knew it; off to those Arctic treasure fields, with so many hopes and fears and plans and expectations, and there in her stern and on the afterdecks were the men—plenty of them men whom we knew—going out and up to that bleak, stricken, gray country away up there on the curve of world, on the shoulder of the globe, over so many miles of trembling water and so many leagues of snow and ice, to wrestle with the reluctant, frozen ground, fighting it, as one might say, grappling it with pick and shovel, tearing the heart out of it, the vitals out of it. Some of these men will find a fortune along the Yukon. That is sure; and some of them will be killed there. That is also sure. So that, taking it by and large, there is a splendid uncertainty about the whole affair that invests it with a quality of dignity like a charge of cavalry or a dash for the pole, and as the Excelsior's whistle roared and the water began to talk under her foreport, and her flags stood out to the wind, and the screw rumbled in a vortex of white water, and the span between ship and wharf widened faster and faster, one ran one's eye along the groups on the receding decks from face to face, asking one's self, "Is it you who are to find fortune, you in the plush cap, or you in the brown sweater? Or is it you who are to be killed, you in the blanket roll, or you with the smart cravat?"

And so she went out, this last Argo, loaded with gold seekers from a land of gold, went out with the outgoing tide; and after the excitement was all over and the ship gone from sight, we others, you and I and all the rest of us, set our faces cityward and thought to ourselves, "Well, she's gone, and we ain't in her, and if that fool Batty comes back with a wad, I'll kick myself around the whole dam' lot for not goin'."

F. N.

A prophet possessing honor in his own country is Maurus Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist. Several years ago he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his literary career, and the occasion was made a national event, the Government, the aristocracy and people joining in the celebration, and the Emperor also, who created the novelist a member of the Hungarian House of Lords. Jokai is now over 72 years of age, but is still actively engaged with his pen. He has written over 300 volumes, and is at present at work on a dramatic epic entitled "Levente," which the novelist expects will fill a place in Maygar literature somewhat similar to that of the "Nibelungenlied" in German literature. Jokai is tall and slender in figure, with a massive forehead, gray hair, keen, piercing eyes, and a long white mustache and beard—altogether a kindly and pleasing countenance. He lives in Budapest with his son-in-law, Feszti, the famous Hungarian artist, in a handsome villa standing in its own park.

Mr. Jokai is a great worker; his day begins at 5 o'clock in the morning. Soon after he is at his desk, where he works with short intervals of rest until noon. After dinner he walks or drives and by 10 P. M. is invariably in bed. In writing his novels Jokai never takes notes. He lays out the plot of a new book in his head, then forms the incidents and characters, even the dialogues, and carries them in his mind until he is ready to put his pen to paper for the work. Sometimes he has carried plans and details of a book several years in his mind, before executing it.

## THE ICY EL DORADO

### Hardships and Dangers of the Chilkoot Route to Dawson—Wisdom of Waiting.

The excitement attending the rich discoveries of gold in the Yukon river district would seem to grow with the lapse of time, and only want of means for the journey or of a passage-ticket on an outgoing vessel deters hundreds of wistful gold-hungry souls from adding to the number of those who have set out during the past few days to reach the land of promise. All the news that is coming to hand confirms the first intelligence of the marvelous richness of the Klondyke district, and as the time remaining for reaching there by river steamers during the present season is now very limited, none who have harbored a thought of going have found a moment for hesitation. Besides the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer Excelsior, which sailed for St. Michael's on the 28th inst., with 120 passengers bound for the diggings, several hundreds have left by sea and land for more northerly ports to embark for the same ultimate destination, via St. Michael's or Juneau. Various other craft, even to small gasoline launches, have been chartered here, and will be employed in conveying men, women and stores en route to Dawson City, which is the present headquarters for adventurers. And all this notwithstanding the emphatic advice of experienced travelers and miners, transportation agents and Government officials to delay going in until the spring. Prudence is no part of a pioneer's outfit, however, and to preach its exercise is to talk to the winds. The pessimist for once has found his vocation gone and must wait a later opportunity to raise his voice. The time is not yet, for there are no willing ears.

To the man who can weigh the situation with intelligent deliberation the chances would seem to be in favor of awaiting developments. It is important to remember that the entire ground, which has been the scene of successful operations thus far, is said to have been alloted to claimants, so that there will necessarily have to be a good deal of prospecting work done in fresh places, and this cannot be effective, until after the end of the coming



The "State of California" leaving San Francisco for Juneau with miners

cold season, when the excavated soil can be washed and results ascertained. In the meantime transportation arrangements will be improved, many new supply stores will have been established and in all probability one or more shorter and easier routes opened up. Already it has been suggested by experienced travelers that it will be found advantageous to make for Fort Wrangel, thence by steamer up the Stickeen river to Telegraph creek and by portage to the Hootalingua river, where boats and rafts can be built to make the rest of the trip. Another route is to proceed to Ashcroft, B. C., pass through the Carribou gold fields by a good road over the divide—which is easily negotiated—separating those fields from the headwaters of the Yukon. The Chilkoot pass is even now being avoided by parties disembarking at Skaguay bay, this side of Dyea, and proceeding via the White pass, which is of a less difficult nature. Dyea having been constituted a port of sub-entry and therefore open

Passing through Dyea Canyon on the way to Chilkoot Pass

A tributary of the Yukon

A. C. Co's steamer "Alice": First cargo to Forty Mile

Circle City

The

to the ships of all nations will probably give traveler through British Columbia a good deal of advantage, an as the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Dominion Gov ernment are likely to facilitate matters by every mean in their power, it will be well for intending prospector to keep themselves informed as to what is going on i that direction. Active surveying operations are reporte with a view to the construction of a road or railroa from the ocean over the divide to the upper reaches o the Yukon river, but as matters stand at present the con sent of the Governments of the United States and Can ada would be needed before the work could be put i hand.

Mail routes, both Federal and Canadian, are likely t undergo immediate improvement, and it is understoo that California capitalists propose constructing a tele graph line from Juneau to Dawson City. At the sam time Wells, Fargo & Co. will probably extend their ex press service for gold shipments from the district t this port, while more than one local house of standin has laid plans for establishing branches of their tradin concerns at principal Alaskan ports. In the general rus that is bound to ensue to get into the new field for busi

On the summit of Chilkoot Pass

Ascending to the summit of Chilkoot Pass

of Juneau, from a photographic study by Taber

Good bye to the sun, December 5, 1895, Forty Mile

ness, it is evident that California intends to take a principal part. This is only as it should be, seeing what her own experience has been, and that to the Alaska Commercial Company, a San Francisco organization, are chiefly due such facilities as already exist for reaching and living on the spot. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company of this city is also to the fore with a regular line to Alaskan ports.

It has been suggested that the Northwest is being boomed, so that holders of claims may get the benefit of cheap labor. This is perhaps a charge that is hardly fair as matters stand, but it makes one stop to think that, even though the intention may not have existed, the result will be the same. Wages are said to be $10 to $15 a day at present, but it must be remembered that all days are not working days in that region, and even at those rates there is little profit on the cost of living, if living it can be called, when a man is advised to adopt Indian habits, clothe himself in skins smeared with oil, and, as a protection against mosquitoes, of abnormal venom, plaster face and hands with fat pork—and that only a partia lantidote to their determined onslaughts.

Something has been said about the inferiority of the gold from the Klondyke district, which has assayed at $15 per ounce only, in some cases, as against $18 for the California product. The presence of silver to an unusual extent in the dust and nuggets is said to account for the difference, which is of considerable importance; and it will be interesting to observe if this feature continues, as further shipments come to hand.

Representatives of prominent mining groups are said to have proceeded to the gold fields, with the object of ascertaining the outlook for quartz-crushing operations; and, if it should be found that indications favor that branch of work being undertaken, it is only reasonable to suppose that it will not be long ere steps are taken to establish several plants for the purpose. This departure would assuredly lead to the more rapid extension of the mining industry, and result in the permanent settlement of that part of the continent. From what little is known of the geological character of the country it seems likely that rich quartz veins will be discovered.

In the meantime transportation and supply would appear to offer a large field for enterprise, and, though it is impossible not to admire the intrepidity with which the outgoing adventurers are hastening to meet difficulties that in time may disappear in tneir quest for riches, one cannot but feel that, unless possessed of some of the qualities of such as Greely, Nansen or Andree, there will be many compelled to retreat from the conflict with nature and the many physical privations that under present conditions will have to be faced. The life of a California miner in pioneer days was no bed of roses, any more than that of the Australian digger in the fifties whom the writer has seen handling nuggets that th· Klondyke has yet to emulate; and still there were nc Arctic hardships to test their courage and endurance. The man who now waits for further light on the situation and the turn of the season may, in the end, have the least cause for regret.

The press dispatches from Ottawa, Canada, reporting that the Dominion Government has resolved to impose heavy royalties and make reservations of alternate claims in the British Yukon district need official confirmation. Besides evidencing hasty and contradictory compilation, the statements made lack the appearance of probability. No such policy has hitherto been adopted in British territorry in any part of the world.

G. L. B.

QUESTION!

IS MISS MANNERING UNUSUALLY PRETTY, OR HER PHOTOGRAPHER UNUSUALLY CLEVER?

Photos by Thors

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The slight coolness which has been noticeable recently in the weather at Castle Crags has acted as a stimulant to the gay spirits who are summering there. During the past week the Tavern population quite outdid itself and furnished an amount of incident out of the ordinary even at that jolly resort. The crowning event of the season, however, took place on Monday night, when a sparkling comedietta entitled "The Train-Robber" was brilliantly presented. The plot hinged on the adventures of a wealthy plumber bent on enjoying life, a part which was taken by Mr. Paul Davis. E. C. Davis, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Barker and Miss Kitteridge also participated. Mrs. Davis, a very charming and sprightly woman, played the role of Mrs. Brownjones with agreeable vivacity, and Mrs. Charles Hopkins, who had been instrumental in getting up the play, was decidedly au fait as Mrs. Newport. Her gowns were really very smart. Otherwise there has been plenty of movement at the Crags. The Kips gave a picnic last week; there have been church entertainments at Dunsmuir; the shooting has been excellent, and everyone has been having a good time.

The presence in Sausalito of certain men of social distinction has added much to the importance and enjoyment of that seaside burg. Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Bowie and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton have made the "Hutch" a center for little breakfasts and dinners, which are usually followed by a trip in Mr. Gus Costigan's launch. Then Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macintosh are entertaining in their turn, so between them all there is something that approaches a movement in Sausalito. In this respect this city of the sea has a considerable advantage over its rivals at Belvedere and San Rafael, inasmuch as one seldom hears of gentlemen cottagers in either suburb doing aught for the happiness of outsiders. In both places are enough young men to form a solid substratum if they would but move, but the tendency seems to be toward suffering entertainment rather than entertaining.

Everyone with a horse who rode in the last paper chase says it was the best of the series thus far. It may be added that this has happened before. Though several of the more eminent among the chasers were up at the Jinks, some twenty-three riders followed the hares over a course laid out by Mr. Farnsworth. It was a very exciting finish, with Hugh Hume and Miss Bertha Smith in the lead, and to them the cups were consequently awarded. This week the victors are to act as hares, and there will be a field of thirty hounds if indications count for anything. On the 7th of August the great event of the paper-chasing season happens. On that day the contest occurs for the handsome silver cups given by the Ingleside Racing Association, and it is said that a big delegation of Burlingame men intend to participate. There is just a little rivalry between the Country and the Hunt Clubs, and there will be great jubilation if a San Rafael man wins. However, it would be unreasonable to gainsay the courage and experience of Hobart, the Tobins, Baldwin, Breedon, Lawson, Eyre and the others who will join the pack, but the Hunt Club does not take a back seat when it comes to riding, even with San Mateo. Anyway the affair will prove the most exciting even of several seasons. On that night there will be a ball at the Hotel Rafael, and Ross Valley and the entire environment will surely be represented. The course will be laid out by a professional rider, and even chances will be afforded the visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries had a wedding anniversary dinner at the Hotel Rafael on Wednesday night last, and it proved a very jolly affair, much enlivened by the hosts' witticisms. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fries had a party at the top of Mount Tamalpais and entertained them at lunch. On Monday night last Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks invited a party of people to dinner at Fairfax Villa. There is, of course, the usual amount of quiet entertaining going on—Welsh rarebit parties on the verandah at night, little musicales, etc. On Sunday a delegation of Ross Valley men usually come down to play tennis on the courts of the hotel. Everyone over there tries to amuse himself or herself in a congenial way, and altogether there seems an unusual degree of happiness.

Among the habitues of the Hotel Rafael there is expressed much regret over the sudden illness of Mr. Rosenstock, in consequence of which Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall and Mrs. Rosenstocks have returned to town for the season.

But little has been doing at the Presidio lately, and the recent transfers and forthcoming changes furnish the only topics of interest. Second Lieutenant John P. Hains has been promoted to a First Lieutenantship, and after September 14th will leave for his battery at Fort Barrancas, Fla. Leaves of absence for the month of August have been granted to Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard and to Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, who will report for instructions on September 1st at the United States Infantry and Cavalry School. Major David H. Kinzie, who has been at Fort Canby, Wash., has been transfered back to Alcatraz Island, of which station he is now in command. Altogether the midsummer quiet has penetrated to most of San Francisco's immediate environments, and Presidio circles have not escaped the ennui which pervades society in town.

An interesting engagement, which has just been announced, is that of Miss Kate Stanton, sister of Dr. James Stanton, the Railroad Commissioner, to Mr. Daniel Buckley. Miss Stanton is a decidedly handsome girl, possessed of many accomplishments, and is the daughter of Mr. James Stanton, one of the city's oldest and wealthy citizens. Mr. Buckley comes also from one of our pioneer families and has, for the past twenty years, been a trusted employe of the Hibernia Bank.

It has recently come to light that Dr. Humphrey, of Alameda, is the proud possessor of a "parki"—a thing of beauty and an especial joy during the present universal gold fever. To aid the unenlightented, however, it may be added that the "parki" is the only fur suit of clothing similar to those worn in the extreme North which is obtainable in these southern climes. Its original owner was an old Greenland chief, who parted with the outfit for the sum of $200 and a repeating rifle. Yet the San Francisco furriers to whom the doctor has shown his treasure place a high value on the coat, hood and moccasins, which are made of the finest skins of beaver, mink and seal. During its recent hunt for suitable clothing for E. J. Livernash, the 'Examiner" was particularly anxious to obtain the costume, but the exchange was not effected, as its owner then meditated a northern trip on his own account. However, he has recently given up the idea, I believe, so the "Monarch" will, in all probability, shortly exhibit the unique suit.

The latest fad of the younger set is "bocce" playing. This is the favorite Italian game played in alleys in the Latin Quarter, and its characteristics have been elaborately described in The Wave. The young people meet at dinner, go to the "bocce" court and there finish up with supper at the ladies' grill-room, which is the very smartest place nowadays.

Quite a center of festivity is the camp of the Hoffmans and Crosbies at Liberty's. It is delightfully situated, and the habitues know how to organize entertainments. Quite a large party of young men rode up there Sunday morning and spent the day there.

The death of Colonel Crocker has cast a shadow over affairs in San Mateo. He had begun to take a serious interest in the burg, and undoubtedly could have done much for the forwarding of its ambitions. There was the liveliest regret expressed over the loss—a regret not founded altogether on interest, but on the regard which the citizens had begun to feel for the honest worth of Colonel Crocker's character.

Society in Oakland has done but little to keep the ball a-roling this week. Not even the usual amount of entertainment is offered for comment. Indeed, nothing whatever has happened to relieve the humdrum quiet of life in town. There were a few entertainments, mostly of an informal nature, and these were generally given in honor of visit-

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The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner at popular prices.

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Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

ors. Miss Conklin, of Salt Lake, who has been the guest of Mrs. Howard Bray, has been the recipient of considerable attention during her stay. At present she is visiting friends in San Francisco, and will be absent for some days. There is no set in Oakland which gets more genuine fun out of life than the contingent of Fruitvalers which contains the Brays, Hushes, Clays and Magees. The latest addition to their circle is Mr. and Mrs. Moulder, who have rented a place in that neighborhood for the midsummer months. Mr. and Mrs. Rossier, nee Pope, are back from San Diego, and at present are visiting Mrs. Rossier's parents at Highland Park. Upon the conclusion of their visit the couple will reside in San Francisco.

A general thinning out is evidenced throughout Alameda County, and this, needless to say, has transferred all manner of gaiety to other scenes. At Sonoma the summer season is in full swing, and the vicinage is alive with representatives of the Oakland beau monde. Of these the Merry Tramps are a most typical camping party. The country thereabouts is filled with pretty summer homes, and each and every one of these has been harboring its jolly house party. During the past week the Hutchinsons have been visited by the Pringles and Professor A. P. Hayne, and Miss Mira Prather, Miss Havens. Miss Sessions and Miss Ella Wall are enjoying Mrs. Charles Havens' hospitality, so with the people and the propitious situation a jolly season is being passed.

The Klondyke excitement which, during the last ten days has, like a devastating wave swept the length and breadth of the country, is producing disastrous results in Alameda, a town never remarkable for its surplus of male inhabitants. As has been evidenced in all other places, the attainment of the golden fleece appeals alike to all classes, without discrimination, and from the capitalist to the laborer recruits to the army of prospective bonanza kings are being drawn. A few from the jeunesse doree of Alameda have also joined in this pilgrimage to the frozen Mecca of the North. Douglas Waterman, the young cotillion leader of Deux Temps Club fame, left Wednesday on the Excelsior, having received an appointment as assayer for the Alaska Commercial Company. Among the older residents who have been fever-stricken may be mentioned Messrs. George Whittell, Charles E. Severance and C. A. Hooper. These gentlemen have formed a syndicate which will send its representatives to the gold fields under the supervision of Mr. Severance, the excursion sailing in one of a line of vessels owned by a member of the syndicate Then there are others, droves of them, who are planning departure for the promised land, but fortunately, the majority will wait till the spring slightly lessens the dangers at present attendant upon the trip.

In the August "St. Nicholas" there are a number of good things for little people. Among them is a story about a dog named Peter Spots, who was a real fireman, and turned out with the machine at every alarm. A pretty story for girls is "Priscilla's Fairy Godmother," a fairy tale that came true, by Gertrude Halladay, and Gustave Kobbe has an entertaining chapter on fishing along the eastern coast. Elsie Hill contributes a very pretty poem, "The Prince's Cake," quaintly illustrated by George Varian. The continued stories are "Master Skylark," "The Last Three Soldiers," and "Miss Nina Barrow." A. Hyatt Verill writes about bees and how they live, and Rev. Felix J. O'Neill has an amusing poem, "Timmy Top-Notch."

In the "Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl" (John Lane), by Richard de Lyrienne—a parody on Le Gallienne's "Golden Girl"—appear several poetic travesties, the best of which are the following—one after Dr. Watts and the other in the Kipling manner. The book itself is very poor humor.

Haywards Park is one of the most delightful resorts during the summer season. Concerts are given every Sunday afternoon from 1 to 5. Take the Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards Electtic Railway—the ride is a delightful one, and insures a pleasant Sunday outing. The Club House at the Park provides excellent refreshments. Round trip 50 cents.

The Maison Riche serves the best lunch in the city for 75 cents.

Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.

# THE THEATRES

## Doings of the Week in the Dramatic World.

Francis Carlyle has a whole play to himself at the Alcazar this week. It is Clay M. Greene's "Reclaimed," a one-act affair, and although differing little from most pieces of the kind, it gives Mr. Carlyle very good opportunities for effective work. Miss Selene Johnson has an emotional part which she plays in a conscientious manner and a modish white gown. The piece of the evening is "Gloriana," the comedy which suited Henrietta Crosman to perfection. Adele Belgarde is the Alcazar's Gloriana, and she comes on in a gorgeous gown of pink and black, a dream of a hat, and a wig of melting brown. Miss Belgarde's acting may discreetly be termed spontaneous—perhaps exuberant would be better It is never really bad, but it seldom succeeds in convincing. If Miss Belgarde would tone her action down a bit, and roll her eyes a little less, she would develop into a very acceptable actress, for her manners are gentle, her face and form are fair to see, and her moods are always amiable. Miss Bergie Harrison has a veritable suggestion in style and manner of the real soubrette, which is something good to see. As the maid, Kitty, she has a capital part, but she displays a tendency to overact—a tendency she should carefuly avoid.

* *

A clever dramatization of George Manville Fenn's novel, "This Man's Wife," is being played at Morosco's under the title of "The Defaulter. The dramatic interest of the story, the pathos and humors have been ingenuously woven into the play and combine to make an altogether interesting drama. It is well put on at Morosco's, well staged and capably acted. Maud Luna Hall as Millicent Halm, the unhappy wife, has a part peculiarly suited to her. She gives natural expression to her conflicting emotions, gaining sympathy in her sorrow and approval in her happiness. Fred J. Butler, as Robert Halm, the defaulting husband, has something very much in his average line of work and is about as successfully bad as he could possibly be Mortimer Snow invests Christy Bailey with virtue sufficient for a regiment and palliates much of Mr. Hahn's wickedness. The most convincing work in the piece, next to Miss Hall's is Landers Stevens as Sir Gordon Browne, a dignified and dramatic conception, the very antithesis of Mr. Stevens' character in last week's play. The Australian prison scene is attractively set up, and the rush on the bank is full of effective realism

* *

The Orpheum programme for this week, though not at all up to its usual standard of excellence, has yet an attraction in Papinta that is in itself alone quite worth the price of admission. Her fire dance and white dance is quite as good as Fuller's, while the mirror dance is as captivating as anything seen here in a long time. It is said that her fire dance is rather literal from her point of view, and that the heat from the arc light beneath her—right from the main—is something terrific. Harry Le Clair as Richelieu, Mephistopheles and the drunken coster woman is fairly interesting, though, of course, he horribly overdoes his characterization. As the coster female he is much the best, and his song here is quite pardonable; his Richelieu and Mephistopheles songs could be ommitted to great advantage. The Dionzos in their barrel jumping business would be better if better trained. Ida Gray Scott has hardly any excuse for her appearance, gifted with neither voice, face nor manner, and Imogen Comer is scarcely more acceptable. Sousa's new march, a merely orchestral number, called the "Stars and Stripes Forever," is almost as entertaining as anything on the far side of the footlights. As said, the performance is "not up to sample," but there is promise of better things to come.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

For the most complete line of summer shirtings and hose, J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st.

Dr. H. G. Young—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

# DRAMATIC NOTES

The matrimonial woes of the Lady Susan Harabin will claim attention at the Columbia next week through the medium of Henry Arthur Jones' familiar comedy, "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Blanche Bates will play the headstrong Susan, and it is reasonable to suppose she will play it charmingly. Another reasonably pleasant prospect is Frank Worthing as Sir Richard Kato. It is very likely Mr. Worthing will make more of the part than did Mr. Kelcey, for the Frawley's leading man has much more by-play and amusing humor than had the leading man of the Lyceum. The comedy is supplied chiefly by Admiral Sir Joseph Darby. Lemoyne's old, to be played by Theodore Hamilton, and a silly young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson Pybus, played by Harry Corson Clarke and Gladys Wallis. Eleanor Moretti will have a congenial role, also Mr. Frawley, who reappears in the cast. After "Rebellious Susan" "The Idler," that delightful Lyceum play, will be given.

Francis Carlyle is particularly fortunate in having one-act plays especially written for him. Next week at the Alcazar he will appear in another clever little sketch entitled "House or Home," the work of Glen MacDonough. As Tom Howard Mr. Carlyle will have good opportunities for effective work, in which he will be assisted by Miss Selene Johnson, Mr. Charles Bryant and Mr. Walter Belasco. Following "House or Home" will come C. F. Burnard's three-act comedy, "Betsy," in which Miss Bergie Harrison will assume the title role. Miss Harrison gave evidence of clever comedy last week in "Gloriana," and as the maid Betsy in next week's piece will likely improve with the increased advantage. Three new members of the company make their first appearance, Uiric Collins, Frank Nicholson and Wallace Shaw.

Like a vision of a day departed, a day of roses and old lavender, "Rosemary" will come next week to the Baldwin with John Drew as Sir Jasper and Isabel Irving as Dorothy. The quaint serenity of "The Mayflower" bids well for Mr. Parker's lines in "Rosemary"; it leads one to expect much that is delightfully old-fashioned and agreeable. Mr. Drew has never had a more successful play; it affords him every available opportunity and a chance to display his versatility as well. Isabel Irving may be expected to be an ideal Dorothy with her pretty face and dainty ways. Mr. Drew's company includes Harry Harwood, Arthur Byron, Daniel Harkins, Grahame Henderson, Mrs. Annie Adams, Mrs. Deloss King and Miss Sarah Converse.

The first production in San Francisco of Ada Lee Bascom's play of New York life, "A Bowery Girl," will be given at Morosco's next Monday evening. Miss Bascom is a Californian, and is well known in this city and in San Jose, which was her home for many years, and the production of her play will likely bring out many of her old friends. "A Bowery Girl" calls for special scenic effects, among them the Bowery at night, the Palisades on the Hudson, and the housetops of New York with a view of the Brooklyn bridge.

The Orpheum announces for next week the great European novelty, Professor Leonidas and his educated cats and dogs, also Miss Mary Arniotis, who is said to be the strongest woman in the world. Both Professor Leonidas and Miss Arniotis are expected to make pronounced sensations. Other new people in the bill are the three Rackett Brothers, musical harvesters, and Elvira Francelli and Tom Lewis, vocalists and travestists. Papinta continues in the performance, also The Delonzos, Crawford and Manning and Ida Grey Scott.

# LATE VERSE

### Carmen.

Carmen, in whose wondrous eyes of thine,
Where languid lights and dreamy depths
Strive for the mastery;
In thine eyes, twin lakes of loveliness,
My wayward heart has fallen in.
And floats to rest
Away to dreamland where the lights are
gold,
And perfumed breezes ride by
To dreamland love-land where the streamlets run
And sing beneath an amber sky.

Carmen, like some princess of old Spain,
Some royal daughter of the Moor,
A princess so art thou.
Princess of my dreams and of my love,
O thou art fair, and gentle thought
Sits calmly on thy brow.
Sweet princess of my dreams and of my
heart,
Sweet princess of the sunlit eyes,
I'll sing of thee upon the lutes of love
Till every star in heaven replies.

Carmen, Carmen, I could love thee well
On some bleak island in the sea,
Or far off in Seville.
In some bower of dreams, white with the
moon,
Where dripping fountains sweet would sing.
And all the world was still.
O I could love thee with a perfect love,
With love that words could never say,
With such a love that every passing wind
Would pause and sigh and faint away.

Carmen, Carmen, as the lustrous moon,
The calm white maiden of the night,
Sits in the starlit sky;
So art thou enthroned in my heart,
And thou shalt rule my days and dreams
Till life is all gone by.
I'll love thee till the days of life are dead,
Till every star has dropped away,
And when all time has fled—I'll love thee in
The light of the eternal day.

—Henry S. Kirk.

### The Complete Angler.

How doth the angler, blithe and gay,
From morn to twilight hour,
Gather rheumatics all the day
From every passing shower.

How cheerfully upon the hook
He threads the wriggling bait;
The number of the fish he took
He multiplies by eight.

What makes his comely face so bright?
Why does his basket clink?
Because, although he get no bite,
He's certain of a drink.

And though he be of manners mad,
This trait in him is odd;
He certainly won't spare the child
Who may have spoiled the rod.

His sense of etiquette is fine—
Politeness is his whim—
He always drops the fish a line
To come and dine with him.

Bismark, who had worn himself out in the service of his country, one morning, while out riding with Emperior William, complained of fatigue. To the Emperor's testy comment on the younger man's lack of endurance, Bismark gave this epigrammatic reply: "Ah, sire," he said, "the rider always outlasts the horse."

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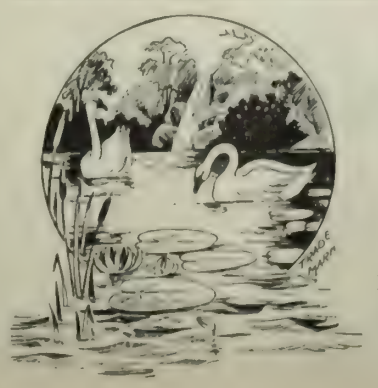

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## "THE CONNOISSEUR"

### Stories and Facts About Famous Collectors and Collections.

In considering such a book as "The Connoisseur" (Longmans, Green & Co.), the question of literary merit is subsidiary to that of entertainment and instruction. The collector who possesses the gift of talk may prove the most diverting of companions, yet he is also conceivable as the most profound bore. To care for the gossip of pictures, bibliography, or porcelain, one must have either a predilection for fine pictures, rare books or old china, or a dilettante tendency that expresess itself is the direction of some other fad. He who has hunted ancient bookstores after finest editions, or has sorted old manuscripts to find valuable relics, is readily interested in the experiences of other collectors. Besides, the acquirement of treasures often tries the mental and physical resources of the individual, converts him into a diplomatist—maybe a thief. The fever of desire once in the blood, conscience and principle become ineffective guardians of morals. A museum is often the creation of an individual for whom it is merely an assemblage of trophies. Every object recalls a contest; there is a reminiscence for each plate, cabinet and canvas. They are fleeting hours when such a curator is telling of his victories

That the "ideal connoisseur must be a man who has practiced art with success in the commencement of life, and has relinquished his profession for the study and acquisition of works of art in general," may be true, as Mr. Robinson urges, but the names of citizens who have developed late in life both the fever and the intelligence, yet have had only a commercial education to guide their course, quickly occur to the mind of the writer. It seems the fact that he who develops the desire for masterpieces often grows instinctively appreciative of their merits and values. He is as liable to pick up a treasure as some other sage who has studied in the Beaux Arts and walked the museums of Europe. Take, for instance, Ralph Bernal, who had a genius for finding artistic valuables in unlikely places. There is to-day in the British Museum "King Lothaire's Magic Crystal"—a circle four inches in diameter engraved with a representation of the story of Susannah and the Elders, and the words, "Lotharius Rex Franc fieri jussit." It was found in an old curiosity shop in Brussels and sold to a Bond street dealer for $2. Bernal purchased it for $50, and in the course of years the museum obtained the crystal for $1,300. Such was Bernal's reputation that the dealers used to hide their acquisitions from his eyes until they had been examined by the ablest connoisseurs and their value ascertained. One night Bernal entered Colnaghi's print shop in Pall Mall and found the late Daniel Colnaghi, who was an expert in his line, turning over a heap of prints just purchased at a sale. Glancing over his shoulders Bernal espied a proof of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation," and said carelessly, "You seem to have got a good impression there; what will you take for it?" Colnaghi, busy searching for better things said, without looking at the print, "Three guineas; shall I send it home for you?" "No; I'll take it with me," said Bernal, who, as he rolled up the print chuckled over the idea of having got the rare early impression on which the word modern is spelt "moddern" This proof was subsequently sold to the British Museum for $400.

The most interesting chapters of Mr. Robinson's book are those that deal with old-time collectors and their treasures Never, he declares has there been such a rage for collecting as at the moment, due to the spread of artistic education and the rise of provincial museums. In olden days a certain German, Doctor Waagen, was sent traveling through England to discover what the big noblemen had in their houses, for in those days noblemen alone had museums He describes the collections of Stowe and Hamilton Palaces, both of which have since been brought to the hammer One had to have a great deal of money to indulge such expensive tastes, and collecting was really a form of dudishness. The press made fun of such proclivities. Indeed it is amusing to read how the "Times" laughed contemptuously when Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill was offered for sale. Thirty-four years later it devoted columns to extolling a single rare picture which had figured among his treasures. It was a splendid collection this; it contained a silver bell made by Cellini for Clement VII., the missal of Claude, the neglected Queen of Francis I.; a wonderful hunting-horn of Limoges, enamel pictured with the life of St. Hubert, made for Francis I., which sold in 1892 for nearly $7,000. There was also a silver-gilt timepiece bearing a true-lover's knot, which Henry VIII. gave to Anne Boleyn on her marriage morning.

Things have changed since the British Museum entered the ranks of collectors. In the olden days the representatives of the nation had to furnish beforehand an estimate of the price that coveted lots were likely to fetch, which was almost an impossible task. Finally they determined to throw restrictions overboard and buy as unfettered competitors. Once $600 was paid for a majolica plate known as "The Painter." Nowadays $10,000 would not purchase it. Since then, too, $350,000 has been paid by the National Gallery for a Raphael.

The tremendous advance in the price of pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough is noted. A landscape of Gainsborough, which sold for $4,000 in 1867, fetched $16,000 at Sir Julian Goldshmid's sale last year. Rembrandt's etchings have gone up tremendously in value. A print of "Christ Healing the Sick" was sold for $35 in 1755, and in 1887 $6,000 was paid for it.

A pretty story is told about the Chevalier De Claussin, who catalogued Rembrandt's works. Though poor he was anxious to buy a fine proof of a very scarce etching called "Advocate Van Tol," which he required to complete his collection. At the sale the bidding advanced to a thousand dollars, when Claussin determined to appeal to the heart of the unknown competitor who was waging so hard a fight. "Gentlemen," he said in English, "I am the Chevalier Claussin I have devoted a large portion of my life to preparing a new catalogue of Rembrandt. For twenty-five years I have searched for the 'Advocate Van Tol.' I beg my competitors to take into consideration the service that my work may render to amateurs, and the sacrifices that all my life I have imposed upon myself to form a collection which will enable me to make fresh observations of the masterpieces of Rembrandt. A little generosity gentlemen!" The crowd smiled and whispered to each other that this same Monsieur De Claussin, who was capable of running up a print to a thousand dollars might often be seen of a morning in the streets of London going to fetch in a little jug his twopennyworth of milk. Unfortunately the appeal was vain. His adversary obtained the prize.

The stories of the experiences of collectors make very interesting gossip. Mr. Robinson tells of the hazardous journeys in time of war through Italy for the purpose of buying en bloc a collection which a half-dozen purchasers were anxious to snap up. Many are the tales of the purchase of church plate when it has been necessary to judiciously grease the palms of half a cathedral chapter, and instances of his holiness, the Bishop displaying a brighter diamond on his finger after he had facilitated the exchange of his old communion plate for new are by no means rare. There was in Segovia an "alcazar" used as a barracks, in which there was a room lined with a dado of exquisite Moorish tiling. The public were not admitted to the ruins, and the only way to get at them was to bribe a soldier. This was done, but to the collector's disgust there was one tile wanting to complete the pattern. The soldier would not understand the omission, so the collector had to slip in while the sentry was busy with a market cart to obtain the missing tile. As he was rushing out he heard behind him a noise like thunder. He looked back; the ruined tower in which he had been a moment before had fallen in.

The chapter about frauds and forgeries contains lots of good stories. "The first artistic fraud," says Mr. Robinson, "was perpetrated as early as 1510, when a certain Italian, Marc Antonio, copied the engravings of Albert Durer and signed them with that worthy's initials. These clever imitations were freely bought and sold as the works of Durer, and it is very difficult to tell the original from the copy. This is where the connoisseur comes in, however, for no matter how carefully the imitator imitates, there is sure to be some difference.

Apropos of frauds, Mr. Robinson tells of a splendid crucifix of early date originally the treasured possession of an Hungarian Cathedral. Given to a jeweller to repair, he made first a copy, then transplanted parts from the original to the new cross until it was impossible to pronounce either genuine. That which he left the more original of the two he sold to an Italian nobleman, whence it found its way to London, where investigation revealed the imposture. The best experts are taken in at times. Witness the purchase for $50,000 by the Louvre authorities of a so-called golden tiara of the Scythian King Saitapharnes. It had previously been declined by Dr. Burges of the Vienna Museum, and now comes Professor Furtwangler, the great German expert, who declares it an imposture and asserts it to be the work of a smart craftsman in Otschakow, South Russia. There have been frauds in manuscripts and majolica ware. Sevres China was imitated by an English Quaker in Staffordshire, and in Wardour street, London, imitation oak is still being purchased for the real article.

The history of gems abounds in instances of fraud. There has been for many years a great demand for antique gems, and Roman engravers have engaged themselves duplicating the ancient stones. For a long time it proved imposible to simulate the peculiar appearance of the salient surfaces of these gems. An astute engraver finally hit on the idea of cramming his creations down the throats of turkeys cooped for the purpose. The continued attrition which the gems received from contact with other stones and pebbles crammed simultaneously into the bird's crop ultimately induced the same effect. An interesting subject of controversy was the collection of 3,000 gems cut by modern Roman engravers for Prince Poniatowsky, who died in Florence in 1833. It was declared that he proposed to palm them off as antiques, but this was denied, his friends declaring he had prescribed each design and had affected his artisans with the real antique spirit. The collection was offered the English Government for $130,000, but was refused An arch-forger was a Hanoverian spy who was attached to the person of the young Pretender, Baron Stosch To the latter and his associate a M. Hardieu was exhibiting the ring of Michael Angelo, said to be the work of Pyroteles, and now one of the chief glories of the Bibliotheque in Paris. It commemorated the birth of Alexander the Great. Suddenly the jewel disappeared. Hardieu knew his man, however, and quietly sent his servant out for a strong emetic, which he compelled the Hanoverian to swallow The ring was happily rediscovered.

The stories of lucky finds are always full of interest. Some time ago there hung a fine game piece in the dining-room of a Greenwich hotel to which hundreds of people went daily to eat whitebait. One day a connoisseur came there, recognized the piece as a veritable Snyders, and twenty years afterwards, hearing that the place was for sale, purchased the canvas and frame for $12.

Concluding his essay on the ideal Collector," our author thus describes the home in which he has housed his treasures: "What diverse epochs and styles here jostle together! Look on this Louis Quinze side table with gilt legs and marble top. At one end is a charming little high-born French maiden of 1750 with sweet expression, as yet unhardened by the callousness of a heartless period; at the other end—St. John the Baptist in the guise of a little Italian gamin betrays the master-hand of Donatello. Next, the figures on a large Venetian door-knocker of bronze are taking stock with gravity of a curious Japanese dragon of archaic type. A dead Christ by Michael Angelo rests on a companion table flanked on one side by Demosthenes, the orator with broad head and nervous lips; on the other by the strained expression of a fine example of the so-called Seneca. Italian cassoni, French clocks of Boule's work, cabinets of Japanese lacquer, with Dutch mounts in metal; cabinets of the curious ivory inlay of the Indo-Portuguese manufacture of Goa."

C.

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## LA GALLIENNE'S RUBAIYAT

**The young English poet has attempted a new version of Omar Khayyam. The "Cosmopolitan" publishes a second installment of verses, from which these are excerpts.**

'Tis a strange world we came to, You and I—
Whence no man knows, and surely none knows why;
Why we remain—a harder question still;
And still another—whither when we die?

Some say we came God's purpose to fulfill—
Faith! a poor purpose, then, if so you will;
Sport for the heavenly huntsmen, others say—
Sorry the sport, methinks, and poor the skill.

Passionate particles of dust and sun,
Run your brief race, nor ask why it is run—
We are but shadow-pictures, voices, dreams;
Perchance they make and break us just for fun.

O weary man upon a weary earth!
What is this toil, that men call living, worth—
This dreary agitation of the dust,
And all this strange mistake of mortal birth?

O love! before Death comes to make our bed,
Drink wine, red wine, red as the rose is red.
Our bodies are not gold, that we should hope
For men to dig us up when we are dead.

This sounding world is but a dream that cries
In Fancy's ears, and lives in Fancy's eyes;
Death lays his finger on the darkening soul
And all the glowing shadow fades and flies.

Shall Death, that shuts the ears and locks the brain,
Teach us what eager Life hath sought in vain?
Yet have I heard, so wild is human guess,
This dullard Death shall make Life's meaning plain.

Mysterious mother-substance, who are they
That flout the earth that made them? Who are they
Who waste their wonder on the fabulous soul?
I can but choose to marvel at the clay.

This clay, this dream-sown sod, this chemic earth,
This wizard dust, wherein all shapes of birth—
Soft flowers, great beasts, and huge pathetic kings—
Small shapes of wonder, fill a needle's girth.

Would you seek beauty, seek it underground;
Would you find strength—the strong are underground;
And would you next year seek my love and me,
Who knows but you must seek us—underground.

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## TALES BETTER UNTOLD

### The "Black Cat's" Story Competition and Its Consequences.

Of late that little magazins published under the alluring title of "The Black Cat," has been offering prizes for the best original short stories, and announcing and heralding the offer with the proper amount of trumpetings, bass-drummings and fire-workings. Twenty-six hundred dollars is the aggregate cash total of the prizes offered, and every thing connected therewith, even to the titles of the stories themselves, is printed in red ink. Since July four of these prize stories have appeared, item, "For Dear Old Yale" ($300 prize); item, "A Geometrical Design" ($100 prize); item, "Her Bare Foot ($200 prize); item, "Ezra Callingford's Figure 4 Trap" ($100 prize)

"For Dear Old Yale" is a play for the gallery, written for old grads. by an enthusiastic, and, we fancy, a very buoyant and particularly callow young grad. It relates how a Yale graduate, whilom of the eleven, gave up his life to slaughtering kines on "the upper waters of the Euphrates" for the purpose of saving that of his professor. Eli goes to his death singing:

"Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, we won't go there any more."

Of course, it's an old Yale song, and of course, a peculiarly appropriate and adaptable death song The point most clearly brought out in the sale is the enthusiasm of Mr. Janus Langston (the author) for his alma mater. Enthusiasm of the average lower class man for his college is, perhaps, a praiseworthy emotion, but one in which the reading public are only mildly interested. As for the style of the tale, all that one can say is that one would prefer one's Kipling straight. Kipling and water, or let us say for the benefit of Janus Langston—Y. '95 (?)—Kipling and milk is not a diet which the great G. P. greatly desire. Also, and incidentally, we learn that James Langston is—ah, me!—a poker player and knows that a flush beats two pair. This also is, perhaps, a result of the very young gentleman's Yalesian career, and much might be said in this place as to the temptations of college life. However, we are now attending to $2,600 literature of The Cat which is Black. Mr James Langston's story is very boyish, crude stuff, precisely such stuff as would be written by the sophomore who went in for all the "literary courses" of the curriculum, helped edit the weekly paper, fell down and worshipped at the shrine of the great little Chee-Chee, and upon whose diploma the ink was scarcely dried Of restraint, of the superlative value of concealment, suggestion and indirection the very young gentleman has yet much to learn. The idea of the story is unoriginal the manner of telling as direct and crude as a phonograph, the situations are forced to the brink of absurdity, and the simple demands of naturalness and probability unheeded at every turn And yet this "Dear Old Yale" rubbish is the best of the prize story lot.

The other three are all constructed upon the same sail plan. The interest of the story is woven about some one piece of fiction "business" for want of a better, and in each case this "business," this "machine," gives the name to the tale. Poe invented this type when he wrote the "Gold Bug," and imitative writers of "freak" stories have since been harping upon the same chord so long that it is frayed and worn and emits but the flattest note. For instance, in "The Bare Foot" story the "business" is a mysterious woman's foot. In "The Geometrical Design" it is the figure of a circle within a circle, a mark which is supposed to locate a hidden treasure, and in "Ezra Callingford" the thing is a most elaborate figure-four trap, by means of which absurd and useless device an old sea captain commits suicide. There is no art required to spin yarns such as these. There are plenty of sophomores of the Langston type that can write them with both hands, as it were The last two stories are merely negatively stupid, but "The Bare Foot" thing is positively, obtrusively bad, lugging in a girl who desires the photograph of her bare foot for a reason altogether independent of the real tale. Her bare foot has no connection with the bare foot of the story, and is brought in merely for the sake of complication.

"Black Cat's" prize stories thus far do not justify their name. It is quite probable that nine out of every ten urban newspapers would reject them with the utmost promptness. The conclusion of the whole matter is the same which many an editor has already discovered. The offering of big cash prizes does not and never will bring the best stuff to light so long as the offer comes from a comparatively obscure magazine. The best authors, at least the best of the younger authors, do not write for cash prizes, but for reputation. There are plenty among them who would rather have the eclat of publication in any one of the "Big Four" magazines than the biggest cash prize the "Cat" or any other struggling periodical ever offered. They may possibly get over this idea when they get older, but by that time they usually have a reputation of their own and can command a price which in itself is a prize

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## THE NEWEST BOOKS

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Little romance should be expected from the inhabitants of Fryin' Pan and Cracker's Neck and other West Virginia and Kentucky mountain settlements, for little romance have they known. Their lives have been passed principally in talking dialect—wonderful and weird—given to the world many a time by as many venturesome novelists. One of the latest and best volumes of Kentucky dialect is "Hell Fer Sartin, and Other Stories," by John Fox, Jr., published by Harper Brothers. The stories are cleverly descriptive of maners and customs, and are full of humor, a touch of which, together with the dialect, are worthy of attention:

"Well, hain't the groun' rich? Won't hit raise no tabaccy nur corn nur nothin'?"

"Ole Tom jes whispers." ("Old Tom" isn't able to speak above a whisper.)

"To tell you the p'int-blank truth, stranger, that land is so durned pore that I hain't nuver been able to raise my voice."

An exhaustive and satisfactory work on nature's study is "Insect Life" (D. Appleton & Company) by John Henry Comstock, Professor of Entomology in Cornell and Stanford Universities Profesor Comtock believes that all life, animal and otherwise, is linked together in such a way that no part of the chain is unimportant. In his book he gives reasons for this belief in a lengthened discussion of insect existence which is as logical as it is interesting. The book contains a great number of original illustrations engraved by Anna Botsford Comstock, and also a few appropriate poetical references.

The first publication of the writings of the late Thomas Wharton was a translation from the Odes of Horace, made at the age of fifteen. Almost his very last, and admittedly his best story, is "Bobbo," which has just been republished by Harper & Brothers with other of Mr. Wharton's writings under title of "Bobbo, and Other Fancies." other fancies consist of "The Lost Sonnet Prinzivalle di Cembino," "Ratu Tanito's Wooing: A Tale of the Southern Seas," "Old and New," and a number of verses, some of them from the French of Francois Villon. Owen Wister contributes an introduction to the book—a sketch of Wharton's life and works.

The most amusing sketch in Ruth McEnery Stuart's new book of Southern stories, "In Simpkinsville" (Harper & Brothers), is "Weeds," a romance of the Simpkinsville Cemetery It tells of a man and a woman both bereft of wife and husband, who daily visit the cemetery, he to bury a rosebud on the grave of his departed and she to keep the grass green above the ashes of her dead. It seemed that the dead husband was not as temperate as he might have been, and for this very reason his widow labored more energetically at his tomb. To use her own words, "Somehow pore John never stood ez high ez I'd liked him to among the livin', and I have been ambitious to have him stand well among the dead." The most original, and in many ways the most characteristic, of the sketches is "The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen," a pathetic story of a woman who was deserted by her fiancee an hour before the time set for the wedding. Poor Mary Ellen goes out of her mind and lives for the rest of her days forgetful of her sorrow. Another interesting sketch is "The Dividing Fence," which, like "Weeds," treats of widows and widowers coming together under amusing though pathetic circumstances.

F. N.

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## TURF TOPICS

### Racing and Breeding Items — New Rules of the Turf Congress.

In recent notes in these columns it was stated that Ornament had been described as standing about 16 hands and weighing, say, 1100 pounds. The Thoroughbred Record, of Lexington, Ky., is good enough to quote my remarks in connection with the colt, whose prowess is of much interest to California, where his sire and dam are now located, and, in doing so, adds the remark that he is scarcely 15.3 and would certainly not weigh 1100 pounds by a good deal. Evidently another case of a good thing being made up in a little parcel. The Record reports the shipment of Ornament to Saratoga to undergo his preparation for the Detroit Derby on August 10th.

It has been decided by Mr. James Shaw Robinson, of Hanford, to send Islington back to England, where he will take his place in the stud of his breeder, Captain H. McCalmont, M. P., along with his full brother Isinglass. The removal of Islington from California will be a loss to breeding interests in this State, as he has been the only representative here of the valuable Isonomy blood. His get ran this season for the first time, and although not handled to the best advantage have made a good impression. The best performer among them has proved to be Michael III, who scored a win the East a few days ago in good company, and was one of the best 2-year-olds on this Coast last spring.

Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough has had the misfortune to lose the 3-year-old colt Orestes, by imp. Ormonde out of imp. Kissing Crust, the youngster being the first of the great Ormonde's get born on American soil. Shortly before the Realization stakes, in which the colt was engaged, he picked up a nail, tetanus ensued and in a few days he died.

The celebrated sire, Eolus, died at the Ellerslie stud, Virginia, a few days ago, at the age of 29, after a career at the stud that was really brilliant, more especially when his somewhat limited opportunity in the way of mares is considered. He was the sire of Eole, St. Saviour, Elkwood, Knight of Ellerslie, Eurus, Eon, Russell, Morello and others, whose names will remain written on the brightest pages of American turf history, whether of the course or the farm. Both St. Saviour and Morello, the latter now dead, have left their mark on California breeding, and his son. Eole now at Mr. A. B. Spreckels' farm, in Napa, is also expected to beget good stock.

The new rules of the Turf Congress alluded to last week have received the approval of the best element in racing circles. There has been much said about the motives behind the new movement, and Mr. Corrigan's hand in it has been freely criticised. Of course, it is perfectly well understood that he formerly held out for foreign book rights, but that he has now come to see they are incompatible with sound turf methods, and has sided with the reformers, is all the more satisfactory. In business a man has to be on the right side, or he will surely get left, and the only side to be on in turf ventures is that of clean sport. The little talk of the President of the Jockey Club with our racing authorities here, Mr. Corrigan included, last winter, has been productive of much good, and there is more to follow.

The appalling outflow of newspaper comment after the Realization on the management of the winner, The Friar, in that and other events just previously, has led to the formation of the Horsemen's Protective Society in New York. Owners, trainers and jockeys have thus combined with the view of bringing to account legally any writer or publisher who may use his powers unfairly to the injury of members of the society. It is to be hoped there may not be sumcient warrant for active operations on the part of such an organization, though there is certainly too much prominence given by turf-writers to the financial bearing, rather than the sporting merits, of racing events, possibly from the ignorance of most of the commentators of the science of racing and the peculiarities of so uncertain and delicate an animal as is the average thoroughbred. If managing editors and race-track proprietors would strictly forbid their employees to bet themselves, under any circumstances, it would be to the advantage of the public who patronize sport. The latter want unbiased judgments and this they cannot get from men who habitually back their opinions and information at the bookmakers' stands.

The Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' Association will open their summer meeting, extending to August 7th, at the Oakland track this afternoon, giving seven days' harness racing. The sport will probably be superior to anything of the kind we have had in San Francisco for some time. There is a large contingent of trotters and pacers that have not yet been seen in public, which fact should lend a freshness to the contests that is lacking when the performers' exact abilities are known. Besides what may be called the green division many animals of established reputation will face the starter, and training reports encourage the belief that most of these will sustain, even if they do not excel, their present records. Great pains have been taken to provide a good track on the site which has been the scene of many an exciting race on wheels in days long gone by.

A singular case, affecting race-track ethics, is reported from Syracuse. A horse named Bel Bel, 2:19¼, by Stamboul, out of Mabel by the Moor, six years, and bred in this State, died shortly after trotting in a race. Before the last heat the owner had asked the sanction of the judges for his withdrawal, the horse, according to his statement, being sick. After examination of the animal this was refused, the public having made him a strong favorite. The owner has expressed his intention of taking action against the Syracuse track association to recover the value of his horse, for which he paid $2,000 just previously and had received, he stated, an offer of $5,000 from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, since the stallion made his record a week previously.

BENEDICT.

The cause of amateur sport on the Pacific Coast is receiving attention that would appear to be better directed than has been the case for some considerable time past. The trend of affairs at present is in favor of cohesion with the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, although recent definite action has not been in that direction, it having been only recently contemplated to form an independent association for the Pacific States. Wiser counsels, however, have prevailed, and while there are certain matters from the local point of view that need adjustment to give a proper representative character to the Amateur Athletic Union, the promoters of the proposed new organization are now in search of a harmonious basis and ultimate affiliation with the A. A. U. A. circular reviewing the situation, suggesting the steps to be taken and calling a meeting of all interested to be held at the Olympic Club on Friday next at 8 P. M, has been issued, and as part of its contents the signatories, Howard P. Taylor, Jr., the Olympic Club; J. J. Allen, The Acme Athletic Club; G E. Wentzel, Fresno Athletic Club, acting as a committee, have the following to say:

"It is the aim of the promoters of this movement to pursue a course which will have the effect of harmonizing conflicting elements, to the end that all amateur organizations on the Pacific Coast shall be brought together under one local organization, which will eventually be under the jurisdiction of and in genuine touch and sympathy with, the parent authority on the Atlantic seaboard.

"The promoters of this movement appreciate fully the necessity for having amateur athletics under the discipline and control of one properly constituted national authority, with geographical branches, so as to facilitate the conduct of its affairs. This national authority, in order to exert a proper influence, and invest its awards with a true importance, should be supreme in all matters relating to organization, qualifications, records and the like."

If the question be dealt with in this spirit amateur athletics throughout the country will be greatly benefited. Sectionalism means encouragement to professionalism, the chief bane of sport of the best class, which is always for the sake of honor and not for pecuniary profit.


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Or clear-eyed Ruth, or Dido famed and fair,
Helen the beautiful, of dim to-morrows,
Or sad Elaine, slain by her lover's despair.

She trails her soundless garments down the ages,
A vision and a dream, or rustling steals
Past trembling arras in those haunted pages
Where man forever fights and woman kneels.

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Serene and college-bred and trimly gowned,
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This queer old world one vast enchanted ground.

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To loose and bind;—whatever be her name,
Her date, from Homer down, or her condition,
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—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Magazine.


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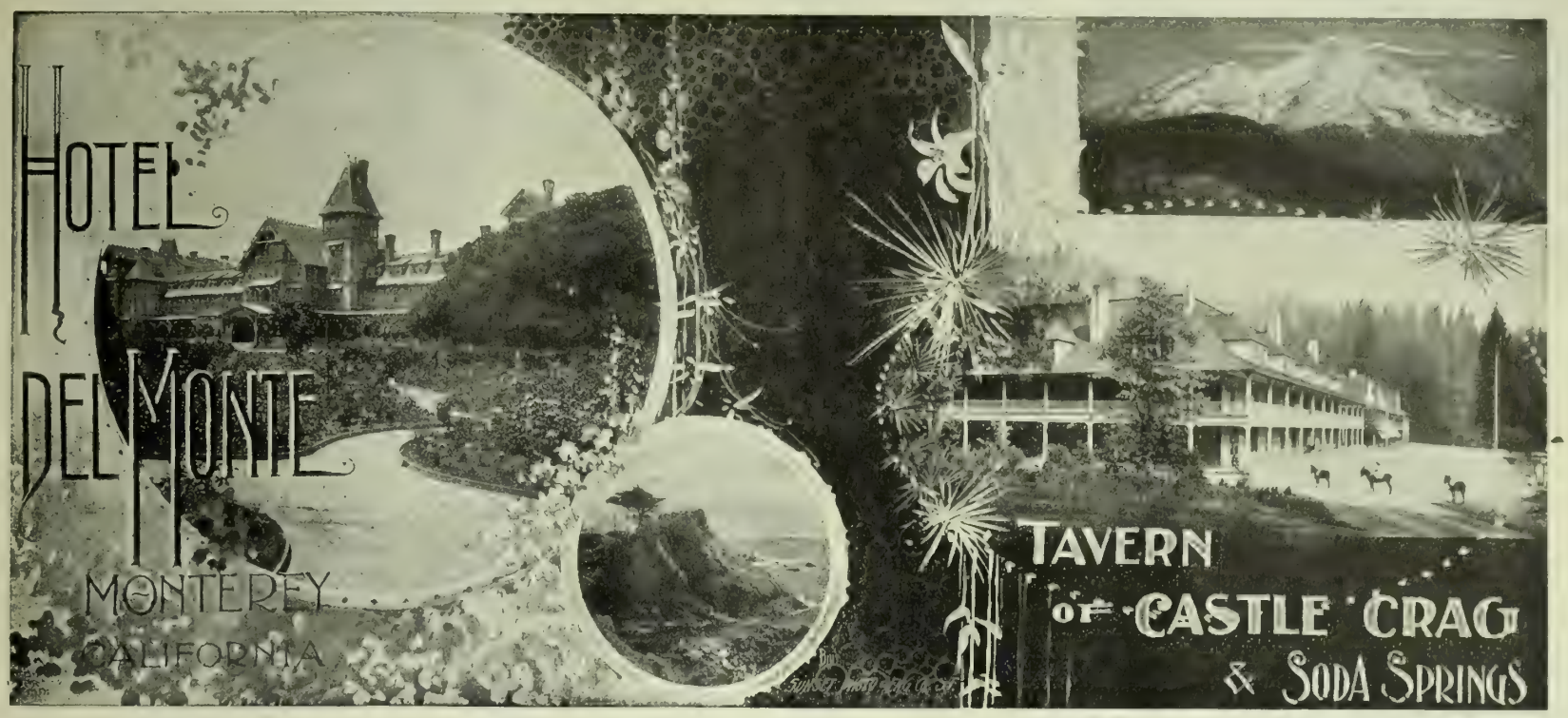


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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. August 3, 7, 11, 16, 20, 24, 28; September 1, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 27; October 1, 5, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 30.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE — Best and Belcher Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of July, 1897, an assessment (No. 62) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of August, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of August, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE — Continental Building and Loan Association, 222 Sansome street. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on term deposits, and 12 per cent on installment stock, all free of taxes.

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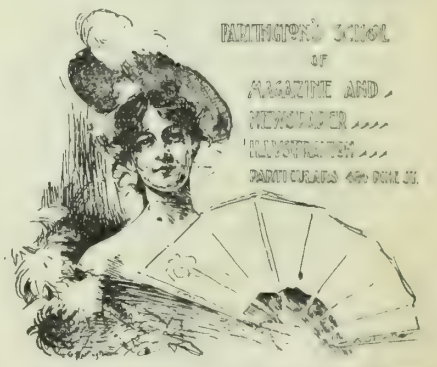


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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Thackery, on the occasion of his visit to Boston, brought over a letter of introduction to an important resident of Beacon street, and through this gentleman's kindness, met many of the Beacon street set. However, being interested in Boston's eminent men, he was desirous of hearing Theodore Parker. But his host would not accompany him to Music Hall, where this divine preached, and so Thackery attended, alone, a funeral at which Parker was to deliver the address. That evening at dinner several members of the swellest and smartest families were present, and to them Thackery remarked how the sermon and audience had impressed him. His host was visibly distressed, and presently whispered in his ear, "I beg of you to remember that Mr. Parker does not belong to our best society!" This was more than the Englishman could stand, and he replied, "Upon my word, I begin to wish I hadn't got into good society when I came to Boston!"

A certain young lawyer in an interior town, who loved to indulge in flights of eloquence beyond the comprehension of his jury, was defending a railroad corporation which had been sued for damages. "You see, gentlemen," he said, complacently, addressing the jury, "I have the plaintiff in a very nice dilemma. If he went there, seeing the place was dangerous, there was contributory negligence, and as his Honor will tell you, he can't recover. If he did not see it was dangerous, neither could my client have seen it, and there was no negligence on his part. In either case I am entitled to your verdict." The jury retired. "Well, gentlemen," said the foreman, "I think we must give him $900." All agreed except a stout gentleman in the corner, who cried hoarsely, "Give him another $100 gentlemen, for getting into the dilemma." Verdict accordingly.

Jay Gould was distinguished for the promptitude with which he undertook large enterprises. The Western Union had got into a cable war, and it was necessary to double the service. No sooner had he decided than he telegraphed to Messrs. Siemens of London, "Cable estimate for making and laying two Atlantic cables." The firm immediately quoted their price, the amount considerably exceeding one million pounds. "Accept offer. Will buy Faraday," instantly responded the Napoleon of finance. But there are many things that even a millionaire cannot buy, among these being the cable-laying steamer Faraday! However, Jay Gould, restraining his acquisitive ardor, cabled, "Make and lay two cables. Fifty thousand pounds deposited at your bankers'." The cables were promptly made and laid.

Dr. Lasker, the chess champion, while in London frequents a certain restaurant that is the headquarters of English chess devotees. One evening a fussy old gentleman offered to play him for a box of cigars if conceded the odds of a queen. The offer was accepted; Lasker won and became the owner of a box of doubtful-looking cheroots, which the loser declared were first-rate. On his return to London after defeating Dr. Steinitz for the championship, Lasker went to the restaurant and his former opponent inquired about the cigars. "First-rate!" replied the champion; "in fact, I might almost say they won me the match." "Indeed! I am delighted to hear it!" returned the old gentleman. "Yes," continued Lasker, "I gave them all to Steinitz!"

An old farmer visiting London, was caught in a shower which came after a time of terrible drought. Whilst walking along, in utter disregard of downpour, he caught sight of a man crouching in a doorway. "Wh'ar' you doing there?" thundered the farmer in a voice of authority. "Trying to keep out of the rain—what d'you suppose?" answered the man. "What?" shouted the irate countryman, "have you so little patriotism? Don't you know this rain is worth a thousand guineas a second to the country? Come out and let it beat on you as I do. Come out and, for once, try and grow above yourself. Come out and be a crop!"

The minister was illustrating the omnipotence of God by showing that the least as well as the greatest of things had been created by him. "Just think," said the minister, when God made the mountains He made the little rills; when God made the mighty behemoth He made the sparrow, and when God made me He made a daisy."


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# THE WAVE

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# THE WAVE

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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| The Rush for Gold; by G. L. B. | 4 |
| "Boom": a Story by Frank Norris | 5 |
| The Academy's Mammoth | 5 |
| The Opinions of Leander; by Justin Sturgis | 5 |
| A Cat and Dog Life | 6 |
| From Field to Storehouse | 6–7 |
| The Pioneer Celebration at Salt Lake City; photos by Savage | 8–9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| "The Gadfly": a Review | 12 |
| Midsummer Magazines | 13 |
| Gossip of Europe | 14 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## WHEAT VALUES AND SILVER.

As time wears on and current events develop cold, hard facts that practically crush the life out of the silver advocate's theory, it is not a bad plan to turn down a leaf or make a memorandum so that we may remember the circumstances hereafter.

We are all familiar with the attempt the white metal advocate made during the campaign to hitch silver and wheat into a tandem team, and are equally familiar with the insistent manner in which he claimed that the decline of wheat values was due alone to the demonetization and consequent decline of silver. The advocate of sound money stoutly maintained that over-production had accomplished the undoing of wheat values. He pointed to the great areas in India, Russia and Argentina that were now producing wheat in vast and hitherto unheard of quantities, upon cheap land by means of still cheaper labor, and he cited this increased output to sustain his claim of over-production. To the advocate of sound money this answer was complete and undeniable, but he had no means of proving his position. The silver theorist scouted the idea of over-production, characterized the argument as rank, abominable nonsense, unworthy of a monment's consideration by honest and fair-minded men. His argument ran to the effect that there was no over-production of silver, and its consequent decline had driven wheat and every other commodity down to a point where beggary and pauperism leered and grinned at the man whose toil was to produce.

If it had been possible for the sound-money advocate to have suspended the production of wheat in any one of the great wheat-producing countries that had newly come into competition with our farmer, he might have proved his point, and demonstrated that with diminished production wheat values would be restored. This fact was impossible to man, but nature stepped in just before the close of the campaign, and inflicted a drought on misfortunate India. Rain fell not, and the blistering sun withered and burnt the blades of grass that were soon to be topped with tassels of wheat, and Famine, gaunt and grey, stalked through the land. Immediately the markets of the world began to throb, wheat values trembled, then bounded upward and upward, and strangely enough the tandem team parted company. While wheat went upward, silver dashed downward. The silver advocate's theory was exploded. Although he attempted to create the impression that "it was all a trick of Mark Hanna and the gold-bugs, who had made a corner in wheat to fool the farmer," it was too late for such tactics.

So much for the past. The market reports of to-day become interesting again in this connection.

"Silver," says one report, "is steadily declining in value. It has now reached the lowest figure ever known in the world's history."

"Wheat is booming," says another report; "it is still ascending with promise of still higher prices."

A great law of trade, as irresistible as the tides, is moving forward, and is again giving flat and indisputable contradiction to the ingeniously contrived theories of the silver man. It gives that contradiction in terms more forcible than mere words or voluminous statistics.

Discussing this contrary condition with one of the members of the late Senate Silver Committee, who was honestly and unselfishly an advocate of free coinage, he said:

"The present conditions do not disturb our theory. Cut off from the world's market one-half the product of the world on any given commodity and necessarily its value must increase. That is what is the matter with wheat. Drought, famine and disaster have reduced the world's crop to such an extent that of course wheat must rise. It has nothing to do with the silver question."

But it most emphatically has something to do with the silver question, inasmuch as it destroys the silver-wheat theory. It proves—if it proves anything—that it was over-production that affected wheat and it sustains the claim that over-production has bred the mischief in the prices of all other staples. The silver man strenuously denies that over-production had anything to do with declining wheat values, yet the very moment that production is diminished in even a single one of the new wheat-raising countries, up bounds the market value of that staple. Destroy the wheat-producing power of Argentina and Russia to-day, and on the morrow the value will bound again and again until a price is reached higher than the world has ever known, while silver might at the same time drop to a parity with copper.

"Cut off from the world's market one-half the product of the world on any given commodity," says our silver friend, "and necessarily its value must increase," and double the world's product on any given commodity and necessarily its value must diminish. That is precisely what happened to wheat. The drought in India amounts to a temporary and partial restoration of the conditions that existed when wheat was high. It was not a drought in those days; it was non-production, because of neglected development; to-day it is non-production because of a natural or unnatural climatic condition.

Let the silver man turn this question over in his mind, and come back with a better excuse or admit his error. He is shifty in argument and ingenious as well, but he must not dodge facts.

## THE COAL-MINERS' STRIKE.

The preliminary symptoms of failure have for some time now been perceptible in the condition of the great coal miners' strike in Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Samples of violence and threats of more have been exhibited, appeals are heard for contributions toward the support of the strikers, the bogie of the boycott has been invoked and appeals are made for sympathetic strikes of men engaged in other branches of industry who have no part or lot in the quarrel between the striking miners and their employers. The garrulous Debs, setting aside for the moment his magnificent scheme for turning the State of Washington into a socialistic colony, has hastened to the arena of talk, with his jaw in good working order, to resume his disastrous warfare against the capitalistic oppressors of labor. It is only a few weeks, to be sure, since the versatile Debs expressed, at Chicago, his belief, founded on his own experience as a well-paid leader of "organized labor," that the Lords of Capital were too strongly entrenched in their positions and possessions to be expelled by any possible assault of any possible combination of wage earners. But Debs appears to find no difficulty in setting aside that conviction when a new opportunity is presented of enjoying the delights of publicity and unlimited talk.

There is no doubt that the lot of the striking miners is a hard one, and that they have suffered many grievances from which they ought to be relieved. They complain that they are paid for their labor in orders on company stores instead of cash, that payments are unreasonably deferred, and that they are subject to extortionate rents for poor accommodations in company houses. Men who are so stupid and so improvident as to sink into such a condition of life can hardly be expected by their own efforts to throw off the yoke of which they complain. Instead of fighting one grievance at a time, and gradually wresting from their employers the conditions under which they could live with comfort, they break out in a wild effort to remodel at once all the conditions of the industry which gives them such employment as they have. Their intelligence and their resources are alike inadequate to such an undertaking. They rage indiscriminately against the good employers and the bad. It should not be forgotten that the present strike is made against a rate of wages which was established by the representatives of the miners in agreement with the coal operators. The rate agreed on was a reduction of previous rates paid. Yet the strikers regard as their bitterest enemy an operator who has voluntarily maintained the higher rate of wages previously allowed, who has always paid wages in cash at intervals of two weeks, and who has never maintained a company store. Men who are capable of waging industrial warfare in such stupid fashion must be content with very small chances of success. And when such men are found to be willing to listen to the discredited Debs and to look up to him as a leader their chances of victory in the struggle may safely be set down as less than any assignable quantity.

## TROOPS FOR ALASKA.

The military genius of the Secretary of War was vigorously exercised last week, by wire, over a project for sending two companies of infantry to Alaska to garrison Circle City. Why the discovery of very rich deposits of gold in British territory made it necessary or desirable to send American troops to a place two hundred and fifty miles distant from the new diggings was not explained, probably because it had not been considered. But the War Department has few enough opportunities of attracting public attention by exhibitions of frantic energy in these dull times of protracted peace, and the Secretary was not inclined to let the opportunity afforded by the Klondyke excitement pass unimproved. So the wires were kept hot with orders and inquiries, and much readable copy was furnished for the press reports. Finally, whether because our military resources were found to be inadequate for the equipment and transportation of two companies for service in Alaska, or somebody in Washington waked up sober, the whole scheme was abandoned by direction of the President. The truth is that there is no more need for a garrison at Circle City, or anywhere else on the Yukon, than there is for a cavalry force on the Farallones. Soon after the territory of Alaska was acquired from Russia, and before much was known of the character of the country or of its native inhabitants, it was deemed necessary to send troops to take possession of some of the more important points in the region, and for a few years two or three scanty detachments languished at stations widely separated. They did nothing because there was nothing for them to do, and their efficiency as soldiers diminished necessarily because of their idleness, remoteness and isolation. When their uselessness had been thoroughly demonstrated they were withdrawn, and for more than twenty years there have been no garrisons in Alaska This experience ought to be sufficient. There is nothing more that soldiers can do, in the line of their duty, in Alaska now than there was thirty years ago. There is a general impression that the army can be relied on to preserve peace and order in new and wild countries and communities; but, while if they were permitted to do so our officers and men would undoubtedly prove their efficiency as a police force, their hands are tied by the laws which strictly forbid the use of any part of the army for the purpose of maintaining order and enforcing the law except in a very few specified cases, none of which is likely to arise in Alaska. They could afford no support to the Territorial government, even if any were needed, for the seat of that government is at Sitka, 2,000 miles from Circle City. There is no dispute as to the boundary line, nor any prospect of any misunderstanding about it. Troops cannot move through the country, and they would be powerless to suppress disturbances occurring anywhere except at their own station. The cost of sending troops so far and of supplying them in a country so destitute of resources and of means of transportation would be extravagant even if it were not purposeless. The great majority of the people who will be in Alaska and in the Klondyke during the coming winter will be American citizens, accustomed to governing themselves after a tolerably satisfactory fashion, and they will probably continue to do so even on Canadian soil. The Secretary of War will do well to keep our few soldiers where they can learn the duties for which they are maintained.

## THE ARMOR DILEMMA.

The adjournment of Congress has left us with several battle-ships building and with no provision for providing their armor. As a battle-ship is quite as useless without armor as it would be without guns or engines, it is evident that the further increase of the fighting strength of the navy will be delayed until Congress and the armor-producing companies come to terms, or till the Navy Department is placed in position to make its own armor.

When the work of rebuilding the navy was undertaken it was wisely determined by Congress that, as a measure of military prudence, a source of armor supply should be established in our own country. Under the assurance of large contracts on liberal terms for the supply of the armor needed for the earlier battle-ships and armored cruisers of the new navy two corporations went to the large expense of erecting plants capable of turning out armor plates of the required quality and dimensions. They were paid for the armor furnished under the earlier contracts $600 per ton, a rate so liberal that almost the whole cost of the armor making plants has been cov-

ered by the profits of the companies. It is very probable that the two companies might have continued in the enjoyment of their lucrative monopoly but for the exposure of frauds in the character of the armor furnished under some of the previous contracts, and the fact that one of the companies had contracted to furnish armor plates to the Russian government for $229 a ton. It is not probable that there was any profit earned from the Russian contract, which seems to have been entered into rather for the purpose of forcing the combination of European armor makers to recognize the American producers as an element in the trade. But the average Congressman will certainly question the propriety of such a motive, and he will refuse to continue to support by liberal appropriations manufacturers who furnish their products to a foreign government at little more than one-third of the price which they have asked and received from our own government for the same product. Having treated the American companies with great liberality, in order to be entirely independent of the foreign manufacturers, Congress now finds itself helplessly dependent on its favored proteges, who have taken advantage of their position to attempt to extort from the government what seems to be an unconscionable price for their product. Congress has made no threat to resort to a foreign market for the supply of armor for the ships now building, and, as one result of the Russian contract before referred to, any attempt to do so would probably be useless. After a careful investigation the Secretary of the Navy reported that the cost of producing armor was such that a price of $300 per ton would give the companies a liberal margin of profit, and Congress accordingly fixed that price as the limit to which the Secretary was authorized to go in making contracts for further supplies of armor. If the companies refused to make contracts on such terms the Secretary was directed to take the preliminary steps for the establishment of a plant in which the government could produce its own armor. The companies have refused to take contracts on the terms proposed, and it is certain now that the ships on the stocks must wait for their armor until Congress or the companies shall recede from their present position, or until the government can acquire a plant and turn out a sufficient supply from its own works. In any case the completion of the ships is certain to be delayed at a time when we may find ourselves in urgent need of their services. This condition of things is deplorable, of course, but it would be still more deplorable to leave a great branch of the public service helpless in the hands of a greedy monopoly. No pity will be wasted on the companies if, by their stubborn rapacity they shall succeed in destroying the profitable market which they have hitherto enjoyed. It is not to be expected that armor can be produced in a government establishment as cheaply as in private works, but if the cost of production is to bear no relation to the cost to the government, as has been the case heretofore, there may be a great saving to the treasury, after all, if the Navy Department is enabled to produce its own armor, as it has long and successfully produced its own guns.

## *THE TARIFF ON COAL.*

There is one feature of the new tariff which can work nothing but injury to San Francisco, and that is the increased duty on coal. If our city is ever to be a center of manufactures for the coast the source of power must be kept at a minimum of cost. If the energy of the tides and the waves of the sea could be harnessed to the shafts of factories we could afford to be careless of the cost of fuel, but any such mechanical development can be looked for only in the distant future. The water power furnished by the streams of the Sierra is too remote to be turned into electric current and transmitted to us at tide water with any economy. We must depend on coal as the source of energy for any manufacturing industries that we may hope to develop, and every addition to the cost of our fuel means a corresponding restraint on our growth in manufactures. There is not a ton of coal in California that is worth a cent of protection. The product of the mines of Oregon and Washington is so inferior that it is not used in our own naval vessels. We depend for our supply of steam-coal on the mines of Vancouver Island and the supply brought from Australia and from the United Kingdom by the ships which come to carry away our wheat crop. Under the old McKinley tariff seventy-five per cent. of all the duties collected on imported coal in the United States was paid here in San Francisco, and the only result was to increase the expense of running every steam engine in the State that did not burn wood under its boiler and to add to the cost of every manufactured article that was turned out by the aid of steam power. It may be highly desirable that the mill owners of New England shall not be at liberty to buy their coal from the mines of Nova Scotia, and the wool growers and sawmill owners of California may be materially benefitted by the Dingley tariff act; but the people of San Francisco may find those results too dearly purchased if they are secured at the expense of the city's growth in manufacturing industries.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

It is long since collegiate circles have been so aroused as of late over Professor Bradley's action in the matter of accredited schools. To the uninformed it may be necessary to say that it is the custom to accredit a large number of the better class of high schools and advanced preparatory schools throughout the State so that pupils graduating there may enter the State University without examination. The list of accredited schools is prepared with great caution and conservatism, a committee of examination from the faculty personally inspecting their status once every year. The standing of the schools thus accredited has never been questioned, and their pupils have in almost every case done good work at the U. C. Professor Gayley, the head of the English department of the colleges at Berkeley, has been chairman of this committee, and his judgment in the matter has been relied upon. During Gayley's absence in London, however, Professor Bradley, his assistant, had the matter in charge, and with ill-timed and deplorable haste has summarily discredited half the schools upon the list, including such high standing institutions as Miss West's Seminary and the Lowell High School of this city. The Lowell High School, by the way, is so thorough in its preparatory work that it is no unusual occurrence for pupils in its second year to pass the college matriculation examination with ease. Professor Bradley is not at the head of his department at Berkeley, and in taking the foolish step that has aroused such criticism was acting without any authority from Professor Gayley, and, in fact, seems to have consulted no one but himself. It is preposterous to suppose that he was warranted in discrediting so large a number, if indeed any, of the schools upon his proscription list. Such action, if coming from Professor Gayley, or even from PresidentKellogg, would have been a matter for grave consideration. Emanating from an assistant, whose work has been largely the preparation of under-class men for advanced senior work and whom accident had "dressed in a little brief authority," it is a matter deeply to be regretted. One asks who is this Professor Bradley, and what has he done that he should assume such responsibility? As yet there seems to be no satisfactory answer to such questions.

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Already the terminal port for lines of steamers trading between the western coast of America and Australia, Oriental, Central and North American sea ports, the day seems not far distant when San Francisco will have regular communication across the Pacific Ocean with the Russian port of Vladivostock in Northeastern Asia. Passing through here only recently, Kir Alexeieff, representing the Russian Minister of Finance on a mission to Corea, and his assistant, Lieutenant Garfield, revealed something of the plans that are in progress for the establishing of a line of powerful ocean steamers between the Siberian port and this city. Although it is contemplated to inaugurate the service before the great trans-Siberian railway reaches Vladivostock, the full effect of the proposed new connection will not become apparent until that gigantic railway undertaking is in full operation. It will then be possible to travel hence by steamer to Vladivostock in about fifteen days and continue a journey to Europe by the Siberian railroad, reaching St. Petersburg in another twelve days. Inasmuch as the port of Vladivostock is closed in winter, however, the Russian Government are seeking an outlet through an open port to the south with which to connect their railway line. The Corean peninsula possesses several good natural harbors, which would no doubt meet the requirements of Russia, but existing treaties stand in the way of such an arrangement. Probably the wiles of diplomacy are to be brought to bear in that region, with a view to further developments in the required direction.

***

It would appear that the barren charms of the Klondyke are not all for veteran prospectors and seasoned gold hunters. The latest notable accessions to the army of argonauts who are rushing northward are from the ranks of the younger club and society men of this city. W. H. Fairbanks, M. S. Latham and S. F. Pond have the fever bad and have gone to Alaska to allay it, it may be in the snow and ice of the Yukon and its tributaries. Mr. Pond is the son of the ex-Mayor, Mr. Fairbanks father is the secretary of the Golden Milling Company of Petaluma, while Milton Latham is as well known as any club man in San Francisco, and moreover is secretary of the Olympic Club. The party is perhaps better equipped than any that has hitherto left for the north, their outfit including horses, burros and mules, provisions for two years and a twenty-eight foot boat with masts and sails. The trio will not attempt to locate any claims in the neighborhood of Dawson, but intednd to push on further into the country and try their luck upon the banks of the Stewart river.

***

Mr. Claus Spreckels continues to devote his energies to the extension of his beet sugar interests in this State, and is now busily occupied in plans for developing the industry in the neighborhood of Salinas. For the works now in course of construction in that locality a large consignment of the most approved European machinery has recently been landed, at a cost, with duty paid, of some $120,000; and it is understood that, when the material is in position, it will represent the most modern and efficient plant available for the manufacture of beet sugar. At the same time Mr. Spreckels is giving encouragement to the proposals that have been made in connection with the work of the Salvation Army, to establish a colony on the well known El Sobrante ranch, near Salinas, lately purchased by him. The plans that have been made with this object are said to be receiving the active support of certain citizens, who are willing to afford financial help; and, if the matter be brought to a satisfactory conclusion on their side, it is understood that Mr. Spreckels is prepared to place the entire ranch at their disposal for purposes of settlement and beet culture, the produce to be turned into his factory on terms that will afford the growers a fair return for their labor. This is practical charity of the best possible kind.

***

The new Collector of Internal Revenue, John C. Lynch, of San Bernardino, is possessed in considerable measure both of executive ability and political astuteness. He has managed most successfully the affairs of the Cucamonga Fruit and Land Co. in San Bernardino, and has also represented that county in the California Legislature during the sessions of 1891, 1893, and 1895, acting at the latter session as Speaker of the Assembly—a role he filled with signal success. He had the Republican complimentary nomination for Lieutenant-Governor in '96, and had the active support of Senator Perkins for the office to which President McKinley has just appointed him. He enters the service of the government free from entangling alliances, and can hardly fail to have a successful administration. Otherwise Collector Lynch is a native of Ohio, is a graduate of the Law Department of the Chicago University, and has served as Assistant State Engineer of St. Louis.

*JUDGE I. B DUDLEY*
Who has been appointed United States Minister to Peru
Marceau, photo

*JOHN C. LYNCH*
Appointed by President McKinley Collector of Internal Revenue
Marceau, photo

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Judge I. B. Dudley, the new Minister to Peru, hails from San Diego, is a lawyer by profession, graduated from Kenyon College, Ohio, and is otherwise a young, driving and capable man who will undoubtedly make a career for himself. He has been a school teacher, a police judge, and had a considerable law practice in the town of his adoption when selected by the President for the Peruvian mission. Judge Dudley is a man of striking physique—tall, dark, broad-shouldered, of agreeable manner and quick intelligence, who undoubtedly has it in him to foster the relations of the South American republic and the Pacific Coast.

BOSWELL JR.

Kaiser William has expressed some concern that the United States should show an inclination to take an interest in the affairs of nations, and has spoken of the tendency as the "American peril." His meaning is taken to be that the well-being of this country is imperiled by interference in international politics, and possibly, judging by his own experience in such matters, he is a competent adviser on the point. His own penchant that way has more than once been regarded at home and abroad as a "German peril."

The Yukon route: The "Bella" at Circle City

The rush to Dawson: A train of pack-horses and sleds at Circle City

The Yukon in winter: Waiting for the ice to break

The Chilkoot route: Crossing Dyea river

*TRAVELING TO THE KLONDYKE*

## THE RUSH FOR GOLD

### Storming the Regions of the North — The Incas Story Revamped.

Already it begins to look as if little will be lost in the long run by those who decide to await further developments before setting out for the northwestern gold fields. In the eager rush two points seem to have been overlooked to a great extent, first that all the ground where the rich strikes have been made has been taken up, and secondly that the Yukon river district is of immense extent. A vast number of people, for the most part inexperienced and unfitted for the task before them, have started out from the Pacific Coast ports, bound for the Klondyke, and there is great cause to fear that of these very many will find themselves unable from various causes to reach the goal. The passes which have to be negotiated, after leaving Juneau and Dyea, will have to be encountered for the most part without assistance, as there are not enough Indians to go round; and the travelers will find themselves unable to pack all their own supplies, without which they will be in danger of starvation later on. A few sketches are given with this issue illustrating the methods of transportation en route. Those who make the journey to Dawson City by ocean and river steamers will probably be safe enough, though some of the expeditions may be too late in setting out to escape the ice. This is sure to entail much hardship.

In the meantime there is evidently much to be learnt as to the best means of getting into the country. It is credibly reported that the Canadian Government are actively moving to facilitate the approaches from their side, and probably by the time spring travel begins, with the countless thousands that are sure to be coming from all parts of the world to the new El Dorado, there will be a choice of several routes free from many of the existing drawbacks. The steamship accommodation is also likely to improve greatly, as there has so far been no time to put on services to meet the requirements of large crowds.

Such further reports as have come to hand during the past week have only tended to confirm the good opinion already formed as to the gold-bearing qualities of the Yukon district, and it only remains for some satisfactory account from those who are prospecting for quartz veins to give a fresh impetus to the present excitement, and lead to wealthy capitalists taking a hand in developing the country. That the whole Yukon district abounds in gold seems certain, and it is only reasonable to conclude that as great riches lie in Alaskan territory, as in British Columbia. This, however, has yet to be proved.

In the meantime it would not seem that there is much to be gained by raising objections to the enforcement by Canada of the customs regulations, on the border being crossed. A good deal that is very wide of the mark has also been said about certain new regulations, which the Dominion Government have decided upon with regard to the Klondyke region. Proper official announcements are wanting, however, and pending their issue, it is, of course, doubtful how matters stand. People on the spot will doubtless find it to their interest to obey the law or go away, so making room for those who are better advised.

Local newspapers have commissioned a large number of correspondents to supply reliable information with regard to the gold fields, and even the present abundance of space devoted to the subject will no doubt shortly be far exceeded. That the rush to that part of the world and the excited interest the wonderful finds of gold in the Klondyke have caused will grow any less for some time to come is not to be expected. Level heads are likely to be at a considerable premium, if one may judge by the many who are prepared to abandon everything to increase their fortunes by a lucky find.

During the next three or four months information should be available which will admit of a calm judgment being formed as to the opportunities for the miner and the business man, who have spare capital to employ, and also for those to whom existence means work; while the risks and disadvantages which are at present lost sight of to a great extent in the general excitement caused by individual successes, can at the same time be properly estimated.

Within the last few days some wonderful stories have been dished up in local journals regarding the riches of Peru, and the great finds of gold that are to be made there bringing to the recollection of the writer how several years ago he perused a mass of authentic printed reports in the office of an eminent mining engineer not 100 miles from the Mansion House station of the underground railway in London, setting forth in elaborate detail the existence of the Incas' treasures. These reports were obtained quite a number of years back, and many a craze the wealth they describe has since caused. But the treasures are there still and the work of bringing them to hand remains to be done. Let the hint serve the mining enthusiasts, for the most part of little or no experience, whose eyes are now centered on the Arctic region. That few now going forth will be lucky and that many will be ruined body and soul is unfortunately what all experience teaches. G. I

The returns of revenue collected for the first ten months of the present Spanish financial year are unusually satisfactory, the estimate having been exceeded by $2,675,000, while there is an increase of $6,000,000 as compared with the returns for the same period of the preceding year. The result has been to further enhance the improvement in the value of Spanish securities, which followed upon the change of Ministry.

The Queen of England is to have a new yacht built on the lines and about the size of an Atlantic liner. It will be 420 feet long, with only 50 feet beam, and fitted with powerful engines so as to have a good speed. While no expense will be spared in order to make the vessel the finest of her class afloat in her decorations and fittings, she will closely resemble her Majesty's present yacht, the Victoria and Albert.

# "Boom"

BY FRANK NORRIS

San Diego, in Southern California, is the largest city in the world. If your geographies and guide-books and encyclopædias have told you otherwise, they have lied, or their authors have never seen San Diego. Why, San Diego is nearly twenty-five miles from end to end. Why, San Diego has more miles of sidewalk, more leagues of street railways, more measureless lengths of paved streets, more interminable systems of sewer-piping, than has London or Paris or even—even—even Chicago (and I who say so was born in Chicago, too!). There are statelier houses in San Diego than in any other "of the world's great centres," more spacious avenues, more imposing business blocks, more delicious parks, more overpowering public buildings, the pavements are better laid, the electric lighting is more systematic, the railroad and transportation facilities more accomodating, the climate is better than the Riviera, the days are longer, the nights shorter, the men finer, the women prettier, the theatres more attractive, the restaurants cheaper, the wines more sparkling, "business opportunities" lie in wait for the unfortunate at dark street-corners and fly at his throat till he must fain fight them off. Life is one long, glad fermentation. There is no darkness in San Diego, nor any more night.

Incidentally corner lots are desirable.

All of this must be so, because you may read it in the green and gold prospectus of the San Diego Land and Improvement Company (consolidated), sent free on application—that is, at one time during the boom it was sent free—but the edition is out of print now, and can only be seen in the collection of bibliophiles and wealthy amateurs, and the boom is only an echo now. But when the guests of the big Coronado Hotel over on the island come across to the main land and course jackrabbits with greyhounds in the country to the north of the town, their horses' hoofs, as they plunge through the sagebrush and tar weed, will sometimes slide and clatter upon a bit of concrete sidewalk, half sunk of its own weight into the sand; or the jack will be started in a low square of bricks, such as is built for frame house foundations, and which make excellent jumping for the horses. There is a colony of rattlers on the shores of a marsh to the southwest (the maps call it Amethyst Lake) and the little half-breed Indians catch the tarantulas and horned toads that you buy alive in glass jars on the hotel veranda near the postoffice site, and everything is very gay and pleasant and picturesque.

Why I remember it all so well is because I found Steele in this place. You see, Steele was a very good friend of mine though he was Oxon, and I only a man from Chicago. When his wife knew I was coming west she gave me Steele's address, and told me I was to look him up. Since she told me this with much insistence and reiteration and with tears in her voice, I made it a point to be particular. She had not heard from Steele in two years. The address she gave me was "Hon. Ralph Truax-Steele, Elmwood avenue and One Hundred and Eighty-eighth street, San Diego, California."

When I arrived at San Diego I found it would be advisable to hire a horse, for 188th street, instead of waiting for the Elmwood Avenue electric car, and when I asked for directions a red-headed man whose father was Irish and whose mother was Chinese, offered to act as guide for twenty dollars. He said, though, he would furnish his own outfit. I demurred and he went away. I was told that some eight miles out beyond the range I would find a water-hole, and that if I held to the southwest after leaving this hole, keeping my horse's ears between the double peak of a distant mountain called Little Two Top, I would come after a while to a lamp post with a tarantula's nest where the lamp should have been. It would be hard to miss this lamp post, they told me, as the desert was very flat thereabouts, and the lamp post could be seen for a radius of ten miles. Also, there might be water there — the horse would smell it out if there was. Also, it was a good place to camp, because of a tiny ledge of shale outcropping there. I was to be particular about this lamp post, because it stood at the corner of Elmwood avenue and 188th street.

When I asked about the Hon. Truax-Steele, Oxon, information was less explicit. They shook their heads. One of them seemed to recollect a "shack" about a mile hitherward of Two Top, a statement that was at once contradicted by someone else. Might have been an old Digger "wicky-up." Sometimes the Indians camped in the valley on their way to ghost dances and tribal feasts. It wasn't a place for a white man to live, chiefly because the climate offered so many advantages and attractions to horned toads, tarantulas and rattlesnakes. Then the red-headed Chinese-Irishman came back and said, with an accent that was beyond all words, that a sheepherder had once told him of a loco-man out beyond McIntyre's waterhole, and another man said that, "Yes, that was so; he'd passed flasks with a loco-man out that way once last June, when he was out looking for a strayed pony. In fact, the loco-man lived out there, had a son, too, leastways a kid lived with him." This seemed encouraging. The Hon. Truax-Steele, Oxon, was accredited with a son—so his wife had said, who should know. So I started out, simultaneously hoping and dreading that the loco-man and the honorable Truax might be one flesh.

I left San Diego at four o'clock A. M. to avoid as much as possible the heat of mid-day, and just at sunset saw what might have been a cactus plant standing out stark and still on the white blur of sage and alkali like an exclamation point on a blank page. It was the lamp-post of the spider's nest that marked the intersection of Elmwood Avenue and 188th street. And then my horse shied, with his hind legs only, in the way good horses have, and Ralph Truax-Steele rose out of a dried muck-hole under the bit.

I had expected a madman, but his surprise and pleasure at seeing me were perfectly sane. After awhile he said: "Sorry, old boy. It's the hospitality of the Arab I can give you; nothing better. A handful of dates (we call 'em caned prunes out here), the dried flesh of a kid (Californian for jerked beef), and a mouthful of cold water, which the same we will thicken with forty-rod rye; incidentally, coffee, black and unsweet, and tobacco, which at one time I should have requested my undergroom to discontinue."

We went to his "shack" (I observed it to be built of discarded bricks, mortared with 'dobe mud) and I was made acquainted with his boy, Carrington Truax-Steele, fitting for Oxford under tutelage of his father.

We had supper, after which the Hon. Truax, Sr., stood forth under the kindling glory of that desert twilight by that incongruous, reeling lamp-post, booted, bare-headed and woolen-shirted, and to the low swinging scimitar of the new welded moon declaimed Creon's speech to Oedipus in sonorous Greek. When he was done he exclaimed, abruptly: "Come along, I'll show you 'round."

I looked about that stricken reach of alkali, and followed him wondering. That evening the Hon. Ralph Truax-Steele, Oxon, showed me his real estate and also, unwittingly, the disordered workings of his brain. The rest I guessed and afterwards confirmed.

Steele had gone mad over the real estate "boom" that had struck the town five years previously, when land was worth as many dollars as could cover it, and men and women fought with each other to buy lots around the water hole called Amethyst Lake. The "boom" had collapsed, and with it Steele's reason, for to him the boom was on the point of recommencing; sane enough on other points, in this direction the man's grip upon himself was gone for good.

"There," he said to me that evening as we crushed our way through the sagebrush, indicating a low roll on the desert surface, "there are my villa sites, here will run a driveway, and yonder where you see the skeleton of that steer I'm thinking of putting up a little rustic stone chapel."

"Ralph, Ralph," I said, "come out of this. Can't you see that the whole business is dead and done for long since? You're going back with me to God's country tomorrow—going back to your wife, you and the boy. She sent me to fetch you."

He stared at me wonderingly.

"Why, it's bound to come within a few days," he said. "Wait till next Wednesday, say, and you won't recognize this place. There'll be a rush here such as there was when Oklahoma was opened. We have everything for us—climate, temperature, water. Harry," he added in my ear, "look around you. You are standing on the site of one of the grandest, stateliest cities of civilization."

That night the boy Carrington and I sat late in consultation while Steele slept. "Nothing but force will do it," said the lad. "I know him well, and I've tried it again and again. It's no use any other way." So force it was.

How we got Steele back to San Diego I may not tell. Carrington is the only other person who knows, and I'm sure he will say nothing. But the singular part of the business occurred when Steele woke up, as it were, in the heart of a real city and began to look about him and take stock of his surroundings. For over a half-dozen years he had lived there on the desert in the midst of imaginary mirage-like edifices, seeing country seats in sand hillocks and rustic chapels in bleaching bones. But sound enough, mark you, on all other subjects. The collapse came—the real collapse—when Steele beheld the real city he had forgotten. He is in a sanitarium now somewhere in Illinois, and his wife and son see him on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons from two till five. Steele will never come out of that sanitarium, though he now realizes that his desert city was a myth, a creation of his own distorted wits. He's sound enough on that point, but a strange inversion has taken place. It is now upon all other subjects that he is insane.

## THE ACADEMY'S MAMMOTH

### Found in Siberia After Fifteen Thousand Years on Ice.

In the year 1798 the spring freshets loosened a huge chunk of frozen earth on the banks of the Lena river in Siberia which broke off cleanly and left to view, imbedded in the bank, the body of an eleiphant, or, as we call it, a mammoth, 16 feet high, 26 feet long, and covered with thick, brown hair. This mammoth had been killed in an earthquake about 15,000 years previously, so the scientists have made out, and had been buried beneath a mass of debris almost immediately afterward. Its flesh was frozen before it had time to decompose, and when brought to light again, nearly 15,000 years afterward, was still so fresh that it was quickly discovered and eaten by the bears and wolves of the vicinity. However, at the end of the last century an Englishman named Adams found all the bones, but those of one foot. A native ivory hunter had gone away with the tusks, which were never recovered. Nearly half a ton of the hide was left. It was quite two inches thick and of a toughness that would defy the most improved style of explosive bullet known to gunsmiths. Adams got his fossil to St. Petersburg, where it was set up in the Government Museum there, and its discoverer rewarded with 12,000 roubles. The mammoth in the Academy of Sciences in this city is modeled from this one of the St. Petersburg museum and from a second found in a railway cutting near Stuttgart. There is no guess work about the monster, his complete anatomy and general appearance has been exactly determined, and he stands there in the main hall of the Academy precisely as he looked on the day of the earthquake of 15,000 years ago when he was feeding along the banks of the Lena. The fact that he was so feeding at the spot proves that Siberia was in his time a tropical country. For to-day it would be impossible for him to make even a light dejeuner there, though he tramped the whole length of the Lena in search of it. Autre temps autre moeurs. It is just as well the big elephant died when he did.

The Academy of Sciences of this city caused a model of the great beast to be accurately constructed by Ward, the famous modeler of Rochester, Senator Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker meeting the expense. It is as good a model of the great beast as is possessed in any museum of the world, and the enormous ivory tusks are real.

## THE OPINIONS OF LEANDER

### 'Falleth From Grace and Subsequently From a Springboard.

The other morning I went, rather early, to the "Lure-you-in" Baths for my accustomed plunge. It is really very pleasant to take a swim and a subsequent cup of coffee in this fashion before breakfast. There are but few in the baths at that hour, and the water is almost as fresh as at the beach. As I was coming out I bumped against Leander, who was just going in, dressed in a suit of pale salmon-pink, nearly flesh-colored, and quite flesh tight.

"Neptune rising from the waves," he exclaimed, with a grin.

"Venus going to the bath," I retaliated, staring significantly at his wondrous costume.

"Come, now—I say—really, you know," he exclaimed, all in a breath.

"Wake up!" said I, "it's morning." At this, just as the heroine does in novels, he started and passed his hand over his brow.

"I'm a bit absent-minded this morning," he pleaded.

"Huh!" I snorted; "I've often noticed that absence of mind."

Then Leander said two bad words, and I was fain to punch his head. After this (some time after) we sat down on the end of the springboard, and Leander unburdened himself of his trouble.

"Well," says he, "you see, it was like this——"

"There were two of us," I interrupted, "and the other was a girl."

"Well, as were saying," began Leander, "I called on this girl the other night, and——"

"Wait a minute. How well did you know her?"

"One dance, one tea, two functions, and a call."

"Oh, intimately, then. Remember, this is San Francisco. First name?"

"Yep—at the tea "

"Yours too?"

"Of course."

"Fancy calling a man 'Leander'!"

"Shut up—she says 'Lee.' "

"Idyllic! and her's—what's her's?"

Leander drew himself up.

"Mr. Sturgis!" frostily.

But Leander could not be effective in that bathing-suit and with those dangling calves. Yet I apologized.

"I don't want to know her confounded name, then," said I; "but I thought you did not approve of this sort of thing, this—this—this too easy familiarity?"

"No more I do. But I told you I was in trouble."

"It seems to me we don't get far along in this story."

"Well, I called on this girl."

"You've said that three times. Did she let the maid open the door?"

"No, she opened it herself."

"I thought so. Well, now, we're inside the house. Do we go into the parlor."

"Nope—small reception-room at back, one lamp, one chair——"

"What?"

"Wait till I finish—one sofa——"

"Ah, sofa!"

"One——"

"The rest of the inventory is immaterial, irrelevant, and incompetent. The stage is set for a drama. Was it comedy?"

"Tragedy!" said Leander in sepulchral tones.

"One thing more—had the girl come 'out'?"

"She had—rather far. However, her 'position is assured.' "

"Hum! But aren't you rather caddish, Leander, to tell me all this?"

"You don't know but what I'm lieing."

"I had forgotten that contingency."

"And it it don't apply to one case it applies to another?"

"True. Vorwartz!"

"Well, I shook hands with her, and——"

"Held her hand?"

"Um-hum."

"How long?"

"For twenty heart-beats," grinned Leander.

"Oh, a couple of seconds, then?"

"No; 'heart hadn't had time to get started that fast just yet." Say ten seconds. Then she sat down on the sofa, and I took a seat——"

"Where?"

"I say I took a seat."

"Where?"

"Well, I took a seat."

"On the chair?"

"Well—no."

"You said there was one chair in that small reception-room, and the sofa?"

"Um-hum."

"Get on with the story."

"That's what I did with the girl—famously."

"Let's see—the two of you are now sitting on the sofa. The girl is on which side of you?"

"Left."

"Hum! Leander, where is your left elbow?"

Leander grinned.

"It is resting on the back of the sofa, and I am holding my head with my left hand."

"Of course—and then?"

"Then—if ye have tears, prepare to shed them now—then the lamp began to go out."

I gasped.

"I offered," continued Leander, "to turn on the current, but she——"

"Said she loved to sit in the twilight."

"Now, how did you know that?"

"Guessed it."

"So we sat——"

"On the sofa."

"In the twilight."

"With your elbow on the back of the sofa; then?"

"Well, then, after a while I—I (Leander coughed

slightly and crossed his legs) I let my left hand fall, straight.

"Along the sofa-back?"

"Yes."

"Behind the girl?"

"And she?"

"Never noticed—pretended not to, I mean—and then I moved an eighth of an inch closer, and—well, it was twilight and she was pretty and never noticed—and—and—then—I don't know how it happened, but somehow—confound it, you know the blooming lamp was out and a fellow's only a man, y'know, after all, and I—so I—well, I——"

"Leander," said I, in hollow tones, "Leander, you—kissed—that—girl."

Leander covered his face with his hands.

"Well, that's a sad case," said I. Leander became animated at once.

"Hoh! You think that's all. The worst is yet to come."

I made as if to fly. Leander caught and pulled me down.

"You misunderstand," he said, severely; "what do you suppose the girl did?"

"Pretended not to notice," I suggested.

"No," wailed Leander; "no, no! she jumped up as if worked by a spring, an' shook all over an' began to cry. I say, she did, an' said I was no gentleman, an' how dared I take such a liberty with her, an' no man had ever kissed her before, an' wasn't I ashamed of myself, an'-I-don't-know-what-all-else. Yes, she did, and there I sat like a lump on a log, an'—well, that's all, an' I've felt as cheap as six bits ever since. Oh, Lord! what a fool a man is! That I should make such a break—I—I" (he smote his salmon-pink breast) "I of all men who have preached—but this settles it for good and all."

"Here endeth the first lesson," said I. "But the girl was to blame. She's no one to thank but herself. You needn't cut up rough, Leander."

"The girl!" said Leander, blankly.

"Think it over now. This was only your second call. She allowed you to treat her with a certain amount of familiarity, opened the door for you herself, saw you alone and not in the parlor, called you—good Lord!—called you 'Leander'!"

"Lee," murmured Leander.

"——let you use her first name, let you hold her hand, never stopped or discouraged your little advances from chair to sofa, and from sofa to sofa-back, and so on; gave you every reason to suppose that you might kiss her without fear and without reproach, and then, when you had——"

"It was awful the way she went on — actually cried!"

"I'm not in the least sorry for her. She was entirely to blame. You were just a beastly natural-born man, acting according to your lights. I'm afraid even the best of us, under similar circumstances——"

"Why, what a muff you'd be not to," shouted Leander.

"All good girls draw their line somewhere, only some draw it later than others—this girl drew her's too late."

"When should she have drawn it, or where?"

"Between the chair and that sofa."

There was a pause:

"Look here," exclaimed Leander, turning upon me fiercely, "look here, you mealy-mouthed old grandma, what would you have done, if you had been there? Remember the girl was pretty as one o'clock."

I drew myself up proudly (my bathing-suit was sombre black).

"Ah, yah!" exclaimed Leander (whether he misunderstood me or not, judge you) "you're too good, Just. There's such a thing as being too rotten good. Do you know what I heard a girl say the other day, Just.? 'Look here,' she said, 'you know that Sturgis man. He's like Aristides. I'm sick of hearing him called the Just'."

There was only one thing to do at such a crisis. I did it. I pushed Leander into the water. His yell was drowned in a liquid gurgle, and the salmon-pink silk bathing suit disappeared beneath the brown waters of the "Lure-you-in" Baths as Leander sank from sight.

Avis au lecteur—He came up again.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

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The invasion of the cycle market in England by American manufacturers and dealers seems to have caused considerable stir. Unprejudiced observers seem to be of the opinion that the only way for the home product to maintain its ground is to reduce prices all around, as the foreign-made goods are fully equal to the former in quality, besides being cheaper. In all probability the net result will be the collapse of many of the over-capitalized bicycle manufacturing concerns which have been foisted upon the gullible British public during the last two or three years.

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At recent book sales in London new records in prices have been made. At one sale in the last days of June Messrs. Sotheby & Co. realized $48,940 in a single day, some $10,000 more than had ever been made in one day before. The Guttenberg Bible, from the Ashburnham collection, which was purchased by Lord Ashburnham at the Perkins sale in 1873 for $17,000, sold for $20,000. This magnificently ornamented copy of the Scriptures is the first book printed from metal type. Several other highest prices on record were obtained at the same sale.

## A CAT AND DOG LIFE

### Leonidas, and His Views Upon the Members of His Troupe.

A man with a wife has his trials no doubt, and he who must depend upon the caprices of five cats for his bread and butter will find life full of variety, especially if he has some dozen dogs under foot at the same time. What, then, in Heaven's name shall we say of a man who mixes five cats with twelve dogs, has 'em all about his ears as one might say, day and night, and at the same time is married, and that to the strongest woman in the world. Also, he has a family, but this is a detail.

In the light of all this it is no wonder the individual in question has elected to call himself Leonidas. He must have foreseen that if he did not choose this name for himself some one else would. One could have wished, however, that he had omitted the "professor" before his stage name. "Professor" Leonidas suggests ideas that fight with one another, to say the least. Do you know, can you guess, what was the hardest piece of work that Leondias ever set himself to accomplish? Perhaps you have seen his dogs and cats do their turn at the Orpheum this week, and if you have you have no doubt marveled to see Max jump on Sultan's back, and Mimisse upon him, and Scott get between Sultan's forelegs and the whole quartet go waltzing off the stage. Maybe you think it was hard to teach them all this and other equally hard tricks. So it was, but the one thing that kept the Professor awake o' nights, the thing that brought the silver in his hair and the sweat to his temples, that caused him to weep tears of pure nervousness and exasperation, that drove him to repressed paroxysms of impatience and profanity was to get a cat to stay quiet upon a chair for an indefinite length of time.

"I could make a dog do it in a couple of days. Mimisse (this was the cat) finally made up her mind to do it towards the end of the fifth month."

I asked him if it was because of the greater intelligence of the dog.

"Contrariwise," says the Professor. "Believe me, of the two, the cat is by far the more intelligent."

"What then?"

"A cat has her nerves, and, besides, she is independent and, above all, capricious. The dog understands what you want after some little time and humors you good naturedly as if he should say, 'This poor devil has set his mind upon my jumping through this fool basket, so if it makes him any happier I'll do no it just because I like him. And I may get smacked if I don't."

PROF. LEONIDAS AND HIS HAPPY FAMILY

"And the cat?"

"The cat knows almost instantly what I want, and for just that one very particular reason makes up her mind that if she died for it she will not do that one very particular thing. 'And let him whack me,' 'says the cat, 'till he's black in the face and I'll only be so much more stubborn.'"

"The dog is the man, then," I suggested.

"And the cat the woman," filled in the Professor. "Precisely. You can reason with a dog, show him the plausibility of wicker cylinders, the logic of chair-backs, and the fine reasonableness of walking upon the hind legs, and you can give him a good cut with the whip to assist his intelligence; but a cat knows more about the cylinders and chair-backs and hind legs than you or I can ever teach her, and the knowledge makes her feel superior and dignified. So you must cajole and coax her into a condescending mood and induce her for a few moments to forget her self-respect."

"So you never whack the cats?"

'Never, never,' said the Profesor. "It's an insult they never forgive or forget. Ah, these cats, these cats," he continued, wagging his head at the happy family of felines nuzzling about a plate of meat. "They are quite the most interesting animal that lives. I know my dogs as well as my family. They have their characters, their little traits, their good points and their failings. You know just how they will act under certain circumstances. But the cat! There are depths in a cat's nature that a man never can reach. She is mysterious, self-contained, secretive, attending strictly to her own affairs and asking nothing more of me than to do the same. Have you ever noticed how a cat meditates? Give her food and a warm place to sleep in, and her own thoughts are all the company she needs. But the dog, now, h must have change, variety, excitement, lots of company he is emotional, impulsive, fond of amusement, and, b

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN A ROMANCE

sides, is grateful for favors, where the cat merely tolerates your kindnesses, takes them as a matter of course in fact, would prefer you to keep your distance."

"Speaking of gratitude, wasn't there some litle story some litle legend conected with the cat Mimisse?"

The Professor told me the story—the legend—the romance. "At Paris it was, at the Pont de Jena there," and Mimisse, who belonged to a charcuterie, had tumbled into the Seine. Consternation! A crowd gathers Nagerat-elle, nagerat-elle pas? Oh, la, la! The charcutiere weeps in the background, raising her hands to Heaven. Tremendous excitement! Strong men weep and women faint. No one volunteers. Yes, there is some one. Cerberus will go, Cerberus the black dog of the boulanger, Cerberus will dare the foaming tide, throws off his coat, good-bye, good-bye, if I never come back, prier pour moi, dites a maman—, he chokes a sob—cheers houp-la, vive la Republique!

"Allons enfants de la Patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrive."

He leaps—splash—he is gone. Silence! The suspense becomes terrible. Then more cheers and more. Cerberus gains upon Mimisse, reaches her, grasps her by the scruff of the neck, turns shoreward, "battles with the tide," desperate struggle, strength failing—almost there, sinks—rises, one more effort, men run waist deep in the water to reach the hero, do reach him and Mimisse. Safe at last! Hourra! Men and women weep on one another's shoulders, Cerberus carried about in triumph, picture in "Le Petit Journal" next morning, silver collar, interviewed by reporters, hero of the hour. He and Mimisse go on the stage just like any prize-fighters or bridge-jumpers, for Leonidas hears the story, buys the pair and incorporates them in his troop. Virture is rewarded with deathless fame.

"And, of course, ever afterward the pair were inseparable friends—a canine Damon and a feminine Pythias. Beautiful legend."

"Not so," said the Professor, shattering an idol. "Mimisse never paid the least attention to him from that time to this."

F. N.

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## FROM FIELD TO STOREHOUSE

### How a Wheat Crop is Handled in California.

One man's loss is another man's gain, and the same is true of wheat-producing countries the world round. Early in the season, when the wheat was young, drought and prevailing hot winds so wrought upon the fields in Australia and in the Argentine Republic, two of the great wheat-growing countries of the world, that the crop failed completely. It was at one time feared that the same catastrophe was to befall California, but a few weeks' favorable weather has changed all that, and though the farmers and growers of the San Joaquin Valley have rejoiced in larger crops than that of this year, still the output is quite large enough for congratulation. At a rough estimate it is supposed that the California output of wheat for this year will reach, if it does not slightly exceed, the comfortable aggregate of eight hundred and fifty thousand tons. It is very often the custom of the California farmer to sell his wheat in advance, but the rise in prices began so early this year that the majority deemed it wise to hold off a little longer than usual, and in so doing were able to take advantage of the decided advance during the last month. There is no one particular class who benefits by the rise in the value of wheat. Everybody is financially better for it sooner or later. Of course, the farmer is the first to feel the effect. Then the broker, then the country stores, and thence the ripple of "better times" spreads and widens indefinitely to almost every sort and condition of business enterprise.

The crop is now being harvested throughout the State, and the railroads and the river boats that ply on the San Joaquin are hard put to it to handle the quantity of sacks that accumulate at every station and landing. Port Costa and San Francisco are the chief shipping points, and there the grain is distributed to all corners of the world but chiefly to Australia, the Argentine, Brazil, the United Kingdom and South Africa. It would be supposed that the famine would have caused an almost insatiable demand for grain throughout India, but the native population of India is a rice-consuming people, and the whaleback relief ship City of Everett carried almost the only important consignment of grain that has been shipped from this coast to Calcutta or other of the Indian ports.

In connection with the good wheat crop in the San Joaquin Valley, one must not forget to make mention of

the giant harvester at work near Stockton. This harvester was made at Stockton and is at present harvesting the wheat on Robert's island, about twelve miles outside of the city. It is the largest harvester ever built, is of course propelled by steam, and cuts a swath of the tremendous width of fifty-four feet, w..e enough surely for the most ambitious farmer. It is quite worth the trip to Stockton to see this enormous engine at its work, rolling through the grain knee deep, as it were, like a feeding mammoth, its teeth clicking and clashing before it, its locomotive rumbling behind. It takes eight men to guide and control the monster, but it does the work of a little army. Before its passage the wheat is mere standing grain, yellowy and nodding in the summer sun; after it has passed the wheat is grain in sacks ready for shipment. The ordinary harvester is doing well when it cuts eight hundred sacks in a day, a thousand is something to tell of. But the giant of Roberts Island, with its fifty-four foot sweep, cuts, winnows and sacks its nineteen hundred sacks without exertion, clearing off at this rate nearly one hundred acres per day.

There is a rumbling sound of portent in the capital of the German empire. The fact of the matter is the Kaiser's little ways are irritating and have the effect of making the most loyal of his subjects too often thoroughly uncomfortable. Patriotism is a strong point in the German character, but under present conditions it is put to a test that is over-hard; and though the Prussian may bear with anything a Hohenzollern might do, the Bavarian and South German is apt to be less complaisant. The Emperor has of late been having serious differences with his people on the question of ways and means, and though the Reichstag with placid equanimity agreed to a ten million appropriation for special military purposes, just before its close, the requirements of the navy extension plans have not yet been provided for. Construction work, however, steadily proceeds, and whether the Emperor, who ordered it, is to pa- the piper, or the country is to adopt the expenditure, is a question for the future. Meantime radicalism of a good, sound, liberal type is evidently gaining strength, and there is little doubt that the next elections will produce the most democratic Reichstag ever assembled.

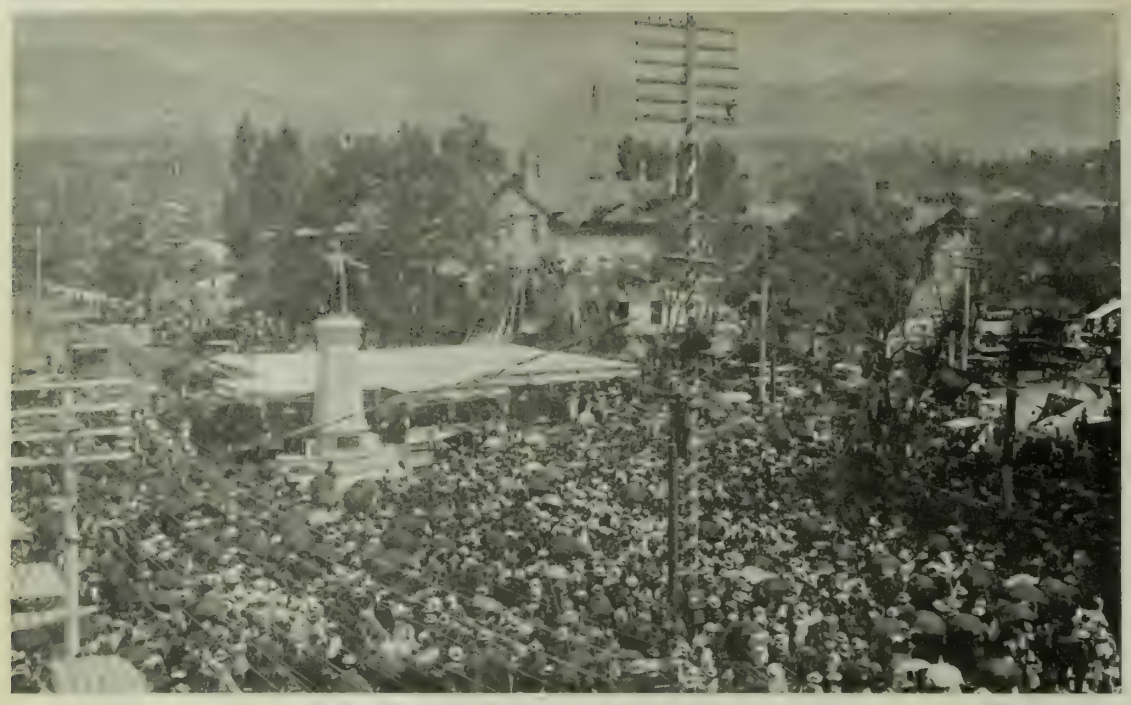
SCENE ON THE MULFORD RANCH, ALAMEDA COUNTY

THE BIGGEST HARVESTER IN THE WORLD

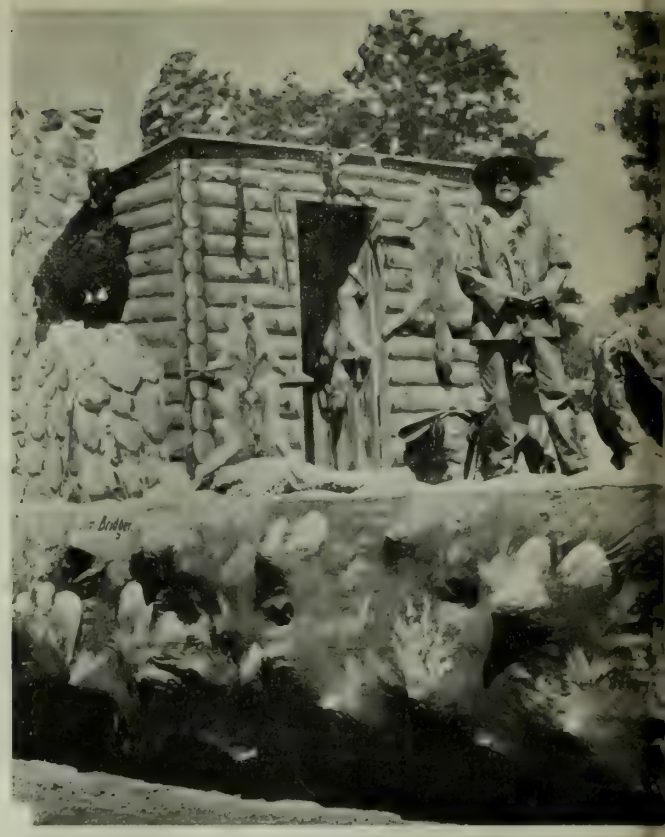
HARVESTING THE CROP ON THE BOGGS RANCH, SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

TYPICAL VIEWS OF A CALIFORNIA HARVEST-FIELD

Photos by Taber



Dedication of the statue of Brigham Young



Jim Bri

Boxelder County float

Freighting before the railroad came

Brigham Young's original wagon, drawn by his grandchildren

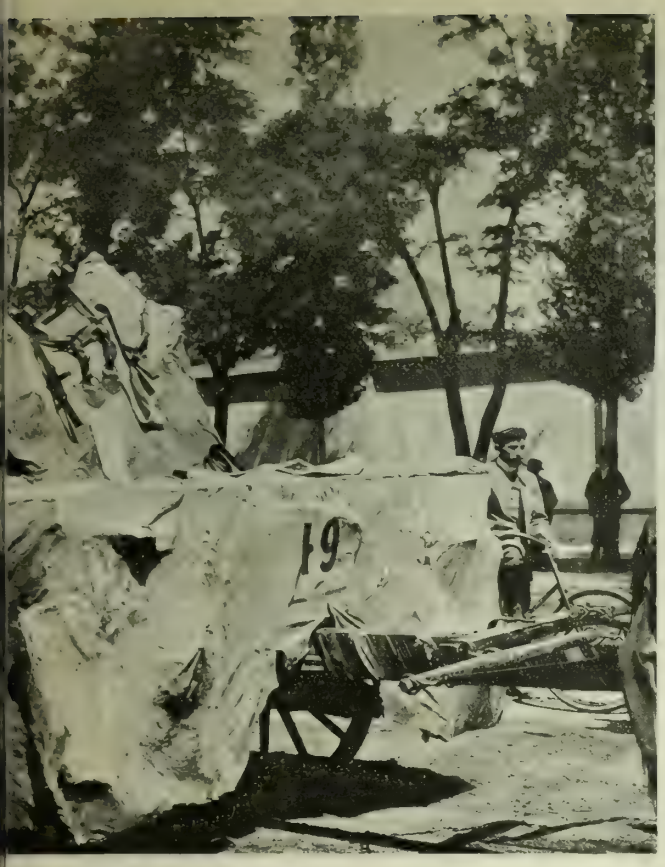
Hall of Relics

Night parade. Curious effect of marching with torches

Prairie schooner

*THE PIONEER CELEBRATION AT SALT LAKE CITY*

Photos by C. R. Savage, Salt Lake City



cabin

"The Dragon"

## THE MORMON FESTIVAL

### Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Utah Pioneers.

The semi-centennial celebration at Salt Lake City is an event deserving special notice. Under the auspices of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the world has seen grow up during the last fifty years one of the most thriving communities on the face of the globe. Emerging from those conditions which rendered Mormonism a reproach to civilization, the settlement in Utah has attained to the dignity of statehood, together with a degree of material prosperity truly remarkable.

The blot of polygamy has been removed, and, strangely enough, woman suffrage has followed. The result is a state of things which may be a source of pride to Mormon and Gentile alike. Let us see how this has all come about.

Shortly before the middle of the present century the Mormon settlement in Illinois was forced to undergo a series of persecutions, ending in the destruction of their homes and temple by fire and the murder of their prophet, Joseph Smith. Impelled to action by these untoward events, and relying upon the revelation said to have been vouchsafed to a prominent member of their sect, Brigham Young, the Council of Twelve held a meeting on October 7, 1844, which resulted in his election as the "Lion of the Lord," and plans being formed for an expedition westward with a view to the settlement of their followers numbering 1,600 souls. Eventually starting on their way the pilgrims crossed the frozen Mississippi on February 3, 1846, and with much suffering and loss of life in passing over the desolate, trackless wastes of Iowa, the earlier arrivals reached the banks of the Missouri river, about the end of June. There the general body remained for a while, crossing the river in the fall and establishing themselves at the point where the city of Omaha now stands. Thus was formed the famous "winter quarters," where several thousand men, women and children were soon gathered together.

On April 14, 1847, the "Lion of the Lord," as Brigham Young is called by his people to this day, and eight apostles, with 143 picked men, three women and two children, together with seventy wagons, loaded with supplies, set out on their final march to spy out the promised land. Following the basin of the Platte they wended their way over the arid plains, harassed by Indians and enduring endless privations, but still with firm faith in their leader, who, bringing them safely across the Rockies, reached the summit of the Wasatch range, there to see laid out before him the spot which led him to exclaim, "This is the place I have seen in my visions!" Before their eyes rested the barren valley of Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America, intersected by the river Jordan, as named by the Mormons, which, taking its rise in the snow-crowned heights of Mount Nebo, ends its course on the shore of the great salt-water inland sea.

Another day's journey into the valley brought the prophet to the spot whereon now stands the great Mormon Temple, and which he then chose, saying, "Here we will build the temple of our God."

After some few weeks' stay in the valley, spent in prospecting the land and making surveys with a view to the future Salt Lake City, Young returned, with a portion of his men, to "winter quarters," to make arrangements for the on-coming of the thousands awaiting his further direction. Without much loss of time the emigrants were once more on the move and the entire body of them, about 7,000 in number, reached the chosen valley towards the end of the fall of the same year, 1847. The settlement of the Saints being thus accomplished, all parts of the globe began steadily to contribute additions to the little world of Mormonism. Brigham Young, being satisfied that the new colony would prove successful, issued an address to believers everywhere, inviting all and sundry to come to the new Eden, the basis, religious and political, of the community being thus defined: "We simply ask you to do right, obey the law, and believe in God, and in return we will hail you as a brother and will be to you what you are to us. We intend to petition as soon as circumstances will permit for the formation of a territorial government in the great basin."

The colonists now took in hand the work of building a new city and transforming the desert into farms and orchards by means of irrigation systems. In the summer of 1848 came a plague of grasshoppers, which devoured the crops, blocked up the ditches, polluted the drinking water and sowed the seeds of fever. To avert all these misfortunes the saints prayed incessantly, and, according to tradition, their prayers were answered by the appearance of myriads of white gulls from the Great Salt Lake, which destroyed the insects and so partially saved the crops. The gulls have since been held in reverence by the Mormons, much as is the Ibis in Egypt and the "adjutant bird" by the natives of India. The following winter was one of scarcity and several of the colonists started out for California to seek a livelihood. Of the number—mark this—was James W. Marshall, who, when in the employment of General Sutter, digging the foundations of a sawmill on the banks of the American river, near Sacramento, found gold for the first time in this State. To the Mormon movement indirectly, therefore, was due the discovery which resulted in the opening up of California. Many of the immigrants hither subsequently returned to the colony with the stores of gold they had accumulated here.

Since those days the material progress of the settlement founded by Young and his followers has led to results probably far beyond the leader's wildest dreams, prolific as was his brain, to say nothing of his loins. Salt Lake City claims a population of 50,000, with scarce an indigent member in the whole; possesses a house of God that is one of the most striking in the world, and a house of Mammon, in the shape of a co-operative store and bank, that has no equal on this continent in regard to the magnitude of its operations, while the various Mormon institutions are all in a state of the highest prosperity.

To commemorate the achievements of the pioneers and to celebrate the successes which have followed the labors of the saints, the people of Utah began on July 20th a series of pageants and exercises which extended over several days. It would be impossible here to give a detailed description of all that was done and to be seen on the occasion, when some 50,000 visitors were present in Salt Lake City to witness the ceremonies. The first day was devoted to the dedication of the magnificent monument to Brigham Young, the reception of the surviving pioneers, 146 in number, at the Tabernacle, and a great concert of 1,000 voices in the same place in the evening Each of the surviving pioneers was presented with a medal and a basket of flowers, the oldest surviving of them all, Wilford Woodruff, President of the Mormon Church, and now 90 years old, being crowned with a laurel wreath by Ida Taylor Whitaker, a granddaughter of pioneers. The Director-General of the jubilee proceedings was Brigham Young, the oldest surviving son of Utah's founder. On the second day the "Pageantry of Progress" passed through the streets of the city and thereby were illustrated in striking manner the most conspicuous events in the history of the colony. An unique ceremony was performed, entitled "The Baptism of the Jordan," which consisted in mingling water taken from the Palestine river of that name with the water of the Jordan in Utah. Amongst the various processions was one specially devoted to children, the floats representing the subjects of their favorite fairy tales, and one in particular gotten up to display the sego lily, the State flower, which for beauty of design and effect was awarded the palm. The buildings of the city were briliantly illuminated every night, and the night parades likewise. The "Pageant of the Counties" of Utah was a representation of the varied resources and productions of the State. Great as these are at present, the showing evidenced that the possibilities of development, mineral, agricultural and animal, are simply immense. An important function towards the close of the entire proceedings was the raising of the memorial flag on Ensign Peak, where the Stars and Stripes was unfurled fifty years ago.

Mr. W. J. Soulsby, C. B., Secretary to the Lord Mayor of London, has furnished some interesting figures showing that the numerous Mansion House Funds from 1872 up to the end of 1896 had reached a total of $12,382,545. subscribed for the relief of distress and suffering in various parts of the world. Of this amount $3,996,765 was subscribed for the hospitals of London. In addition to these figures the sum of $2,700,000 has been received this year for the Indian Famine Relief fund.

The debate in the House of Commons on the report of the investigation committee on the Transvaal raid closed with an overwhelming vote against the motion characterizing the report as inconclusive and unsatisfactory in its failure to recommend the taking of specific steps for dealing with Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The necessity of depriving the late premier of Cape Colony of his position as a Privy Councillor was touched upon in the course of the debate, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is reported to have admitted that the Government would have to consider the question. Mr. Chamberlain expressed the opinion that nothing had been shown to affect Mr. Rhodes' personal character as a man of honor. The direct outcome of the committee's labors will therefore be difficult to discover. At the same time the air has been considerably cleared and the Government is likely to leave less to chance in administering South African affairs than it has done hitherto. There is very litle doubt that the efforts of the committee to probe the entire matter were seriously hampered by the extravagant action of Mr. Labouchere as a member of the committee, and by his abuse of Parliamentary privilege. Mr. Rhodes will now be left in all likelihood to work out his own destiny, which doubtless includes the destiny of a great portion of the Dark Continent; and though his foster-child, the Chartered Company, may be made more amenable than it has hitherto been to Colonial Office authority, and in consequence a better understanding reached with President Kruger, the development of the South African colonial possessions will steadily proceed. The personal responsibility of Mr. Chamberlain for the raid has entirely failed of proof. and he is therefore entitled to have the stigma, which attached to him in the matter, removed from public recollection. At the same time the conclusion is forced upon one that "the truth, the whole truth," of the Jameson raid has yet to be revealed, and the question is what will time do for us in this regard.

The whole world is becoming very cosmopolitan these days, and probably the sporting instinct is as much responsible for this feature as any other tendency of human nature in its best mood. When one reads of the brother of Egypt's ruler being a distinguished spectator of a polo tournament in Paris, which was the first fashionable gathering on any scale since the charity bazaar fire, and realizes that the Diamond Sculls at Henley have been won by an American this year, that the cricketers of Philadelphia are starring in Great Britain, where the East Indian aristocrat Ranjitsinghi is likewise a crack player, it it not difficult to understand how much is done by sport in aid of social progress. And yet these are but a few instances to the point. The turf has long been international battle-ground, and the leading representatives of France and America are getting their share of the honors and dollars in the British Isles this season. In the dog world the rule of the day was brought into notice by the selection of an English lady to judge the Great Danes at the Amsterdam dog show not long ago, and a great hit she made in her work. American horses have now invaded the show rings of England and have achieved no small measure of success. English lawn tennis and golf champions are about to enter the lists in the Eastern States, and so the rivalries and courtesies of sport progress.

The illumination of the war vessels collected together at Spithead on the occasion of the great naval review was a scene of its kind that has never been surpassed. Some 75,000 sixteen candle-power electric lamps were used, the outline of every detail, even to the Admirals' flags, which were portrayed in red and gold by electric flashes, being traced in glowing light. In the midst of it all the United States cruiser Brooklyn was conspicuous for what was a happy inspiration. At her masts flew two large flags—the American and English—upon which were turned her powerful searchlights, thus rendering the illuminated Stars and Stripes and Union Jack visible to the whole fleet, an effect that in many quarters was considered the most striking in the whole display.

European travel among Americans has greatly diminished during the current year, and as a result transatlantic steamship men are considerably disappointed. The cause of the decrease is generally attributed to hard times rather than to anything else. A popular idea concerning Americans abroad is to the effect that they annually leave in the lap of Europe for travel and pleasure no less that $100,000,000. This idea is very much overdrawn. The real figures, carefully and authentically compiled, come very much nearer $25,000,000. And this sum is nearly or quite offset annually by the money brought into the country by provident immigrants.

THE FRANK CAROLAN MANSION

THE R. L. COLEMAN PLACE

## IN SOCIETY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Few brides dare wear such a wedding garment as that in which Miss Gashwiler was married to Mr. S. M. Shortridge. Instead of the sheer white satin with cloudy trimmings of tulle and orange blossoms, in which most maidens invest themselves for the solemn sacrifice, she wore a vest of basket brocade and a hat of tan trimmed with white wings. But, then, it was not a formal church ceremony, but a family affair, and Miss Gashwiler is an exceedingly pretty girl, and her graceful figure was perfectly displayed by the simple lines of the costume. Indeed, she has never appeared to better advantage, and may truly be called the most beautiful bride of the season. As I have said, the wedding

CYCLERS ON THE BEACH AT SAN MATEO

was a very quiet one and was celebrated at the home of Mrs. Gashwiler, 2210 Central Avenue, Vicar-General Prendergast officiating. Only the intimate friends of both families were present. Mr. E. H. Sheldon acted as best man, and Miss Charlotte Gashwiler as bridesmaid. The presents were especially handsome. Mrs. Shortridge, the groom's mother, gave a magnificent loving cup of cut glass mounted in silver. Mrs. Charles Shortridge's gift was a silver service. Some very handsome silver came from Mrs. Major Darling. Mrs. Thomas Ryer sent a gold lorgnette mounted in diamonds and rubies. Colonel Trumbo a magnificent amethyst ring surrounded by diamonds. Mrs. Gashwiler gave her daughter a beautiful diamond crescent. The happy pair went south for their honeymoon, and returning are to live at the Palace Hotel.

The town is very quiet. Although most of the wanderers have returned from the country no thing is occurring. It is noted that the summer has not been a success from the hymenal point of view. There are no engagements to record, no mariages to predict, no affairs are in process, no budding attachments appear to bloom; in fact, matrimonially, the situation is very gloomy. Why this should be is hard to say. Is it because of the financial depression? Prosperity, I am told, is the strongest ally of Hymen. When there is coin there is mating. However, the future is said to be full of promise, so let us hope for the best.

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Among the events of a very quiet week was the reception which Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave for the Rounsevelle Wildmans, who soon leave for Hongkong. Mr. Wildman is to be congratulated on his escape from the toils of journalism, for however harassing the care of politics and diplomacy, they are gentle and unexacting in comparison with the labor of publishing a monthly magazine in a community so over-run with periodicals as San Francisco.

The reapearance of John Drew was, indeed, a boon and a blessing to society. The Baldwin has been a species of oasis this week for the old people and young people who have come back from the country and find nothing whatever to do in town. "Rosemary" has attracted large audiences, and on the first night there were theater parties from Burlingame and San Mateo, from San Rafael and from Menlo. But then Mr. Drew is very popular, personally as well as professionally, and he always has friendly faces in his audiences. There were scores of people whom everyone thought at Santa Cruz or Del Monte there, and all the club sets were out. The theater was followed, of course, by supper parties at the Palace Grill and University Club.

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The event of the San Rafael season will be the paper chase Saturday. Two handsome silver cups, presented by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, are to reward the hares who first get in between the pot, and as the trophies are worth something like $50 apiece, their possession is well worth striving for. You know cups make capital vases, and, besides, look fine on oaken sideboards. I am told there will be nearly fifty riders of both sexes—owing to the delegation coming up from Burlingame for the occasion. Las Saturday the paper chase was particularly exciting, and the cups went to Dr. Howitt, who was mounted on one of Frank Johnson's horses, and Miss Morrow. Much regret was expresed that Miss Mary Belle Gwin, who is one of the most graceful and daring horsewomen at the meets, should have missed the scent and taken a wrong course. Though she was first home, having "cut paper," she was debarred from the prize.

Quite a number of people are still at the Hotel Rafael and seem to be enjoying the latter days of the summer season, though the weather this week has been hardly as agreeable as one has a right to expect of Marin County at this time of year. There has been no diminution of parties to Fairfax Villa, which is the standing joy and consolation of all good San Rafaelites. Several large gatherings have occurred there this week. Mrs. Green was hostess of one, Mrs. and Miss Crooks of a second. Mr. and Mrs. Babcock gave a dinner at their beautiful home Tuesday night. There have also been several excursions to the Hoffman-Crosby camp at Liberty's.

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It is quite on the cards that the English tennis players who are now crossing raquets with our champions at Newport, may come to the Coast and participate in the invitation tournament which will be given at Del Monte early in September. It will be exciting to see what our men can do against the high lights of the mother country, though it is improbable that even the skill of Champion Whitney will be equal to the Englishmen, who so successfully coped with Wrenn and the other champions at Newport. If the affair can be successfully arranged it would be the source of a great deal of excitement at Monterey, and revive the interest in tennis. The present idea is to arrange a tournament in which the best men of the coast will be invited to participate. There is no reason why the idea cannot be executed, provided the Englishmen will come West. It might not be a bad idea, in this event, to persuade Larned and the Wrenns out here also.

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TheEbell Society has been very active during the week in Oakland entertaining a number of Eastern people at luncheon. An Ebell luncheon is always a thing of much delight, but this week it would seem as if the ladies were unusually charming and hospitable. The rooms were decorated with pink azaleas and roses, and the hostesses were Miss Babson, Mrs. Franklin Bangs, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Morris, Miss Mabel Gray and Miss Blix Smith. The guests of honor were Mrs. Bunnell, Hon. and Mrs. Selah Merrill, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Farnum, Mr. George W. Percy, Mr. J. Weston Russell and Mrs. F. B. Gwin. An entertaining talk on the Holy Land was given at the Wednesday luncheon by Mrs. E. S. Howard. Mr. George Bunnell, who shortly returns to West Point, was the guest of honor at a luncheon specially gotten up for a few of the young people. It may be said it was the liveliest of the week. Mrs. Owens was hostess. Aside from society, the Ebell has been gathering to itself of late much distinction in many directions. It has been steadily keeping on in its course of culture and of art, and is altogether a thing of much credit in Athens. Next week the rooms wil be thrown open for a ceramic exhibition, and the display bids fair to be as sucessful as the recent rose show. Almost all the ladies who have valuable specimens of china are to loan them for the exhibit.

Speaking of luncheons, Miss Maud Edith Pope gave a pink carnation affair to a few Eastern friends Tuesday at the Hayward Club House. Miss Pope was assisted by her mother, sister and Miss Haywards.

August weddings promise to be many and interesting. Very likely the largest home affair will be that of Miss Mary Nicholson to come off on the 7th. Miss Nicholson is to marry Paul R. Shipley, and over one hundred friends have been summoned to the service, which is to be performed by Rev. Floyd Mynard of St. John's. Last Monday Miss Mary Blom and Mr. Leo R. Weil were married at high noon by the Rev. Mr. Mynard. The wedding was very quiet, through the recent death of Miss Blow, cards being limited to very close friends. Miss Jessie Glasscock, who is soon to be a bride herself, was bridesmaid, and her fiance, Mr. Alex. Baldwin, best man. Mr. and Mrs. Weil are in the south; on their return they will live in Oakland, at 535 Caledonia avenue. Another quiet wedding was that of Miss Nellie A. Wyckhoff, of Berkeley, who married, also on Monday, Mr. James H. Armistead.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has a large house party at her Fruitvale home. The number includes Mrs. F. W. Henshaw of Chicago, also Mr. and Mrs. Bailey. Mrs. Wetherbee possesses the seven qualities desirable in a hostess, and enjoys the company of her guests about as much as they do her hospitality. On Saturday a trip was made to the top of Mount Tamalpais. Miss Sara Whitney, who is about to leave for Paris for a couple of years of art study, was surprised Saturday evening by the members of the Lambda Theta Phi fraternity of the Oakland High School. The party was in the nature of a farewell. Miss Nellie Gray was at home Thursday evening and entertained a few friends. Music and games were the features of the evening. Miss Kitchner's heart party Thursday was a rather lively affair, about twenty were present. Dancing followed the cards.

Thursday seems to have had more than its share of pleasure. Dr. Edward's yachting party was another event of the day. Miss Stevens, Miss Bennett, Miss Farrell, Miss Stewart and Miss Miller were aboard, also Dr. Boyes, Charles Miller, R. S. Kitchner and Mr. Farrell.

Mrs. Harry Hinckley of Fruitvale is visiting Mrs. Remi Chabot at her St. Helena ranch. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are at Congress Springs. Mrs Louise Simmons is in Los Gatos, where she will remain about a month. Mrs. Charles Havens, with Miss Prather, Miss E. Wall and Miss Sessions, have returned from Caliente. The Misses Hyde, with several young friends, have taken a house near Bolinas, and are having a very enjoyable outing.

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It is said that Lincoln thus replied to a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph: "Dear Madam: When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's oyur sentiment and here's your autograph." —A Lincoln.

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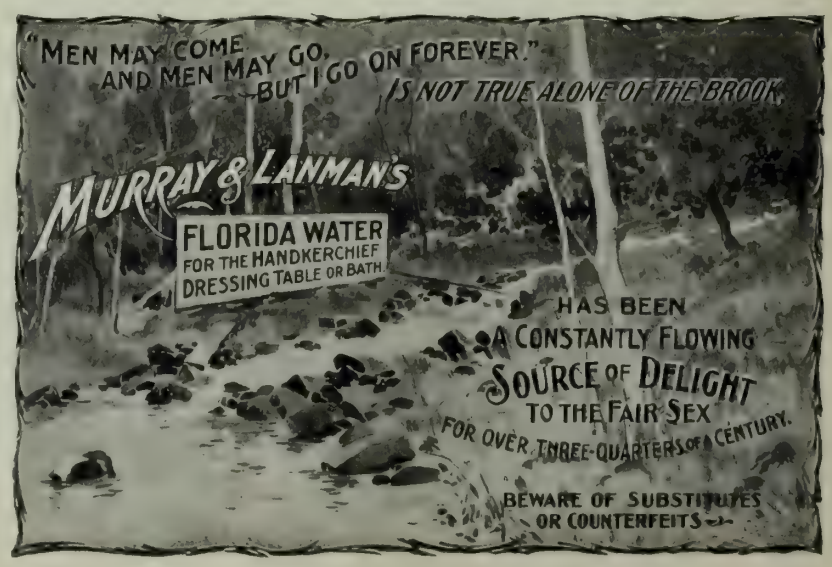

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

There is but one more week of John Drew in "Rosemary" at the Baldwin. Mr. Drew has been received with greater favor this time than on any previous engagement. The "Heart of Maryland" opens on the 16th.

"The Charity Ball" has the boards at the Columbia next week. Blanche Bates and Frank Worthing will be seen in their old parts. Haddon Chamber's pretty play, "The Idler," is announcel for the week of August 16th.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli commences Monday evening with a production of "Aida," with Mme. Koert-Kronold as Aida, Katherine Fleming-Heinrichs as Amneris, Michelena as Rhadames, and Abramoff as Amonasro. The chorus has been strengthened, also the orchestra; special stage effects have been prepared, and altogether the performance ought to be thoroughly satisfying.

Gus Thomas, the well-known German comedian, makes his appearance at the Orpheum Monday evening, also Hilda Thomas, a comedienne of some reputation. Miss Thomas will be assisted by Frank Barry, a clever pianist. Professor Leonidas with his trained cats and doge has been wonderfully successful, and will continue in the performance. Miss Mary Arniotes remains, also Papinta, the three Rackett Brot..ers, Crawofrd and Manning, Frencelli and Lewis and the Deonizos.

The bill at the Orpheum this week is fairly attractive, many of last week's artists still hold the boards with undiminished popularity, while the newcomers do some very clever "turns" and "acts.' Professor Leonidas' troupe of performing dogs and cats is as good as anything of its kind seen here in some time, while the barrel-jumping Deonzos appear to good advantage in their original and difficult work. Ida Gray Scott has a voice that is worth the applause it receives. Papinta is dancing through the last week, and is quite the feature of the programme. Sousa's new march, played in the intermission, is catching on with the gallery, and soon we may expect to hear a whistling accompaniment from that quarter.

After a sucessful season in San Francisco, the brilliant dramatic singer, Mrs. Ida Grey Scott, has gone East, having enlarged her reputation and the circle of her friends. Mrs. Scott is well-known in New York, and held for a long time the enviable position of leading soprano in Grace Church in that city. She studied under Mmes. Leonard and Damerick in Paris, and also under the great Randeger of London. Mrs. Scott's forte is opera and oratorio, for which genre her voice is admirably adapted. It is a full, rich soprano, handled with all the technical ability only known to the trained and experienced artist. Agatha, in "Der Freischutz," is one of her great roles, while those who have heard her selections from "Aida" pronounce her quite the equal of many an overadvertised "artiste" with managers and European reputations.

On Monday evening Francis Powers' new play, "Turk Meets Greek," will be presented at the Alcazar. The success of "The First Born" has brought Mr. Powers much attention, and from all accounts "Turk Meets Greek" will very likely bring him additional notice. As in the Chinese play, a feature of the new piece will be the music, characteristic of the subject—one number in particular, the hymn to Apollo, supposed to have been written in the first century. The scenery is to be specially elaborate, one view representing the Acropolis by moonlight, and another the city of Athens by moonlight. There are thirty-one speaking parts in the play and a chorus of twenty-five voices. More than sixty people will be on the stage at one time.

The feature of "The Tornado," the play at Morosco's next week, is to be a truly startling imitation of a cyclone of the genuine Kansas kind that one reads about. The tornado is to be the theme of the play; it comes up not only once, but several times during the action, and it may be supposed that the villain finally perishes in it. But whether he does or not it will be strong enough to demolish a score of villains a score of times.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.**

## THE THEATRES

### A Clever Characterization by John Drew in "Rosemary."

I am not inclined to quarrel with the critics who accord to "Rosemary" sweetness of sentiment, delicacy of touch, and all the graceful dramatic outlines and charmingly developed details that properly belong to it. But I must confess to a little bit of disappointment. If the management finds the box-office receipts justify a second week of "Rosemary," then must I confess my judgment in the matter unsound, and my estimate of the local theatre-goer sadly out of gear.

Drew is a decided favorite here, has been for a great many years. His style, the creases in his trousers, the accurate curl of his moustache, the parting of his hair, the minutest detail of his personal appearance and stage make-up, are as familiar to San Francisco theatre-goers as they have been to the New Yorker. But for one, I must confess there has been a stereotyped quality to all of these things in the past. In "Rosemary" he breaks away from the drama of society, discards the carefully groomed moustache, takes on a strange wig, and assumes the manners and the customs of an English gentleman of half-a-century ago. Lines fall to him which he most admirably interprets, that require a certain exquisite skill in handling, that must not, to be effective, betray the art encircling their delivery. In three scenes he is a bachelor of forty, and in the fourth a bachelor of ninety. I imagine the regular theatre-goer was curious to ascertain how Mr. Drew would comport himself in such an altogether strange and unusual role, and it is to this curiosity, I think, one may fairly attribute much of "Rosemary's" drawing power.

The plot of the play is simple, and may be briefly stated in this wise. An eloping couple, Dorothy Cruikshank (Isabel Irving) and William Westwood (A. W. Byron) experience a mishap at the gateway of Sir Jasper Thorndyke's park. Sir Jasper (Mr. Drew), returning from the neighboring village, discovers the pair of lovers sitting beside their broken-down chaise, billing and cooing beneath an umbrella in a damp and mournful manner. Acquainting himself with their dilemma, he invites them to partake of his hospitality overnight. The eloping maiden's father (admirably done by Harry Harwood), and the mother (Mrs. Annie Adams), who follow hard after the lovers, are also compelled to seek shelter and accept of Sir Jasper's hospitality. This all takes place at night. Upon the morrow the host, on the first fair view of his dainty guest, falls desperately in love with the eloping Dolly. He diplomatically patches up matters between the parents and the lovers, and upon his invitation they all start for London in his coach to witness the coronation of the Queen. In the upper room of a Mistress Minifie's coffee-house, which Sir Jasper has rented for the occasion, he approaches dangerously near to declaring his love for Miss Dolly, who, by the way, is a most unobservant and simple-minded lass. Just as he is about to transgress the rules of honor and hospitality, Professor Jogram (Daniel Hawkins) interrupts, and making an excuse for the young lady's retirement from the room, reads to Sir Jasper a severe, but well merited, lesson as to his duty in honor toward the young lady and her lover. In the parting between Miss Cruishank and Sir Jasper at the end of the third act, she divides a bunch of rosemary, half of which she proffers to the suffering man with the words, "That's for remembrance." Consumed with love, and moved by the impulse of the moment, Sir Jasper purchases the house wherein this scene took place and dedicates it as a shrine to his love. Annually for fifty years he revisits this room with his friends, the Cruikshanks. Once a year for half a century he dines and wines in this apartment consecrated to the memory of his great love; for fifty years he carries about in his pocket the sacred sprig of rosemary that her hand had given him. All evidencing a great undying, unseverable devotion. The fourth act discovers Sir Jasper, the last survivor of all our friends of the story, at ninety years of age, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation. Unless the author had in view the idealization of the man, and the emphasizing of his great love, there would be little reason for tacking on to the play this final scene. But he loses this effect, if he intended to create it.

I submit that it out of human nature for this man, constituted as he was, to have forgotten the name of his love, forgotten whether it was a bunch of dogrose or rosemary he had carried for fifty years, or to have forgotten so completely the leaf from his sweetheart's diary that was uncovered by the falling panel. Drew's make-up and acting in this scene are superb, but the lines certainly fail to leave the impression the author was striving for. Sir Jasper has too much to explain, and has forgotten too much that he should have remembered. Better by far resort to the ancient method of explaining the situation to the audience by means of a convenient servant or two laying the table than by forcing it upon this old man. Better to have permitted the aged Sir Jasper, without the intervention of a noisy clown, to close the scene by quiet, effective pantomime rather than by a multiplicity of words. In that presence he need not have been garoulous, but rather the contrary. I cannot but feel that we would have taken away a sweeter and more lasting impression of his Sir Jasper had the finale been more subdued. I can forgive much of the playwright's shortcomings in this regard, however, for the admirable acting of Mr. Drew in this scene.

* *

"The Case of Rebellious Susan" was an interesting play three years ago; it was quite up to date, quite in harmony with things that were and with conditions that promised to be. It was altogether a proper, modern play, and with Isabel Irving as the belligerent Sue, it stopped little this side of perfection—but that was three years ago. The "Case of Rebellious Susan" at the Columbia this week seems rather flat, because of the play, perhaps, particularly also because of some of the players. Save in the last act, the action drags, and in that the best scene is the passage between Sir Richard Kato and Mrs. Quesnal, which is a flawless bit of work. After all, there are only two characters in the whole play that even hint at the natural—only two, with a possible third of Mr. Harabin—Sir Richard and Mrs. Quesnal. Sir Richard has some very bright things to say and some very bright things to do—and to a smaller extent so has Mrs. Quesnal.

Mr. Frank Worthing gets through with Sir Richard very nicely; with his advantage of lines and position he might do better. He is not quite as obtrusively respectable as was Mr. Kelcey, nor even as amiably apologetic, but respectable and amiable enough to be agreeably acceptable. After, or rather before, Sir Richard, should come Lady Susan; at least she should in Mr. Jones' order of precedence; but as the Frawleys play the

IDA GRAY SCOTT
Lyric, Dramatic Soprano

piece, Eleanor Moretti deserves second consideration. She has a genius for gowning herself and many clever lines of hers and many a smile as well is lost in the hang of a sleeve or the tilt of a hat. As far as Blanche Bates and Lady Susan Harabin agree, there is little to be said—they don't agree at all. Miss Bates is altogether too amiably indifferent to raise a fuss and run away, at least upon the stage. She doesn't seem to grasp the stubborn, willful ideas of the character, nor is she in the least or as sadly tragical as Mr. Jones meant her to be. Another dramatic misfit is Gladys Wallis as Elaine, the lady of the advanced idea. But there is a difference between the two—Miss Bates may reasonably expect to be taken seriously, but as for pretty Miss Wallis—it is such ridiculously apparent acting that it is quite amusing—as much so to the audience as it seems to be to Miss Wallis.

* *

At the Alcazar the change of programme has somewhat thinned the attendance. In Glen Macdonough's bright comedy sketch, "House or Home," Francis Carlyle and Selene Johnson are seen to advantage. Following this little piece, the farcical comedy, "Betsy," an old friend, under a new name well known to theater-goers in London, comes on the boards. The plot chiefly exploits the doings of a fond mother's white-haired boy, and his double-faced tut... "stands in" with the young fellow in h... capades, and at the same time accepts largesse as a "friend of the family" from his parents. Mrs. Bates as the indulgent mother, confiding in her son's gentle innocence, well fits her role, while the part of the irresponsible father, whose mind is absorbed in politics, is carefully studied and rendered by Frank Bacon. As the tutor, Wallace Shaw is decidedly good. Betsy, the maid, is represented by Miss Bengle Harrison, who overacts and missed her opportunity throughout in a part which should come easy when understood. But it is always hard for the American mind to adapt itself to the manner, speech and action of the British domestic. George Trader as the son is not an entire success, though every now and then his comic efforts are praiseworthy. Miss Selene Johnson, as Madame Polenta, the music teacher, performs her part very creditably, but is given as usual to over-much tossing of her pretty head and other little affectations of manner and speech that run through and mar all her acting. The style in which she is turned out in this piece is a joy, and her figure and carriage are worthy of all admiration. Adele Belgardi's performance in her subordinate part is disappointing.

As a whole, the execution of the little farce is too stagy, and horse-play predominates, while the liberties taken with the original text do not add to the general effect. The style in which the piece is put on the stage is commendable, and though much of the comic effect depends on the threadbare device of rooms with exits too many to follow, there is plenty of amusement in the situations throughout.

* *

"A Bowery Girl" has all the characters of traditional melodrama, the lost heiress, the unscrupulons lawyer, the Italian padrone, the poor but honest young clerk, and all the rest of them, but nevertheless they manage to say brighter things and get through with more interesting action than the average lost heiress or the average poor but honest young man. To this may be attributed the success "A Bowery Girl" has had. Another feature of the play, and one taken to excellent advantage at Morosco's, is the opportunity for attractive scenery. One scene is pretty in particular—the Palisades on the Hudson, and another equally effective represents the housetops of New York with the Brooklyn Bridge in the background. Maud Edna Hall plays Nora Hallihan, the Bowery girl, with much vivacity. Dutton Wanson, the new comedian, as Patrick Hallihan, a ward politician, finds favor through the medium of a stump speech and a couple of new songs. Another amusing character is Mr. George E. Behan's Augustus Hopbaeur. The villainy is supplied by Landeo Stevens as the unscrupulous lawyer, and Fred J. Butler and Lorena Atwood as Cesca and Alicia Bertolina—all three parts are very well played.

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## "THE GADFLY"

### An Interesting Novel Made Notable by a Powerful Scene.

There is a tremendous scene in "The Gadfly" which distinguishes it among the rank and file of current fiction—a scene of such singular intensity and dramatic force that it lives in the memory like a conflagration. It is true that one situation does not make a play nor a single chapter a good novel, but a vital phase often redeems both from the commonplace. When the unfortunate prisoner, lying under sentence of death, finally tells the cardinal in whose hands is his fate that he, the Gadfly, is really his son—the illegitimate son of Cardinal Montanelli—a climax of vital interest is achieved. The complication has been led up to naturally—without obvious straining after effect. The characters, and indeed the events, are all subordinated to the exposition of the hero's temperament; but this is the author's scheme. The two are brought together—the terrible caricaturist and lampooner, who has made the Cardinal the target of his fiercest shafts, and this prince of the church, noted for the purity of his character, the scanctity of his life and the breadth and splendor of his oratory. To make the dialogue between such men worthy of the situation and yet avoid melodrama, is a task to set a genius. How nearly it is achieved by the author, E. L. Voynich, the reader may decide for himself, as an abridgement of the passage is submitted further on.

Otherwise the story is written in a style in which passion is artistically blended with restraint. It is really the story of a temperament—that of "The Gadfly"—for even the characters of Gemma and Montanelli are but foils for the unfolding of his revenge. There is nothing forced about the transformation of the charming boy, Arthur, with his revolutionary inspirations and poetic charm of manner, into the supercilious and affected young man so singularly foppish in attire and yet so earnest and fierce in his advocacy of the cause of Italian freedom. Briefly, the plot is this: Arthur Burton, reputed the son of a wealthy English shipowner of Leghorn, by a second wife, an Italian and a Catholic, is drawn into the great contest for Italian freedom, and, with a number of his college friends and his sweetheart, Gemma, conspires against the Austrian rule. To his spiritual director, the head of the seminary at Pisa, he confides, in confession, the identity of the leader of the conspiracy, and the result is that he and many of his colleagues, together with Bolla, the young leader, of whose attentions to Gemma Arthur is jealous, are arrested. Examined, he declines to give any information, but his associates are convicted on a fictitious confession which his captors alleged he had signed. He is set free and then learns with horror the identity of the priestly informant, and is so horrified at the consequences of his confession that he lets Gemma believe he is guilty of perjury. She strikes him and he flies home, where the families of his step-brothers reside. His aunt, enraged at his arrest and the consequent disgrace, then in a burst of anger, tells him that he is illegitimate, that his father is none other than Montanelli, the priest whom he had learned to love with the deepest and tenderest devotion. The shock of this terrible revelation kills his faith in God and man. He breaks with a hammer the crucifix which had been his mother's, and leaving a note for Montanelli, takes ship for South America, leaving it to be assumed that he has drowned himself. The letter to the man he has learned to know as father is this:

> "I believed in you as I believed in God. God is a thing made of clay, that I can smash with a hammer; and you have fooled me with a lie."

There is a lapse of thirteen years, and then we are introduced to the Mazzinian conspiracy in its riper stages, with Gemma one of its leaders. There is needed in Florence some one to stir up the people against the Jesuits and the government, and Felice Rivarez, known as a writer of sardonic and critical articles, is sent for by the band of discontented spirits to help them. This Rivarez has already figured in revolutionary outbreaks, and for his wit and scathing tongue is known as the "Gadfly." He joins the cause, and fiercely assails the Pope and his party, and especially Cardinal Montanelli, who has grown into the greatest priest in Italy. The characteristics of this strange, impulsive, brilliant man are admirably rendered. Of course the reader guesses he is Arthur, but his colleagues and Gemma do not suspect his identity. He has several encounters with his father, insults him cruelly; learns that his supposed death is the sorrow in the lives of both Gemma and Montanelli. Finally there is an attempt to supply arms to the mountaineers in the Romagna, and the "Gadfly," who is possessed of splendid audacity and strategic ability, is compelled to assume the leadership. After a fight he is captured, and would be executed at once but for the interposition of Cardinal Montanelli, who interferes for humane reasons. He calls on Rivarez, who, knowing his grief, insults him. Appealed to again by the Austrian Governor to withdraw his objection to the shooting of the prisoner, once more he comes to the cell of his enemy. Here occurs the noted scene. In the preceding passages the Cardinal learns that the strange and fascinating "Gadfly" who exercises such an influence over him is really the lost Arthur, whose death he had so bitterly mourned.

When he raised his head the sun had set, and the red glow was dying in the west. They had forgotten time and place, and life and death; they had forgotten, even, that they were enemies.

"Arthur," Montanelli whispered, "are you real? Have you come back to me from the dead?"

"From the dead—" the Gadfly repeated, shivering. He was lying with his head on Montanelli's arm, as a sick child might lie in its mother's embrace.

"You have come back—you have come back at last!"

The Gadfly sighed heavily. "Yes," he said; "and you have to fight me, or to kill me."

"Oh, hush, carino! What is all that now? We have been like two children lost in the dark, mistaking one another for phantoms. Now we have found each other, and have come out into the light. My poor boy, how changed you are—how changed you are! You look as if all the ocean of the world's misery had passed over your head—you that used to be so full of the joy of life! Arthur, is it really you? I have dreamed so often that you had come back to me; and then have waked and seen the outer darkness staring in upon an empty place. How can I know I shall not wake again and find it all a dream? Give me something tangible—tell me how it all happened."

"It happened simply enough. I hid on a goods vessel, as a stowaway, and got out to South America."

"And there?"

"There I—lived, if you like to call it so, till—oh, I have seen something else besides theological seminaries since you used to teach me philosophy! You say you have dreamed of me—yes, and much! You say you have dreamed of me—yes, and I of you—"

He broke off, shuddering.

"Once," he began again abruptly, "I was working in a mine in Ecuador—"

"Not as a miner?"

"No, as a miner's fag—odd-jobbing with the coolies. We had a barrack to sleep in at the pit's mouth; and one night—I had been ill, the same as lately, and carrying stones in the blazing sun—I must have got lightheaded, for I saw you come in at the doorway. You were holding a crucifix like that one on the wall. You were praying, and brushed past me without turning. I cried out to you to help me—to give me poison or a knife—something to put an end to it all before I went mad. And you—ah—!"

He drew one hand across his eyes. Montanelli was still clasping the other.

"I saw in your face that you had heard, but you never looked round; you went on with your prayers. When you had finished, and kissed the crucifix, you glanced round and whispered: 'I am very sorry for you Arthur; but I daren't show it; He would be angry.' And I looked at Him, and the wooden image was laughing.

"Then, when I came to my senses, and saw the barrack and the coolies with their leprosy, I understood. I saw that you care more to curry favor with that devilish God of yours than to save me from any hell. And I have remembered that. I forgot just now when you touched me; I—have been ill, and I used to love you once. But there can be nothing between us but war, and war, and war. What do you want to hold my hand for? Can't you see that while you believe in your Jesus we can't be anything but enemies?"

Montanelli bent his head and kissed the mutilated hand.

"Arthur, how can I help believing in Him? If I have kept my faith through all these frightful years, how can I ever doubt Him any more, now that He has given you back to me? Remember, I thought I had killed you."

"You have that still to do.'

"Arthur!" It was a cry of actual terror; but the Gadfly went on, unheeding:

"Let us be honest, whatever we do, and not shily-shally. You and I stand on two sides of a pit, and it's hopeless trying to join hands across it. If you have decided that you can't, or won't, give up that thing—"he glanced again at the crucifix on the wall—"you must consent to what the Colonel—"

"Consent! My God—consent—Arthur, but I love you!"

The Gadfly's face contracted fearfully.

"Which do you love best, me or that thing?"

Montanelli slowly rose. The very soul in him withered with dread, and he seemed to shrivel up bodily, and to grow feeble, and old, and wilted, like a leaf that the frost has touched. He had awakened out of his dream, and the outer darkness was staring in upon an empty place.

"Arthur, have just a little mercy on me—"

"How much had you for me when your lies drove me out to be slave to the blacks on the sugar plantations? You shudder at that—ah, these tender-hearted saints! This is the man after God's own heart—the man that repents of his sin and lives. No one dies but his son. You say you love me—your love has cost me dear enough! Do you think I can blot out everything, and turn back into Arthur at a few soft words—I, that have been dish-washer in filthy half-caste brothels and stable-boy to Creole farmers that were worse brutes than their own cattle? I, that have been zany in cap and bells for a stroling variety show—drudge and Jack-of-all-trades to the matadors in the bull-fighting ring; I, that have been slave to every black beast who cared to set his foot on my neck; I, that have been starved and spat upon and trampled under foot; I, that have begged for mouldy scraps and been refused because the dogs had the first right? Oh, what is the use of all this! How can I tell you what you have brought on me? And now—you love me! How much do you love me? Enough to give up your God for me? Oh, what has He done for you, this everlasting Jesus—what has He suffered for you, that you should love Him more than me? Is it for the pierced hands He is so dear to you? Look at mine! Look here, and here, and here—"

He tore open his shirt and showed the ghastly scars.

'Padre, this God of yours is an impostor. His wounds are sham wounds, His pain is all a farce! It is I that have the right to your heart! Padre, there is no torture you have not put me to; if you could only know what my life has been! And yet I would not die! I have endured it all, and have possessed my soul in patience, because I would come back and fight this God of yours. I have held this purpose as a shield against my heart, and it has saved me from madness, and from the second death. And now, when I come back, I find Him still in my place—this sham victim that was crucified for six hours, forsooth, and rose again from the dead! Padre, I have been crucified for five years, and I, too, have risen from the dead. What are you going to do with me? What are you going to do with me?"

* * * *

"As you will,' Montanelli said. "Perhaps in your place I should be as merciless as you—God knows. I can't do what you ask, Arthur; but I will do what I can. I will arrange your escape, and when you are safe I will have an accident in the mountains, or take the wrong sleeping draught by mistake—whatever you like to choose. Will that content you? It is all I can do. It is a great sin; but I think He will forgive me. He is more merciful—"

The Gadfly flung out both hands with a sharp cry.

"Oh, that is too much! That is too much! What have I done that you should think of me that way? What right have you— As if I wanted to be revenged on you! Can't you see that I only want to save you? Will you never understand that I love you?"

He caught hold of Montanelli's hands and covered them with burning kisses and tears.

"Padre, come away with us! What have you to do with this dead world of priests and idols? They are full of the dust of bygone ages; they are rotten; they are pestilent and foul! Come out of this plague-stricken Church—come away with us into the light! Padre, it is we that are life and youth; it is we that are the everlasting springtime; it is we that are the future! Padre, the dawn is close upon us—will you miss your part in the sunrise? Wake up, and let us forget the horrible nightmares—wake up, and we will begin our life again! Padre, I have always loved you—always, even when you killed me—will you kill me again?"

Montanelli tore his hands away. "Oh, God have mercy on me!" he cried out. "You have your mother's eyes!"

* * * *

Montanelli turned to the crucifix. "God! Listen to this—!"

His voice died away into the empty stillness without response. Only the mocking devil awoke again in the Gadfly.

" 'C-c-call louder; perchance he s-s-sleepeth'—"

Montanelli started up as if he had been struck. For a moment he stood looking straight before him;—then he sat down on the edge of the pallet, covered his face with both hands, and burst into tears. A long shudder passed through the Gadfly, and the damp cold broke out on his body. He knew what the tears meant.

He left off sobbing at last, and dried his eyes with his handkerchief, like a child that has been crying. As he stood up the handkerchief slipped from his knee and fell to the floor.

"There is no use in talking any more," he said, "You understand?"

"I understand,' the Gadfly answered, with dull submission. "It's not your fault. Your God is hungry, and must be fed."

Montanelli turned towards him. The grave that was to be dug was not more still than they were. Silent, they looked into each other's eyes, as two lovers, torn apart, might gaze across the barrier they cannot pass.

Power and eloquence are not the only attributes of this new writer. The character of the "Gadfly" throughout is admirably sutsained; the terrible wit is infused with such an accent of personality that it is the true expression of the speaker's mind, literally his own words—a rare achievement. The defect of the book is that the background is not painted with sufficient breadth—the human tragedy hinges on the political situation, and one has only an edge of it indicated. The subordinate characters hardly justify themselves, and the conspirators, except Gemma, are purely lay figures. One cannot but think that "The Gadfly" would dramatize magnificently and would make a priceless role for Richard Mansfield.

"The Gadfly," by E. L. Voynich. Henry Holt & Co. publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

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"Oh no," the lawyer said, soothingly, "I know you didn't really steal the stove! The only difficulty lies in proving it. But now that I am sure of your innocence, I'll manage it if you hand me ten dollars, and the rest—" "Ten dollars, boss," repeated the accused, "you might as well make it ten thousand! I've got no money." "No money?" the lawyer cried, indignantly. But suddenly brightening, he added, "Well, I like to help honest men in trouble, so if you send me the stove, when I get you out of the scrape we'll call it square!"

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## MIDSUMMER MAGAZINES

### Outdoor Literature for Vacation Consumption.

The August editions of the big magazines are commonly glorified as "Holiday" or "Fiction Numbers," and are presumably prepared for idle citizens and citizenesses who are summering at the seaside or among the hills. For instance, the "Century" calls its production a "Midsummer Holiday Number, and apparently it is intended for those who would go abroad if they could. "Harper's" is richly provided with fiction. "The Cosmopolitan" has a fair issue, but makes no concession to the season, whereas the "Atlantic" presents a first-rate menu, in which the serious and the entertaining are artistically blended.

The leading feature of this magazine is the publication of certain letters of Dean Swift, which have never before been in print. Though interesting they are notable because of their author rather than for intrinsic charm. It is evident, indeed, that the Dean had a high temper and was much perturbed by the minor worries of the world, showing that petty troubles harass the great as well as the insignificant. It is interesting to learn that there are few rich men in Kansas. In the course of an intelligent and very readable article, William Allen White, who became famous on the strength of an editorial entitled "What's the Matter With Kansas?" states that men who own a million dollars worth of property number less than half a score in the whole State. However, the town banker is the big man in every community, just as he is elsewhere. Alvin F. Sanborn, who wrote the striking little book called "Moody's Lodging House," and who has been contributing a series of studies of New England life in the "Atlantic," writes of "A Massachusetts Shoe Town," and describes the evolution of an agricultural community into a manufacturing city. Both these articles are of actual value, and are clever appraisements of real American conditions. Students of our social life can find nothing better or truer. John Muir is a feature of the "Century" as well as of the "Atlantic," and his paper on "The Alaska Trip" is especially interesting in view of the Klondyke excitement. We are told the pictures with which it is illustrated are based on drawings by the author. It seems a decided pity that photographs by Taber or other competent artists who have made the Alaskan trip were not used in place of these stiff, ungraceful engravings, which really mar rather than assist the text. It must be admitted that Muir's prose requires little of illustration, however. His style is singularly vivid and abounds in striking and brilliant descriptive pasages. Even Lafcadio Hearn could hardly do better than this passage on "American Forests," in the "Atlantic":

"The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best He ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and it seemed to be favored from the beginning above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. To prepare the ground, it was rolled and sifted in seas with infinite loving deliberation and forethought, lifted into light, submerged and warmed over and over again, pressed and crumpled into folds and ridges, mountains and hills, subsoiled with heaving volcanic fires, ploughed and ground and sculptured into scenery and soil with glaciers and rivers—every feature growing and changing from beauty to beauty, higher and higher. And in the fullness of time it was planted in groves, and belts, and the largest, most varied, most fruitful, and most broad, exuberant, mantling forests, with beautiful trees in the world. Bright seas made its border with wavy embroidery and icebergs; magnificent deserts were outspread in the middle of it, mossy tundras on the north, savannas on the south, and blooming prairies and plains; while lakes and rivers shone through all the vast forests and openings alike, and happy birds and beasts gave delightful animation. Everywhere, everywhere over all the blessed continent, there was beauty and melody, and kindly, wholesome, foodful abundance."

Mrs. Skidmore's article on "Java," in the "Century," affords insight into life and things in the Dutch colonies that is very entertaining. There is much other foreign travel in England and Norway, all good of its kind, and one particularly neat story, "Concealed Weapons," a clever idea briefly and dextrously handled by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, who has a light touch and a skillful hand.

Apropos of stories, one of the best in the curent magazines, always excepting Kipling's magnificent tale in "Scribner's" is "Sharon's Choice," by Owen Wister, in "Harper's." This is a rattling good yarn, admirably worked up, blending sentiment and fun with real skill. It is worth a dozen "Gallaghers" or "Van Bibbers." By the way, Mr. Davis is fully represented by an account of the McKinley inauguration. Rather late, it would seem. De Thulstrup's pictures are certainly not an assistance to the prose. However, Mr. Davis always swings along in a gay and easy way, and, in fact, next to G. W. Stevens, of the London "Mail," is perhaps the best newspaper correspondent in the world. He rarely fails to make an entertaining article, and his comment and criticisms, though it be so long after the event, are much to the point.

"The Kentuckians,' as it unrolls, sustains the promise of its first chapters and is certainly going to be an excellent story. Hopkinson Smith's article on Hungary, Poultney Bigelow's African story, and the "Progress in Physics" are all good of their kind, especially Smith's. The best pictures in the number are undoubtedly the magnificent illustrations by Remington of his story, "The Sergeant of the Orphan Troop." It is difficult to say which of this series is the cleverest, for they are all brilliant compositions. Poultney Bigelow's explanation of the failure of Germany's colonization schemes in Africa is that its colonies are overridden by meddlesome officials. William the Witless has a million square miles of territory in the Dark Continent and an immense force of clerks and superintendents to interfere with the settlers. German colonies, he declares, cannot prosper until they are managed by men who know their business. The Boers, who have always complained of English tyranny, tried to establish themselves in certain portions of the African dominion of their Teutonic ally, but had to return to the Transvaal, discouraged and with no words to describe the administration of their friends. "The Parisian," it seems, has been consolidated with "Romance," and appeals to the clientelle of the latter as well as to its own especial readers. There are always some good stories and interesting articles in this magazine, but the half-tones with which it is illustrated are distinguished by their peculiar atrocity. It is impossible to make a good engraving from a newspaper print, though the editor of "The Parisian" does not seem to have discovered the fact.

Really it is a catalogue of horrors that Julian Hawthorne gives us in "India Starving." The theme is worthy of his remarkable descriptive skill. A second good article in this "Cosmopolitan" is "The Study of the Japanses Drama," which makes excellent material and has the value of variety. One is forced to admit that the new rendering of the Rubaiyat by Le Gallienne is a disappointment. Had it been offered without the chorus of advance laudation, it might have been judged on its merits, but the foolish exaltation of this poetry for advertising purposes defeated its own end, just as one is prejudiced in advance against an actress who is described as the most beautiful woman in the world.


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## BOOKS RECEIVED

"Miss Devereux of the Maraquita," "In the Old Chateau," "A Daughter of Judas," "The Flying Halcyon," "Fore Life and Love," "The Princess of Alaska," "Delilah of Harlem," all by Richard Henry Savage. Rand, McNally and Company, publishers.

"Danesbury House," by Mrs. Henry Wood, and "For Another's Sin," "Prince Charlie's Daughter," "Which Loved Him Best?" all by Bertha M. Clay, and published by Rand, McNally and Company.


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## GOSSIP OF EUROPE

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Poor Earl Russell is in a bad way. The House of Lords, swathed and bandaged in red tape as any Egyptian mummy with bandages (and about as much up to date, by the way), has decided by a majority of five judges against four that the Earl cannot be legally divorced from his wife. Lady Russel has about ruined her husband financially and socially, and has heaped all manner of the most scurrilous abuse and calumnies upon him, and defamed and traduced him beyond all precedent.

However, she cannot be convicted of cruelty in the eyes of the law—the English law—so her marriage must stand. Had the lady so much as menaced her husband with a penknife the Earl might have been free of her. But legal jargon is evidently more precious in the eyes of England's law that the good name of England's peerage. Just to make the Earl quite happy his wife's mother has been, within a few days, liberated from the Halloway Jail, where she has been "doing time" for criminal libel. What interesting times to come in this menage Russell!

Another matter which is causing no end of comment here is the possible appointment of the Duke of Connaught as Commander-in-Chief, to take the place of Lord Wolseley, whose very bad health must soon place his name upon the retired list. Of course every one anticipated that Lord Roberts, who is really the most popular man and the best soldier in the army, would succeed Wolsley, but it appears now that tne line of succession will be altered to suit the desires of the Queen. The gossip that is rife over the matter is to the effect that so good a soldier as Sir Evelyn Wood is to be passed over and Connaught is to be made Adjutant-General over Sir Evelyn's head. The Duke of Connaught is, of course, the court candidate, and all the influence of that powerful circle is to be brought to bear upon the Secretary of War. Those in a position to know state that the pressure is likely to be irresistible, too.

Her gracious Majesty Victoria has said "Thank you" to her devoted subjects for that little jubilee affair in a letter which has recently appeared in the London dailies. But it is not her Majesty's gratitude, as expressed in this journalistic round-robin that has set her subjects talking; it is her statement (in a postscript, by the way, and so of double importance) that so long as she lives she will reign. There were rumors of all sorts that the jubilee was to be the Queen's last public function—the grand transformation scene in which she made her exit from the stage of public life, and there were plenty of people to be found who predicted that the next, not distant, jubilation would be on the occasion of the crowning of the Prince of Wales. But for the matter of that all readers are by this time familiar with that dear, old newspaper story, the reporters pet and standby, wherein it was related that Victoria was on the point of giving up crown and scepter in favor of her oldest son. However that story is shelved now once and for all. Victoria's words were unmistakable. She has lived a Queen nearly all her life, and as Queen she means to die.

The news comes up here from Henley that at last the inevitable has happened. (This en passant, is a way the inevitable has). The exorbitant prices in which the Henley hotelkeepers and hack-driver indulge themelves on the ocasion of the regattas, has worked a reaction, and the affair this year was as near to an ugly failure as its managers would care to come a second time. Fewer Americans than usual were to be seen along the river, the notable exceptions being the members of the Harvard 'Varsity crew, who have been royally entertained throughout the week by Mr. Lehman.

Another fiasco, and one of the most ludicrous that has come to light of late years, is that which brought to an untimely end the much-advertised naval maneuvers. As usual, a misunderstanding of orders was the cause. The Admiralty had arranged to split the fleet into two supposed hostile squadrons. Admiral Fellows, who was in command of one of the squadrons, was directed to proceed out of Blackford Bay on the Irish coast, await a declaration of war, and then attempt to return before being intercepted by squadron number two. Fellows heard the news of the war when sixty miles out of the bay (the Admiralty supposing he had gone much farther). He at once turned about, re-entered the bay and wired to the head office, "The war is over." His answer was that the war had not yet even begun, and that he was to steam to a point 200 miles up the coast. Fellows obeyed, and once more turned in his tracks at the spot designated. Approaching Blackford Bay the enemy—squadron number two—appeared and opened fire. Fellows at once signalled that he had already taken Ireland, and that as it was Sunday and the men at divine service, he must be excused from entering into action. The Admiralty made a few pointed remarks upon the stupidity which had ruined their well-laid plans, but naval circles are all agog with the affair, and the last of it will not be heard for some time to come.


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## TURF TOPICS

### Futurity Stakes — Breeding Notes — Track Rules — Donkey Lore.

The grand trotting circuit of the State opened at the Oakland track last Saturday and is still in progress. The attendance on the first day was good, but has since fallen off. Further reference to the meeting is deferred to a later issue.

The tenth Futurity, the most valuable event on the American turf, will be run on August 24th at the autumn meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club. The value of the stakes wil amount to about $45,000. There were 778 original entries, of which 93 are still standing, 15 of the youngsters thus remaining in having been bred in California. Of these Burns & Waterhouse's b. f. Recreation (Morello-Picnic), J. G. Follansbee's b. c. Murillo (Morello-Snowdrop), and Marcus Daly's ch. f. Briar Sweet (imp. Sir Modred-Sweetbriar) are reckoned amongst those that may face the starter. So far as the racing here last spring may serve as a guide, Recreation is entitled to be considered a high-class filly. Little of her present form is known, however, and she has to meet a colt with a great reputation in J. E. Madden's Howland (Hindoo-imp. Ricochet). As the owner of the latter has also in his stable, though not eligible, that smart two-year-old Hamburg, whom Mr. Madden is said to consider inferior to Howland, the Eastern talent are disposed to think he has the race at his mercy. However, between now and the day of the race there may be more light on the present comparative merits of the probable starters.

News has reached this coast that Ruinart, the horse that was expected to prove a champion for California in the East this season, has gone amiss, the report being that he strained himself galloping on a heavy track. Unfortunately this is not the first time he has been affected in such a way that he could not extend himself. We saw the same thing at Ingleside on April 30th last, the last race he ran in, when he failed to raise a gallop. Probably his malady is constitutional and recurrent, and not due to any specific strain or local injury.

Adverting to my note a week ago mentioning the intended reshipment of imp. Islington to his breeder in England, it has since been reported that Michael III, two years, the best of his get that has been seen out so far, recently changed hands in the East at $4,500.

An English-bred son of Musket, Petronel, died at the Cobham Stud early last month at the age of twenty years. As a three-year-old he won the Two Thousand Guineas for his breeder, the Duke of Beaufort, and as a four-year-old met and defeated some of the best horses of the day over long distance courses, thus proving that he had inherited the great staying qualities of his sire. At the stud this son of Musket did nothing to make him as famous as others of that great horse's get, as until he stood at Cobham late in his career little chance was given him in the way of mares.

Sportsmen everywhere regretted to hear of the death of Domino, one of the most distinguished performers ever seen on the turf in this country. He succumbed to an attack of meningitis a few days ago at the Kentucky stud of his owner, Mr. James R. Keene. Domino was by Himyar, out of Mannie Gray, by Enquirer, she the dam of Lady Reel, who produced Hamburg, the best public performer amongst the two-year-olds this season. Foaled in 1891, and sold as a yearling to Mr. Keene by his breeder, Major B. G. Thomas, of Lexington, Ky., Domino proved the winner of eight events, including the Futurity, and ran a dead heat, in 1893, these being all the races he started in that year, when he also made the world's record for six furlongs, carrying 128 pounds—a great performance for a two-year-old. As a racehorse he was pre-eminent in his two-year-old career. It is a sad pity that he should so soon have gone to join the majority with the likewise celebrated Morello, who immediately preceded him in Futurity honors. There are now nine foals to him living and some twenty mares were put to the departed hero this season.

A careful perusal of the full text of the new rules recently adopted by the Turf Congress shows them to be even more far-reaching than at first they were made to appear. Not only is every horse that may be raced on an offending track to be outlawed, but even the get of any stallion or produce of any mare that may have been ruled off. Owners and breeders will, therefore, have to see that their stock is in good standing henceforward, or it will be of no value on the turf, so far as events taking place under Turf Congress rules are concerned until at least the second generation has been reached. In these days of small profits and quick returns this would probably be somewhat too long to wait.

The Turf Congress is now expected to deal with the question of assigning dates to tracks operating under its rules, and limiting the length of meetings thereat.

Altogether there is every appearance of common ground in turf government being taken in most matters of importance by the Jockey Club and the Turf Congress, a condition of affairs that must be of great benefit to the interests of racing in America. The settlement of the foreign book question has given universal satisfaction to owners and breeders, and has, in fact, been approved on all sides.

In the four-footed kingdom it is a long step from Derby winners to donkeys, but Erin can make it. Owing to the prevalence of rinderpest in South Africa, where oxen are used so largely for transport, attention has been turned to the necessity of providing other animals to fill their place, and as the hide of the donkey, unlike that of the horse, is proof against the tsetse fly, the hardy and patient Irish-bred jackass is being bought up in large numbers for export. The type is inferior to that of the animals raised in America, Northern Africa and Eastern Europe, but an improved demand may alter this and lead to more attention being given to breeding. The ass has stood the test of time and has virtues which have made him the trusted slave and companion of monarchs, prelates, and even greater than they, while he is ever the poor man's friend. Donkey love, indeed, is endless, but here let me put a little story, for the first time, on paper, Many years ago I made one at a dinner to a friend about to leave on a visit to a far-off country, and whose only trouble in life was the most grievous infirmity of speech I ever met with. After the toast of the occasion had been duly honored, an over-zealous intimate placed beside him, remained standing and said he felt sure the company would permit him to return thanks on behalf of our friend, which he did entirely to his own satisfaction. When the speaker sat down, however, our guest arose, and with what breath his indignation had spared to him, proceeded, with surprising ease and little or no hesitation, to utter these few words: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Let me ask you one question: When Balaam couldn't speak, did his ass speak for him?" Poor fellow! He afterwards was killed through a horse bolting with him; so that, if perchance we be not creatures of fate, he had better have stuck to one of the meek and lowly tribe, for which he felt such scorn, but of whose varied assortment of habits running away is not one.

BENEDICT.


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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of July, 1897, an assessment (No. 62) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of August, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 26th day of August, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
M. JAFFE, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE
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Assessment No. 28
Amount per share, 10 cents
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Delinquent in office, September 7, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Sept. 30, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A curate, highly respected in his dioceses, was slowly recovering after a serious illness, when there came one morning to his home a laborer who insisted on seeing him. "Well, my man, what can I do for you," asked the convalescent. "I beg your pardon, sir," answered the caller, "but you see, Jim Giles, wot's a neighbor of mine, died last week, and we're going to bury him to-morrer at T— (three miles away), and we wont's yer to come and 'ficiate." "But my good man," answered the curate, "I do not think I am sufficiently strong to undertake the task. Why do you not ask the vicar?" "We was a-goin' to sir, only we decided to arsk yer fust, thinkin' a pleasant drive in the morning coach 'ud do yer good!" The appeal was irresistible, and the curate officiated.

Lord Roberts once gave instructions to a native Indian servant to prepare his bath at a certain horur. In the meantime a fierce attack was made by the enemy. Lord Roberts dashed to the front, forgetting about his bath and his orders. In the midst of the engagement the servant, who had passed safely through the rain of bullets, suddenly appeared among the headquarters staff, and made direct to Lord Roberts. "Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready." Another story of native sagacity comes from Chitral. Early one morning, a subaltern was awakened by a brother subaltern's servant pulling at his feet. "Sahib," whispered the servant, fearful of probable wrath, "Sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half past six, and he did not go to bed till seven."

Frederic Locker used to tell a story about Sir Arthur Josselyn, who had Munchausen tenderness, and loved to relate tall yarns about his adventures among the red Indians. He was in the middle of some wild experiences, when he was cleverly stopped by Lord Barrymore. "Did you ever see anything of the Chick-chows?" "Oh! a good deal," said Sir Arthur; a very cruel tribe, the Chick-chows." "And the Cherry-chows?" "Oh, very much among the Cherry-chows," continued Sir Arthur, "the Cherry-chows were singularly kind to my fellows." "And pray, Sir Arthur, did you see much of the Tol-de-roddy-bow-wows?" This was too much even for Sir Arthur, but the company was relieved.

When Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, lay on his deathbed, the Archbishop of Granada stood by his side, endeavoring to prepare him for the great change. "I trust you have pardoned all your enemies, that you also may receive forgiveness." "I have no enemies," said the dying man. "But, your excellency, a man who has been so long in office as you have—" "I haven't one, I tell you." "Still, it is just possible—" "Not one, I repeat." "Pardon me, Your Excellency—" Losing all patience, Narvaez raised himself up with what strength he had left, and said to the Archbishop: "Look here, I have no enemies; I had them all shot, and there's an end to it."

James Payne, in the "Nineteenth Century," tells a story about the funeral of a lady, who had died suddenly. Her husband, a man still young, selfish, and self-indulgent, was gloomy, not because of his bereavement, but because of the trouble it entailed. He would have gone away, had he dared, and left the last rites to her relatives, whom he hated so much that he would not be shut up in a carriage with any of them, but would ride alone. "No," said a friend, "you must not do that. If you will not ride with your relatives you must go with the clergyman." "The clergyman! well, if I must, I must, but it will quite spoil my day."

The late Lord Bowen had a keen wit. On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee the judges were drawing up an address to the Queen. "Conscious as we are of our shortcomings," ran the address; "conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen. When appointed a law lord, an intimate friend congratulated Lord Bowen on his promotion, suggesting he would find the duty easy, seeing he had only to pass on the opinions of other jurists. "That's true," replied Bowen. "All I have to do is to agree, and might well have been raised to the perrage as 'Lord Concurry.'"

A Congressman, upon meeting a country friend in Washington recently, asked the latter what he thought of the place. "Waal," replied the man from the mountains, "'tween yo' an' me, I'm sorter disappointed! I've heard all the big men o' the United States was hyar. I done sarched high an low all day fer 'em, an' I didn't see none. The feller on th' bench—th' jedge I reckon he be—in one o' them two co'trooms up thar, is middlin' hefty, but ole Abe Thompson thet runs the saloon in Bristol 'd make two o' him. There may be big men hyar, but I kaint fin' 'em."

A porter in a railway station, with an eye to business, carried the grip of a somewhat seedy looking lawyer to a car, and finding himself about to be dismissed with a "Thank you," civilly remarked: "Beg pardon, sir, but me and my mate are partners, and if he asks me what you gave, what shall I say?" The lawyer said nothing, but gave him a dime.

Dr. Samuel S. Wesley, being present during a performance of his fine anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord," the basses sang their recitative, "Noses have they, and smell not," in a vulgar nasal tone, when Wesley remarked, in his most sarcastic manner, "No, they keep their noses to sing through."


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HARRISON M. PARKER, Business Manager

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 14, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| A Stained-Glass Artist | 4 |
| The World Abroad | 4 |
| "A Reversion to Type"; by Frank Norris | 5 |
| Mrs. Carter at Home | 6 |
| Death of a Brave Woman | 7 |
| Scenes and Villas in Mill Valley | 8–9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| In New-Bookland; by C. | 12 |
| Opinions of Leander; by Justin Sturgis | 13 |
| Under Mt. Tamalpais | 13 |
| A Great Enterprise | 14 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## SALISBURY'S TRADE POLICY.

Lord Salisbury's Government has served notice on the German and Belgian Governments that the existing treaties of commerce with the United Kingdom will be abrogated in July, 1898. This notice is the formal declaration to the world of the acceptance by Great Britain of the principle of preferences in trade between the mother country and her colonies. The Tariff Act passed at the recent session of the Canadian Parliament offered to any country which admitted to Canadian products free of duty a reduction of twenty-five per cent. from the rates established by the Act on imports into Canada from such country. While the offer was made in general terms, it was perfectly understood that the United Kingdom was the only country in position to profit by it, as it was the only country admitting Canadian products free. But an obstacle existed in the way of the British Government in the treaties with Germany and Belgium, which provided, in effect, that German and Belgian products should not be subject in the British colonies to other or higher duties than British goods. It is this obstacle which has been removed by the denunciation of the treaties, and soon the British manufacturer will be in a position to enjoy the the preference tendered him by the Dominion Parliament.

The step taken by Lord Salisbury marks a serious departure from the policy of uniformity in trade relations which has been pursued by the British Government. Its first effect will be to give to the British manufacturer a decided advantage in the Canadian markets over his competitors in New England and the Eastern States, as well as over his dreaded rival in Germany. Its ultimate effect may be far more important. For, though the Canadians ask nothing, at present, in return for the preference which they have offered to their fellow subjects in the mother country, it is perfectly well known that their design is to secure for themselves, soon or late, a corresponding advantage for their own products in British markets. They can obtain such an advantage only from a British Government which will be willing to depart from the policy of free trade so far as to levy duties on imported food products from which Canadian products would be exempted. Such a step would involve no surrender of the principle of freedom of trade. It would not involve any acceptance of the principle of protection for the encouragement of private interests or industries or for the preservation of a home market. It would be merely an acknowledgment that the unity of the British Empire, politically and commercially, is worth some sacrifice on the part of the British consumers. Whether they will be willing to make the sacrifice when called on to do so remains to be seen. If they shall accept the new policy, it will be a matter of very great concern to the people of the United States. Great Britain is the best customer our farmers have, and our farm products go free into every port of the United Kingdom. If the time comes when our food products must be sent to that market handicapped by a duty from which the products of our Canadian neighbors and of other British colonials are exempt we may have to revive some of our ideas as to the controlling value of the home market.

## THE MISTAKEN "CALL."

The "Call" has made a tardy discovery that slavery and involuntary servitude exist in Chinatown in San Francisco and, presumably, in other Chinatowns in California, not as a punishment for crime whereof the unfortunate bondwomen have been duly convicted, but for the purpose of compelling the slaves to commit crime from which the masters derive a revenue. For these offenses neither slaves nor. masters have been prosecuted by the officers of the law, though it is notorious that this species of slavery has existed in the cities of the Pacific Coast ever since the Chinese became an appreciable element of the population. At this late day the indignant "Call" has aroused itself and is devoting its energies to the circulation of a petition praying the President of the United States to take steps for the suppression of this survival of human slavery which has continued to exist in violation of the provisions of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. While we share deeply in the commendable indignation of the "Call," and have no wet blankets to cast on the virtuous efforts of the new anti-slavery crusade, we submit, respectfully, that it is a far cry from Chinatown to the White House. Slavery is just as much an offense to the Constitution and laws of California as to those of the United States, and the offenses which the miserable Mongolian bond-women are compelled to commit, from the revenues of which they and their owners subsist, are punishable under the municipal ordinances of San Francisco. The police power of the State and the city is more than adequate to the suppression of this last relic of "the relic of barbarism," and to the punishment of those who traffic in Mongolian womanhood. That our officers of the law are corrupt or incompetent is good reason for arousing a crusade against them, but a very indifferent reason for calling across the continent for the help of the President. The decision which made slavery impossible in England was rendered after a hearing on the return to a writ of habeas corpus. Why cannot the "Call," before worrying the President, employ a good lawyer, if it has none in its service at present, to sue out a few such writs in behalf of the slave girls, and to institute a few prosecutions against the owners and managers of the slave pens in Chinatown? It is a remarkable trait of our people that their sympathy with the wronged and the suffering varies inversely as the distance by which the victims are removed from us. We send droves of missionaries and barrels of dollars to relieve and enlighten the Chinese in China, while we view with complacency the existence of the same barbarism transplanted to our own city. The remedy for the imported evil is ready at hand whenever we make up our minds to apply it. The "Call" seems to value and rely on a remedy in proportion to its remoteness and lack of availability.

## OUR OBSTRUCTED STREETS.

The streets of San Francisco are much better cleaned now than they were a few years ago, but at some seasons of the year the people of San Francisco are no more comfortable for the improvement in cleanliness—in fact, the street cleaning operations, as now conducted, add something to the natural discomfort of summer life in the city. The purpose of street cleaning is not only to remove the dust and other refuse from the pavements, but also to keep it out of the atmosphere. As the streets are nowc leaned, every canvas-clad wielder of a broom is merely an energetic ally of the trade wind in the work of disseminating finely divided street refuse through the atmosphere from which it is liberally deposited in the nostrils and lungs of the wayfaring citizen. And when the sweeper, by tireless industry, has rescued a collection of dust and rubbish from the clutches of the west wind, it is loaded, dry, into an uncovered cart, from which the wind can continue its work of distribution while the cart is on its way to the place of final deposit, wherever that may be. It is perfectly reasonable to conclude that no place of deposit really exists, or is at all necessary; for if the pilgrimage of the carts is only moderately protracted they must certainly arrive empty. If our streets cannot be sprinkled before being swept we must submit that the public comfort will be promoted by leaving the trade winds to do their dusty work, unaided by the brooms and open carts of the street cleaners during the summer season.

Another thing which adds greatly to the discomfort of our streets in summer is the indulgence extended to builders and contractors in the use of streets and sidewalks for building purposes. Whoever chooses to erect a new structure or to repair an old one may not only shut the people out from the use of the public ways, but may use the streets and sidewalks for the accumulation and storage of building materials in large quantities for an indefinite period. The unfortunate pedestrian who approaches such a deposit from the leeward on a summer afternoon has to make his way over cobblestones and car tracks, through a tempest of lime, sand, cement, shavings, plaster and similar materials, which it would seem to be to the interest of the contractor to save, even if the agents of the law are unable or unwilling to compel him to keep them under cover. Many blocks in our city have been obstructed in this fashion for months, and are obstructed now to an extent that would be considered disgraceful and intolerable in a small Eastern town. We are a village people with village ways, in some things, and we endure patiently and without complaint such public nuisances as would arouse the wrath of the citizens of any truly civilized city. To promote the public comfort is, perhaps, the first object of municipal government, and with respect to public comfort we seem to be in a condition of ignorance and apathy from which even the best of new charters cannot redeem us.

## ZIONISM—THE LATEST CRAZE.

The remarkable movement of large numbers of the Jewish race for the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, as declared, but with a view, doubtless to the achievement of ultimate political independence, continues to grow and to attract wide-spread attention. The movement originated with Dr. Herzl, an eminent Jew of Vienna, and has received the enthusiastic support of Dr. Max Nordan and many other European Jews of European fame, including the widow of the opulent Baron Hirsch. The believers in the scheme, who have come to be known as Zionists, are going to hold a convention at Basle, in Switzerland, for the purpose of devising ways and means of realizing their dreams of an earthly Zion for their race, and the attendance of delegates promises to be numerous.

A missionary of the movement appeared in this country recently for the purpose of arousing the enthusiasm and enlisting the energies of our Jewish fellow-countrymen in behalf of the Zionist enterprise. It is pleasant to note that he met with a very cool reception, and no appreciable support except among some colonies of Jews in the Eastern cities, Jews who have not yet had time to become Americanized. Not a single Jewish congregation of any importance has given its adhesion to the new movement, and not one of the great Hebrew societies and fraternities has afforded it any support or encouragement. In countries wher the political and social conditions of the Jews compel them to regard themselves as aliens, as men without country, they may easily be aroused to enthusiasm for any scheme which promises them a political fatherland in a theocratic state, modeled, perhaps, on the ancient Israel of the time of the Judges. But American Jews are good citizens and they have never learned to regard themselves as aliens, whether this be the land of their birth or of their adoption only. They have set themselves earnestly to work for the development of the ideas of citizenship in the large bodies of their fellow Jews who have recently come to our country, and they are not liable to be led away by the enthusiastic dreamers of Zionism.

## THE PROPOSED TAX LEVY.

The annual shriek of protest against the proposed tax levy for the coming year is now resounding through the city. The Supervisors have, as usual, disregarded their pledge to keep the city's expenses within a certain arbitrary limit and have produced a budget which, for State and city purposes together, calls for a levy of more than two per cent. on assessed values. Hence the loud cries of protest from indignant taxpayers and loud calls to the Mayor to exercise his veto power in order to protect the pockets of the taxpayers from what they propose to regard as a plundering raid of the tax-eaters. There remains some doubt of the Mayor's legal right to veto the tax levy proposed, and if he should attempt to exercise the dubious power the city government may find itself in a deadlock, from which it could be extricated only by a course of litigation, during which the municipal service and the taxpayers' pockets might easily come to greater grief than would be wrought by the proposed levy, admitting it to be as extravagant as the protesting citizens declare it to be.

But the extravagance of the proposed taxation cannot be demonstrated by mere comparison with the levies of previous fiscal years. We have deliberately chosen to remain under a form of city government in which the city's credit is not available for the city's needs. We have chosen Supervisors to conduct our municipal affairs and have deliberately discredited them by refusing to permit them to anticipate the revenues of future years

for the purposes for which the present generation of taxpayers should not be exclusively responsible. Under this system the city revenue for each fiscal year must be sufficient to meet the entire expenditure for that year, and the measure by which to determine the justice or the expediency of any proposed levy is the estimate of the city's wants for that year. The expenses of previous years have no bearing on the problem except as they may furnish light as to the probable expense of certain permanent branches of the municipal service. If, for instance, the people desire a park in the Mission, with a menagerie attachment, the only way of securing it is to pay a lump sum in taxes to buy the site and pay for the necessary improvements. If in order to make a showing of economy in preceding years our public school buildings have been suffered to become dilapidated, obsolete and inadequate the expense of bringing them up to the measure of our needs must be met sooner or later, and the tax levy must be accordingly swollen. Of course this system of paying our way is extravagant and absurd, and it is certain to produce wide variations in the rates of taxation for different years; but so long as we adhere to this system it is silly to object to a heavy tax rate as extravagant and due to official corruption simply because it is heavier than some preceding levy.

The only good thing that may be hoped for as an outcome of the present muddle is a new system of government for our city—a system which will put into separate hands the duty of raising the city's revenues and the duty of expending them, thereby removing the temptatation to impose extravagant taxation for the purpose of making extravagant appropriations. And such a system should provide for the utilization of one city's credit in order that the expense of costly improvements may be in some part borne by our successors in the enjoyment of them. Let us have a new charter.

Rather an amusing contretemps occurred recently in Los Angeles between the Bryan banqueting committee and a certain southern politician over the admission of the latter to the Bryant banquet. It seems this gentleman, who is highly discredited in the party, bought and paid for a ticket, got a receipt and announced he proposed to attend. Thereupon a score of highly respectable gentlemen declared they would leave if he appeared. The invitation was therefore canceled, and the politician announces he will sue for breach of privilege. That he has sufficient audacity need not be doubted. Some years ago this gentleman represented a certain southern county in the Senate, and during his career in Sacramento he acquired real prominence as a boodler. It was known he had a hand in every steal that was attempted, and indeed his name was a byword among the tricksters. So notorious was his connection with certain deals that the home papers began to comment on the indecency of his record, and certain of the most influential of his constituents declared that the county should show its reprobation of his course by pelting him on his home coming with dead cats and eggs. Just before the end of the session his wife, who had become quite alarmed at all the rumors, suggested that ere returning home they take a trip, so that the feeling wrought up against her precious spouse would have an opportunity to subside. But he magnificently waived aside her fears, declaring his popularity unabated and assuring her he would have not only the finest reception ever accorded a returning legislator, but would also be presented on the station platform with a cane. There was an astute agent in the town, and to him the Senator wrote explaining the situation and stating that he desired a public reception with a band and the cane, and asked how much it would cost. The agent realized the difficulties of the task, but said it could be accomplished for a few hundred dollars, if he had two hundred at once. The money was sent and the leaven began to work. Another two hundred followed shortly afterwards. When all was ready the Senator and his spouse descended upon their home. Instead of dead cats and other missiles, a delegation of leading citizens were drawn up in line. A band played martial airs as the train drew into the platform. The cane—a gold-headed one—was presented with due eclat and responded for with many blushes, and that night the politician's wife was the happiest woman in the constituency.

The illness of Secretary Sherman has given rise to an impression that he will soon retire from public life, and it is suggested that Mark Hanna may take his place in the cabinet. That is an unwarrantable assumption, however, for Hanna does not want the place. At least, not now. A well-informed politician was discussing with me recently the manner of Sherman's appointment, and denied with apparent good reason the old story that it had been made to give the opportunity for Hanna's senatorial ambition. It seems McKinley had relied on Senator Allison to be his Secretary of State. He has known the Iowan banker a long time, and his methods have always been agreeable to the President. But Allison, after procrastinating a long time, finally decided to remain in the Senate, whereupon the President made that much talked of trip from Canton to Cleveland to discuss the situation with his most intimate advisors. Several names were mentioned for Secretary, McKinley declaring at once for Sherman. There was considerable objection, but there was no answer to McKinley's pertinent question: Who else? There were reasons against Whitelaw Reid, Phelps and the others mentioned, and, perforce, it had to be Sherman. At that time Hanna had no designs on the Senate. Indeed, at Zanesville some time before, an armed truce had been declared between Foraker and Hanna, the object of which was a united delegation for McKinley at St. Louis. There were trades and concessions on a grand scale then, and had such a contingency been expected there is no doubt the Foraker men would have claimed the succession. The treaty then signed left the Senatorial question out, so it is safe to believe that Foraker expected Sherman to hold his seat. From all appearances Hanna will prevail over his enemies at the forthcoming election and will certainly succeed himself in the Senate.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The impression that paper-chasing is a pursuit for dudes and dudines is ruthlessly dissipated by the facts. It is a hard and dangerous form of enjoyment, and takes it out both of riders and horses. Imagine galloping over the hills and through the valleys of Marin County at full speed, dashing over ditches and obstructions at a tremendous pace all for the fun of reaching the flags first and winning a silver cup. Of course the joys of victory are far above the reward, but the winning is no joke. Steady nerves are required to guide a pony down the steep and slippery sides of the San Rafael hills, and the paper-chasers gallop down these inclines as though they were on asphalt or turf. The wonder is there have been no accidents, but this is good fortune, not absence of opportunity. However, any gentleman of commercial or athletic distinction who imagines he can poke fun at this paper-chasing as an effeminate pursuit is invited to use his eyes on it, or to participate once or twice. He won't have another word to say on that phase of the subject. The hunt last week was really a brilliant affair. The Ingleside Cups were for the winners, and for love or money you could not hire a rig in the county. Equipages of all sorts and conditions were gathered round the Hotel Rafael, and the scene was very smart and full of animation and movement. The hounds tore off eagerly at 4 o'clock and pursued the paper over a magnificent course which kept them well in view of the cavalcade of carriages which drove along the Petaluma road to the Lucas place, where the finish had been arranged. There must have been miles of equipages strung along the line, and the effect was quite original. The finish was very exciting. Dr. Howitt, on one of Frank Johnson's horses, had led the chase all the way, but at the end was deceived by a blind. This gave Mr. Sweetser, a rancher of the environment, his opportunity and he dashed in first, with Mr. Murray, one of the District Attorneys of the county, second. Miss Moffitt of Oakland who is a daring rider, won the ladies' prize, with Miss Bruce next. It was very exciting to see the riders dash in at the finish and well worth the trip. But one accident marred the pleasure of the day—a plucky lad, Jessie de Bruhl, was thrown at the very last ditch and had his wrist broken. He stood the pain like a Spartan, however, and was promptly cared for. Altogether the affair was both brilliant and interesting, and I anticipate an equally exciting contest when the cups presented by the California Jockey Club are raced for.

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Life is not always without its compensations even in San Francisco, provided one is an artist and has a studio over in the Latin Quarter of the town. Things happen over there—things that are grave and gay, and even, occasionally, humorous. Bruce Porter has some very good yarns that have come from this place, and if his tales be true has met some very queer characters. His latest find is a model, a girl of about twenty, who has the utmost and sincerest belief in the old Greek religion; has adopted it, in fact, instead of the Catholicism to which she was born. The way Mr. Porter discovered this queer kink in her character is a story by itself. It sems he had this girl posing for the principal figure in an "Annunciation." She failed to throw the proper amount of spirituality into her attitude and expression, and after several attempts at betterment Porter suddenly exclaimed: "See here, suppose now the angel of the Lord were suddenly to appear here before you, how would you act?" With that the girl turned to him and calmly enquired: "Say, what church do you belong to?"

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The mysteries of the Civil Service are being generously exploited both at the Mint and at the Internal Revenue Office. One learns of the operations of law by experience, but most of the ladies and gentlemen who imagined themselves safe from interference and comfortably provided for during the rest of their days are finding they had calculated without their hosts. Take the Mint, for instance. The Government has recently suspended the coinage of silver dollars, and in consequence it became necessary to reduce the force. It was assumed, of course, that the people to go would be the temporary employes retained for the silver department. The order came from Washington just prior to the retirement of Superintendent Daggett. He offered to relieve Mr. Leach of the disagreeable task, and the new incumbent was glad to take advantage of his kindness. Subsequently it transpired that it was not from generous impulses that the offer was made, but rather with the intention of winding up certain political enemies. Daggett never forgets. Coolly and calmly he suspended all the men and women who had been installed in the Mint at the request of his enemies, writing the orders of departure in each instance with his own fair hands. Among these were several individuals there by favor of Governor Budd, besides every member of Coiner Spotts force who could be disturbed with impunity. There was a great outcry over the affair when it developed, and Mr. Daggett knew several moments of happiness. This gentleman has now retired to Alameda County, the Republican home of Democratic statesmen, where he will mingle business with pleasure; his business being attending to mining interests, and his pleasure assisting at the discomfiture of his political enemies.

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The Civil Service Commissioners were holding an examination for the office of Janitor in the Custom House. Among the applicants was Pat Smith, an ambitious political Irishman. He was struggling with the solemnity of the occasion and answering the interrogatories as best he knew how. After replying to ten erudite inquiries and being bathed in perspiration by the effort, he was finally floored by one of the examiners, who asked: "Do you know, sir, the distance the sun is from the earth?" He replied: "Indeed, an' I don't know how many miles there be, but I'll bet 'tis not near enough to interfere wid my duties as Janitor."

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Nothing a local School Board has done in years has aroused such indignation as the new text-book order. The idea of saddling this community in these hard times with additional burdens is a brutal outrage, for which there should be devised some suitable penalty. Unfortunately, Dr. Ragan, who, with Director Waller, has the direction of the movement, is not sensitive to personal comment, and mere newspaper denunciation effects no purpose. Prior to his entrance into politics Dr. Ragan enjoyed some repute as a physician, being a practitioner of no great skill but of some respectability. Since he has participated in the affairs of San Francisco, however, there has been no job too scaly for his undertaking. It sems a pity there should be no social penalty for misconduct in office. The community that is outraged by such men as Ragan, Waller and their colleagues should boycott them, just as it should refuse to patronize in a business way those Supervisors who prostitute their office to bribe-taking. If a Supervisor or School Director at the end of his term of office has escaped San Quentin he is safe from all other consequences, inasmuch as his neighbors treat him as well as the community does his honorable colleague who had come out poor. If it should be determined to send such fellows to coventry, if we decided that Supervisors Devany and Haskins were men to whom no honest gentleman could afford to speak, I'll warrant they'd find boodling unprofitable.

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The professional standing of the educational boss, Dr. Ragan, was being freely discussed by a group of medical men who had got to know of his existence through the exposures of the press. "Who is this Ragan, anyhow?" asked one doctor of the crowd. "Where was he educated—where are his degrees?" "Oh," said another, "Ragan's a surgeon, and his degree legally entitles him to varnish a wooden leg."

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The Maguire boom has subsided as rapidly as it commenced. Those who knew the strange ways of the Congressman realized he could not be defeated by obvious opposition, but that his extraordinary lack of judgment would inevitably compass his overthrow. He selected as standard-bearers men who were veritable political pall-bearers. With such direction his failure was inevitable. Besides, there lurked in the public mind an impression that the place of Congressman Maguire was in Congress, and he had no business in California while that body was in session. On his return he also submitted to a banquet tendered by a silver club, which invited a lot of people at one dollar a head to eat to the glory of Maguire. Here everyone and anyone spoke, and the consequence of it all is that Maguire's candidacy is considerably cheapened. He had launched out his career a year before the campaign, and like a flower that blooms

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The Davis will case is on the verge of a conclusion, and no one will be sorry. The contest has taken a good deal of newspaper space, but the evidence against the document discovered in the urn has a futility which is exasperating. The late Jacob Z. Davis was a man who may be supposed to have known his mind, and in disposing of his property he simply followed the intention he had so often declared to his friends, and especially to his partner, Mr. Boyd. Of course, whenever there arises an issue of facts there is always a chance for doubt, and the interest of one side or the other is directed at discrediting men whose characters had hitherto been unimpeachable. That is to be expected, however. All the surrounding conditions and statements point to the genuineness of the document, and to my mind the fact that there are minor circumstances demanding explanation about the finding of the will, is in itself testimony of its good faith. The individual clever enough to put such a scheme through would have seen to it there are no flaws. It is the perfectly natural condition that is always questionable. However, the jury will have now its chance of determination and we must await the verdict.

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The State University at Berkeley opened its doors to its freshman class on Monday of this week, the work for upper classmen beginning on Wednesday or Thursday. There can be no doubt that the U. C. is booming right ahead under all steam, with the monkey wrench on the safety valve and everything wide open. The record for big freshman classes is broken regularly each succeeding year, and it is a matter of wonder how the State college can manage to take care of the tremendous and increasing surplus. One move in this direction has been the addition to the gymnasium building, or annex rather, and it is being constructed for the accommodation of the co-eds. This is nearly completed, and contains lockers and dressing rooms for about three hundred students. The new chemical laboratory, which it was promised would be ready for occupancy with the opening of the fall term, has hardly passed its first stage of construction, and no one knows how the students in that department are to be taken care of. An addition to the mining building has also been started, but has not yet got further than a pile of lumber and a few barrels of cement. The University battalion, by the way, is to have a new commander. Lieutenant Cloman, U. S. A., has been appointed in Lieut. Winn's place, and will put the new comers through their course of sprouts on Thursday. Already the football enthusiasts are asking whether or not the new lieutenant will allow the campus gridiron to be fenced in this year. This question has always been a bone of contention between the student body and "the Lieut.," as the latter official invariably persists in regarding the campus as a parade ground. It would be a graceful concession on Lieut. Cloman's part to permit the erection of this fence. It would undoubtedly ensure his popularity, and would in no wise hamper the company and battalion drills.

BOSWELL JR.

Speaker Reed objects strongly to the ex-members of the House who find lobbying more profitable than practice in ordinary courts of law or business in the States from which they come to Congress. He thinks the sooner ex-members are denied the privilege of the floor the better it will be for the House in general.

## A STAINED-GLASS ARTIST

### The Old-Time Studio in Which Bruce Porter Composes Windows.

Another of Les Jeunes is to follow in the flight of "The Lark" within the next few weeks, but his flitting is to be even further afield than was that of Mr. Burgess or of Earnest Peixotto. Bruce Porter is the latest of the younger generation of artists to set his face Eastward, but he does not intend to stop until he reaches Southern France or Northern Italy.

To design and execute the most difficult as well as the most beautiful stained windows, and at the same time to bring all of the material from New York, has been Mr. Porter's labor during the time he has worked at his profession in San Francisco. It is really herculean. As Mr. Porter puts it, it is like trying to paint a picture in San Francisco with a palette which is in New York—one has to reach across the whole continent for the colors. In face of this difficulty it speaks volumes for Bruce Porter's persistent adherence to what was best, that he has steadily refused to execute the cheaper, easier designs with which a certain class of San Franciscans are ever ready to fill their houses and has always elected the infinitely more difficult task of producing colored windows that should be the best of their kind—from the point of view of the material at least. Some idea of the difficulties to be overcome may be guessed from the fact that in all cases the glass used by Mr. Porter has been colored while it was actually in a fused state, and he showed me one window in which real ametnysts had actually been employed. So careful is Mr. Porter in the matter of color effect that it is no unusual occurrence for him to break up a whole sheet of glass for the sake of obtaining one certain spot of color perhaps not bigger than a silver dollar.

But San Francisco is proverbially slow to appreciate good work done at its doors, and there are not many of its people who would be willing to believe that one of the best designers of stained windows in America has been quietly at work in the quaint old building on Jackson street. Mr. Porter has as yet accomplished comparatively little, but that little is of a conception so imaginative, a taste so unerring and a workmanship so faultless that it will rank with the very best efforts of almost any artist in America. Most of Mr. Porter's work has stayed in this city, as, for instance, tne windows in the Gibbs house and the Bourne house, and those in the hallway of Mr. William Crocker's residence. All the windows in the University Club are from Mr. Porter's studio, while the window he considers his most successful handiwork is to be seen in Mr. Adam Grant's house. It was Bruce Porter as well who designed the windows in the Swedenborgian Church in this city, and also the exquisite panels in the Church of St. Mary's by the Sea at Pacific Grove.

Mr. Porter has of late been at work upon the interior of the Bourne house on Pacific Heights, and, in fact, one of the reasons for his departure is to collect material for its further interior decoration. At the same time, however, he anticipates doing a good deal of painting and studying on his own account. The difficulty of obtaining models in San Francisco is always great, and besides this, this artist is convinced that he will do himself full justice only when quite alone and isolated from his fellows and friends. He will be gone some three years, at the end of which time he expects to return to San Francisco, and prophesies that all of Les Jeunes who are at present hurrying away from their native city will sooner or later do the same.

It is encouraging to hear from such an authority as Mr. Porter how great is the superiority of American glass over that of European manufacture. The American glass is practically the only kind in which a good artist cares to work, and, in fact, for the better class of windows there is no comparison between the two makes. Mr. Porter is very proud of this superiority—as all of us should be—and believes it to be quite the biggest thing America has accomplished in an artistic way.

BRUCE PORTER IN HIS STUDIO

The Argentine Republic has taken legal means to secure a due increase in population. A few months ago the Legislature passed an Act making it illegal to reject, without legitimate motive, an offer of mariage, the fines imposed going to the man or woman whose offer has been refused. Twenty is the age at which the unmarried are to be convicted, and eighty the age when the fines are to cease. The Act provides that every male from the ages of twenty to eighty shall pay a tax till he marries, and pay it once a month.

The Rand (South Africa) output of gold for June last was 251,529 ounces, an increase of 57,889 ounces over that for the same month last year. The returns of the district continue to advance steadily and prospects continue to be bright, acording to all reliable reports. Gold is being won at less cost than it was a year ago, and President Kruger has decided to make concessions to the mining industry that will prove of much benefit.

The traffic and financial schemes of the Suez Canal for 1896 afford evidence of continued development. A total of 8,560,000 tons of shipping passed through the canal as against 8,448,000 tons in 1895. Of the total number of ships 63.4 per cent. were British, as compared with 67.5 in 1895, 71.2 in 1894 and 72 per cent. in 1893.

## THE WORLD ABROAD

### Latter-Day Happenings in London — The Crowd at Cowes.

The press dispatches relating to European affairs which go the round of the Saturday evening and Sunday morning papers usually bear the appearance of being concocted for the consumption of chambermaids and bar

A PANEL IN ST MARY'S BY THE SEA, PACIFIC GROVE

—not omitting corner grocery—politicians. The latest edition informed us that the yachting week at Cowes had been more or less a failure, owing to the absence of Emperor William. Some time ago we were informed through the same source that the Prince of Wales would not enter the Britannia against the Meteor. The demands of the jubilee on the energies of society no doubt tended to lessen the attendance, but, in the present state of feeling towards the Kaiser, his absence was a cause for congratulation. The Prince is too good a sportsman and possessed of too much tact to exhibit the spirit ascribed to him, and accordingly the royal yachts were seen sailing in the competitions with varying success. As for the feeling alleged to exist between the Prince and his imperial nephew, I see the former has accepted an invitation to be present at the autumn maneuvers of the German army as the guest of the latter.

His Majesty Chulalongkorn, of Siam, has been well advised in deferring his visit to England until after the jubilee ceremonies, and so avoiding getting lost in the crowd. Having studied the English language from his childhood he has an advantage not generally possessed by Oriental personages, and he seems likely to leave a favorable impression behind him. The serious purpose of his visit to Europe is to gather ideas, and incidentally capital, if possible, for the development of his country by the building of railways, the working of mines and the extension of manufacturing and mechanical processes. His sons are being educated and trained by English and German tutors and military and naval officers.

A once well-known figure in the world of finance lately passed away in the person of Lord Revelstoke, the head of the firm of Baring Brothers & Co. at the time of their suspension in 1890. At the time the total liabilities of the house amounted to £21,000,000 sterling, which, under the guarantee of the Bank of England, the London banks generally and leading financial houses were liquidated without loss in the space of four years. The late nobleman was a masterful man, and to his mistakes in the conduct of the business the downfall of the firm has always been ascribed.

A great deal has been said about the important service rendered by German officers in the Turkish army during the late war. G. W. Steevens, of the "Daily Mail" (London), who was all through the campaign, has published a very entertaining article in July "Blackwood's Magazine," in which he states that Grumbkow Pasha was the only German officer present. After remaining four days at the top of the Meluna Pass, and making suggestions which were not followed, Grumbkow retired from the field.

The "Athenaeum" states that after the first edition of the late Jean Ingelow's poems had been published, the authoress called, with her mother, on Messrs. Longmans and suggested that a second thousand should be printed. The firm, however, declined to accede to the proposal, and the ladies retired. Before they had left the house a bookseller came in and gave Messrs. Longmans an order for five hundred copies. Miss Ingelow was recalled and informed that the firm would reconsider their determination, and in the first year four editions of a thousand copies each were sold.

The navigation of the upper firmament is a problem that many men of note in the world of mechanical

science believe capable of solution. In all parts of the world the question is receiving the closest study. The theoretical principles of artificial flight may be said to be well understood, and the progress that has been made towards constructing a practical flying-machine by Maxim and others encourages the belief that in no great while men will be flying through the air. In furtherance of the present active interest in the subject the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain has lately been reorganized, with Captain E. Baden-Powell as Secretary, and a quarterly journal, giving all the latest information, is now issued by the Society.

Visitors to India are always impressed by the bearing of the magnificent Sikh guardians of the gate of Government House, Calcutta. These fellows are in action what they are in appearance. In the recent fight at Maizar a Sikh orderly picked up a gun weighing two hundred pounds single-handed and carried it to the gun mule. The mule was shot dead, so he carried it to the relief mule. Then he went back and brought in the body of Lieutenant Cruickshank, who had been killed.

The circulation of the London weekly "Tit Bits," which was first started in 1891, is said to have reached 14,551,908 copies for the first six months of the present year, and the "Strand Magazine," issued by the same publishers, now sells to the extent of 450,000 copies every month. The proprietors and publishers of these and other well-known serials, George Newnes, Limited, have recently incorporated with a capital of £1,000,000, their net profits for the year ending 30 June, 1897, being stated as £66,698. The enterprise first began with the publication of "Tit Bits," sixteen years ago.

The leading English journals scout the proposals that have been put forward in Canada for legislation against the admission of Americans to the Northwest for mining purposes. The "Spectator" dismisses the idea with the remark that it is nonsense.

In "A Woman's Part in a Revolution" Mrs. John Hays Hammond tells how her little son was digging in the garden when the dynamite explosion wrecked a big slice of the Johannesburg suburbs. Jacky took his aunt aside: "Aunt Bet, I heard that great big noise when I was digging and I thought I had dug up hell." This must have been about the sensation of Secretary Sherman when he read the impressions created in Spain and England by the accounts of his digging into foreign affairs with the reporters.

# A Reversion to Type.

BY FRANK NORRIS

Schuster was too damned cheeky. He was the floor-walker in a department-store on Kearny street, and I had opportunity to observe his cheek upon each of the few occasions on which I went into that store with—— let us say my cousin. A floor-walker should let his communications be "first aisle left," or "elevator, second floor front," or "third counter right," for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. But Schuster used to come up to——my cousin, and take her gently by the hand and ask her how she did, and if she was to be out of town much that season, and tell her, with mild reproach in his eye, that she had been quite a stranger of late, while I stood in the background mumbling curses not loud but deep.

However, my cousin does not figure in this yarn, nor myself. Paul Schuster is the hero — Paul Schuster, floor-walker in a department-store that sold ribbons and lace and corsets and other things, fancy, now! He was hopelessly commonplace, lived with a maiden aunt and a parrot in two rooms, way out in the bleak streets around Lone Mountain. When on duty he wore a long black cutaway coat, a white pique four-in-hand (from the wash goods counter), and blue-gray "pants" that cost four dollars. Besides this he parted his hair on the side and entertained ideas on culture and refinement. His father had been a barber in the Palace Hotel barber shop.

Paul Schuster had never heard anything of a grandfather.

Schuster came to that department-store when he was about thirty. Five years passed; then ten — he was there yet — forty years old by now. Always in a black cutaway and white tie, always with his hair parted on one side, always with the same damned cheek. A floor-walker, respectable as an English barrister, steady as an eight-day clock, a figure known to every woman in San Francisco. He had lived a floor-walker; as a floor-walker he would die. Such he was at forty. At forty-one he fell. Piff! paff! two days and all was over.

It sometimes happens that a man will live a sober, steady, respectable, commonplace life for forty, fifty, or even sixty years, and then, without the least sign of warning, suddenly go counter to every habit, to every trait of character and every rule of conduct he has been believed to possess. The thing only happens to intensely respectable gentlemen, of domestic tastes and narrow horizons, who are just preparing to become old. Perhaps it is a last revolt of a restrained youth — the final protest of vigorous, heady blood, too long dammed up. Whatever it may be, I am sure you can recall two or three instances of men (of your acquaintance, perhaps) who have bolted in this fashion. This bolting season does not last very long. It comes upon a man between the ages of forty and fifty-five, and while it lasts the man should be watched more closely than a young fellow in his sophomore year at college. The vagaries of a sophomore need not be taken any more seriously than the skittishness of a colt, but when a fifty-year-old bolts, stand clear!

On the second of May — two months and a day after his forty-first birthday—Paul Schuster bolted. It came upon him with the quickness of a cataclysm, like the sudden, abrupt development of latent mania. For a week he had been feeling ill at ease—restless; a vague discomfort hedged him in like an ill-fitting garment; he felt the moving of his blood in his wrists and his temples. A subtle desire to do something, he knew not what, bit and nibbled at his brain like the tooth of a tiny unfamiliar rodent.

On the second of May, at twenty minutes after six, Schuster came out of the store at the tail end of the little army of home-bound clerks. He locked the door behind him, according to custom, and stood for a moment on the asphalt, his hands in his pockets, fumbling his month's pay. Then he said to himself, nodding his head resolutely:

"Tonight I shall get drunk — as drunk as I possibly can. I shall go to the most disreputable resorts I can find—I shall know the meaning of wine, of street fights, of women, of gaming, of jolly companions, of noisy midnight suppers. I'll do the town, or by God, the town will do me. Nothing shall stop me, and I will stop at nothing. Here goes!"

Now, if Paul Schuster had only been himself this bolt of his would have brought him to nothing worse than the Police Court, and would have lasted but twenty-four hours at the outside. But Schuster, like all the rest of us, was not merely himself. He was his ancestors as well. In him as in you and I, were generations — countless generations — of forefathers. Schuster had in him the characteristics of his father, the Palace Hotel barber, but also, he had the unknown characteristics of his grandfatner, of whom he had never heard, and his great-grandfather, likewise ignored. It is rather a serious matter to thrust yourself under the dominion of unknown, unknowable impulses and passions. This is what Schuster did that night. Getting drunk was an impulse belonging to himself; but who knows what "inherited tendencies," until then dormant, the alcohol unleashed within him? Something like this must have happened to have accounted for what follows.

Schuster went straight to the Palace Hotel bar, where he had cocktails, thence to the Poodle Dog, where he had a French dinner and champagne, thence (you will understand the fellow was acting on blind caprice) to the Barbary Coast on upper Kearny street, and drank whiskey that rasped his throat like gulps of carpet tacks. Then, realizing that San Francisco was his own principality and its inhabitants his vassals, he hired a carriage and drove to the Cliff House, and poured champagne into the piano in the public parlor. A waiter remonstrated, and Paul Schuster, floor-walker and respectable citizen, bowled him down with a catsup bottle and stamped upon his abdomen. At the beginning of that evening he belonged to that class whom policemen are paid to protect. When he walked out of the Cliff House he was a freebooter seven feet tall, with a chest expansion of fifty inches. He paid the hack-driver a double fare and strode away into the night and plunged into the waste of sand dunes that stretch back from the beach on the other side of the Park.

It never could be found out what happened to Schuster, or what he did, during the next ten hours. We pick him up again in a saloon on the waterfront about noon the next day, with thirty dollars in his pocket and God knows what disorderly notions in his poor, crazed wits. But remember one thing: at this time he was sober as far as the alcohol went. What the other trouble was that buzzed and bubbled in his skull, judge you. It might be supposed that now would have been the time for reflection and repentance and a return to home and respectability. Return home! Not much! Schuster had began to wonder what kind of an ass he had been to have walked the floor of a department-store for the last score of years. Something was boiling in his veins. B-r-r-r! Let 'em all stand far from him now!

That day he left San Francisco and rode the blind baggage as far as Colfax on the Overland. He chose Colfax because he saw the name chalked on a freight car at the Oakland mole. At Colfax, within three hours after his arrival, he fought with a restaurant man over the question of a broken saucer, and the same evening was told to leave the town by the sheriff.

Out of Colfax, some twenty-eight miles into the mountains, are placer gold mines, having for headquarters a one-street town called Iowa Hill. Schuster went over to the Hill the same day on the stage. The stage got in at night and pulled up in front of the postoffice. Schuster went into the postoffice, which was also a Wells-Fargo office, a candy store, a drug store, a cigar store, and a lounging-room, and asked about hotels.

Only the postmaster was in at that time, but as Schuster leaned across the counter, talking to him, a young man came in, with a huge spur on his left boot-heel. He and the postmaster nodded, and the young man slid an oblong object about the size of a brick across the counter. The object was wrapped in newspaper and seemed altogether too heavy for anything but metal — metal of the precious kind, for example.

"He?" answered the postmaster to Schuster, when the young man had gone. "He's the superintendent of the Little Bear mine on the other side of the American river, about three miles by the trail."

For the next week Schuster set himself to work to solve the problem of how a man might obtain a shotgun in the vicinity of Iowa Hill without the fact being remembered afterward and the man identified. It seemed good to him after a while to steal the gun from a couple of Chinamen who were washing gravel along the banks of the American about two miles below the Little Bear. For two days he lay in the tall weed and witch hazel on the side of the canyon overlooking the cabin, noted the time when both Chinamen were sufficiely far away, and stole the gun, together with a saw and a handful of cartridges loaded with buckshot. Within the next week he sawed off the gun-barrel a sufficiently short, experimented once or twice with the buckshot, and found occasion to reconnoiter every step of the trail that led from the Little Bear to Iowa Hill. Also, he found out at the bar of the hotel at the Hill that the superintendent of the Little Bear amalgamated and retorted the cleanup on Sundays. When he had made sure of this Schuster was seen no more about that little one-street mining town.

"He says it's Sunday," said Paul Schuster to himself; "but that's why it's probably Saturday or Monday. He ain't going to have the town know when he brings the brick over. It might even be Friday. I'll make it a four-night watch."

There is a nasty bit on the trail from the Little Bear to the Hill, steep as a staircase, narrow as a rabbit-run, and overhung with manzanita. The place is trumpet-mouthed in shape, and sound carries far. So, on the second night of his watch, Schuster could at last plainly hear the certain sounds that he had been waiting for—sounds that jarred sharply on the prolonged roll of the Morning Star's stamps, a quarter of a mile beyond the canyon. The sounds were those of a horse threshing through the gravel and shallow water of the ford in the river just below. He heard the horse grunt as he took the slope of the nearer bank, and the voice of his rider speaking to him came distinctly to his ears. Then silence for one—two—three minutes, while the stamp mill at the Morning Star purred and rumbled unceasingly and Schuster's heart pumped thickly in his throat. Then a blackness blacker than that of the night heaved suddenly against the gray of the sky, close in upon him, and a pebble clicked beneath a shod hoof.

"Pull up!" Schuster was in the midst of the trail, his cheek caressing the varnished stock.

"Whoa! Steady there! What in hell——"

"Pull up. You know what's wanted. Chuck us that brick."

The superintendent chirped sharply to the horse, spurring with his left heel.

"Stand clear there, God damn you! I'll ride you down!"

The stock leaped fiercely in Schuster's arm-pit, nearly knocking him down, and, in the light of two parallel flashes, he saw an instantaneous picture — rugged sky-line, red-tinted manzanita bushes, the plunging mane and head of a horse, and above it a Face with open mouth and staring eyes, smoke-wreathed and hatless. The empty stirrup thrashed across Schuster's body as the horse scraped by him, The trail was dark in front of him. He could see nothing. But soon he heard a little bubbling noise and a hiccough. Then all fell quiet again.

"I got you, all right!"

Thus Schuster, the ex-floor-walker, whose part hitherto in his little life-drama had been to say, "first aisle left," "elevator, second floor," "first counter right."

Then he went down on his knees, groping at the warm bundle in front of him. But he found no brick. It had never occurred to him that the superintendent might ride over to town for other reasons than merely to ship the week's cleanup. He struck a light and looked more closely — looked at the man he had shot. He could not tell whether it was the superintendent or not, for various reasons, but chiefly because the barrels of the gun had been sawn off, the gun loaded with buckshot, and both barrels fired simultaneously at close range.

Men coming over the trail from the Hill the next morning found a good deal of the young superintendent, and spread the report of what had befallen him.

* * * * * * *

When the Prodigal Son became hungry he came to himself. So it was with Schuster. Living on two slices of bacon per day (eaten raw for fear of kindling fires) is what might be called starving under difficulties, and within a week Schuster was remembering and longing for floor-walking and respectability. Within a month of his strange disappearance he was back in San Francisco again knocking at the door of his aunt's house on Geary street. A week later he was taken on again at his old store, in his old position, his unexcused absence being at length, and under protest, condoned by a remembrance of "long and faithful service."

Schuster picked up his old life again precisely where he had left it on the second of May, six weeks previously—picked it up and stayed by it, calmly, steadily, uneventfully. For him the incident was closed. I do not know how he explained it to himself. But the day before he died he told this story to his maiden aunt, who told it to me, with the remark that it was, of course, an absurd lie. Perhaps it is. I'm sure I can't say.

One thing, however, remains to tell. I repeated the absurd lie to a friend of mine who is in the warden's office over at the prison of San Quentin. I mentioned Schuster's name.

"Schuster! Schuster!" he repeated; "why we had a Schuster over here once—a long time ago, though. An old fellow he was, and a bad egg, too. Commuted for life, though. Son was a barber at the Palace Hotel."

"What was old Schuster up for?" I asked.

"Highway robbery," said my friend.

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Whatever may be England's attitude toward us Americans, there can be no doubt as to Yvette Guilbert's. She hates and loathes and abominates us, heartily. An unfortunate correspondent of the New York Journal, who dropped into her dressing-room at the "Ambassadors" the other night, in the hopes of a pleasant little chat, was met by a scathing torrent of abuse, and was glad to escape with a whole skin. Yvette was furious beyond words because of her treatment in New York on the occasion of her last visit. It is quite possible that Yvette is becoming a back number, that the public is tired of her. Anyhow, she says the American public make her tired. The trouble began when a young man, name unknown, came to her in New York with the story that he could get a book of his (dealing with Yvette's life) accepted by the publishers provided only she would allow him to use her pictures and would write a preface for it. He said he was poor and wanted a lift. Yvette Guilbert gave him the lift without, unfortunately for her, reading the book. When it appeared the book was a rather scurrilous account of some shady passages in her life with allusions to a certain risque affair with Dr. Schiller. Hinc illae lacrimae. For there were lacrimae of rage on Yvette's part.

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There is a tradition of old colonial days that when English rule displaced that of Holland and the speaking of the English language in school was made compulsory on little Dutch children in New York, a master devised a plan to make the scheme work. He gave a check made of metal to the first boy who spoke Dutch, and this boy passed it on to the comrade who was next guilty of the offense, he to the next and so until closing time. The last holder then handed in the check, entitling him to a good, sound flogging, which he got.

*STRIKING SCENES FROM MRS. CARTER'S "HEART OF MARYLAND".*

## MRS. CARTER AT HOME

### Is Celebrated for Her Fame and Wears Stunning Gowns.

One was rather awestruck with No. 50. It was the kind of hotel room at which one rings, not knocks, and thereafter is "ushered into an ante-chamber" by the maid. Inside, beyond the ante-room, where turee Gargantuan trunks, bundles (not bunches, you know), bundles of flowers, and Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Carter who of late has become so celebrated on account of her fame.

Laura Jean Libby would have said that Mrs. Carter was dressed in "some soft, clinging stuff"; and so, precisely, she was; lace like soapsuds and silk that had a glimmer on it like wet asphalt. But that dress, or tea-gown, or peignoir (of course it wasn't a peignoir, though), or whatever it was, had as much form and shape as a spilled plate of mush. It was all blooming mass and color, no outline at all, and on top of this heap of pale, indeterminate tints Mrs. Carter's hair flamed up with an effect that was somehow brusque and abrupt, as if some one had suddenly turned up the gas.

Mrs. Carter is very tall; carries that gold-girdled head of hers six feet from the ground, I'm thinking, and is very graceful in a strange, stiff way—just as a tall, stiff reed is graceful. But she is not pretty to my notion. No, as I recall her, she is not pretty. One would have had her face a little fuller and not quite so tired looking, and her nose might have been a little littler, and her eyebrows not so heavy. But I suspect one sees Mrs. Leslie Carter at a disadvantage when she is off the stage. She impressed me as if seen out of her element in No. 50. I was continually drawing an imaginary line of footlights between us. We sat down, Mrs. Carter with her back to the mirror. Interviewing Mrs. Carter is interviewing made easy, for she did all the talking. There was nothing for me to do but to put in an occasional word, just to keep her going. I suppose she has been interviewed so much, poor lady, that she knows just what to say without being asked. Some wretch, I think, must have told her to be ready on the subject of "climate," for she started off on that with a rush, and had got so far as fruits and flowers before I could stop her. All through our talk she was continually bolting up that worn, worn road.

Never have I seen an actress so anxious over her reception. Mrs. Carter asked me all manner of questions as to the temper of San Francisco audiences, regularly interviewed me on the subject, and seemed mighty ill at ease over the matter of the four weeks' run of the "Heart of Maryland."

"I am absurdly superstitious," says she. "You know I'm from the South, from Kentucky, and I believe in omens and signs and all the rest, but only in the bad ones, in the ill-omens. I suppose it's safest. Do you know," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I believe your fogs out here are actually doing my voice a world of good. Oh, this cli—"

I leaped into the breach. "Your voice!' I shouted. "Fogs, you say! Now that's curious."

"Why, I've been working ever since 10 this morning (at this time it was after 7) with my voice raised all the time, and I'm not a bit hoarse. Do you think I'm hoarse?"

I spread my palms toward her.

"No, not in the least," she went on. "Now, nowhere else could I do that. And Monterey? Oh, talk to me about Monterey and Del Monte! I went there for a rest, you know, and the weather there (the danger flag was out) was absolutely perfect. Oh, I shall live in California some day. Such a climate I never—(I knew it was coming.)

"Yes, of course," I shrieked. "Talk to me about the 'Heart of Maryland.' Don't you swing from the clapper of a bell somewhere?"

Mrs. Carter put this aside lightly.

"Yes, yes, but that's just a little sensation. I like this play, this Maryland, better than any play I ever acted in" (caution—they all say this of their latest play, so make allowances), "and you know I don't say it for mere advertising effect" (they always add this remark, too), "but the more I play it the better I like it. The climax of the second act is really one of the strongest things on the American stage. I do so hope you will like the play."

"Of course I'll like it," said I.

"If a hammer falls behind a flat during a scene you won't," said Mrs. Carter, "and if a calcium light don't go just right you'll say the piece lacks 'unity of conception.' Oh, I know what critics are. And on first nights with the best management some one little thing is sure to happen. I wish we could do away with first nights and begin with seconds, or even thirds.'

"Or with the last night and work backward."

And with this I got up and worked backward myself toward the door.

"If you like 'Maryland' come and see me again and tell me about it," said Mrs. Carter.

"And if I don't like it?"

"Then you musn't come."

"I shall be frantic in my enthusiasm Monday night," said I. F. M.

What the Rothschilds are to Europe the Sassoons are to the Orient. The two brothers, Sir Edward and Sir Albert, control the entire financial market of the East, and it is acording to their decision whether or not wars are waged, navies built, or palaces erected in the score of little kingdoms and principalities of India, Persia, Southern Asia and Africa. The home of the elder Sassoon was for a time a veritable fairy palace called "Sans Souci," in Bombay, India, but just lately he has migrated to London and brought himself into public notice by the purchase of Barney Barnato's extraordinary

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

Who makes her bow to San Francisco next Monday

mansion that London calls "Barnato's Folly." The Sassoons come from Bagdad and were originally Mesopotamian Jews. This firm has been in existence for over two centuries, and yet in spite of the almost continual state of petty warfare and brigandage that has raged around their headquarters, there has never been any attempt to pillage or loot their enormous treasure. It is known that the Sassoons never forget or forgive an injury, and the Maharajahs, Mandarins and head men who are their clients have found that in the long run it pays to stand well with the men who can afford them means of paying their troops, indulging their whims, and maintaining their harems. In consequence of this a passport signed by the Sassoons will guarantee the bearer safe passage in sections of country where an imperial ukase of the Czar of all the Russias would be used to light a campfire or clean a gun.

The most peculiar side of this unusual banking buisness is that much of the money is loaned out upon merely personal security. Hardly more that a verbal agreement is made, but for all that the losses of the Sassoons have been ridiculously small when compared to those suffered yearly by any bank in Europe or America. The traders, however, know their men, and "to fail tne Sassoons" would be like expulsion from a Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce. The swindler would be dead financially thereafter. Sir Edward Sassoon has but recently married the daughter of Gustave Rothschild, a somewhat portentious match, since a union of the finances of these two great houses would practically control the European world. Sir Edward has an uncle, Reuben, who is a great crony of the Prince of Wales, and a well-known figure in London society, and who also has married a Rothschild.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is having another brush with the critics, this time over some statements anent the United States Senate Chamber published in the August "Harpers." Van Bibber has his own way of looking at things, no doubt, but his vision is either sadly wanting in accuracy or his imagination in restraint. He has given a discription of the venerable hall of legislation that would make Daniel Webster turn in his grave. Van Bibber has quite transformed and remodeled the chamber; he has hung pictures on the walls where pictures were never hung before; has draped flags over spaces hitherto uncovered; has created swinging doors on either side of the Vice-President's desk, and has covered them with leather, when heretofore they have been content to be mahogany and never thought of swinging. And, besides all this, in order, no doubt, to lend a festal apearance to the same, Mr. Davis has seen fit to plant a grove of trees in the sward just below the windows, and to have them all green and flourishing in March. Great are the wonders of genius.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York "Tribune" and Jubilee Ambassador to the Court of England, is just back from London and is receiving the congratulations of his friends upon the wonderful scoop he effected for his paper when he published, exclusively, the official correspondence of Secretary Sherman and Ambassador Hay in the matter of the Behring Sea seal controversy, beating all the other New York papers. A reporter from one of these beaten rivals interviewed Mr. Reid upon the matter, and rather skillfully touched upon the fact that Mr. Reid used his office as United States Ambassador as a means to get news of the exclusive variety for his paper.

"Weren't you afraid," the reporter asked, "that it would look a little personal for this seal fishing correspondence in favor of your father-in-law's company to come out first in your paper before Washington had authorized its publication?"

Mr. Reid had nothing to say to this, and remarked that he would not talk to the papers until after he had made his official report at Washington as Jubilee Ambassador.

"Shall we be able to read it," asked the guileless reporter, "in the 'Tribune' the day before it is made public in Washington?"

But at this the great man withdrew — silence.

The original copy of the Declaration of Independence lies in the archives of the State Department, incased in glass and locked in a steel vault. It is carefully guarded and is shown to no one unless for some extraordinary reason. Up to three and a half years ago it hung in the showroom of the State Department, but having been exposed to bright light for many years the ink showed signs of fading, and as a means of preservation it was hermetically sealed between sheets of glass and put away in company with the original Constitution and the appeal of the colonists to King George.

The Roentgen ray is proving a valuable factor in diagnosing cardiac affections. Experiments have shown that the work performed by a sound heart had been greatly over-estimated, and the vibrations of a diseased heart are now easier to understand. It is possible to learn the size and position of the vital organ in cases where the former methods of ausculation and percussion had afforded them no help. The deterioration of the valves are observable at an early stage, and exact information has been gained as to the relations between the heart and the diaphragm.

## MINES AND MINERS

### Random Notes on the All-Absorbing Excitement of the Hour.

The tremendous dividends which the Rawhide mine is paying Captain Nevils have made him the potentate of Tuolumne County. The property employs a hundred and forty men regularly, and yields between fifty and eighty thousand dollars per month, half of which belongs to the Captain. He is a man of strong and determined personality, who has ample means to enable him to resist aught that savors of aggression on the part of his neighbors. He is dangerous to oppose and quite relentless in his determination to conquer an enemy. Some time ago he had a difference with certain stage lines. He retaliated by establishing a line of his own, took in the rivals, and now controls every stage and bus in the county. An electric light company displeased him, so he has erected a dam on the Tuolumne River and is establishing an electric plant of his own which will furnish power to the Rawhide, and incidentally to the environment—lighting Jamestown into the bargain. He has also a telephone system in Tuolumne which connects with the Sunset, and has quite beaten the local concern out of the field. It cannot be said he is popular, but certainly he prevails. He has his hands in every enterprise, is developing the region with a passionate force, and is altogether the great man on the mother lode.

Apropos of his popularity, he has rather a cynical disregard for public favor. Some weeks ago he had an argument with the Superintendent of his mine and both got angry. Nevils, who uses rather strong language without meaning it, called his opponent a "miserable beast." The man took him to task at once. "Look here," he said. "Quit that. No man talks that way to me." Nevils looked at him in surprise. "What! You don't object to that? Why, every man in Tuolumne calls me a brute, and I only laugh."

When two such positive personalities as Alvinza Hayward and Nevils meet a clash is certain. Hayward has a prospect adjoining the Rawhide, and has been troubled for some time with a desire to discover just how the leads run in order to save time in developing his own property. So he revived an old statute and instituted a suit against the Rawhide, claiming it was infringing on his ground, and that he was entitled to a formal survey of the works to decide the point at issue. He proposed that an employe of his own should examine the Rawhide and report to him. Judge Nichols granted the order but sent to San Francisco for the surveyor, who, being a man of integrity, declined to assist Hayward's purpose, whereupon the suit was dismissed. Nevils was immensely mad and vowed he would get even in some way or other. Events often turn aright for the consummation of such designs, and by some strange contingency fifteen large hogs which had been sent to the Rawhide died of cholera. Curious as it may seem, their carcases fell down Hayward's shaft, but no one has the faintest idea how it happened. Of course there are several ways of killing a cat, as the proverb says, but those who have conclusions are welcome to them.

Some weeks ago I wrote of the Dutch mine, a property on the mother lode which had been exploited by contributions from White House clerks. A score of young men contributed certain small sums per month out of their salaries for the development of the property, and after years of patient waiting rich ore was discovered. Now the property is producing between twenty-five and forty thousand per month. All the expenses of development and machinery have been paid, and the clerks are reaping in dividends, the benefits of their faith and foresight. There is rock in sight to keep up this return for years to come. In the same environment a Boston company is developing properties on a big scale and erecting the most expensive machinery known to mining. The Jumper's average is very high. Indeed, its owner, Mr. Gow, was at Sonora recently endeavoring to obtain a reduction in his assessment. He explained that there were many months in which the Jumper produced as little as $25,000 per month.

The news from Juneau and Dyea regarding the rush to the Northwestern gold fields is full of the difficulties which the large bodies of travelers to the Yukon district are meeting with. Means of transport for freight over the passes are altogether inadequate, as the small number of Indians available cannot handle the enormous quantity of goods brought into the country. Many prospectors are starting in lightly supplied, convincing those who have had experience already in that part of the world that later on in the year we shall be hearing of numerous cases of starvation and breakdown, with serious loss of life. Still, large numbers of passengers are leaving by every available steamer from coast ports, and nothing seems likely to stop the course of the travel northwards, even during the winter months. A vast number of people will undoubtedly be blocked on their road.

The Alaska Commercial Company is making arrangements to add to their service of ocean and river steamers next season, and the North American Transport and

MARGARET CULBERTSON

Trading Company is said to be having two large steel steamers of 2,000 tons built, to carry 700 passengers each, between Seattle and St. Michaels, with several river steamers and barges for their river service.

It has been reported within the last two or three days that the Canadian Government will not enforce a royalty on gold mining, but that the surface extent of claims will be reduced from 500 to 100 feet, the discoverer being allowed 200 feet as a special privilege. This reduction of area seems to be generally approved of, as making room for a larger number of claims in a district. As to the royalty question, it is probable that it never got beyond the region of suggestion, and the fuss that has been made on the subject was quite uncalled for, seeing that no official act had been declared, and nothing of the kind exists in any part of British territory.

The Senior Wrangler of the year at Cambridge University, Mr. W. H. Austin, is the first Board-school boy to achieve the distinction, and his success is worthy of record from the social as well as the academic point of view. He was educated at a Birmingham Board-school, and subsequently went to a Grammar-school and Mason College in the same city before entering Trinity College, Cambridge, rather less than three years ago.

## DEATH OF A BRAVE WOMAN

### Margaret Culbertson and Her Work Among Chinatown's Dens.

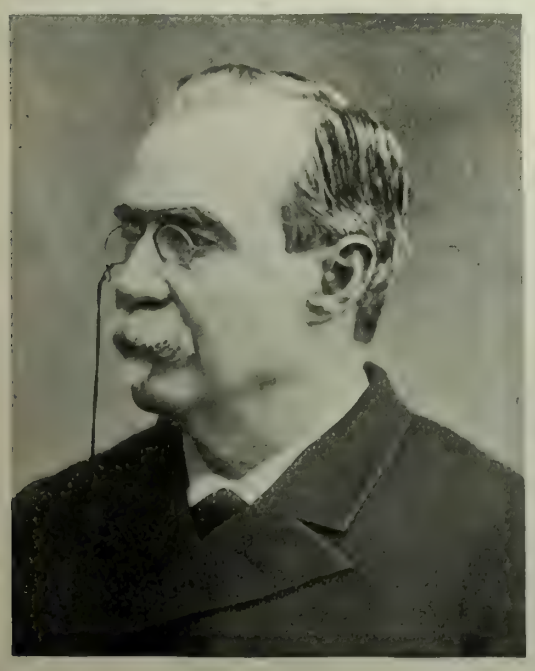
A very good and a very brave woman died this week—Margaret Culbertson, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission of this city. Miss Culbertson was born in East Groveland, N. Y., and, coming out here some twenty years ago, began work in a Chinese Sunday-school. She was called from this occupation within a year to be the Matron of the Chinese Home, and later, in 1878, became its Superintendent. Miss Culbertson held this position nineteen years, in the face of threats against her life and in constant danger of personal violence, that might have deterred even a trained police officer from carrying out his duty.

The major part of Miss Culbertson's work consisted in getting the slave girls out of disreputable houses and sheltering them in the mission until they could be safely disposed of. She has in this way rescued over 500 girls, not one of whom has relapsed. It would have been an easy matter for Miss Culbertson to sit in her office and listen to reports and write out directions to the Chinatown squad or the Cruelty to Children Society, and there are even men a' plenty who would have done so. But this woman was different. She went right down into Chinatown herself, deep down into the filthiest tan rooms, with highbinders and hatchet men at her elbows, and often went there alone and in advance of the officers. She has had more than one narrow escape. To the day of her death she carried a knife scar, the work of a tan-man, who saw his property being taken from him, and, indeed, there are those who say that death was hastened by this wound. It was not a woman's work, but Margaret Culbertson carried it through to a successful issue, and at the time of her death it could be said that she was the one woman of the United States who had done the most in suppressing, or at least hindering, the trade in slave girls.

And the task was not always thankful. One would like to imagine a life-long devotion on the part of the rescued girls; a gratitude like that of a dumb creature, that when they came to die they spoke her name and called her blessed. Of course this has happened, but as often as not the girls did not even know they were being saved—believed, in fact, that they were to be horribly maltreated, screamed to be taken back to their friends, preferring the known miseries of their own tribe to the unknown doings of the white devil. Almost the last work of Miss Culbertson's mission involved the apprehension of nearly fifty slave girls on a newly arrived ship. These girls, believing that they were to be taken to the homes of their friends upon landing, fought like fiends with the police, who took them in charge, and once inside the mission filled the place with a clamor of wailing and screams quite beyond words. They spat and kicked and scratched like so many wild beasts, wouldn't so much as listen to the mission's interpreter, and were fully convinced that some dreadful evil was intended them. So we can imagine that Miss Culbertson had her trials and disappointments. She was one of the prominent figures of San Francisco, and it will be long before her place is filled. Some short time ago her health, which had been failing for five years, collapsed altogether, and she was obliged to leave her life-work unfinished and go to her home in the East. She arrived just in time to die.

The dress worn by the Queen on Jubilee Day was made of black moire, with a front and panels of the latest description of dove-colored silk, wrought all over with fine silver embroidery in a design of rose, shamrock and thistle. Her Majesty's cape was of black chiffon with many inserted designs of white lace and silver emoroidery, and her bonnet was richly wrought with jet and silver and trimmed with white acacia and white ostrich feathers. The Queen carried an untrimmed, unlined sunshade of pure white silk.

The Archbishop of Milan, Mgr. Ferrari, believes the bicycle may be of benefit to his clergy, and in a recent pastoral letter authorizes them to make use of it.



CANOVAS DE CASTILLO

SENOR SAGASTA

EMILIO DEL CASTILLAR

THREE SPANISH STATESMEN

P. L. Hueter's Swiss Chalit

View from the Tamalpais Railway, showing

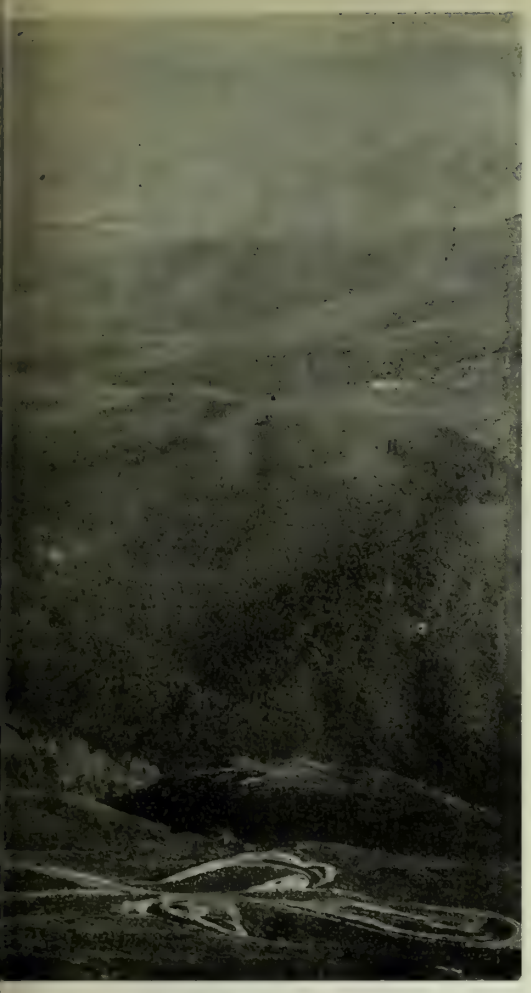
A corner of the dining-room Sanitarium Hotel

A Mountain Sanitarium

Mrs. Huber's home

View at Cascades

The mansion of Lovell White



lley and the Bay of San Francisco in the distance

Blithedale Hotel

View of Tamalpais from Butler's place

Home of Mr. August C. Hinz

The loop on the Tamalpais Railway

Mrs. Howell's property

The Village Store

*IN MILL VALLEY*

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Dear Diary, since I have had aught to confide in your pages, and looking backward I am confronted with reproachful blank sheets. And now, what am I to tell you about? Of my summer days spent in the Santa Cruz mountains, largely drinking in the atmosphere laden with pine odors, becoming plump on a diet of real warm milk from the cow, as the children say, and fruit that would have tempted Paris to make a new division of the golden apple? It was an Adamless, and, consequently, a serpentless Eden, though I believe we did meet an occasional rattler who, however, avoided us, showing the wisdom of his progenitor. They were dear delicious days without thought of the morrow, of social sensations, without any of the thousand trifles that go to make up the troubles of even the happiest of debutantes.

I only returned last week, and since then have been busily engaged in the gentle art of decorating my small person and worrying mamma and the dressmaker into an early grave. I find little change—bicycling seems to preserve a measure of its early popularity with certain of the girls. Several make daily trips to the beach, among them Miss Voorhies, Miss Florence Ives and a number of the Presidio men. Lieutenant Haines is one of the most indefatigable of cyclists, and looks fascinating on his wheel. There are trips to Tamalpais in which the younger crowd participate, and there is still more than half of our own set in the country. Leila was at the Paper Chase on Saturday, and had a splendid time. It passed off without any accident to the daring maidens who rode. She says it is marvelous how the girls have improved during the summer months. They are much more plucky, and sit their horses with both ease and grace. We anticipate going to San Mateo this week, so I shall tell you about our doings there later.

On Wednesday we took in the Bohemian Club in the afternoon, and found all the world we knew and much of it that had not the pleasure of our acquaintance. We had an entertaining time. You see, there were numberless new cartoons and pictures of the last high jinks, and then it was like an immense afternoon tea without the worry of looking after hostess or guests. I have rarely seen such diversity of costumes—from the simplest of grass linen frock to the gayest grenadine, besprinkled with spangles and bedecked with lace. Many of the girls wore tailor-built frocks and sailor hats, while others were brilliant in scarlet hues in Dresden dresses of organdie or summer silk. I saw the Hagers, McNutts, Maud Younger, Mary Belle Gwin, and endless others of both younger, older and future sets.

I have not, thus far, heard of any matrimonial affairs as the result of the summer campaign. Of course, the Klondyke fever has upset certain of the youths and played havoc with Cupid's darts. I know of more than one promising coupling that has thus been hurled aside for the more exciting chase after fickle fortune. Yesterday I went over to Berkeley with Arthur and heard several bits of college gossip. Professor Gayley appears to be right "in it" at Oxford. He has been admitted to the Oxford Union it seems, and allows the impression to go abroad that it's a tremendous honor. Considering everything, the peculiar fact would have been had they not admitted him.

Then there is a new girls' society recently established; to speak more correctly, the old Kappa Kappa Gammas have reorganized. The first regular initiation of this august society took place last week. Two Eastern members came out for the occasion, and a particularly pretty pin was chosen. It always amuses me with regard to fraternities, clubs and organizations of all sorts, the wild and immediate desire for jewelry which possesses the members. They want an emblem almost before they have an establishment, and always prior to the adoption of rules, regulations, etc. Be it never so humble, a pin is the necessary adjunct to every society from the Colonial Dames to the graduates of a primary school. This particular ornament is a golden key set with such jewels as the individual taste or purse of the members may dictate, and bearing the letters "K. K. G." in the center. I wonder what this especial key signifies? Is it a key to wisdom or will it unlock the hearts of the professors and let the girls pass in at a side entrance? The new clubhouse is on the corner of Bancroft and Fulton streets, and the members anticipate much gaiety in the future. And now for another week, Diary, dear, farewell. Your own

MISS CRICKET.

* *

The families of Oakland who have been busily pursuing pleasure during the summer months are grdually returning to their particular Lares and Penates. The Mhoons, Garbers, and McKees, who have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe, returned last week. Miss Ethel Moore is again at home after a most pleasurable trip to the Orient, and Dr. and Mrs. George Angus from a visit to the Geysers. The gayest colony of Oaklanders gathered at Castle Crags this season. Nearly all of the members of the Club of Twenty-One, which comprises some of the most bewitching of Oakland's maidens, were there. They spent the time giving amateur theatrical shows, concerts and riding and driving parties. Quite a little histrionic ability was discovered. Miss Ethel Kittredge showed marked talent, and was by common consent made leading lady in all the plays. Miss Mamie Barker made a chic French maid, and could have given points to the "Duchess" in "Chimmie Fadden." Miss Abbie Clift has a beautiful voice, and Miss Grace Govrill plays pleasingly upon the piano.

Oakland has simply been turned over to Hymen during the past week. Weddings of every variety, from the simple house ceremony with its accompanying formality, to the regulation church affair. From my point of view the most interesting marriage was that of Miss Mamie Nicholson and Mr. Paul Shipley. The ceremony took place in the bride's home, which was attractive in its decoration of branches of pepper trees and roses. The Rev. Floyd Mynard of St. John's Episcopal church officiated. Miss Nicholson

*MISS ALICE MOFFITT*

Who won the Ingleside Cup at the Paper Chase last Saturday

is an interesting looking girl, with a distinctly pleasing personality. Mr. Shipley is well known in Oakland as a successful business man, and is interested in the firm of W. W. Pringle.

Of the other weddings their names can but be chronicled. Miss Mae Downing and Mr. Andrew Pickard, Miss Garrison of Alameda and Mr. Charles Holverson, Miss Abbott and Mr. Elmer Frost, Miss Nellie Wyckoff of Berkeley and Dr. Armisted of Boulder Creek, and Miss May Doyle and Mr. Edward Higby. The wedding of this week is to be the Moffitt-Folger nuptials. Miss Moffitt is an unusually attractive girl, possessed of an interesting and magnetic personality. Mr. Ernest Folger is engaged with his brother Atherton in the well known firm of J. A. Folger & Co. Outside of weddings, there have been but few revolutions of the social wheel. The monotony of life continues undisturbed, except for an occasional luncheon. Miss Ida Belle Palmer gave a pink lunch to Mrs. Harry Baldwin of Honolulu, who is here on her wedding trip. The decorations were pink carnations and smilax. Among those invited were Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Jesse Glascock, Miss Myhrah Prather, Miss Bernice Landers, Misses Alice and Lucy Moffitt and Miss Stubbs.

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*MISS GLADYS WALLIS*
*OF THE FRAWLEY CO*
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## MUSIC

### Grand Opera at the Tivoli — Emotional Vocalization.

That the public appreciate and demand operatic performances is sufficiently proven by the large and interested audiences gathering at the Tivoli. In fact, the popularity of opera seems to be growing everywhere in the country—opera seria that is. Whether the love of lyric drama induces a great musical culture or not, remains to be argued by those who feel themselves capable of settling the hash of all things terrestrial and subluinary. Modern opera has apparently two warm interests for the public, one for the story, the other for the singing. At present, judging by the exceeding tolerance granted to all sorts and conditions of singers the vocal interest is less than the dramatic, so much less that the quality of the singing counts for little providing it be forceful.

Strong sensations seem to be the pearls of price desired by the opera-goer, and consequently the music drama which can produce a continuous succession of thrills and chills is the medium most acceptable to audience and singers alike. Neither the public nor the singers ask of themselves any questions as to the realism of emotions expressed in song, for instance, "Aida," an Ethopian slave, finds it quite proper to shriek in set rhythm of the nineteenth century, accompanied by an orchestration almost up to date. The main business of opera or rather the music drama is to develop a whirlpool of emotions, mostly dramatic, consequently latter day singers emotionalize only.

Great reputations are nowadays built up upon the capacity of emotionalizing. All the singing is of the same pattern, and requires mainly immense physical vigor and recuperatice energy. Tamango and Materna are examples. An operatic career is under these conditions necessarily curtailed. Only the few endowed with exceptional physique can stand the literal wear and tear, especially the tearing of the voice.

The singers of the Tivoli are neither better nor worse than the average heard in opera anywhere. No real difference of vocal style between the singing of the French opera heard some months since and the Tivoli people exists. More dramatic vigor may have belonged to the French people and their prima donna had some advantages of youth and personality, but their costumes and scenery were miserable, whereas the Tivoli has been almost lavish in producing new costumes and scenery, effective and in excellent taste. Mr. Hinrichs has worked hard upon a mixum gatherum chorus, which promises to rise to the due occasion as the season advances.

Madame Kronold was probably meant by nature for something better than dramatic singing as understood to-day, but has settled down into the average dramatic soprano, and goes through her role with Germanic vigor and seriousness. Of course, there is vocal wear to be heard, but dramtic singing is all wear, all physical. Amneris gives a mezzo many chances, and Mrs. Fleming Hinrichs will, in time, become robust enough to fill out the role, but seeing that she has youth and temperament it is regrettable that these gifts should be cast into the maw of dramatic emotionalizing. Never has Mr. Mertens been as acceptable as now, for formerly his capacity to remain within the vicinity of the key was intermittent, whereas he now has the average intonation and has grown still more dramatic. What is left of the fine possibilities of Mr. Abramoff's voice is expended without stint. In general, "Aida" will gain with sufficient power and the ensemble is equal to the average performances in more ambitious opera-houses. Ponchielli's "Gioconda" promises to be especially interesting. The work is now here, and running over with dramatic fire. LESLIE MARTIN.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

At the Columbia next week "The Idler," Haddon Chambers' successful play, succeeds "The Wife." It is in dramas of this character that the Frawley company appears to best advantage. The cast is quite as good as that of the Lyceum company, which first produced "The Idler" in San Francisco.

Johnny Carroll, the Irish comedian, will be the feature of the performance at the Orpheum next week. Another new-comer, and one of much merit, is Charmion, the Spanish ring artist. Gus Williams will have some new songs and jokes, and Professor Leonidas will continue with his cats and dogs. The holdovers include Mary Arniotes, Frencelli and Lewis, the three Rackett Brothers and Papinta—positively her last week.

Although "Turk Meets Greek" has not been as successful as "The First Born," it has been successful enough to receive considerable favorable attention, even if that attention is principally bestowed upon the settings of the stage. "Turk Meets Greek" will be continued until August 22d, after which there will be presented a number of Eastern successes, including "Too Much Johnson," "Girl I Left Behind Me," "Jane," and "The Highest Bidder."

The play at Morosco's next week will be "The Heart of Chicago," a drama of more than average interest. From a point of plot as well as of scenery the piece is unusually strong, portraying life in many different phases and situations in the great Western metropolis. Notable among the scenic features are the down-town districts of Chicago during the great fire, a night illumination in the Court of Honor at the World's Fair, the Masonic Temple roof garden, and a new railroad scene, unlike any other ever presented before.

After many months of waiting San Francisco is at last to have David Belasco's play, "The Heart of Maryland." It is to open at the Baldwin Monday evening. Aside from the play considerable interest has been aroused in Mrs. Leslie Carter, who has struggled through the tribulations and trials of the stage as well as of matrimony until she is now safely on the hills of fame. The production will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Belasco, and will be identical in every detail to that given in the East. Following "The Heart of Maryland" Mr. William H. Crane will have the Baldwin boards.

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# THE THEATRES

## Francis Powers' New Play Not a Success.

In "The First Born" Mr. Powers made a play of human passion and drama. In "Turk Meets Greek" he tried to make a play of a psychological study. The drama of "The First Born" was handled with a touch that was genius. The psychological study in "Turk Meets Greek" was handled with a faltering uncertainty, caught at and dropped, brought out suddenly in climaxes of meteoric vividness, swamped in stretches of monotonous dialogue.

The figure of the Grand Duke Constantine is all of "Turk Meets Greek." He is the psychologic study. He is the play. Mr. Powers' idea of making a four-scene, descriptive, stage piece, in the progress of which a sensitive, idealistic, poetic, and ineffectual character should be unfolded, is as original as the sharp and bloody story of "The First Born." Only to show the development of character on the stage, especially that illusive kind of character that Mr. Powers has undertaken to figure forth, requires a different touch, a wider stage experience, and above all more time in the working with and elaborating of the scheme than Mr. Powers has yet achieved or been able to give.

The play is a disappointment to those who looked upon this young man as a rising star. It has none of the powerful and grasping forcefulness of its predecessor. It does not show the same stage knowledge and instinctive sense of dramatic unity and proportion. It gives one none of that electric enthusiasm that great work like "The First Born" must evoke from the most phlegmatic. From the second scene to the end it is full of amateurish faults. On ears that strained for a repetition of the rich, sonorous dialogue which gave "the Chinese play" its bizarre, Oriental tone, fell a series of long, sophomorical, pedantic conversations about Pericles or Miltiades and Leonidas and Thermopylae and the Spartans and all the rest of it. It had, too, a curious tendency toward preaching. There were moments when one felt sure the writer was using the stage figures to voice his own sentiments and his sentiments, though good, and what they should be, were long to hear and dry in the telling and what we knew before, and what all properly brought up people thought and felt.

And yet—and yet—under all its faults, under all its clumsy construction and rhetorical talk—it has the real thing in it. While it disappoints after the perfect completness of "The First Born," it does not disillusion. The same startling talent, the same original points of view, the same splendid but untrained imagination appear in it. And beyond these one feels the struggle of a mind which has tried to body forth in this play one of the silent tragedies of life.

In Constantine Mr. Powers saw a modern Hamlet. The Prince's life is a series of high but futile endeavors, of dreams that never became actions. He is a man of noble aims, of lofty hopes, of impossible ideals, with neither the force, nor the hardihood, nor the debasing knowledge of men, to carry them to success. He is the man that the mills of the gods grind exceeding small; the man who is destroyed by the world, or who flies from it. It was a great conception of character, and Mr. Powers failed to present it convincingly. His idea even was not plain. The story of Ayesha, which most people followed hopelessly as the raison d'etre of the piece, was only one of the threads of the whole. In the scene with Smolensky, which the audience rose to as the sort of "strong scene" they were accustomed to, the real point was not the emotional display, but the stronger light thrown on the weakness and strength of the Prince's character.

Had Mr. Powers succeeded in showing us Constantine as he saw him, had he made us realize the futile and desperate struggles of this sore and shrinking nature, he would have won a success as brilliant as that of "The First Born." But we do not clearly understand, and feel with the Prince, who, when the great moment of his life came, failed. Nine out of ten of the spectators left the theater feeling that they had seen a strange, rambling play with a good spectacular side. "The first act was good," the house assured itself, as it slowly crowded out and up the stairs. The first act, which as stage-craft, was the best in the piece, was merely a prelude, glowing with Oriental color, and had only a picturesque connection with the plot. The bazaar-lined street, the glimpse of mosque and minaret, the figures of Kurds and Armenians, street hawkers and priests, merely went to form the background for the solitary figure of the Prince, who was a failure.

The real play begins in Act II, in a suitable environment—the Acropolis by moonlight and far away the plain of Marathon. Here among the relics of the past, gazing out as Byron gazed to where "the mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea," Constantine dreams his dream of love and glory. He thinks of the great dead that held the pass at Thermopylae and the greate dead that raised the columns of the Acropolis, and his soul is filled with the splendor of his hopes. The conception of the scene could not have been more poetic; but in the execution the poetry was submerged under dry, didatic conversation as stiff as a depating club and as full of geographical or political matter as the telegraphic dispatches in the daily press.

The picturesque side of things redeemed much of the long-winded dialogue. For stage effectiveness, Mr. Powers has a Wagner-like quickness of sight and invention. His street hawkers with their melodious cries, his chanting story-teller and the bell-like, dominating call of the Muezzin, as he summons the faithful to prayer, were used with brilliant effectiveness. The chorus of women, with their flickering handful of fire, and their mystic chant to Apollo, were a tremendous strain on one's sense of realism, but from the spectacular point of view, they were singularly beautiful. The one figure with its outstretched arms and the glow of the fire shining through the thin draperies, while back of it the marble columns, and the moonlit landscape, looked vague and softly dark, was a picture to remember.

GERALDINE BONNER.

***

The good impression made by the Frawley company last season in "The Charity Ball" was strengthened by this week's performance. The possibilities of the piece in comedy as well as in dramatic interest have placed it among the first of society dramas. These possibilities are fully looked to by the Frawleys and well taken advantage of. It was a good thing for Blanche Bates to play Ann Cruger instead of Phyllis Lee. Ann is more suited to her temperament, very much more so, than was the unhappy Phyllis. Miss Bates has seldom looked or acted as well. Frank Worthing is again John Van Buren, and makes a good study of the fashionable clergyman. He looks and acts to the best advantage in the third act, which, by the way, is the great scene of the play, and the real test of the players. Miss Moretti as Phyllis Lee adds much to the effect of this act by some very good emotional work. Frederick Perry reappears in the cast, and renews a favorable impression as Dick Van Buren. Harry Corson Clarke is inimitable as the Judge, and Wilson Enos makes a clever character of the old organist.

The scenery's the thing at Morosco's this week to the exclusion of almost everything else. The play, Lincoln J. Carter's "The Tornado," amounts to little in plot or in construction, but this is more than counterbalanced by the stage settings and mechanical effects covering many things, from a tornado and a storm at sea to a Chicago pier and the dissecting-room in a medical college. The scenery is always good at Morosco's, but this week it is good out of the ordinary. The comedy people have the honors in "The Tornado," and they are four—Dutton Wansor, Leslie Morosco, Julia Blanc and Irma Fitch, who play their parts with spirit. By long odds Landers Stevens is the most able man in the company, and the most attractive as well. His work this week is only in the first and second acts, but it leaves an excellent impression.

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## IN NEW-BOOKLAND

### An Unprejudiced Impression of the Late Works of Miss Corelli and Dr. Conan Doyle.

This is the season of inaction in the publishing world the period between summer and autumn in which compositors rust and editors go on vacation. The busy author, having finished his Christmas dole for the December magazines—for it is in August these important holiday publications are prepared for the press—hies himself and family to the seashore and discounts his celebrity at whatever rate of interest it may command. As for the reviewer—it devolves on him to deal with survivals—the books left over from other and richer days. Here, for instance, is Marie Corelli's "Ziska" (Stone & Kimball), and "Uncle Bernac" (D. Appleton & Co.), of which Conan Doyle has recently been delivered; "Symphonies (John Lane), by George Egerton, and the foolish parody on Le Gallienne's "Golden Girl"—the "Gilt-Edged Girl"—which I verily believe John Lane had written to head off Max Beerbohm or H. D. Traill, who could have performed the task to perfection. If ever a book lent itself to ridicule, surely it is the strange adventures of Richard in search of a spouse. The series of occurrences were all susceptible of the most exquisite misinterpretation—the over-flowery style might easily have been "guyed" out of court. Don't you remember the set of parodies Beerbohm did for the Christmas "Saturday Review"—in which he imitated H. J. Wells and George Meredith and this same Le Gallienne—with delightful humor. He had the latter describe in the pathetically poetic, rose nightingale moonlight style which he affects, the making of an applepie bed. There is nothing of the writer of "Prose Fancies" in the "Gilt-Edged Girl"—it is literary horse play—foolish fatuous stuff failing of rhyme, reason or fun. To realize what may be effected by a parody, one may recall the consequences of the "Green Carnation," in which Beardsleyism and the cult of the epigram were so cleverly derided. It was this book that terminated the career of Oscar Wilde and all his affectations long before he fell beneath the sword of justice.

But here, however, we have "Ziska," the latest effort of the strong-minded young woman who is said to be the Queen's favorite novelist. Her majesty has always displayed such excellent sense in governing her dominions that it seems impossible she should really approve of Marie Corelli. 'Tis..an the attitude of this pretty young woman to the critics and to the world there is really nothing more vulgar. She is continually heaping passionate abuse on the heads of the unfortunate gentlemen who cannot approve her wild-eyed tales—which in spite of this unflattering condemnation have an enormous sale. There is no reason why "Ziska" should be read. True, it passes idly an hour or more of idle time, but there are so many better books appearing every day. As a work of imagination it does not compare with "She," and it lacks all the other characteristics that make for literary distinction. If it had been penned by some one less prominent than Miss Corelli one would not think of giving it more than a three-line notice. "Ziska" is a ghost reincarnated to revenge a cruel wrong done a dancing girl of early Egypt by Araxes, a great warrior of the time. He won the love of this Ziska Charmian and then stabbed her, which was really very unkind. The soul of the warrior is on earth again disguised as Gervase, the greatest of French painters, and inevitably he falls in love with the lovely and mysterious young person who is creating such a furore in Cairo, Princess Ziska. He is quite an unprincipled but tremendously handsome fellow, and really his views on woman and marriage, and on the covenances generally, are, to put it mildly, Bohemian. However, Ziska enmeshes him firmly in the toils of her beauteous eyes and his fate is sealed—he is spirited away to the great pyramid and dies kissing her siren lips. The moral is, of course, don't have an ancestor who was in the habit of stabbing early Egyptian ballet girls. It may be confusing three or four thousand years later.

After "Sherlock Holmes" and the "Stark Munro Letters," "Uncle Bernac" strikes one as decidely unskillful. No one, not even Max Beerbohm, who has had several amusing tilts with the doctor, denies him a pretty talent at story-making. He can blend and develop a complication with the best of his predecessors, and really has few superiors in the gentle art of literary mystification. Besides, he has also the talent of limning bold character in such strong and broad lines so he stands forth in the mind a veritable man, if not a hero. Considering such endowments one has a right to demand of Conan Doyle a good story. He gives us "Uncle Bernac." For proper proportion there should be twice as much of this book as it now stands. It opens fairly, suggests romantic events to follow. We are shown the ingredients of a mysterious and interesting complication, and lo! Napoleon cometh upon the scene, and M. de Laval becomes an insignificant entity, whose function it is to describe the appearance, conversation and manner of the great man. The plot goes to pot at once. There is a twist to bring the curtain down—a disillusionment, a marriage, and that is all. It may be a vivid impression of Napoleon that is set forth, but one does not ask one's history precipitated in this manner. It certainly is not what it purports to be—a novel.

The "Symphonies" of George Egerton are so in name only. Really, like most of their predecessors, they are discords. The events related are all intensely tragic. Happiness concerns not this writer; she finds her theme in the misfortunes of individual women—their losses, failures, deceptions. The impression left upon the mind testifies to the ability and power of the author. You may deplore as you will the loose form of the narrative, but, unquestionably, the phrases ring true and cut to the quick. If only the situations were true also; not merely forms of fact distorted for the bearing of morals. What a ruthless responsibility is the burden of a message and how luriously it does affect the art of the victim. If George Egerton was not weighted down by her mission for the regeneration of the sex, surely she would breathe a little glow and fancy into her prose. Unrelieved gloom is as ineffective as shadow without light. Imagine the literary wealth of "Heart of the Apple" clustered round some subject of real life. It is a creation achieved for the benefit of the theory it promulgates—the hopelessness of woman and the general unworth of man. Just so, too, is "Pan" laden with the same dark burden. To my mind it is the best, most shapely, story in the volume, though "Oony" has passages that pulsate with passionate beauty.

These stories show the writer at her best. They have a value very distinct from such stuff as "Sea Pinks" and a "Nocturne. In the telling of these two tales there is a foolish masculine affectation—they are supposed to be told by a worldly and slangy young man who talks about his "diggings" (lodgings), and enters into a lengthy explanation about the tendency of women to button from right to left, whereas a man buttons from left to right—reflects in staccato sentences in a fatuous way. The situation reminds one a bit of "March Hares"—the narrator sees from his window over the embankment a woman gazing into the water of the river and takes her up to his "diggings." She is wet and faint from starvation, and He, this very masculine He, gives her tea and subsequently "baccy." But let them speak for themselves:

I took off her hat, a quiet, little black felt affair, positively soaked with rain. She had lovely hair, glossy yellow, not "brown at the roots" kind, you know; it had a crinkle in it, and the line down the middle of her head was white as an almond. I hate the type of blonde that has a pink skin to her scalp. I concluded she couldn't have been long in the streets, for the bit of white at her neck and the handkerchief in her lap were clean—a day's soil at most. She wore woolen gloves; I pulled them off; she opened her eyes, closed them again. She wore an old-fashioned thin wedding-ring on her right hand, perhaps her mother's; she had pretty, long hands; but hands don't attract me like feet or ears. I belong to the race of men to whom temptation comes in the guise of little feet. An instep or ankle appeals irresistibly to my senses; I acknowledge it frankly; it's damned odd, but I can't help it—the appeal, I mean. My friend Foote says, delicately perfumed lingerie is his weak spot; his fall is sure at a flutter of lace and ribbon. To be virtuous, he would have to live in a land where the drying of women's frillikins on a clothes-line would be prohibited by law. Her feet were not pretty, although her boots were decently cut. What an odd face she had; I can see it in white relief on the red of the leather. A bit like Christine Nilsson about the forehead, big clever nose, tremendous jaw—a devil or a saint, or I'm no judge. She opened her eyes at last. I held out the glass; she shuddered, pushed it away almost roughly, and said:

"No, please not that, I am afraid of it; I daren't touch it, it would be so easy to get to want it—when one is miserable."

"Quite right; suppose you have some tea instead."

She flushed and smiled; the saint was certainly uppermost just then.

"You are very good; yes. I should like some."

I am rather a dab at making tea. Lloyd gets me the best in the market; never get good tea in a woman's house—afraid of the price or something.

"You had better take off that wet jacket."

Odd woman that; she stood up at once—she was still shaking—and took it off, hanging it over an oak stool. She was a well set up woman, of the thoroughbred flat, spare English type; getting on for the age the lady novelists find interesting—thirty, perhaps. They may say what they like though, there is nothing like milk-fresh youth. By the Lord Harry, it's a beauty in itself! The plainest fresh-skinned wench with the dew of life in her eyes is worth ten of any beauty of thirty-five. Her dress was literally soaked, it hung heavily about her ankles; there were two wet patches, too, where her feet had rested. I dug the poker into the fire and said, without looking round:

"You'll be laid up to-morrow if you keep that skirt on; go into the other room and take it off; don't mind me, I've seen petticoats before now. Hang it to dry before the fire and put your boots in the fender. You'll see a collection of Eastern footwear—it's rather a fad of mine—on the wall, find a pair to fit and slip them on."

Didn't see her face, busy with the kettle. A moment's silence, then I heard the door shut softly. Admirable woman that! when I come to think of it, the only woman I ever met who could do a thing without arguing about it.

That this "Making of a School-Girl" (John Lane) is the best work of Evelyn Sharp cannot be urged as the excuse for its production among the Bodley Booklets. It is a very natural story of the loves and troubles of a little English girl, to whom we are introduced in her frocks and take leave of after a term in boarding-school. Much better work from the pen of Miss Sharp has appeared in "The Yellow Book." Indeed, there must be due soon a volume of her short stories, as well as one from Miss Ella D'Arcy, who is surely one of the cleverest short-story writers of the day. Apropos of "The Yellow Book" there were some excellent tales in the April number, especially one by Henry Harland, whose work gains in value and charm with each succeeding number of the publication he edits so admirably. Nothing could be more gracious, more dainty, more fascinating that the story of the beautiful Princess with the ruddy locks, who has been married by proxy to a King she has never seen. It has the distant delicacy of a fairy story, and is told with something of that exquisiteness which characterizes the stories of Frederic Wedmore.

C.

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## BOOK NOTES

A late number of Appleton's "Town and Country Library" has Mrs. Campbell Praed's novel, "Nulma." It is a story of life in Australia, and is very much like Mrs. Campbell Praed's average story of life anywhere else. Nulma is a child of nature, of antipodean nature in particular, with a walk like a stag, hair the color of a ripe bunya nut, and big brown eyes with something of the shy fearlessness and liquid softness of a deer. From all this it will be seen that Nulma was beautiful. She has a somewhat stormy time falling in love with the wrong person—but finally falls tearfully out and becomes the wife of a man who has the attributes and the worldly goods thought essential in the make up of a desirable husband.

In view of the recent differences between Greece and Turkey a very timely book is "The King of the Mountains," by Edmond About (Rand, McNally & Co.), translated from the French by Mrs. C. A. Kingsbury. The King, by name, is Hadgi-Stavros, and by profession is a retired bandit, retired from the genial occupation of sacking towns and the like, but retaining the privilege of capturing and holding for ransom wealthy tourists who happen to intrude in his environment. The book is a French classic, rounding with "Tartarin of Tarascon" for its humor and ludicrous situations. Of course, the translation falls far short of the original, but the drollery of the situations is retained and one realizes the fame of the tale from the rendering of Mrs. Kingsbury.

Something of much benefit to San Francisco and to the State in general is the new guide book just published by William Doxey. It contains a complete and interesting description of the city and of its sights—special attention being given to Chinatown, to the customs and language of the people of that quarter. The principal cities and pleasure resorts of the State receive detailed attention, and the illustrations throughout are of a high order. Altogether the guide is reliable and interesting, the very thing for the tourist.

John Strange Winter has written already more than fifty books, but her pen still goes writing on with prospects of at least fifty more. One of these is "Into an Unknown World" (J. B. Lippincott Company). There are forty-six chapters in the book, each one headed with a bit of verse, and all through these forty-six chapters Mrs. Stannard's characters move more or less conventionally and say and do more or less conventional things. All of which happens frequently in most novels and nearly always in Mrs. Stannard's.

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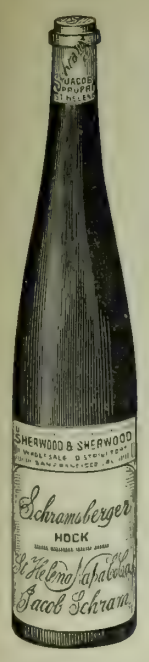


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## OPINIONS OF LEANDER

### Showing the Plausible Mistake of a Misguided Eastern Man.

Last nght I went over into the Latin Quarter to play "Bocce" with an Italian friend of mine who works in a cigarette factory and is perhaps an anarchist. "Bocce" is a kind of game that involves much rolling of little balls in dirt alleys underneath "wine-shops"—a sort of combination of tenpins and golf and marbles. It's fairish exercise, and vin ordinaire in tin pint measures tastes very good thereafter; also a dish of salad with just a suspicion of garlic, and a quarter of black bread rubbed with an onion. I went to the "Red House" for this wine and salad and bread, and who should I meet there—there of all places—but Leander.

"Heigho-ho," says he, with a great sigh as we settled ourselves to the hacked and blackened table. "This is a wicked world, Just." "Marry and to that," says I, rubbing onion on my black bread. "When did you find it out?"

"Twenty-three years seven months and ten days ago."

"You surprise me. What happened twenty-three years seven months and ten days ago, to brand that hateful truth upon your conscience?"

"I was born."

I had nothing more to say.

"And recent events," sighed Leander, "have but confirmed my theory."

"As for instance?"

"A man and a girl—"

"There's trouble coming."

"Big trouble; I 'most punched his head."

"There would have been worse trouble if you had."

"I know that, but noblesse oblige, you know."

"What did the man do to awaken your nobility?"

"Said things about the girl."

"Was she a nice girl?"

"Very—and he was a nice man, only—"

"Only what?"

"He misunderstood the girl."

"San Francisco man?"

"No; Eastern."

"San Francisco girl?"

"Yes—very much so."

"That's so, you said she was a nice girl. But if he was an Eastern man, why was his head to be punched, especially if he was nice?"

"Well, he didn't know how to gauge a California girl—this girl, anyhow—thought she was fast."

"Gracious! Did you enlighten him?"

"Tried to but failed."

"Explain."

"It was at the club."

"Yes; well?"

"I had given the Eastern man a two weeks' card. Some half dozen of us were sitting at the window watching the world go by."

"You mean you were watching for girls."

"Well, by and by this girl came along."

"And?"

"Well, she came by; we all saw her; of course, all of us knew her, but we didn't say anything, because—"

"Because why, Leander?"

"Well, there's a certain crowd of fellows in that club—we're pretty small, though—but somehow we don't believe in mentioning a girl's name indiscriminately amongst a lot of men."

"Hear! Hear!" said I, rapping on the table, "Leander, you must put me up there."

"Why, you're one of the directors."

"Oh, that club! Well, go on. Has the girl got by?"

"Not yet; we sat there looking at her and thinking what a pretty, stylish little girl—she's very young—she was, and how very jolly and companionable, when this Eastern man ups and out with:

" 'Hello, there's little so and so.' "

"I say, that was rough; what happened?"

"None of us said a word, and I began to talk about something else, but my Eastern man wouldn't down; says he: 'Jolly little piece, that.'

"Says, I, mighty stiff, 'I don't think the young lady is under discussion!' 'Well, let's discuss her,' says he; 'she's the gayest chicest, jolliest little girl I've met between the two oceans; you got lot's like that out here?' "

"Then what happened?"

"Well, then he rather saw that he'd put his foot in it, and he says, 'Well—pardon me—but—but she's fast, isn't she?' I say. Just, you ought to have seen that crowd. Every one of the fellows was just getting ready to say something very politely noble and crushing, and I was wondering if I hadn't better punch his head without saying anything, when my man says: 'I've every reason to think that I am right;' and do you know what his reasons were, Just'?"

"I think I do; shall I guess?"

"Go ahead."

"She was one of the kind of girls we spoke of once before—a little cigarette smoking, a little cocktail drinking, and perhaps the man had kissed her."

"Several times."

"And he had gauged her according to those things."

"He'd only known the Eastern girl, you see."

"I see. There are only two kinds of girl back there. The positively good and the positively bad, and he thought if this particular girl wasn't one she was the other."

"Exactly, and the worst of it is he will always be in doubt about her. He went away yesterday. He'd only seen the little girl a few times, and it never came to the point when she could show herself to be the good girl she really was. He never asked her to take supper with him, for instance, and so he's gone away with the impression that she's fast, and that we've got lots like that out here."

"It's rotten," said I, exasperated.

"And was he altogether to blame?" said Leander, as he rapped for the check.

JUSTIN STURGIS.


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## UNDER MT. TAMALPAIS

### The Joys of Living in Mill Valley — Its Views, Villas and Hostelries.

There are few prettier places around the bay in the vicinity of San Francisco than Mill Valley. It is only an hour's travel from the city, but it possesses, nevertheless, all the charms of real country life that dwellers in less favored cities than ours must voyage far to find. The rides and drives are excellent, the roads in good repair, and Tamalpais is an ever-present delight which the scenic railway brings close at hand. Fogs are unknown in the valley and low temperatures are unheard of; rains are remote and infrequent incidents. The air is like dry and sparkling Mumm; fishing is not impossible, and hotels are not wanting to furnish the sojourner with "all the comforts of home."

Indeed, one of these caravansaries is conducted upon quite metropolitan lines. "The Sanitarium" it is called, and E. Steel, proprietor, has even gone to the length of securing as his chef a clever artist who formerly presided in the Palace Hotel Grill-Room. The hotel derived its name from the mud baths hard by, and which are open to the use of the guests. It must not be supposed, however, that the place is merely a hospital for convalescents. Quite the contrary. The table, I am told, is most excellent, and the service, attendance, accomodations and so forth quite up to the standard set by the large institutions of Pacific Coast watering-places.

As has already been suggested, the Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway has its terminus at Mill Valley, and one of the favorite amusements of the "summer people" is to take a run to the summit when the valley gets too warm. The trip can easily be made in a few hours, and the view on both sides from the top is in itself quite "worth the price of admission." For a long time the hotels of the place—the Mill Valley, the Blithedale, and the Sanitarium—were sufficient to take care of the migratory army of "summer people" who were seeking for a pretty place not too far from the city wherein to spend the season, but of late many of these visitors who have made the place their regular resort for several years past have become so charmed with the valley that they have erected there their country houses. Quite a considerable number of these have grown up of late in the forests of redwood that cover the canyon slopes, and very pretty they look, too, with their red roofs and quaint gables standing out in sharp relief against the green backgrounds of the woods. One of these newly built residences, and incidentally one of the largest, is that of Mr. E. L. Hueter of the Bass-Hueter Company, of San Francisco. Mr. Hueter has constructed his charming villa according to the style of the Swiss chalet, a very appropriate architecture for a hill country residence. It is a very comfortable house set in a delightful little park. The gables are many and pointed, and the roofs weighted down with rocks and boulders in true Alpine fashion. The main living-room is as charming an interior as can be found around the bay, spacious and roomy and most tastefully appointed. It may well be that since it was designed by Dobbertin, the artist and sculptor. Over the fireplace is a splendid figure of an eagle, very well executed and remarkably life-like. It is from this figure that the villa has taken its picturesque name of "Eagle Cliff." Mr. August Hinz is another gentleman who has built in the valley. His is a charming residence set in a grove or redwoods and surrounded by deep verandahs. From the upper windows the view is fairly panoramic, while a spur of the mountain rising immediately in its rear makes an admirable setting. Mr. Lovell White, too, has a pretty little villa not far off, likewise deeply verandahed, its roof being upheld by a row of arches which give the place its name. The country residences of Mrs. Howells and Mrs. Huber are of a less pretentious character than the others mentioned, but are none the less agreeable for all that. Mrs. Huber's home is on an elevation that commands a splendid sweep of valley and foothill, the view being shut off only by the mass of Tamalpais. Mrs. Howell's house is a picturesque little cottage surrounded by live oaks. These places are but a nucleus, no doubt, of a great number of villas and country seats that will, one of these days, rise from the hillsides of Mill Valley like the growth of a mushroom town so soon as the advantages of this delightful canyon are more widely known.

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## The Continental Building and Loan Association.

In the face of prevailing hard times and the long "winter of discontent" through which the finances of the country have been laboring of late, the showing made by the Continental Building and Loan Association of California during the past year is as extraordinary to the lay brother as it must be gratifying to the gentlemen directly concerned in the undertaking. The building association is a boon to the man of small salary who has a family and wants a little home to house it in. Instead of paying rent he may pay for his residence—built expressly for him—to the association, in monthly installments, and at the end of seven years be able to call the little house his castle. That the association is rapidly and steadily gaining in the public's favor is evident from the fact that for the year ending 1897 it helped 106 of its members to build homes for themselves against 80 for the corresponding period of 1896, and 54 in 1895. Taking five people as the number of the average family, it can be said that the association has practically built a little town of 530 inhabitants. Another point to be considered is that the building of these houses gives employment to a small army of carpenters, plumbers and mechanics. In fact, it can be affirmed that no other financial institution gives employment to so many working people.

In a way, investment in the association is as safe as in a well managed bank. In the first place it has one security that is the best in the world—real estate. The funds are loaned in small amounts on improved real estate, first mortgage, worth at least twice the amount of the risk, to say nothing of the usual fire insurance protection. The association does not discount paper, nor does it even take any kind of commercial risk. Moreover, it is protected against runs in times of panic by the law, which provides that not more than half its monthly income need be paid out for withdrawals. In the remote event of every shareholder attempting to withdraw at the same time there would be no sacrifice of securities or impairment of assets because under the law they could only withdraw as fast as the monthly receipts would warrant, so that the last member could retire from the association with equal privileges and equal profits with the first.

The best proof, however, as to the solidity and growth of the institution can be seen by reference to its books. A comparative summary of the last three years' business is consequently appended:

| | 1895. | 1896. | 1897. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Loans applied for during year ..... | 160 | 211 | 462 |
| Loans rejected, bad titles. | 10 | 8 | 6 |
| Loans rejected, bad security ..... | 44 | 42 | 190 |
| Loans repaid . | 5 | 2 | 4 |
| Loans made during year and in force. | 101 | 159 | 262 |
| Am't loaned... | $73,432 00 | $141,860 00 | $251,800 00 |
| Appraised value of land... | 74,675 00 | 151,232 00 | 210,135 00 |
| Appraised value of improvements . | 93,525 00 | 207,632 00 | 356,835 00 |
| Total value of land and improvements . | 168,200 00 | 356,864 00 | 566,970 00 |
| Insurance covering improvements . | 82,075 00 | 158,405 00 | 287,495 00 |
| Average loan.. | 727 00 | 892 00 | 963 00 |
| Average insurance ..... .. | 812 | 996 00 | 1,097 00 |
| Average appraised value of security... | 1,605 00 | 2,256 00 | 2,164 00 |
| Percentage of loans to appraised value .....43 per ct. | | 39 per ct. | 44 per ct. |
| Number of homes built by members in year.54 | | 80 | 106 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets June 30th, 1897 ..... | $562,919 34 |
| Assets June 30th, 1896 ..... | 324,522 07 |
| Increase 73 per cent, or..... | $237,397 27 |
| Subscribed capital June 30, 1897. | $3,303,400 00 |
| Subscribed capital June 30, 1896. | 2,393,100 00 |
| Increase 122 per cent, or..... | $2,910,300 00 |
| Monthly income over ..... | $40,000 00 |
| Dividends to stockholders for the year ..... ..... | $30,180 00 |

San Francisco, August 2, 1897.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

I, Howard E. Wright, Secretary of the CALIFORNIA TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, doing business under the laws of California, and authorized by its articles of incorporation and the laws of said State to act as Trustee, do hereby certify that the CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO, California, has on deposit with said CALIFORNIA TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, in trust for all the members and creditors of said CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION Notes and Mortgages to the amount of ($504,842 00) five hundred and four thousand eight hundred and forty-two dollars.

Dated San Francisco, California, this 3d day of August, 1897.

Signed, HOWARD E. WRIGHT, Secretary.

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# TURF TOPICS

## So-Called Gentlemen Drivers—Winter Meeting Programmes.

The first installment of the grand trotting circuit was wound up on Saturday last at Oakland. The contests were good on the whole, and the public who attended were fairly well pleased with the sport, though no very striking performances were given. The only untoward event that the judges were called upon to deal with occurred in one of the races for non-professional drivers, where a change in the holders of the ribbons was found necessary to defeat some sharp practice not expected of drivers at any time, much less when classing themselves as "gentlemen."

As holders of the time-honored title of "Knights of the Sulky," professional drivers under any circumstances rank above mere "gentlemen drivers" in the turf scale of precedence, and after the incident alluded to their right to do so socially as well can hardly be questioned. It might be a good plan in the future to drop the "gentlemen" and use the term "non-professionals" to qualify sporting men—one cannot call them sportsmen—of this particular stripe; that is, if it be worth while to make a class for such people at all.

The scene has since changed to Marysville, where a meeting has been in progress this week.

The California Jockey Club has announced its first list of stake events for the fall and winter meeting at the Oakland track. It is the intention to have thirty-six stakes in all for the season, four more than last year, and the first list includes twenty events, for which entries will close on September 20th.

Although there are changes in detail, as compared with last year, the stakes to be given next season will be on the whole very much the same this coming season, with the increase in number above referred to. The fixing of the dates of certain events thus early will enable Eastern Stables to measure their chances better, and may perhaps induce some of them to reach the Coast earlier than in previous years.

The programme of the stakes decided upon by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club for the Ingleside meeting will be published very shortly, the total amount to be given away being about the same as last season. The first day of racing will be held at that track on Monday, November 1st, continuing for two weeks, when the scene will change to Oakland, and so on each alternate fortnight during the season.

Ornament has further added to his string of scalps this week by capturing the Detroit Derby, 1½ mile, in easy fashion. There were only four runners, the total value of the stakes being $8,065. This makes the fourth Derby Ornament has won this year, and from a racing point of view this last event was the least interesting. Meadowthorpe, who secured second place, was thought by his owner to have a chance, but at no time during the running did he succeed in reaching the winner, who held the lead throughout. Time, 2:36.

The Saratoga meeting—where, by the way, ladies get two free days a week—has produced some good 2-year-old racing, the most notable performance being that of Mr. J. E. Madden's Hamburg (Hanover—Lady Reel). In the Congress Hall Stakes, five furlongs, this good colt, ridden by Wilhite and carrying the crushing impost of 134 pounds, beat six other competitors of fair class, to whom he was conceding from 15 to 32 pounds, with comparative ease, in the good time of 1:01½. He was badly bumped several times in the course of the race. There is some talk of this youngster being taken to England next season, along with his stable companion, Howland. It would seem to be quite worth while to send him across the water, as a 2-year-old that can more than hold his own with such weight on his back is something altogether out of the common.

The "Spirit of the Times," giving an account of the Midsummer Handicap at Saratoga, in which the winner Sir Walter was ridden by Tarral, expresses the opinion that the game son of imp. Midlothian would have won many more races had he been in the hands of that jockey, instead of Doggett.

Mr. E. J. Baldwin's stable has been showing pretty fair form at Saratoga, his 2-year-olds San Antonio, La Maroma and La Goleta all running well.

Several of the horses now in the East that were racing here last winter seem to be all rounding into form, and more than holding their own.

The obituary notices of well-known turfmen and celebrated thoroughbred horses are becoming painfully frequent. Now we are advised of the death of Strathmore, the famous sire, at the McGrathiana Stud, Kentucky. Strathmore, foaled in 1876, was by Waverley, a son of imp. Australian the Great by West Australian, his dam Brenna by imp. Knight of St. George out of Levity. As a race horse he ranked high, and as a sire produced many reliable horses possessed of exceptional speed. On both sides of the house his pedigree abounded with the blood of Blacklock.

There is no prospect of a horse show being held in San Francisco this year. Just at this time there is nothing to be gained by setting out the various reasons why no show will take place, but it is only right to say that the Horse Show Association is not to blame. The organization still exists, with its capital practically intact, and would have been able and willing to renew the meetings of the past three years. That the function will be much missed by everybody does not admit of a doubt, and when one realizes how much good is done to breeders by shows everywhere else, it seems a pity that in a good horse country like California a high class show cannot be steadily maintained. Perhaps, however, when we have gone without a show for a year, fresh energy may be forthcoming to preserve the regular sequence of these events.

The generally improved condition of the market in Eastern and Middle States for useful horses is a matter for satisfaction, and it is to be hoped this state of things may be reflected on the Pacific Coast, where there is much less interest taken in raising high class horses than there used to be. These remarks do not, of course, apply to thoroughbreds, in which department California is well in the van. For all harness and saddle work horses of a good stamp are hard to find, and what breeding is being done here is far below the standard that ensures good results. The improvement in demand on the Atlantic side is in no small measure due to the considerable trade that is being done for export to Europe, the volume of which has been steadily increasing of late years. Buyers, however, will take only really good animals, and the common chance-bred stock raised on Western ranches is not looked at. If it be true, as reported, that the Secretary of Agriculture is about to stimulate such breeding work by visiting the West and drawing attention to the needs of Europe, more especially for military purposes, it is to be hoped he will leave with breeders a plain understanding of the requirements of the remount agents. In doing so he will enable ranch-owners to realize how far their horse-flesh productions at present fall short of what is requisite to attain a share of this trade, and also that if they desire to get into the export business in any way they must adopt very much better methods than those which now prevail on most of the big stock farms. To produce a good grade of serviceable horses for army work the use of thoroughbred stallions with bone and substance is essential, and the right stamp of mare only should be put to such sires.

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E. H. SHEDDON,
Secretary.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The reasons why some men marry are often better than they are complimentary. An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the coursing-field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing pauper-woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex. "Why has ta gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him. "Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man stolidly. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, so I hit on the idea o' marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog!"

Some few years back a young man fell deeply in love with a red-cheeked lass who worked in the same mill. But, though she was the subject of his nightly dreams and daily thoughts, he was o bashful that he could not, or dared not, offer her his hand. At last, driven to desperation, he put up the banns of marriage at the village church. On the following morning the unwooed bride-elect went to the young man and demanded an explanation. Thus cornered, he confessed the truth, adding: "If tha will not ha' me, I con gi' back-word." "Whod did ta pay?" asked the practical girl. "Four-an'-six-pence." "Well, tha corn'd get it back, and it's no use losin' four-an'-sixpence; but tha knows tha'll ha' to come a-coartin' all t' same." And he did.

Chauncey Depew attended the races at Newmarket during his recent visit to England, and was invited to a hunt breakfast. He sat next to a very swell woman, and this is the dialogue that ensued: "Under what colors do you race, Mr. Depew," inquired the Duchess. "I have quit starting, Your Grace," was the demure rejoinder. "But you always back your preference, I'll wager?" added the lady, archly. "In common with the American people, I have a grave respect for 'the dark horse,'" retorted the American, without turning a hair "Ah, yes; how remarkable!" replied the sporting Duchess in blank amazement. She then relapsed into a blue funk, from which she had not emerged at the last cable advices.

The dirt of the Afghans is proverbial. In the Afghan war Lord Roberts captured an especially filthy soldier and ordered that for the safety of the camp he be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkinses were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner, and scrubbed at him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft-soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What is it, men?" "Well, sir," they replied somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it warn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blest if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"

A Southern bishop arranged to spend three days during his annual visitation at the home of one of the faithful, whose wife was a famous housekeeper. A negro boy was brought over from the plantation to be the bishop's body servant during his stay. The morning after his arrival, the bishop having failed to make his appearance, Jake was sent to summon him to breakfast, and found him shaving. In a few moments Jake returned, looking much alarmed. "Where is the bishop?" "He say he'll be dah directly." "What was he doing?" "A-sharpenin' ob his teef."

While stopping one night at a farmhouse in Missouri a traveler was astonished to see his hostess walk up to her husband about every fifteen minutes and box his ears or give his hair a pull. In the morning the guest, seeing the woman alone, asked an explanation of her strange conduct, and her reply was: "You see, stranger, me and the old man has been fightin' for ten years to see who shall boss this 'ere ranch, and I have jest got him cowed, but if I should let up on him for a day he would turn on me again, and my work would all go for nothin'."

The Bishop of London, Dr. Mandell Creighton, is a man of much wit. At one time when he was particularly active in raising funds for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, he was a guest in a country house credited with the possession of a ghost. His hostess somewhat unkindly put him in the haunted chamber. The next morning the Bishop was eagerly asked if he had seen the ghostly visitant. "Oh, yes," he answered, "but I asked him for a subscription to the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, and he vanished immediately."

An old Scotchman, who had been a long time in the colonies, paid a visit to his "native glen," and, meeting an old schoolmate, they sat down to have a chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Geordie McKay. "He's dead long ago," said his friend, "an' I'll never cease regrettin' him as long as I live." "Dear me! Had you such a respect for him as that?" "Na, na. It was na' on'y respec' I had for himself; but I married his widow."

Soon after Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of London he was visited by a curate whose manners and services had not commended him to his ecclesiastical superiors, and who thought that his time had now come to make a decided push for a "living." "Well, my lord," said the curate, "now that it's raining livings, what are you going to give me?" "I can lend you an umbrella," said the Bishop, coolly.


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VOL. XVI. No. 34 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 21, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS.

## WHEAT IS KING

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# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 21, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2–3 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Views on Coffee Creek | 4 |
| "The House With the Blinds"; by Frank Norris | 5 |
| The Gold Craze | 5 |
| Great Californians | 6 |
| Gotham Gleanings | 7 |
| Washington Gossip | 7 |
| Evolution of a Freshman | 8–9 |
| The Extravagant Sex | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| The Heroine Crop; by H. S. K. | 12 |
| Millard's Tales | 12 |
| Opinions of Justin Sturgis; by Leander | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE PLIGHT OF MEXICO.

The silver in a dollar has shrunk to 42 cents in bullion value. Austria, Russia and Japan have successfully transferred their currencies to a gold standard; the mints of India continue to be resolutely closed against the further coinage of rupees, and there is no indication of any desire on the part of the British government to reopen them; China seems to have absorbed all the silver that even her vast empire can assimilate. Mexico remains unwillingly wedded to the silver standard, and as a consequence finds herself threatened with an overwhelming disaster. The obligations of the government are held abroad, and the principal and interest are payable in gold. As the value of silver sinks the government finds it more and more difficult, even with the augmented resources due to the wisdom and energy of the administration of Diaz, the greatest of Mexicans, to meet its foreign obligations. Exchange has risen to the point at which $240 Mexican dollars are required to meet an obligation of $100 in a foreign market, and merchants everywhere throughout the republic have been obliged to raise the price to the consumer of all imported products. It is noticeable also that the wages of the Mexican workingman have not yet been increased correspondingly or at all. Every evil with which we were threatened in the event of the success of the Bryanite heresies last year seems to have overtaken our neighbor republic, through its adherence to the silver standard. Yet the Mexicans were not guilty of any such colossal folly as that which Mr. Bryan and those who stood with him on the Chicago platform urged us to commit. They have merely adhered to a standard of values to which they have always been accustomed, the depreciation of which by natural causes alone has reduced them to a condition for which their statesmen, as yet, can find no relief. Undoubtedly the Mexican leaders would gladly abandon silver for the more stable standard of gold if they had at hand the means of effecting the change. But their country is poor, they are dependent on imports for many things which their own industries do not produce, and their obligations abroad must be met in gold. Their only alternatives now seem to be partial repudiation or entire isolation in the commercial world. Everybody who has observed the progress of the Mexican people during the last twenty years will earnestly hope that some way of escape from the calamities which seem to be impending may be opened to them. We do not need the example of Mexican disaster to add to the spectacle of our own renewed prosperity to confirm our fellow citizens in the belief that Mr. Bryan and his noisy cohorts are preachers of falsehood and delusion.

## AMERICAN TARIFFS AND CANADIAN ROYALTIES.

There is a prospect of something like a bitter tariff war between our country and the Dominion of Canada. The Conference Committee of the House and Senate injected into the Dingley Tariff Act, at the eleventh hour, a provision, which, in effect, imposes a discriminating duty of 10 per cent. ad valorem, in addition to the duties imposed by the schedule, on all imports coming into the United States through Canada from other foreign countries. The Attorney-General has given his opinion that the provision is valid, and that the duty must be collected. When it is recalled that vast quantities of tea, silk and other imports from China and Japan have heretofore been landed at Vancouver and transported thence by the Canadian Pacific road to New England, New York and other Eastern Markets, all of which must now pay duty to the extent of an additional 10 per cent. on the value of the imports, or be landed at an American port and carried to their destination over American railroads, the importance of the provision will be evident. If, in addition to this, the privilege of transporting goods in bond, heretofore conceded to the Canadian carriers, be withdrawn, the great transcontinental road for which the Canadians have so courageously taxed themselves into poverty may become a bankrupt.

So far as San Francisco is concerned, we shall have no cause to regret that a greater portion than we have hitherto enjoyed of the trans-Pacific traffic will probably come to our port under the new regulation. But there are many of our citizens who would take no interest in the subject otherwise who will be glad to see the discriminating duties collected, regarding them as a just, if unintentional, retribution on the Canadians for the narrow and selfish policy which they seem inclined to pursue in regard to the development of the gold deposits of the Klondike. The proposition to retain for the Dominion government every other claim wherever gold shall be found, and, further, to exact a royalty of 10 or 20 per cent. on the output of such claims as may be developed by the energy and enterprise of the owners, is generally believed to be due to the consideration that almost all of the claims are in the hands of American citizens, and the produce of the diggings comes to the American mints. The industry of mining is too precarious in its returns to be subjected to such burdens. To a reasonable tax, such as would pay the cost of surveying and recording the claims and policing the country, there can be no objection, but any endeavor to make the government a sharer in the profits of mining because of its underlying ownership of the soil is bound to have consequences in attempts at reprisal, and may result in something more disastrous than a discriminating duty.

## THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII

### Fallacious Reasoning of Senator White in His "Forum" Article.

Many pages of the August number of the "Forum" are taken up by Senator White in an effort to show cause why the Hawaiian Islands should not become a part of the territory of the United States. If it was his purpose merely to give publicity to the reasons on which he relies to justify himself for the stand which he has taken on this question, in opposition to the almost unanimous desire of the citizens of the State which he represents, the Senator himself may possibly be well satisfied with the result of his effort; but if he hoped that his arguments would convert the supporters of annexation, or would even bring to his side the doubting and the indifferent, he has courted a disappointment unless he has in reserve other and better reasons for his attitude than are set forth in his article in the "Forum."

The Senator's article, briefly summed up, asserts that the annexation of the islands is not desirable and cannot be justified on moral, commercial or military grounds. He calls the existing Hawaiian government a "bogus republic," declares that it exists in defiance of the wishes of a great majority of the inhabitants of the islands, and concludes that such a government has no right to dispose of its territory by treaty or to transfer the allegiance of its citizens. On the question of fact raised by such a statement the Senator offers no evidence. The Hawaiian government has maintained itself and cared for the Hawaiian people for four years without opposition beyond a feeble revolt by a handful of monarchists out of employment. It succeeded a corrupt, fickle, and incompetent queen, a burlesque monarch whose continued rule would have imperiled every good end for which civilized governments are maintained. It is the only respectable government that the islands have ever enjoyed, and it has received the support of a great majority of the active and intelligent islanders, native and alien, and the acquiescence of the multitude of the ignorant and indifferent. The competency of such a government to bind its people by treaty cannot be seriously questioned.

The Senator declares his further conviction that we shall derive no commercial advantages from the annexation of the islands because the natural interests of the islanders will always compel them to trade with us on better terms than they can obtain elsewhere. This argument would have more weight if the Senator had shown that the natural interests of a trading community always determined the direction and character of its trade. He is a member of a Congress which has just enacted a tariff bill in which the "natural interests" of some sections of our own country have been made to give way to what is believed to be the superior interest of the whole country. It is, for instance, to the natural interest of San Francisco to get cheap coal from British Columbia, yet we are required to pay a heavy duty on our fuel because the collective wisdom of our national legislature has deemed it to the advantage of the whole country to substitute artificial regulation for natural interest in determining our trade relations. We are aware that Senator White disagrees with the majority of his colleagues in Congress as to the wisdom of such a course, but his dissent has no bearing on the subject he discusses. The policy of legislative interference with the natural course of trade is established. We have adopted it ourselves and, with a single exception, all the great trading nations of the world have followed the same course. Even Great Britain, the exception referred to, has taken the first step in the direction of discriminating legislation in favor of her own colonial trade. The earth-hunger of the European peoples is still keen, and will never be satisfied so long as there are desirable spots of territory open to acquisition by treaty or easy conquest. If we take Senator White's advice and repudiate the tender of the islands made by the Hawaiian government, how long does the Senator suppose it will be before the islands will fall into the eager hands of England, Germany, France or Japan? And how long would it be, after such a fate had befallen them, before the natural interests of Hawaiian trade would disappear before the restrictions placed on it by a power hostile to American interests, in pursuance of a policy which we ourselves preach and practice? If we desire to retain our present control of Hawaiian commerce we must guard ourselves from hostile interference by a protectorate or by annexation, and every argument advanced by the Senator against the morality and expediency of annexation is just as valid, if valid at all, against a protectorate.

But it is when he comes to discuss the question of the military necessity of an occupation of the islands that Mr. White shows how far even a learned and able Senator can go astray in a field with which he is not familiar. He seems to be laboring under an impression that any position which requires defense is necessarily an element of weakness in war. He seems to take it for granted that any expansion of our territory means an increased danger from attack without any increase in our defensive power. If he had been a Senator when Jefferson effected the purchase of Louisiana he would probably have denounced the acquisition of territory west of the Mississippi river under the delusion that the possession of both banks of that stream would make it twice as difficult to defend it as it would be if we had contented ourselves with the possession of one side only. He seems to think that the advocates of annexation regard the possession of Honolulu as something which would contribute in some way to relieve San Francisco from peril in the event of a naval war, and he thinks that we shall have to strengthen our navy for the defense of the islands and expend a hundred millions a year for defense if we "go into the foreign acquisition business." In all this the Senator has completely inverted the military question involved in the proposed annexation. However strongly it may be fortified, Honolulu cannot contribute to defend San Francisco, or any other port on this coast, from the attack of a hostile fleet, but it can exercise a powerful influence in preventing such an attack. As a strong naval base in the rear or on the flank of a maritime enemy's line of approach, it could not wisely be disregarded by such an enemy. And nobody but an uninstructed legislator would contemplate a reliance on the navy for the defense of the islands. It is rather as a defense for the navy and as a means of multiplying the efficiency of our naval force in the Pacific that the islands have a military value. The cost of a single battle-ship expended in fortification and armament at the proper points in the islands would furnish a cover for a base of naval operations in the whole Pacific behind which our fighting ships and cruisers could coal and repair in safety, and the expense of maintaining a garrison for the defense of such a stronghold would not much exceed the cost of maintaining a single battle-ship in commission. In return for this every ship of war which we maintain in the Pacific would render us twice as much service as would be possible if it were necessary to come to San Francisco whenever the necessity of re-coaling and re-fitting required the ship to leave the station. It is economical to have a naval base as near as possible to the scene of naval warfare, and the acquisition of Hawaii would be an economical in-

vestment on much harder terms than those on which it is offered to us. And it must always be remembered that the possession of the islands would be even more advantageous to our possible enemies for purposes of aggression than to ourselves. Even if they were sure to prove to be a burden of which we would gladly be relieved, we must nevertheless assume the load lest, falling into other hands, they become a weapon against which we shall be found without adequate defense.

The Senator brings forward many old and often refuted arguments in support of his contention. He finds the islands to be too remote to be annexed, but remoteness and proximity are measured now in time, not in miles on the map. Thirty years ago California was more remote from the center of our population than the Hawaiian Islands are from San Francisco to-day. If there is any weight in this argument to-day it was far more weighty fifty years ago when California was annexed—a proceeding to which Senator White, as our first "native son" Senator, probably does not object. He urges that the islands are not "contiguous" to our territory. Well, Alaska is not contiguous, but we have found it to be of considerable value and we would hardly consent to part with it without consideration. Lack of contiguity would probably not move Great Britain or Japan or any other of our commercial rivals to reject the islands if offered to them on any terms. Contiguity is of no relevance anyway. We are less separated from the islands by two thousand miles of ocean than we would be by an equal stretch of land.

But the Senator says that we are not going to engage in war, and, presumably, there is no occasion for considering the military value of Hawaii. This amounts merely to a confession of faith that something like the millennium has already arrived. The interests of Great Britain are, he says, too vast to permit her to encounter the perils of a conflict with us, and Japan is too busily engaged in developing her manufacturing and trading interests to think of war. But the interests of Great Britain have been built up by war and are secured now by an ever existing readiness to go to war to protect or to extend them. As her interests have increased her armaments have increased in equal or even greater measure. Japan is not too busy in promoting her industrial and maritime interests to neglect the care of her army and navy, with a wise view to the protection of what she has and, possibly, to the acquisition of more. If we are to accept the belief of Senator White, we shall merely invite aggression and court humiliation by our stupid indifference to danger as much as we could by the most pusillanimous submission. We can safely rely on it that Great Britain, or Germany, or Japan, will cheerfully attack us whenever the gains of such a venture are sufficiently promising, and our condition of helplessness is sufficiently certain. We are treated in the Senator's article to the assurance that in the possession of Pearl Harbor we have all that can be desired in the shape of a naval station in the islands, that Great Britain has in her naval station at Esquimalt all that she can desire in the North Pacific, and that as our notice to the world that we shall not permit foreign intervention in the affairs of Hawaii has heretofore proved effective we can continue to rely on its effectiveness in the future. As to Pearl Harbor, it is idle to suppose that it will be of any value to us without the possession of the islands as a whole. No local government, without our guaranty, can assure us of the continued possession of that port or of the right to its use as a naval base. Similarly our notice of non-intervention signifies nothing unless we are prepared to enforce it, and that we cannot do without occupying the islands. The Senator seems to be perfectly willing that we should enojy all the advantages of annexation without assuming the responsibility, but this we cannot do. If we occupy Pearl Harbor for military purposes and proclaim to the world that we shall not permit any other power to interfere with the islands it will amount to annexation, and we must assume the responsibility for it. As for Esquimault, we have little to fear from a naval station that is so close to our borders. Great Britain would probably be glad to agree to demolish the "magnificent fortifications" near Victoria if she were permitted to replace them in her military scheme by a fortified station at Honolulu.

It should not be forgotten that the United States are not bound by the Declaration of Paris, the subscribers to which undertook to abolish privateering and to respect neutral goods under a hostile flag, as well as an enemy's goods under a neutral flag, except in the case of contraband war. It is true that our government refused to subscribe to this declaration because the subscribing governments refused to go so far as to declare all private property exempt from capture at sea, as it is on land. The result is to leave us at liberty to assail the commerce of our enemies on the high seas as we did in the last war with Great Britain, and as the Alabama assailed the vessels of the North during the civil war. It is not probable that privateering as a means of war will ever be extensively revived, but with a few fast cruisers we could do enormous damage to an enemy possessed of any commerce, whether his goods were borne in neutral or hostile bottoms. The value of such cruisers is entirely dependent on their ability to refit and recoal after a cruise, and this depends on the accessibility of a naval base. It is such a base that the Hawaiian Islands afford in the North Pacific. With those islands in our possession and securely fortified, one cruiser could do the work which three could not do without them. In the hands of an enemy they would be equally valuable to him, for defense or aggression. It is this consideration, disregarding all others, which makes it not only desirable but necessary for us to acquire the islands, however disagreeable the acquisition may be as regarded from another point of view.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

Ideas, it is said, are often as contagious as diseases. Therefore it is not extraordinary that it should occur to Engineer Newberry, who presides over the mechanical problems of the Sutro Baths, to tunnel Chilcoot pass. The tremendous climb of which the papers are full is a sharp ascent of one thousand feet, which, being steep, is also narrow and a fit subject for tunneling. Imagine all the trouble that would be saved—why, the world might go to the Klondyke much as it goes to Coffee Creek. Of course, Mr. Newberry does not suggest that his scheme would be as profitable as the Comstock tunnel of his employer, but he believes a vast income might be obtained from tolls. The original Sutro tunnel was devised to drain the mines. It drained the money of the investors—friends of the projector—from their pocket into his. The miners are to be drained this time, though I am sure they will be left money enough to go home on.

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Nowadays one ought to be a millionaire to properly conduct a newspaper. Like yachts, journals have become luxuries. We have here Mr. De Young, Mr. Hearst, and now Mr. Spreckels, for breakfast every morning. In New York the news is administered by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Mr. Pulitzer, Mr. Dana, who has several associate millionaires, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who are all capitalists. In London the Rothschilds, the Oppenheims and sundry other bankers make public opinion each day, and something similar happens in Paris. In Chicago the banks own the papers—indeed, throughout the world the day has gone by when the independent journalist whose brains are his only capital has the say-so in directing the policy or the interests of a great paper. The truth is a great modern journal costs as much to develop as a gold mine and is vastly more expensive to maintain. The great broadsides of news one has with one's coffee cost thousands per issue to produce. They command the services of a body of trained men—editors, writers, artists, printers, financiers, engineers and solicitors. Each day there must be employed a great deal of energy, force and foresight to obtain the best material and put it into shape. The problem is a tremendous one, and I don't envy Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Leake the task they have set for themselves. However kindly one may feel towards Mr. Shortridge, it must be confessed he failed to make a great paper of the "Call"—failed because he did not surround himself with competent and energetic men whose individuality and intelligence would have guided the enterprise to success. Mere business talent will not make a paper any more than literary ability will. It requires character, sagacity and a certain brutal force. Combine these, and you have the elements of success. Mr. Sam Leake does not pretend to be a newspaperman any more than Mr. John D. Spreckels, the new proprietor of the "Call," does, but he has a shrewd, resourceful mind and a quiet and powerful manner, indices of that intelligent capacity which, be it directed at novel writing, picture painting or mine management, inevitably achieves a measure of success. He certainly brings to his task a rare experience of men and affairs, for he has been prominent and powerful in politics, in Sacramento, and has managed cleverly the Ingleside Track for Mr. Adolph Spreckels. The "Call" will never make political mistakes while he is in control, and I think will generally be found on the winning side on election day. I am told that Mr. Spreckels, in assuming the responsibility for the paper, intends to be proprietor in earnest. He has begun to familiarize himself with his acquisition, and has spent a portion of each day recently in the office, examining into its affairs at the editorial as well as the business end of the "Call." The change means one thing—that the paper will have the tall building as its home.

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Those who know about "Lucky" Baldwin's affairs were much amused at reading in the "Bulletin" of his great wealth. The article originally appeared in the New York "World," and was in the form of a letter to the editor—possibly at advertising rates. "Lucky" makes himself out a combination of hero and millionaire, but unfortunately has gone to his imagination for the facts, rather than to his book. It is true, he does own immense properties throughout California, but few of them are self-supporting, and he is mortgaged to the tune of two millions, the interest on which must amount to at least one hundred and fifty thousand a year; that is, it would if he ever paid interest or anything else, if he can avoid it. It is said that bill paying is really a mother of habit. There are certain lawyers and capitalists in San Francisco from whom it is well nigh impossible to collect a bill, but from "Lucky" Baldwin collection is achieved only by suit or foreclosure. It is his habit never to settle anything he can avoid. The Santa Anita ranch, quite the most magnificent property in Southern California, should produce him an income of at least a hundred thousand a year, but instead its maintenance costs him money; his horses are a source of expense. The Tahoe property, of which he boasts so proudly, brings in no rents commensurate with its value. As a hotel the Baldwin is a failure, although the property must bring in a big rental income from its Market street frontage. Baldwin will never sell land except under foreclosure. As for his other wild tales, the man's own character is sufficient refutation of his heroism. His whole story was a veritable "Arabian Nights" tale from beginning to end, though possibly "Lucky" himself may believe it.

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General Barnes tells with amusing detail a story of his encounter with two well-dressed young gentlemen of very sober mien and capitalistic air, who accosted him at the City Hall recently just as he was entering to try the Figel case. "This is General Barnes," said the elder of the two, who wore a high silk hat and had a grave and composed manner. "We would like a moment of your valuable time on a matter of important business. We have been at your office and were directed here." "Not now, gentlemen," replied the General in his most courteous tones. "I am about to begin a trial." "But our business will not wait," said the spokesman; "can you not appoint a meeting for this afternoon? If not, we will be compelled to go elsewhere." "It might be a big case," the General thought; so he paused and replied, "I will meet you at my office at half-past four." At four-fifteen the General obtained an adjournment of the Figel case, on plea of a momentous engagement, and hastily took a car to his office. The prospective clients had not arrived, but word was left to admit them instanter. They came, and were ushered in, were given comfortable armchairs, and the spokesman launched into the business. "General," he said, "we want your photograph for the 'Voice of Progress.' This is a journal with a large circulation in the interior. It will cost you but thirty dollars; you may write your own biography, and it will show the people of California that you are still alive." This was all said with an air of kindliness and condescension, as though the favor were entirely on the side of the speaker. The General looked at him. "May I ask," he said, "if this was the important business for which you had me adjourn the Figel case?" "Yes, sir," said the spokesman; "it is an opportunity you cannot afford to lose." The General arose in his wrath. "Both of you had better get out," he said, "before I give you physical evidence of the fact that I am still alive."

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"The San Francisco Commission Company" is the name of the latest bucket-shop. It is a cleverly devised gambling scheme organized to beat the municipal pool-room regulations, and from all appearances the system defies the ordinance. The commission company has behind it Christopher Buckley, William Harrison and their friends. It has all the plate-glass and oak fixtures of a bank, and a direct wire connects it with Chicago and New York. To enter you might suppose yourself in a national bank with produce exchange attachments, for all stocks, bonds, wheat, rye and other products are listed according to the proper conventionalities on huge blackboards. You can buy whatever you want, but it is not on regular lines that the firm does business. For purposes of its traffic there has been organized by an allied trust company in New Jersey a set of mining and other corporations, such as the Orizaba, Calaveras Mining and Milling Company, carefully incorporated in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The actual stock of these various concerns is in the safe at the commission company's office, and business is done on them. The process is quite elaborate—the stocks are dealt with on margin and fluctuate on the strength of ostensible orders from New York. For instance, one dollar will buy on margin ten shares of Orizaba. If Orizaba advances the profit goes to the individual, less twenty-five per cent. commission to the concern. If the shares drop the margin disappears and goes to the profit of the company. In this way the concern wins at both ends. This is an adroit method of dollar getting, and will prove another bait to lure office boys and gullible investors to their ruin.

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The Figel suit drags wearily along and promises to be as protracted as the Fair case. To judge from present impressions I am inclined to think no verdict can possibly be obtained from the forgery charge, and there seems to be no possibility of proving that it was Figel who killed Hoffman. The embezzlement case is another matter, however, and I should not be surprised if he were held on that.

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Claus Spreckels has at last been persuaded into mining. The seductions of that pursuit he has long resisted, but now he is deeply into the Grizzly mine, and it will mean much if his first experience proves successful. The Grizzly was one of the rich mines of early days and yielded many thousands a month. But the early-day miners did not realize how deep down the California ledges extended, and this mine, like others, was abandoned when it had been excavated about six hundred feet. Then water rushed in and the appliances of those days were insufficient to cope with the rush. Mr. Sharswood has a contract for the Grizzly's development, and the shaft is being cut with extraordinary expedition, showing enroute the best kind of indications. Should this experiment strike a rich lead Mr. Spreckels will undoubtedly become as important a factor in the mining development of California as he has been in other industries.

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The fire in the Utica was really a misfortune. For months past the main force has been engaged in development, and though the yield last year was eighteen hundred thousand dollars, the mine was not put to its full capacity. Preparations had all been made for a big clean-up when the conflagration occurred, and we would again be hearing stories of big proceeds but for the flames. The Utica is to-day the largest gold mine in the world, but even its owners are not provided with photographs of their enterprise.

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Apropos of mining, I am told the Kennedy and Argonaut, which adjoin, were recently offered to a British syndicate for two and a half millions. The latest news from the Santa Rosalie mine shows the immense wealth of that originally much-decried investment. It is amusing to remember how Congressman Maguire denounced Superintendent Daggett for persuading the Mint employees to invest in the property. Some twenty-nine tons of ore came to town recently and yielded twenty-nine thousand dollars—which is not so bad. In exploring the property recently the Superintendent came across two new chutes which, if surface indications may be accepted, will make the Santa Rosalie one of the great gold producers of the world and enhance its value millions of dollars.

BOSWELL JR.

Stretch of gravel on the upper creek

Bridge carrying flume across Coffee Creek on claim of Trinity Placer Mining Company

Cottonwood flat on Upper Coffee Creek

Outlet of the company's new tunnel and flume

Rocky bluff at the head of the creek

A section of the creek bed

The head of the creek, Battle Mountain in the distance

VIEWS ON COFFEE CREEK

# The House With the Blinds

By FRANK NORRIS

It is a thing said and signed and implicitly believed in by the discerning few that this San Francisco of ours is a place wherein Things can happen. There are some cities like this—cities that have come to be picturesque—that offer opportunities in the matter of background and local color, and are full of stories and dramas and novels, written and unwritten. There seems to be no adequate explanation for this state of things, but you can't go about the streets anywhere within a mile radius of Lotta's fountain without realizing the peculiarity, just as you would realize the hopelessness of making anything out of Chicago, fancy a novel about Chicago! or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee. There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and best of the lot, San Francisco.

Here, if you put yourself in the way of it, you shall see life uncloaked and bare of convention — the raw, naked thing, that perplexes and fascinates—life that involves death of the sudden and swift variety, the jar and shock of unleashed passions, the friction of men foregathered from every ocean, and you may touch upon the edge of mysteries for which there is no explanation—little eddies on the surface of unsounded depths, sudden outflashings of the inexplicable—troublesome, disquieting, and a little fearful.

About this "House With the Blinds" now.

If you go far enough afield, with your face towards Telegraph Hill, beyond Chinatown, beyond the Barbary Coast, beyond the Mexican quarter and Luna's restaurant, beyond even the tamale factory and the Red House, you will come at length to a park in a strange, unfamiliar, unfrequented quarter. You will know the place by reason of a granite stone set up there by the Geodetic surveyors, for some longitudinal purposes of their own, and by an enormous flagstaff erected in the center. Stockton street flanks it on one side and Powell on the other. It is an Italian quarter as much as anything else, and the Societa Alleanza holds dances in a big white hall hard by. The Russian Church, with its minarets (that look for all the world like inverted baloons) overlook it on one side, and at the end of certain seaward streets you may see the masts and spars of wheat ships and the Asiatic steamers. The park lies in a valley between Russian and Telegraph Hills, and in August and early September the trades come flogging up from the bay, overwhelming one with sudden, bulging gusts that strike downward, blanket-wise and bewildering. There are certain residences here where, I am sure, sea-captains and sailing-masters live, and on one corner is an ancient house with windows opening door-fashion upon a deep veranda, that was used as a custom office in Mexican times.

I have a very good friend who is a sailing-master aboard the "Mary Baker," a full-rigged wheat ship, a Cape Horner, and the most beautiful thing I ever remember to have seen. Occasionally I am invited to make a voyage with him as supercargo, an invitation which you may be sure I accept. Such an invitation came to me one day some four or five years ago, and I made the trip with him to Calcutta and return.

The day before the "Mary Baker" cast off I had been aboard (she was lying in the stream off Meiggs wharf) attending to the stowing of my baggage and the appointment of my stateroom. The yawl put me ashore at three in the afternoon, and I started home via the park I have been speaking about. On my way across the park I stopped in front of that fool Geodetic stone, wondering what it might be. And while I stood there puzzling about it, a nurse-maid came up and spoke to me.

The story of "The House With the Blinds" begins here.

The nurse-maid was most dreadfully drunk, her bonnet was awry, her face red and swollen, and one eye was blackened. She was not at all pleasant. In the baby carriage, which she dragged behind her, an overgrown infant yelled like a sabbath of witches.

"Look here," says she; "you're a gemmleman, and I wantcher sh'd help me outen a fix. I'm in a fix, s'wat I am—a dam bad fix."

I got that fool stone between myself and this object, and listened to it pouring out an incoherent tirade against some man who had done it dirt, b'Gawd, and with whom it was incumbent I should fight, and she was in a fix, s'what she was, and could I, who was evidently a perfick gemmleman, oblige her with four bits? All this while the baby yelled till my ears sang again. Well, I gave her four bits to be rid of her, but she stuck to me yet the closer, and confided to me that she lived in that house over yonder, she did — the house with the blinds, and was nurse-maid there, so she was, b'Gawd. But at last I got away and fled in the direction of Stockton street. As I was going along, however, I reflected that the shrieking infant was somebody's child, and no doubt popular in the house with the blinds. The parents ought to know that it's nurse got drunk and into fixes. It was a duty—a dirty duty—for me to inform upon her.

Much as I loathed to do so, I turned towards the house with the blinds. It stood hard by the Russian Church, a huge white-painted affair, all the windows closely shuttered and a bit of stained glass in the front door — quite the most pretentious house in the row. I had got directly opposite, and was about to cross the street when, lo! around the corner, marching rapidly, and with blue coats flapping, buttons and buckles flashing, came a squad of three, seven, nine— ten policemen. They marched straight upon the house with the blinds.

I am not brilliant nor adventurous, but I have been told that I am good, and I do strive to be respectable, and pay my taxes and pew rent. As a corollary to this, I loathe with a loathing unutterable to be involved in a mess of any kind. The squad of policemen were about to enter the house with the blinds, and not for worlds would I have been found by them upon its steps. The nurse-girl might heave that shrieking infant over the cliff of Telegraph Hill, it were all one with me. So I shrank back upon the sidewalk and watched what followed.

Fifty yards from the house the squad broke into a run, swarmed upon the front steps, and in a moment were thundering upon the front door till the stained glass leaped in its leads and shivered down upon their helmets. And then, just at this point, occurred an incident which, though it had no bearing upon or connection with this yarn, is quite queer enough to be set down. The shutters of one of the top-story windows opened slowly, like the gills of a breathing fish, the sash raised some six inches with a reluctant wail, and a hand groped forth into the open air. On the sill of the window was lying a gilded indian-club, and while I watched, wondering, the hand closed upon it, drew it under the sash, the window dropped gullotine-fashion, and the shutters clapped to like the shutters of a cuckoo clock. Why was the indian club lying on the sill? Why, in Heaven's name, was it gilded? Why did the owner of that mysterious groping hand seize upon it at the first intimation of danger? I don't know—I never will know. But I do know that the thing was eldritch and uncanny, ghostly even, in the glare of that cheerless afternoon's sun, in that barren park, with the trade winds thrashing up from the seaward streets.

Suddenly the door crashed in. The policemen vanished inside the house. Everything fell silent again. I waited for perhaps fifty seconds — waited, watching and listening, ready for anything that might happen, expecting I knew not what — everything.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed when the policemen began to reappear. They came slowly, and well they might, for they carried with them the inert bodies of six gentlemen. Wen I say carried I mean it in its most literal sense, for never in all my life have I seen six gentlemen so completely, so thoroughly, so hoplessly and helplessly intoxicated. Well dressed they were, too, one of them even in full dress. Salvos of artillery could not have awakened that drunken half dozen, and I doubt if any one of them could even have been racked into consciousness.

Three hacks appeared (note that the patrol-wagon was conspicuously absent), the six were loaded upon the cushions, the word was given and one by one the hacks rattled down Stockton street and disappeared in the direction of the city. The captain of the squad remained behind for a few moments, locked the outside doors in the deserted shuttered house, descended the steps, and went his way across the park, softly whistling a quick-step. In time he too vanished. The park, the rows of houses, the wind-flogged streets, resumed their normal quiet. The incident was closed.

Or was it closed? Judge you now. Next day I was down upon the wharves, gripsack in hand, capped and clothed for a long sea voyage. The "Mary Baker's" boat was not yet come ashore, but the beauty lay out there in the stream, coquetting with a bustling tug that circled about her, coughing uneasily at intervals. Idle sailormen, 'longshoremen and stevedores sat upon the stringpiece of the wharf chewing slivers and spitting reflectively into the water. Across the intervening stretch of bay came the noises from the "Mary Baker's" decks—noises that were small and distinct, as if heard through a telephone, the rattle of blocks, the straining of a windlass, the bos'n's whistle, and once the noise of sawing. A white cruiser sat solidly in the waves over by Alcatraz, and while I took note of her the flag was suddenly broken out and I heard the strains of the ship's band. The morning was fine. Tamalpais climbed out of the water like a rousing lion. In a few hours we would be off on a voyage to the underside of the earth. There was a note of gayety in the nimble air, and one felt that the world was young after all, and that it was good to be young with her.

A bum-boat woman came down the wharf, corpulent and round, with a roll in her walk that shook first one fat cheek and then the other. She was peddling trinkets amongst the wharf-loungers — pocket combs, little round mirrors, shoestrings and collarbuttons. She knew them all, or at least was known to all of them, and in a few moments she was retailing to them the latest news of the town. Soon I caught a name or two, and on the instant was at some pains to listen. The bum-boat woman was telling the story of the house with the blinds:

"Sax of um, an' nobs ivry wan. But that bad wid bug-juice! Whoo! Niver have Oi seen the bate! An' divil a wan as can remimber owt for two days by, bory-eyed they were. Struck dumb an' deef an' dead wid whiskey and bubble-wather. Not a manjack av um can tell the tale, but wan av um used his knife cruel bad. Now which wan was it? Howse the coort to find out?"

It appeared that the house with the blinds was, or had been, a gambling house, and what I had seen had been a raid. Then the rest of the story came out, and the mysteries began to thicken. That same evening, after the arrest of the six inebriates, the house had been searched. The police had found evidences of a drunken debauch of a monumental character. But they had found more. In a closet under the stairs the dead body of a man—a well dressed fellow—beyond a doubt one of the party, knifed to death by dreadful slashes in his loins and at the base of his spine in true evil hand-over-back fashion.

Now this is the mystery of the house with the blinds.

Beyond all doubt, one of the six drunken men had done the murder. Which one? How to find out? So completely were they drunk that not a single one of them could recall anything of the previous twelve hours. They had come there with their friend the day before. They woke from their orgie to learn that one of them had been worried him to his death by means of a short palm-broad dagger taken from a trophy of Persian arms that hung over a divan.

Whose hand had done it? Which one of them was the murderer? I could fancy them—I think I can see them now, sitting there in their cell, each man apart, withdrawn from his fellow-reveler, and each looking furtively into his fellow's face, asking himself, "Was it you? Was it you? or was it I ? Which of us, in God's name, has done this thing?"

Well, it was never known. When I came back to San Francisco a year or so later I asked about the affair of the house with the blinds, and found that it had been shelved with the other mysterious crimes. The six men had actually been "discharged for want of evidence."

But for a long time the thing harassed me. More than once since I have gone to that windy park, with its quivering flagstaff and Geodetic monument, and, sitting on a bench opposite the house, asked myself again and again the bootless questions. Why had the drunken nurse-maid mentioned the house to me in the first place? and why at that particular time? Why had she lied to me in telling me that she lived there? Why was that gilded indian-club on the sill of the upper window? and whose—here's a point—whose was the hand that drew it inside the house? and then, of course, last of all, the ever-recurrent question, which one of those six inebriates should have stood upon the drop and worn the cap—which one of the company had knifed his friend and bundled him into that closet under the stairs? Had he done it during the night of the orgie, or before it? Was his friend drunk at the time, or sober? I never could answer these questions, and I suppose I shall never know the secret of "The House With the Blinds."

A Greek family lives there now, and rent the upper story to a man who blows the organ in the Russian Church, and to two Japanese, who have a photograph gallery on Stockton street. I wonder to what use they have put the little closet under the stairs?

## THE GOLD CRAZE

### True Inwardness of Conditions at Coffee Creek.

For more than a week past the daily press of this city has been filled with the wildest and most extravagant stories of the marvelously rich strikes which have been made on Coffee Creek, in Trinity county. As a consequence, crowds of ignorant and inexperienced men are flocking in there, whence they will return both sadder and wiser, having exchanged money they, possibly, can very ill spare, for experiences they would much rather have been without. Trinity county has been represented as a sort of terra incognita, an undiscovered country where men had only to go in to find gold by the bushel. It probably is an unknown county to most people who took no interest in gold mining until the Klondike boom appealed to their imagination, but Trinity stood second among the gold producing counties of the State only three years ago, and to-day stands fifth on the list. Trinity produces considerably over a million in gold annually, and it is evident therefore that this fact cannot have escaped the notice of the many mining men who abound in San Francisco and other parts of the State.

No statement seems too absurd for the daily papers to publish. One of them tells us that Coffee Creek is an ideal place for the prospector; he can sleep out summer and winter. This is undoubtedly quite true, and the only objection to it is that when a man sleeps out in winter, he sleeps so soundly that he never awakens again. This is a peculiarity which Coffee Creek has in common with other places where there is a snowfall of some forty feet, and where the thermometer stands off and on about zero. A fisherman, we are told, will often get from $10 to $15 to the pan near Morrison gulch, and yet, strange to say, one may pass Morrison gulch seven days in the week and see neither fisherman nor panner. Deer, bear, and grouse are said to abound, but at this season of the year the deer, wiser than the men, are going out, and even an active hunter, well acquainted with the country, could not count on getting one every three days. Bear and grouse, if not as unknown, are, at least, an infinitesimal quantity. Another newspaper assures its readers that the whole crew employed by the Trinity Placer Company deserted for Hickory Creek, leaving the Superintendent alone with the Chinese cook. Here we are in a dilemma, for either the editor has manufactured this story out of whole cloth, or else it was a somewhat audacious statement on the part of the gentleman to whom it is attributed, as, on his way to Redding, three days after the strike was made, he dined at the company's camp, with the company's crew and had, therefore, the evidence of his own eyes that not one man had deserted. A third correspondent gives a glowing account of the nuggets he saw at that company's office, and as these included the fabulous Murphy and Burgess find of, according to the San Francisco papers, $80,000, this is not surprising, but all the same I am credibly informed the total amount would not exceed $300 all told.

When one examines the actual facts upon which this great boom has been raised, it is discovered that they form a very slender foundation. The two Graves brothers and their partner, Henry Carter, found some very rich gravel in a small gulch towards the head of Morrison gulch, and took out some $4,000 last spring, but they had a very poor supply of water, which soon failed them. Later they traced the pay rock up till they struck this pocket which they have worked out. How much they have taken out seems uncertain, but one thing is positive, they did not take out, and have never claimed to have taken out, a $42,000 nugget. They did take out a large nugget, which they estimated was worth about $10,000. That they may find other pockets is possible, and we sincerely hope they will. Failing this, they can fall back on the gravel in the gulch below, and to work this they must find water which is not a very easy thing to do. The other find is that of Murphy and Burgess, reported by the papers to be $80,000. They struck a seam and in a couple of days had taken out about $150. They are in hopes the seam may continue for some distance, and prove as rich as it was at the beginning. Beyond this, several quartz prospects have been struck, but there is no certainty that the ledges go down and will make permanent mines.

Coffee Creek itself is no poor man's mine. The gravel is from thirty to forty feet deep, and bedrock can only be reached and work carried on at very great expense, owing to the large quantity of water which has to be pumped. In the upper reaches of the creek the gravel is fine and easy handled, but for the last fourteen miles it is very heavy, many of the boulders weighing many tons. Nearly every side gulch is located by men who have worked them with varying success, but in no case have they made more than fair wages. There is a good deal of quartz float all over the mountains, some of it showing free gold, but until it has been established that

the ledges go down and are likely to make permanent mines, this is a somewhat precarious outlook for a prospector. In some places there are traces of copper, but no ledge has yet been struck, and it is doubtful if a ledge sufficiently rich, or sufficiently large, to admit of its being worked in such a remote part of the country, is likely to be found.

That Coffee Creek is no very simple mining proposition is proved by the fact that from the top to the bottom it is one huge succession of failures. Many years ago the Nash Deep Gravel Mining Company opened a mine and acquired patents for the whole of the the upper seven miles of the creek. Ditches were dug, buildings and a fine sawmill erected and a very large sum of money spent. Unfortunately, money could not purchase the one thing needful—grade—and after some three seasons they could neither get the gravel to run into or out of their flumes, and rich as they had proved the ground to be, the company collapsed. Later the Msssrs. Chapman Brothers of San Francisco attempted to hydraulic a passage for the tailings through what was supposed to be an old channel. Unfortunately, it proved to be no channel at all, and they had their trouble and a very large expenditure for nothing. The present company, which rejoices in the name of the Trinity Gold Placer Mining Syndicate, Limited, acquired the Nash property on Upper Coffee Creek and the Blythe property on the lower part of the creek, including the Blythe ditch. They commenced drifting under the bed of the creek, but unfortunately struck into what was apparently an old landslide, where the whole bed of the creek had been broken up. They continued this operation for about a year, but at last abandoned it, at least for the time. They must have spent a large amount in this operation, but claim that the prospects they got warranted them in opening a hydraulic mine at the lower end of the property to work the gravel systematically from there up. This has been a big operation, including a big rock tunnel of some 600 feet. By running this tunnel they believe they have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty as to grade above. They are now ready and only waiting for water, and next spring will decide whether they have made a success where so many have failed.

So far, the only fact established about Coffee Creek is that the bed of that creek and some of its tributaries are rich, at places very rich, but, owing to want of grade and the great depth of the gravel, it is no easy matter to open a mine, and it can only be done with a very large expenditure of capital.

## GREAT CALIFORNIANS

### E. D. Baker, Statesman and Soldier — The Last of the Senators.

There was a certain period in the history of the United States, just when the West was opening up and the people on the Eastern seaboards were turning towards the Mississippi Valley and the great reaches of country beyond, that seems to have been unusually productive of what the world has agreed to call great men. Tremendous fellows, strong as iron, often as cruel; hard-handed, hard-headed leaders, indomitable as to courage; orators, too, who knew how to play upon a crowd as upon a key-board. Fighters as well; always in favor of the next war, whatever it might be; smelled the battle afar off, and were brave not because they despised danger, but because they loved it. They were in no sense men of the closet. These tremendous ante-bellum fellows were not thinkers. They were made for action, and managed to create action wherever they went. And such action! We see them first about 1832, serving in the Black Hawk war, shooting down Indians along the frontiers and on the banks of the Bad Axe River, and we say good-bye to one of the greatest of them at the battle of Ball's Bluff in Virginia in 1861, when Colonel Baker—Edward Dickinson Baker—fell, shot to death at the head of his troop.

Edward Dickinson Baker was a type of the great men of the days before the war. The State-makers and party-formers and nation-builders, the rugged, strong, resistless men who did as they pleased and bent multitudes to their will with a power not to be resisted. California has had more than her share of this sort of men. They were made for the kind of life that was lived here in the days when the thinker and the student and the closet man was sadly handicapped and a man was worth just what he could actually do, and no more. We have had our great men here as well who built up and founded this West Coast country, just as the Pilgrim Fathers built up and founded New England. We have had the Lockwoods and the Ralstons, and the

Baker at the time of his election to the Senate

Colemans, the Brodericks and the Bakers, just as the Middle West has her Lincolns and Douglasses and Grants, and the East had her Adamses and Franklins.

In the New World there is often a tremendous difference between the place and circumstance of a man's death and the condition of his birth. Baker, who was to be killed on the battlefield at the head of republican troops, was born in an obscure, commonplace street in sober, solid, gray old monarchical London. He was afterwards heard to lament this fact, bemoaning it as a circumstance which precluded him from the Presidency of the United States—as though it were the only obstacle. In 1815 the family emigrated to America, and a few years later young Baker began life as a weaver in Philadelphia. But the family were true Anglo-Saxons, and were forever turning their faces Westward. Little by little they went farther West, farther West, first to Indiana, then to Illinois, settling at length in Carollton, in the last named State. Here young Baker began to study law, rose in his profession, married a wife, begot children, and, just as all his friends believed him about to settle quietly down beneath the cares of a family and the responsibilities of business, shifted the whole burden from his shoulders at a single fling and was off to the Black Hawk war, though it never appeared that he gained any especial distinction there.

But Baker's real career began after the Black Hawk business, when he moved from Carollton to Springfield. This was in 1835, and when he was in his twenty-nfth year. At once he was thrown in contact with some of the greatest lawyers and statesmen of the times, for no town of the West could boast of such an array of forensic and political talent as could this same Springfield in 1835. Lincoln was there, and Douglass, McDougald, Shields, Logan, Trumbull and Stuart. In two years Baker got himself elected to the Illinois Legislature, and by 1845 he took his seat in the National Congress, defeating John Calhoun by seven hundred votes. And now one would surely believe that he was at last fairly launched upon a civil career. The Mexican war broke out and all other considerations were forgotten; Congress might go hang as soon as there was fighting to be done. In fourteen days Baker had abandoned his seat in Congress, raised and equipped a regiment and was on his way to the front. He was soon in the thick of things, practically won the battle of Cerro Gordo for General Scott, and it was only the mustering out of his regiment prevented him from continuing the campaign up to the gates of the City of Mexico. Next we hear of him in Central America, pushing forward and at length completing the Panama Railroad, and immediately thereafter, in 1852, at forty-one years of age, Colonel Baker came to California.

So great was the power of the man, and so widespread his fame already achieved, that in two years he was in the midst of a political campaign, a candidate of the Free Soil party. But the State was largely Democratic in those days, and the result of the canvass was a defeat for Baker—his first. In 1856 he championed the Fremont and Dayton cause on the Pacific Coast, and as a leader of that forlorn hope, was again beaten, and subsequently met a Waterloo as a candidate for Congress. Rebuffs like these would have broken the spirit of a less determined individual than Baker, while every one of them would have meant the political death of one less honest. But the tremendous magnetism of the man, the charm of his oratory and the power of his political genius had begun to win him adherents from all sides and all parties, when, in '59, occurred the event which, more than anything else, influenced Baker's life and at the same time prompted him to one of the most famous funeral orations since the time of Bossuet.

On the 16th of September, 1859, Senator David C. Broderick was killed in a duel with Judge Terry. The body of the dead Senator was conveyed to the Plaza; a vast crowd assembled before the tribune, and while the bells of the city were tolled, Colonel Baker ascended the rostrum and delivered an address which made him famous from San Diego to Oregon. It was probably as splendid an effort of oratory as was ever heard west of the Mississippi, and it moved the men of the Pacific Coast as they have seldom been moved since. Of course it is impossible to say just what effect the oration had upon the people, but it is no less significant that Colonel Baker's next canvass was brilliantly successful.

Baker's public career in California had shown him the impossibility of political advancement under the circumstances then ruling. So, shortly after the death of Broderick he removed to Oregon. Once there, he began an exciting and vigorous canvass. The country was new and remote. Baker could easily be made to appear in the light of an intruder and an alien, unacquainted with the wants and needs of the people; but so resistless was his personality, so persuasive and convincing his oratory and so matchless his skill as a campaigner that in the end he triumphed over all opposition and was chosen by Oregon to represent her in the Senate.

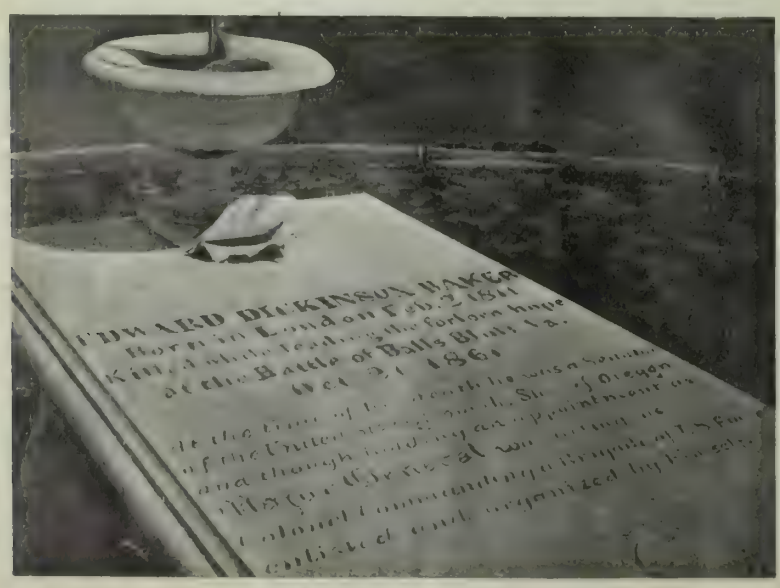
This time the height of Baker's ambition was reached; he touched the goal of his hopes, and stood where all his life he had wished to stand, where Webster and Clay and all the greater statesmen of the country had stood before him—upon the floor of the United States Senate. He was elected Senator from Oregon in 1860, defeating David Logan, the Republican nominee; and curious as it may appear, this Western lawyer, this exhorter of crowds and rouser of backwoods men, was never more at his ease, appeared to never so good an advantage as in the calm, restrained and dignified debates of the Senate Chamber, as when, for instance, in the second of his great speeches he addressed that body for two days opposing certain constitutional amendments offered by Senator (afterward President) Johnson. It was also at this time he made speeches advocating the Pacific railroads and the transcontinental telegraph and the one in which he made his famous reply to Breckinridge. Then came the war, and, as he had done throughout the whole course of his life, Baker rushed at once from the court to the camp, and in Philadelphia, where so many years before he had plied the weaver's shuttle, humblest of apprentices, he began to enlist the "California regiment." The prestige of his name filled it almost immediately, and the same reason no doubt actuated President Lincoln to tender him the commission of Brigadier-General. Baker refused, since acceptance would have forfeited his right to his seat in the Senate, and on the adjournment of Congress joined his regiment in the field. This was in August. By the 20th of October, Baker was as ever, in the thick of the fighting. On the 21st, while covering the retreat of a position of his own troops at Ball's Bluff, in Virginia, he was shot and killed. The body was recovered, sent to Washington, and embalmed and transported, at the public expense, to San Francisco and buried in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

Colonel Baker's leading characteristic was his individuality. His was a self-confidence and a self-reliance of an extraordinary intensity. He felt his strength, knew what he could accomplish and how far he could go. He was a law unto himself, asked no man's judgment or opinion when he felt himself capable of deciding. He was in no sense a follower upon the heels of civilization or convention. He was a leader, and born to be such. He was never willing to pursue the beaten track of other men's experience, but continually sought to make a way for himself. He was a little vain, perhaps, and popular favor was the breath of his nostrils. But trifles had no hold upon him; he lived for the big things of life, for events rather than for circumstances, for the nation rather than for party, for humanity rather than for the State.

CLAVERLY.

W. S. LEAKE

Appointed by John D. Spreckels as manager of the "Morning Call"




Colonel Baker's Tomb, Lone Mountain Cemetery

St. Petersburg has a population of a million and a quarter, Moscow just under one million. Nineteen other Russian towns are returned at a hundred thousand.

*FELIX FAURE*
President of the French, who is on his way to visit the Czar Russia.

*M. DE MORENHEIM*
The Russian Embassador who negotiated the treaty with France and has been recalled for intriguing against the Presiden'ts visit to St. Petersburg

*M. MELINE*
Head of the French Ministry.

## THE RUSSIAN VISIT

## GOTHAM GLEANINGS

### New York Celebrities, and Their Plans for the Winter.

I have had a great week. NewYork is at its gayest now, everybody who is anybody is here. making ready for the winter, and what with authors and dramatists, actresses and artists the place fairly swarms with celebrities. Most of them I have seen; seen and talked with, Edison and Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Mansfield and—well, to begin with, the Wizard. I dined with the Wizard, if you can call cold mutton, tea, cheese, pie and cakes dinner, simple fare enough, wasn't it, now, simple enough for a millionaire, and Edison is that easily.

*ETHEL BARRYMORE*

"Pah!" says he, "no food with frills on it for me." Result, physique like iron and a capacity for hard work that permits him to be in his laboratory from 7 A. M. to 11 at night. In the dining-room—of a Spartan plainness—was a photograph. It was hung on the wall and was the only ornament.

"Look at it," said the great man to me shamefacedly, isn't it rot."

*MAUDE ADAMS*

You know what that photograph was; it was a picture of the medals and orders that have been given to Edison. Men have sold their honor and the good name of their families to have possessed the least of them; plenty of others have killed themselves in their efforts to gain one.

"If it wasn't for my wife, I'd chuck 'em in the waste basket," said Edison.

I noticed the Wizard's skin was wrinkled queerly, and his hair was falling out. "It's the X-ray work," he told me, grinning, "and my left eye is about a foot out of focus; no plaything this Roentgen ray, I can tell you; fortunately the effects are only temporary."

That same evening a party of us lucky ones had a late supper with Richard Mansfield, a delicious supper at Delmonico's, at which I make no doubt Mr. Edison would have sniffed scornfully. Mr. Mansfield, however, was full of his new book, which Page & Co. of Chicago are to publish.

*JULIA ARTHUR*

"Is it a novel?" I asked him, "or short stories, or fanciful sketches, or—"

"It's none of them, and yet it's all," said Mansfield. "I call it 'Blown Away.' It's a book for children from 6 years old to 60, and relates the surprising adventures of Beatrice and Jessie. I wrote it to amuse my little niece, three summers ago, and its publication was a matter of accident—"

"On account of the urgent entreaties of your friends?" some one suggested maliciously. Mansfield continued severely: "Beatrice and Jessie encounter a storm in the first chapter and are 'blown far away,' —first to the court of Victoria, then to Robinson Crusoe's island, and then to Noah's Ark. You see, they are as independent of time as of place."

*RICHARD MANSFIELD*

Mr. Mansfield kindly allowed me to look over the M. S. It's good reading. ("Clever drivel," he called it.) the finale involving a boarding-house fairy and an enchanted Prince, who is released from the spell by an incantation, whose most potent words are: "Order two more beers."

By the way, Ethel Barrymore is once more chez elle, and announces definitely that she is not engaged to be married, and hasn't the vaguest intention of being so. Poor man—whoever he is—somebody's heart will break over this statement. But what a time she's had, this little 18-year-old American, chaperoned by Duchesses, just like Mr. Gibson's "American girl abroad."

"You know," she said, "my engagement with Sir Henry Irving was a matter of the greatest surprise to me. It came just as I was on the point of leaving for America. Ellen Terry wrote me a little note to the effect that I would hear of something to my advantage if I would drive over to the Lyceum that night. Of course, I went, and there was the offer waiting for me. Sir Henry asked me to go on with him in 'Sans Gene,' 'The Bells,' and 'Peter the Great.'"

"And socially," we asked her, "you had a pleasant time?"

"Oh, delightful," said Miss Barrymore, rapturously. "I met Bret Harte and Harold Frederick, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, and Alma Tadema, and a score of others, and every one was so good to me. Only you mustn't ask me anything more about them, because I won't talk of the celebrities I've met. My engagement with Irving is indefinitely long. I'm to be in America ten days, and then return for the Lyceum rehearsals. My first part is to be Euphroseyne, in 'Peter the Great.' She is the peasant girl with whom Peter's son Alexis is in love."

Last of all I called on Miss Maude Adams. But here what a state of things. My! how the poor young lady was agitated. Fancy an actress in doubt as to which of two plays she is to open a starring tour with three weeks before the first night! She doesn't even know what dresses to order.

"What's the difficulty, Miss Adams?" I asked her.

"Why," she said, "it is to be either 'Phroso' of Mr. Hope, or 'The Little Minister' of Barrie; we have both plays, barring the last acts. Both plays are equally good as far as we have read them; which ever one has the best last act will be the one we will choose."

"And these last acts?"

"Neither of them have arrived yet."

Was ever an unfortunate lady in such a state of mind?

"Mr. Frohman had the wires and cables hot all day yesterday, trying to find Mr. Hope or Mr. Barrie, both of whom—of course—are away from home, traveling. The time is getting shorter, and what to do I'm sure I don't know. The costumes! Think of that! I should have decided upon them weeks ago. However, I shall wait but two days more, and then order the costumes for both parts. Perhaps I shall be able to sleep o' nights after that."

Speaking at a banquet in London lately Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, stated that the Maori race, which he styled a noble one, is once more on the increase, and will, therefore, be saved to the world.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP

### Recent Doings of the Statesmen at the National Capital.

Washington, D. C.—Mr. McKinley is hardly warm in his Presidential chair, but I am inclined to believe that he has already discovered the fact that there is more than one bent pin upon the seat. It is not yet known what course he will pursue in the Wimberley affair, but no one at all acquainted with the President's character believes he can have the face to sanction Mr. Hanna's candidate for the post of Customs Collector at New Orleans. On the other hand, if Wimberley's appointment was an ante-election promise made by his political manager, what is His Excellency to do. If he does not appoint Wimberley he breaks faith with Mark—and he can hardly afford to do that. If he does appoint that much-talked-of man he will draw down upon himself the censure of the entire Nation and at the same time lose Mr. Gage. Indeed, the Secretary of the Treasury has gone so far as to refuse flatly to countenance the appointment of Wimberley, and has declared his intention of resigning if the President and Mr. Hanna conclude the affair in spite of his protest. For the uninformed it may be necessary to say that Wimberley has become malodorous of late because of his offer to sell a place in the Auditor's office to a certain Mrs. Guyol, the price being the honor of her eighteen-year-old daughter. It is a nasty business to come so near to the Executive, and we are all hoping that Mr. McKinley will take firm stand in the matter.

Secretary of State Sherman is another thorn in the President's side, or, perhaps, I should say another bent pin in his chair of state. Of course we all know that Mr. Sherman was moved out of the Senate to make a place for Mr. Hanna, being lured away with the offer of the Secretaryship. To those "on the inside" it was an understood thing that Mr. Sherman was to be a figure-head, his assistant, Mr. Day, taking over real charge. Unhappily, Mr. Sherman wants to play in the game himself, has done so, in fact, and the result is the lamentable scandal—among a score of others—of the Behring Sea dispatch.

But keep an eye on Mr. McKinley. The great man is long-suffering and slow to anger, and permits a familiarity on the part of his subordinates that is democratic in the extreme, but beneath that easy-going exterior there are undreamed of potentialities. Senator Mason suddenly discovered the fact about a week ago, and is yet wondering just what kind of charge he managed to explode. It seems that the pussy, puffy, florid litte Senator bustled into the President's room last Wednesday, and without any form of introduction or deference, exclaimed, "How about that appointment?" Mr. McKinley stared at him a moment and replied that the matter would be looked into when its turn came. "Look here," Mason is said to have answered, "you can't jolly me. You're going back on your friends and have an eye out for the men that opposed you." Slowly the President rose to his full height—the Major can look very commanding in that closely-buttoned frock coat when occasion demands—"Mr. Mason," said he, with a warning gleam in his eye, "that is unjust, ungenerous, and untrue," then resumed his seat and turned his back. Mason stood spellbound an instant and then got nimself away with such dignity as he could muster. I believe he apologized next day.

All of which goes to prove that the President can put his foot down hard enough when necessary, and that the Shermans and Reids and Wimberleys, and even—yes, even—the Hannas may yet find they have a man on their hands who is the master of them all.

The Junior "Plug"

The Assembly Room, North Hall

The Phi Delta Theta House

The Chi Phi House

Another way

Inside and out of a Girls' Fraternity

## EVOLUTION OF A FRESHMAN

### Undergraduate Life at the University of California.

Almost the first thing that happens to a University of California freshman—and it generally happens before the ink of his registration is dry or the leaves of his new text-books are cut—is the Rush. There are two kinds of rushing at Berkeley, rushing by the fraternities and rushing by the sophmore class. Rushing by the fraternities gives the freshman a beautiful idea of the whole-hearted cordiality and genial hospitality of the college student; rushing by the sophomore class leaves him in doubt. The fraternity rushing is for the purpose of inducing desirable, gentlemanly, well-groomed fellows to join a particular Greek letter society. Several of these societies usually make a bid for the same man if he is of the proper sort, and out-rival each other in showing him attention. They ask him to lunch, inquire quietly as to his health, show a flattering interest in his college career, advise him solemly against the fast set of the other "frat," give evidence of being tremendously struck with his sister, and introduce him to their alumni. After two weeks of this the freshman is putting on his hat with a shoe-horn and patronizes the president of the college and the Academic Senate. Then at this juncture one of two things happen, the freshman joins a "frat," or else engages in his first freshman-sophomore rush. Either event is a wholesome tonic. As often as not, the miserable wretch takes the double dose. Once the "frat" initiation is over, and he is safely pinned to a particular society by means of the curious little Greek letter emblem, he suddenly discovers that his importance has evaporated in a single night. His "fraties" no longer ask him to lunch—he can come without being asked, or stay away, just as he pleases—his athletic career ceases to be of momentous concern, interest in his sister dwindles, and the alumni no longer clap him familiarly and pleasantly upon the shoulder. His fraternity brothers discuss and comment upon his short-comings and innocence and ignorance of the college world with an abruptness and fluency that are discouraging. He is expected to answer the door-bell and the telephone, and to decorate the house on public days, while any expression or indication of independence or self-importance is met with sarcasm and riotous opprobium, tempered with wit about as delicate as a brick-bat.

If there is any spirit left in him after this the sophomore class are generous in their efforts at its elimination. Goaded on by the taunts of the upper class-men and made to understand that to "rush" the sophomores is the whole duty of the incoming class, the novices are bundled into old clothes and foot-ball suits—lucky if they have time even for that—and are turned loose, a shouting, panic-stricken rout upon the ranks of the foe. A "rush" ensues; nothing very serious, hardly worse than a wrestling match on a large scale, but it generally happens at night and with an unexpectedness and apparent ferocity, straining to the nerves. After this the freshman is expected to be, and generally is, sufficiently humbled ; he begins to know his own place, and to look about him and take stock of the little world of college.

The fraternity system obtains largely at Berkeley, perhaps more largely than in any other college of its size in America. All the more desirable and popular men are gathered together into clubs—"Greek letter societies." Among the better known national fraternities who have chapters at Berkeley are Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Gamma Delta, Beta Theta Pi, and Chi Phi—The "Big Four"—but besides these are some fifteen others including three "sororities" or "girl frats." The fraternities are the social units of the college life and from the undergraduate point of view take charge of everything that does not come within the province of the faculty or Recorder's office. A great deal has been said against the bad influence of this club life upon young men not fitted for it, but one is inclined to believe that the influence is more in an opposite direction for the reason that the better class of these organizations have reputations to maintain, are morbidly jealous of their good name and standing. The center of student life at Berkeley, the "stamping ground" for all four classes, is the lower corridor and front and back steps of "Old North Hall." At any time of the day this locality is crowded; the bulletin boards of students and faculty are here, and the assembly room, which is a general headquarters for anything, from the preparation of a recitation to the planning of a rush. It is also from the coign of vantage afforded by the sun-warmed steps that the seniors and juniors watch the lower classmen toiling through military drill with proper exultation and fitting ridicule.

The juniors and seniors are the privileged classes of

A group of "Fijis"

One way of digging for Exes

Theta Pi House

On the steps of North Hall

the college. They have fewer hours, infinitely more leisure, are granted more indulgences by the faculty, are eligible for membership in the Skull and Keys Society, and, more glorious than all, can wear the "plug." The "plug" custom is the one custom which the University of California can claim as distinctive; no other college has it; it was copied from nowhere; it originated Heaven only knows how, and you will go far before you can see the curious spectacle of a young gentleman in faultless tweeds and unimpeachable neckwear disporting himself in public view, his head surmounted by a battered stove-pipe hat, that would be an exaggeration even in the costume of a low-Irish comedian, as in one of "Zim's" unspeakable caricatures. The "plug" is respectable at first—is assumed on class day, the junior donning the white "plug," the senior the black—but in the course of the week it is thumped and kicked and battered to a shape that closely resembles an accordion in repose. There is an unwritten law that no man must ever be guilty of repairing his "plug" or buying a new one, and, indeed, the "plugs" of the preceding classes are those most sought after.

Apropos of the juniors and seniors, it will be well to mention the Skull and Keys Society, membership in which is the most coveted distinction in all the social organizations of the college, and the president of this society can take unto himself the satisfaction of being the most prominent man in college, bar the captain of the eleven. The society is dramatic as well as social, and once a year presents a play, in which the female parts are taken by the boys. Admission to the play is by invitation only, and its performance is quite a society event for the people of Oakland and San Francisco. There is no "rushing" for this aristocratic society; indeed, the tables are exactly reversed, for the society does not so much seek the candidates as the candidates seek the society, consequently the elected juniors are put through all manner of absurd paces, such as fishing in the dry bed of Strawberry Creek, shooting quail upon the campus at the time of the football practice, hauling ten trains of cars in front of Morse Hall, and peddling the Salvation Army "War Cries" among the students. It has become a custom also for the successful candidates to assemble on the fence around the football field, dressed exactly alike in black coats, junior plugs and white duck trousers, each with his left arm bound with red ribbon.

## THE EXTRAVAGANT SEX

### Are American Women More Lavish Than Their European Sisters?

Mrs. Haryot Stanton-Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has accused American women of extravagance, downright reckless extravagance. As a result of this a mighty murmur has come from the camps of the accused, and oddly enough part of it sides in with Mrs. Blatch, noticeably the passionate treble of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Ella thinks American women are extravagant, most of them, anyway. Extravagance is America's national characteristic—extravagance in money, in thought, in speech and in action, and when an extravagant man pets and pampers and spoils his wife—how can she help being pettish and wilful , and as a direct result—extravagant? There are very few able to resist the temptation. All this from the passionate Ella, but there are others mighty in the world of women, and Mrs. Russell A. Alger is one of them. Mrs. Alger is great, inasmuch as she is purely and simply a woman devoid of the advanced ideas and professional fads characteristic of so many of her sisters. Otherwise, she is the wife of Secretary of War Alger, who, in private life, has a million or more. Mrs. Alger ought to know something about the domestic ways of domestic women, and she thinks American women compare most favorably in the matter of economy with their sisters of other countries. Women are seldom wasteful, thinks Mrs. Alger, since it is their nature to make the most of a little, and this trait is a great help to them after marriage.

But Mrs. John Sherman is of the belief that after marriage the American woman practices the trait of extravagance more than any other trait. And to this very extravagance is due those sudden failures in commercial life, of which the papers tell us so much. She goes so far as to say that it is in the matter of clothes that this extravagance is principally exhibited. Like Jezebel of old, who stood on the walls of—somewhere in the Bible—it is a question of self-adornment, and before the temple of fashion must fall the fortunes of many a man.

Quick upon the well-kept heels of Mrs. Sherman comes Dr. Sarah French Battery, who is also prone to declare that American women in their households, as well as in personal expenses, live beyond their means. The medical Sarah looks to France for redemption. There is a simplicity, she says, and daintiness about the French that the American woman can neither understand nor imitate. This, it would seem, places the American woman at an unfortunate discount.

But there is balm in the opinion of Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose name is so often in the magazines. Mrs. Stuart doesn't think her countrywomen are extravagant. On the contrary, they are possessed of noble characters, and they are the best dressed and the most tactful of women as well. You may have read some of this lady's dialect stories, and can gauge the value of her opinion. Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican Minister, has impressions that harmonize with the amiable ideas of the authoress. She thinks our women are delightful things, and not a bit more expensive than they deserve.

Another soul-absorbing topic concerning woman is the question of whether or not she is bred too fine. A distinguished neurologist boldly steps forth and declares that many a man's career has been totally demolished, all because of his wife's nerves. How can a man accomplish great things in his office when he knows that a fit of hysteria is awaiting him at home. It is trying, it must be admitted, but what can a poor man do? There should be a remedy for such ills, or at least a preventive, though the aforementioned neurologist suggests neither.

Perhaps it is that our women are "bred too fine." Like race horses capable of a magnificent burst of speed one day, they fail the next, because of a lack of stamina. The woman who has been brought up in silk and velvet will do great deeds one day and the next have hysteria. She will kiss her husband good-bye in the morning, and in the afternoon he will find her in bed bathed in tears. Surely an awful bore, such a woman is, but that is the consequence of too "fine breeding."

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George Vanderbilt's North Carolina home, Biltmore, is the most wonderful private residence in the world. He has already spent more than $4,000,000 on it, and intends to put in at least $2,000,000 more. He has 180,000 acres and can travel thirty-five miles in a straight line from his door without reaching the boundaries of his estate.

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The Phincess de Chimay is said to be now with her Rigo on a small farm in the Tyrol, where, in the blouse of a peasant, she is making butter for the market. Except for a small allowance from an uncle in this country, and the revenue she derives from the sale of her display photos in Paris, she is supposed to have no means.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

You know, Diary, my dear, that the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee, and even this most joyous of debutantes is obliged sometimes to become a shuttlecock in the hands of fate. In my case Aunt Sybil, as a rule, holds the scales, and when last week I drew fair visions of a fortnight spent between San Mateo and Burlingame I reckoned without my host. On Wednesday Aunt Sybil came bustling up in her pompous way and announced that she and I were going to start on the morrow for Del Monte. "But, Aunt Sybil," I interrupted, "I promised to go to—" "But me no buts, child," said she, "all is arranged. I have spoken to your father, so pack your trunks and meet me at the 2:30 train." I was furious—not that I am not fond of Monterey, but one does like to have a little license occasionally, and Aunt Sybil has all the quips and cranks of several Mrs. Grundys. However, I got together my prettiest frocks and managed to cajole a new parasol out of Mamma, and some lace that Leila's lynx eye has been on for some time past. It was worth the disappointment. Well, I met Aunt Sybil and we journeyed down together. She had engaged lovely rooms on the first floor, as she has an old-fashioned horror of elevators. "Those nasty new-fangled lifts" as she persists in calling them. Though a Colonial Dame, a Daughter of the Revolution, and boasting of all sorts of swell American ancestors, Aunt Sybil will insist on giving things English names because, forsooth, she spent from her third to her sixth year in Canada, "and I can't get out of the way of it, my dear"—such affectation! My own belief is that she is at heart an old-time Tory with oak leaves, [illegible] over-the-water and all that sort of ten-[illegible].

We found a crowd of very jolly people at the Queen of American watering-places, and plenty of dowagers with whom Auntie could gossip to her heart's content. The Carolans, Tobins and Ethel Keeney were among the young people, and we spent our time riding, driving and swimming. Ethel Keeney swims like a mermaid and frolics in the water as though it rather than the land was her natural element. Genevieve Carolan is a dear girl, and so pretty; we had some capital times together. Then I went driving with the Tobins. The younger boys (the late Colonel Tobin's sons) are such nice lads, and so attentive to their aunts, more like mediaeval pages than fin de siecle youths. I quite envied Beatrice and Celia. But the best fun of all was the day we went to Mr. Peters' studio. I did enjoy it so, and believe I shall go in for art. I am sure I have a hitherto undiscovered talent, a sort of light hidden under a bushel effect, you know. So, now, I am going to study and startle the world. I have not confided my aspirations to Aunt Sybil, whose horror of lifts extends to every thing that is up-to-date, and who thinks if a girl paints a few violets passably she is doing all that is expected of a lady. She suspects Leila of strong-mindedness because she plays the violin quite fairly and belonged to the Young Ladies' Orchestra. I believe I have hitherto been her favorite on account of my frivolities and worldliness or "sense," as she calls it. Anyway I was fascinated by Mr. Peters and his studio. We have a room upstairs with a light that would suit admirably, and I could get some rugs and curios and have afternoon teas up there, which would be great sport. Then I love daubing canvases and mixing colors. I am sure I have talent.

Mrs. Hearst came down with a party, including Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. Poor Mrs. Carr, she has just lost her mother, a sweet old lady, one of the most popular women in London in artistic circles. Mrs. Hearst was also in Mr. Peters' studio. I confided my aspirations towards an artistic career in her sympathetic ear, but she did not give me much encouragement and smiled a sort of enigmatical sphinx-like smile which I did not exactly understand. Never mind, I shall get the studio even if the talent remains in an embryonic condition. There was the usual sprinkling of tourist English people; one man I especially liked rode well and played golf. I don't think I shall ever make a success of golf. I have not sufficient concentration, Arthur avers. I can play tennis, but to be really honest, have not succeeded in becoming an enthusiastic golf player, and I loathe plaid stockings. No leg, however shapely, can stand those checkered effects. Then, I don't like to have to pay more attention to the game than to the players, and in golf that is the essential. I once heard of a Scotchman, a stateman, who, when he wanted to play would not even open his telegrams lest they might preoccupy his mind and prevent the giving of his undivided atten to the game. And now, Diary dear, I have returned and shall betake myself to San Mateo to pay my deferred visit. So for another week, adieu. Your loving

MISS CRICKET.

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Each succeeding season sees the summer lengthening out, and whereas a few years ago after July most of the country resorts were deserted, now we are in the latter days of August, and more than half of San Francisco is still out of town. The Hopkins are are their country place at Menlo, and the Russell Wilsons are visiting them. The Hagers are still in San Rafael, taking in the paper chases and other amusements. Mrs. Morgan and Miss Theresa Morgan are in Santa Barbara. Miss Ella Morgan is in the East, where she is spending the summer months, making a round of visits. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean returned from the Hotel Vendome at San Jose, after a six weeks' visit. They anticipate going to Napa Soda Springs nearly next week. Mrs. William Alvord and grand-daughters are at Del Monte, as also are the Tobins and the Burgueres. At Burlingame all the residents are occupying their summer houses, and enjoying the pleasures of polo, riding and driving. Mrs. Irene B. Hooper, Mrs. Jewett, and Miss Rose Hooper are in San Mateo.

Mrs. McNutt, Miss Manie and Rush McNutt sailed last week for Europe, where they anticipate spending a year or so.

The latest acquisition to the San Francisco art colony is Joseph Greenbaum, who arrived from Munich on Monday last. He left San Francisco in 1890, and has been seven years studying under Professor Marr, and other leading artists in the Royal Academy at Munich. He is now busy preparing his atelier, and will shortly show many studies made while abroad, including pictures that were exhibited in Germany and in the Paris Salon.

Quite the most interesting social event of the early future is the marriage of Jack Casserly and Miss Cudahy of Chicago. They are to be wedded during the first week of October in Chicago, but will reside in San Francisco. Though it is not generally understood, the Casserlys are now very wealthy people. When Senator Casserly died he left an estate of three hundred thousand dollars, a great part of which was in outside lands. For a time the family was land poor, but latterly their holdings have come into the market and command a fine rental. It is reasonably certain that Mrs. Casserly has an income of at least twenty-five or thirty thousand a year. She is looking out for a comfortable residence, which her son will occupy when he brings his bride from Chicago. Latterly, Mr. Casserly has devoted himself to his profession and has rather given society and pleasure tthe go-by.

The Art Association has taken in hand the family of the unfortunate Fortune de Conte, who died here recently in want. Some forty sketches have been contributed by well-known artists, and they are to be raffled. Five hundred tickets at $1 each are offered, and the canvases will be distributed by lot.

There is some little movement in society at Sausalito, and the Hutch set entertain sedulously in their own quiet way. Among the latest visitants to stilt city are Mrs. Camillo Martin and Mrs. Bayard Smith, who have cottages on the hill. Mrs. De Ruyter and Miss Ella De Ruyter have left the burg for the season, and gave a large picnic to Redwood Canyon last Sunday by way of farewell.

Though the crowd at the Hotel Rafael has rather thinned out, quite a number of the pleasantest people remain. Mrs. Spreckels and the Hagers are still occupying their cottages. Mr. and Mrs. Tay, the Dodges, Smiths Lilienthals, Gerstles and Slosses are also among the residents. At the hotel are the Boardmans, Davidsons, Crooks, Greens, Folgers, Walters. Though the next paper chase will not create so much excitement as that for the Ingleside Cups, the sport itself has such ardent devotees that the field will not be much smaller. It is proposed to incorporate the Hunt Club of San Rafael, that being the easiest method of straightening out the several problems which have arisen in the direction of the chases.

Herman Oelrichs is at Monterey and is infusing life into the region. Under his leadership entertainments of various kinds have been organized—bowling tournaments, swimming and bicycle races, picnics and supper parties—and are affording that incentive to action which is required to make summer resorts really agreeable. Give Californians a start in the direction of social activity, and they will take advantage of every shade of it. But Mr. Oelrichs has not been content with figuring merely as an organizer. He has also provided silver cups for the winners, which add to the glory of victory. The bowling tournament took place on Wednesday and proved great fun. It was won by Miss Shepard of New York, whose partner was Mr. Tobin. They made a straight score of 611 points. Emil Brugiere and Mrs. Ryer were given the consolation prize for a score of 608, and Miss Beatrice Tobin and Mr. L. Brugiere won the booby prize. The swimming and bicycle races come off on Thursday, too late for this issue. After the bowling tournament, there was a supper in the grill-room, at which the health of the winners was drunk in flowing bowls.

John Drew was the guest of honor at Burlingame on Sunday last. He arrived on the early train, and the Tobins arranged a picnic for him to the lakes. He drove the coach in fine style, and, it is said, established quite a requtation as a driver, by way of defending his skill as against the famous drive in "Rosemary," in which he looked so earnestly into the eyes of his partner that he forgot his task and the ribbons. There was also at Burlingame a baseball match between a team from San Mateo and the Country Club team, which included a quartet of Tobins. They played on the polo ground in the presence of a large audience. There was more enthusiasm, however, than skill exhibited on both sides, and San Mateo won. Just now polo is not very much in evidence. The ground is a bit dusty and hard, and, besides, the illness of Mr. Hobart and the preoccupation of Mr. Baldwin prevent their participation.

Apropos of Drew, the "Chap Book"—one of the brightest papers in the country, by the way—has this story: "For 'Rosemary' Mr. Drew sacrificed his moustache, and of course changed his appearance. This summer Mr. Max Beerbohm saw Mr. Drew in the lobby of a London theater and approached to greet him. For the moment Mr. Drew's memory came near to failing him, but Max's aplomb saved everything. "Oh, Mr. Drew,' he said "I'm afraid you don't remember me without your mustache."

* *

Like the father of the prodigal in the Scriptures, Oakland is stretching forth a welcoming hand to greet the returning wanderers who, wearied with a satiety of bucolic pleasure, again seek their own roof trees.

*ISABEL IRVING*

*WHO HAS SUCCEEDED MAUDE ADAMS IN THE DREW COMPANY*

Thors. photo

From Castle Crags, from Lake Tahoe and other sumer reort they come in twos and threes. Last week the Barker and Q. A. Chase families came from the Crags, and Mrs. Sharon, the Misses Sharon, Mr. Harry Farr and Mr. Walter Sievert returned from Tahoe after a thoroughly jolly outing. Of those who are still stopping in the country are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stoip, who are at their ranch at Hanford; Miss Coralie Selby, who is at Ben Lomand; Miss Sinclair and Miss Clay, who are tasting the delights of surf bathing at Santa Cruz, and Mrs. Harry Hinckley, who is at St. Helena visiting Mrs. E. M. Chabot.

Quite a leavening of regret is felt in Oakland over the prospective departure of the Misses Vrooman, who go East early next week. Miss May Vrooman anticipates entering the Masachuestts Institute of Technology, Miss Beatrice is to enter Smith's College, and Miss Ray will study law. The Vrooman girls not only possess exceptionally able minds, but the originality that is so rarely an accompaniment. They are interested in the woman's suffrage question, and were among Miss Anthony's supporters in the last campaign.

Original in conception and successful in execution was the Southern Corn Bake given by the ladies of Highland Park last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Rosborough. The entertainment took place in the garden, which was hung in Japanese lanterns. The night was clear and mild, and there was a full moon, which enhanced the scenic value of the occasion. Every one came accompanied by a tin cup and plate, and all sat around a big bonfire, where they baked corn and made hot coffee to their heart's content. Later a vaudeville performance was given in the summer house.

On Friday night last a jolly moonlight picnic was given to Grizzly Peak, back of Berkeley, by Mrs. Charles Webb Howard in honor of her son Harold, who is out here on his vacation. The young people started at about 5 oclock and reached the summit in time to see the sunset. Later a capital supper was spread, and at about 10 o'clock all returned homeward.

A feature of the coming convention of the National Association of Letter-Carriers, to be held in this city early in September, will be the band of the New York delegation, consisting of fifty musicians. The opening exercises of the convention will take place in Odd Fellows' Hall, September 6th. Governor Budd and Mayor Phelan will address the delegates and give them the freedom of the city. The parade the morning of the 6th promises to be especially interesting. The Committees on Funds, Fruits and Wines are now out, and it is expected the public will be generous. The convention is the ninth to be held by the association.

In our last issue of The Wave, Mill Valley was liberally illustrated in half-tone, and certain of the artistic homes of that charming hamlet were pictured. Among the finest scenes was a view from the Butler property and the homes of Mrs. Howells and Mrs. Huber. The Butler property is situated on the sunny side of the valley, just above the Sanitarium Hotel, and commands one of the very best outlooks over the mountain and valley. Mrs. Howells' cottage is on the right as you go toward the Cascades and very convenient to the station. A splendid vista is to be had from here also, and for an all-the-year-round home a more desirable place would be hard to find.

Mrs. Huber's home leaves nothing to be desired. Planned by Emil John, the well-known architect of this city, elegantly finished throughout, admirably situated, it is simply perfect as a country-seat. It must be confessed that our engraving failed to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of this mansion. It transpires that these properties are for sale, and it will be a fastidious home-seeker, indeed, who will not find his every whim satisfied.

For the most complete line of summer shirtings and hose, J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st.

S. Strozynski, 24 Geary street. Expert European hairdressers and cutters employed; no apprentices; prices equal to others. Artistic hair work and shampooing by a modern process. Telephone Main 5697.

For more than a quarter of a century the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey has been the favorite with connoiseurs.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms, banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

Bank Stock paper relieves, strengthens and saves the sight. Made in five different qualities. The Mysell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay street.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

The Maison Riche serves an elegant dinner popular prices.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235½ Bush street.

## THE PLAY OF THE WEEK

### "The Heart of Maryland"—an Eclectic Drama.

"The Heart of Maryland" is a striking piece of dramatic architecture, with a strong tendency toward the Eastlake tpye. In it, Belasco has demonstrated to a mathematical nicety just how many melodramatic situations may be crowded into a drama of four acts without overloading the vehicle. The play is a marvel in its way. There is scarcely a trick known to the stage, or an effort known to the property man or electrician, that is not utilized at some point in the development. It is a clever compilation, and you extract from it the same character of pleasure that the married daughter (who has been away from home for years) does when she visits grandma, and discovers in the quilt bedspread on the old lady's feather bed the piece of dress worn by her twenty years ago, "the piece that Mary wore," etc. Old memories are revived, and the experience is not at all disagreeable.

In my salad days I enjoyed the acquaintance of a man who wrote "nigger sketches" for minstrel and variety shows, and he was something of a genius in his way. To me he was a "Being"—of marvelous ingenuity. In those times, "Beazley's Boy" was a popular negro sketch, and the house never failed to roar at the finale of the little farce when "Jumbo Minks" swung about the stage with Beazley's spotted dog (stuffed of course) pinned to the dome of his trousers. There was another sketch that had for its hero a mild, simple-minded kind of a darkey, who innocently went out to calm an obstreperous creditor, and after loud "glass crashes" and violent thumping off the sage, the mild-mannered darkey returned, amid shouts of laughter, with his clothes literally in rags. I imagine there were a half dozen such sketches, all popular at the time, each having some ridiculous denouement upon which the curtain would fall. My friend, the genius, who had been wearing out the tissues of his brain on purely original matter, was one day visited with an inspiration. He wrote a sketch that embodied every climax in every negro sketch he had ever seen. It was a marvel of construction. He wove "Beazley's dog" in with "Handy Andy," slipped the "funny" part of the "Fever Patient" in with "There's a Child Lost." He twisted them here, stitched on a piece there, added a part of one play to this scene, tucked on another piece somewhere else, until he had one of the most ingeniously contrived and skilfully constructed "nigger sketches" the world had ever seen. It took, too—took like mad; and my genius friend went off in such an extended jollification that he died soon after.

His plan of constructing a play did not die with him, however. It has been elaborated and improved upon until it has reached a state of perfection that is exemplified in the "Heart of Maryland." You know the list of war plays as well as I do. There is a suggestion of each of them in Belasco's play. There is the murder scene from "La Tosca," too; a bit from the sterling story, "A Man Without a Country," and "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night." To adopt the slang of the street, "there are others," but why itemize? So cleverly has Belasco blended these things into a whole, that, perforce, he must be forgiven. I can only congratulate the gentleman that the play did not receive its initial production in San Francisco, and that it comes here with the stamp of Eastern approval. Otherwise the local critic would have had no mercy on the local author who dared.

The women-folk in the play are not handsome, nor, for that matter, are the men. Mrs. Leslie Carter strikes you as a very hard working and very conscientious little lady. The brunt of the work falls upon her and she bears the burden heroically. Beyond a doubt, the most striking scene of the whole performance is developed at the close of the econd act. It is a bit of the real thing, very strongly put and quite well handled by Mrs. Carter. But where did Belasco get it? The question is pertinent and excusable in view of the familiar things the play does contain. If the idea worked out in this scene is original with Belasco, then he is to be censured for not drawing more heavily upon his own resources, for it is stronger than anything he has confessedly borrowed. I liked the way Malcolm Williams died. He will not look any more dead when the real thing overtakes him, than he did on Tuesday night. It is not an easy thing to die on the stage, and to do it cleverly, but even in this there was a suggestion of something I had seen, as they carried him off the stage, his head drooping over the hastily improvised litter, his wide open eyes staring vacantly at the audience. A whisper from the seat behind me said, "Svengali," and it was like it in effect.

You will go to the Baldwin next week and see this "Heart of Maryland" for yourself, if you have not seen it already. It is a skilfull—quite skilfull and ingenious piece of dramatic work. If it was purely original, it would be a masterpiece, but it is not. We had a little couple at the Columbia some months ago—Russ Whytal and his wife—who gave us "For Fair Virginia." The play was Whytal's own. It had the atmosphere of the South, it had clearly drawn characters, the memory of whom stuck to you the next day. It was a natural, easy going, romance of our Southland during the war, and every line forced the conclusions upon you that its author had striven for natural effects and had given you a play entirely original. Belasco's play has its place in theatricals, but for my own part, and without prejudice, I may write it down that compilation, however clever, do not appeal to me one-half as strongly as one quiet touch of originality. Then, too, I take my plays much as I do architecture, and that, to please me, must be quiet and graceful as to strength, and impressions must grow out of its very simplicity. Plays—like houses—built along such lines go on forever.

* *

In the twelfth week of their reign at the Columbia the Frawley Company have presented Haddon Chambers' entertaining drama "The Idler." The piece itself is a thoroughly well-balanced production that has met with success wherever played, and is evidently acceptable to the local theatregoer. The main plot evolves the subtle machinations of Mark Cross, an unscrupulous, idle London man to compromise and carry off Lady Harding, the wife of his friend Sir John Harding, M. P. Lady Harding is sorely tried in many ways, but never wavers in wifely duty, and eventually scores heavily over both husband and evil-minded lover. The side issues are cleverly worked in and serve to illustrate a strong character in Simeon Strong, an American, the killing in former days of whose brother by Sir John Harding is the source of all the trouble; while Strong's surrender to the charms of the gay and fascinating Kate Merryweather is full of fun and incident. And further, the testy old General Merryweather, Kate's father, who also has matrimonial leanings, involving the two widows, Mrs. Cross, Mark's mother, and Mrs. Glynn-Stanmore affords considerable amusement.

In his rendering of Mark Cross the performance of Frank Worthing is praiseworthy, especially in those portions where action is called for. The Simeon Strong of Frawley is likewise good and thoroughly natural. In Francis Carlyle's representation of the English baronet one is forced to feel disappointment. The character is not perhaps easy to portray, but an accomplished actor would find in it an excellent opportunity for work that its exponent here leaves entirely undone or scamped. Harry Corson Clarke as the General is quite good, and Terry as the valet, in his little part does well. Of the ladies Blanche Bates, as the heroine, attracts rather by her own personal gifts of voice and appearance than by the style in which she sustains the character. Full as it is of womanliness of a high type, Miss Bates in great measure fails to express the fact, and falls short of what seems to be needed to bring out the finer emotions called for. Gladys Wallis as the ingenue Kate is thoroughly at home, bright and clever in her acting, as she is pretty and taking in herself. Phosa McAllister and Madge Carr Cook well enter into the spirit of their parts. Although the effect of the rendering as a whole may prove a little disappointing to one who has seen the piece performed by other companies, the little drama itself is so much above the average of modern plays that it is well worth seeing.

* *

The literary merit of "The Heart of Chicago" is not obvious, but then literary merit is not supposed to be a feature of melodrama—action is the thing, and scenery as well. There is plenty of both at Morosco's, plenty of action and plenty of scenery, and mentioning scenery, it may be said that the setting of the fourth act is exceptionally good—the effect of the approaching engine is at once thrilling and realistic. Another effective scene is at the close of the first act, representing the ruins of Chicago. Mamie Holden, the new soubrette, has succeeded in making a good impression, her singing is acceptable and her dancing as much so, but her articulation needs looking to—it is not sufficiently distinct.

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## MUSIC

An excess of enthusiasm seized Tivoli singers, audience and orchestra last Monday, such as is seldom experienced in these non-enthusiastic musical regions. Many better performances have gone by without as much as stirring a single shout of encouragement; however, that is past, and it may be that our public is beginning to wake. If any vigorous performance of a Wagner opera is going to make an impression on an audience, "Lohengrin" should at least be that one. For, in "Lohengrin" there is the distinctly popular element—as a drama pre-eminently, and as a musical picture only in a lesser degree. All the great qualities of Wagner's genius shine in a more genial spirit in this opera perhaps than in any of his other works, though the later ones developed him in more heroic, titanic moods. There is real beauty, poetic beauty, in the story itself; one could almost say beauty for beauty's sake, in the combination of romance, mystery and an unnamable Teutonic efflorescence steeping the fate of Elsa in a power all its own. Wagner's genius in giving a frame for a poetry of sentiment to be expressed more in the whole than in parts have found as great an occasion as in the "Flying Dutchman."

So great is the color laid in through the orchestration, and so intensely does it follow the emotional trend of the incidents as they spring into the plot, that the work of acting and vociferating is made easy, so easy that singing is not in question at all. As far as the acting itself in a Wagner opera is concerned, it requires no particularly subtle talent to compass the ends desired. Given the temperament which can excite itself to frenzy at any instant and sustain that poise indefinitely, and the Wagner actor is declared. No special grace, no delicate play or originality of gesture is indispensable. The gestures must come in rhythm, the facial play must be simple and sustained, so that the emotions depicted in the orchestration be pointed at with sufficiently broad finger posts, so to speak; that is all that is needed. Dominated, supported by and developed in orchestral color the actors have little to do besides making themselves heard—and there is where the aid of an indiarated throat and a fine physique is not to be done without. Rossini is said to have declared that three things, voice, and voice and voice, made a singer; endurance, and endurance and endurance make a Wagner actor.

From the rise of the curtain on the first act to the fall at the finale on Monday night there was not an accidental tone of the human voice heard that might have, by the greatest clemency, been admitted to be respectable singing. This does not take away from the undeniable fact that the performance was an excellent one dramatically and aroused deserved enthusiasm. All the principals carried their roles with the necessary frenzy and the utmost they were capable of. Mr. Hinrichs directed with intimate skill, and made possible so strong a performance. Still there was no singing fitted to give pleasure to an impartial or instructed ear. Neither skill nor style made themselves heard. Purity of tone or intonation—ease, grace or volume—all were absent, being replaced by shrieks, howls, contortoine, flatting and sharpening, and all the seven deadly sins, vocal. Still, the performance was a success! A success because the performers had enthusiasm, emotion, intelligence and endurance enough to go the round, led by the dramatic exigencies and the orchestral leadings.

Formerly there were no Wagner performers; nowadays there are none but Wagner performances in opera. The race of singers is dead—dead because the public has lost the sense of beauty in tone and only wants emotion and endurance. Italy, the land of song, has ceased to produce real singers, the art of bel canto is lost. A few phenomenal singers hold high rank by reason of their gifts, not their art. All this may be traced to the love of strong sensations which has pervaded all life and all the arts. The desire for beauty is less than the hunger for novelty and sensationalism. Those who have the love of simplicity and grandeur will find no exemplification of those qualities in the shouting and howling doing duty for singing in modern opera. Modern opera is Wagner opera. Every composer, no matter what his talent, composes a la Wagner—he may feel himself a manikin, yet he is compelled to take up the battle-ax and sword of the Wagner method and exploit the musical concepts of vibrationum symbolien and the rest of the tendencies so wonderfully subscribed to by Wagner. The fields of humor, grace and human sympathy have been deserted, especially humor, for the Wagner opera elides that element. To a great genius of the transcendental kind the ludicrous does not appear to exist, and hence those mannerisms bordering so dangerously near humor.

This rise of the emotional school will run its course probably, and a return to the simple, the classic, in a new form bring with it a revived great school of singing—but that return is not even on the horizon—hence it is a matter of necessity to accept the decadence of song, as a matter of course, and take the extremes of physical endurance and emotional agonies as the best to be had of the art to-day. LESLEY MARTIN.

The woman's jubilee dinner, or soiree, given by one hundred distinguished English women to one hundred distinguished men, was one of the most remarkable gatherings of interesting people they have had in London. It took place in the Grafton Gallery and was quite the talk of the metropolis. It is true that the distinction of some of the men was as inconspicuons as the prominence of certain of the women, but on the whole there were scores of celebrated people and a curious mixture of casts and creeds. Just what constitutes a celebrated man some of the women seemed undecided about, and invited their husbands. Sarah Grand brought her publisher, Mr. Heinemann. Literature was represented by Thomas Hardy, Andrew Lang and Dr. Garnett. Mr. Buckle, of the "Times," Mr. Massingham, of the "Daily Chronicle,' and Dr. Roberston Nicolls represented journalism. Each lady had but one invitation, and it is not extraordinary that certain prominent men found themselves the recipients of half a dozen or more cards. This left quite a number of ladies without partners, though they consoled themselves, as usual, with other ladies' spouses. The event of the evening was Lady Somerset's speech, which was really very clever. The only male who was allowed to air opinions was the Bishop of London, who showed his appreciation of the appropriate by telling an American funny story.

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## THE HEROINE CROP

### Physical Characteristics of Leading Ladies in the Latest Novels.

The heroine of a novel is quite often the feature of the tale, and as a rule is a being of much beauty. If she is not so in the ordinary sense, the novelist endows her with a [illegible] "something," an innate charm, a half concealed grace, that forces itself or takes an unconscious hold upon the observer. Her nose may turn up, her mouth may be large, she may have freckles, but she still possesses the said indefinable something—the secret charm—and she fascinates. In the Trojan days Paris had rather an embarrassing moment with his three goddesses, but were he a nineteenth century novel-reader, and called upon to give the golden prize to the greatest beauty in up-to-date literature he might well shrink in dismay from the order. It is proper, of course, for a novelist to make much of his leading lady. He must descant upon the color of her hair and of her eyes, the playful smiles that come and go, the long, lithe form, the liquid cadence of her voice. He must see to it, also, she is interesting, especially when the hero sees her first, whether sitting on a stile in a gown of some soft, loose stuff, her hair tumbled carelessly and her wide-brimmed hat in her lap, or walking in a shady lane a far-off look in her eyes, or "ensconced" in a recessed window deep in a tale of bygone days. On reflection, however, the thoroughly smart heroine doesn't sit on stiles, nor does she walk in shady lanes with far-off looks in her eyes, nor does she take herself to recessed windows. She has no time for such frivolities; her days are passed in ideas and in aims—sometimes she is a dabbler in esoterics, sometimes a devotee of Buddha, and in a recent book she was actually a pirate, but whatever the provocation or her physical condition she wins hearts, especially the heart of the hero.

It would be out of the question to expect the heroine of Henry James' "Spoils of Poynton" (Houghton-Mifflins) to be a beauty. She is slim, pale and black-haired, and less likely than any of her friends or sisters to "occasion an exchange of platitudes." But she has her fascination—a sense of the exquisiteness of things of an extraordinary "flair" which captivates the hero's mother. Unfortunately, the man of the book requires another type—Miss Brigstock—who is "tall, straight and fair, long-limbed and strangely festooned, without a look in her eyes, or any perceptible intention of any sort in any other feature." She is married, but Fleda, who could appreciate the Spoils of Poynton, is not. Rather a relief after this, very modest heroine to turn to Miss Susan Romer in "The Touchstone of Life" (Stokes). Fleda gets from Henry James about ten lines of description, while Susan has the good fortune to be given just thirty-nine. We meet Susan while at work on a little clay bust which she pauses now and then to examine through a pair of pincenez which dangles from a gold chain round her neck. She is neither tall nor slender, but rather round than slim; her limbs are well-proportioned, and her head is particularly well set upon her shoulders. Her gait is easy and rapid, neither slouching nor undignified—this on the assurance of the author, for so far Susan has been sitting. Her eyes are very dark brown, eyelashes long and dark, complexion clear, with a faint touch of pink, which in periods of excitement and emotion deepens into rose. Her mouth is refined but firm, the underlip slightly "sucked in"—altogether her profile comes close to actual beauty. From all of which it may be gathered that Susan is pretty. No indefinable charm nor concealed grace is required in her case. Nature has been generous.

Mary Wilkins makes Lucina Merritt in "Jerome" a dainty figure. Lucina is a rich man's daughter and dresses the part. She wears a silken gown of pale blue spangled with roses. Her fair hair falls in curls below her waist, every curl for all the world like a twining finger of love. Her bonnet is of fine straw, and through her veil of rich, white lace her pink cheeks and lips, her great blue eyes and locks of golden hair shine and bloom and dazzle like "a rose through a frosted window." Here is a maid as fair as a morning in May, as fragrant as a rose in June, a delight to the soul, compared to which the Venus of Medici and her cousin of Milo are as two brazen images. She is of the gentle, retiring type, very different from Mademoiselle Sibylle Berpac in Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac" (Appleton's). This is a young woman of many accentuated emotions—tall and slender, with a dark face, pronounced features and eyes of extraordinary brilliancy. They are black, these eyes, and Mlle. Sibylle uses them very often to express the aforementioned emotions; for instance, the secret brooding of years, the bitter resentments crushed down in her silent soul, the recklessness of passion roused by an unnatural father; all this flushes her dark cheeks and then gleams in her splendid eyes. There is but one man in the world for Mademoiselle Sibylle, but he proves recreant. She may yet have Brigadier Etienne Gerard, but that will be in another story. He will have no eyes for other ladies, however, if they are ever wedded.

The final definitive edition of Francis Parkman's complete works is now in course of publication, ful information of which can be had of the agent, D. P. Elder, Mills Building. It is interesting to note that all of Parkman's works form one great history of the struggle between France and England for supremacy in North America. They are the result of a lifetime of research, Parkman having planned the work when but a youth at college, and concluded the final volume only just before his death.

There are two types of beauty in "The Grey Lady" (Macmillan's)—one of them characterizes Eve, a maid of Majorca, though born of English parents. Her hair is dark and thick and rich, and hangs in a great plait down her back. She is tall and upright, is garbed invariably in black; her skin is wonderfully clear white, touched slightly by the sun; she carries her head with easy Spanish grace, and in her glinting eyes glow changing lights of soulful thought and mild vivacity. So much for Eve—now for the other. Her name is Agatha, and we find her first in a deep chair near the fire; she turns her head and rises with a smile and grace of manner that have apparently been put on with her evening gown, which, by the way, fits very well. Agatha is small and upright; her head is carried with a "peculiar confidence' and is covered with a well-dressed quantity of lightish hair. Her eyes are a dark shade of ashen gray; her mouth is mobile, her lips thin, with some expression down in the left-hand corner. In fact, most of Agatha's facial expression comes from this corner. Her neck and arms are very white, and she is well aware of this, and has given her modiste directions accordingly. It will be observed that Agatha is rather fetching—the white arms, the admirably fitted gown, the well-kept hair—but it is probable she thinks more of Agatha than she is likely to of anyone else, which is rather selfish.

One might advert to Gloria Quayle, who divides Hall Caine's "Christian" with Rev. John Storm. She is a slightly maid—in her youth a tomboy, but with red hair and a buoyant disposition. Quite one of the prettiest of latter-day heroines is Miss Darthea Penniston in "Hugh Wynne," but we are told she had not a perfect feature, though her smile was so variously eloquent that no man saw it unmoved. "Her face had some of that charm of mystery which few women possess—a questioning look." This latter charm is said to exhaust itself in the earlier stages of matrimony. Subsequently it becomes an inquisitorial air. There is also Anne Bruce of "The Kentuckians," in "Harper's," whose physical presentment has not yet been set forth. The superb young patrician who so lords it over Clay in "Soldiers of Fortune," Miss Langham, is really only a translated Gibson girl, and her good looks are as familiar as "Life." One might describe dozens of other young ladies without aiding in deciding on a particular type which might be called—the modern heroine. As I have said, they possess beauty in common—or charm—but otherwise they are as various in their manifestations as humanity itself. Gloria Quayle is athletic—the others are not—but are highly feminine young people who would in cases of necessity call in the assistance of a man rather than depend on themselves.

H. S. K.

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## MILLARD'S TALES

### Pungent Episodes of Western Life, Short and Pointed.

Mr. F. B. Millard of the San Francisco "Examiner" is out with a collection of stories—some fifteen of them—which the Eskdale Press publishes under the general title of "A Prety Bandit." In telling his yarns Mr. Millard has adopted the method employed by the latest successful short-story men. This is not to tell a story, but to strike off an incident or two clean-cut, sharp, decisive, and brief, suggesting everything that is to follow and everything that precedes. The method is admirable, but it demands an originality and ingenuity on the part of the author that is little short of abnormal. The "motif" of the story must be very strong, very unusual, and tremendously suggestive. More than this, it must be told in sentences that are almost pictures in themselves. The whole tale must resemble, as one might say, the film of a kinetoscope, a single action made up from a multitude of view points. In choosing this method Mr. Millard has volunteered to enlist in the army of the strongest story-writers the world 'round, and some of his stories are quite good enough to bring him well up in the front ranks, notably the "Caliente Trail," "A Notch in a Principality" (our thinking the best story of the book), "The Girl Reporter," and "Horse-In-The-Water." It is a dodge of publishers, as everyone knows, to put the two best stories at the beginning and end of such a collection. But there is little in "A Pretty Bandit" and "The Making of Her" to commend them. Mr. Millard crystallizes a most startling experience in each of these tales, but somehow fails to convince the reader of its "probability"; as, for instance, the hold-up in the first-named story. That a girl should stand up a stage is extraordinary enough for the most sensation-loving reader, but that she should do so upon the impulse of the moment is quite beyond belief—even worse, it is inartistic. In "The Making of Her" (which came very near being the marring of her) Mr. Millard has evidently striven for a contrast of types, the Boston blue-stocking and the Western cowboy. The contrast is sharp enough, but the "events" narrated are not plausible. They all could have happened, it is true, but in story-telling the question is "might" they have happened. One can forgive the impossible, never the improbable. As a whole, however, the tales make capital good reading. Mr. Millard wastes no time—his own nor his readers—in getting down at once to the heart of his work. There is a plainness, a directness in his style that is "the easy reading and hard writing" one has heard so much about. The author has confined himself to California material, which is always good policy, and at the same time impresses his readers with the fact that he is thoroughly posted upon whatever subject is under consideration for the moment, whether it be railroad life, newspaper life, camp life, or ranch life. ("A Pretty Bandit," F. B. Millard. The Eskdale Press, New York.)

N.

## BOOK NOTES

Two other late numbers of the "Town and Country Library" are "Marietta's Marriage," by W. E. Norris, and "Dear Faustina," by Rhoda Broughton. Both these novels resemble one another, inasmuch as there is nothing startling nor especially brilliant about either one. But they both make good reading. Mr. Norris' in particular. Marietta is a curious type of a girl and her marriage was one of convenience rather than of love. But it ends well, at least with good prospects for Marietta's happiness, so the reader should be satisfied. From Miss Broughton's new book one does not miss the characteristics that have made its predecessors so interesting. Faustina's name was Bateson, but she couldn't help that, and probably wouldn't if she could, for she was given to causes and to cults and to the rectifying of social evils in general. The book is a sort of satire on the work of so-called reformers.

If Cuba is as badly off as Stephen Bonsal says she is in his book, "The Real Condition of Cuba To-Day" (Harper and Brothers), then Cuba is badly off, indeed. Mr. Bonsal was special correspondent of the New York "Herald" in Cuba, and may reasonably be supposed to know something of his subject. But notwithstanding this reasonable supposition, it is difficult to believe even upon the authority of the "Herald's" correspondent that things are so bloody in the Pearl of the Antilles. Like other American journalists in Cuba, Mr. Bonsal was strongly in favor of the natives' struggle, and in his book gives it first consideration and the benefit of every doubt as well, and if some people will not accept Mr. Bonsal's statements as literal truth, the most obvious deduction is that there must be a terrible amount of wrong there to call forth such denunciation as we find in his pages.

A book made timely by the recent jubilee is the "Private Life of the Queen," by a member of the royal household (D. Appleton & Co.) An idea of the work may be found in the introduction. In the words of the author, it is "merely a family portrait of a dear old lady who, were she the chatelaine of a country house, or the school mistress of a primitive village, would be admired and beloved by her neighbors in the parish for her wisdom and good works, and by her family and servants as a good mother and mistress." With this amiable and loyal idea the writer develops a full length portrait of Her Majesty, describing especially her private life and stating very plainly what she eats and what she drinks, what she reads and what she writes, and so on until there is very little or practically nothing concerning her that is left unnoticed.

A new story by Ella Mac Mahon is just out from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes and the ending—it is the very touchstone of Life," and is daintily dressed in a binding of silver and green. Like many other tales of the time its theme is love; there are other incidentals and phases leading to, and also from, the sighing passion, but love is the thing; it is the beginning, the continuance, and the ending—it is the evry touchstone of existence. Miss Mac Mahon realizes the importance of love and works it for all it is worth—she makes the young people love each other with passionate intensity—and she makes them suffer with corresponding energy. But as all things end well, and as there is every prospect for the two living happy ever after, "The Touchstone of Life" may be set down as a good thing. It also possesses the additional advantage of some clever illustrations.

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## OPINIONS OF JUSTIN STURGIS

BY LEANDER

### 'Drinketh a Toast to the Coming of Better Things.

One day last week I went out to the park, early, before anyone else was there, and rowed a bit on Stow Lake. Thereafter, being very hungry, I sought out the Japanese tea garden in the clump of trees not far from the museum. It's really delightful in this quaint, quiet, little tea garden early in the morning, and the beverage is of the very best. I fancied that a cup of very strong, hot tea, with crisp little Japanese cakes, would not be at all amiss. But as I came into the garden who should I find sipping his tea, smoking his morning cigar and flirting the papers of a novel but my friend Justin Sturgis.

"Well," said he, as I dropped down beside him, "where do you come from?"

"Oh," replied I, "from going to and fro upon the earth and walking up and down in it."

"What a devil of a fellow you must be, Leander."

"I'm seeking what I may devour, if you persist in being Biblical," said I, and I ordered tea and cakes.

I was feeding my cakes to the carp and goldfish, when I noticed that Just' was looking at me gravely and shaking his head.

"Leander," says he, "it don't pay to have opinions."

"Pooh!" I answered. "Doctors and lawyers get rich on theirs."

"Yes, but their opinions are asked for; yours are not."

"Mine ought to be the more welcome, then. You must pay a lawyer for his opinions. I give mine away free, even put a chromo-lithograph in every package."

"The people you have opinions about don't like you any better though—drop 'em out, Leander. Just send 'em the chromo."

'What, now—what makes you talk like this?"

"People—girls—answer you through the medium of the press.'

"Have you been getting any more letters?" said I, uneasily.

"Yes," said he, "and worse; we have been parodied. Listen, my child, and you shall hear," he quoted, unfolding a paper. "Listen, and see what you have brought upon yourself."

This is what Just' read:

THE OPINIONS OF CASSANDRA

"Last night I dropped into the C. E. meeting. I am not an active member, but a girl of my spirit naturally likes to see life. I settled myself in a chair, and pulling out a package of tutti-frutti I proceeded to make myself comfortable. I was dropping into a reverie when a rustle of silk skirts caused me to look up. "What,' said I, "you here, of all places, Cassandra?"

Cassandra grinned.

"Heigh-ho," says she. "I have just been to the Orpheum with Leander. "You know Leander, don't you?"

"Yes," said I, looking deep; "miserable little snob!"

Cassandra looked hurt. "He has always been very nice to me. What have you got against him?"

"Well, I have enough against him. The other night he called on me, and you know he's awfully struck on me, and, besides, he's awfully bashful. Well, we sat on the sofa, and the first thing I knew the light went out."

"Didn't pay your gas bill," grinned Cassandra.

"And—well—well, he kissed me."

"Phyllis!" gasped Cassandra.

"Course I was awfully cut up, not being used to that sort of thing, but I knew he was too bashful to speak, so I considered it as good as an engagement."

"Well," said Cass.

"The next day he wrote it up in 'The Surf,' saying I led him on. Did you ever hear anything so dreadful?"

"O, I don't know. We had a fine time at the Orpheum, and I like him. If—"

But here the Endeavorers commenced the closing hymn and Cass and I left.

"Now," said Just', looking up from the paper, "what do you think of that?"

I confess I was staggered, but I began to protest feebly.

"I didn't give that girl cause to think I was bashful, did I, and I'm not 'struck on her' as she says, and she's not 'struck' on me. If we'd been 'struck on' each other it would have been all right."

"Well, then, she's not 'struck on' you as you say. What were her words, 'miserable little snob?' "

I crossed a leg uneasily. "Let's talk of something else."

"As you please," said Just', "and to begin with,or to end with (for I don't think we shall talk together much after to-day), you, Leander, who have been carrying on so about the vagaries of the San Francisco girls—"

"And the men, too."

"And the men, too, have pointed out the evil, but can't you suggest also the remedy?"

"Heaven and earth," I gasped, "because certain things go wrong according to my notion why should I, of all people, be expected to set them right?"

"At least let us defend our opinions. If we are to give them away, let's send 'em well wrapped up and protected from breakage and weather."

"Well," replied I, "it isn't necessary to tell a girl not to smoke cigarettes nor drink cocktails, is it?"

"Might tell 'em what the men think of it."

"Humph, they'd say they didn't do it to please the men."

"Then they must do it because they have a taste for tobacco and alcohol—"

"Horrors!"

"Which is much worse."

"The men think they are little fools."

"And say so to each other."

"And about the girls that allow themselves to be kissed by men whom they are not 'struck on' and who are not 'struck on' them, and permit the 'little familiarities' we were talking about?"

"The men think they are mighty cheap."

"And say so to each other."

"But aren't there some men who kiss and don't tell?"

"That's what some girls think," said I. "But when a man can kiss a girl easily, it's the nature of the beast to let other men know about it."

"I guess yes," said Just', scratching his head. "You see it stands to reason that if a girl don't mind being kissed she doesn't mind having it known. If you win a girl easy you can't respect her very much. You'd just as soon talk about her. And if you don't say right out that the next man can kiss her, you say, 'Hoh! yes, So-and-so, you can have a good time with her.' "

"Sounds fine, don't it,' said I. "The girls ought to hear, but how about the young fellows who come to functions drunk and dance with the girls?"

"The girl is to blame for that. She ought to refuse to dance with a man when he's that way—call him down so hard that it will almost sober him, or, better still, tell some other man about it—some other man who is 'struck on' her."

"Would the other man punch his head?"

"He ought to. "Suppose it was the girl you know—the one particular girl. For instance, Miss ——"

"We won't discuss 'that girl'," I interrupted, glaring at him fiercely.

"That's so, and that makes me think. The men have got something to learn, too."

"For instance."

"Well, for one thing, never to talk of a good, straight girl among themselves; say nothing about her, good, bad or indifferent. You know yourself how it cheapens a girl to have her talked about in a club, or anywhere, when men get together. I've heard it done in a barroom, even, and I know a man who used to telephone to a girl from the Deception saloon."

"Beast!"

"No. This man didn't think, I guess. Maybe that's the trouble with most of 'em. A little more convention, that's what we all need—nothing stiff or formal or false or prudish. I hate it as bad as any of them, but in Heaven's name let's have some girls who don't let every man that's known 'em a month sit with them in the dark and kiss 'em when he likes, and let's have—or, rather, let's say we've got to have, in the name of ordinary decency, men who will not come to functions drunk or get intoxicated where nice girls are around."

"Surely it's little enough to ask."

"Is this our last talk?"

"Guess yes."

"Then here's to a better state of things next season."

We raised our cups.

"Tea and toast," sa I.

"It's mildly appropriate to drink that toast in tea" answered Just'. "Here's to conventionalities in moderation."

"Amen and Amen," said I.

And we drank—standing up.

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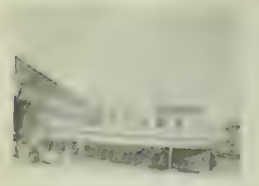

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## TURF TOPICS

### Futurity Notes — Oakland and Ingleside Programmes Next Season.

The trotting circuit meetings seem to be progressing satisfactorily. This week harness racing has been going on at Chico and next week will follow on at Willows.

The State Fair, which will extend over two weeks only instead of three as last year, will commence on September 6th, the racing programme being a mixed one of running and trotting events. Judged by the list of entries that has been published both sections should produce interesting contests. In the 2-year-old stakes, of which there are four catalogued, the entries are numerous and include many youngsters that have not yet faced the starter.

The autumn meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club begins at Sheepshead Bay next Monday, on which day the Futurity, the most valuable racing fixture in America, will be run. According to latest advices the field is likely to be made up from the following: Rey El Salto, Great Bend, Plaudit, Grand Sachem, Briar Sweet, Previous, Murillo, Frohman, Momentum, Demagogue, Uriel, Cock Robin, Benares, Howland, Gala Day, Central Twist, Arquebus, The Huguenot, Gibraltar and Her Majesty. Of these Rel El Salto (Emperor of Norfolk—Jennie D.), the property of Mr. E. J. Baldwin, is the only youngster that has run in California. Though a very fair colt, in the spring he did not impress one as of the first rank, but as he proved himself to be possessed of speed and gameness, he may give a good account of himself, provided he has done well since going East. His owner's stable has been in good form lately and often has proverbial luck. The Burns & Waterhouse filly, Recreation, at one time a promising candidate for Futurity honors, no longer appears as a probable starter. The Eastern talent favor Howland in Mr. J. E. Madden's stable. Mr. Marcus Daly's Grand Sachem, a son of Tammany, went East from Montana with a high character. The same owner's Briar Sweet is a California-bred filly.

Both the two and three-year-old form in the East seems to be getting more open as the season wanes, though Hamburg and Ornament, respectively, are the champions of their age. If Howland, in the same stable as the former, should win the Futurity he may then achieve the position which his owner claims for him, namely, that he is the better of the two; but, in the meantime, on public form, Hamburg is the two-year-old of the year.

The complete list of stakes for the Fall, Winter and Spring Meetings, 1897-98, at the Oakland track has now been published by the California Jockey Club, showing a total of $53,600 divided amongst thirty-six events. Of these there are twenty stakes, with a guaranteed value of $1,000 to $15,000, to twelve of which entrance is free, which will close on September 20. Then there are ten events, including the Burns Handicap, one and one-quarter miles, for all ages, $10,000; the Thornton Stake, four mile, for three-year-olds and upward, $3,000, and other smaller prizes not less than $1,250 each, which will close on November 10, full conditions to be published hereafter; and also six stakes guaranteed at $1,000 to $1,500 each for foals of 1896, to close in January, 1898, full conditions and exact date of closing yet to be specified.

The opening day at Oakland is appointed for November 15.

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club have yet to publish their programme for the Ingleside meetings. It is the intention of the club, however, at least to repeat their liberality of last season, and as they then provided prizes a few thousand dollars more in the aggregate than the Oakland track offered, a good estimate of their intentions can be formed. The Ingleside list of stakes is to be completed very shortly.

Racing seems to have taken on a new lease of life at Chicago, and the class of horses at the Harlem track is said to be steadily improving. It is expected that the ball will be kept rolling in the metropolis of the Middle West until November 1st.

There has been formed in Montana the Butte Horseman's Association, with a capital of $150,000, Mr. E. A. Tipton, the head and front of the present racing schemes in that part of the country, being the chief incorporator. It is evident that the meetings of the last and present year have led up to this result, and that henceforward regular fixtures may be looked for in the mining section.

A while ago there was a rumor of a match being likely between the Derby winner of 1896 and 1897, but it is now hardly looked for, as neither of the owners would care to see his horse beaten, which would be an obvious necessity, unless they should happen to run a dead heat. The odds would probably be in favor of Galtee More, though to take a line through Velasquez, who has met both him and Persimmon, this season, is not exactly a safe proceeding. It has been argued that Velasquez made a better showing against Persimmon in the Eclipse than he did against Galtee More in the Derby, but Velasquez was admittedly off at the time the Derby was run, whereas when he went to the post for the Eclipse he was said to be in fine order, and moreover Persimmon had only just previously undergone a strong preparation for the long distance Ascot Cup, which must have taken the edge off his speed to a degree that would prejudice his performance on a shorter course like the Eclipse.

The death is reported of George Frederick, winner of the Derby in 1874. As a studhorse he sired five or six fair animals, of which the French-bred Frontin was perhaps the best.

The following story has appeared in a leading English sporting paper and has a moral for racing men everywhere: After Curzon had run second for the Derby, Tom Cannon sold him for a large sum to Baron Hirsch, with the contingency of £500 more the first time he won. The horse subsequently proved almost worthless, and on the death of the Baron was sold for a small sum. After a lapse of over two years, he a short time ago won a little selling race, and was then disposed of for 115 guineas. Tom Cannon at once swooped down on the estate of Baron Hirsch for the £500—and got it!

Western breeders should note that the hackney is in good demand, both in Europe and the East, and probably there will ere long be some important renewals of the best strains amongst breeders on the Atlantic side, as there are several commissions in the hands of English buyers to select good stallions and mares for shipment to this country.

BENEDICT.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Herr Carl Walther, the Belgian violinist, is announced for three recitals in Golden Gate Hall, September 9th, 10th and 11th. Herr Walther is said to be a very clever violinist, and possesses quite an Eastern and European reputation.

"The Heart of Maryland" has made a great success at the Baldwin, having been received with even more favor than was anticipated. The audiences have been unusually large and promise to continue so, the sale of seats already extending into the second and third weeks of the engagement.

Miss Anna Miller Wood will give a song recital at the First Unitarian Church Saturday afternoon, September 4th. The affair is announced by the Channing Auxiliary Society, and being Miss Wood's first appearance since her return from Europe it should attract musicians in general.

The next "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy's Hall, on Post street, will come off Thursday evening, August 26th. The programme will be given by the most promising pupils of Mr. James Hamilton Howe and Mr. Bernard Mollenhaeur. Mr. Mauzy has arranged a series of classical concerts to take place at his hall during the fall and winter.

The play at Morosco's next week, "The Train Wreckers," is founded upon the Great Eastern and Occidental Railroad strike, and in the unraveling a number of sensational effects are introduced, including a full-sized train of cars and the blowing up of a bridge in order to wreck the aforementioned train. In the cast is Oliver Paul, a comedian who has been specially engaged.

The Orpheum has a great musical attraction for next week, the "Knaben-Kapelle," a Hungarian boys military band of forty pieces. The Kapelle is said to be one of the greatest novelties ever brought to this country. The new people to open are Smith and Campbell, talking comedians; John C. Fox and Katie Allen, sketch artists, and Mazuz and Mazet, the tramp and the brakeman.

Augustin Daly's comedy, "The Great Unknown," will be revived at the Columbia Monday evening. The piece will be cast very much as on its previous production. Frank Worthing, Harry Corson Clarke and Blanche Bates playing their old parts, the only changes being the appearance of Francis Carlyle and Gladys Wallis in the roles formerly taken by Wilton Lackaye and Hope Ross.

"Jane" is filling out the week at the Alcazar, its first performance in this city at popular prices. The clever little comedy is given well, the cast including the best members of the company. An addition thereto is Miss Christine Hill, a character actress of some repute. She has been with a number of good Eastern companies, and was last in this city with "Mme. Sans Gene." "Jane" will run all next week and will be followed by "The Highest Bidder," "Too Much Johnson" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

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Transfer books will close Saturday, August 14th, 1897, at 12 o'clock m.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

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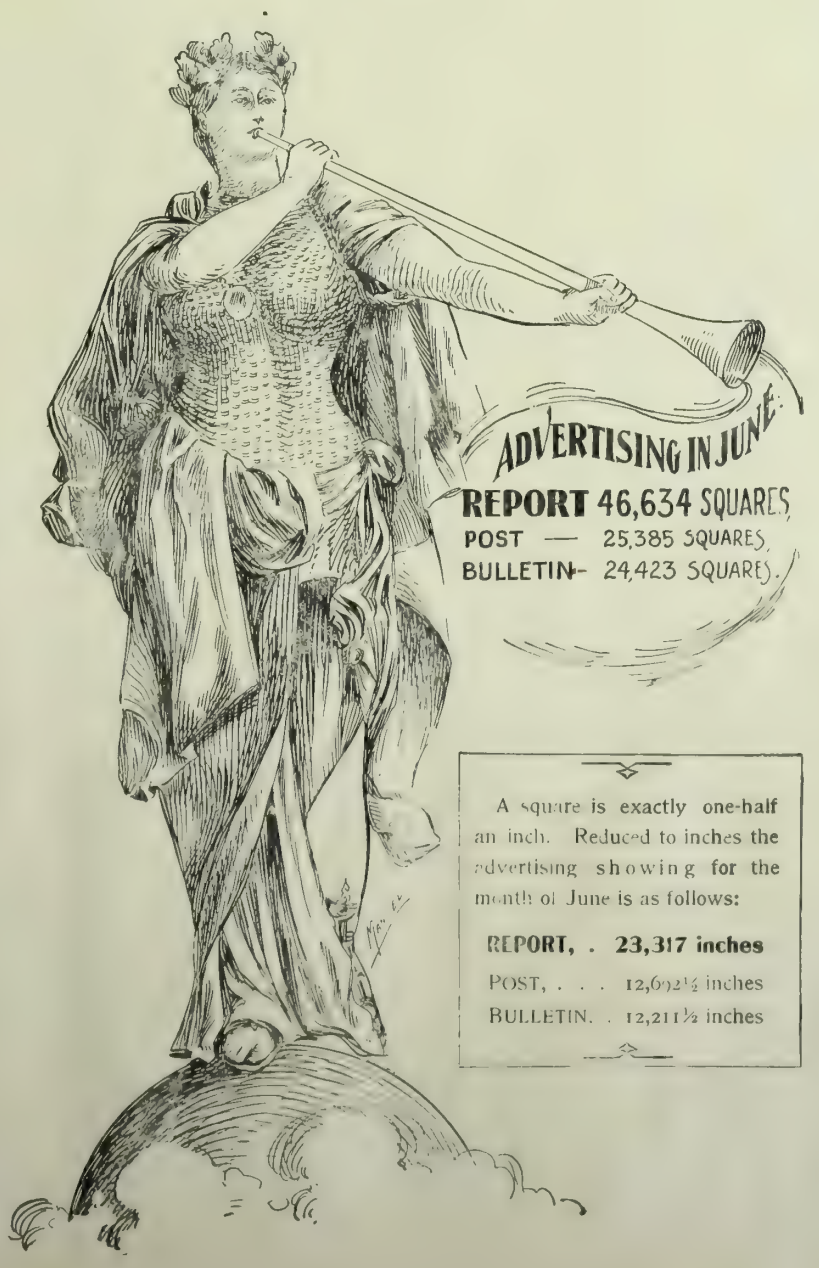


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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Mike Kelly, the famous baseball pitcher, had a hot temper, but also a sense of humor. During the game at Brotherhood Park, when the Bostons were playing the New Yorks, Kelly got angry at a series of adverse decisions, and, throwing the ball over the grandstand, walked down the field, towards the dressing-rooms. He was going to quit. Just as he reached the outfield, however, Jim O'Rourke met him. "Mike, my dear boy," said Jim, "think what you are doing. Pray do not evacuate in this preposterous manner. Remember the Brotherhood and its eccentric relations for which we are fighting. Remember the superannuated, conglomerated, heterogeneous, multitudinous—" "That'll do!" interrupted Kelly. "I'll bet you can't spell it. But I'll go back and play!" And he did.

The late M. Challamel Lacour was noted for his exquisite tact. Accredited as Embassador of France to the Swiss Confederation, on arrival at Berne he called formally on the President. His Excellency was in the cellar bottling wine, but the Ambassador was invited to wait. M. Challamel Lacour entered hanging up his coat in the hall. A few minutes later, the President entered: "An ugly job, monsieur!" drying his hands; "an ugly job! But I always bottle my own wine. Pardon my coat, also. It is a poor fit," glancing down. "It is my son's, to tell the truth. I hurried it on without looking at it." The Ambassador bowed and smiled. It was his own coat. The intervnew being over, he went home shivering. He sent a messenger the next day for his "coat, which he had hung up in the hall."

The Duke of Sutherland presented a park to one of the pottery towns. The opening was a big event, and the Prince of Wales was asked to perform the ceremony. A deputation waited on the Prince, headed by a wealthy and worthy magistrate, noted less for court-like demeanor than for being large-hearted, rough and ready and "real Staffordshire." Unfortunately the Prince was unable to comply. "I should have been most happy," said he, "had I known sooner." "Canna tha spare half a day just to show thy face?" said the magistrate. "We shall look fules when we get back." But the Prince was inexorable. Much disconcerted, the deputation seemed at a loss as to how to proceed. Suddenly an idea struck their resourceful leader, and, turning to the heir-apparent, he said: "Well, if tha canna come, send thy mother!"

Professor Gallaudet, of the Deaf Mute Institute in Washington, has a clever pupil, a little boy, who, in spite of his deformity, is well informed about George Washington. Senator Hoar visited the Institute one day and the boy was called on to tell the story of the cherry tree, which he did with quick moving fingers. He arrived at the point at which George's father finds the injury, and he continued: "When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree, George put his hatchet in his left hand—" "Stop," interrupted the professor. "Where did you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Why," responded the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."

The English Treasury Department sent an official to Dublin once to protest against the extravagance of the late Lord Chief Justice Fitzgerald, in whose court more coal was burned than in any other courtroom in the kingdom. His lordship received the man, and listened gravely, and formally while he explained his errand and enlarged upon the importance of economy in the matter of fuel. When he had finished Lord Fitzgerald rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, said: "Tell Mary that the man has come about the coals."

A Bangor drummer recently saw a woman enter the train at North Bucksport and rush through the car just as it was getting speedy. He coolly walked after her, and just before the fatal leap, grasped her firmly to his manly bosom. She struggled, but she only tightened his grip, saying: "Madam, you shan't jump off the car and kill yourself!" When she got her breath she shrieked: "You big fool, I was only going out on the platform to wave my handkerchief to my friends."

A stenographer once proposed to Henry Ward Beecher that he should be allowed extra pay for reporting Mr. Beecher's sermon, in consideration of correcting the errors in grammar. "How may errors," asked the great preacher, "did you find in this discourse of mine?" "There were 216," was the reporter's reply. "Young man," said Mr. Beecher solemnly, "when the English language gets in my way, it doesn't stand half a chance!"

A golfer in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree they decided to let President Krueger arbitrate. He said to the eldest, "You are the eldest, are you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "So you shall divide the property." This pleased the elder immensely. "You are the younger," continued Krueger to the other, "so you shall have first choice."

Frederick Locker Lampson told a story of Bedford, the great English bookbinder, which illustrates clearly the nature of the collector. "He once sent me home a little book which I considered unsatisfactory. The volume did not shut properly. It gaped. When I pointed out this grievous defect to Bedford, his only remark was, 'Why, bless me, sir, you've been reading it!' "

The Eleventh Hussars had arrived in Dublin one day, and, after a levee at the Castle, one of their officers, walking down Sackville street in full dress, met two Irishmen fresh from the country. Quite staggered by the glittering and gorgeous apparition, one of the Irishmen said to the other, "Begorra, but shouldn't I like to pawn him!"


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 36 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

*IN THE CAMP OF THE HOP PICKERS*

Photo by Charles Weidner

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897


CONTENTS


Editorials ..... 2–3
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. ..... 3
Street Obstructions ..... 4
"The End of the Beginning;" by Frank Norris ..... 5
A California Hop-Picking ..... 6
In the Kaiser's Realm ..... 6
Views of the Pleasanton Hop Fields ..... 7
California Cycling Tours ..... 8
The "Chance Acquaintance" Cycling Club and its Fortnightly Spins ..... 9
Another Legend Spoiled ..... 9
Leopold Not Wanted ..... 9
In Society ..... 10
The Theatres ..... 11
The American Husband: a Review ..... 12
The September Magazines ..... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ..... 14
New Stories Re-Told ..... 16


## THE PROTESTS OF DEBS.

Labor's latest message to the public comes from the mouth of Debs, and it is unpatriotic enough, fiery enough, and treasonable enough, to suit the most malignant enemy of American institutions ever bred within or without our borders. He suggests revolution, hints at an armed uprising of Labor, and damns the country roundly, besides. As an expression of the fine spirit that dominated the convention which Mr. Debs addressed amid such wild enthusaism, a set of resolutions was adopted, every line of which breathes a threat against the peace and welfare of the country. Section 6 of the pronunciamento reads as follows:

"Resolved, That we most emphatically protest against government by injunction, which plays havoc with even such political liberty as workingmen have saved from the steady encroachment of capitalism."

Every lawyer and every intelligent man knows that no political liberty of the workingman, or, for that matter, of any other man, is threatened by the injunction of our courts. It is well known that the injunction is a writ employed to prevent the attempt or the consummation of acts in themselves illegal—acts that violate or intrude upon the rights of others—acts which, if permitted to continue, would divest some citizen of his rights, destroy his property, or inflict some damage upon him. Labor assumes to believe that it has rights upon which the coal-mine owners of the east are trampling. Perhaps it has. Conceding that it has, neither the law nor the courts nor common justice will permit you or me, or even Labor, to deprive another of his rights, or to take the law into our own hands for the purpose of compelling some one else to concede our claims, however just they may appear in our eyes. It is a primary principle that two wrongs do not make a right, but it seems as though primary principles are not much regarded in these days of novel theories of government.

Labor closes its pronunciamento with this disingenuous declaration:

"Resolved, That no nation in which the people are totally disarmed can long remain a free nation, and, therefore, we urge upon all liberty-loving citizens to remember and obey Article II., of the Constitution of the United States, which reads as follows:

" 'The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.' "

This pretended quotation from the Constitution is a living, breathing, lusty lie. It was intended to deceive, and will no doubt delude many ignorant men who are sadly unfamiliar with the Constitution. The Article which Labor cites in justification of its right to bear arms, with which to shoot such of mankind as oppose it, reads as follows:

"A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

This article of the Constitution was intended to give governmental sanction and endorsement to the State militia. It was this same State militia at which Mr. Debs, and Labor generally, hurled invectives but a short while ago. It was this same State militia that Labor jeered at, spat at, and grossly and deliberately insulted during the great railway strike. Why did not Labor, when quoting this article, quote it in its entirety? As far back as 1789 our forefathers anticipated armed mobs led by Debses, and they provided for State military organizations that could cope with such disturbers of the peace, quell them, and bring them within the custody of the law. To garble the plain language of the Constitution and set it before the people as granting a license to bands of maurauding malcontents to arm themselves for the purpose of enforcing their extortionate demands, is to lie, willfully, deliberately and intentionally. The forced construction which Labor attempts to put upon the Constitution would, if generally accepted, soon drive Peace into hiding and bring out Strife. It would restore the conditions of ancient feudal days, when knight and retinue swept down upon a neighbor and by force of arms pillaged his castle and stripped his house of plate and his fields of cattle.

It is difficult to say upon what grounds Labor and Capital may meet, but there is some broad ground which will afford a meeting place. The employer of men who is moved by humane spirit of fairness in treating with his employees, can exercise no controlling influence over his wealthy neighbor whose greed and avarice precipitate a strife that forces Labor to resist; yet Labor, ignoring the debt of gratitude it owes to the generous paymaster, compels him to suspend his mine or mill and suffer loss equally with Avarice, until his offending neighbor comes to terms. This is manifestly unfair, but it is the accepted creed of Labor.

The California railway companies, who paid their employees the highest wages paid on earth to men in similar employment, were not exempt from Labor's blows when Mr. Pullman, three thousand miles away, quarreled with his employees. Upon the order of the miserable Debs, the California railway employees quit their employment and fought bitterly with the most generous railway paymaster in the world. Such ingratitude in Labor is as reprehensible as is greed with Capital. It has a tendency, too, that hardens hearts that, naturally, might be kindly. Again, the demands of Labor run to wild and outrageous extremes when once it is aroused to action, and so it accomplishes the defeat of its just claims by resorting to unreasonableness. We have no more sympathy for avarice and greed than have we for the noisy followers of a demagogue like Debs. There is, somewhere in all this wrangling, a place of compromise; a place where fair-minded men may meet on common ground. There is something that will put a curb on inhuman greed ,and effectually snuff out of existence Debs and the kindred devils who live on the afflictions they pretend to cure. The statesman who solves this broad problem will earn the gratitude of the world, and will live in memory so long as men earn by toil the bread which gives them sustenance.

## ETHICS OF THE FRESHMAN RUSH.

According to custom there has been another lower class rush over at Berkeley at the opening of the fall term. According to custom a student or two has been manhandled, and according to dear, old time-honored custom the faculty have announced their intention to prohibit rushing altogether in the future. All this nappened last year, and the year before that, and the "announcement of intention" on the part of the faculty, notwithstanding, will happen next year and the year after that. Why not? Of course it is deplorable that the Freshman B. F. Kurtz should have had his face kicked in, and, of course, it is deplorable that F. F. Marshall should now be laid up with a twisted knee. But it would be much more deplorable if young men of the present Sophomore and Freshman classes of the U. C. should have arrived at that age when the law recognizes them as men without knowing what it means to be in a good, stiff, knock-down and drag-out fight. Fighting is a good thing. We Anglo-Saxons are a fighting race; have fought our way from the swamps of Holland to the shores of the Pacific Coast at an expense of worse things than smashed faces and twisted knees. Civilization is far from that time when the fighting man can be dispensed with. The strongest nations of to-day are the fighting nations. Germany, for instance, that "fears only God," and whose students are notorious fighters. Little Japan was never recognized until she fought. The "unspeakable Turks," most detested of people, have won the respect of the world by thrashing Constantine and King George. Fighting is a good thing, and the world has not outgrown it. The hope of a nation is its young men, and what is true of one is true of the other. One good fight will do more for a boy than a year of schooling. If he loses, he has at least had an experience which can be made profitable; if he wins it gives him a self-confidence and a self-reliance that cannot be instilled into him by any amount of encouragement or boosting on the part of his "parents, pastors or masters"; it wakes in him that fine, reckless arrogance, that splendid, brutal, bullying spirit that is the Anglo-Saxon's birthright; that got for us this whole mid-ocean country from under the guns of England; that got Texas and New Mexico and the whole Southwest for us, and California and the northern boundary. The same strong, brutal spirit that re-welded the Union in '64, and that under Lawrence, and Perry, and Hull in 1812 fought England to a standstill on her own element. Wellington said that Waterloo was won on the football fields of Eaton and Rugby, while on the other hand the French, who rear their boys on the "sheltered life" coddling systems, in "Lycees" and private "cours," have never produced a single great soldier since the days of Napoleon, who was a Corsican.

If the boys of our universities want to fight, let them fight, in Heaven's name, and consider it a thing to be thankful for. They are only true to the instincts of their race. In five years they will be old enough to carry a rifle, and who knows how soon the President of the country may want and call for just that fighting spirit that the President of the college condemns. Fight? Of course let them fight. If it be the trained and systematized fighting of "flying wedges" and "tandem plays" so much the better; it is that much nearer the fighting of platoon and brigade. If it is the undisciplined free fighting of the cane rush, and the rough-and-tumble scrimmaging around the backstop, it is at least fighting and will not fail of effect.

This fighting business is better than drinking, and cigarettes, and women; better than "going over to the city and boozing up" on liquors and pousse cafes and such like poisons; better than "doing the line" on Kearny street of a Saturday afternoon; better than a score of the evil, vicious ways in what the Freshman is only too apt to run. If there was more fighting, and rushing, and general promiscuous scrapping over at Berkeley there would be less dissipation. I never heard that the gentle-minded members of the college faculty ever raised a protest about their boys knocking themselves to pices with women and nicotine and alcohol. They shut their eyes to all that, evidently. But it seems to me were I the father of a Freshman, I would rather see him brought home with a smashed face than brought home drunk; would rather watch him limp through life with a twisted knee than know him to be rotten with disease; would prefer a broken rib to a tobacco heart. Let them fight if they want, these reckless young under grads. The life of men in the world is one big "rush" after all, where only the fittest survive and the weakest go to the wall. If the Freshman gets only this knowledge out of a cane rush, and learns that in four years he is to be pitchforked out into a place where only his strength of body and mind is to keep him up with the procession, he will have gained more than he can ever get out of a classroom, or lecture-hall, or text-book.

## MISTAKEN LABOR.

Labor is again warring with the laws of nature, the rules of trade, and to its lasting harm and great discredit is again bitterly and malevolently inveighing against the courts and the laws of the most kindly government ever established by human hands. A government whose solicitude is so great for even its meanest citizen who may be caught within the meshes of the law that other nations are moved to sneer at and ridicule it for its forbearance. A government so generous to its subjects that even its own citizens harshly criticise the very safeguards mercifully devised for their own protection. Ingeniously enough, labor, to justify its unlawful adventures in the eyes of honest men, appeals to God and to the Constitution, to freedom and to manhood. Yet with ungovernable and selfish hate this same labor would crush the very life out of every sacred right and privilege held dear to American hearts if they failed to dovetail with the distorted and damnable doctrines of the demagogic labor agitator. Labor invokes for justification of its course the sacred things it would destroy. It prates with noisy insincerity about the Constitution, while it tramples mercilessly upon recognized rights which that great fundamental law has, by its generous provision, made secure to every citizen. It supplicates justice, that it may destroy the rights of others. It beseeches in the name of manhood, that it may be privileged by force of arms and overpowering numbers to strike manhood down. It shrieks for freedom, but what a sad travesty on freedom is that for which it craves. It is freedom to overawe and kill those who work while it quarrels, it is a freedom to burn and destroy the property of the employer who has the manhood to object to its insolent domination. It is the freedom for which the unsatisfied stomach of anarchy yearns hungrily, the freedom that has assassination for its motto, and renders murder a virtue that mothers might teach their offspring brought no dishonor. The hand that points to revolution as the means to remedy the real or fancied wrongs of labor, would not hesitate to apply the incendiary's torch or hurl a murderous bomb if it could do so without detection.

Labor is beating its head against a great natural law—a law as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians. Natural laws of supply and demand will regulate the price of labor so long as men toil. The skilled craftsman may throttle the threatening over-supply in his special calling by denying the young American admission to his union, and so artificially maintain his wages at the expense of equally deserving citizens, but at best this is but a temporary make-shift. In the toil calling only for brawn no such device is possible. Into the ranks of unskilled labor have gravitated the world's fast multiplying thousands of idle but willing hands, the hands that

are by labor unions refused the right to learn a trade, the hands that must work or steal. So great have been the accessions to the ranks of common toil that irresistibly the rewards of such toil have been forced downward. And here lies the cause of labor's present troubles. The burden has not been evenly distributed. Labor demanding special skill and protected by labor unions and national tariff laws, has suffered comparatively little through the glut of the market while among the hewers and drawers of water, grim Want has been no stranger.

As with labor, so with the prices of all products—a glutted market inevitably results in falling values. The American farmer, whose wheat and kindred products but a little while ago were marketable only at prices that meant certain destruction to him, was forced to submit to the operation of the great unwritten but unavoidable law of supply and demand. He might, with quite as profitless zeal and equal justification, have followed the example of labor. It could have been easily demonstrated that consumers were well able to pay higher prices for their wheat and flour than those prevailing then, and with equal plausibility it might have been demonstrated that, in not doing so, the consumers were robbing the farmer of the fruits of his toil. He too might have shouldered his rifle and taken to the highways demanding higher prices for his wheat in the name of Liberty and Independence, and he too might have shot down the man who refused to recognize and submit to his unjust and unusual claims. Debs and kindred demagogues who profit by the calamities of others might have contributed their lungs to this cause as they have to that of labor, but though they shouted themselves for "dollar wheat," their noise would have been as unavailing as hope in hell or reason with a demagogue.

## NO AMERICANS NEED APPLY.

In several recent issues of the New York "Mirror" are printed lists of the new English and French plays brought to this country for the season of '97-98. The American dramatist reading these must feel that there is no room for his talents in his own country, and that to live he must direct his brains and energies to the simpler problems of shop-keeping.

Mr. Frohman, of the Lyceum, has pieces of Pinero, Jones, Parker, Hope and Rose, Carton, and Jerome K. Jerome. These are expected to fill the season. Three American plays "are scheduled," as the notice puts it. They are by Grace Furniss, whose book of short pieces for drawing-room acting was a success; George Hibbard, a writer of short stories for the magazines, and Glen McDonough, who already has a reputation as a playwright. But the English will have first show, and we will believe in the domestic trio when we see them on the boards.

Another manager's agent, Samuel French, has just come home with a trunk full of foreign pieces. He has gone to France and England for his wares. He has bought them by the dozen. While Mr. Frohman has first choice with the celebrities, Mr. French follows and picks up the crumbs. His list contains names we know little of on this side of the water. One of his finds is a piece called "No Cross, No Crown," which he says "has had great success in the English provinces." This is its recommendation to a corresponding success in the American West.

The artistic absurdity of casting domestic players in these foreign dramas does not seem to strike anybody. When Daly used German comedies so freely he always had sense enough to adapt them to the native character and environment. But few managers, unfortunately, have the brains of a Daly. One of the most distinctively American society actresses, Maude Adams, is to open her season with Barrie's "Little Minister," in which she plays Bobbie, a Scotch gypsy. How the English and French, who have for years used this country as a dumping ground for their unsalable wares, must laugh at the naive American public, which pays out its dollars for their poor pictures, their sham bric-a-brac, their imitation tapestries and their bad plays!

The most remarkable feature of this importing of foreign dramas is that the domestic dramas when they do get a chance to be seen are so much more successful. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and that audiences want the native article is proved by the avidity with which they seize upon it whenever they can get it.

What foreign pieces, unless by the very greatest masters, have succeeded in this country as the war plays have from "Shenandoah" to "Heart of Maryland?" Both Mr. Howard and Mr. Belasco have made fortunes in these two pieces, much larger, we would venture to assert, than the royalties received by Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones on the American performances of their successful works. Have any foreign dramas held the stage in this country as the two great hayseed plays, "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" have? Has any English dramatist had a piece performed as continuously and as successfully in the United States as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been, which for half a century has delighted the people and is still given in country towns?

Matinee dramas of locality like "Alabama," and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "In Old Kentucky," hold our stage longer than any English rural pieces have ever done. An American melodrama, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," pleased the people more than any imported melodrama, unless, perhaps, "The Silver King," a masterpiece of its kind. Domestic plays of society from "The Banker's Daughter" to "The Charity Ball" hold their own against such importations as "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan"—all works of master hands.

A few more towns of the West, where fine companies play English pieces to empty benches, and our managers will perhaps realize that for the sake of their purses they must give us domestic plays. Look over the record of the great stock companies seasons in the East last year—the failures that had to be withdrawn, the failures that in despair were forced into runs which might be quoted in the Western advertisements—and one will realize that the time has come when the American gorge has at last risen against the foreign diet it has endured for so many years.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

Though in traveling from East to West the fame of Mr. Gelette Burgess' exploits in Gotham and The Hub has gained disproportionately in size, I learn, nevertheless, that the "'Lark' man" has become a familiar in Eastern literary circles. Mr. Burgess himself is authority for the fact that Copeland and Day are to bring out the "Vivette" papers shortly, and that the bound volume of the "Bird," i. e., "The Lark," is selling strong at the Old Corner Bookstore. Mr. Burgess has met a whole lot of Eastern Somebodies, and has himself become associated with a circle in Boston that calls itself "Les Patrins," after Imogene Quincy's book of essays. Mary Wilkins, it would seem, is the leading spirit of this organization, which appears to be "Les Jeunnes" of Boston. Among other celebrities Mr. Burgess has rubbed elbows with Oliver Hereford, whom he describes as the "Whistler" of the East. Everyone is quoting stories of his eccentricities and his droll remarks. One of his latest, and for a time his favorite joke, was the creation of a club which he called the Faragut. Mr. Hereford was its only member. He would, however, ask certain of his friends to allow him to put them up. The innocent friend would consent with alacrity, and some two weeks later would receive a mournfully worded note from Hereford saying that he had been blackballed. The thing worked very well until it was tried upon a choleric Bishop, who demanded an explanation, and so disclosed the whole scheme. Mr. Burgess has had two stories recently accepted by "Life," one a Christmas story.

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Apropos of Miss Tompkins' appointment on the staff of "Munsey's Magazine," a story comes to hand that rather curiously illustrates the character of the editor of that phenomenally successful publication. It is said that Mr. Munsey will have no one on his staff—at least no one of the male persuasion—who has not graduated from Yale University, the inference being that the sons of Eli have distinguished themselves so highly in other fields that they can hardly fail of success in literary work. It remains to be seen how Miss Tompkins, who, I am told, invariably sports the crimson of Harvard, will fit into such an entourage. Munsey often sends his editors abroad in search of material, so we may guess that Miss Tompkins is going to fill a position that may be quite desirable otherwise than financially.

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Is it that the editor of the "Argonaut" has discovered that there are other short-story writers in the world besides H. G. Wells that he has begun a republication of "Many Cargoes?" Or, maybe he had exhausted all the brief stories in Wells' volume, and was forced to find new material. "Many Cargoes" ought to save him money for weeks to come. There are some fifteen stories contained in the book, and they are the most humorous yarns I have read in years. Maybe the fact has not met the editor's notice, but really the book has been out three months. This business of deliberately decanting the entire contents of a popular volume into the columns of the "Argonaut" may satisfy the readers of the moribund periodical, but I should think it would prove rather disconcerting to the Frederic A. Stokes Company, who are the publishers of "Many Cargoes," and anticipate selling copies of it in San Francisco.

***

Journalism has had an excellent topic in the "Examiner-Journal's" big Portland scoop, which ranks as an exceedingly brilliant newspaper achievement. The credit of it is attributable to the energy and foresight of City Editor Thomas Garrett, who planned the campaign which resulted in such a victory for his paper. There has been considerable rivalry for Klondyke news in California, but the excitement is even greater in New York, where all the big dailies are at sword's points. The "Herald" and the "World" had a corner on the Portland's news through some prearrangement with a "Post-Intelligencer" reporter who had gone to St. Michael's and returned on the steamer. It was assumed he would have the news ready to file, giving the syndicate a chance for a "beat." Into this combination the "Journal" was not admitted, and it was thrown on its own resources. The greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining a tug to meet the steamer, and all sorts of obstacles discovered themselves. At this juncture, as a forlorn hope, Mr. Garrett was sent north to take charge of the situation. He had carte blanche as to arrangements, and was accompanied by a staff of the "Examiner's" best men, who all went to work with a will. The scoop was achieved by using the telephone from Port Angels and the telegraph at Port Townsend, instead of waiting to reach Seattle as the others had done, and, of course, the wires were held with the "Journal" matter, and the result was that they beat their competitors by seven hours into New York and secured a notable triumph. It was all due to generalship and head work, and was the kind of a newspaper victory worth achieving, for all had a clear field.

***

The "Call" anticipates moving into its new building about the first of October, and in the meantime the new proprietor is developing into a journalist. He has sedulously devoted himself to learning the business details of the enterprise and acquainting himself with his editorial responsibilities. To the office he has gone every night for weeks, and to-day Mr. Spreckels has achieved a familiarity with type styles, the etiquette of the city editor's department and the frames of the stereotyping room. Changes, I am told, are impending which will bring the "Call" again to the front and give it the place it should have in California journalism.

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The "Bulletin" has also scored a triumph in news-gathering. The distinction of publishing the first letter from Dawson City belongs to this journal. This was also an instance of foresight and preparation, and was well worth achieving. Mr. Crothers and Mr. Older are accepting congratulations.

***

If appearances be not deceptive, Mayor Phelan will soon have the appointment of certain solid citizens of | acquaintance as members of a new Board of Supervisors. There seems little doubt but that Judge Wallace will remove the Supervisors on the ground of their failure to fix water rates within the month of February, which both the law and the Constitution provide. This is the pretext, of course, and it is assured by the cognoscenti at the City Hall that everything will happen as indicated. Wallace peremptorily overruled Attorney McEnerney's demurrer, and has denied a separate jury trial to the individual Supervisors. Nor is it likely that any new points can be made in the answer which will now have to be filed. There are several precedents in the books for the attitude assumed, and the judicial spirit is indeed willing to go to the full length of its privileges. The Supreme Court will immediately be appealed to, but now the interesting question arises: Does the statute contemplate immediate removal; or will the appeal act as a stay of proceedings? It is only constructive malfeasance of which the Board is accused, and there is no other penalty than loss of office. Had the charge been criminal, of course it would mean instant dismissal at the Judge's order. But this is virtually a civil case, and it leaves a nice question to be wrought upon by those most concerned. I presume Mayor Phelan will at once proceed to appointment, and then until the Supreme Court is heard from we will doubtless have two Boards. On their respective merits the Auditor will have the opportunity of deciding. One can readily imagine the delightful complications which will ensue in such a predicament. In so far as the participation of the Mayor is concerned, he will, of course, preside at his own Board. It is understood he intends to reappoint Supervisors Clinton, Dodge and Lackmann, who will, of course, sit only among the reorganized. There are comic opera situations in reserve which will help the dailies and provide us all with humor. All this depends on the ability of Judge Wallace to discover grounds for dismissal.

***

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who is now on a visit to the Coast, is quite the most garrulous man in the United States Senate and an ideal demagogue. His eloquence is of the ancient Southern type. He soars into the Empyrean, plays along the mountain tops and descends into the abysmal depths of space on the slightest provocation. The eagle perpetually screams and the flag waves through all his periods, and he exudes oratory at every pore on any imaginable pretext. His heroism is of the cheap jingo variety, and really is a form of vocal vitality rather than the expression of a patriotic sentiment. An accurate measure of the political integrity of the Senator may be gathered from the fact that he participated on behalf of the United States in the proceedings of the arbitration tribunal at Paris, voted for the protocol and signed the award. On returning to America, instead of defending his own action and the decision of the tribune, he realized that the award was unpopular and denounced it. This is the type of man it is proposed to honor at the State's expense.

***

All the information that comes to hand from Alaska and the Northwest Territory goes to show that very many of the adventurers, who have joined in the rush to the Klondyke diggings, will meet with bitter misfortune, and there is little or no doubt that we shall shortly be hearing many heartrending details of suffering and failure. The greatest trouble will befall those who have taken the land route via the Chilcoot and White passes, but even the river route will not unlikely be attended with unexpected hardship, as the water in the Yukon is reported to be unusually low, and the steamers will not be able to get up the stream. The tales of the struggling travelers over the inhospitable trails, which have been turned into quagmires by the traffic, are already most distressing to the friends of those who have undertaken the land journey, and there must be much loss of life and broken health as the result of the reckless rush by thousands of men, and some women, who had not the smallest conception of what they were attempting. The latest news from Dawson City extends to the end of July, and is far from reassuring with regard to the position there. Immense numbers of prospectors already on the spot have encountered failure, and the rich strikes which first caused the rush have not been repeated. The impression prevailed at Dawson that provisions would certainly be short this winter, and many persons were thinking of coming out to escape the scarcity. Mr. Ogilvie, the Dominion surveyor, has published some excellent advice, the general tenor of which is that, while there are rich promises in front of the determined prospector, the difficulties and trials that have to be overcome are immense, and the chances of disappointment far greater that they have ever been in any gold-bearing region yet discovered. The Northwestern country would seem to the prudent man to be a place which should be left to gradual development in the way of access and means of living in order that its mineral riches may be turned to account.

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The dissatisfaction with conditions however happy, is the familiar attribute of the farmer. Times may be prosperous, the earth and the heavens may conspire to promote high prices for his products, yet he will still find thorns among the roses of a joyous destiny. I asked a well known insurance adjuster who had just returned from a tour in the San Joaquin if the increase in the price of wheat had not made the farmers happy. "For once they are satisfied, I suppose," I ventured. "Not a bit of it,' he answered. "They are complaining bitterly because the grocers have advanced the price of flour."

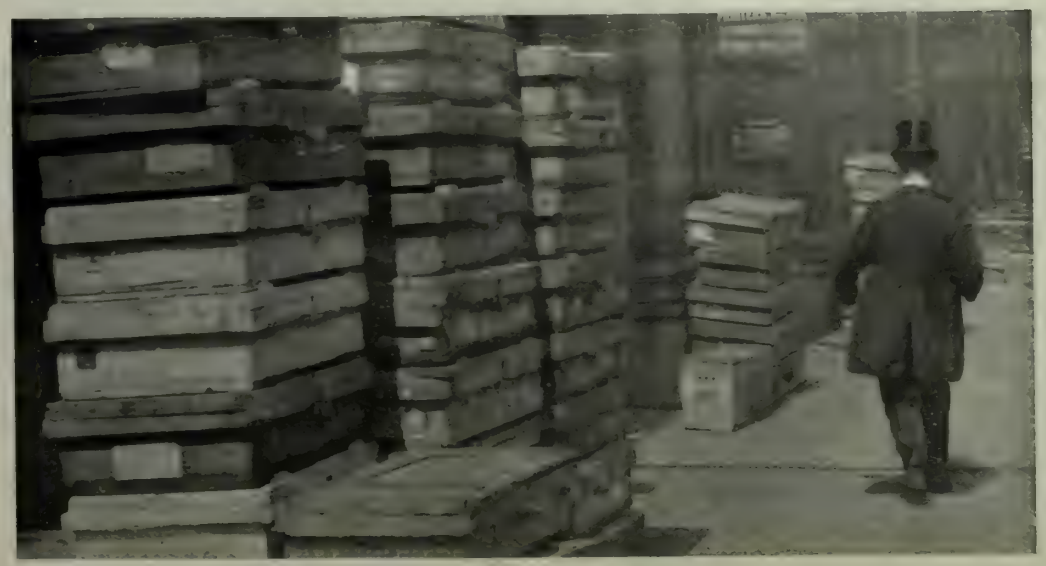
***

The depreciation of silver and the discontent it has precipitated in Mexico has sounded no sorrowing echoes in the hearts of L. D. Lane and his associates, who so recently purchased in the southern republic a great gold mine. The price agreed was six millions in silver, to be settled in U. S. gold coin, and they had four months to pay in. The first month has not gone, but the decline in the white metal has decreased by over a quarter of a million the cost of the purchase, which is a new instance of the good of an ill wind.

BOSWELL JR.

A study in odors and chicken coops

In the hardware district



The butter man has cheap storage, too.

In the wholesale grocery district

Down among the produce merchants

ARE THESE OBSTRUCTIONS AN INDICATION OF BUSINESS REVIVAL OR CONTEMPT FOR THE LAW?

# The End of the Beginning

By FRANK NORRIS

The story of the "Freja" disaster is best told by one or two extracts taken from the record left by Lieutenant Ferriss at Cape Sheridan, and by certain passages from his Ice Journal.

(Extracts of record left in instrument box at Cape Sheridan.)

U. S. Cutter "Freja,"
On the ice off Cape Sheridan, Grant Land,
Lat. 82° 25' N., Lon. 61° 30' W., 12th March, 1891.

* * * We accordingly froze the ship in on the last day of September, 1890, and during the following winter drifted with the pack in a northwesterly direction. * * * On Friday, August 2d, being in Lat. 82° 25' N., Lon. 61° 30' W., the "Freja" was caught in a severe nip between two floes and was crushed, sinking in about two hours. We abandoned her, saving a hundred days' provisions and all necessary clothing, instruments, etc. * * *

I shall now attempt a southerly march over the ice, and with God's help hope to reach Tasiusak, or fall in with the relief ships or steam whalers on the way. Our party consists of the following eighteen persons. * * * All well with the exception of Mr. Bennett, the chief engineer, whose left hand has been frost-bitten. No scurvy in the party as yet.

Hamilton Ferriss, Lieut. U. S. N.,
Commanding "Freja" Arctic Exploring Expedition.

(Extracts from Lieutenant Ferriss' Ice Journal, three months later than above.)

June 13, 1891—Monday.—Camped at 4.05 p.m. about one hundred yards from the coast. The ice hereabouts is breaking up fast. If we had not been compelled to abandon our boats——but it is useless to repine. We must look our situation squarely in the face. At noon served out last beef extract, which we drank with some willow tea. Our remaining provisions consist of four-fifteenths pounds pemmican per man, and the rest of the dog meat. Where are the relief ships? We should at least have met the steam whalers long before this.

June 14th—Tuesday.—The doctor amputated Mr. Bennett's other hand to-day. Living gale of wind from S. E. Impossible to march against it in our weakened condition—must camp here till it abates. Made soup of the last of the dog meat this afternoon. Our last pemmican gone.

June 15th—Wednesday.—Everybody getting weaker. Clarke breaking down. Sent Hansen down to the shore to gather shrimps, of which it takes fifteen hundred to fill a gill measure. Supper a spoonful of glycerine and hot water.

June 16th—Thursday.—Clarke died during the night. Hawes dying. Still blowing a gale from S. E. A hard night.

June 17th—Friday.—Hawes and Cooley died during early morning. Hansen shot a ptarmigan. Made soup. Dennison breaking down.

June 18th—Saturday.—Buried Hawes and Cooley under slabs of ice. Spoonful of glycerine and hot water at noon.

June 19th—Sunday.—Dennison found dead this morning between Bennett and myself. Too weak to bury him or even carry him out of tent. He must lie where he is. Divine services at 5:30 p.m. Last spoonful of glycerine and hot water.

Ferriss paused in his writing at this point, and, looking up from the page, spoke drearily and in a thick, muffled voice: "How long has this wind been blowing, Bennett?"

"Since last Wednesday," answered the other. "Five days." Ferriss continued his writing:

"* * * Gale blowing steadily for five days. Impossible to move against it in our weakened condition. But to stay here is to perish. God help us. It is the end of everything!"

Ferriss drew a line across the page under the last entry, and, still holding the book in his hand, gazed slowly about the tent.

There were nine of them left—eight huddled together in that miserable tent—the ninth, Hansen, being down on the shore gathering shrimps. In the strange gloomy half-light that filled the tent, these survivors of the "Freja" looked less like men than like animals. Their hair and beards were long, and seemed one with the fur covering on their bodies. Their faces were absolutely black with dirt, and their limbs were monstrously distended and fat—fat as things bloated and swollen are fat. It was the abnormal fatness of starvation, the irony of misery, the huge joke that Arctic Famine plays upon those whom it afterwards destroys. The men moved about at times on their hands and knees; their tongues were round and slate-colored, like the tongues of parrots, and when they spoke they bit them helplessly.

Near the flap of the tent lay the swollen dead body of Dennison, the naturalist of the expedition. Four of the party dozed, inert and stupefied, in their sleeping-bags. The surgeon and Muck-tu, the Esquimalt dog-master, were in the center of the tent boiling their sealskin footnips over a fire built of a broken sledge-runner. Ferriss sat upon an empty water-breaker, using his knee as a desk. Near him, sitting on one of the useless McClintock sledges was Bennett, both of whose hands had been amputated in consequence of frost-bite. A tin spoon had been lashed to the stump of his right wrist.

The tent was full of foul smells. The smell of drugs and mouldy gunpowder, the smell of dirty rags, and of unwashed bodies, the smell of stale smoke, of scorched seal skin, of soaked and rotting canvass that exhaled from the tent cover—every smell but that of food.

Outside, the unleashed wind yelled incessantly, like a sabbath of witches and spun about their pitiful shelter and went rioting on, leaping and somersaulting from rock to rock, tossing handfuls of dry dust-like snow into the air, folly-stricken—insentiate—an enormous mad monster gamboling there in some hideous dance of death, capricious, headstrong, pitiless as a famished wolf.

In front of the tent, and over a ridge of barren rocks, was an arm of the sea dotted over with blocks of ice, careening past silently, while back from the coast and back from the tent and to the north and to the south and to the west stretched the illimitable waste of land—flat, grey, harsh, snow and ice and rock, rock and ice and snow, stretching away there under the sombre sky, forever and forever, gloomy, untamed, terrible, an empty region—the scarred battlefield of chaotic forces, the savage desolation of a primordial world.

"Where's Hansen?" asked Ferriss.

"He's away after shrimps," responded Bennett.

Ferriss' eyes returned to the notebook and rested on the open page thoughtfully.

"Do you know what I've written here, Bennett?" he asked, adding, without waiting for an answer: "I've written 'It's the end of everything.'"

"I suppose it is," admitted Bennett, looking vaguely about the tent. "Yes, the end of everything. It's come at last. Well?"

There was a silence. One of the men in the sleeping-bags groaned and turned upon his face. Outside the wind lapsed suddenly to a prolonged sigh of infinite sadness, clamoring again upon the instant.

"Bennett," said Ferriss, returning his notebook to the box of records, "it is the end of everything, and just because it is I want to talk to you—to ask you something."

Bennett came nearer. The horrid shouting of the wind deadened the sound of their voices—the others could not hear it, and by now it would have mattered very little to any of them if they had. Ferriss picked up an empty rubber bottle that had contained lime juice, and began fingering it.

"Old man," he commenced, "nothing makes much difference now. In a few hours we shall all be like Dennison here." He tapped the body of the naturalist, who had died during the night. It was already frozen so hard that his touch upon it resounded as if it had been a log of wood. "We shall all be like this pretty soon," continued Ferriss, "but there's a little girl back in the world we left, that I loved—that I cared for," he added, hurriedly. "I don't know as I can quite make you understand how much I—how much she was to me. I would have asked her to marry me before I came off, if I had been sure of her, but I wasn't sure, and so—well—so I never spoke. She never knew how much I cared, and I never knew if she cared at all. And that's what I want to ask you about. It's Helen Parry. You've known her all your life, and you saw her later than I did. You remember I had to come down to the ship two days before you, about the bilge pumps."

While Ferriss had been speaking the last words, Bennet had been sitting very erect upon the sledge, drawing figures and vague patterns in the fur of his sealskin coat with the tip of the tin spoon. Helen Parry! Ah, yes, Ferriss was right. Bennett had known her all his life, and it was just because of this intimacy that she had come to be so dear to him. It was she who had made everything he did seem worth while. Hardly for a moment had she been out of his thoughts during all that fearful voyage.

"It seems rather foolish," continued Ferriss, turning the rubber bag about and about, "but if I thought she ever cared—for me—in that way, why it would make—this that is coming to us, seem—oh, I don't know—easier to be borne. I say it very badly, but it would not be so hard to die if I thought that little girl loved me—a bit."

Bennett was thinking very fast. He wished now that he had overridden Helen's objections, and had allowed her people to announce their engagement before the expedition sailed. He had even half guessed something of this sort. But they two were so happy in their avowed love for each other that they had shut their eyes to everything else. They only knew that they were to be married within a month of Bennett's return. Bennett could never forget that evening when he had said good-bye to her on the porch of the old New Hampshire homestead, and had gone away to join the "Freja." She had kissed him then for the first time, and had put a hand on each shoulder and said to him:

"You must come back, Dick—you must come back to me. Remember, you are everything to me—everything in the world."

"You've known her so well," continued Ferriss, "that I am sure that she, understanding that you were my very best friend, must have said something to you about me. Tell me, did she ever say anything—give you to understand—that she cared for me—that she would have married me if I had asked her?"

Bennett wondered what to say to him. On one hand was Helen, the girl that was to be—that would have been his wife, who loved him and whom he loved. On the other was Ferriss, his chief, his friend, his hero, the man of all others whom he loved, as Johnathan loved David—such a love as can come only upon two men who have lived together, and fought together, and battled with the same dangers, and suffered the same defeats and disappointments. Bennett felt himself in grievous straits. Must he tell Ferriss the bitter truth? Must this final disillusion be added to that long train of others, the disasters, the failures, the disappointments and deferred hopes of all those past months? Must Ferriss die hugging to him this bitterness as well?

"I sometimes thought," observed Ferriss, with a weak smile, "that she did care a little. I've surely seen something like that in her eyes at certain moments. I wish I had spoken. Did she ever say anything to you? Did she ever say she cared for me?"

The thing was too cruel. Bennett shrank from it.

But suddenly an idea occurred to him. Did anything make any difference now? Why not tell his friend that which he wanted to hear, even if it were not the truth? After all that he had suffered why could he not die content at least in this? What did it matter if he spoke? Did anything matter at such a time, when they were all to perish within the next twenty-four hours? Ferriss was waiting for his answer, looking straight into his eyes.

"Yes," said Bennett, "she did say something once."

"What was it?" exclaimed Ferriss, dropping the rubber bag and bending forward.

"We had been speaking of the expedition and of you," answered Bennett, looking fixedly on the bag as it lay on the ground. "I don't know how the subject came up, but it came in very naturally at length. She said—I remember her words perfectly—she said, 'He must come back—you must bring him back to me. Remember, he is everything to me—everything in the world.'"

"She said that?" enquired Ferriss, looking away.

"Yes," answered Bennett. "I remember it. Those were her words."

"Ah!" said Ferriss, with a quick breath; then he added, "I'm glad of that. You haven't an idea how happy I am, Bennett, in spite of everything."

"Oh, yes, I guess I have," assented Bennett.

"No, no, you haven't," replied Ferriss. "How can have any idea of it? One has to love a little girl like that, Bennett, and have her—and find out—and have things come all right to appreciate it. She would have

THE FLURRY IN WHEAT

SCENE IN THE SAN FRANCISCO PRODUCE EXCHANGE DURING THE E(C)K

been my wife after all. I don't know how to thank you, old man. Congratulate me."

He rose a little feebly, holding out his hand. Bennett rose and instinctively extended his arm, but withdrew it suddenly. Ferriss paused abruptly, letting his hand fall to his side, and the two remained there an instant, looking at the stumps of Bennett's arms, the tin spoon still lashed to the right wrist! There was a noise of feet at the flap of the tent.

"It's Hansen," muttered Bennett.

Hansen tore open the flap of the tent.

Then he shouted to Ferriss: "Three steam whalers off the foot of the floe, sir; boat putting off! What orders, sir?"

Ferriss looked at him stupidly, as yet without definite thought, then:

"What did you say?"

Two of the men in the sleeping-bags, wakened by Hansen's shout, sat up and listened stolidly.

"Steam whalers?" said Bennett, slowly. "Where? I guess not," he added, shaking his head.

Hansen was swaying in his place with excitement.

"Three whalers," he repeated, "close in. They've put off——Oh, my God! Listen to that!"

The unmistakable sound of a steamer's whistle, raucous and prolonged, came to their ears from the direction of the coast. One of the men broke into a feeble cheer. The whole tent was rousing up. Again and again came the hoarse, insistent cry of the whistle.

"What orders, sir?" repeated Hansen.

A clamor of voices filled the tent.

Bennett came quickly up to Ferriss, trying to make himself heard.

"Old man, listen!" he cried, with eager intentness. "What I told you—just now—about Helen Parry—I thought—it is all a mistake. You don't understand——"

Ferriss was not listening.

"What orders, sir?" exclaimed Hansen, for the third time.

Ferriss drew himself up.

"Lieutenant Ferriss' compliments to the officer in charge. Tell him there are nine of us left—tell him—— oh, tell him anything you damn please." "Boys!" he cried, turning a radiant face to the men in the tent, "make ready to get out of this. We're going home—going home to our sweethearts, boys!"

## IN THE KAISER'S REALM

### Events and Happenings at the German Capital.

What will dear, mad, playful little ogre of a Kaiser Wilhelm do next? That's what we are all asking ourselves over here just now, and no one is as yet forthcoming with an answer. Something somewhere is out of tune. There is a jar in the wheels of State, a discord in the symphony of government. People are discontented and fretful. It's really all our dear Wilhelm s fault. He has a diversion of late, has dear Wilhelm; that of appointing, dismissing and reappointing and redismissing the officers of his army; sets them up in a row, you know, like so many tin soldiers, and then fillips them down here and there at his own dear caprice. So conducive to organization, this sort of thing, and it does make dear Wilhelm so popular in military circles.

Protests and complaints and petitions and remonstrances have been pouring throneward of late. Some of them coming from notable scholars, university professors and famous publicists. Not one of them so much as reaches dear Wilhelm. All are caught by the dam called the Privy Council. The Privy Council clip newspapers for dear Wilhelm and edit his mail, and nothing is he allowed to see that does not extol his greatness and magnify his royalty. So dear Wilhelm is growing steadily more and more unpopular.

The other day at a cafe on the Unter der Linden I heard a group of civilians discussing, in undertones, some one of dear Wilhelm's latest little pranks. They wanted to know, did these civilians, why it was that the sailing master of the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern reported for duty one morning with a nasty cut over his eye, and what a coincidence it was that dear Wilhelm had been drunk the night before. On Sunday last I called at a certain military club with a friend and overheard a couple of officers speaking of the death of Von Hahnke, an officer of the same Imperial yacht. He died with unprecedented suddenness,and we have been asked to believe that he went ashore and rode his bicycle over a cliff. I heard the Empress' name mentioned by the two officers in connection with the affair, and saw them look at one another significantly. Then how about that boy who struck dear Wilhelm and shot himself the next day? This is not a pretty story, and no doubt for that reason has never been fully told or explained by the entourage of the royal person. Boys don't go about striking Emperors for nothing. As was the audacity of the act, so must have been the magnitude of the affront which called it forth. And the boy has killed himself now. Great is the glory of the Kaiser.

But there seems to be a fate that pursues him. At precisely the right time dear Wilhelm may be confidently relied upon to do the wrong thing. Just after the late royal duel between Henri of Orleans and the Count of Turin apropos of the Abyssinia affair, dear Wilhelm sent a congratulatory telegram to Humbert of Italy felicitating him upon his young champion's success, and incidentally casting a slur upon Henri and the Orleanists. Now the Orleanists are not so marvelously popular in France, but France remembers that Henri is a Frenchman after all, especially when slightingly referred to by a German. I am told that Paris is affronted beyond words, and that theoutcome of the matter will be that dear Wilhelm will receive no bid to the 1900 Exposition, which he had set his heart upon attending.

Speaking of the duel, let me tell you that no one over here has taken Henri of Orleans seriously. We all knew that Henri was playing for the gallery when he provoked the duel, just to popularize himself and his cause in the eyes of the French. However, no one looks for any political results from the duel. Besides, they say Prince Henri did not even write the scurrilous letters that appeared over his signature in the "Figaro," and were the casus belli. Henri can't write a single sentence I am told, and had to get a chap named Mourichon, some sort of a literary adventurer, to string his phrases together. Then, too, Henri comes back from Africa branded all over with failure. He failed to obtain aught in the shape of a concession form the Negus, who does not intend to let so good a thing as an Abyssinian bank go to foreigners. Henri, they say, did get some sort of empty title not worth the ink with which it was written, and a handful of very pretty medals. Voila tout. They say, too, that the Orleanist Prince went to dine with a certain wealthy Jew named Chauchard in Tunis on his way home, with the purpose of contracting a loan. The Jew knew what was coming, but could not well refuse the Prince. However, while the dinner was in progress, he found occasion to engage his guest in a talk about "Those strange people who lunch at rich houses and ask for a loan as dessert." After that Henri was silent perforce.

Berlin, August 5th. CLAVERHOUSE.

## A CALIFORNIA HOP-PICKING

### Two Thousand Jolly People Turn it Into a Country Festival.

They have been gathering in the hop crop on the Pleasanton Company's hop ranch this week, and it's a sight worth seeing. Hop-picking occurs but once a year, but when it does it is a veritable fete champetre for all the country side. There are even plenty of families, poor families, of course, who come to the hop-picking and camp out with the rest of the pickers and make the affair a summer outing, as it were. They come in carts, or on foot, with blanket-roll and provisions, and put up their little shelter tents; mother and father and grandfather—as often as not—children by the gross, aged ma-

Among the Indian pickers

ternal relatives, dogs, Roentgen-ray horses, all converging upon one point like the gathering for an ancient tribal migration.

Any one can pick hops, and the work—barring the carrying of the huge 100-pound sacks—is easy enough. Nothing is gayer than this hop-picking business. You go down into the fields while work is in progress and the sounds of it are like those of a great Sunday-school picnic. There are some 2,000 pickers now at work on the Pleasonton ranch, and they keep up a perpetual, increasing chatter of talk and laughter and an unremitting round of horse play. Men, women and children, young fellows and girls that suggest Mr. Hardy's "Tess," ancient Indian and Mexican crones with faces like Bavarian nut-crackers, all picking away like mad, calling and shouting jokes at one another, or scrambling and jostling each other around the scales. For as fast as a man or girl or woman or boy fills his or her sack it is carried to the nearby scales and weighed in. They receive there two kinds of checks, a yellow one for the morning's work and a blue one for that of the afternoon. The yellow check is payable only at the end of the season at the office, but the blue check is as good as money and circulates as such from one picker to another or among the tradespeople of the town. At the end of the season the company redeems these checks for their face value. As a consequence of this, the afternoon's work is always heavier than the morning's—naturellement.

All sorts and conditions of people flock to these hop-pickings, Indians, Mexicans, Chinamen, tramps off the road, "bums" from the brakebeams, farmhands out of employment, factory girls on their vacation in the nearby country, little chaps from Oakland and the city's suburbs, ambitious of earning a dollar or two and at the same time having all the fun of camping out. The camp itself is a strange looking arrangement. It is laid out very, very roughly in a couple of streets, and there is every description of shelter there that can possibly be imagined, from the neatly pegged white tent that suggests the military, to woven branches, tied together at the top like a Zulu kraal. Some of the camps are even built of sacking and half a dozen poles. But the weather is warm—too warm by far—it never rains and the steam heat and electric bulbs and porcelain-lined tubs are not so much missed after all. The fun of the thing, the real fun, comes at night when the day's picking is over and supper is done with. All the camp gathers together then and the pickers sing and they play banjos, and they make love (of a surprisingly free and untrammeled variety), and they gossip—they have enough to gossip about Heaven knows—and turn in at all hours of the night, sometimes sober and sometimes otherwise, but always good-natured and jolly and care-free for a season at least.

It would surprise you to note the amount of hops that one picker can handle in a day, 80, 90, 100 and even 125 pounds is often a twelve-hours' stint, while the families average 500. The picking is paid for by the hundred pounds, eigthy cents per hundred being the wages at the Pleasanton ranch, which means anywhere from $2 to $3 a day per head and $15 to $20 a day per family, good enough wages for any one surely.

The 2,000 pickers on the Pleasanton ranch are divided into sections, A, B, C, D, and the like, 200 in each section, the Indians and Chinamen by themselves, and the better class of white people (you wouldn't believe what a very good class it is, sometimes) in their own section. To each section is allotted a stand of scales, where, as was said, the bags are weighed. From the scales the hops are carried to the drying room, a huge hot-house, with a temperature like a Hammam bath, where they lie for some twelve hours, sweating out all their natural moisture, and, incidentally, reeking off fumes that remind one of particular creamy froth on particularly sharp "steams." From the drying room they go to the cooling room (where the pickers hold dances, by the way, early in the season), and are cooled off for about a week. After which they are baled and shipped.

The shipments from the Pleasanton Company's ranch are for the most part direct to London, where the entire crop, some 3,000 bales, is usually bought en bloc and used in the making of light beer. The company has about 260 acres in hops down at Pleasanton all staked out with thousands upon thousands of poles connected overhead and with the ground by a network or string. The item of string alone amounts to a small fortune in a few years. One is led to believe that the company buys its string by the mile, and for the matter of that I was told upon the occasion of my visit that enough of this string has already been used to reach to New York and back again.

## A MATRIMONIAL SWITCH

Tug-boat marriages and post-haste weddings of star actresses and other folk we read about are no uncommon events on this Western shore, but for unequalled romance in Cupid's realm the believed-to-be staid Old World at intervals can still be relied upon. Upwards of thirty years ago the sister of the present Marquis of Anglesey, then Lady Florence Paget, walked in at the door of a West-End shop in London with her fiancee, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and leaving him there emerged from another exit, hailed a cab, and drove to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, where she was married to the last Marquis of Hastings, the greatest plunger the British turf has ever seen. Now comes a not very different story. On Thursday, the 5th of last month, Miss Violet Grey-Egerton, sister of Sir Philip H. B. Grey-Egerton, Bart., of Oulton Park, Cheshire, was to have been married to Mr. Ernest Cunard, in whose company she had been on the previous Monday, parting from him, it is said, on the best of terms. A night's reflection, however, changed the maiden mind, and on the Tuesday led the Lady Violet to the same altar as her counterpart, the Lady Florence, where, supported and given away by her maid, she joined hands with an old lover, Lord Romilly, whose lawyer, the well-known, and for the occasion well-named, Mr. Hastie, played the part of best man. Orange blossoms, bridesmaids, pages, lines of gallant soldiers, as there might have been, for Lord Romilly is of the Guards, there were none, and the bride was habited in a simple traveling dress of black and white. When the news broke upon an astonished world it was remembered that Lady Romilly, as she now is, had been engaged to her husband long ago, but that the affair, as well as two other engagements, had been broken off somehow or another.

Lady Violet Grey-Egerton, now Lady Romilly, was born in 1870, and is the only surviving daughter of the eleventh baronet of his line, the baronetcy having been created in 1617, and the Earls of Wilton being members of the same family. She is a pretty, quiet-looking girl, whose style has been much admired, and society has been simply amazed at the happening here chronicled.

Lord Romilly is thirty-one years of age and a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. His family first came to England from France as refugees after the Edict of Nantes, and has for generations been distinguished at the bar and on the bench, the first Baron Romilly, the great lawyer, having been created in 1866. The family seat is Porthkerry, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire.

The American public, said Mr. P. T. Barnum, like to be fooled, but it has remained for the San Francisco public to enjoy being bullied and imposed upon. Probably in no other city in America will be found so many existing nuisances as right here in this town of the Golden Gate. Certanly no other citizens could be found who would so meekly endure them. If this statement should be doubted, let the reader take a walk down Front, Sansome or Battery streets anywhere in the vicinity of Sutter, and at almost any hour of the day. His walk will be interrupted at almost every hundred feet by the passing back and forth of a multitude of handcarts, trundling barrels, bales and heavily loaded boxes, while his path will be impeded, and at some points actually blocked by hundreds of freight packages of every description, fruit boxes, butter boxes, molasses hogsheads, tar barrels, flour barrels, dried fruit crates, and the like. Not infrequently it has been our lot to be obliged to walk out into the street and around a truck in order to pass in front of a store, most of whose goods were heaped upon the sidewalk. Sometimes a gangway is actually run from the doorway of a store to the back of a dray in order to handle shipments more readily. The thing has been going on for a long time under the very eyes of the Supervisors and the Superintendent of Streets, and of late has become intolerable. Not only does a sidewalk blocked in this manner become an unspeakable nuisance, but it is also a positive menace to life and limb. Boxes and barrels piled as high as we have often seen them need but a slight push to send them toppling down upon the heads of the luckless pedestrian who ventures into this benighted district. Perhaps some day this will happen, and the attention of the "powers that be" will be attracted. At any rate something quite out of the ordinary must befall ere the people of the city and the other people who are paid to govern it will be aroused from their apathy.

Loading the wagons

Work that is play

At the scales

A family of pickers

Main street of the camp

Camp followers

## HOW HOPS ARE PICKED IN CALIFORNIA

SCENES ON THE LILIENTHAL RANCH, WHERE TWO THOUSAND PICKERS ARE AT WORK

The First Stop

On the Road

Off the Train

Some "Chance Acquaintance" Cyclers



The County Clubs Preserve

A Vista in Bear Valley

The First Puncture

At Lunch

A Bad Case of Leg Pulling

*CALIFORNIA CYCLING TOURS*—No. 1

*THE RIDE OF THE "CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE" CLUB TO BEAR VALLEY*

Photos by Bent

## CALIFORNIA BICYCLE TOURING

### The "Chance Acquaintance" Club and Its Fortnightly Spins.

There is a new kind of club here in San Francisco that calls itself the "Chance Acquaintance Cyclers," and that bids fair to be a tremendous success. If you are a good sort and can ride a wheel indifferent well you are eligible. The "Chance Acquaintances" are cyclers who go upon bi-monthly wheeling tours. They have no headquarters. In fact their clubhouse is a good road without grades, and their assembly hall is out of doors. Even people who don't wheel can and do join these fortnightly whirls, riding along with the procession in the wagons that carry the luncheons.

The club is for both sexes, about as many girls as men belong, and some of the latter can cut out a pace that makes their brothers and husbands pedal their best to keep up to them. Note en passant that the girls have the good commonsense to ride the diamond frame and not the drop frame machines, and that bloomers are the rule almost without a single exception. This kind of cycling is somewhat different from the game as it is played in the East. The organization is different, for one thing, more practical and feasible, and the weather can be counted on with the certainty of cogged dice. If the roads are not always so hard and well kept, they do on the contrary, lead through stretches of country that could only be reached in an Eastern State after a half day's train ride.

But the "Chance Acquaintances,' for instance, reached Bear valley on their last outing, after two hours travel over the North Pacific Coast R. R. They went across on the 8 o'clock Sausalito boat, and took the train as far as Point Reyes, at which station their two reserved cars —they filled them from end to end—were side-tracked and the wheels debarked. Bear valley is one of the prettiest points attainable on this line, or, for that matter, by any railway in the State. The valley is almost a canyon, and the road, running on its very bottom, is nearly covered with a roof of dense foliage. A silver stream trickles along side, opening into pools where the shadows play gracefully. It was the jolliest kind of a ride. Some of the "Acquaintances" had their cameras along, some

THE END OF A RUN; A PACIFIC VISTA

had brought their bathing suits, and one man made an entire orchestra of himself with banjo, harmonica, bones, triangle and the like, all of which he managed to play simultaneously. The club made Olema, and wayside refreshment at 11:15, went on by the fish hatchery and the Shafter ranch, and entered the grounds of the Country Club's preserves at about noon. Lunch came next, brought up by a couple of coaches and eaten picnic fashion on the grass. Four miles further on, however, was the beach, and those that had brought their suits pushed ahead and had a dip in the early afternoon.

This Sunday outing, passed on a bicycle is a first-class idea, and is bound to become popular. About the best part of it is its cheapness and feasibility. The railroad furnished round-trip transportation tickets at a dollar, which is nominal enough surely considering the amount of fun the "Chance Acquaintances" got out of the day's run. Scorching or riding ahead of the line is heartily discouraged, so that novices are by no means debarred the sport. All the club asks of you is that you come prepared to have a good time, and that you "keep up with the procession."

## ANOTHER LEGEND SPOILED

### The Enchanted Mesa Proves Barren of Sensation.

The enchanted mesa of the Acoma valley in New Mexico is enchanted no longer. The Fairy Prince in the shape of a college professor with a life saving cannon has come along and touched it and the spell has vanished. Like the man in "Used Up," Professor Libbey has "been there, looked in, and there's nothing in it.'

But he had all the fun of trying. He got there, any way. He was a Princeton man, and one hopes that he planted a black and orange flag on the top, and that he and his companions gave the skyrocket yell when their feet trod that untrod soil. No, there was nothing there. But if Mr. Andree or Mr. Peary reach the Pole they won't find much more. The fun of the thing is in trying and succeeding, or even trying and failing. Mr. Libby, professor of physical geography at Princeton university, has tried and though he has succeeded in getting on top of the historic inaccessible mesa has failed to find anything there that was worth his trouble. Professor Libbey in writing of his undertaking says: The idea occurred to me about three years ago that by utilizing the apparatus of the life saving service a shot line might be carried over the mesa at it narrowest point, and then stouter lines hauled over until one could be put into position that was strong enough to stand the strain of its own weight plus that of a man together with the frictional strain produced by its weight passing over the line. I found that I could obtain the co-operation of the life saving service, and all my plans were perfected in the fall of 1895. They were interfered with at the time, and since then no favorable opportunity has presented itself until this summer.

Professor Libbey arrived at the mesa about the end of July, the major portion of his baggage consisting of 1,500 feet of coiled rope, what he calls "faking boxes," and the cannon to be employed in shooting the line. The first shot failed to clear the rock though the elevation was 45 degrees. The projectile struck some hundred feet below the crest and breaking in two dropped back. The second trial, however, was a complete success. "The line," says the professor, "rattled merrily out of the box and the shot reached its greatest height directly over the mesa. After a few seconds the cord stopped leaving the box, and we knew from the fact that very little cord was left in the box that it must be very near the bottom opposite us, for an angular measurement had given the height of the mesa at about 500 feet."

For the next two days the party were occupied in hauling the heavier ropes across the summit. The friction, and consequently the difficulty in handling the ropes becoming greater with the greater thickness of each succeeding line. The first lines were hauled over by hand. The half-inch rope required the assistance of a horse, and the inch rope proved too much for the combined strength of the horse and all the members of the party. More horses, however, were secured and in a few hours, the main line was in place. Then a couple of blocks were reaved to either end of the line and if such a thing as a Casual Observer had existed in that New Mexico desert he would have been treated to the sight of a venerable college professor swinging in mid-air from a perilously small boatswain's chair, his venerable legs dangling below him and his venerable hands clutching with frantic intensity at the thin ropes that supported his seat.

"At last, however, the venerable professor reached and stood upon the rock and spent some two hours walking up and down upon the mesa and going to and fro in it." It was said that he struck a splendid site for a pueblo, but there was, unfortunately, no splendid pueblo in sight, nothing but a pile of rocks that were probably the work of erosion. "No bits of pottery, no household utensils, no traces of construction of any sort." So the professor climbed down again and went his way a sadder but no wiser man.

I don't suppose the top of that mesa is very large, but en passant, it seems to me that after all those long months, years, even, of preparation and all his talk and these elaborate "fake boxes" and "Lyle guns" and projectiles, and heaven knows what all, I would have stayed up on that confounded mesa longer than a beggarly couple of hours.

Wheat continues to go up and silver continues to go down. The beloved metal in our revered dollar has been brutally quoted as worth only forty-three cents. Meanwhile we hear nothing of the once well-known law which required the values of wheat and silver to rise and fall together. Is it possible that the plutocrats have got at that law and clandestinely repealed it, just as they committed the awful crime of seventy-three when nobody was looking? We trust that none of our Populistic farmers has been so guilty of treason to his principles as to sell his wheat at the enhanced prices which have been created by the early plutocrats. If any have done so, it can only be with the clever design of investing the proceeds of the crop in silver and waiting for the rise in the value of the dear white metal to turn the tables on the plutocrats. We sincerely trust that many of our Populistic friends have seen the wisdom of such a course, and we wish them joy while waiting.

The successor of the bicycle is said to have made its appearance in the bicycle skate, the invention of two Scotchmen, Robert and George Anderson of Edinburgh. The skate—each one weighs two pounds—consists of a thin bar of brass with a fork at either end, in which the wheels, six inches in diameter, are set. The rims are of steel, and the tires of cushion rubber. The skates are equipped with straps for ordinary road use, but these have been removed and regulation racing shoes firmly attached to the plates with rivets. This change has been made by Earle Reynolds, who has created world's records for all sorts of skating. Mr. Reynolds declares that the new invention is to supercede the bicycle and advances many arguments in its favor, claiming that it is a healthier form of amusement, more convenient and is as comfortable to travel on over a country road as a bicycle.

Ex-Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, has lost much of his old-time political popularity. Previous to his defeat for re-election to the Senate he had been in office continuously for twenty-five years, during which period he distinguished himself more for his personal accomplishments than for practical work. To this and to the disaffection among ambitious younger men may be ascribed Mr. Blackburn's forced retirement. These ambitious young politicians found the Senator in the way of their advancement and accordingly put him out of the race.

Ex-Secretary Carlisle is in favor of the nomination in every State, at all elections, of tickets by the Sound Money Democrats. Mr. Carlisle thinks this is the only way to preserve what he calls "simon pure Democratic principles." He is still uncompromisingly opposed to the Bryan platform, regarding it as altogether undemocratic. Mr. Carlisle will speak in Kentucky in support of the gold Democratic nominee for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

## LEOPOLD NOT WANTED

### The Belgian Monarch Undesirable as Arbitrator between America and Japan.

It has been reported that Japan suggests that Leopold, King of the Belgians, be nominated as arbiter of the little unpleasantness between herself and this country in the Honolulu matter, and as far as Uncle Sam is concerned this discredited monarch is very likely to "referee the contest." To anyone who is at all acquainted with contests of any kind it is notably evident that the referee must have no bets upon the event nor be in any way financially interested in the result.

QUEEN OF BELGIUM

As a matter of fact, Leopold is just this. His interest — his financial interest — in the outcome of the dispute may be even termed intense. In fact he is quite the very last person who should be accepted by the United States. No wonder Japan suggested him. Leopold, it must be understood, would rather be continually getting into some tremendous money making scheme as principle stockholder than be ruling his people. His very latest venture, and one in which he is the prime mover, is nothing less that the Japanese-Belgian Trading Co., involving a fortnightly line of steamers between Antwerp and Yokohama. The company and the steamship line of course draw heavy subsidies from the Jap government. Besides this the Mikado's government have extended all sorts of privileges and courtesies to the new companies and Leopold can do no less than to show himself appreciative and conciliatory. He is under obligations to the Japs, and nobody knew that better than the Japs themselves when they suggested him as arbiter.

And even outside of his intimacy with the Japanese, Leopold is not a man to be relied upon for fair treatment. His own people have sued him in the law courts of his kingdom on more than one occasion, and have come unpleasantly near fastening upon him dirty charges of

LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS

sharp practice. The Rothschilds have long ago closed all financial dealings with him, and have forced him to encourage such atrocious vulgarians as the late "Colonel" North, the nitrate king. Besides this it is of almost notorious report that Leopold is personally interested in several of the big gambling houses at Spa, and on more than one occasion has vented his royal wrath upon the heads of those daring justices who have attempted to close them. The Congo company as well is a pet scheme of the Belgian monarch, and has been a source of tremendous financial waste. Leopold, it is said, has not only squandered his own revenues upon the chimera, but has also poured into the mid-African jungles his sister's fortune, which was given to him in trust. His sister is the once demented Queen Carlotta. She has long since been completely cured of her malady, and it is said is only kept in restraint to prevent her making demand for the money upon her brother.

One last incident must not be passed over, since, better than anything else, it gives an insight into Leopold's character. It is always the custom in European courts for the monarch to present to departing Ambassadors some token of esteem. These presents are usually in the form of gold cigar or snuff boxes. Some years ago a certain diplomat who was about to leave Brussels was presented with a beautiful cigarette case by Leopold. A few days afterwards a note arrived from the palace asking that the case be returned in order to have some engraving done upon it. The Ambassador at once complied, but never again did he see his cigarette case. He heard of it, however, four years afterwards, how it had been presented to another diplomat, and how in a few days this diplomat had received a similar message asking for its return on the same pretext, and how, of course, it never was sent back. It is probably still in use, a sort of stock cigarette case that answers on all occasions. Of such calibre is the man who is now called upon to judge between Japan and this country.

The Graeco-Turkish war brought forth the first special war correspondent on a wheel, Mr. Willard Pollock, of the London "Morning Post," thus disporting himself on the plains of Thessaly.

Aubrey Beardsley has been received into the Roman Catholic Church. The set of "Tannhaeuser" pictures which he is drawing illustrate the orthodox legend.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Do you know, Diary dear, that I am absolutely destitute of news this week? There is simply nothing going on—not even a choice bit of gossip. I am thinking of doing something desperate just to create a sensation. I thought at first of eloping, but when I broached the matter to my especial chums, could not find one willing to take me without the wedding presents and trousseau. Men are a self-seeking crowd nowadays. Oh, had I but lived in the Gretna Green, stage coach era! Then I thought of going to Coffee Creek and taking up a claim, but the stories I heard of roads swarming with rattlesnakes and lined with grizzly bears rather discouraged me. I do not want to be wafted heavenward yet, even if things be dead here below.

I went on Saturday to the matinee to hear, or rather, to see, "The Heart of Maryland," at the Baldwin. I enjoyed it, but what was more entertaining than the play was a theatre party given by Mrs. J. Downey Harvey to a dozen little maidens, as a sort of farewell to her daughter, Anita. The children really seemed to have a capital time, and amused every one. Mrs. Harvey left for the East on Wednesday, with her two little girls. She contemplates leaving Anita at the Sacred Heart Convent, in Manhattanville.

I heard an interesting bit of gossip with regard to a recent matrimonial event. It appears that the mother of the young man would give her consent only on condition that they put off the affair until January next. This they absolutely refused to do, and were married immediately. The mother went to the wedding, but gave no present and washed her hands of the whole affair. The young people went on their honeymoon, have now returned, and have sent out cards. The question at present agitating social circles is whether they should be recognized or not. A number of the girls say no, and many of the mother's friends intend turning a cold shoulder to the bride. There seems to be no reason other than unkindness for this conduct. True, the bride was a poor girl—but she is pretty, sweet, bright, lively, and intelligent. The groom has been a friend of all the other girls, and they return his various kindnesses by slighting the woman he has chosen to honor. Were there aught against the bride's reputation they might have some reason, but as it is her sole inferiority lay in her lack of this world's goods. I wonder, do they consider the consequences of their determination. Can they blame the girl if, when her own class refuse to recognize her, she seeks congenial society elsewhere. I, for one, am going to stand by her, and shall try and persuade the nicest of the girls to do likewise.

Every one speaks of returning to town about the middle of September. The L. L. Bakers and the Stowes will be back then, although their plans for the winter are very uncertain. They may remain here or may spend the season in Boston. Mrs. Oelrichs and Birdie Fair are on their way out here from the east. The Hagers, McMonagles, Tobins, etc., will all be in town very soon.

We do not seem to hear much of the debutantes of this season. Are they going to burst upon us suddenly? Their coming is not being dicussed as was ours a year ago. I wonder why? They are certainly a lively set of maidens, and several of them are exceedinly pretty. Let me see, there are Marie Wells, Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman, Mamie Polhemus, Margaret Salisbury, and several others. I have not seen a picture of one of them thus far, and last year we were hurled upon an expectant world in July. I wonder, are these maidens wiser? I doubt it, and, surely, our success was sufficient to warrant a precedent.

I had a letter from New York the other day, and hear from it that Mr. and Mrs. La Montague, nee Catherwood, are to be in Newport during September. Mr. La Montague is to be the judge of the Hunters' Classes at the Horse Show in Long Branch. Dr. and Mrs. Grinnell are at their place at Milford, Connecticut. Mrs. La Montague may come out here later on to visit her mother, Mrs. Darling.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is back from the Hawaiian Islands, and all the San Rafael people seem to be having a good quiet time The weather is really heavenly over there, and no one seems desirous of returning to the city.

And, now, for another week, adieu. Yours affectionately, MISS CRICKET.

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The Starr King Fraternity's opening meeting of the year took place last evening at the Fraternity rooms in the First Unitarian Church. Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff read a short paper on "Quo Vadis," after which the book was discussed by Miss Rickoff, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Col. John P. Irish, and others.

Among future matrimonial events, is the wedding of Miss Sadie Samuels and Mr. Isaac Forman, which is to be celebrated on September 14th. Miss Samuels is a daughter of Mr. D. Samuelsof the Lace House, and Mr. Forman is secretary to the Campo Seco Mining & Canal Co., of which his father is president.

A rather unexpected event was the wedding of Mr. C. W. Gregg and Mrs. Maud Shirley Page, which occurred in San Jose a few days ago, Rev. Dr. Wakefield officiating. Mr. Gregg is connected with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and Mrs. Page is a daughter of the late Paul Shirley, at one time Warden at San Quentin. The home of the couple will be in Berkeley.

Mr. Wheeler is certainly to be congratulated upon winning so charming a woman as Mrs. Alice Meyers, to whom he was married on Wednesday night last. The bride is the widow of the late Colonel Meyers, of Oakland, who officiated as chairman of the State Central Committee, I think. She is a very interesting and fascinating woman, endowed with good looks and sound intelligence. She wore a costume of green cloth trimmed with broad white braid, a white tulle and green velvet cape trimmed with black astrakhan, and a black velvet plume hat faced with rose-pink velvet, from which it may be gathered that the wedding was informal. It was celebrated at the home of Dr. McLean in Oakland, who performed the ceremony. Subsequently the wedding party adjourned to town and had supper and drank appropriate toasts in the private dining room of a leading restaurant. Mr. Wheeler is the elder brother of Charles S. Wheeler, and is a member of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson. The happy pair, after the usual trip to Del Monte, will reside at Mr. Wheeler's home at 813 Hyde street.

Mr. and Mrs. De Guigne and family have returned, after being nine months abroad. They have gone down for the present to their home at San Mateo, but later Mrs. De Guigne goes to Colorado Springs for a short sojourn.

On Sunday afternoon next, Miss Alice Friedlander and her fiance, Mr. E. H. Lauer, of Portland, are to be at home at the new residence of Manager S. H. Friedlander, 2603 Steiner street. It is the realization of a love affair of old standing, this engagement, for the happy pair have known each other since their school days. Mr. Lauer has devoted himself to analytical chemistry, and is a member of the large wholesale drug house of Blumauer, Frank & Co. Miss Friedlander is a very pretty and accomplished girl, who has attained some literary distinction. She is a member of the Philomath, Women's Press Club and other organiaztions. The marriage will occur early next year.

* *

It has been delightfully gay at Del Monte these latter days. The tennis tournament proved a great success and attracted a jolly crowd of young people to the great caravansary. The weather was delightful, and there was a spirit of fun and jollity in the air that proved catching. Though the gathering was not so large as that which flocks to the shoots, there was more of the old sparkle and fun than Del Monte has had in years. This was due to the presence of Mr. Oelrichs and Mr. Webster, who organized entertainments and excursions which kept every one busy.

After their victory on Saturday the Whitney boys were heroized very much as were the victors in the classic games of ancient Greece. Instead of the Stadion the scene of their triumph is Del Monte, and in place of bay leaves their trophies have taken the form of claret pitchers. But even so, the Del Monte court was as hotly contested as was the classic plain, and silver mounted claret pitchers are likely to last longer than leaves of bay. The playing was unusually brilliant and the attendant crowd large and appreciative. The work of both sides was good—so much so that victory seemed to favor one almost as much as the other up to the end, when it finally settled on Bob and George. Sam Hardy and Walter Magee made many excellent points, Magee creating a favorable impression with his steady play. The second prize was a set of silver hair brushes.

The splendid game seemed to put every one in good spirits and to keep them there for some time. The ball in the evening was unusually gay and the attendance much larger than usual.

* *

### Across the Bay.

Although there has been a faint glimmer of brightness in the social atmosphere this week, nothing has as yet been suggested with regard to the various dancing clubs. The managers of the Deux Temps and Friday Fortnightly of last season are not particularly anxious to resume the responsibility, and there seems to be considerable difficulty in finding others willing to take up their duties. The office of Lady Manager in one of these societies is no sinecure. In the first place, it is not easy to limit the number of the aspirants without giving offence. The managers are also supposed to introduce the young people one to another; and lastly, they are expected to see that the less attractive among the maidens are not kept partnerless during the evening. Then the conscience of the members is quite elastic in regard to the payment of dues, or, perhaps, they suffer from sadly delinquent memories. Last season, after the final meeting of several of the classes, the managers had to pay the expenses themselves. All these things are not encouraging to the would-be organizer. One is apt to lose prestige, friends, and money.

View of the court

Some of the visitors

*THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DEL MONTE*

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and gain the name of being a snob, a crank, and nouveau riche. Such has been the experience of more than one manager in the past, and history, even in dancing clubs, is apt to repeat itself.

Birthday dinners seem to be the order of things this week. On Monday evening, Mrs. J. A. Folger gave a small affair in honor of her son, Mr. Athearn Folger. The menu was capital, the decorations in excellent taste. Among those bidden were Mrs. Hayes and the Misses Hayes, Mrs. Crooks, Mr. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels, etc.

I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger have returned from their southern trip, and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith (nee Moffitt). Another birthday dinner was given on Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams. It was a pleasant affair. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian, Mrs. Agard, etc.

A farewell entertainment was given by Judge and Mrs. Rosborough last week to celebrate the departure of Mr. Joseph Rosborough, who has gone to Stanford to study. It was in the shape of a minstrel show, and proved exceedingly amusing.

Miss Hattie Hoobler, who is at present visiting Mrs. W. E. Sharon, was entertained last week by the boys of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. Half a dozen of the younger set, chaperoned by Mrs. Sharon and Mrs. Havens spent the evening in dancing and music. Among the girls were Miss Fore, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Havens, and Miss Florence Sharon.

An interesting musicale was given last week by Mrs. Davis, of Alameda, in honor of Mr. Paul Davis, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Miss May Williams, who has a pretty soprano voice, gave several selections.

A jolly little launch party was given last week to about ten young people by Mrs. Charles Rudolph, on the "Mascot." They steamed around the bay, visiting the various points of interest.

There is to be a big garden fete given at the home of Mrs. Baker, on Saturday, September 11th, in aid of St. Paul's Church. It is to be a very smart affair. All the leading lights are to take part.

### The Poster Girl.

(After "The Blessed Damozel.")

The blessed Poster-girl leaned out
  From a pinky-purple heaven.
One eye was red and one was green;
  Her bang was cut uneven;
She had three fingers on her hand,
  And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
  No sunflowers did adorn;
But a heavy Turkish portiere
  Was very neatly worn;
And the hat that lay along her back
  Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave
  That she was standing on,
And high aloft she flung a scarf
  That must have weighed a ton;
And she was rather tall—at least
  She reached up to the sun.

She curved and writhed, and then she said,
  Less green of speech than blue:
"Perhaps I am absurd—perhaps
  I don't appeal to you;
But my artistic worth depends
  Upon the point of view."

I saw her smile, although her eyes
  Were only smudgy smears;
And then she swished her swirling arms,
  And wagged her gorgeous ears.
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,
  And wept some purple tears.
—Carolyn Wells, in the Century.

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# THE THEATRES

## Notes of the Playhouses — Events to Come.

In "The Sportsman," the Alcazar presents the only dramatic novelty of the week. It is a bright little piece, full of witty words and funny situations. And it is agreeably played. J. M. Colville, as Harry Briscoe, lapses into comedy with acceptable energy, and makes the character luminous and intelligent. Another good piece of comedy is

DON M. CANN
Who appears at the Orpheum next week
Elite, photo

Wallace Shaw's Dr. Holroyd, the traditional friend of the family, who sets everything wrong endeavoring to set them right. Miss Selene Johnson has a style peculiarly her own—one that improves upon acquaintance. As Mrs. Briscoe, she has a part of many emotions, but she plays it evenly and agreeably and leaves a good impression. Mrs. Bates has one of her old-time characters as Mrs. Fritchley, the landlady with a reputation to look to, and she guards it cleverly.

Preceding "The Sportsman," is played the one-act piece, "The Old Guard." The play is familiar—old Hauresack is quite a character, and George Trader in developing it displays considerable versatility. He makes the old soldier quite natural and true to life. Of the other characters, or rather, of how they were played, the least said the very much better.

At the Orpheum this week Stanley Whiting and his eminent colored assistant have succeeded in making a fair impression. Mr. Whiting is at least unique in singing coon songs to the accompaniment of a white face and a dress suit. But as he sings well and plays the piano cleverly his inconsistency may be overlooked. William Demount, the assistant, plays acceptably on the banjo and brings in a lot of amusing remarks. Leoal Mitchell, the living doll, is daintily clever. She possesses a really remarkable voice for so small a body, and she uses it in a most agreeable manner. The diminutive Hungarian band is still playing into popular favor, but it might be mentioned that if the little fellow with the cymbals would play with less energy the general effect would be much more acceptable.

The revival of "The Fire Patrol" at Morosco's this week has resulted with satisfaction on both sides of the curtain. The mechanical effects are well managed, and the characters all capably sustained. Fred Butler plays the hero, a change from his usual villainy, but the guise of virtue becomes him well. Maud Edna Hall is a pretty and pathetic heroine, and little Alice Condon is a clever little waif. Next week Frank Gassaway's military play, "The Dandy Fifth," will be produced. The piece, which has already a successful record, tells of the doings of the famous Dandy Fifth, a regiment composed of Boston society men. The scene is in Georgia during Sherman's march to the sea.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Miss May Lucine Potvin, the eastern pianist, will make her first appearance in this city, at Sherman & Clay Hall, next Saturday afternoon. Miss Potvin is a pupil of Amy Fay and Fannie Bloomfield Zeissler, and is herself a teacher of some note. This will be Miss Potvin's only recital.

At the opening recital of Walther, the Belgian violinist, next Thursday evening, Miss Hext will give a dramatic reading from "Leah the Forsaken." During the remainder of Herr Walther's engagement Miss Hext will be heard in readings from the different works of modern writers.

Last Thursday's "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall came off unusually well. It was under the direction of James Hamilton Howe, being the fourth of his Soiree Musicales. The programme was given by Mr. Howe's leading pupils, assisted by pupils of Bernhard Wollenhaeur. It was made up of carefully selected numbers, which were all executed with more than ordinary skill and finish.

The eminent gymnasts, Van Aucken, McShee and Hill, open at the Orpheum Monday evening in a performance on the triple horizontal bar. The other new people are Barton and Ashley, the "Walking Delegates;" Lillian Leslie and Don M. Cann, operatic and descriptive singers, and the renowned equilibrist. The Kaffas, Mr. Stanley Whiting and his colored assistant have made a hit and will be retained.

Mr. Pierre Douillet, pianist, and Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker, lyric tenor, open the musical season with a piano and song recital at Sherman, Clay & Co. Hall next Wednesday evening. Mr. Douillet is at the head

LILLIAN LESLIE
Who is to appear at the Orpheum

of the piano forte department in the University of the Pacific, and is said to be a clever performer. Mr. Rolker is a pupil of Gustave Engel of Berlin, and, from his press notes, possesses a voice of much excellence.

The fourth and final week of "The Heart of Maryland" opens at the Baldwin Monday evening. There will be a special matinee on Thursday. Mr. William H. Crane will be the Baldwin's next attraction, opening on Monday, September 13th, in his new play, "A Fool of Fortune." Mr. Crane will also appear in "My Wife's Father" and Eugene Presbey's comedy, "A Virginia Romance," which will be given for the first time on any stage on Monday, September 20th.

The reproduction of "The First Born" at the Alcazar next week will be under the personal supervision of Mr. David Belasco, who has been actively engaged in preparing the now famous play for its New York and London premieres. At the Alcazar the piece will be given with the original cast, and, with Mr. Belaco's new ideas, should prove of additional interest. Sydney Grundy's well known comedy, "Lost for a Day," will precede "The First Born" and will be given with a capable cast. A special matinee is on for Admission Day.

"The Twelve Temptations," which opens at the Columbia, is announced as a "realized dream of Oriental splendor." The plot deals with true love that didn't run smooth, touched up with a fairy element, and fairly overflowing with rattling up-to-date comedy. Surely, a promise of much pleasure—and there is also a grand ballet composed of ladies both young and statuesque. The Rosaires are in the company, also Gus Bruno, Jr., Josie Sisson, Rose Kesner, and Caroline Rudolph. The engagement is for two weeks.

The fifth week of the grand opera at the Tivoli will be given to double bill performances of Leoncavallo's tragic opera, "Pagliacci," and Mascagni's great composition, "Cavalleria Rusticana." "Pagliacci" will be given with the original orchestration rendered by the symphony orchestra. Mme. Kronold and Elvia Krox will alternate as Nedda; Michelina will sing Canio; Mertens, Tonio; Boyce, Peppe; and Raffael, Silvio. In "Cavalleria," Mme. Kronold alternates with Miss Stewart as Santuzza; Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs assumes Lola; Bernice Holmes, Lucia; Rhys Thomas, Turiddu; and John J. Raffael, Alfio. Mignon and Faust are in prepartion.

Arrivals to August 26th at the St. Denis Hotel, New York City: Miss M. Donegan, Los Angeles; Adolph Bruenn, David Stark and wife, San Francisco

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## THE AMERICAN HUSBAND

### Paul Bourget's Clever Analysis of a Newport Household and Its Hostess.

M. Paul Bourget has been dissecting us again, picking us to pieces with the tiny, delicate, little lancets and scalpels and probes, getting down to the very bone and marrow of us with a dexterity and precision that makes us wince a litfle during the operation, the more so because it is all so lamentably exact. One wonders at times, however, if this method is the best one to apply to the lives and people of these United States. We are—to European eyes, certainly—a huge, crude, rough people of simple, unformed vices and virtues rather elemental as yet; have not yet had time to develop all the multitudinous semi-vices and demi-virtues of older or of more degenerate peoples, let us say. Would not the pick-axes and sledge-hammer method—of M. Zola, for instance—suit us better, knocking us to pieces, as it were, and getting at the core of us with a half-dozen mighty blows. This infinitesimal scraping and scratching and niggling little drillings and the like seem somehow inappropriate. It suggests the cutting up of a mastodon with a penknife and a pair of toilet scissors.

However, "Two Families" ("Deux Menages") is the title of Bourget's last dissection. Personally, I find it something too long. A millionaire New Yorker mismated with a frivolous "society leader" and a wife discovers a parallel mesalliance in the case of a contortionist and his wife, a professional reciter of poems. The New York millionaire wills some $20,000 to the contortionist and then dies, voila tout. Bourget takes nine pages of a magazine to tell this story, which Mr. Kipling could put into four. But Kipling strikes off a single picture. Bourget, as we have said, dissects and dissects and dissects. Just now he takes up the American magnates:

"Men of affairs," he says, "prodigious money-handlers, to a man self-made, who in ten or twenty years have been able to conquer for themselves fortunes and powerful positions that can only be compared to those of the feudal despots of the Middle Ages. These railroad magnates, who possess twelve hundred, fifteen hundred, two thousand kilometers of railroad, these potentates of petroleum mines, of silver mines, of copper mines, who figure up their gains as a King might figure up his budget; these constructive Napoleons who build and baptize in the mid-desert towns of a hundred thousand souls, these are the personages whom I approached with real intellectual delight."

So much for the magnate in general. The magnate in particular, Tennyson Harris, hero of the story, Bourget describes in these words:

"Opposite the lady of the house, at the other end of the table, a man was sitting, a man of any age, of a timid air, the face leaden gray, the mouth set in an expression of bitterness, the eyes dimmed by a look of frightful weariness—the fatigue of a nervous strain of eighteen hours' work per day prolonged for thirty-five years. Mr. Harris had been dowered with the constitution of an athlete. His broad shoulders, his bull neck, his muscular hands, his salient jaw, betrayed a temperament that had been called upon to withstand an expense of cerebral energy evidently superhuman, and to-day, before his fiftieth birthday was reached, he was at the end of his strength.

"Of what does he think, this singular man?" exclaims Bourget. "He is intelligent, for he has triumphed over all his rivals in the ferocious competition of this country. Already in the grip of death, why does he still continue to strive? He will not last a year. He is as sober as a Bedouin of the desert. He has not time to keep a mistress, he seems so simple in his tastes. What can be his ambitions? To advertise his wealth? He is dressed like a clerk. To make a social position for himself? He never stirs in society. Indulge his wife? If he was in love with her he would not permit these eight-month absences of hers in Europe, and he would resent the attention that is evidently paid to her. What would I not give," says M. Bourget, "to listen to the little thought that this instant is knocking behind his grizzled forehead."

But Tennyson Harris has a wife; a great social leader; quite a type in her way. Quite possibly Mrs. Bradley Martin is intended, or Mrs. August Belmont. Here she is a la Bourget:

"Mrs. Harris was almost too beautiful, her mouth too red, her teeth too clean, her nails too much manicured, her fingers too heavily loaded with rings, and she wore a summer toilette so much in fashion that she seemed like a dressmaking advertisement—like some animated doll that an enterprising costumier might have gotten up for purposes of exploitation. She had not talked to me half an hour before I discovered that she was too intelligent, too much in the swim, too Parisienne, knowing too well that Madame de A. was about to break with M. de B.; that C-Ds were ruined, and that they were ambitious to marry their daughter with the Marquis de E. The yellow-covered novel, whose leaves she cut with a shell paper-knife encrusted with roses, was not yet upon the boulevards in Paris. And this paper-cutter itself, the latest creation of a jeweler in the Rue de la Paix, was to be a fad of to-morrow.

A dinner at a magnate's house gives Bourget an admirable opportunity for decrying what he chooses to believe is the senseless luxury of the Gothamites:

"The flowers alone—they were chiefly of the kind that are called 'American Beauties,' and that are worth a dollar apiece—represented the annual income of several little French landlords; enameled China followed painted China, and a service of Saxe, that suggested a museum, came after a service of Sevres marked with the imperial arms. * * * The twenty people who gathered about the table, I was told by a young French diplomat who was one of the guests, represented a milliard of francs. * * * The toilettes of each one of the women was of the same hideous magnificence as that of Mrs. Harris. Upon their necks and in their hair sparkled diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, large as one's finger nail, pearls large as nuts, the treasure of half a dozen Rajahs. These fine looking women had complexions that spoke of exercise and of hours passed in the open air. They drank dry champagne and spoke at the top of their voices, with just that little touch of a nasal twang that brought to mind the staccato chatter of a cage of exotic birds."

M. Paul has the pleasure of traveling in that thoroughly American institution, the manager's private car, and says he:

"Ah, what a singular recollection have I carried away with me of my little moving apartment equipped with all the meaningless minutiae of comfort, of the bath-room, of the dining-room where we three sat down to discuss a delicious terrapin prepared by a black cook. A library of two hundred volumes attested with what perseverance Mr. Harris, during the enforced leisure of his travels, worked away at the great task of self-culture. Culture! It is the one huge word that is forever in the mouths of Americans, and they apply it with equal irony to their moral as well as to their physical life. 'Ethical, physical, culture.'"

Such are some of M. Bourget's conclusions. They are interesting mainly because they are from M. Bourget's pen. But we should not consider them as new to us because they are new to him. The Harris' are old types in American fiction, and if they become of more than passing interest in the "Deux Menages" of this great French analyist, it is simply because they are seen from a new point of view.

"Le Voyageuse" by Paul Bourget. Heinemann's, London.

PAUL BOURGET IN HIS STUDY

## ITALIAN OPERA

### First Performance of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" at the Tivoli.

"La Gioconda" did not attract an overflowing audience to the Tivoli. In the matter of opera the local taste is conservative, even where a thunder and lightning of advance advertising has cleared the air. Only the glamour of striking personality or individual local interest makes musical audiences bestir themselves to appear in force. Ponchielli's opera deserved more interest from its reputation as a successful composition, and for the pains given to staging and playing it by the Tivoli management.

First-night performances are never expected to be of the best any company can give, so that the impression gathered was not influenced by omissions and commissions of virtues or defects in the performance itself. It ought to be insisted upon that all concerned made the most of themselves under the circumstances, even the long and short-limbed houris of the chorus being persuaded into gyrations of more or less operatic meaning. There was no special feature made of the ballet; in fact, that side of the performance was considerably cut in submission to the hardly earned knowledge that local ballets are more to be endured than enjoyed as terpsichorean efforts.

Venice, a picturesque list of personages and a lively action to boot, made a possibility of entertaining hope that the opera would reach within hailing distance of its reputation. The first act laid hold of the interest peaceably enough, not so much from its stirring quality as from the hopes it aroused that something more tangible might follow, but with the close of the second act and the finale of the third act came the conviction that something very much more powerful than the intrinsic value of its own musical and dramatic interest would be needed to galvanize the mass into vivid or coherent life. The libretto, one of those opera operaish affairs, has every excresence of Italian opera from the days of 1830, with the honorable barcarolle, the perennial Ave Maria, the prayer and the invocation made indespensible to the Italians through the triumphs of Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi. In the second and third acts these musical forms bobbed into the libretto with ungovernable nonchalance. Only a swinging waltz aria was lacked to make the resemblance to a dressed up concert complete. Done by some master of opera staging the tale of the street singer and her mother might have been made brilliant and drawing to the opera-goer's emotions, but these scrappy and patchy scenes dragging in time-honored musical gems by the scalp set loud and long the yawns agoing. After the moving drama of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," not to speak of Wagner's dramas, the interest of "La Gioconda" can be only musical, of its story is a hash up of Italian opera themes meant to be seasoned by effective music. Plenty of blood and thunder, but no living, simple emotion.

In the purely Italian opera of Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti, and the tender Bellini, there is a quality individual to each composer as a musician, and that is the musical physiognomy of their separate melodic gift, which enables any appreciative person to become familiar to the point of recognizing the type. Mascagni has this gift, and Leoncavello, too, though in him it is more thinly spread, but Ponchielli, though an excellent musician with invention enough, apparently has it not. This gift of melody stamped with a quality all its own, no matter what its calibre, is the first jewel of a real composer, and is not to be robbed from him by comparative criticism or analysis, and remains inviolable, a thing to be felt and perhaps never undertsood. Not that Ponchielli is unmelodious; no, he has the flowing of agreeable intervals, but that is only the husk of real melody, and its spirit never appears to him. Liszt and many other masters were denied the sense, and the world, though paying homage to their intensity and tenacity, forgive them and forgets.

Wagner had been more or less studied by Ponchielli, but studied without the result of catching the spirit of agitating dramatic fire, stirring in the massive yet fragile meshes of that enclosing orchestration. Nothing but the magic of great personality in the singers and the divine gift of song would carry this opera through with sustained interest. The frequent lapses from a broad manner into the happy hunting grounds of the trashy and tawdry in rythms and tunes, the ragged orchestration and the bathos of scenes meant to be tragic, obscured appreciation of what there was of novelty of harmonic treatment.

Mr. Mertens, Miss Holmes and Mme. Kronold did what they could to galvanize the work into life, but without much genuine success, though the public was omniverously appreciative. "The Flying Dutchman" will be better suited to the company, and will repay the hard work and fatigue the singers undergo in the rehearsals and performance.

LESLEY MARTIN.

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## SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES

### The Array of Subjects, with Certain Comments on Their Treatment.

Just now the magazines search as far after features as the Sunday supplements. True, they do not construct strange artistic structures down the center of their pages—wild-eyed designs, often enough clever, smart, but always startling and inevitably freakish, as one finds in the "Journal" or the "Herald." No, the editor of the monthly will be respectable at any cost, and is sensational by having the man of the hour discuss the subject of the moment. We all know the Klondyke has had the eye and the ear of two continents for two months. The "Century" in August proved unwittingly very timely with John Muir's article about Alaskan glaciers, which was really intended as a contrast to the hot spell of mid-summer. Now, here cometh the "Cosmopolitan" with the old views of Chilkoot and Lake Linderman, which we have all learned to know so well, illustrating an article by Robert Oglesby. It is good enough, this article, though with the daily broadside from the press one hesitates to pursue the subject further. "McClure's," however, has gone to headquarters, not of the Yukon, but of Dawson, and has an article detailing the personal experiences of Joseph Ladue in interview form, with some fine views that the weeklies had not published. It records the return to his old home in Plattsburg of the rich prospector and the intense weariness of his manner in talking about the Yukon. He had really grown tired detailing his unique good fortune, and on the Sunday of the interview he went out and hid in the barn to escape the delegations of his neighbors who had come to discuss the situation and look at his nuggets.

Though there is nothing about gold fields in the "Century," it has, to the writer's mind, rather the best of the magazine set this month. There is a most commendable variety about its subjects, though the same verdict applies to the menu of "Harper's," which is also ahead of the mark and has to its credit at least one good story, "Her Majesty." I read first Mahan's "Twentieth Century Outlook"—rather a disturbing prophecy to us on the Pacific Coast as to the possibilities of China. This is evidently a deeply considered paper, and embodies a greater degree of thought than is often spent on the monthly contribution of the distinguished writer. Captain Mahan declares ill-founded and dangerous the idea that this nation or any other may abandon the sword for the ploughshare. Far distant is the time of delivery from the expense of standing armies and great navies. Of the Chinese great things are predicted when the immense latent force of that nation's character is aroused. The development of the Turkish and Egyptian armies under modern discipline show what may be accomplished with the raw material of the East, and Mahan points out that persistence and staying power are potent factors in the making of fighters, and these China possesses in a higher degree than either the Japanese or the Indians. As to our own country, Captain Mahan declares that the narrow policy so long pursued of mere internal development must end, and that the United States must emerge their isolation and take the position among the nations of the world to which their responsibilities call. He advocates a colonial policy, especially the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands. On top of this declaration of the necessities of war, I passed to Professor Hollis' essay in the "Atlantic" pleading for a reorganization of the naval forces of America. The hackneyed but inevitable problem of the relative standing of line and engineering officers is boldly confronted and a remedy suuggested that seems to a layman competent to the exigencies of the predicament. It is evident that some such solution must be found if our navy is ever to attain prominence among the nations.

Apropos to the "Atlantic," there are some excellent essays in the September number. One of the most intelligent is that of Henry Childs Merwin, who deals with certain social aspects under the head of "The American Notion of Equality.' It is so customary for writers to sneer at the rich that one is at once interested in the statement that 'the fact that a man has made much money implies as a rule that both his mind and physical strength are far above the average." That wealth is the passport to the best society the world over, Mr. Merwin asserts is less true in America than England, and less true in Australia than it is in America, for the reason that in England the best society is a state institution and can afford to be more hospitable, not only to wealth, but also to intellect and originality. Every individual in a complex society has his position, and the missionaries of Boston report that a social gap exists between the peanut-man and the perapatetic organ-grinder, and the children of the former are forbidden by their parents to play with the children of the latter. It is encouraging to learn on the authority of Col. Carroll D. Wright, of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, that while the rich are getting richer, the poor are also. The poverty of the present is not the poverty of the past. Even pauperism is not as abject. An excellent study is Theodore Roosevelt's "The New York Police Force." This is really a self-celebrated triumph, but it is full of material and facts, and shows what may be achieved by sturdy, persistent and constant application of civil service rules. Municipal reformers should certainly read this article; if is also distinguished by vigor of statement and conciseness of style. The only personal articles in the magazines are the glimpse of Gladstone by Harry Furniss in the "Century," and an appreciation of George Du Maurier by Henry James in "Harper's." Harry Furniss is member of the "Punch" staff, and is called the creator of Mr. Gladstone's collar. He says that the statesman was once invited to meet the artists at a "Punch" dinner. Instead of wearing the flowing collar which Furniss had made famous, he appeared in a straight-up-and-down one of the "masher" type. The creator was much aggrieved, but was consoled by an editor who told him he had seen Gladstone at a dinner the night before, his shirt frayed at the edges and the collar pinned down behind. The pin gave way after a time and the collar nearly came over his head.

Henry James is subtle, delicate and indirect in his estimate of Du Maurier. He pictures him as the most delightful companion, and says he had numbers of stories put by for use. Among these was a plot that had for its basis the career of a pair of lovers who had been changed into albatrosses, and the idea of whose romantic adventures in the double consciousness strike James as a real trouvaille. They are separated, they lose each other in all the wide world; they are shot at and wounded. One of them resumes his original shape watching and hoping in vain for the wandering and distracted other.

The editor of the "Cosmopolitan" has an idea that he must comment on the utterances of his contributors. He attributed to the first of Julian Hawthorne's famine articles a meaning and animus that the context did not convey. Now it is Ouida who falls under his lash. She writes a thoroughly Ouidaesque tirade against feminine athletics, bloomers, short skirts and high boots, as opposed to fluffy hair and dainty, delicate ways. We all know this writer is nothing if not exaggerated, and is read for her manner of statement rather than because of her judgments. For instance, she denies that the corset is doomed, and declares that in society no lady can afford to be seen more than twice in the same toilette without losing caste. The sporting woman is "a hybrid animal—an exaggeration and a caricature of the sporting man; her mania for field sports much more injurious to her maternity than the drawing-room gowns condemned as hostile to her natural functions"—and so on. the editor appends a note regretting that the brilliant mind of his contributor should conceive or announce such errors, assuming, I presume, that his readers will consider him responsible. A writer who signs his own name is presumed to be answerable for the statements he makes—that is the etiquette of magazinedom. Judging by the article on the making of the "Cosmopolitan" in the present number, which reads as though composed by a bookkeeper, there is in the establishment rather more presumption than tact. However, these defects must not blind one to the interest of this magazine, which contains the first installment of a new story by Julien Gordon, written with a John Oliver Hobbs air, besides the usual meagre installment of Wells' remarkable story, "The War of the Worlds." Hawthorne's report on famine is fine descriptive narrative, and its horrors are relieved in this installment by a most charming Oriental interlude:

At the further end of the village was a well—a large opening, ten feet across and more than twice that depth, with a low stone wall built around it. Fortune so favored us that, as we drew near, we saw a bevy of girls about the well drawing water. There were four or five of them, all young and all beautiful, for they were Branmin girls; and though the famine had begun to howl at their doors, it had not yet actually seized upon them, and they showed none of the familiar symptoms—their bodies were slender, but not emaciated. Their costume had the flowing grace of line and the richness of harmonious coloring that one sees only in the East; there were bangles of silver and gold on their delicate wrists and ankles; their eyes were dark, soft and brilliant. Drawing water is perhaps the most becoming act a beautiful young woman can perform; and these girls were types of perfect bodily grace. Their skill was also delightful; they let the pitcher down by a string to the water, filled it with a turn of the wrist, and then pulled it up so deftly that in its swingings it never came in contact with the projecting walls of the well. Having set it on the margin, they would fill another and yet another; then they would lift the first to their head, and place the others, tier on tier, on the top of that; it was a long and shrewd reach to place the last. But they made no false movement, and spilled not a drop of water. All being settled, they gathered up their glowing drapery and walked away with a step and bearing that were like rythmic music. And before they passed quite out of sight round the corner, they turned their heads with a slow, imperial grace, and sent back over their shoulders a dark, serious, yet bewitching, glance. They were Rebeccas, every one; and it was easy to sympathize with the ardor of Jacob—his constancy seemed inevitable.

Nothing in these magazines, however, approaches the splendid prose of Arthur Symon's "Rome," in the August "Cosmopolis." That is veritably a tour de force. Noted originally as a writer of graceful verse—somewhat erotic in manner Symons has latterly been represented by prose, critical and reminiscent, contributed to the "Saturday Review" and the English magazines. His style is quite the most distinguished among the younger men, and unquestionably he is to be reckoned with as a great literary artist. The comparison of Raffael, Michel Angelo and Pinturicchio, and the description of a sunset on the Campagna are inimitable and linger in the mind like a delicious landscape.

C.

There is a pretty little story in the September "St. Nicholas" about a little girl in England 300 years ago, who recited some verses before Queen Mary. It is called "A Girl of Winchester," and is written by Virginia Cabell Gardner. C. T. Hill has an article, "Floating Fire Engines,' telling how fires on the water are extinguished. There is a complete story, "A Brave Little Coward," and a sketch on "The Street Dogs of Constantinople." An article of interest to Californians is "'Flower of the Almond and Fruit of the Fig," by Mary Hallock Foote, descriptive of the pine and fruit belt of Northern California.


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## TURF TOPICS

### State Fair Prospects — Pacific Coast Jockey Club Stakes.

With the opening of the State Fair at Sacramento next Monday the local interest in running races will begin for the season. The meeting in Agricultural Park at the Capital City will be the last to be held on that site, as the property is to be disposed of for building purposes, and a new track will be built further out of town. From all appearances the coming meeting will maintain the improvement that has been shown in the sport at Sacramento during the last two years.

The trotting events promise to be interesting, and the competition of the stables which have been performing on the Montana tracks with those that have been racing on the local circuit ought to furnish some good contests.

The Fair extends over two weeks, and will be immediately followed by a week at Stockton.

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The prospects of a good meeting at Los Angeles from October 14 to 23 are said to be excellent, and as the management spares no pains in providing inducements for owners of horses to enter for their liberal purses, provided for both gallopers and trotters, and at the same time caters judiciously for the comfort of the public who attend the races, their efforts should be well rewarded. The list of running stakes is overburdened with short distance races, and it would have been better if more events at a mile and over had been provided.

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The Pacific Coast Jockey Club list of stakes for the Fall, Winter and Spring meetings, 1897-98, will be published in a few days, and will include ten stakes, the first of which will be run on the opening day, November 1, entries closing for the whole of these events on October 15. A further series will close on November 15. As previously stated, the total value of the stakes to be offered by the club will be even more liberal than last season.

Owners should bear in mind that twenty of the stake events, of which particulars have been published by the California Jockey Club, will close on the 20th instant.

In the meantime there is a good deal of quiet preliminary work being done amongst the local stables, and when the State Fair is over most of those in this part of the State will begin active work in the way of "readying" the members of their strings for the coming campaigns at Ingleside and Oakland.

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Unless things change a good deal before the season closes in the East, we shall be left considerably in doubt as to the relative merits of the more prominent performers. Hamburg is still entitled to be considered the best of the two-year-old division, while the two three-year-old sons of Friar's Balsaw, The Friar and Voter, have proved themselves high-class race horses. The performance of the former in the Brighton Cup—2¼ miles—carrying 115 pounds, when he made all the running and won in 3:56½, with a neck to spare, was a great feat for a three-year-old, and perhaps the best record at that distance, all things considered. The talent are in many instances disposed in consequence to give The Friar pride of place over Ornament as the three-year-old champion of this year. The latter has never performed so badly, however, as The Friar did early in the season, and it seems too soon yet to forget what Ornament has done and how he has done it.

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With the view of ridding the turf of inferior horse flesh, the Queen City Jockey Club of Newport, Ky., fixed the following conditions for a race last Saturday: "The Scully purse; $300, to go to the winner; for three-year-olds and upward; the winner to become the property of the Queen City Jockey Club, and not to race again; 5 lbs. below the scale; seven furlongs." If the proviso had been extended to every animal entered it might accomplish the object, but to impound the winner alone seems to be beginning at the wrong end.

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Reference was made recently to the expressed intention of the Secretary of Agriculture to visit the West, and, amongst other matters pertaining to his office, to look into the horse-breeding position with the view of directing attention to the European demand for cavalry horses. Mr. Wilson has made his tour and is said to be hopeful of being of some assistance to breeders. In furtherance of his plans he states that he has agents engaged in gathering information in Europe as to the stamp of horse required. This of course sounds well, but surely men who have any horse knowledge at all must understand this already. The chief trouble is that so many, who have no idea whatever and never will have of what a good horse should be or how he can be produced, are engaged in the breeding of large herds of no value beyond their hides. If the Government could direct the sources of reproduction, as is done to some extent in other countries, it might be possible to raise the standard of the produce, but otherwise little good can result from Mr. Wilson's praiseworthy efforts.

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## STALLED IN GENIUS

### The Enchantment Wrought by a Great Violinist.

Throughout the Rocky mountains and the valley of the Missouri river the rain had fallen in torrents, and the roadbed of the Union Pacific was a veritable quagmire. With much labor and trouble the trains had crawled to Glinn's Ferry, in Idaho, but there the news awaited them that the trestle across Indian creek had been wrecked. Five limited expresses were stalled there in the wretched little village, and there they remained a week. An extraordinary conglomeration of people were concentrated there—society women and tourists—recruits, cowboys, prospectors, school teachers—but there was nothing for it save to accept the situation, make the best of it, and of the wretched food which the railroad eating house provided. There were diversions, however. On the third night in Glinn's Ferry—it happened to be St. Patrick's day—the railroad men and their wives and mothers and sweethearts proceeded to get up a dance. There was but one obstacle to their success, and it was the absence of the fireman who usually officiated as fiddler. A car-cleaner who was interested in the affair was told by one of the passengers that there was a queer-looking, long-haired chap in one of the drawing-room cars who had a fiddle box among his traps. The car-cleaner was tickled over this news, and looked the passenger up. He found a fat man with an oleaginous countenance, a broad, high forehead, and a heavy mop of Liszt hair sitting in the smoking compartment dreamily puffing at a cigarette.

"Say," said the car-cleaner to the passenger, wading right into business, "a feller out here tells me that you've got a fiddle along with you, and so I suppose you know how to play on it. Do you?"

"A vairy lettle," said the oleaginous man, with a strong foreign accent, smiling.

"Well," went on the car-cleaner, "we're going to have a dancing shindig over to the hall to-morrow, St. Pat's night, and there's nobody in the place to give us the fiddle music. Now, I wish you'd help us through, will ye, hey? Not for nothing, of course. We used to give our fiddler, when we had one, $4 for a night's playing, and we'll do the same by you, and be a heap obliged in the bargain."

"I should charmed be to play not for anything at all," replied the passenger with the mop of hair. "A pleasure, a pleasure—for nothing at all—for no $4—for pleasure only."

"Well, that's so much the better," said the car-cleaner, "and we'll certainly all be a whole lot in your debt for accommodatin us."

The fiddler with the foreign accent and the mop of hair turned up promptly on time, smiling vaguely when he came in and sized the thing up, and reporting to the wife of the locomotive engineer, who sat at the tinpanny piano, for instructions. She had an old book of dance tunes arranged for violin and piano, and she had turned down the corners of the dances to play.

"These folks are mighty particular about time," she said to the man with the fiddle, "and you've got to be careful not to play too fast or too slow. Just you follow me and we'll get along all right."

The fiddler listened to her smilingly and respectfully, said he'd do the best he could, even if he had never seen the music before, got out his fiddle, tuned it with the piano, and stood ready. The first number was a waltz. The two musicians got through with it satisfactorily, the woman at the piano showing a determination to lead in the matter of time, the fiddler falling in with her determination quite smilingly as he played. He appeared to be able to play the dances pretty well for sight reading, though not much better than the average fiddler; but his instrument certainly struck my ear as being a singularly fine one, with a powerfully deep and sweet volume. Well, anyhow, they played the dances for fully an hour and a half, the mop-haired fiddler receiving the direction and adjurations of the pianist, whose music was surely distressingly thrummy, with the very greatest air of courtly deference and obedience.

"Then, a couple of minutes after a waltz had been finished, the surprise—the shock, I ought to say—was sprung. The violinist—no longer the fiddler—had begun to play; very softly and tenderly at first, 'way down on the G string, like a 'cello or a contralto voice. Great Scott, such music! I had never in my life heard anything like it—anything to compare with it. It was strange to watch the people in the smoky, lamp-lighted hall after the first few bars of the music reached their ears. They stood like people turned to stone and looked as if they hardly breathed. The violinist stood at the piano, a greasy smile on his fat face, oblivious to everything—he was playing the violin. The pianist sat paralyzed on the piano stool, looking up at the violinist's face. From the low, mournful G-string music he leaped with a tornado crash of his bow to the very bridge on the E string; and on that string he painted us, for five minutes, some musical pictures of rushing cascades and stormy seas and marrow-chilling deviltry of all sorts, such as I don't suppose any of us shall ever forget. Then slowly and gradually he worked down to the meadows again on the lower strings, softer and sweeter all the time, until the thing wound up with a moan.

The violinist took his violin from his chin dreamily and looked around like a man that didn't see much after all. It was fully thirty seconds before there was any movement whatever on the part of any one in the hall. Charley Fair, son of the late United States Senator from California, advanced from the amazed crowd on the floor and stepped up to the violinist.

"Monsieur Ysaye, surely?" said he.

The great violinist smiled oleaginously.

"I caught just a glimpse of you on the steps of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco the other night," said Fair, "but I should never have recognized you here—had it not been for the music."

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The September Lippincott's contains a complete novel, "Weeping Ferry," by Margaret L. Woods, author of "A Village Tragedy," and three shorter stories by H. H. Bennett, Charles M. Skinner, and Frank Crane. The Mormons receive attention in "The Rocky Mountain Prophets," by W. T. Larned, and the Chicago Drainage Canal is discussed by John L. Wright. Two other interesting articles are "Europe and the Exposition of 1900," by Theodore Stanton, and "Musical Mexico," by Arthur Howard Noll.

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## Bids for Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley.

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 10, 1897.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite grant, for the year beginning November 1, 1897, and ending October 31, 1897, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coachhouse on Georgia Avenue (stage headquarters).

Third—For rental of hotel, out-buildings and grounds at Glacier Point, and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before Monday, October 12, 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of August, 1897, an assessment (No. 113) of twenty cents (20c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 22d day of September, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 12th day of October, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

Assessment No. 28
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied August 3, 1897
Delinquent in office, September 7, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Sept. 30, 1897
A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANNES A. H. STOCKFLETH, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, August 24, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Mark Hanna returned to Washington the other day to transact some important business. In order to avoid interviews and unnecessary questions he registered at a suburban hotel as Henry Josselyn. Rejoicing in momentary peace he went into the garden. There a colored porter came up to him: "How d'ye do, Senator," he saluted. "You're mistaken," was the reply. "I'm not Senator Hanna." "Why, Mister Hanna, I knows yo' like yo' waz my daddy. Ain't I dun worked fer yo' out at yo' fact'y in Ohio? This nig dun had too many of yo' fifty cents to forgit yo' name, Mister Hanna." "That's all right," said Hanna, taking a crisp, green bill out of his pocket, 'but, Sam, I've got some very important business on hand and I don't want any one to know I'm here. So you take this, carry up my valise to my room, and don't you say a word about my name being Hanna."

"Right you are, sah," and Sam was off. "Here you," said he to the clerk in the office. "Give me Senator Hanna's things dar." "Mr. Hanna's things are not here," said the clerk. "These coats and that valise belong to Mr. Josselyn." "Deed they don't boss. Those dar things belong to Mr. Hanna, from out in Ohio, bes' white man this niggar ever knowed, but he dun tell me he have some very important business on hand an' he dont want no one ter know 'bout it, so he dun write some highflutin' name on de book, but he Senator Hanna all right." In an hour Mr. Hanna was interrupted by a reporter's card, and in the papers next morning there was a column and a half about him and his presence in town.

President Lincoln once told a good story on himself anent the amount of terror in cold steel. It was during his younger days in Louisville. He was walking along a back street about midnight, when he was suddenly confronted by a tough-looking individual who suddenly sprang before him flourishing a weapon apparently three feet long. Seeing that his victim seemed to take considerable interest in the proceedings, the burglar finally yelled out, as he steadied his knife close to the young man's throat: "Stranger, kin you lend me five dollars on that?" "I never reached in my pocket and got out money so fast in all my life," said Mr. Lincoln. "I handed him a bank-note, and said: 'There's ten, neighbor; now put up your scythe.'"

M. Thiers retained in official life all his bourgeois habits. One day while breakfasting at the palace, he drew towards him a large fruit dish, which ornamented the center of the table, took a peach and preparing to cut it, said to his neighbor: "Shall I give you half of my peach?" Mme. Thiers had been looking at the peach with an indignant air. "I thought," said Jules Simon, who narrated the story, "that she was angry with her husband for not having known enough to wait for the servants to pass the fruit. But that was not the trouble, and, unable to contain herself any longer, exclaimed: 'But, mon ami, those peaches are for dinner!'" The President docilely restored the fruit to the dish. (The Century.)

On one occasion during the civil war, when Sherman and Grant came together for discussion, Mrs. Grant happened to be present. "Perhaps you don't want me here," she said, "listening to all your secrets?" "Do you think we can trust her, Grant?" exclaimed Sherman, casting a shy glance at Mrs. Grant. "I'm not so sure about that, Sherman," said the commander, entering into the spirit of the fun. "Public documents in disseminating items of information are accustomed to say, 'Know all men by these presents.' I think it would be just as effective to say, 'Know one woman,' for then all men would be certain to hear it."

In his book, "Origins of Contemporary France," it was generally felt that Taine was rather severe in his treatment of Napoleon. As may have been expected, the work wounded the Bonapartists keenly. Princess Mathildo was a friend Taine, but when his book came out she sent him her card with the formula P. P. C.—pour prendre conge—to signify that their relations were at an end. But M. Taine wittily translated it "pour prouver colere," and brought the laugher over to his side.

The Duke of Cambridge is notably the most homely member of the English royal family, and though possessed of most agreeable manners, is said to be the ugliest old gentleman in London. A story is told that when he sat for his portrait to Mrs. Leslie Cotton he exclaimed on looking at it, "Surely I am not as ugly as this," to which the pretty artist, who is a New York society woman, with a characteristic nod, replied, "My pictures have many faults, but they are always true to nature."

The Duchesse de Chevreuse was one of the few women of the old regime who rallied to the First Empire. One evening she attended a ball at the Tuileries, and entered the room absolutely blazing with jewels. Napoleon in his own peculiar way went up to her. "You look magnificent, Duchesse," he said; "are all your jewels real?" "They are not, Sire," was the reply; "but such as they are they are good enough for this place."

The late General Salamanca, who was a wit of great fame in the Spanish court, is quoted as explaining to an English gentleman in Madrid the substantial differences between Spanish Liberals and Conservatives. "The Liberals," said General Salamanca to the astonished foreigner, "are assassins and great robbers; the Conservatives are robbers and great assassins."


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 37 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

*THE UNVEILING OF THE ADMISSION DAY MONUMENT*

On Sunday, September 5th, the beautiful fountain presented by James D. Phelan to the Native Sons of the Golden West was unveiled by Grand President Clark of that organization.

# THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at THE WAVE Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 |
| The Question of Feminine Education; by G. B | 2 |
| Fiction is Selection; by Justin Sturgis | 3 |
| Carville (with Views) | 4 |
| A Romance of Riches | 4 |
| The Gunboat "Wheeling" | 5 |
| A Case for Lombroso; by Frank Norris | 6 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 7 |
| Scenes at Skaguay and Dyea | 8 |
| New Journalism in London | 9 |
| The Native Son Monument | 9 |
| "El Salvador": a Poem by Lucius Harwood Foote | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| Stars in Deshabile: an Interview | 11 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Provincial Novelists a Review | 12 |
| "Fighting Phil" | 12 |
| Doings at Newport | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## SENATOR MORGAN AND THE RAILWAYS

If Senator Morgan bids adieu to California with an impression that the great body of the people of this State feel grateful for his attitude on the railway funding bill, then we must thank the "Examiner" for creating the impression, and for undertaking what otherwise might have been neglected, viz., his entertainment. That journal, with its customary vigor and enterprise, made a prodigious effort to work up an apparently voluntary public demonstration in the Alabama Senator's behalf, and, accepting its own reports as fairly representing the enthusiasm of its coterie of followers, it succeeded admirably, taking everything into consideration. At the "mass" meeting, which was held in a measure as a public reception to the Alabaman, Senator Morgan was invited to speak upon the railway funding bill. This he did, at some length, in his characteristic style, but his criticisms fell most heavily upon the Union Pacific foreclosure proceedings, which he roundly denounced. Unfortunately the heart of the California agitator does not thrill over a discussion of the abstract proposition of refunding, nor does the plight or the policies of the Union Pacific Railway interest him. What he wants is abuse, and lots of it, directed exclusively against the local railroad builders. As the distinguished gentleman's abuse was largely confined to the Eastern road it was naturally disappointing. Besides this, the subject of refunding has been so thoroughly threshed out, here in California, it is not surprising that the speaker found himself unable to throw any additional light upon the subject or advance any new arguments to sustain his side of the controversy. Indeed, it would baffle the ingenuity of a Philadelphia lawyer to invent any new grounds in that behalf, but much may be truthfully said, that remains as yet unsaid, in favor of refuding the debt upon some basis —fair, equitable and businesslike.

There can be little difference of opinion among business men as to what should be done by Congress to secure to the Government the full amount due to it, but the payment of the debt would be as disappointing to the "Examiner" as would its volnntary abandonment and liquidation by Congress. The California agitator does not want the Government to receive its money one-half so strongly as he wants the Government at any loss to take the property out of the hands of its present owners. His solicitude for the Government is not genuine; he is merely expressing in a negative way his hostility towards the gentlemen who now control the property. He takes no heed and has no thought as to how best to collect the money; he simply desires to wreck, and, if possible, ruin those whom he is pleased to hate. This accounts for the otherwise inexplicable sentiment that finds expression here. Whatever object Congress may ultimately determine to accomplish, whether it be the collection of the debt in full or the wrecking of the present corporation at an expense to the Government of tens of millions of dollars, there are only three courses open for it to pursue. These are refunding, foreclosure, or the purchase of the first mortgage, and, thereafter, Government ownership. Two of these have already been proposed, and both have brought violent objections from the Senator from Alabama. If that gentleman should find himself forced to disapprove of the third and only remaining course, he will also find that he has involved himself in a dilemma from which he can only extricate himself with difficulty.

The amount of money involved in this question is very large, but we should not permit that fact to becloud the issues, nor should we permit prejudice to mislead judgment into a quagmire of difficulties.

These facts are very simple, and may be briefly and simply stated thus: To aid in the construction of a transcontinental line of railway from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, Congress offered to loan to the builders of such a road a certain number of bonds per mile for each mile of road so constructed, and to take a mortgage which should constitute a first lien upon the railways so aided. This was the first proposition, but it was rejected by the railway builders. At the next session of Congress the bill was modified and permission given to the several railroads to issue bonds and to mortgage their roads in an amount not to exceed the amount of bonds advanced by the Government, and Congress consented that this newly authorized private debt should constitute a first mortgage upon the property, and the Government debt a second lien. This proposition the railways accepted, and, under it, the roads were constructed.

Thirty odd years have elapsed and the bonds are falling due. Congress ordered the railroad companies to set aside a certain portion of their earnings annually as a sinking fund for the liquidation of their debt, but the sum proves inadequate. The companies now confess their inability to meet the balance of the debt, and ask for an extension of time which will permit them to make annual payments until the entire debt is obliterated.

The question is, how should Congress proceed? As we have said, there are three courses open to it, any one of which it may pursue. (If any one can suggest another course we will be duly grateful.) First, the Government may investigate the actual earning capacity of the involved lines, and, having accurately ascertained the amount of money such lines are capable of earning annually, may refund the debt upon a basis that will compel the companies to pay to the Government each year an amount equal to their estimated net earning capacity. We are not prepared to approve of any specific refunding bill that has yet been introduced before Congress, for we have examined none of them; but we are prepared to declare and to maintain against all the world that if the object sought is to secure the return to the Government of the money due to it, and if Congress' sole desire is to collect the money and not to wreck the corporations, a refunding bill along these lines is the only sane, practical method of collecting the debt. More than a year ago we prophesied that the time would come, if refunding was finally defeated, when this State would take on all the habiliments of sorrow and regret that it had ever opposed such a measure. We prophesied the "Examiner" would declare that the railway companies were not sincere in their desire for a refunding bill, and we now reiterate that prophecy with emphasis. By legislative instructions we have tied the hands of our Congressional delegation so that they must oppose a refunding of the debt no matter what shape or form it may take, no matter how fair or how advantageous to the Government it may be. This is sheer idiocy.

The second course open to the Government is to foreclose its lien. But it must be remembered that the Government debt is a second lien, and that the first mortgage falls due concurrently with the Government bonds. It is notorious that, in these days of cheap material and improved methods of construction, these roads may be duplicated for an amount much less than the face of the two debts. It is doubtful if under the hammer they would bring an amount sufficient to liquidate the first mortgage. The first mortgage is the first that must be satisfied, and whatever of residue there may be after satisfying that debt goes to the Government, but not a farthing more. The entire loss, be it great or small, falls wholly upon the owner of the second lien, which in this case is the Government. Certainly a properly guarded agreement to pay the entire debt in annual or semi-annual payments would be more businesslike than such a hazardous proceeding. But the Alabama Senator does not fancy this method of dealing with the matter any more than he does the refunding plan. Foreclosure finds some favor here in California among those who hope the road might be bought in by a new syndicate, but the hope is idle. The Government would certainly suffer a loss of between twenty and thirty millions of dollars, and in all likelihood its purchasers would be its present owners. There are physical obstructions in the way of a stranger's bidding on the property that need not here be dwelt upon. Certainly no prudent man, anxious to secure payment of the debt in full, would ever endorse the foreclosure plan. If the property was worth the face of the debts and bidders were at hand, such a course might be entertained, but under existing conditions it is wasteful, unbusinesslike, and is the suggestion of hate and prejudice rather than of common sense.

There is but one other course open to the Government to pursue. It may reach the property and wipe out the first mortgage debt by paying the holders of first mortgage bonds some sixty or seventy millions of dollars and then proceed to take possession of the roads and operate them as a Government institution. This plan also finds favor among the socialistic element of California, but it is impossible to conceive that Congress, which represents a nation of intelligence, would ever look kindly upon such an innovation. Yet, if Senator Morgan and the "Examiner" oppose refunding, and object to foreclosure, the only legs left for them to stand upon is this monstrosity, "Government Ownership."

## THE QUESTION OF FEMININE EDUCATION.

BY GERALDINE BONNER

Mabel and Edith are two little girls of fourteen. They have just begun their school year, one at boarding, one at day school. They were home for the Sunday last week, and in a casual meeting the question was put:

"Well, how do you get on at school?"

They both assured the questioner that they were progressing with remarkable speed.

Mabel—she is fat, healthy, pleasure-loving and amiable—said she was devoting herself to Latin and algebra. She had soared beyond the realms of geography, history and all such primary studies. Edith, who is younger and fond of books, had also put away childish things. She treated Latin as an episode of her frolicsome, unregenerate past, brushing it aside as a trifling study upon which her youthful mind had once unbent itself. She was studying English literature through the medium of Chaucer. Edith was wrestling with the Canterbury Tales, and she said she liked it.

The questioner—a gentleman with ideas of his own on the education of women—tilted back on the hind legs of his chair in silent dismay at the intellectual precocity of the coming woman.

"But you haven't given up geography altogether," he pleaded. "You do take a course of American history, don't you?"

"Oh, we haven't given them up," said Edith, "but we've gone through So-and-So's history, and we'll finish the atlas this year."

"Finished a history and gone through an atlas! That's not so bad. Let's hear the name of the President That's not so bad. Le.s hear the name of the President. just before Lincoln, Edith? And you, Mabel, tell us the States the Mississippi River runs through?"

But Mabel and Edith were so frightened by this suggestion that they put their hands over their ears.

"Oh, don't ask us such things as that," they cried in alarm. "Those are dreadfully hard questions," and their peace of mind was so upset that they departed.

The gentleman and the fourth member of the party were left alone to cogitate upon the problem of the Higher Education.

"And that's the way they educate girls," he said, with a melancholy wave of his hand to the door whence the little girls had withdrawn. "They teach them that sort of thing and then want to give them the suffrage, and expect them to compete with men in the great professions. Latin and algebra! Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales, and geography and history done with at fourteen!"

The gentleman was launched on one of his favorite subjects. He had had great theories on the future of Women. He held that given the same advantages of education they would be the equals of men. He believed in them as doctors and lawyers, but when he met those who were he did not seem to like them. He maintained that education should be the development of some special talent or aptitude—developing the female mind in "the line of least resistance," he called it; the subject upon which it was least obtuse and dull.

"The whole defect of the feminine mind," he said, dejectedly, "lies in the training. They've got a mind all right enough, though they're sometimes very cunning about hiding it—like lunatics, you know, who are always trying to hide the things they need most."

His companion was a woman and was more skeptical. No one can be more skeptical about the mental capacity of women than an intelligent member of the sex. She seems to think she's got it all. This particular woman did not believe in the ordinary female having a mind. It was unnecessary, perhaps useful as a third leg or an extra eye might be; but as one got on very well without it, it was better to remain in a state of imperfect, but pleasing ignorance.

"Of course, that sort of teaching is nonsense," she said, "and so much money thrown away on it! Women ought only to be taught housekeeping, dressmaking and physiology, so that their children won't die of neglect, or they themselves become invalids from their own ignorance of how to take care of themselves. Outside of that what is called education is time and money thrown away."

The gentleman demurred at this. He thought that would make society a very dull place. "Good Heavens," he said, spreading out his hands in a despairing gesture, "there would be nobody but men to talk to! It's hard enough now to talk to an ordinary woman, but if she knew nothing but housekeeping and amateur therapeutics she would be fearful. The world would be .ull of

Amelia Sedleys. All the men would go into monasteries, and the human race would die from off the face of the earth."

"That's just like a man," said his companion. "You only look at this great question from your own little personal standpoint. Whether a woman is dull or interesting, captivating or repelling to a man, is not of any consequence. Her fitness to discharge her duty to her own children and to the sphere of society in which she is placed is the whole question. And the modern form of education is more calculated to unfit her for this than to prepare her. At school her head is crammed with odds and ends of useless knowledge which she soon forgets, as she learns nothing thoroughly. While her brother is being slowly and laboriously taught his profession as a lawyer, doctor, clergyman, or actor, she is mixing up in her poor befuddled brain a little algebra, a little Latin, a little Greek, a little literature, a little music, a little chemistry, a little botany, a little French, a little German, and so forth and so on. If you want to see what good all this has done, try and make her talk on any serious question. She won't know a thing about it. Ask her to play on a piano—she has forgotten how. Talk French with her—she won't understand you. Thousands have been spent in teaching her things that she forgets at once, because she has no reason to remember them. Not a penny has been spent on teaching her what she ought to know to fit her for her vocation in life."

"But you would make women nothing but housekeepers and trained nurses—excellent things in their places—but I don't think their place is the domestic hearth. We want something a little more versatile and companionable there."

"You've got the average man's horror of the nurse and the housekeeper because you've only known amateurs. They are terrible—try so hard to keep the house clean and tidy that they end by driving the people out of it. They make such a fuss, and make themselves sick and everybody uncomfortable, because they don't know their business. A clean woman at fifty has generally become an expert housekeeper. It has taken her twenty-five years to learn her trade, and she has had nervous prostration half a dozen times and turned her husband's hair gray in the interim. You ought to hear her talk and see the awful picture of domestic life she draws! Half the reason the New Women are not marrying is because of the terrifying descriptions the Old Women have given them of what awaits them as heads of houses and managers of husbands rendered desperate by the discomfort of their homes."

"Well," said the gentleman, subduing his voice to a confidential pitch, "I've always had my doubts as to whether things weren't more satisfactorily arranged in the times of the troglodytes. There were no domestic troubles then. The husband came in and sat down to his meal while his wife cowered dutifully in the corner. If he was in a good temper he threw her a bone. If he was in a bad one he beat her with his club. Most of the female skeletons among the cliff and cave dwellers were found with fractured skulls. I'm not sure that wasn't the Golden Age. It certainly was for the husbands."

"You can't fracture our skulls now. You can't even sew us up in sacks and throw us in the Hellespont, which was a longer way of doing things, but much quieter and cleaner. Short of these good, old means of getting out of the difficulties, educate the ordinary ones of us properly so that you won't want to fracture our skulls or sew us up in sacks. Teach us our business of housekeeping and taking care of children, as you teach the boys their trades."

"And the clever ones, the ones that you feel sure have got the minds, the ones that you feel might have amounted to something, if only they hadn't been sent to school? Are they, too, to become trained nurses and housekeepers? I shall feel quite reconciled to getting old and dying. I always did hate the idea of a millenium."

"No—let them alone. They'll grow up right, as they were intended to, like a flower in the sun, if only people will try and not educate them. If you crush their imaginations and stifle their originality with your school systems, you'll wipe them out altogether. No great imaginative mind ever sustained the grinding it got between the upper and the nether millstones of a high-priced boarding school and a woman's college. Books and the society of intelligent people—not necessarily cultured, but intelligent—is all they want. Then you stand by and now and then direct—just bend a leaf straight that was growing crooked, and where the sunlight is obstructed move the obstruction away. By and by, if an untimely frost doesn't nip it or a blight come upon it, you will see it grow into a very beautiful flower."

## FICTION IS SELECTION.

By JUSTIN STURGIS

To the man who has ever so modestly assumed the pose of a writer of fiction is given a certain experience which is usually trying, sometimes amusing, but that on rare occasions is profitable and entertaining to the last degree. People who wish him well give him "ideas" for stories, come to him with the remark "here's something you ought to make into a story," or "there's a character you ought to put in a book." More often than otherwise they clinch their recital with the remark: "This really happened, you know," as though it were any better for actually having happened. Take, for instance, a case like this: A very good friend of the writer's, a capital chap, but without the sense for fiction, tells him a yarn of a romantic elopement. As usual, he says, "this is something that actually happened, you know." Here is what actually happened: A young fellow is in love with a girl—parents on both sides opposed to the match—relentless. Young couple decide to elope—secret appointment at the gate at the bottom of the garden—carriage and horses there—start for the flight—pursuit—girl's brother on a horse (black for preference)—pistol shots exchanged—black horse of pursuing brother killed—down he goes with a hideous sliding clatter—next town is reached and marriage performed—subsequent reconciliation, etc., etc., etc. "Now isn't that a story for you?" he exclaims. "That actually happened at—" and he names the town and backs up his story with all manner of detail. "There's a story you ought to write," says he, in conclusion. No, indeed, not if the copy were paid for at the rate of twenty-five dollars per hundred words. The thing may have happened. There can be no doubt that such stories have happened. But the truth of a story in this sense of the word has nothing to do with its availability, from the point of view of good fiction. In a written tale it would not seem real. It would seem like a rehash of some tawdry yellow-covered romance of fifty or a hundred years ago. Fiction is what seems real, not what is real.

But for all this, the story writer must go to real life for his story. You can never think out, or invent or imagine a tale that will be half so good as the things that have "really happened." The complications of real life are infinitely better, stronger and more original than anything you can make up. The only difference is in the matter of selection of details. The story writer's position in regards to the life of the world is like that of a maker of mosaics in front of a vast pile of tiny many-colored blocks. He don't make the blocks nor color them—the story writer does not invent nor imagine the parts of his story. Writer and mosaicist alike select and combine. The maker of a mosaic has a design in his brain, or, better still, infinitely better, sees in the pile of little colored blocks in front of him a certain little group or tiny heap that, by merest accident, has tumbled into a design of its own. The design is rough, very crude, the blocks do not fit together, and here and there a green or blue or red block jars in the color scheme. But, for all that, there is a suggestion of design there, much more original than any design he could work out. Well, he takes this group of blocks in hand, picks out and throws away the red and the blue and the green that jar and fight, trims off the edges of the blocks and makes them fit compactly together; perhaps a gap or two is left. The whole vast heap is at his command. Deftly he goes over it, picking out here and there the blocks that he needs, a circular one here, a triangular one there, now one of a bright vermillion, now one of a sombre grey. Little by little he pieces together that crude and rough design, gets everything to fit, everything to harmonize; possibly he combines the first design with another; possibly these two designs suggest a third still better; so he proceeds. At last the final design is complete. A little polishing, a very little, for in roughness there is strength and in sharp contrast, vividness; and there you are, a rounded whole, a definite, compact and complete thing, taken out of and isolated from a formless heap and jumble of shape and colors.

There may be—in fact, there is—in the heap a hundred and one other combinations of forms and shapes already arranged, "actually existing," made to hand, as it were, but the designer over-passes them because these combinations have been used by other designers before him, used so often that there is no longer any originality or freshness in them.

Some one objects at this point: "What about imagination? What about fancy? What about invention?" There is no such thing as imagination. What we elect to call imagination is mere combination of things not heretofore combined. The designer, before his heap of mosaic blocks, can only pick and choose. If he is daring enough, thoughtful enough, careful enough to combine two colors that have never before been combined, or two shapes never before fitted together, we call it "imagination." It is only observation, after all. The designer does not make his little blocks, does not color them. They are already made and colored for him. The fiction writer of the wildest and most untramelled fancy cannot get away from real life. Imagination! There is no such thing; you can't imagine anything that you have not already seen and observed.

Like the skilled mosaic maker, any one with an eye accustomed to looking for short stories can run his glance over the heap of things we have elected to call life and here and there see combinations of form and color that are original, telling and worth working up. Such a one would not have given the elopement combination half a thought. The design may be in the heap, almost perfect as it lies; the story may have really happened; both are worthless for all that. Sometimes, however, the design does not exist at all except in your brain; you must go to your heap nevertheless. Here, for instance, is an "idea" for another kind of story. It has never happened, but it was told me by a man who has the fiction-sense rather keenly developed. Observe the difference between it and the other one of the elopement, but bear in mind that this last story is yet in its crude original state—needs, in fact, no end of handling and piecing and rearranging. It's a mere handful of blocks, so far. A Jew—sweats old clothes in a sordid basement—a wretched benighted man, squatting all day cross-legged in that sordid basement—has a wife no less sordid than himself. The Jew has no emotions, no fancies, no illusions. There is no poetry in the man. He sweats old clothes. Has not seen the country in fifteen or twenty years. However, in front of his shop stands a poplar tree—tall, very beautiful. Jew has a sort of blind, unreasoned attachment for the tree—looks at it in the evening after he is done with sweating old clothes—has watched its leaves come and go with the seasons—loves the tree, but don't know why—hardly knows that he does love the tree. All the starved poetry of the sordid man's life is centered about the tree. One day the tree is suddenly cut down—consternation—something gone out of the Jew's life—don't know exactly what—becomes morose and gloomy—goes from bad to worse—develops latent melancholia—insanity perhaps—quarrels with the sordid wife. All his peace of mind and little happiness gone—goes from worse to the worst of all—one day kills the sordid wife without knowing why—is adjudged insane and straight-jacketed in a sanitarium—would it all have happened if the tree had been left standing?

## THE FAKED MINING BOOM.

The audacious newspaper stories, or to call them by their proper name, "fakes," which have sent crowds of ignorant and credulous people to Coffee Creek are almost played out. There are more men coming out than going in, and, although the daily press of San Francisco still hammers away on the marvelous finds it does so to no purpose. Of all the hundreds of people who have gone in there with their brand new shovels, picks and pans, not one has succeeded in panning out fifty cents, while only one man is supposed to have found a ledge, the value of which is entirely problematical. On the other hand, there is a crowd of disappointed and angry individuals on Coffee Creek, cursing the newspapers. These senseless and erroneous reports have induced many an unfortunate fellow to throw up a good position to join the mad rush, and sent many another toiling up the long and dusty seventy miles from Redding in an almost tropical sun. Many of them will have to beg their way back. The newspaper reporters have all taken their departures, and it is perhaps as well; many a man has been tarred and feathered for doing far less evil.

And may we ask these newspapers whether, even apart from the great individual hardship entailed on so many unfortunate people, they have not made themselves and the State ridiculous in the eyes of the whole civilized world by this most preposterous boom? Two men named Graves discovered a pocket out of which they and the newspapers said they took 175 pounds, later 217 pounds, of gold, worth $40,000, $50,000, $68,000. The pocket at once becomes a mine, and for about a fortnight these men posed in San Francisco as the heroes of the hour. If the reporters tell the truth, each paper was given a slightly different version of the way in which the find was made. At last, the gold is paid into the Mint and melts down into some $18,000. Are not the public, and especially the unfortunate victims of this huge fake, and even the newspapers themselves, entitled to some explanation of this mysterious discrepancy? The entire discovery went into the melting pot. Take also the other marvelous find—that of Burgess and Murphy, of $80,000! Let us do these men the justice to say they never lied about their discovery; they left that to the newspaper correspondents, for the $80,000 turned out to be about $300, and the pocket appears to be worked out already. If all accounts are true, the Graves brothers' "Jay" mine is in the same condition. What is to be said now to the thousands who are reported to be on their way here from the East to participate in the fabulous riches of "Old" Trinity? And, by the way, why "Old" Trinity? Neither the county, nor its inhabitants, excepting the Graves brothers, are in any way to blame for this most foundationless boom. The responsibility is with the newspaper correspondents who invented the stories, chief among whom is the correspondent of the "Call" at Redding. If that paper be sincere in its professions of abhorrence of sensationalism, it had better give that gentleman a wide berth in the future, "for the truth is not in him."

In a couple of weeks Coffee Creek will be as it was before. A large number of shovels, picks and pans will have been disposed of at about one-quarter of their cost; the Graves brothers will have resumed operations on their "Jay" mine; the "Call's" fisherman will be employing his time when the fish will not bite by taking out $15 to $20 to the pan; the "Examiner's" man will be groundsluicing the bass of the Trinity River, trying to solve the simple problem of how you can move anything, unless you have some place to put it, and wondering why he never thought of that before; while the "Chronicle's" man will be engaged in sinking a drift mine on Coffee Creek on a capital of some $200 to $300, thinking it really very unreasonable of the water to rise in his shaft as he sinks, and wondering the while how many five-thousand-dollar humps he can buy for $200.

Rather amusing the "Call's" tilt at the Mission Zoological Gardens. Amusing remembering the connection of the Spreckels family with the Mission which fathers the project and the strenuous support given it by the "Call" prior to the change of regime. There were double-column editorials lauding the idea in Mr. Shortridge's paper, more energetically appreciative than the assaults with which the editorial columns now teem are violent. Then it was absolutely necessary that the Zoological Garden be established; now, the city has all the pleasure ground it requires in Golden Gate Park. Mr. Spreckels declares further that the price demanded for the property is far above its value and that the entire project is a job. This form of argument is not popular at the Mission and Improvement Clubs and other organizations are meeting them and denouncing, by resolution and word of mouth, the "Call" for its opposition. Under such circumstances there is sure to be a loss of circulation and I don't believe the community in general, however grateful it may feel, is going to buy the 'Call" by way of thankfulness. Antagonizing a section is sure to provoke a loss and rarely achieves a reciprocal advantage. That was something the late Loring Pickering had learned by experience. However, we all want a Zoological Garden. It would be a tremendous attraction to the city. San Francisco is the metropolis of the country west of the Rockies and the miners and farmers of that great region come here for their fun. Germans go to Berlin to see the Kaiser and the lions and to London to look at the Tower, Parliament and the "Zoo." After you have smelt Chinatown and the Sutro plaster-castery has been unveiled unto you—what is there to see in San Francisco? The tourist industry grows more a factor in the prosperity of the community and it is as good sense to establish a "Zoo" as it is to bituminize Market street. If the owners ask too much money for the so-called "Gum Tree Tract" it is easy for the city to condemn the property. Then the rate may be established by arbitration and no one need cavil. The Park Commissioners favor the idea and the entire Mission wants it, and when you have a section up in arms for a project it is better to "stand in" than to "throw stones," as Colonel Irish puts it.

Wm. Coward's car

Interior of the cabin

## CARVILLE

### A Quaint Village of Abandoned Street Cars on the Edge of the Pacific.

The idea of converting an abandoned street-car into a domicile is strictly Californian—as original as the house-boat life of Belvedere Bay or the slave traffic of China-town. When you think of it, there is no reason why some such use should not be made of these obsolete vehicles with their glazed sides and varnished panels. Yet there is nothing about the style of them as they were borne through the streets in other and older days to suggest this ultimate purpose of their being. Who, though, sees his old clothes in the white paper of the morning journal, or mere coal in the gas flame which illuminates his dining-room. Of the availability of a street-car for living purpose there may be a question—but of the adaptability of the structure there is no doubt—not, at least, after a visit to Carville. Carville is on the verge of the Pacific Ocean, and on the northwestern edge of Golden Gate Park. It is founded on the sand dunes, and its residents are free of the sea breezes and the sunsets. Before them the Park strtchs out its vistas of dark green; around them are tawny sand dunes—a veritable Sahara billowing away to the hills. To the west the Pacific stretches illimitably its bright wastes of blue waters. An admirable site surely—a seaside resort within a stone's throw of San Francisco.

Carville and its cars belong to Adolph Sutro. You may occupy a car there, lease it even, at the rate of $5 per month. You may convert it to domestic purposes, furnish it elaborately, but you cannot purchase it or its site for love or money. The location, thinks Mr. Sutro, who is a man of much foresight, has a future. What other great city has a seaside resort at its doors? he wants to know. Here is a London with its Brighton in the suburbs, a New York with a Narraganset Pier on its water front. Why, it will be worth millions yet. The plutocrat of the twentieth century will have his villa here rather than on Pacific Heights or at Burlingame. Indeed, Mr. Sutro, who had the imagination to build the biggest and ugliest baths in America, and a Cliff House that looks like a fortified dry goods box, has but to close his eyes and see a vision of pale pink palaces embowered in verdure along the boulevard stretching over the sand dunes to the gum trees in the distance, and all paying tribute to his foresight. This is the ocean beach according to Sutro.

Just what may be done with a plain, ordinary bobtail street-car may be gathered from the picture of Mr. W. M. Coward's domicile as depicted above. This is a summer villa—the swell show place of Carville. It is hung with portieres, equipped with a dining table, a tiny kitchen, and all the other domestic attributes. Its outfit of furniture and trappings cost $150, and really the impression you have of the interior is quite sumptuous. It might be a Pullman car, or a cosy corner in a plutocrat's mansion, or something equally luxurious—if you can think of it. Here cometh the owner every Sunday armed with the materials for the Sabbath dinner, and he and his family enjoy the ozone and the freedom of beach, park and sand dunes. If he chooses, he may live there the week through—as Captain Dailey does. The Captain is a gentleman of prominence and education, who found himself a few years back broken in health and out of pocket. There was a bit of a hut set out on the edge of the ocean which he obtained leave to occupy, believing that the fresh, free air of the Pacific was endowed with healing virtues which the atmosphere of the city proper did not possess. An invalid veritably, though young in spirit, he made the hut his domicile, and ever since he has waxed strong and hearty, regained his lost health and secured a new lease of life. The little cabin has been transformed into a quaint residence ornamented with the spoils of the sea. Behind it are stacked up timbers and shells and cocoanut husks and innumerable other articles of flotsam and jetsom. A dining-room has been scooped out of the sands and around the walls grow flowers. But it is the collection of bottles you will look at with the deepest interest. Such an array of bottles standing in every corner and embrasure of the establishment, every one of them picked up by the Captain in his morning tramp along the great, broad beech, which curves in shining reaches away to Lake Merced. He will tell you of the charm of life on the ocean shore and assure you that the sea fogs have their abiding place, not on the water's edge, but amidst the chimney pots of the city. He will descant to you of renewed vitality and buoyancy of spirits gained from the sea breeze.

Otherwise Carville is not now a center of population. Mr. Coward, Mr. Fitzgerald, Captain Daily and a ladies' bicycle club occupy its villa residences. There are vacant domiciles by the half-dozen, but you are requested to bring your own bedding and other utensils of living, for such are not to be found on the premises, and the shops do not deliver goods so far from the city limits.

J. K.

## A ROMANCE OF RICHES

### The Picturesque Rise of the Great Goelet Estate.

As an instructive and picturesque instance in the matter of cause and result it is curious to note that Louis XIV., the grand monarch, the roi soleil, was most instrumental in the founding and building of one of the largest fortunes in America. Had not the Grand Monarque revoked the edict of Nantes the Huguenots would not have fled his kingdom, would not have sought a refuge in far distant America, and a certain one of their number, Jean Goelet by name, would not have come to the city of New York in the year of grace 1685 and invested the remnants of a small fortune in real estate in that new little town.

Fleeing from Paris with a band of fellow Huguenots, Jean had headed for the Flemish borders, where, unfortunately, the band was stopped and turned back into a country wherein to linger was to die. And in due course of time the band did die, suddenly and most violently, were set upon by French cavalry in Picardie and cut down. Jean only managed to escape, hiding in swamps and forests and traveling only by night. Finally he reached the coast, and embarked for the new world in a trading packet.

In New York he was made a hero of. He was a Frenchman with all a Frenchman's graces, had a little

A vista looking south

Captain Dailey's lookout

VIEWS OF CARVILLE

The first visitors' day on the "Wheeling"

Boarders that were not repelled

Eastern visitors on the "Monadnock"

A group of Delegates

*THE DELEGATES FROM WHEELING VISIT THE GUNBOAT OF THAT NAME*

money left, which was a marvel, and furthermore was considered almost in the light of a martyr, persecuted by the Catholics for righteousness sake. Truly a picturesque figure. At least a certain Miss Canon believed him to be such, for she married him a few years later and brought him a considerable fortune. Jean bought land, and dying bequeathed it to a son, who improved it, bought more, and bequeathed it to his son, Peter, who soon became the head of the largest hardware store in the colonies. Peter soon got out of this business. Perhaps the raid made upon his store for powder and arms at the outbreak of the Revolution sickened him of the business. At any rate he sold out and began buying land as his father and grandfather had done. He bought lots out in the country where Fortieth and Fiftieth street now run and held on like grim death, watching the city slowly growing out little by little, and values at first doubling, then tripling, then quadrupling.

And so it went down the line to the father of Ogden Goelet, recently deceased, who, so soon as the family fortune came into his control, added to it, true to the accumulative instincts of his race. And not only doing this but erecting upon his lands—lots they became now, worth more dollars than it would take to pave them—buildings of really magnificent architectural splendor. Also he loaned money upon lands, and when the debtor failed to meet his obligations took the land in question. And so in course of time, here a little and there a little, the Goelet estate reached out and included block after block in the very heart of one of the largest cities in the world.

It was not all acquired easily and when once acquired was not invariably retained. Goelet was cutting a wide swath and soon hit up against another man quite as big as himself. Vanderbilt was the other man's name, and over a certain piece of particularly choice property there was a battle royal between the two great millionaires. Vanderbilt won. The property in question was that upon which the Grand Central Depot now stands. Vanderbilt made an offer and Goelet laughed in his face.

"Very well," said the railway king, "that land suits me exactly, and I guess I'll have to get it." Vanderbilt fixed things with the Legislature and the property was condemned for railway purposes. Goelet made remarks, but thereafter entertained a sincere and profound admiration for Vanderbilt as the only man who had ever bested him.

His next brush was with Tweed. It was a fight still

memorable among real estate "operators." Tweed wanted Madison avenue continued to the south till it should intersect Broadway, and attempted to put his scheme through despite Mr. Goelet's opposition. Tweed had no difficulty with the Legislature, who backed him up resolutely. But Goelet had learned his lesson, carried the case to the Appellate Courts, and there, where Mr. Tweed's "influence" was for the moment on the wane, won.

And now the last scion of this great house is dead, and his pleasure yacht—the liners were no larger ten years ago, those of to-day are not so exquisite in appointment—is bringing his body home to the city he helped to build. The Mayflower is perhaps the finest private yacht in the world, furnished as she is with two sets of triple expansion engines of 4,650 indicated horse power that send her through the water at a 14-knot gait. Her crew number a hundred, and her length 321 feet over all. Her interior is, singularly enough, furnished in the style of the family's one implacable enemy, Louis XIV., with heavy oak moldings and scroll work, heavy plate glass windows and panels decorated by the best French artists. The rooms of the owner are under the fore end of the bridge deck. It is more like a drawing-room in a mansion than a stateroom on a steamer, and is connected by telephone with all parts of the ship. Mrs. Goelet's room adjoins, fitted in rose pink and sage green. The promenade deck is nearly 200 feet long by ten in width. The casings of the funnels and ventilators are of teakwood, which is also the material used in the deckhouse and smoking-room.

New York, September 2d.

# A Case for Lombroso.

By FRANK NORRIS

This story is to be about young Stayne and a girl named Cresencia Hromada, and it harks back to that fable of Æsop's about the two jars. You remember that fable of Æsop's about these jars. They were superlatively beautiful jars, and they were floating in a cistern. They made the discovery that so long as they kept apart they were safe — the moment they should come together they would break and fill and sink. Haec fabula docet and all the rest.

Young Stayne, when I knew him, before the time of this tale, was as fine a young fellow as you could find between the two oceans. He was just out of Harvard, where he had obtained "Deturs" and very particular and especial credits. He had been one of the speakers in the Yale debate, had been vice-president of the "Pudding," and had even been taken on by the "Porcellian" in his senior year. You others who have been at Harvard will know just what all this means. Stayne was a "torrow-bred" to his very boots. No man in San Francisco had more friends than he. He was not liked in the sense that a merely "popular" man is liked — he was liked because of his genuineness and his fine male strength and honesty and courage. Furthermore, he was well-looking, but that's a detail.

Cresencia Hromada (as you may have very shrewdly suspected from her name) was Spanish, and belonged to that branch of the Hromadas whose original grant from the Spanish government was large enough to make three or four counties when the Gringoes dispossessed them. She was a rare one, was Crescencia—fair as Viking, with that fairness that is the mark of the oldest and purest Spanish blood known to the college of Heralds. It dates back to the time of the Ostrogoths, and beside it the Castillians are mushroom interlopers of yesterday. Miss Hromada's dominant characteristic was her pride. She was proud of her name, proud of her family, proud of her beauty (which was a marvel), proud of her exclusiveness, proud even of her pride itself. Otherwise, she was blessed or cursed (whichever you will) with a temperament as delicately poised and as sensitive as goldsmith's scales, nerves as tightly stretched and as responsive as the strings of a Stradivarius. The odors of certain flowers giddied her, she could see eight colors in the rainbow, a musical discord made her head ache upon the instant, and she could feel the spots on a playing-card with her finger-tips. I suppose this almost hysterical sensitiveness was morbid and unnatural. She had come of a family of unmixed blood, whose stock had never been replenished or strengthened by an alien cross. Her race was almost exhausted, it's vitality low, and it's temperament refined to the evaporation point. To-day Cresencia might have been called a degenerate.

One day, when she was about twenty-one or twenty-two, she heard Stayne's name for the first time. Someone was telling someone else a story in which Stayne had shone with particular brilliancy, had done a thing especially generous, had sacrificed himself and concealed the fact. A little after Miss Hromada heard his name again, and heard it coupled with extravagant praise. Next she saw a picture of him, and his face pleased her. He was pointed out to her on the deck of a yacht, and it pleased her all the more. After this a mutual friend, who knew them both, told her that Stayne was in love with her, and spent his nights in devising ways and means to meet her. Then at last they met.

Cresencia came away from that meeting in a state of mystic exaltation, such as we are told sometimes comes upon nuns before the Stations of the Cross. As for young Stayne, he filled himself a pipe standing before the fireplace in our room, and said to me:

"Ever met that Miss Hromada? Stunning girl and clever as they make 'em. I'm going to work it to get a bid to their place during the tournament."

He got his bid right enough about a month later, but in the meanwhile Things had happened. A very proud girl, such as Cresencia, rarely falls in love with any man, but when she does it is with a proud disregard of reticence and restraint that is splendid to see. Cresencia was too proud even to try to conceal her affection for young Stayne. In ten days she had all San Francisco, from Pacific Heights to Russian Hill, talking. On the eleventh San Francisco had them engaged. Next came the tournament and the house-party at the Hromadas place that was to last a week.

Over his pipe in our room, Stayne said to me:

"Got my bid all right. I tell you what, she's a corking fine girl, old man, and no mistake. You don't know her very well, do you?"

By that sign I knew that however Miss Hromada might feel toward Stayne, Stayne would never be in love with her, for a man is not in love with a girl about whom he will speak to another man. Said I:

"Don't go to that house-party. Believe me, no good will come of it."

He looked at me a moment over his pipe, and I saw he understood.

"Wouldn't you go?" says he.

"Suppose it was your sister!"

He winced at that, and then added:

"But you know I'm not so sure about myself."

"Come now," I answered. "Seriously, now, aren't you sure about yourself?"

He hesitated, and then laughed a bit.

"Yes, I guess I am. But about Miss Hromada—is it as bad as all that? and mustn't I go?"

"It's quite as bad," I told him. "Everyone sees it but you. Decidedly, I would not go to that house-party."

"Well, may be you're right," said he; "I'll think it over."

He thought it over—and went. It was a bad business from the beginning. I was not of the party, but it was easy enough, Heaven knows, to hear what went forward. San Francisco gossip is not discreetly whispered over the teacups — it is shouted through megaphones, in public places. At the house-party Cresencia calmly appropriated young Stayne with superb, almost imperial, nonchalance. Stayne played his part in the one-sided game, and, once having made the mistake of going to the house-party, he was not much to blame up to a certain point. When a girl threw herself into his arms he was not the man to keep his hands in his pockets. Who would have been? But at the end of a week Cresencia's passion for him had become a veritable fury. The red-hot, degenerate Spanish blood of her sang in her veins, and her high-strung nerves crisped and recoiled upon themselves like the ends of broken violin strings. She used to sit in her room — so a girl told me — at night, after a dance or dinner, rolling her head to and fro upon her folded arms, or biting at the bare flesh of them, in a very excess of passion. Stayne had flirted with girls a-plenty before this time, and had gone through the mill like any other city-bred man, and usually could hold his own with the best of them. Cresencia, however, was outside this experience. A girl who would catch her breath at the touch of his hand upon her bare wrist, or go suddenly pale at his unexpected entrance, troubled him not a little.

At the end of the first week Stayne saw that the Certain Point had been reached, and invented an excuse to leave. Miss Hromada invented a better one for his staying. And he stayed. Up to this Certain Point, as well, Cresencia had been grandly unsuspicious of Stayne, assuming, as a matter of course, that he was in love with her. After the first week she was less sure of him, and her uncertainty only made her cling to him more desperately. The smash came one evening, as smashes generally come, when people least expect them, and when they are all unprepared for the crisis. Feeling, as he afterwards told me, like a kicked puppy, Stayne told Cresencia the truth — blundered it out — blurted it out, like a schoolboy. She must have been superb then. She was a born and bred Hromada, for that moment, at any rate. She rose slowly to her full six feet, her hands rigid at her side, and without a gesture or movement spoke to him for five minutes in a low, calm voice, while Stayne (he told me so himself) cowered there before her, counting the ticking of the clock, and following, with shifty eyes, the pattern in the carpet at his feet.

"Now you had better go," she said, at length.

Stayne groped towards the door, wondering how soon he could draw a full breath, and if he could ever look at himself in the glass again without blushing. By the time his shaking hand closed on the knob, the daughter of an hundred Hromadas had lapsed back into the young girl of degenerate blood and jangled nerves and untamed passions. A scene really terrible followed.

"What is it! What is it!" Cresencia would exclaim, as she held him about the neck. "It isn't love, this feeling I have for you! What is it? What is the matter with me? It isn't love, and yet there is something — something here — here — I don't know! Am I losing my senses? Why is it that I have got to love you whether I will or no? It isn't love — is it a disease? Is it a kind of insanity? Oh, what is it that has happened to me these last weeks?"

In the face of such hysteria Stayne lost his hold upon himself as well — said he did love her after all — said so while he wondered at himself — said it, half-believing it was true. In the confusion of his ideas it was impossible for him to tell truth from falsehood. He became almost as incoherent as Cresencia herself. Fancy the scene, if you can—both of them excited beyond all control, talking wildly into each other's faces, neither of them heeding what was said by the other, and all the while clasped in an embrace like that of wrestlers! There in the darkness of that drawing-room, in the isolation of that country house, the two jars, floating helplessly in ungovernable currents, crashed together. That of the finest clay shivered and sank at once — the other, of coarser fibre, settled slower to its ruin.

In a month's time Stayne was sickened unto death of Cresencia — was cloyed and satiated with her. At first he had been too honest to pretend for her an affection he did not feel, but already the fine edge of this honesty had been blunted. If he now wished to break with her it was because it fatigued and bored him beyond words to keep up appearances. Once more he fought his way brutally out of the mesh in which he had become entangled, wrote a ten-line letter to Cresencia, which he believed would be final, and for a week felt like an honest man for the first time in three months.

But the thing was not to be. Miss Hromada's pride did not come to her aid this time even momentarily. She had been degrading far more rapidly than he. Though she rolled upon her bed, hurting herself with the nails of her hands, in unspeakable humiliation she could not let Stayne go. And this was the same girl whose pride and self-respect had hitherto been her strongest traits. She managed to see Stayne three and four times each week. She came to his office, contrived to meet him on his way to lunch, managed to be invited to the same places — even began to take a strange, perverted pleasure in forcing herself upon his company and in submitting to his brutalities.

For the thing could not fail but have its effect upon Stayne. He suddenly discovered that nothing—literally and quite truly—nothing he could do would offend Cresencia. He realized that she would take anything from him—that she would not, or rather, that she could not, resent any insult, however gross. And the knowledge made the man a brute. Remember, this was not all at once. I am talking now about things that took a year or more to evolve. After he had clearly seen that Miss Hromada would submit to anything at his hands, Stayne began to enjoy her society. By this time Stayne had developed into rather much of a villain. It became for him a pleasure — a morbid, unnatural, evil pleasure for him to hurt and humiliate her. He hurt her while he sickened at the thought of his own baseness, and she submitted to it while she loathed herself for her own degradation. They were a strange couple.

Stayne would even torture her before other women and girls—would make her play waltzes while he danced with some fancied rival—would make appointments with her and come to the place with another girl, and tell her he had made other arrangements. He would smoke while she was by, and blow the smoke in her eyes. I have even seen him put his feet into the lap of her dinner gown, she, the while, trying to carry it off as a joke.

And she took all this and would go home and lie awake all night and fancy she was killing Stayne with her nails and teeth, till she shook all over and saw red things between her and the opposite wall.

The end of this story ought to be a suicide, or at least a murder, but that was the devil of it. The two people lived — lived out the wretched farce-tragedy to which there was to be no end. Had they never met, Miss Hromada and young Stayne would yet have been as fine specimens of womanhood and manhood as you could wish to know. Once having met, they ruined each other. The effect of these different characters upon one another was something well-nigh impossible to reduce to language. A Shakespere could have handled it — a Zola might have worked it out—I dare not go further with it. For all I know the horror may still be alive. Stayne's name has long since been erased from the rolls of his club. Miss Hromada is thoroughly declassee, and only last month figured in the law courts as the principal figure in a miserable and thoroughly disreputable scndal.

Stayne goes to see her four nights in the week.

## UNCLE SAM'S NEW GUNBOAT

### The Delegation From Wheeling at Its Christening.

Uncle Sam has a new gunboat, and the gunboat has got a new set of silver-, china- and glassware, given to it by the patriotic citizens of Wheeling, West Virginia, after which town the gunboat has been named. It is the custom for big cities like Chicago and New York to present cruisers named after them with sets of table service. But the Wheeling people have done more than this; they love their gunboat and take an interest and a pride in her that is second only to their affection for their native town. So enthusiastic have tney been that even before the keel of the new gunboat was laid a deputation from Wheeling visited the Navy Department in Washington and saw to it that she should bear the name of their city. When this concession had been granted they at once set to work to raise funds for the making, not only of the silver dinner service—the customary gift—but also for additional services of china and glassware, quite out of the ordinary, and also a mammoth punch bowl. More than this, the service once completed, a deputation was selected to convey it to the Wheeling and to formally present it to her officers.

The number of the deputation increased day by day, until when the time for departure had come fully eighty Wheelingites joined in the itinerary across the continent to see their stanch little vessel and to make the donation of the service. The California Convention Committee took the affair in hand and have seen to it that the visitors had a royal good time. Everything has gone off delightfully and the Wheelingites are as enthusiastic over their welcome and reception as they are over the Wheeling herself.

On the day of presentation of the service the tug Sea Queen met the delegates at the Mission street wharf and took them out to the Union Iron Works, where Mr. Irving Scott did the honors and personally conducted them over the huge shipbuilding plant. From the works the party went on board the Oregon, and after visiting her from bilge water to fighting tops, bore away for Mare Island, where the Wheeling and her officers were waiting to receive them. Here an excellent luncheon was served, the huge punch bowl cristened and the formality of presentation undergone. Congress Dovener, the head of the delegation, made the presentation speech, to which Captain Sebree responded, accepting the gifts of the Wheelingites and appropriately returning thanks in the name of the Secretary of the Navy, his brother officers and himself. Altogether it was a very pleasant and pretty ceremony, and even the pouring rain in which the delegation was caught on their return could not succeed in dampening their ardor over what they were pleased to pronounce one of the most delightful outings imaginable.

It is now said that instead of dying on his last disappearance, John Orth, the missing Austrian Archduke, is really living with his brother, the Archduke Louis Salvator, in the latter's retreat in the Island of Majorca. Louis Salvator makes his home in a deserted monastery in the interior of the island, and has almost entirely given up all pretensions to royal pomp and circumstances.

L'ALOUETTE (KINGLIKE–JULIETTE)
Winner of the Futurity Stakes, 1897, at Sheepshead Bay—ridden by Clawson
Photo by Ernest Marx, Brooklyn, N. Y.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The error of a popular verdict was never so convincingly illustrated as in the discovery of the Grindstone silver mines at Mercur, in Utah. Readers of "Roughing It" will remember the amusing story of the Virginia City assayer who in the days of the great mining excitement was kept busy providing miners with analyses of the ores brought him for examination. His popularity was due to the persistent optimism of the reports he furnished, though this kindly hopefulness was also the cause of his ruin. These were the gay and happy Bonanza days when men who had no mines were poor indeed. New ledges were continually cropping up and it was a poor day for Mark Twain's assayer when he did not predict a glowing future for half a dozen ledges. It is said that undiluted optimism is more irritating than unsuppressed pessimism. The day came when the community grew tired of the assayer's rose-colored predictions. One morning three prominent citizens submitted to him a section of sandstone, which they declared had just been brought in. The assayer tested it and pronounced it fifty-dollar rock. The wrath of the citizens was magnificent, for the sandstone in question had been cut out of the town grindstone. The assayer was hustled out of the State in short order. The sequel of the story shows the advantage of truth over fiction. It seems grindstones in those early days were at a premium until a deposit of sandstone was found in the Mercur Mountains, in Utah. The stones throughout Nevada were all cut from the quarry there, among them that of Virginia City. Many years afterwards a prospector was examining this quarry and discovered a rich ledge of silver ore—the only occurrence, I am told, of silver in a sandstone formation. He located the property and sold it subsequently to the Walker Brothers, who have had from there many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

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The oratory at the Morgan reception in Metropolitan Hall Monday night was interesting, less from what was said than because of the manner of saying it. To my surprise the Senator departed from his reputation and devoted himself to reviewing the several Refunding Bills and the action of Congress on Hawaiian affairs. The eagle did not scream especially loud nor did the tail of the British lion get tangled in the Senator's grasp. It cannot be said, however, that the great man either interested or amused his audience. Our own statesmen appeared to better advantage. Senator Perkins' speech was a revelation. Though always instructive and sensible, he used to have rather a didactic manner of address. This has entirely disappeared. He expressed himself with the vim and snap of a clever debator, making each point tell vividly. His brief address was full of animation and intelligence, and he must have been flattered at the very warm reception which he was accorded. Maguire's oratory has certainly improved under the tuition of Congress, which is really the greatest debating society in the country and easily the best college. Many a man has gone to Washington a lame and impotent speaker, and has returned with quickened wits, having acquired a facility at talking on his feet that no course in the greatest university could have conferred on him. The atmosphere and the exactions of that body bring out of the individual whatever of thought or force there is implanted within him. He hears the best speakers in the country daily and has the opportunity to model himself after their style. The changes wrought by this discipline are especially notable in the instance of Senator White,

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Apropos of mining I am told that the Boston company which has been developing the properties in Tuolumne County known as Whisky Hill Group, has in the Santa Ysabel property struck rich ore. This concern has demonstrated its faith in the Mother Lode by erecting mills and reduction works which rank with those of the Gwin mine as the most complete in California. Their investment represents many thousands of dollars, but the recent strike will go far towards repaying it. The ore of the Santa Ysabel is low grade, but patches of this rich rock occur at intervals. Some fifty thousand dollars were taken out, and there is as much again in sight. The South Paloma mine, near the Gwin, is another property which promises a big return. The shaft is down 700 feet in excellent rock.

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When the late Judge Hoge was elected to the Superior Court the idea that the Supreme Court might fail to agree with his verdicts never entered his mind. Some few months after his accession to the bench the Upper Court did reverse a decision he had rendered and he was intensely put out. Being of a frank, even positive, turn of mind, he expressed his opinions about the intelligence of the Appellate Judges and showed so much sensitiveness on the subject that his friends took to joking about it. One afternoon, accompanied by a friend, he was walking up Post street to the club. On the other side of the stret a group of Supreme Court Justices were standing, evidently waiting for a car. The friend remarked, "There go those fellows who reversed you." Hoge replied, shaking his cane at them, "Yes, hang them, but it took four of them to do it."

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If Editor Shortridge had only endowed the columns of "The Call" with some of the humor he infused into his letter on passes which the "Post" had Thursday night there is no doubt that journal would have had the success it failed to achieve. The communication is deliciously funny; it is quite the most amusing article I have seen in the dailies in many a moon. It is insouciant, gay and unprejudiced—is veritably a classic. Mr. Shortridge is much more of a humorist than he has had credit for, and when he appears to be most serious is having the best time with himself. I remember his directions to a new man who had not mastered the gentle art of short editorial paragraphs as practised in the "Call." "Old man," said Mr. Shortridge in his kindly, familiar way, "the public don't care what you and I think about the war in Egypt, but if you tell 'em the Prince of Wales is a dude they'll read it. But you must say it quick. Write a sentence, fall out the window, crawl upstairs, write another, and then send 'em both to the printers, with big spaces between, and you'll earn my money."

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Talk not of roads, of good roads, until you have visited Amador or Calaveras counties. They are a revelation, those roads, to and along the mother lode. There cannot beworse highways in the world. Ankle deep in dust to-day they are knee deep in mire in winter. Detestable in August, they are impassable in January. The stage travels like the Israelites in the desert, preceded and enveloped by a cloud of dust. Within the unfortunate traveler is tossed back and forth, shaken up and down, jerked hither and thither as the coach tumbles and quivers amidst the ruts and boulders. It is a terrible experience. Emerging after a journey from Ione to Jackson one feels like a jelly and looks like a tramp. Then it is in order to inquire why they are so, these roads. The answer comes—they are the result of a mixed population which makes the mountains and the mines only a temporary stopping place and flits with its earnings to Austria and Italy when the day of retirement arrives. Before election day the cry of the man ambitious to be Supervisor is "Good Roads," but once in—he conserves the credit of the county and lets the traveler grumble and suffer. The policy is worse than criminal—it is fatal to the future of the region, for what impression of favor or confidence can the stranger capitalist receive from such a bumping as he undergoes should he travel between Valley Springs and the Mokelumne river. He must assume that a community which permits such a condition must lack energy, foresight and ability, and he refrains from putting in his coin. Amador's bad roads and the worse roads of Calaveras have lost millions to the State.

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Prince Luigi of Savoy has shown the pluck that was in him and quite refuted the theory of race degeneration which has so often been built upon the examples furnished by the scions of continental royalty. He has accomplished a feat hitherto deemed impossible and has at last stood upon the summit of Mt. St. Elias, where no human foot before his has ever been planted. The first news of the success of the expedition was received by Mr. Mark B. Kerr of Oakland, with whom the Prince and Lieutenant Cagni had frequent consultations prior to their start. This country is very familiar to Mr. Kerr, who in 1890 made an attempt to scale the mountain. The route he prescribed they followed closely with the results already announced. It is a long and hard journey and the Seward and Newton glaciers are probably the roughest in the world. The sudden storms and fogs which arise in this region as well as the heavy avalanchees render the ascent hazardous and the success of Prince Luigi is the more remarkable as he reached the summit at noon, when the snow is more apt to slide than at any other period of the day.

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Really there is something in a name—Shakespeare to the contrary. In Oakland there resides an enterprising person who advertises "Healy makes men's shirts, nightgowns and ladies' underwear cheaper than anyone in Alameda county. Send for prices." I sent for a price list. It is undeniable the rates quoted by Healy were low. To the address the card denoted I repaired, and found myself in a Chinese workshop with a score of perspiring Mongols bending over noisy sewing machines. A smiling Celestial advanced and greeted me. "What you wantee?" he invited. "I want to see Mr. Healy—is he here?" I replied. "That's me—me Healey," he answered, smiling more broadly. I was taken aback. "But Healy is Irish—are you an Hibernian Chinaman?" He laughed. "No, no. Me no Ilish. My name Hi-li. I call him Healy—that's good." Judging by the busy air of the establishment it seemed to have been.

BOSWELL JR.

Reflections in Wrangle Narrows

Draying at Skaguay

Steamer "Queen"

Skaguay

*EN ROUTE TO KLONDYKE: SCENES AT SKAGUAY AND DYEA*

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## NEW JOURNALISM IN LONDON

### A General Shaking-Up Among the English Newspapers.

Staid, sober, respectable, gray London has been startled out of all composure of late by the sudden advent in our midst of a new element. Something that has come with a whoop and a bang and as it were in a blaze of fireworks. We London-living Americans are familiar with the type, but it is passing curious to note how the London burgher regards the daily newspaper when printed and published according to American ideas. American journalism has besieged, stormed and carried by assault the very citadel of conservatism and sobriety, and it is on the cards that the "English" newspaper is doomed. Either that or it must change its policy and become Americanized.

The "Daily Mail" is the paper that has set all London by the ears, and Alfred C. Harmsworth, its editor, is the man who is responsible. Harmsworth is Oxford-bred, and is barely turned thirty. Ten years ago with the ink scarce dry on his diploma, he came to London and "reported" on the Daily Graphic for fifteen dollars per week. But this wasn't good enough for the "coming editor," so he started a paper of his own, an unspeakable rag, but edited with intelligence and pushed with vigor. Its feature was the absurd puzzle or missing word imbecility, successful solution whereof involved two hundred and fifty dollars. To-day "Answers" has a weekly circulation of 600,000, and brings in the young Oxonian an income of $500,000. But in the meantime Harmsworth has founded, launched and sold at enormous profits paper after paper, though it is only in the Daily Mail that he has adopted American methods, it was with the advent of the Mail that we remembered what American journals were, and realized how hopelessly dull the other London papers had become. The Telegraph, for instance. We had fancied that this was the brightest, lightest, newsiest sheet in Europe, with its Clement Scott, its Edwin Arnold, and its war correspondent, Mr. Bennett Burleigh. But a diet of Clement Scott is like the "plain, substantial fare" of the country novelists. Edwin Arnold's editorials on Japan became wearisome on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day of the year, and Bennett Burleigh is not the correspondent he was at the time of the Russo-Turkish war. Yet the Telegraph had a sort of glittering reputation for being a "great paper," and we read and rather believed it was until Mr. Harmsworth showed us all how a paper could be edited.

The Chronicle, too, had a great name (among the poor watchmakers and small trades-people of Clerkenwell) and that, too, we sometimes read, especially when the Lloyds took it up and ran it as a rival to the poor, dear old inoffensive Daily News. It got hold of Mrs. Besant and her Mahatma, did the Chronicle, and worked them for copy and put its circulation up a peg till the Mail exploded its bomb of special cables, live reporters and editors who were broad awake. The Lloyds thought the reduced price was the thing, and started to reduce, when a little note from Harmsworth informed them that should they do so he would start up a rival to the Lloyd's Weekly—another concern of the Chronicle's editors with a circulation of a million, and run it off the news stands. The Lloyds dare not "call the bluff," and the price of the Chronicle is yet unchanged.

The Morning is another paper that, however, is not quite so somnolent as its "loathsome contemporaries." Mr. R. Dennis, an American, is its editor and belongs to the new school. The Morning is a half-penny Conservative paper, and though its contents sometimes look like the work of amateurs, still it is fairly alive. Chester St. Ives, who made his reputation by an abusive letter to Gordon Bennett, started it in '92. He also was an American and had American ideas as to journalism, but they were ideas of so radical a character that his partners bought him out after three months of frightful squabbling. The Daily News dozes on serenely to its ultimate death, patronized by some of the dear, old Liberal grandpas, who will read it so long as it opposes Salisbury and appears regularly. Rich men can afford expensive amusements, do afford them in fact, and this, I suppose, is the raison d'etre for Mr. Astor's Pall Mall Gazette, which costs our unpatriotic countryman some hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Mr. Astor, no doubt, finds the thing amusing, and he is the one to be suited. The P. M. G. is deplorably, hopelessly heavy, as

way, Skaguay

loading Klondykers at Dyea

serious as if written in a church, as solemn as if printed in undertakers' parlors. But it will live—at least as long as Mr. Astor's money lasts.

There are a fistful of other papers edited in the same lethargic, listless, sleepy fashion, and which, from time to time, we buy and read and, perhaps, mistake them for good exponents of the art of journalism. There is the Echo, for instance, which Mr. Edwards, its editor, is forever selling and buying back; the Sun, Tay Pay O'Connor's paper, as worthless a sheet from the news point of view as ever was printed. The St. James' Gazette, whose stuff is made up from the Times, and last of all there is the old Times itself.

How the Times gets along and maintains its reputation on a circulation of only 50,000 is one of the wonders that will never be explained. In its office dispatch and promptness are punishable by loss of salary; energy in news-gathering is regarded as little short of criminal; a "scoop" would warrant dismissal, while anything that remotely suggests a "pushing," aggressive spirit affects its dear old flannel-wrapped, tea-drinking grandmother of an editor, "Baksheesh" Bell, with a spasm of nerves. Important news items are kept for a week in the offices of the Times and allowed to ripen before they are given to the public. News telegrams are thoroughly tested and sifted, pondered and considered throughout a day or two ere being surrendered to the compositors. I heard a story the other day of a man who actually called upon "Baksheesh" and asked for a place. "Baksheesh" glared at him in unspeakable astonishment for a few minutes, and then dismissed him after taking his name and address. Probably the applicant would not have got thus far had he not come armed with a letter of introduction from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Three months later the audacious applicant received a blank to fill out, stating his name, age, college, politics, and his command of foreign languages, but nothing as to former experiences or adaptabilities. He is still waiting for his appointment.

But for all this the Times is the biggest of the lot, and if news—real news—is to be obtained, obtains it regardless of any and all considerations. It has no reporters, in the American sense of the word, and its local news is worked up by agencies antedeluvian in their methods. But in its "specials" it is, perhaps, unequaled the world round. It makes its own paper and casts its own type and machinery, and even goes so far as to recruit its employees from certain farming tenants at Bearwood, its proprietors' country-seat. The Times has got many a peerage for its political favorites, but never such an honor for its editors or owners. The late Mr. Walter, its founder, told me on one occasion that he would rather be known as the proprietor of tne Times than as a "Knight," or "Lord," or "Bart."

Into the midst of these stale and staid London journals the Daily Mail has descended like a bolt from the blue, overturning and scattering them right and left, high and low. Harmsworth has made several flying trips to the United States, and has come back each time more than ever determined to make the English people "sit up" by publishing a paper along American lines. He has discovered to them the value of "scareheads" and captions, of local news and special dispatches, of energy, and vigor, and push, and enterprise, without silliness or sensationalism. And he is making his paper go. Its circulation is increasing by thousands every week, while its "contemporaries" stand by, open-mouthed and stupefied, as their own circulation dwindles in proportion. Only the Daily Telegraph has commenced to follow suit, startling its readers last Sunday with a "scarehead," a thing hitherto unknown on its pages. It was a turgid, clumsy, bungling "scarehead," almost pathetic in its awkwardness. Yet, still it was a "scarehead," and as an "entering wedge" we of the American colony who know what a live newspaper is, have hailed it with delight. Already the other dailies show signs of an awakening. England copying from America would be a strange sight, but now that Alfred Harmsworth has launched the "new journalism" it is a thing we may confidently expect. Either that or the Daily Mail will be the only real paper published in Britain. ELLSWORTH.

The worst of the Indian famine is now past, but it will be some time before the loss to the people in seed, grain and cattle can be made good. The direct loss of life from starvation has been unusually small, but the effects of long-continued privation will tend to swell the death rate by low fever and cholera. There are four million persons employed upon relief works, but this number is not a large percentage of the two hundred and fifty millions of India when compared to the far larger proportion of the English population which is permanently in receipt of poor relief. In making this statement is must

The Monument from Market street

be remembered that the strong family and caste feeling of India renders official poor relief in ordinary times unnecessary. The support of their own poor is uncomplainingly borne by the people, and the vast numbers who flock to relief work include all those who have lost in the prevailing distress their customary benefactors.

## THE NATIVE SON MONUMENT.

### A Veritable Work of Art Commemorative of Admission Day.

For the first time in her history San Francisco can claim a really artistic public monument that is the work of a real artist and real architect, and not the jobbery of a contractor and "designer." Last Sunday with the simplest and most unpretentious ceremonies the Admission Day monument, a gift of the Mayor to the Native Sons of this city and State, was unveiled at the intersection of Market, Turk and Mason streets.

About the monument itself there exists a simplicity of design and beauty of execution that places it quite outside of and beyond anything heretofore seen in the streets of this city. It is really a matter for San Francisco people to be proud of, and one has to thank Mr. Phelan not only for the generosity of the gift, but also for causing a new note to be struck in the world of Western art. Besides this, Californians may congratulate themselves upon the fact that every ounce of stone, and metal, every square inch of decoration, every penny given to defray expenditure came from this State. The monument was given by a Californian, was designed by a Californian. Its stone was dug from California quarries at Rocklin, its bronze was melted and cast in California foundries, while its figures, that of the angel holding the book, and that of the Native Son waving the flag, were from the hands of the sculptor, Douglass Tilden, himself a Native Son.

Apropos of these figures, it may be said that beyond their mere appropriateness and excellence, they are full of symbolical meaning. The figure at the base is that of a California miner waving the banner that contains the new star, and shouting to the country that a new State has been added to the roll. The angel on the top of the Doric column carries in his upraised hands a book upon whose blank pages is to be written the history of the new State, but which, nevertheless, as upon a ledger, is inscribed the date, "September 9, 1850,' the date of admission. Upon the base is a bear's skull, typifying the bleak Sierra Mountains, while on the reverse surface of the base is carved a quotation from the speech of W. H. Seward: "Unity of the empire hangs upon the decision of the day." There is, perhaps, a particular significance in this phrase, for, if California had not been admitted in 1850, she might have become a State of Southern sympathizers and have joined herself to the South in the civil war with results that might have been disastrous to the Union.

California, and especially this city, has a crying need for more of such public monuments as this; more, no doubt, will follow; already the "Stevenson ship" is under way. As Mr. Bruce Porter pointed out in a speech at the banquet following the unveiling, the time should come when California will be to the United States what Italy was to Europe, and when San Francisco will be to California what Florence was to Italy—a home of a new school of art and architecture. There is much in Mr Porter's words that may prove prophetic. Certainly such monuments as that of the Native Sons' will go far towards bringing about its fulfillment.

## EL SALVADOR.

A crescent bay, and crested peaks on high,
With wooded flanks, which seaward slope between,
Embossed with fold on fold of deathless green,
And over all an arch of turquoise sky.

Thus I recall with half-regretful sigh,
The sights and sounds of that exotic scene—
Its wealth of tint and tone, its airs serene,
Which erstwhile charmed my wistful ear and eye.

A dreamy land of indolence and ease—
With budding boughs and vines, and fruited trees,
Where birds on gold and scarlet wings flash by:
Beside a reed-thatched hut nude children play,
While to and fro the palm trees idly sway,
And spent waves swoon upon the shore and die.
—Lucius Harwood Foote.

The performances at Bayreuth this year are said to have fallen below their usual standard of excellence. This difference is noted in the direction of the opera and also in the singers themselves, the only artists escaping the general censure being Van Rooey, Brema, Gulbranson and Schumann-Heink. Van Rooey has a noble voice, admirably suited to Wotan. He sings and acts the part with much majesty and pathos, and altogether seems to have been the success of the festival. Brema's Fricka is full of charm and Schumann-Heink sings the music of Waltraute in 'Seigfried" with considerable passion. A great impression has been renewed by Frau Gulbranson as Brumhilde, a performance at once beautiful and pathetic. But these four singers were not sufficient to save the season, and the general impression is that neither four times four or four times any number could rescue it as long as young Siegfried Wagner is conductor. It seems that the young man is running things with insufficient discretion, and as a result the ablest Dutch, German and French critics are crying out with the proverbial one voice against the inartistic state of affairs. With infinite labor Wagner the first built his magnificent theater, the most perfect machine in the world for the reproduction of great art works; and now Mrs. Wagner has given it to her son, and like a baby when it gets a toy Siegfried is breaking it to pieces to see what there is inside, and herein is the cause of Bayreuth's decadence.

Professor Edoe, of the Institute di San Lorenzo, recently repeated, for a wager, in twenty-four hours consecutively, without prompting or aid, the entire "Divina Commedia" of Dante. This remarkable achievement was not the result of life-long study, but of short preparation begun for the purpose of winning a wager.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER
Gowned for the excursion to the windmill

MISS ANNIE IRISH
Who is now supporting William H. Crane

ANGELA McCAULL
Whose brightness assists the final act of "The Heart of Maryland"

*LADIES OF LIGHT AND LEADING*

Photographic studies by Thors

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I wonder, Diary, I am not a creature of moods, a capricious being as variable as the coloring of the chameleon? Now everything is bright and glorious, tomorrow life seems one long grey day, the sky heavy with clouds, guiltless of even a silver lining. This week fortune has greeted me with a smiling face and I have been utterly, absolutely and absurdly happy. You know Aunt Sybil, whom I left luxuriating at Del Monte, sent for me last Thursday, and I flew as if on Love's own wings or Mercury's if you prefer it. I found the girls revelling in action—swimming and boating, races, tennis tournaments, and such gaieties. All won cups which Mr. Oelrichs, like a beneficent fairy godmother, dispensed on the slightest occasion. Marie Wells carried off two beautiful, I might almost say, poems in chinaware—little Sevres affairs, too delicate for aught but fill a niche in one's cabinet. We all enjoyed Mr. Oelrichs—he was simply the life of Del Monte.

On Monday I returned to town to find Papa still speculating in wheat. He and Arthur almost laid me in Tophet when they commenced discussing this all-absorbing topic, and I am beginning to understand a few of the technical terms. Papa is still holding on. I hope he won't do so too long, for then my golden dreams will be dissipated with unjustifiable violence. On Wednesday I went to the first affair given to the season's debutantes—a lunch at Menlo by Edna Hopkins. It was a very jolly affair and we all speculated as to who would be belle. As a jury we did not agree. Some of the girls say Therese Morgan will carry off the laurels, while others insist that Marie Wells is the coming belle. Then, there is Ethel Keeney, who I hear is to entertain a lot and make things hum this year. She has ordered lovely clothes, too, which certainly add to one's chances of success. For my own part, I admire Leontine Blakeman very much; she is so reposeful and has what the French call l'air. Mrs. Morgan and Therese are back from Santa Barbara. Therese is a splendid-looking girl, plays golf, tennis, rides like an Amazon, and is altogether an outdoor girl. She does not intend sacrificing herself on the altar of social whimsicalities and is just going to have as much fun as she finds agreeable, but is determined to keep up her open-air existence. Ella Morgan will be back from the East early next month.

That, for a commencement—well, I went with the Oelrichs to the Tivoli on Wednesday night, and they've asked me to go with them to the circus Friday. You know Mrs. Oelrichs has arrived, and Birdie Fair. On Saturday the final paper chase takes place We are all going and it is to be The Event (with capitals) of the season. Poor Mrs. Hagen has been so ill they were quite alarmed about her and telegraphed to Los Angeles for her son, Frank Hicks, to come at once immediately. She is, however, improving. There has been a perfect mania for auctions in our family of late. You know Leila anticipates making her Harry happy in November, so is gathering in household effects. She and dear Aunt Caroline went to the Caret auction last week and picked up a few things. They say it is great fun—much more exciting that any social function and infinitely more alluring. Aunt Caroline says that an auction will henceforth be to her a Delphic Oracle as to which of her acquaintances are real ladies and which merely have a veneer. Some apparently charming and well-bred women become perfect termagants at an auction. They haggle and quarrel and, as for the poor auctioneer, he is certainly one whom the Lord loveth. The Carets had some really fine pieces of furniture, which were sold at a very moderate price. Then there was the Townsend sale, on Friday and Saturday, when many things were sacrificed. Leila bought all sorts of dining room accessories—glassware which was excellent English cut crystal, much more solid than American. Then the ornaments went at nominal figures. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels picked up some odd things which Leila said she would have given a little fortune to purchase. She is going to build, I hear, and does not intend having a "furniture-store" house. I heard recently from Mrs. Casey and Miss Dillon, who have taken a beautiful country place in Hertfordshire, England, for the months of July, August, and September. They asy it is simply glorious, and they are surrounded by country places, parks, etc., belonging to the English nobility. All their neighbors are titled, so they feel quite distinguished in being simple Americans—without handles to their names. Miss Dillon is studying singing with Shakespeare and progressing famously. I hope Papa will send me over as he has promised, though many of the girls want me to wait till 1900, when all expect to go to the Yankee Paradise.

The Louis Parrotts have rented their house to some people named Schwartze. Mr. Parrott's health has been wretched for some time past, so they are going South to try the effect of change of climate. Then they anticipate a trip eastward, and possibly to Europe, where the girls will complete their education. Leila went to the Alma Miller Wood concert on Saturday afternoon. It was a great success from the social as well as the financial standpoint. Miss Wood showed much patriotism in the selection of her programme. All the songs were American. In fact, they were more settings than absolute songs. Everyone in town was there and all in their best bib and tucker. Mr. Heine played very pleasingly on the violin, and now I fancy you are in touch with all my doings as well as with my intentions.

Your friend,
MISS CRICKET.

***

The wedding of Miss Craven and Mr. Koehler was an interesting event of last week—interesting beyond the ordinary because of the prominence of the bride and groom. Miss Craven has proved a boon to the journalists who have been making copy out of the Fair case, and has figured oftener in the papers than Queen Victoria. She is a pretty and talented young woman, whose loyalty to her mother is beyond praise. Mr. Koehler is a brewer, and is better known by his beer than by his name—in this part of the world, at least. He makes the A. B. C. beer, and, incidentally, that brew has made his fortune. He is an able, forcible and decidedly good looking native of St. Louis, and he is bound to grow richer and more prominent as time goes on. This was a case of love at first sight, for Mr. Koehler saw Miss Craven when she was acting at St. Louis with the Frohman Company. He sought an introduction then and commenced an assiduous wooing, which was ended by Miss Craven's acceptance some eight months ago. The happy pair celebrated their honeymoon at Del Monte and are now at the Palace, where they gave a dinner to their friends Wednesday night last.

Dr. R. S. Breyfogle and Mrs. Breyfogle, who recently returned from Europe, have left the Palace and are now residing at 2018 Franklin street.

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The fears that have for some time past caused such dire distress among the young people in Oakland with regard to the reorganization of the dancing clubs are without foundation. The lady patronesses have decided to once again assume the reins of office and have sent out invitations. There are but few changes in the regime of younger Deux Temps set—I noted the addition of a few names to the list of patronesses, viz: Mrs. Havens, Mrs. Sharon and Mrs. Gorrill, and Mrs. Selby no longer figures among them. This is a matter of regret, for she was among the most energetic and popular last season. Then the young people are to meet on Saturday evenings instead of Fridays, as has hitherto been their custom. The season commences on Saturday, October 9th, at 8 o'clock.

And still comes news of impending departures for the East. Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Grace Gorrill are among the latest to announce an intention of spending the winter on the other side of the Rockies. Mrs. Little has gone on to New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ketchum. Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa are still at Paso Robles. Mr. Requa has been much troubled with rheumatism for the past year and is taking the cure. Mr. L. A. Booth has passed some little time there and has derived much benefit from the waters.

A few farewell receptions are the sole social happenings in the past week. Miss Grace Gorrill and Miss Florence Sharon were entertained by Mrs. E. B. Beck on Friday evening at a jolly little dinner. Then Mrs. Campbell gave a reception in honor of her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Carmine, who is on a visit here from Galveston, Texas. About two hundred guests were invited.

The Ebell Society is planning some very intersting afternoon lectures. The series is to be introduced by M. Henri Fairweather, who will talk upon Wagnerian art. The ladies who have special charge of these lectures are Mrs. Sharon, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Guerson and others.

Gradually even the latest among the summer laggards are returning to their homes, back from Santa Cruz, Mrs. English from a visit to New Westminster, British Columbia, where she has been with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Malins.

For the most complete line of summer shirtings and hose, J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

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For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

## STARS IN DESHABILE

### The "Leading Boy" and the "Romantic Lead" at Home.

The journalist caught Caroline Rudolph and Miss Sisson—who play the leading roles in "The Twelve Temptations" now at the Columbia—in an unguarded moment. He had seen them before, across the footlights, at a time when they were very much on their guard. On this particular afternoon he came upon them unheralded. There was a difference. One might go so far as to call this interview "Miss Rudolph and Miss Sisson seen 'at home.'"

They "are stopping" in a "flat," these two, and when discovered were in negligee and were mending costumes. The approaching dinner, the gentle aroma of a cleaning fluid, and the memories of a past salad blended effluently in the atmosphere.

"Hoh!" says Miss Rudolph as the journalist came in. "I thought it was Mister Bil-asco for a moment! Say, ain't he just like Bil-asco, Josie?"

Miss Rudolph is called "Hubert the Valiant" on the Columbia programmes, and Miss Sisson "Prince Bright Eyes." Prince Bright Eyes was in a flannel wrapper and curl-papers, and was cutting out patterns on the bed. She does "Romantic Leads."

Miss Sisson's line is "Leading Boys."

"The star is at work," said Miss Rudolph, holding out a strip of cambric that bore evidences of sewing, and she laughed again. I'm sure I don't know why. Then Prince Bright Eyes laughed, and the journalist laughed, too, from force of association.

The journalist thought the moment had come to interview. He began bravely on burlesque.

"Well, you see, I don't do burlesque," said Miss Rudolph. "Look-a-here, don't you go and say I was fair, fat and quarter past forty, like the evenin' paper did."

"I won't," said the journalist.

The evening paper was wrong. Miss Rudolph is not fair.

"Burlesque ain't our line," said Prince Bright Eyes from the patterns, her mouth full of pins. The journalist gazed mournfully at a basket of withered flowers, and then started on acting. But this, too, failed.

"Acting ain't my line, either," said Miss Rudolph.

"I see," said the wretched journalist; "you do a dance turn."

"Dance nothin'. Say—I was a costume reader once. You can put that down in your interview."

"She's got a great voice,' put in Prince Bright Eyes. Here was something at least. The journalist asked about singing as applicable to extravaganza.

"Oh, she meant speakin' voice," said Miss Rudolph. "I don't never sing."

"Well, what—what can you do?" gasped the journalist.

"Oh, I do 'Leading Boys.'"

"An' I do 'Romantic Leads,'" said Prince Bright Eyes.

"What are they?"

"Costume, mostly," said Miss Rudolph.

"The costume's the least part of it!" shrieked the bright-eyed Prince, and thereat they became hysterical. After awhile the journalist said:

"What are the qualifications for a romantic boy?"

"You're a dead farmer," said Prince Bright Eyes by way of answer.

"She's all the time joshing," said the Prince, consolingly.

"Do you mean a romantic lead?"

"Or a leading boy?"

"Yes," mumbled the unhappy man; "both of them, either of them," he wailed despairingly.

"Well, you've got to have a good figure, and you musn't be too stout."

"Well, Mister Yale would take a girl even if her limbs" (she said 'limbs') "weren't good if she had a pretty face."

"You can always use 'symmetries,'" said

*MISS MADELINE BOUTON*
Thors, photo

Miss Rudolph to the journalist in so confiding a tone that he almost thanked her.

"I suppose," he said, "you like—ah—being a 'leading boy' better than being a 'costume reader'?"

"Well," said Miss Rudolph, reflectively, "costume reading is more refined, but you don't get engagements. It's a long time between drinks, just as Mr. Riddle told me once. If you've got a society pull you're alright. But it ain't such fatiguing work."

"I was a reader once, too," put in the Prince. "I read 'In a Balcony,' by Mister Browning, and 'Laska.' I did 'em in costume, too, 'same night. Laska's a female cowboy makeup, and I used to put on a fifteent' century court dress—jewels an' wig to match, right over it. I'd have 'In a Balcony' first, you see, then I'd do an exit, and shunt that makeup and come on with thunder noises 'off' as Laska. That was the best turn in my repertoar, and I always could count on a call. But there's more money in 'romantic leads.'"

"Just t' think of my taking you for Mister Bil-asco," said Miss Rudolph, dreamily.

"Yes, just to think," said the journalist. There was a pause.

Just then a man with his hat tilted like the tower of Pisa put in an appearance and was presented to the journalist.

"Say," exclaimed this one, "ain't you girls ever goin' to get property baby fixed?"

The journalist struggled to his feet and jammed his hat down upon his ears.

"You ain't going yet," exclaimed Hubert the Valiant and Prince Bright Eyes in a breath.

"The press waits," exclaimed the journalist.

"Don't forget to say I was a costume reader once," said Hubert.

"An' me, too," said the Prince.

The journalist hasn't forgotten, and he never will. CLAVERLY, JR.

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Bank Stock pads and tablets are made from pure stock, and are of high value from an oculistic standpoint. The Mitchell-Rollins Co., 22 Clay street.

## THE THEATRES

### Temptations That Do Not Seduce — The Orpheum Exhibit.

Few apologies for its existence are offered by "The Twelve Temptations"—not more than half a dozen, a clever premiere, an amusing boxing match, a taking tough song, and two capable acrobats. There is almost nothing else in the entire show worth even passing attention, save a ballet or two and a commendable smoothness of action. The premiere, Signorina Ferrero, or is it Mlle. Basscozis?—uncertain is programme precedence, but, one or the other, she is truly nimble and good looking as well. She flits about and pirouettes in a most delightful manner, and in her pretty pink skirt looks as crisp as a new-blown rose. Rosaire and Elliott are clever acrobats—their work is really good, and at the same time unique. Their boxing match in the last act is amusingly done. Miss Rose Kesner sings a tough song about as well as has any one else of late. Her dancing and her make-up are both excellent. The costumes are bright and the scenery fair, but what the play needs is more life and dash, some up-to-date comedy, a lot of taking songs and a few people to sing them. As it is, there is not a voice in the company, barring Miss Kesner's, and hers is essentially burlesque.

Some good work has been given at Morosco's this week in "The Dandy Fifth." The piece, it is true, is old and rather worn by this time, but it is still interesting and thrilling enough to claim attention. It gives Landers Stevens a chance as Adirondack Joe; he takes full advantage of it. This young man is clever and attractive, an actor in a real sense of the term, and worthy of better lines than those of melodrama. Mortimer Snow has a familiar part as the dandy officer, and Fred Butler another as the Southerner. Bert Morrison is good as Colonel Danger, Maud Edna Hall arouses sympathy and tears simultaneously, and Julia Blanc as Aunt Chloe develops considerable comedy.

*MISS ALICE J. FRIEDLANDER*
Whose engagement to W. H Lauer was recently announced

The Hungarian Boys' Military Band continues to be the leading item in the Orpheum bill of fare and grows in popular esteem as time goes on. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Gustav Walter for his enterprise in introducing this model aggregation of youthful musicians to the San Francisco public. As we said last week, the cymbals badly need moderating in fervor. The singing of Lillian Leslie and Don M. Cann, who are new comers this week, is much above the average of variety stage vocalists, and it is easy to see the audience appreciates the fact. The latter artist has an exceedingly pleasing, natural voice, while her style is entirely free from affectation of any kind. In Lillian Leslie she finds an efficient helpmeet, the two figuring in the bill of the play as "California's Fairest Daughters," a designation that ought to satisfy the most ambitious of their sex. The talking comedians, Smith and Campbell, are masters of their part and seem to have an endless string of patter. It takes little observation to see that Little Leola Mitchell, the living doll, is a curio in feminine ware, though hardly thoroughbred as to the understandings displayed by her scanty frocks. Brisk and pleasing enough in manner, she has considerable knack in managing her voice. Van Auken, McPhee and Hill, the gymnasts, are a crack trio on the horizontal bars, with specialties in the way of turns and twists well worth study.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

The grand opera season at the California will be of four weeks' duration, and at least six operas, entirely new to San Francisco, will be presented.

The Channing Auxiliary announces a course of Thursday afternoon French lectures, commencing September 16th. The readings to be given by Professor L. D. Ventura will be selected from modern French, Italian and Russian authors.

The Columbia has been having large houses all through the week to witness "The Twelve Temptations." The second week of the engagement opens Monday evening. On September 20th the Frawley company returns for a three weeks' season, presenting "One of Our Girls," "The Wife" and, for the first time in this city, "Sue" and a new comedy by Augustus Thomas.

At Morosco's next week the play will be "The Engineer," an interesting American drama full of comedy and action. An amusing feature will be a Fourth of July celebration in a Southwestern Missouri town, introducing a comic military village band. The third act shows an ore mill with practical working machinery. In this scene the hero's live is dramatically saved by the heroine.

The phenomenal equilibrist El Zobedie opens at the Orpheum next Monday. Zobedie has just closed a successful engagement at the Arcade, St. Petersburg. Mr. George Evans, "The Honey Boy," and Adrienne Ancion, the aerial artist, complete the list of new people. Fox and Allen play a return date in their sketch, "The Flat Next Door." Van Aucken, McPhee and Hill have made a big hit and will continue.

In her piano recital in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall this afternoon Miss May Lucine Potrin will give a number of carefully selected compositions. Among them are Liszt's Polonaise in E, Andante with variations, Haydn; Five Preludes, Waltz and Berceuse, Chopin; Fantasie op. 17, Schumann; Intermezzo, Brahms; Rondo a Capriccio op. 129, Beethoven, and Magic Fire (scene from "Die Walkure"), Wagner-Brassin.

At the Baldwin Monday evening W. H. Crane opens in his new play, "A Fool of Fortune." The piece is by Martha Morton. The plot deals with doings in Wall street, and in Elisha Cunningham Mr. Crane is said to have a part that is especially suited to him. The supporting company includes Percy Brooke, Boyd Putnam, William Boag, Miss Percy Haswell, Miss Frances Stevens and Miss Kate Lester. Mr. Crane's second play will be "A Virginia Courtship."

Still another week of "The First Born" at the Alcazar. From all appearances it would seem as though the litle play could run indefinitely. This week the theater has been filled, and the attendance for next week promises to be equally large. H. Grattan Donnelly's drama, "The American Girl," will precede the Chinese piece, George Osbourne assuming the original role of Ross Bolter. The balance of the cast will be filled by the regular company.

Next Monday the sixth week of the Tivoli grand opera will open with Thomas' beautiful romance, "Mignon." Katharine Fleming Hinrichs will assume the title role, a part in which she is said to excel. Elvia Crox will be Filina; Michelena, Wilhelmeister; Alviramoff, Lothario, and Bernice Holmes, Frederic. "Mignon" will be sung Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings. The balance of the week will be given to "Faust," with Tillie Salinger as Marguerite; Bernice Holmes, Siebel; Rhys Thomas, Faust; William Mertens, Valentine, and Signor Viviani, Mephisto. "The Flying Dutchman" and a repetition of "Lohengrin" are announced as the next productions.

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## PROVINCIAL NOVELISTS

### A Comparison of the Literary Methods of Hamlin Garland and Miss Mary Wilkins.

Had Hamlin Garland the exquisite skill and certainty of phrase which so distinguishes the style of Mary Wilkins, what masterpieces his "Wayside Courtships" (Appletons) would have been. Had the author of "Jerome" (Harpers) some sense of the breadth of the prairies, some intuition of that broader life which is lived by the world outside of the narrow environment of her New England village, that book would have been a great work of art rather than an extremely clever tale. "Jerome" is much more than clever, however—within its limits it is a chef d'oeuvre. Its characters are clear cut and fully realized; its movement is easy and fluent; the story is told with a beautiful simplicity; the episodes are as natural as the facts of one's own existence. The milieu in which the Squire, Doctor Prescott, Ozias Lamb and Aunt Camilla move is inimitably rendered—the point of view of each character and the attitude of the village to all of them is expressed with the same admirable certainty that their personal attributes, passions, manners, are painted. Something of the quality of a Meissonier is in this scrupulous workmanship, and yet something of the puppet maker who excites your admiration at the verisimilitude of his liliputians.

Hamlin Garland has neither the grace of style nor the extraordinary capacity at developing an individuality that characterizes the work of Miss Wilkins. His greatest virtue is an ability to suggest the atmosphere of a prairie town—the mushroom villages of the Mississippi valley. The aspirations and hardships of the farmer of the plains he knows and can paint; he can express the icy cruelty of the Western winters, the burning heat which descends on the plains in July and August. In the life of the middle West there are huge forces to be dealt with—the forces of storm and terrible cold, of drought and disaster, which try men's souls and wear their bodies to the bone. Over the life of the New England village there is the restraint of tradition; precedent is the rule and safeguard of these Puritan communities whose relationship with the ebb and flow of the life of the world is so vague, so distant. Mary Wilkins' style has something of the delicate neatness of her own Aunt Camilla, while Hamlin Garland's method gains its power from the loose strength of these men and girls of the new West. Both are provincial, but the difference between the exquisite refinement of Aunt Camilla and the rough, hearty freedom, the frank boldness of Mattie in "A Preacher's Love Story" is the distinction between their results. In the one instance you have a minor and unsympathetic subject, wrought with infinite skill and delicacy; in the other a big human theme allied to the progress and movement of the world.

A comparison of the stories which make up "Life's Little Ironies," by Thomas Hardy, or the short sketches of De Maupassant, with such tales as those of Miss Wilkins and Hamlin Garland, emphasizes this provincialism of effect. There one finds village tragedies fully and elaborately depicted, but infused into them is an air of the great world of men—there is here an all pervading human nature, which envelopes individual idiosyncrasies and makes of them details of the life of our human kind. This sense of the world's perspective, combined with accuracy of drawing, make a Balzac, a Zola, a Tolstoi, an Ibsen, whose characters are human facts, not village personages.

"Jerome" is certainly a book to be read with interest and admiration. No one else could so admirably render such a theme. There is really no comparing Miss Wilkins' style with that of any other American, save, perhaps, Miss Repplier, whose firmness and lucidity of phrase render her essays distinguished contributions to literature. It is a more perfect medium than even the manner of Ella D'Arcy, whose style is notable among the younger English story-tellers. It is more truthful if less elegant than that of Wilkins could render such a picture as this more truthful if less elegant than that of Henry Harland. Indeed, no one but Miss Wilkins could render such a picture as this of Aunt Camilla:

Camilla Merritt was far from young, being much older than her brother, Lucina's father; but she was old as a poem or an angel might be, with the lovely meaning of her still uppermost and most evident. Camilla in her youth had been of a rare and delicate beauty, which had given her fame throughout the country-side, and she held the best of it still, as one holds jewels in a worn casket, and as a poem written in obsolete language contains still its first grace of thought. Camilla's soft and slender body had none of those stiff, distorted lines which come from resistance to the forced attitudes of life. Her body and her soul had been amenable to all discipline. She had leaned sweetly against her crosses, instead of straining away from them with fierce cramps and agonies of resistance. In every motion she had the freedom of utter yielding, which surpasses the freedom of action. Camilla's graduated flounces of lilac silk, slightly faded, having over it a little spraying mist of gray, trimmed her full skirt to her slender waist, girdled with a narrow ribbon fastened with a little clasp set with amethysts. A great amethyst brooch pinned the lace at her throat. She wore a lace cap, and over that, flung loosely, draping her shoulders and shading her face with its soft mesh, a great shawl or veil of fine white lace wrought with sprigs. Camilla's delicately spare cheeks were softly pink, with that elderly bloom which lacks the warm dazzle of youth, yet has its own late beauty. Her eyes were blue and clear as a child's, and as full of innocent dreams—only of the past instead of the future. Her blond hair, which in turning gray had got a creamy instead of a silvery lustre, like her old lace, was looped softly and disposed in half-curls over her ears. When she smiled it was with the grace and fine dignity of ineffable ladyhood, and yet with the soft ignorance, though none of the abandon, of childhood. Camilla was like a child whose formal code and manners of life had been fully prescribed and learned, but whose vital copy had not been quite set.

The most characteristic of "Wayside Courtship" is "A Stop-Over at Tyre." It lacks the exaltation of "A Preacher's Love Story" or the romance of "A Meeting in the Foothills," but the two men and the girl who are the factors in the situation are intensely typical of the new West. The life of the little bare, cold Wisconsin town, its democracy, and absence of social distinctions, its opportunities, the aspirations of its residents, and the manner and style of their living are all admirably rendered. How much cleverer is the gay young book agent Hartley than Herman, a character of the same type in the first story. The girl Maud, whose college career has been cut short by the death of her father, and is compelled to do menial service in her mother's boarding house, with all her yearnings, her patience and conscientiousness, is essentially of the soil. Then, the conclusion—the young man settling down bravely with the woman he loves, to face the difficulties of a future but dimly realized—has something of the broader tragedy which made notable the tales in "Main Travelled Roads."

"A Preacher's Love Story" tells of the coming of young Stacey to Cyene, and what he wrought there. Stacey, a weary, conscientious young man, a farmer's son who has worked his way through college and emerged a teacher with ministerial aspirations, is directed to this little prairie town and given a school there. The condition of religious affairs in the village are set forth for him by Herman Allen, who has taken his career in hand and directed him to the place:

"Oh, it's quiet now. The calmness of death," said Herman. "Well, you see, it came this way. The church is made up of Baptists and Methodists, and the Methodists wanted an organ, because, you understand, father was the head center, and Mattie is the only girl among the Methodists who can play. The old man has got a head like a mule. He can't be switched off, once he makes up his mind. Deacon Marsden he don't believe in anything above tuning forks, and he's tighter'n the bark on a bulldog. He stood out like a sore thumb, and dad wouldn't give an inch.

"You see, they held meetings every other Sunday. So dad worked up the organ business and got one, and then locked it up when the Baptists held their services. Well, it went from bad to worse. They didn't speak as they passed by—that is, the old folks; we young folks didn't care a continental whether school kept or not. Well, upshot is, the church died out. The wind blew the horse sheds down, and there they lie—and the church is standing there empty as an—old boot—and——" He grew too sleepy to finish.

Suddenly a comical idea roused him again. "Say, Stacey—by Jinks!—are you a Baptist?"

"Yes."

There is a collision first between the young minister and Deacon Allen, who orders him out of his house because he is a Baptist. Then the Godless condition of the region is borne in upon him and he begins a revival, which enkindles the spirit of piety in the community. The last to succumb to the fervid oratory of the impassioned young man is Deacon Allen:

At last the great day came—the great night.

In some way, perhaps by the growing mass of rushing emotion set in action by some deep-going phrase, or perhaps by some interior slow weakening of stubborn will, Deacon Allen gave way; and when the preacher called for penitents, the old man struggled to his feet, his seamed, weather-beaten face full of grotesque movement. He broke out:

"Brethren, pray for me; I'm a miserable sinner. I want to confess my sins—here—before ye all." He broke into sobbing terrible to hear. "My heart is made—flesh again—by the blessed power of Christ * *

He struggled to get his voice. One or two cried, "Praise God!" but most of them sat silent, awed into immobility.

The old man walked up the aisle. "I've been rebellious—and now I want to shake hands with you all—and I ask your prayers." He bent down and thrust his hand to Marsden, his enemy, while the tears streamed down his face.

Marsden turned white with a sort of fear, but he rose awkwardly and grasped the outstretched hand, and at the touch of palms every soul rose as if by electric shock. "Amens!" burst forth. The preacher began a fervent prayer, and came down toward the grizzled, weeping old men, and they all embraced, while some old lady with sweet quavering voice raised a triumphal hymn, in which all joined, and found grateful relief from their emotional tension.

Allen turned to Mattie and his wife. "My boy—send for him—Herman."

It seemed as if the people could not go away. The dingy little schoolhouse was like unto the shining temple of God's grace, and the regenerated seemed to fear that to go home might become a return to hate and strife. So they clung around the young preacher and would not let him go.

Of the others, the "Owner of the Mill Farm" and "Before the Low Green Door," touch on the eternal enigma, but one cannot help realizing how Miss Wilkins' pen would have transformed and illuminated the latter tale, though it has its own deep significance as stated in these pages.

C.

## LATE VERSE

### Sonnet.

That fiction in thy face is not a blush,
Do I not know thy glowing beauty well?
'Tis passion's rosy herald, as I crush
The ripe grapes of thy lips, and doth foretell
A richer vintage than did ever crown
Bacchante's brightest beaker, though that flood
Hath often lit with laughter sorrow's frown,
It never lent such longings to my blood.

Thy kisses shake my pulses, till my heart,
Lured by the murmuring music in thy veins,
Panteth with passion's painless pangs for thee;
Who taught thy lips to link with such sweet art,
These soul-ensnaring and flesh-fettering chains,
Thy tongue this soft Circean sorcery?
—Louis A. Robertson.

### Quatrains of Idleness.

When angels walk across the sky
On God-sent errands, near or far,
To keep their golden sandals dry,
They merely step from star to star!

There is a grove where every breeze
Is made of tender lovers' sighs,
And kisses blossom on the trees,
And every leaf has loving eyes.

The magic gardens of the night
I know are very, very far;
Because their dews are tears of light
Shed by a mourning widowed star.

If it had been my lot to be
A moon to light the summer air,
I think you would have been the sea—
I would have seen my image there!

You must have climbed the sky last night,
And reached the moon and sat you there,
And bathed your soul in silver light—
So pure you look, so white and fair!

The moon must be a well profound
Whence flow the floods of limpid beams
That, as they spill upon the ground,
Make bathing-pools for souls of dreams!

If all the stars should fall some night
Upon a beach where I might be,
I'd build with them a road of light
For you to walk across the sea!

The moon is but an icy jar
Where angels cool their wine, I think.
In lieu of cups each has his star
To use in case he has to drink.
—Edwin Lefevre, in The Chap Book.

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OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 10, 1897.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite grant, for the year beginning November 1, 1897, and ending October 31, 1898, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coachhouse on Georgia Avenue (stage headquarters).

Third—For rental of hotel, out-buildings and grounds at Glacier Point, and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before Monday, October 12, 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

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## "FIGHTING PHIL"

### How Sheridan Led His Forces at Five Forks.

Despite the strictures of Ambrose Bierce on the too reverential attitude of General Porter to his chief, General U. S. Grant, the series of papers comprising "Campaigning with Grant," in the "Century," have made entertaining reading. The point of view has been personal and one has gathered from the narrative a vivid idea of the great Commander's individuality and the impression it made on his subordinates and contemporaries. It is interesting to know how an important individual is viewed by his own household, for its members have the advantage of close perspective and realize the man as he is. Besides Grant, one learns much in these memoirs of Sherman and Sheridan. There is a spirited description of the latter's manner in the battle of Five Forks, which the General, not only directed, but led at the head of his men.

Receiving a sudden and heavy fire, the skirmish line halted and seemed to waver. Seeing this, Sheridan immediately put spurs to his horse and dashing along in the front of the line of battle, shouted words of encouragement, saying something cheering to every regiment. "Come on, men," he cried. "Go at 'em with a will. Move on at a clean jump, or you'll not catch one of 'em. They're all getting ready to run now, and if you don't get on to them in five minutes they'll every one get away from you! Now go for them!"

Just then a man on the skirmish line was struck in the neck; the blood spurting as if the jugular vein was cut. "I'm killed!" he cried, and dropped to the ground. "You're not a bit hurt," cried Sheridan. "Pick up your gun, man, and move right on to the front." The effect of these words was so great that the poor fellow snatched up his musket and rushed forward a dozen paces before he fell, never to rise again.

As the battle continued and the fire and confusion deepened, Sheridan all the time was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, which he had taken from a sergeant, shaking his fist, encouraging, entreating, threatening, praying, swearing, the true personification of chivalry, the very incarnation of battle. When the lines with fixed bayonets and a rousing cheer, dashed over the earthworks, sweeping everything before them, Sheridan spurred his famous horse Rienzi up to the angle, and with a bound went over the earthworks and landed among a line of prisoners who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under the breastworks. Some of them called out: "Whah do you want us all to go?" Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor and he had a running talk with the "Johnnies" as they filed past. "Go right over there," he said, pointing to the rear. "Get right along, now. Oh, drop your guns; you'll never need them any more. You'll all be safe over there. Are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows."

An orderly here came up to Sheridan, saluted and said: "Colonel Forsyth of your staff is killed, sir." "It's no such thing," cried Sheridan. "I don't believe a word of it. You'll find Forsyth's all right." Ten minutes later Forsyth rode up. He had been mistaken for General Winthrop, who had fallen in the assault. Sheridan did not even seem surprised when he saw Forsyth, and merely said: "There, I told you so." A peculiar trait of Sheridan's character which never allowed him to be disturbed by camp rumors, however disastrous.

In the battle of Five Forks Sheridan fought one of the most interesting tactical battles of the war, admirable in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of extremely important results, and throughout all his own personal bravery and daring was everywhere conspicuous. In speaking of his remarkable energy, General Porter remarked of Sheridan that he though he had exposed himself in a manner hardly justifiable on the part of a commander of such an important movement. Sheridan's reply gave what seems to be the true key to his uniform success on the field. "I have never in my life taken a command into battle," he said, "and had the slightest desire to come out alive unless I won."

When Grant received the news of the Five Forks victory he was sitting with most of his staff about him before a blazing campfire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. When the word arrived, all but the imperturbable General-in-Chief were on their feet in a moment giving vent to boisterous demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, and officers fell to grasping hands, shouting and hugging each other like schoolboys. General, then Colonel Porter, who bore the news, rushed up to Grant and clapped him on the back to the chief's no little astonishment, and to the evident amusement of those about. Grant received the message with his familiar complacency and as might have been expected, asked his usual question: "How many prisoners have been taken?"

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## DOINGS AT NEWPORT

### Mrs. Potter Palmer's Social Success and Mrs. Astor's Dinners.

When Mrs. Potter Palmer took a cottage at Newport last summer she achieved quite a favorable impression. In fact, she made her way with typical Western energy, into the very centre of society and closed the season with a ball, the memory of which still liveth. This triumph was received by Chicago with much relief, and now that Mrs. Palmer has again asserted herself the porcine burg is again elated. This recognition is a tribute to Mrs. Palmer's managerial resources. Last season her guest of honor was Miss Julia Dent Grant, the lovely daughter of Colonel Fred Grant, an attraction sufficiently strong to call out each and every notable worth having. This year Mrs. Palmer's cards are the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and at the bal poudre shortly to be given at Arleigh, the vice regal pair will likely make a profound impression. Arleigh is the Newport cottage of the Palmers—the property of the Pratts. It is a finely built villa, with hanging vines on the veranda and evergreen plants on the front lawn. Invitations to the ball are already the sources of much anxious conjecture—so firmly are the Palmers holding Newport. And why not? It is right enough when you pause to consider. Real royalty—the Infanta Eulalia—Spanish royalty at that—has come to Mrs. Palmer—why should not the descendants of ferrymen and fur dealers?

The Palmer ball will not end the Newport season—there are to be a couple of very smart weddings—notably the Brown-Dresser affair. The bride is Miss Natalie Dresser—and the groom Mr. John Brown—plain John Brown, but with a bank account of $15,000,000. The handsomest girl at Newport is generally conceded to be Miss Elsie Hoffman. She is a tall, brilliant brunette, with jet black hair and a superb complexion. Miss Julia Dent Grant is noted everywhere for her fine carriage and unusual height. Miss Katharine Duer, whose sister is a poetess, is another brilliant brunette with a dash and style said to be something bewildering. Miss Duer will be remembered as one of Conseulo Vanderbilt's bridesmaids. Miss Virginia Fair is pronounced one of the athletic girls, while Miss Struthers of Philadelphia is a typical Gibson girl, with a complexion like the rose leaf. The only debutante of the season has been Miss Goelet, niece of the late Ogden Goelet. She is a pretty young woman and charming as well. The dowager Mrs. Astor is still in the lead with her dignified dinners. These funeral spreads are really impressive—the very summit of epicurean magnificence and superlative dullness. One feels after a function of this character like Prince Luigi, on Mt. St. Elias—cold but important. However, in dinned-giving lies Mrs. Astor's peculiar, if rather ponderous, faculty. In direct contrast to it are the jolly dining parties to which the John Jacob Astors treat their friends on the Nourmahal.

Newport picnics are elaborate affairs, full of punctilious preciseness. The merry-makers set forth on gaily-painted drags, inside of which are the liveried attendants looking after the wines, the silver plates and the trifles to eat thereon. The luncheon is generally spread at Vancluse, a magnificent deserted place about five miles from Newport. It is a house with a history an age of a century and is the property of Barclay Hazard, now in California. When the spread is finished, and the plate and the flunkies stowed away, the gaily-dressed crowd climbs to the top of the traps and with the blowing of horns roll back into Newport. The buckboard is rather in vogue, but a much lighter and more fanciful affair than the wagon of that name in use at Bar Harbor. In Newport it is yellow and shiny, with a narrow seat for the tiger behind. Mr. Palmer uses one of these when he drives to the landing or the telegraph office. The young Mr. Palmers ride in it also, but they prefer bathing to anything else, and after that golfing or sailing.

Tattaugraphing, commonly called tattooing, is again a fad of the time, and on many an aristocratic back and arm have appeared of late designs both wonderful and strange. A great number of European royalties bear curious devices, notably Princess Waldemar of Denmark, who has a crown and anchor worked upon her left arm. Grand Duke Alexis of Russia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha are both more or less elaborately hieroglyphed, and also is the Duke of York. The young Earl of Craven, who married Mrs. Bradley-Martin, carries his coat of arms upon his back, and Lady Randolph Churchill has a snake with its tail in its mouth just above her wrist. At least, I am so told. In this country, tattooing is not as prevalent as it is in Europe. Lombroso says it is a criminal tendency, and also an indication of latent insanity, but this is not likely the reason. More likely it's because there have yet been no great ones to set the practice. The fad is general among the women rather so than with men, and the designs in favor are many and varied. Some of them are crests, others flower designs, initials and photographs. A pretty conceit is a ladder upon which cupids are climbing. A large idea is that of a New York society man, who has a big American eagle with wings outstretched, almost entirely covering his back. In San Francisco there are few, barring the soldiers and sailors who are in line with the Eastern and European notables in the cult of the tattoo. But there are some rather striking designs on different well-known cuticles, principally among the bohemian element.

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## TURF TOPICS

### Futurity Winner of 1897—Galtee More Wins the Leger and a Triple Crown.

In this issue is presented a striking photograph of Messrs L. S. and W. P. Thompson's filly L'Alouette, the winner of the Futurity Stakes at Sheepshead Bay on August 24th. The picture was taken in front of the judges' stand just as the jockeys were about to dismount for weighing-in after the race. Unfortunately the names of the other horses that appear in the picture have not been supplied, and only the winner can therefore be identified. She is evidently as breedy and racy looking as she has been described, and it is certainly a matter for regret that her breeders and owners should have decided to dispose of their stud, more especially as they have succeeded in breeding two Futurity winners, Requital and L'Alouette, in the last three years. It takes a rare good youngster to win a Futurity, but at the same time there is much in the argument, often put forward of late, that the proper destination of so large a stake, the most valuable on the American turf, would be as a prize for older horses. Many crack two-year-olds fail to train on and mature into animals that assist in improving the breed of horses, the true aim and end of all turf policy.

The State Fair racing, which opened this week, is bringing out fairly good fields, both in the running and trotting events, and the class of horses is quite up to the usual standard. The gallopers are most in favor, and save for two or three recent arrivals from the East consist of well-known performers on this coast. Nothing has so far occurred calling for extended remarks.

Everything points to a better season of racing at Ingleside and Oakland in 1897-8 than we have ever had, and owners should carefully study the lists of stakes published for both tracks. The first series of Oakland events close on September 20th, and the first of the Ingleside list on October 15th. Racing will commence on the latter track, the opening day being November 1st. Several stables belonging to Eastern owners who strive to have only good animals, and have yet to visit California, are expected to put in an appearance, and there is little doubt that pretty nearly all of those who have previously campaigned on our shores will resume their efforts to capture some California gold under the wire.

On Wednesday last the St. Leger Stakes—2 miles, 6 furlongs, 132 yards—was run at Doncaster and won by Mr. J. Gubbins' colt Galtee More, Lord Rosebery's filly Chelandry second, and Mr. James R. Keene's American-bred colt St. Cloud third.

The result of the race has been a foregone conclusion since the Derby was won by Mr. Gubbins' horse, who has thus secured the triple crown as the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and St. Leger, which entitles him to rank amongst the greatest of all thoroughbreds. This feat has become more frequent of accomplishment in recent years, for since imp. Ormonde did the trick in 1886 Common, Isinglass, and now Galtee More have followed in his footsteps. Previously the intervals between such striking successes had been much longer.

From the breeding point of view it should be noted that the first and second in the race are by sons of Bend Or, and that imp. Goldfinch and imp. Candlemas, the sires of the second and third, are now in the stud at Rancho del Paso in this State.

What is now denominated the "Scully plan" for ridding the turf of worthless horses, as referred to in previous notes, was inaugurated at Newport, Ky., on August 28th, and a horse called Simple Jack, the property of Henry McDaniels, achieved pioneer honors by winning the race and so falling into the hands of the Queen City Jockey Club for confiscation. It is not easy to see how so fanciful and far-fetched a scheme can have any practical result, glad as one may be to welcome any plan for reducing the immense number of worthless wretches that are kept in training to the detriment of the turf and the impoverishment of their owners.

BENEDICT.

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## LA GALLIENNE'S SUIT

### Certain Sartorial Disadvantages of the Poetical Reputation.

M. Le Gallienne has his own ideas about dress, says L. F. Austin in the London Sketch. Evidently he believes that the poet, above all men, should be clad in a manner somewhat suggestive of his calling and profession and has gone so far as to ridicule and condemn the signs of convention that compel a man to wear a dress suit. So M. Le Gallienne compromises. Says he: "I wear black knickerbockers simply because that is my taste in clothes—or rather, a compromise between my taste and the social convention. What man with any sense of beauty can approve the ridiculous code which rules our garments? Look at your evening dress. So far as grace of form is concerned, you might as well go out to dinner in a piece of iron piping! You are not allowed to wear court dress, which would at least distinguish you from the waiter. You stick a fence around your neck and call it a collar. There is no individuality, no freedom, no true harmony—nothing but a stereotyped rigidity, as if man were cut out of cardboard!"

But the poet cannot burst these bonds of convention, for all that. Because the code has special rigors for him. Let him wear his neck free and flowing, and he is charged with aping Byron. Let him have hair which is not cropped close to his head, after the fashion of Portland or Piccadilly, and whenever he rides through the wood of newspaper gossip, some aspiring twig tries to snatch him up like Absalom!

Then he goes on to say the poet is dogged by a cynical world. The poor man is really driven to disguise himself. "I am thinking of giving out that my hair is a wig. Stay—there's another bard who wears a wig. The Press would say I was aping him! But I have had some photographs taken with the idea that they may conceal, or, at any rate, subdue, my personality."

Thereat he showed the interviewer a picture of himself in the pose of an early Victorian statesman. "If I publish this, some American paper will come out with headlines—'Richard Le Gallienne's Latest Freak. Thinks he is Dan O'Connell.' Here's another; does it remind you of anybody?"

"Seems to resemble a poetess of bygone renown," the interviewer said.

"Just so. More head-lines: 'Le Gallienne Mimics the Illustrious Dead. Is He Jealous of Eliza Cook?' So, you see, the poet is not allowed to be himself; and if, in that plastic mood one has at the photographer's, he should catch an impression of Disraeli, Darwin, or any other type of beauty, he is promptly accused of designs upon the laurels of the great departed! Here's a picture of me and the bicycle. What do you suppose will be said of that?"

"Le Gallienne cycles up Parnassus. Guesses he is geared to Walt Whitman."

### Old Age.

It may be, when this city of the nine gates
  Is broken down by ruinous old age,
  And no one upon any pilgrimage
Comes knocking, no one for an audience waits,
And no bright foraying troops of banuit moods
  Ride out on the brave folly of any quest,
  But weariness, the restless shadow of rest,
Hoveringly upon the city broods;
It may be, then, that those remembering
  And sleepless watchers on the crumbling towers
Shall lose the count of the disastrous hours
Which God may have grown tired of reckoning.

—ARTHUR SYMONS, in The Athenaeum.

### Epitaphium Citharistrae.

Stand not uttering sedately
  Trite oblivious praise above her!
Rather say you saw her lately
  Lightly kissing her last lover.
Whisper not, "There is a reason
  Why we bring her no white blossom":
Since the snowy bloom s in season
  Strow it on her sleeping bosom:
Oh, for it would be a pity
  To o'erpraise her, or to flout her:
She was wild and sweet and witty—
  Let's not say dull things about her.

—VICTOR PLARR.

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ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 44) of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 25th day of October, 1897, at 1 o'clock p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.

Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 509 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of August, 1897, an assessment (No. 113) of twenty cents (20c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 22d day of September, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 12th day of October, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—In the matter of the application of the SITES SANDSTONE COMPANY (a corporation) to dissolve: Notice is hereby given that the Sites Sandstone Company, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco an application praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that Monday the 11th day of October, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Superior Court, New City Hall, San Francisco, California, as the place, at which said application is to be heard.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said Superior Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.

By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.

VAN NESS & REDMAN, Att'ys for Petitioners.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANNES A. H. STOCKFLETH, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, August 24, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

### Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment No. 57
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied Sept. 3, 1897
Delinquent in office Oct. 6, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1897

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## NEW STORIES R-T OLD

When General Robert Toombs of Georgia was young, he organized a regiment and joined General Scott, who was then directing a campaign against the Florida Indians. Toombs was noted for self-confidence and audacity, but was at that time without military training. It is not surprising that he failed to realize the wisdom of the cautious tactics of General Scott, who held back from attacking the Indians in positions of their own choosing. The bold Georgian fumed and fretted at the delay, and finally, one night dashed into the General's tent where the latter was entertaining a crowd of Colonels and Majors, and they all looked up as Toombs entered. He was a magnificent man, the handsomest American of his generation, and he gazed defiantly at Scott, who asked him to sit down. "General Scott," said Toombs in a stern tone, "I desire to know whether the army will march against the enemy within the next few days." "I am not ready yet to answer that question," replied the general, with a smile. "Then, sir," continued the youthful captain, "I will notify you that unless the army marches tomorrow I propose to go forward with my company into the very heart of the Indian territory!" To the astonishment of the officers, who expected a wiltering rebuke, Scott never changed his genial expression. "Very well, captain," was his quiet answer, in a soothing tone. "Very well, captain, use your own pleasure, by all means. Take your company to-morrow and march into the Indian country. We may follow you a few weeks later. But don't wait for us. Take your company and go ahead. Good night, captain!" Toombs blushed and withdrew. During the rest of the campaign he was the most obedient officer in the brigade.

In an article on the "Longest Reign," Mr. Justin McCarthy recalls an anecdote of Lord Brougham. At a dinner-party a lady once asked him who was the best speaker in the House of Lords. Brougham was silent for a moment, and then replied, "Lord Stanley, madam, is the second best." But a similar story is also told of Bismarck. At one of his Parliamentary soirees the Chancellor was asked by one of his guests which plenipotentiary who had attended the Congress of Berlin he deemed to be the best. "I don't know about the best," replied the Prince, with a humorous smile, "but I am quite certain that Lord Beaconsfield was at least the next best."

William Waldorf Astor recently entertained a company of aristocratic people at tea in his offices on the Thames embankment. The Duchess of St. Albans, the Duchess of Buckingham, Lord Iveagh, the Bradley-Martins, and other notables, including the Duchess of Cleveland, were present. Mr. Astor was showing the Duchess of Cleveland the principal features of the building, and pointed out with great pride the marble-and-malachite staircase which leads to the second floor. "Ah, yes," said her Grace, "it is very fine—far finer than mine at Battle Abbey, where the steps are so dreadfully spoiled by the marks left by the spurs of the old knights!"

A country laird bequeathed his property in equal shares to his two sons, who, after his death, continued to live most contentedly together for many years. At last, however, one of them said to the other, "Tam, we're getting to be auld men; you tak' a wife, and when I die you'll get my share o' the land." "Na, na, Jeems," said the other; "you're the youngest and the maist lively—you tak' a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon." "That's always the way wi' you, Tam," said the younger brother; "when there's any fash or trouble, I must tak' it all—you'll do naething."

A well-known Roman Catholic lady wrote to the Duke of Wellington asking for a subscription of one hundred pounds towards the restoration of a Roman Catholic church. The Duke replied—"Dear Lady X., I shall be happy to subscribe the sum you ask for to the admirable work in question. At the same time I may mention that I myself am about to undertake the restoration of the Protestant church at Strathfieldsays; and I have not the least doubt that you will assist me with a like sum. Only I think in that case no money need pass between us."

The King of Siam has a quaint humor, and though a most civilized person on the whole, occasionally develops tokens of orientalism. While in Rome recently, he went driving with King Humbert, and noticed that the various ecclesiastics and students who passed never saluted the King as other people did. He asked his royal host the reason. "They belong to the Vatican," replied the King. The Siamese monarch looked slyly at his companion and inquired, "Haven't you any gallows?"

Janet, with a flush, has just announced her engagement with the family chimney sweep broken. Her mistrees expostulated: "Why, Janet, I thought it was all settled!" "So it was, mum," said Janet, "but the fact is I saw him with a clean face for the first time last night, mum, and I can't marry him! You've no idea how ugly he is when he's washed, mum!"

The late Canovas de Castilar had a sharp wit. Montiro Rios, a prominent lawyer, had the courage to oppose him, and he remarked at a party in the palace at which his opponent was present: "Have you noticed, madam, those fine gloves that Montero Rios wears? The skin is of human bodies." "What!" retorted the lady, frightened. "Yes, madam, skin of his clients."


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# THE WAVE—SUPPLEMENT

MECHANICS' FAIR EDITION

San Francisco, September 11, 1897


## The Thirtieth Industrial Exposition of the Mechanics Institute, largely illustrative of Home Industry and Pure Food.

The Mechanics' Fair of 1897, the thirtieth of a series of industrial expositions, compares most favorably with its predecessors, and seems to be endowed with merits that are likely to render it of much benefit to the trading and manufacturing interests on the one hand, and the general community on the other. The old Pavilion building, brightened up externally and internally a couple of months ago for the meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society, is a far more cheerful and attractive place for visitors than it was for many previous years, and the efforts of the trustees of the Mechanics' Institute to remove the worn and almost neglected look which the building had taken on have been well seconded by the exhibitors, who have as a general rule spared neither pains nor expense in making their stands not merely neat, but even elegant in structure and decoration. In fact, in some few instances the setting and display of exhibits are worthy of an international exposition.

The undertaking necessarily partakes to some extent of the nature of an old-time fair, and, thus, while the industrial and mechanical arts form the solid foundation of these annual exhibitions, scope is afforded for the lighter attractions which appeal to so large a proportion of the public. While, therefore, the student of mechanics, the importer, exporter, or dealer in manufactured articles can find much that will be of interest to him in his business, the pleasure-seeker, whether of tender years or more mature experience, can derive enjoyment and instruction from a visit to the overflowing aisles and galleries of the enormous building. By way of adding to the attractions, which are in position there, a nightly function of some sort or another is specially provided to amuse and edify the vast number of visitors that pour in through the doors on Larkin street.

It would not be practicable to accord in these columns full credit to all those who have been chiefly instrumental in contributing to the results of the Fair this year, but we can safely say that to Mr. Ernst A. Denicke, the President of the Mechanics' Institute, a large measure of praise is due. For the past two years he has occupied that position and by his efforts and tact the present success has been greatly brought about. In the work of organization Mr. Denicke has been well seconded by Professor E. P. Heald, who holds the important office of Recording Secretary.

F. P. HEALD

E. A. DENICKE

RODNEY KENDRICK

To meet the requirements of the times and to foster an important branch of trade, a subsidiary field of work has been added to the exposition this year. This is the Pure Food Exhibit, to which it will be found a large section is devoted, and nearly all the leading manufacturers and dealers in food articles, particularly those put up in special packages, are extensively represented in the Pavilion.

Judging by the considerable showing made by the manufacturers of stoves and ranges, the exhibition is of great advantage to those who have to make or deal in these useful adjuncts of a comfortable home, and which more than one exhibitor is particular to urge upon public attention are locally made and therefore to be preferred to goods which are produced beyond the borders of the State, thus requiring the purchase-money to be withdrawn from local circulation, which is not the case if the cost goes into the pockets of the artisan and store keeper who make and handle the goods here. Home production is therefore a loud slogan at the Fair, and one that the public are never tired of listening to.

To deal with all the interesting features of the exhibition in one week is not possible, but we are enabled to present many of the leading subjects with a series of illustrations in this supplement.

Before passing on to the individual exhibits, we must not omit to give credit to the management for their excellent musical arrangements, which are under the special direction of Mr. Rodney Kendrick, the chairman of the Music and Decoration Committee. The band is composed of picked artists under the leadership of Mr. W. B. Rogers, the well-known cornetist, who came here specially from New York for the purpose.

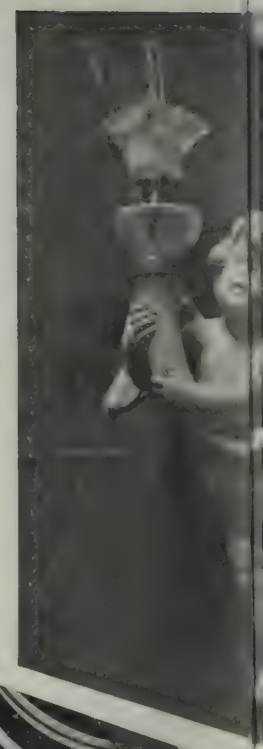
One of the best exhibits in the machinery department is that made by the Simonds Saw Co. of Marsh Steam pumps, which those who are interested in pumps should not fail to see during the coming week. They have five different pumps in operation, consisting of two boiler feeders, the smallest of which is used for a 20 H. P. boiler and the larger one having a capacity for 1,500 H. P. boiler. The deep well pump has no superior in its class and is used quite extensively in irrigating fruit lands in the Santa Clara and San Joaquin valleys. The tank pump also in operation is used for irrigating purposes, while the yacht pump as a boiler feeder for high pressure boilers is said to have no equal. Two of these are in use on the famous yacht Illide of New York which is the fastest yacht afloat. By a recent test in Chicago it was found that these pumps use only two-thirds as much fuel as the best duplex pump. Compressed air may be used for the running of these pumps as well as steam. The Simonds Saw Co. also manufacture air compressors, one of which is in operation in their exhibit; the same company's saw exhibit in the main hall is also one of the principal attractions of the Fair.

A CENTER PIECE FROM NATURE

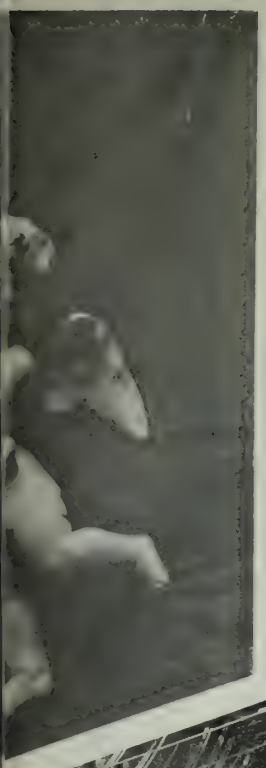
A specially interesting item of home industry is the exhibit of the California Art Glass Company, which includes the memorial window for the Maria Kip Orphanage produced by that firm, whose work is used extensively in many of the leading edifices in this State.

Among the many varied products of art and manufacture, Stoves are extensively exhibited and the S. & K. ranges of Steiger & Kerr, made here, are well worth inspection. Whether a plain range or a first-class six-hole, large oven model is desired, this firm of local manufacturers, who make a great point of being members of the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of California, can show goods that are really serviceable, well finished and up to date.

The stand of Mangrum & Otter includes an extensive exhibit of Magee ranges and Peninsular steel ranges. Amongst their specialties elegant mantels and tile work call for notice by reason of the excellent quality of their make and the artistic designs employed. The firm's hot-air furnaces are also on show, and likewise exceedingly well-constructed with all up-to-date improvements.



OLD GRIST MILL WHEAT COFFE



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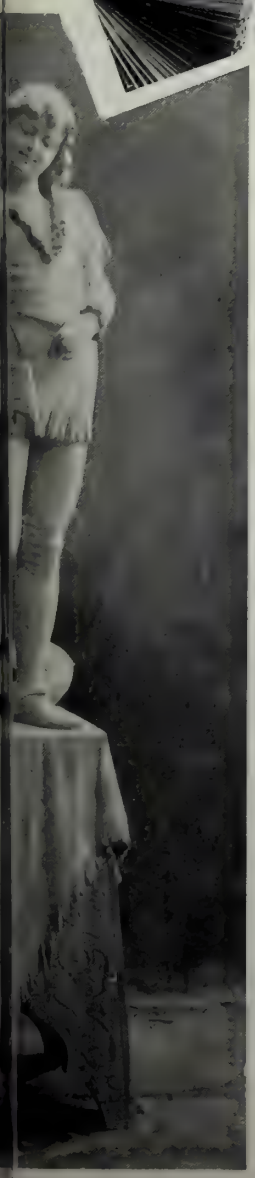

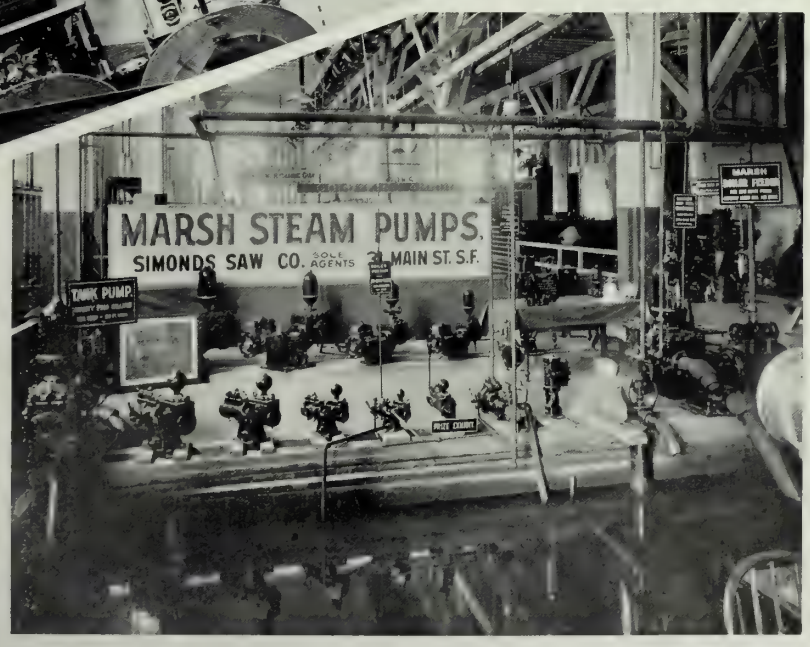
MARSH STEAM PUMPS.
SIMONDS SAW CO. SOLE AGENTS MAIN ST. S.F.
TANK PUMP.

QUEEN LILY SOAP
WHY BUY EASTERN SOAP WHEN YOU GET TWICE THE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY HERE
NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.

PAYOT, UPHAM & COMPANY.
THE KING OF TYPEWRITERS, THE NEW HAMMOND

E. & J. BURKE.
SHERWOOD

Messrs. N. Clark & Sons have a striking exhibit of their wares, consisting of every form of terra cotta work and high-class California stone, for which they are the general agents. With the growing demand for terra cotta in the construction of fine buildings this is another home industry that is satisfactorily developing.

The very complete display of Washburn & Roen in wire goods needs little more reference than is required to record the fact

J. E. GRANLY

that it is the prize exhibit in that line, their manufactures being well calculated to maintain the standing and repute of California home industries.

The show made by the Sterling Cycle Works, represented on this Coast by A. C. Nichols & Co., 400-404 Battery St., is well worth seeing. Here are exhibited some fifteen different models of this famous wheel, and judged by the crowds that surround the booth the public approval of these is beyond question. The motto, "Built like a watch," has been well selected for the "Sterling." The makers are especially proud of the testimonial of Prof. R. C. Carpenter, of Cornell University, who says: "So far as the perfection of mechanical details and finish of the Sterling wheel are concerned, I can say safely that I have not seen anything equal to it."

The booth representing the Typewriter Department of Messrs. Payot, Upham & Co. is one of the prettiest in the Pavilion. Tastefully furnished and decorated, it contains a complete display of Typewriters, Mimeographs, Neostyles, Office and Typewriter Desks, and last but not least the new Model Hammond Typewriter. Those remembering the old Hammond of five or ten years ago would not recognize the latest machine. Its chief features are permanently perfect alignment and interchangeability of type, whereby forty-six different styles of type, including fourteen foreign languages, can be inserted at a moment's notice; the great advantage of being able to insert in the machine any width paper, and the great speed of 206 words a minute, a record which has never been surpassed. We understand one of these beautiful machines is to be given away as a first prize in a guessing competition at the close of the Fair. The second prize will be an Automatic Neostyle, value $50.00. The contestants have to guess the receipts of the Clearing House for the week ending Sept. 18th, 1897.

Sherwood & Sherwood have a large exhibit near the entrance, consisting of a number of their principal specialties in groceries, wines, liquors, Belfast ginger ale and mineral waters. The Crosse & Blackwell display with a background of the royal coat of arms is very tasteful. Occupying separate sections also are The James Schlitz Brewing Co., whose illuminated barrels, backed with pyramids of bottled beer and large stained glass transparency are always a center of interest. Other sections are composed of the manufactures of Curtice Bros. of New York, showing their Blue Label Tomato Ketchup, canned vegetables and preserved fruits; Schramsberg Vineyard, with fine California wines; E. & J. Burke, bottlers of Guinness' stout, Bass's ale, Irish and Scotch whiskies; Rosskam, Gerstle & Co., Philadelphia, Keystone Monogram and Old Saratoga whiskies; Durkee & Co., spices, extracts and salad dressing; Chalmers' transparent gelatine; J. & J. Colman of London mustard; Holbrook & Co.'s genuine Worcestershire sauce; Fry & Sons of Bristol cocoa and chocolate; Ross' royal Belfast ginger ale; Dewar's Old Highland whisky; Heublein's club cocktails; Meinhold & Heineman's cider; Henk's Waukesha water; Evans & Sons' India pale ale; Gooderham & Worts' Canadian whiskey. Altogether a collection of first-class articles greatly esteemed by connoisseurs or good housekeepers.

The tasteful erection of carved cherry wood and plate glass facing the music platform on the southeast is conceded to surpass any structural booth ever seen at the Fair. The transparent lettering in the surmounting turret informs us that it is "Tillman's." The exhibit comprises coffees, teas, spices, mustard, flavoring extracts, toilet waters and other specialties for which the firm of Tillman & Bendel is famous, all put up under the uniform brand of "Tillman's." Trophy baking powder shares the honors of the display. Attractive as the style of all the packages is, it is secondary to the intrinsic merits of the goods, while the handsome booth itself serves as an elegant frame to a striking picture.

The varied productions which are displayed by Bibo, Newman & Ikenberg, the well-known grocery firm, are an object lesson in the pure food line. Everything speaks for itself, and the representatives of the firm are prepared with every guarantee and assurance that each article is as good as is made.

How many people who have not only heard of, but like to cut pancakes, which have been made of Aunt Jemima's Flour, realize that this worthy colored lady is the subject of a biography, but if you look in upon the stand devoted to this production of the R. T. Davis Mill Co. of St. Joseph, Mo., you will be presented with a copy of her life history and see specimens of the product, which carried off the honors in its line at the great World's Fair. And of more practical importance still you can be served with her excellent pancakes red hot and as good as they make 'em.

A novel production on show at the Fair is the Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee, a specialty of F. S. Greenlee & Co. of 203 Front street, which is manufactured by Cotter & Wrightington, of Boston. This article has been introduced as a substitute for the ordinary coffee and is said to be free from the deleterious qualities which make the coffee bean unwholesome for persons of bilious and nervous tendencies. At the same time the makers claim that Wheat Coffee is highly nutritive and tonic in its effects, as well as agreeable to the taste.

One of the most practical and seasonable exhibits is that of Smith's Cash Store. Perhaps no firm has fitted more Klondykers than this well-established house, and a division of their booth at the Pavilion is devoted to the display of miners' supplies. There is everything from evaporated potatoes for the inner man to great mackinaws for the extreme outer covering. Their Pure Food exhibit should not be without significance. Their jellies, jams, and candied goods are put up with a strict guaranty of purity, the label in every case saying just what the package contains. Doing business on a cash basis the firm claims to save a customer 20 per cent. and to use exceptional dispatch in executing orders, often a great point with travelers.

The exhibit made by the New England Soap Company of their Queen Lily Soap is really a marvel, the whole fixture being entirely constructed of that excellent product. But few persons know that San Francisco has so extensive a plant for the manufacture of soaps as that of this company. The outside walls of the soap house at the Fair are made entirely of cakes and blocks of Queen Lily and the roof alone contains over two tons of soap shingles, some fifteen tons of soap being used in forming the building. As a lady visitor was heard to remark, "You could tell it was soap with your eyes shut, for it all smells so nice and clean." The Queen Lily Soap is made from vegetable oils and borax, floats in water, and is very pleasant to the skin. The makers claim that it is superior to all other brands, local or Eastern, and being distinctly a home product there are good reasons beyond its own excellence why it should receive public patronage.

The dainty Cupid in carved wood which graces our page is from the art rooms of the P. Rossi Co., whose exhibit is among the finest at the Fair.

Another elegant piece of similar character to be seen in the art gallery is "The Little Page," an example of wood carving from the studio of M. Potte, and only one of many of the admirable works from this well known establishment.

E. P. Heald, Recording Secretary Mechanics' Institute, is President of Heald's Busi-

EDGAR J. ARNOLD

ness College, an institution well known throughout the Pacific Coast for the past thiry-five years. Primarily a school for turning out accomplished business men and lads, a course is also provided in civil, mining and electrical engineering. There is in addition a department of assaying and mining, including blow-pipe analysis, mill construction, geology, chemistry and metallurgy. Navigation is among the other practical sciences taught at this institution. It will thus be seen that the work of Prof. Heald places him in full sympathy with the object and aims of the Mechanics' Institute and renders him a useful man on the Board of Trustees and as Recording Secretary.

The Mechanics' Fair owes much of its success to judicious and effective advertising, prominent in this line is Mr. Edgar John Arnold, one of the youngest and most successful exponents in this city of modern advertising systems. Mr. Arnold was born in London, England, in 1871—educated at Rugby—graduated from Kensington with high art honors—came out to the World's Fair to conduct some extensive advertising for English firms, and later was traveling advertising representative for "The Call." After a short visit to England he returned to the Coast and now holds the position of advertising representative for the largest grocery house west of New York—Messrs. Goldberg, Bowen & Co., of this city and Oakland. In carrying out his duties, Mr. Arnold employs artistic tone as an aid to effective wording—distinctive type and paper being adjuncts to his efforts, thus appealing to the brain through the eye. In these days advertising is a science requiring skill and education, and only men possessing these qualifications can succeed in the work. As one who is producing some of the most effective advertising on the Pacific Coast, we present Mr. Arnold's photograph in our special supplement.

A representative commercial traveler, well known on this Coast, is John C. Graney, General Export Agent for James Everard's extensive New York breweries. Noted for his genial character, as well as business ability in his line of work, his popularity extends to the mining districts, where he has acquired interests in some of the best gold prospects in California. Mr. Graney has been conspicuous at the Fair, and his features will be familiar to most of the visitors to the pavilion.

# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 38 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

CLAUS SPRECKELS

PRESIDENT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RAILROAD

Photo by Taber

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Features of the State Fair | 4 |
| The World Abroad | 5 |
| Thomas on Tendencies; by F. N. | 5 |
| Thumb-Markings in Crime | 5 |
| "His Single Blessedness;" by Frank Norris | 6 |
| Sonnet to Austin Dobson by L. A. Robertson | 6 |
| Seventh Power of Europe | 6 |
| The State Fair at Sacramento; by Etc. Jr. | 7 |
| Life-Saving Stations Around the Harbor of the Golden Gate | 8-9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Bohemia in London | 12 |
| The Frivolous Gyp | 12 |
| Crane in London | 13 |
| In the Current | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE OAKLAND WATERFRONT.

The litigation which involves the title to the Oakland water front has been at last decided by our State Supreme Court, and that tribunal has practically awarded to the Oakland Water Front Company all of the property in controversy which the city of Oakland was most anxious to recover. It is the general policy of The Wave to avoid discussing legal questions in controversy before our courts; but keeping strictly within this rule one may now, at least, define the unfairness and unwisdom of our sister city across the bay in this connection.

The position of Oakland in this legal controversy has not been one that an honorable man would readily assume, for it has been one of deliberate repudiation of its solemn obligations. If a private individual who had bargained away his property for a valuable consideration should, after he had received all the accruing benefits of the trade, demand that his property be returned to him upon the ground that he had no right to make the bargain, he would lay himself liable to be called hard names, and, what is more, would be justly deserving of them. To paraphrase a homely saying, Oakland could not eat her pie and have it, too.

The people of Oakland do not fully realize the position their city assumed in the courts in this proceeding, and perhaps they never will. The masses are inert, individuals active; and communities are easily persuaded to follow the man who noisily declares his willingness to protect them against real or imaginary fraud or wrongdoing.

The town of Oakland was incorporated in the early fifties, and concurrently with its incorporation the Legislature granted to it the water front lying at its door. Shortly thereafter the Town Trustees ceded the entire property to Horace W. Carpentier in consideration of a small schoolhouse and a wharf which he erected. It has been repeatedly charged that this proceeding was tinctured throughout with fraud, and that the Trustees exceeded, beyond measure, the scope of their powers. These charges were on the public tongue before the ink was dry on the documents consummating the transaction. Let us admit the gravest charge ever made against Carpentier to be true. Let us admit his original title was one that would not, for a moment, stand the test of fair judicial examination. Such an admission would not in the least affect the standing of the present holders of the property, whose claims to ownership are based upon another and entirely new proceeding. In the spring of 1867 the feeling against Carpentier was most intense, and, determined to resist his "outrageous presumption," the city employed that eminent attorney, John B. Felton, to institute legal proceedings for the recovery of the property. Oakland then was a mere straggling village, no more promising than a dozen other villages scattered about the bay shore. Its advantages and future outlook were not superior to those of its neighbors and friendly rivals. But at the close of the year 1867 the Western Pacific Railroad was nearing completion. Its surveyed line did not touch Oakland, but continued in a westerly direction from Niles Canyon to Dumbarton Point, where the bay was to be spanned by a short bridge. From there the proposed line extended up into San Francisco by way of the beautiful suburban towns located in San Mateo County, and Oakland was to receive no benefits from its construction. Had this route remained unchanged, there is no doubt the present population of Oakland would to-day be located on the peninsula in San Mateo County, and the city across the bay would have remained a village like unto San Rafael. Very wisely and with keen foresight, however, that city stood willing to tender unusual inducements to the railroad builders to alter their route. The municipality could not offer what was most necessary to the railway, i. e., water front and terminal facilities, for all available property of that character was hopelessly involved in a controversy with Carpentier that promised to be interminable. The construction of the railway could not be suspended until the controversy was legally determined. The railway builders had no interest in Mr. Carpentier or his title. They were not parties to his fraud—if there was fraud. They were simply interested in building a line of railroad, and if the village of Oakland could offer adequate inducements, they stood ready to resurvey their route and make Oakland the western terminus of a great system of overland roads. In this predicament the future of Oakland was threatened. There was no remedy for the situation but to compromise with Carpentier so that the railway builders might be given a clear title. Such an agreement was reached in 1868. Carpentier, doubtless, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to perfect his title, and the city of Oakland quite as gladly entered the arrangement, and by ordinance and otherwise ratified, confirmed, settled, and finally adjusted all of its differences with Carpentier on condition that he should convey terminal facilities, etc., to the railway builders. Upon the faith and credit of the solemn obligation of the city then made, the railway has built into Oakland, and with this immense advantage that city at once dashed ahead of all its rival sisters in the race for population. The people of Oakland met in mass meeting to celebrate the settlement of the water front controversy and the coming of the railroad. Amid great enthusiasm and rejoicing they were addressed by such men as Henry Durant, afterwards Mayor, and John Dwinelle and John B. Felton, afterwards Mayor; all eminent and honorable citizens. Had any individual arisen in that meeting and declared the trade just consummated to be a fraud and the water front controversy to be unsettled, he would in all likelihood have received a sound and well-merited drubbing at the hands of an indignant populace. Years afterwards, upon the faith and credit of this settlement, the railway builders, at an outlay running into the millions in hard gold coin, purchased the stock of the Oakland Water Front Company held by Mr. Carpentier and his associates, and so came into the possession of the remainder of the property. These are the facts briefly, but fairly stated.

In the suit just decided Oakland sought to recover the water front it had given to the railway as an inducement for it to come to Oakland, and all of the water front confirmed to Carpentier which had subsequently been sold to innocent third parties. It sought this recovery chiefly upon the ground that it had no right to sell it or trade it away. The court has held the bargain binding and Oakland gains nothing.

It may be just as well to consider what Oakland has lost through the influence of the agitation of this hopeless cause. After the railway corporation was defeated in its effort to secure Goat Island as a point for bringing ship and car together, its owners began to purchase the outstanding interests in the Oakland Water Front Company. In 1880 it had acquired the greater portion of the stock and had formulated definite plans for the construction of warehouses and the dredging of canals along the western portion of the water front for the purpose of handling the great wheat output of the interior valleys. They had proceeded so far as to draw plans and make surveys, when a blackmailing Oakland newspaper began a "water front agitation" that was greedily taken up by the Oakland agitators, and as a result the City Council employed A. A. Cohen to commence legal proceedings for the recovery of the property. This put a period on all plans for the improvement of the water front, and if the Oakland property-owner will take the pains to look at the immense warehouses strung along the Straits of Carquinez and the thriving town of Crockett and other neighboring villages clinging to the Contra Costa hills, he may gather some idea of the advantages lost to Oakland by that insane agitation.

It seems, unhappily enough, that the agitation which provoked the suit just determined, began at a time when the holders of water front stock had determined to sell the land owned by them and attempt to encourage manufacturing enterprise in that vicinity. This was in 1892, five years ago, but no sooner had the directors of the company announced their intention to sell than the agitation was renewed, the land withdrawn from the market, and several large manufacturing plants, which by this time would have been in full operation, were lost to that city. Oakland, under unwise leadership, has blundered badly in this affair. There are evidences that it will blunder again. The individuals who stand responsible for the past agitation are anxious to cover their defeat and mislead the people into a belief that they have gained a victory which now only needs a little more agitation and a little more litigation to bring final and complete success, but they have prophesied falsely before, and it will be little short of criminal if they are permitted to formulate gubernatorial booms at the expense of the city they pretend to serve.

## THE PRESS AND JUDGE VAN FLEET

The bitter and unreasonable attacks of the press upon Justice Van Fleet, of our Supreme Court, because of the opinion written by him in the case of one Loren Fox cannot possibly disturb that gentleman's confidence in the settled rules of law which he simply reiterates, though they may be calculated to disturb his peace of mind.

The case of Fox runs about as follows:

Fox, who is a laborer, unfortunately poor and needy, brought suit against an Oakland street railway concern to recover damages for the killing of his infant son by one of the defendant's cars. The jury held the corporation to be negligent and awarded Fox six thousand dollars damages. From this judgment the defendant appealed, claiming, among other things, that the damages awarded were excessive, inasmuch as there was not even a remote probability that the deceased would ever have been able to contribute that sum to the family fund, or to have performed, during his minority, services of that value. The court agreed to this contention of defendant and held the damages to be excessive.

This ruling moved the press to hysterics, and to declare the court had held "that the poor man's child was not as valuable as the rich man's child," and much more of similar nonsense. The truth is, Judge Van Fleet did little more than reiterate doctrines as old as the law which permits the recovery of damages for the death of a son. At the common law, the right to maintain such action was unknown. It is a creature of modern legislation. The damages to be recovered in such an action are compensatory, not exemplary. The general rule is that the surviving relative may only recover such actual pecuniary loss as he may establish by proper proof. Sentiment, love and affection, grief, mental pain and anguish, may not be considered as elements going to make up the sum of damages recoverable. If the trial court instructs the jury that they may take these things into consideration in determining the amount of damages to be awarded, the Supreme Court must set aside the verdict upon the ground that such instruction was error. This is clearly established and definitely settled law. There remains nothing upon which one may base his claim to damages except his actual pecuniary loss. If the defendant in such a case is found to be wholly responsible for the death in question, he may be mulcted in damages for medical atendance of deceased and for his funeral expenses. In addition to this the jury may take into consideration the probable value of the services of the child during his minority, but so nice is the law in this particular that it contemplates the deduction from this amount of the probable cost of his maintenance and support. It is a recognized rule in these cases that such damages are limited to the actual pecuniary loss to the surviving parents. Upon this basis, the father of an incompetent could not legally recover a dollar more than the actual cost of medical attendance and funeral expense, for he could not show that such incompetent had any earning capacity or that his death had resulted in pecuniary loss to himself. He could not recover solace money for wounded feelings. His child may have been just as dear, just as lovable and just as sacred to him as any infant in the land, but the law fixes his right to recover at his actual pecuniary loss, and in such cases it would be difficult to see how any court could award the father of such an incompetent any more than the amount of medical attendance and funeral expenses. In fixing the sum of these damages, it is not only pertinent, but necessary, for juries and for courts to inquire into the surrounding circumstances, and base the damages awarded on the probable earning capacity of the child according to his environment and condition in life. There is no fixed value upon a child's services. No rule that can be applied to every case surrounding conditions, which vary with every case, determines or at least should determine, the amount. Such is the only safe rule for arriving at a fair estimate of the probable earnings of deceased minor, and this is what our Supreme Court has reiterated, nothing more, nothing less; and the press that has seen fit to attack Judge Van Fleet for his decision simply indicated its ignorance of the law to those who understand it, and awakened unjust and unfair prejudices in the minds of those who do not understand it.

## GUATEMALA AND ITS PRESIDENT.

The press of this city has, of late, devoted an unusual number of columns to the affairs of the republic of Guatemala and to its President, General Reyna Barrios. If the space devoted to this subject was unusual, the sensational and untruthful character of the news was not. Peculiarly enough, the temper of the articles were so violent as to seem inspired by something akin to hate. The financial situation of the country has been sadly misrepresented, and business houses sound from every financial point of view were accused of nearing bankruptcy. So totally at variance with the facts were the charges made that an impartial observer could only infer that there was no desire to do justice to Guatemala or its President, but that behind the reports lurked a spirit of malice and political opposition to the administration of the country.

The exports from California to Guatemala amount annually to two millions of dollars, and one must confess that this method of procedure is not calculated to enlarge that trade or inspire the people of our southern neighbor with a desire to increase or even maintain present trade relations with a community that permits its press to treat it unfairly.

The countries of Spanish America are more or less small, new, and are not yet firmly established in their political existence. They are in the period of formation and are, in the nature of things, subject to frequent upheavals, now unknown in the older countries of the world. Guatemala, like all of Spanish America, is badly affected by the great depreciation of silver. At no time have these countries been entirely free from the evil effects of this shrinkage of money values, but never has its effects been so keenly felt as now. The country, however, is not approaching bankruptcy. In coffee alone its exports amount to twenty million dollars annually, in gold, not to speak of its other productions. The country is rich in natural resources, and has a chief executive with brains, courage and a powerful will. By popular vote General Reyna Barrios was elected President of Guatemala in 1892. On taking office he found the country financially, politically and socially in a most miserable plight. Discord and distrust were in the air, and radical measures were necessary to secure the perpetuity of peace and restore good feeling.. The new President, with an energy peculiarly his own, dedicated himself to re-establishing harmony and confidence, and with it the credit of the nation. The countrty responded to his intelligent treatment, and Guatemala entered upon an era of prosperity never before equaled.

The President undertook the construction of the Northern Railroad, which is the pride of all Guatemala. It was prosecuted as a Government undertaking, and is now not far from completion.

In Spanish-American countries private enterprise is dormant. The Government must inaugurate great undertakings. Paternalism rules down in that zone. The welfare of the country and its development is largely bound up in the progressive spirit of the administration, and realizing this, recognizing the great executive abilities of Barrios, and to insure the completion of the railroad enterprise, the last National Assembly unanimously prorogated his term of office four years more.

General Barrios is not the sanguinary monster he has been represented by one of the dailies. He is a quiet, studious, inoffensive gentleman, with whom the writer had some personal acquaintance while he resided in this city. It would be interesting, to say the least, to ascertain who the individual may be who is inspiring the attacks upon General Barrios, for they are unreasonable, malicious and manifestly untruthful.

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One fact the decision in the Fair case settled is the futility of the advisory jury in equity cases. The Judge's decision is the ruling factor, and he is empowered to pronounce the verdict. The jury is a fifth wheel and rather an embarrassment than otherwise. Whether the cause in question was really an equity case is a subject for the Supreme Court, but whether or no the conclusion is a blow at the time-worn palladium of our liberties. The life of the jury system in civil cases, at least, is doomed. As confidence grows in the integrity and intelligence of Judges, and the idea that a mind trained to estimate evidence and weigh motives is better able to decide between opposing contentions becomes more generally acceptable, it will fall into disuse. Of the civil cases tried in England last year in only three hundred was the services of a jury requested. The assistance of a jury in an equity case is there unheard of.

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Year by year the position of the Chinese tea trade with Great Britain seems to be on the decline, while our importations of the leaf from India and Ceylon are going up by leaps and bounds. The first of the new season's tea from China arrived the other day, but dealers generally exhibited very little interest in the importation, and the price realized at auction was only about 4½d. per pound—of course, that being the bona price, not duty paid. This is a great falling away from 1894, when fine Chinese teas commanded as much as 2s. 6d. per pound.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The oratory in the Fair case was not remarkable. It was abundant, certainly, and highly inflammatory, but the leaders have been heard to better advantage. Mr. McEnerney devoted himself to the legal aspects of the case, argued broadly and lucidly and reasonably. He is always safe to make a clear and intelligent exposition of law points, and is really at his best before the Supreme Court. His impressive presence and fine voice are factors in the effect he makes, and it may be added that he has a fine sense of logical form which renders his arguments shapely in composition. In Mr. Delmas' speech there were magnificent passages, but the body of the argument was hardly up to his best efforts. It was a powerful appeal, however, passionate, strenuous, but rather more garish in coloring than is the wont of this speaker, whose style is notable for clear, concise, compact phrasing and a fine clarity of statement. There are occasions when Mr. Delmas' oratory is great—on this occasion it was brilliant and clever and subtle—the means to the end, addressed to the jury rather than to the jurist. Mr. Wheeler certainly made a strong impression, and showed a power and vitality and audacity which his friends hardly credited him with possessing. He spoke freely and boldly; bitterly, too, and the flow of his argument carried the attention of both audience and jury. This, quite apart from the controversial portions of the speech. Mr. Wheeler is a young man comparatively, and has by no means arived at the zenith of his career. Certain characteristics of his style are open to criticism. For instance, he sweeps along too swiftly from point to point rather than impressing the strong factors of the argument into the mind by repetitions and recurrences as Delmas does. But he interests and has real force, which are the things that count in the long run. It is regretable that there should have arisen the degree of feeling that was manifested, but it was inevitable from the clash of forces and the unusual circumstances of the cause.

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The Olympic Club is in a sorry pickle. It does require a strong hand at the helm and the services of a reorganizer and reformer. There is an impression that some rich figurehead of a man is needed to lead the club out of Egypt and into the Land of Promise, but I believe any capable and intelligent individual with a good executive faculty and a strong allowance of tact and sense might easily restore to the institution both its prestige and prosperity. Just now the club has a floating indebtedness of over $40,000, and its membership from 2,300 has fallen to some 1,300. It is still strong, and certainly is admirably equipped for the purpose of its organization, but the proper spirit is not at work in it, and until the solution of the situation is found the Olympic will languish. The predicament of the club seems to be that it has lost tone. Expelled from the Amateur Athletic Association it has got itself into an invidious position by managing and abetting prize-fights. The interior direction has neither the manner nor sternness requisite for firm administration, and the general air is of looseness and decay. It is necessary, first, that the club identify itself with the modern spirit in amateur athletics, which grows stricter rather than laxer in its rulings against professionalism. There must be no dallying with professionalism in any shape. It must be stamped out of the Olympic Club ere there can be any resurrection. Identified with true amateur sport it would not take long for the institution to revive, and the old esprit de corps would spring up again stronger than ever. Then it would be an honor to belong to the club. Just now no one esteems it even a privilege, and most of its members forget the innumerable benefits and pleasures the institution confers.

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In one of its recent issues the "Monarch" has taken occasion to speak of the abundance of excellent statuary and public monuments that adorn the streets of the city. This is lamentably, pathetically untrue. Three weeks ago the best the city could boast was the group of statuary by Hapersburger, out at the City Hall, and Lotta's fountain. Since that time, however, the Native Son's monument has been unveiled and San Franciscans have had opportunity to note what really can be done by means of granite and bronze. Now comes news of the Mervyn Donahue fountain to the effect that Mr. Douglass Tilden, the deaf mute sculptor is to model the figures, while Willis Polk is to design the shaft. No better combination could be selected for the business than these two California artists. Mr. Tilden has shown himself to be the possessor of extraordinary talent, and Mr. Polk, as an architect and designer, is really clever, and can always be relied upon to be simple, artistic and genuine. It was his hand and judgment that succeeded so admirably with the shaft of the Native Son's monument, whose excellence we can be assured is but an earnest of what he will accomplish with the greater opportunities afforded by the Donahue monument, whose cost, I am informed, is to be not less than $25,000. There is also a rumor going the rounds to the effect that Mr. Phelan is about to donate another large sum for an imposing monument in Golden Gate Park. So, if all tales are true, San Francisco may expect in time to possess public statues and fountains worthy of the name. The "Examiner," as usual, has been only a little hasty.

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The decision of Judge Wallace in the Supervisors' case was a foregone conclusion. It was one of the opportunities by which that jurist demonstrates his impeccable integrity. Really it made little difference what could be said for or against the Board, the spirit to expel was so willing and active that the law figured as an excuse rather than a cause. At the turn affairs have taken, however, no one seems particularly put out, save the victims, though it is a question whether the decision of expulsion will hold. There has grown up a great disgust at the actions and attitudes of such men as Devany, Haskins, Sheehan and Delaney, of whom better things were expected. Many honorable men assisted in electing them, imagining that they could be trusted, but the results have shown the contrary. However, if the Supreme Court pronounces Judge Wallace's conclusion bad law, the occurrence will go as a warning and prove an assistance in the direction of decency. Of course there will be an appeal at once, though it is yet a question in what shape the case will be taken before the Appellate Court. Attorney Pillsbury is competent, however, to make a good showing for his clients.

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It was clever work that prevented a clash of authority between the Governor and Mayor in the appointment of the new Supervisors. There is no question but that Mr. Budd sought in this connection an opportunity to further his political aspirations, but the combination of forces at this end was too strong for him, though he fought bravely for his interests before resigning the struggle. His one representative is William Dresbach, who had the support in his candidacy of the Spreckels interests. Mr. Phelan is to be congratulated on his selection, for it is quite the strongest Board the city ever had. Charles Ashton is in real estate, and came into prominence through the great fight over the Dashaway steal, which he waged single-handed. Judge Heydenfeldt appointed him the executor of his estate as a testimony to the fine integrity he displayed in that affair. He assisted at the organization of the first non-partisan convention, and has participated at its gatherings ever since. He may be depended upon to look out for the best interests of the city. James H. Barry, who declines to serve, is the editor of "The Star,' and is certainly a thoroughly honorable man. Dr. Dodge and Dr. Clinton have been reappointed. Both have demonstrated their competency in the public service. John Lackmann, who is also reappointed, is animated with that regard for official dignity which is characteristic of the European rather than of the American citizen. William Dresbach is prominent on California street, and is notable for having engineered the Mackay-Flood wheat deal, and for some reason seems to have wanted the office. Henry Fortman is manager of the Alaska Packers' Association, and is associated with ex-Mayor Pond. He is able and conscientious. W. J. Biggy is in the laundry business and is one of the few San Franciscans who ever returned from Sacramento with reputation intact. Against Dr. Rottanzi the worst that may be urged is his friendship with Dr. Ragan of the School Board. James Danman is a man who is honored by his associates, made a legitimate fortune in real estate, and may be trusted to find the clean side of any public proposition. The same may be said of F. W. Dorhman, who is President of the Merchants' Association, and is a business man who really has a business. Joseph Britton has been prominent in reform movements for many years past, and is very wealthy. It is quite a strong association this new Board; is dowered with lots of executive ability, and may render distinguished service to the city. But the best men do not always make the best public servants, as has been proved. The light of publicity shines bright on the Supervisorial chamber, and it is not every man who can sustain its glare.

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The return to this port of the steamer Excelsior has brought us fresh intelligence from the Yukon district. This has come in the shape of personal reports obtained from miners and others who have returned to enjoy the comforts of civilization, and also in the form of dispatches from press correspondents who had just established themselves at Dawson. The men who have reached here are practically unanimous in confirming the reports that have recently been coming to hand as to the probability of short supplies of food in the district during the coming winter. Mr. W. Ogilvie, the Dominion surveyor, was amongst the pasengers by the boat, and he has expressed grave fears that the influx of population has rendered the situation extremely dangerous from the food supply point of view. Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., who has lately been up in the district in the interests of the Alaska Commercial Company, having left Dawson on August 18th, and broken his journey at several points on his way down the river, states that stores are depleted at all depots, though there is a large stock at St. Michael's, whence the goods cannot be transported owing to the want of water in the stream. In this respect there is unusual difficulty this year. Mr. Sloss is, therefore, a sharer in Mr. Ogilvie's apprehensions of the distress that must befall the immense number of people who have been flocking to Dawson from all points without providing themselves with sufficient supplies. Both these gentlemen are trustworthy authorities on the point, and it is impossible not to feel anxious at the situation. In the meantime the arrivals of treasure are not up to expectations, and the total which has reached here by the Excelsior on this trip will probably not exceed $500,000, and may not prove to be more than $300,000.

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From the advices of the members of the "Examiner" expedition the first of the party appears to have reached Dawson in twenty-two days from San Francisco, having gone in by way of Juneau and the Chilcoot Pass. Some of the writing that has since been forwarded, per Excelsior, is highly sensational, especially that of the member of the party who lays claim to large experience of mining camps. His effusions would give the impression that the riches of he Klondyke are inconceivable. On the other hand, the local dailies have been considerably occupied during the last few days in declining responsibility in any way for the mad rush.

BOSWELL JR.

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Ex-Secretary Carlisle is in favor of the nomination in every State at all elections of tickets by the Sound Money Democrats. Mr. Carlisle thinks this is the only way to preserve what he calls "simon-pure Democratic principles." He is still uncomprisingly opposed to the Bryan platform, regarding it as altogether undemocratic. Mr. Carlisle will speak in Kentucky in support of the gold Democratic nominee for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

A Heavyweight Sire

Searchlight, the Great Pacer

Entrance to the Pavilion

Jerseys and Herefords

Three of a Kind (Jerseys)

Horse Parade

Pavilion Interior

The Blacksmith Shop

A FEW OF THE FEATURES AT THE STATE FAIR

From photographs by Capt. T B. Hall and W. G. Woods, of the Sacramento Camera Club

## THE WORLD ABROAD

### Some of the Leading Topics of the Day in Many Lands.

We have had the Venezuela incident, likewise the undiplomatic handling of the seal question in the "shirt-sleeves dispatch" of Secretary Sherman, and now there are signs in the sky that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty may create fresh difficulty should the policy of assuming national control of the Nicaragua Canal be definitely pursued. The report that Japan is raising a side issue on the same question hardly needs serious consideration.

The uprisings on the northern frontier of India seem to be melting away under the vigorous assertion of military power by the Government. The Ameer of Afghanistan has given the strongest assurances that the action of the tribes has not been prompted by him, and the idea, somewhat prevalent at the outset, that the Sultan of Turkey was encouraging the movement does not seem to have been justified. The interests of the former ruler are so obviously in the direction of friendliness with the Indian Government, from whom he receives a subsidy of 1,800,000 rupees a year, probably about one-fifth of the entire revenue of his kingdom, that he is well advised to use his influence in keeping the turbulent tribesmen in order. The idea that he is disposed to risk his independence, at present absolute except that under his agreement with the Government of India he is forbidden to have relations with any other foreign power, is altogether a mistake, and as the revolt of the tribes of which he is suzerain injures his standing with his great ally, he is exerting himself to the utmost to minimize the present difficulties.

Such sedition as has shown itself in India proper of late is chiefly due to the vaporings of the low section of the native press, several members of which have already been punished in an exemplary manner.

The Belgian expedition to the Antarctic, which sailed from Antwerp in the middle of last month in the steamer Belgica, headed by M. de Gerlache, will endeavor to penetrate the region of the South Pole, and, whatever may be the result, its efforts should furnish a fresh stock of scientific information regarding that quarter. The ultimate point so far reached was latitude 74 degs. S., touched by the sealer Waddell seventy-four years ago.

The Belgian Government are about to expend one million dollars in extending the dock accommodation at Antwerp, now the largest port in the world. This is only the prelude to still further improvements.

Reports have come to hand of discoveries of great mineral wealth in Newfoundland, which for centuries has remained until recently a neglected country, so far as the development of its internal resources is concerned. Gold has been found near Cape Broyle in the south, and near Cape John in the north, while there is an abundance of copper, silver, nickel, lead, asbestos and other minerals. A coal seam thirteen feet wide has also been discovered in the Codroy Valley, close to the railway, forty miles from Port au Basque. There are altogether good grounds for a boom in that locality.

Owing to the fall in silver there is general depression in the import trade in China. The great firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co. are establishing cotton factories on a large scale in South China.

Queen Victoria has knighted Chang Yen Hoon, Special Embassador from China on the occasion of her jubilee, and Chen Tung Liang Cheng, Secretary of the Special Embassy, appointing them Honorary Members of the First and Second Classes respectively of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

It is understood that the difference between President Kruger and the Transvaal Judges has been practically adjusted, and the authority and independence of the judiciary is to be finally established beyond all interference. This result is a fresh tribute to the clear perceptions of the President, who, autocratic though he is, does not wish to maintain the ground that he is a power above the law.

The report of the Transvaal Industrial Commission states that the Commissioners ascertained that, during 1896, out of the hundred and eighty-three gold mines in the Transvaal, seventy-nine produced gold to the value of $43,019,105. The remaining hundred and four produced no gold, most of these being in a state of development. Only twenty-five companies declared dividends, amounting in the aggregate to $8,593,905.

An ice-breaking steamer, built in Denmark, which can cut through ice twenty-eight inches thick at the rate of four knots an hour, arrived at Vladivostok in the beginning of June, and not only the Russians, but also the Japanese, are looking forward to its performance with the keenest interest, since, if it really does what it professes to do, Vladivostok harbor can be kept open all the year round—a matter of great commercial and political importance. The Russian Admiral Makaroff has gone to North Siberia to study the hydrographic conditions there, in order to ascertain whether the rivers, especially the Yenisei, cannot be kept open considerably longer by means of similar ice breakers. Why not try it on the Yukon?

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's first campaign at his new house, Her Majesty's Theater in London, came to a close in the middle of August. His great undertaking has met with entire success, and in his address to the public after the last performance of the season he expressed himself satisfied with the results of his work and enterprise. He remarked that while the cry in London at present is "Down with foreign importations," he, personally, was disposed to think that the public cares very little where the play comes from so long as the entertainment is good. For the moment, he said, the romantic drama, the drama of our youth, is in the ascendant; in fact, the older generation has been knocking at the door. For next season Mr. Tree has projected quite a Shakespearean revival.

Sir Herbert Kitchener is carrying his advance up the Nile with the same steady determination and absence of fuss that have characterized his action in Egypt from the very first. Sir Herbert's remarkable quality is that he has achieved amazing success with the most unpromising materials. An instance of this was last year's advance on Dongola, which was carried out with the most absurdly inadequate means. It is for this unusual power that General Kitchener is peculiarly noted—he is literally a man who commands success, and his black 10th battalion believe in him as the tenth legion believed in Caesar. Sir Herbert, who by the way is an Irishman, is generally disliked by special correspondents, a feeling he cordially returns.

## THOMAS ON TENDENCIES

### The Author of "Alabama" Believes in the Problem Play.

The author of "Alabama" and "In Mizzouri" was writing at a ridiculously inadequate table when I came in, and by a light that should have been quite out of the question. He was a large blue-serge gentleman with a smooth face and looked enough like an actor to be a clergyman, while at the same time I knew him to be a first-class playwright. I say first-class because in the course of the interview Augustus Thomas found occasion to call himself a "second-class," man which was good only because it was false, and palpably so.

We began upon "Don't Tell Her Husband," Mr. Thomas' new play, which the Frawleys now have under rehearsal.

"It's a problem comedy," said Mr. Thomas.

"Rather an unusual departure, isn't it?" I asked.

"A problem does end in a tragedy oftentimes, but for all that this is to be comedy in the sense that it is somewhat light."

I asked him what was to be its motif.

"Whether or not a man's chum should tell him of his wife's unfaithfulness."

"Problem enough," said I. "Do you solve it?"

"Remember the title," answered Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas had a good deal to say about the problem play when I asked him if it was going out of vogue with the public.

"These things are matters of action and reaction," he said. "A little while ago and the public would not listen to melodrama. You couldn't so much as feed it to them with a spoon, but you see for yourself how 'Secret Service' and 'Maryland' have taken. The problem play is perhaps a little unpopular now, but the taste will come around again in time, for the reason that the best kind of work is done in plays of this character, and good, strong work will always tell in the end and find its place."

"When I write a play," continued Mr. Thomas, "I go into it, as it were, by inches, step by step. You know I consider the most important parts of a drama to be the parts that are not spoken—the thousand and one little looks and gestures, little poses and motions."

"I didn't know the playwright took notice of that," said I. "I supposed that he left those for the most part to the actor or actress."

"Rather the contrary," observed Mr. Thomas. "I write a play practically in novel form, filling in the gaps in the dialogue with explanatory directions. Of course the 'business,' such as the crossings and the like, is done after the piece is put on rehearsal."

"What should you say," I asked him next, "was the great requisite for a playwright?" and just as I expected Mr. Thomas answered "Truth."

"Yes, but truth on the stage, where a painted tree looks more real than a real tree, where an actor demands a strong line upon which to make his exit? How can you always be true there?"

"There are big fundamental truths that lie deeper than mere painted scenery and exit lines. Must you use green ink when writing of a landscape or red when describing a fire? And, besides that, demand for a strong exit line is true to life."

"As, for instance—"

"At your club, for instance, when you leave a group of men. Don't you always think of some little parting shot with which to signal your departure?"

I reflected.

"Or at a function. It is really a most dramatic situation from your point of view when you must say goodbye and face a whole roomful of people who are listening to what you are saying to your hostess. It is quite a little crisis. You do rack your brains for something appropriate to say and a 'strong exit line' is a veritable godsend. You see such situations occur often upon the stage, and in reproducing them you are true to life after all."

For a man who has accomplished so much Mr. Thomas is rather limited in his working hours. He calls himself a lazy man, which would be true if hard work was measured by mere lapse of time. But Mr. Thomas can do more by means of his daily four or five hours' stint than you or I could achieve in years. He is up at 6 (when a play is in hand), works till breakfast, is back in his study an hour after breakfast, and writes steadily till noon. Never works afternoons or evenings except when under pressure, and then he works all night.

"But the best work is the deliberate, careful work, well thought over and slowly worked out."

"And how about the journalist working at his desk in the midst of scurrying office boys, clashing shears, and all the small pandemonium of a newspaper office?"

I didn't wait for Mr. Thomas' answer. I thought it was a strong exit line and left. F. N.

## THUMB-MARKINGS IN CRIME

### The Ball of the Thumb Considered as Evidence.

It is an old saying that art is always ahead of science, the imagination of the poet, author or painter always running ahead of and out-stripping the plodding investigations of the laboratory and the dissecting-room. When Jules Verne invented—for in a way he did invent—the famous submarine craft "Natuilus" the public smiled at the conceit as an entertaining and amusing project of a visionary writer of fiction. A few years later the Holland torpedo boat, constructed upon almost precisely the same lines as the one in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," was an established, an actual fact.

So it may be with our own Mark Twain. The story of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" turned upon identification by means of thumb marks. We who have read the book and seen the play perhaps took our enjoyment with a half-smile of toleration at the humorist's fancy. Five years have not gone by, and already staid and grave scientists, men of hard facts and cold, unemotional reasoning are bestirring themselves and limbering their stiffened joints in their efforts to catch up with a writer of funny stories.

Very shortly, perhaps within the year, it is most likely that thumb-print evidence will be admitted in all the law courts of this country, and may even come to be the adjunct of signed documents, wills, checks and the like. The main advantages of this method of identification are that the markings of the cuticle upon the ball of the thumb, the little creases, whirls, loops and arches never change, and that the chances of two human beings possessing the same marking are less than 1 in 64,000,000,000—small enough for all practical purposes, surely. Already treatises have appeared upon the subject, experts in the matter have arisen, and men in positions that imply dealings with a multitude of people have been making exhaustive researches, tests and examinations. Thus it has been proved beyond the preadventure of a doubt that a man of eighty possesses precisely the same thumb-markings that he did when a child. His face may change so that his own children or his nearest relatives will fail to identify him, his character, the very man himself may alter beyond recognition (as happened in the well known case of Theophilus Young), yet the print of the ball of the thumb upon wax is as changeless as identity itself.

As an illustration of the efficacy of this theory of thumb-markings, no better instance can be cited than the experience of Sir William Herschel, Registrar of Hoogly, in India, who caused all people executing public documents in his office to leave with him impressions of the balls of their thumbs. This impression, precisely as in the case of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," he filed and kept for reference. This was in 1878. A few years ago his successor in office, one Mr. Duke, made an attempt to look up some of the people whose thumb-marks had been preserved. He found eight of them, took a second impression of their thumbs, compared them with those taken nearly twenty years previous, and found that in every case they tallied exactly.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the efficacy of thumb-marking as a means of criminal identification, and, indeed, two cases are now being prepared for the courts where the jury will be asked to compare the imprint of bloody finger and thumb with those taken from the hands of the accused prisoners.

Francis Galton, an Englishman, is the head of the new school, and has but recently issued two books, one called "Finger Prints" and another, more practical, entitled "Finger Print Directories." Already his system has been adopted by prison authorities in India and parts of England. Mr. Galton, however, believes that thumb-marks will be of far more practical benefit to business men than to officers of the law, since the addition of the thumb-print to each signature would make forgery impossible. In his "Finger Print Directories," Mr. Galton says:

The method of taking finger prints for police purposes is as follows: The official squeezes a few drops of printer's ink on a copper plate and works it with a ruler till it forms an even layer over the surface. The layer of ink must be so thin as to allow the copper of the plate to show through it.

He then takes the prisoner's right hand and lays the bulbs of the four fingers flat on the inked plate, pressing them gently but firmly. He then lays the inked fingers on a card.

He next takes the thumb of the right hand, rolls the bulb slightly on the inked plate and rolls it again on the card. He obtains a second impression of the fingers alone, this time rolling each one. The same process is gone through with the other hand.

For business purposes a small, neat and handsome apparatus would be devised for inking the thumb. It would include some preparations for removing the ink. It would be out of the question for a man to make eighteen finger marks on a check or public document, as is done by the prisoner on his card. The thumb-print would be ample.

Once this system becomes established, it will of course be probable that professional criminals will sear or scarify their finger and thumb tips. However, it will be necessary for them to perform the operation on every finger tip, a process that would involve the most exquisite torture, the finger tip being only less sensitive than the tongue, while an impression of the resulting scars would be even a better form of identification than the original unmaimed cuticle.

The Russian photographers have a strange way of punishing those who, having received their photograph, do not pay their bills. They hang the pictures of the delinquents upside down at the entrance to their studios.

# His Single Blessedness.

By FRANK NORRIS

Be pleased to consider how small are the beginnings of things—big things. When he was yet a very young fellow, say seventeen or eighteen, and spending a sweltering August at a summer resort down the coast, Doychert made the remark that little children bored him and that he hated them. This was more or less true, for a boy of eighteen hasn't the moral right to hate anything, 'specially children. Young Doychert had fired off the remark for the sake of effect, with one eye cocked at the gallery. Some girls were about and he wanted to astonish them. Doychert didn't hate children at all; quite the contrary, as events proved. But once having made the remark, he had to live up to it. So he went about that resort saying, "I hate children, I hate children," till he made people believe him, and ended by believing it himself. A lie never seems so true as when it has been crystallized into words. Doychert had very arbitrarily chosen his hatred of children as his fad, and he wore this nasty fad conspicuously, as some African tribesman might wear a hideous ornament, until it grows into his flesh and becomes almost a part of him. Doychert's "pet aversion" became almost—I say almost—a part of him, and he nursed it and fostered it until it developed hugely, so that he actually believed he could not stay in the same room with an active little, noisy little child, boy or girl.

"I can't help it," he would say. "It's an instinct, like some people's aversion to cats. Let 'em be old enough to take care of themselves, and I don't say; but a nasty, mewling, salmon-pink, smelly, baby, all head and red dough, that makes sucking noises and drules milk—B-r-r!" Thus Doychert with a shudder of horror that he believed was genuine. And all the while, way down in the secretest heart's heart of the man, he was a kindly, lovable fellow, with no more dislike for babies than you or I or all the rest of us.

Three years after he was married his first baby was born—a girl.

Doychert loved his wife—no man better. They two had a delicious tiny little rabbit-waren of a house, all brown shingles and small paned windows, way out at the end of Pacific aveune, near where the Government Presidio reservation begins. It was far enough removed from the end of the world of San Francisco to be near enough to heaven for all practical purposes, and for three years Doychert lived out the dearest period of his life there, wallowing in happiness, as one might say, fairly miring himself in the pure delight of being alive—and married, married to Mrs. Loychert. For she was a dear, beautiful girl, and the pair loved each other better than most people.

When the little girl was born Doychert said to me, across his smoking-table (we were in the billiard-room and the wheels of the doctor's coupe were just grating off down the street), Doychert said, or rather whispered, because Mrs. Doychert's room was just above:

"I can't help it, Sturgis, it's an instinct. I suppose I was born with an aversion to children (he really believed he was honest), and I'll die with it. I'm that baby's father, but till it gets old I shall hate it, I know I will. I don't want to see it"—he made a squirming movement with one shoulder—"I'd rather have a blind kitten crammed down my back than have the touch of that child on me. You can't understand that, can you?"

"No, I can't," says I, "and I think you are a horrible, filthy brute, that should be manhandled—you beast."

"That is all quite true," he answered, "I am a brute beast, and worse, for even a brute beast cares for its whelps; but give me time. When she grows up I suppose I shall like her."

"Suppose you shall like your daughter? Now that sounds fine. Where's my hat?"

"Going?"

"Sorry I came."

"Well, you know how it is," said he at the door. "It's an unreasoned instinct. I can't help it. I hate children, and all's said. Think of feeling it clawing at your nose and ears. Lord!"

Here I swore at him and went away.

If you know anything of men friendships, you will have understood from the preceeding conversation that Doychert and I were the best chums in the world. That is why, five years later, when I came back to San Francisco again I went straight to Doychert's little house out on Pacific avenue. I had heard a good deal about him during those intervening five years and was prepared for changes. But even at that, the difference was poignant. The little brown-shingled house stood waist deep in weeds, the gate was gone and the small panes of the windows smashed.

Doychert opened the door for me. Evidently he had not shaved that week. He was in his stocking feet. His eyes looked at me out of saucers of brown skin. The place reeked of stale tobacco smoke, and it did not need the sight of the unmade bed nor the cigar stumps in the card tray to tell me that Doychert was living there alone.

Towards 2 o'clock that night, over his tenth brandy and water and his last cigar, Doychert told me the tale of the things that had happened.

"It began all of a sudden on one day," said he, his hands on his chin, glowering into the grate fire. "Jack" (that was Mrs. Doychert) had been up about a week. I hadn't so much as seen Emmie yet, and Jack and I had almost quarreled about her. Jack had begged me just to look into the room while she was asleep, but I couldn't—I mean I wouldn't do it. One Sunday afternoon when Emmie was about three weeks old, I was stretched out on the sofa here sort of half asleep, when Jack came up to me very softly, and before I knew it put Emmie into my arms.

" 'Joe,' she says, 'look at her now, your little daughter, how can you help loving her—' She was going to say something else, but she never got further than that. Emmie snuggled down into my neck and put her little fists into my face. I jumped up and pushed her, almost threw her, from me, recoiling as though a snake had touched me.

"Take it away," I cried. "For God's sake take it away, I hate it and loathe it, and I always will hate it."

Jack was only a week out of a bed. I don't need to tell you how delicately poised a woman is at such times as that, how tangled and jangled her nerves are. The doctors have got names for it all. She heard what I said, and saw me thrusting my little daughter away from me. Then she looked at me once in—I say she gave me—she—you see'—Doychert cleared his throat—" she gave a sigh and went down softly into a little heap on the floor."

" 'She was in the sanitarium about a month, and for a time we thought she never would be right in the head again. I wasn't allowed to see her, and her folks took Emmie. After a month's time, though, the doctors brought her around all right; said she had pulled through sound as a nut, and that I might see her. She knew I was coming. They had her propped up in a big sea chair by a window. I had sent her a lot of flowers and she wore some of them. When I came into the room I saw her leaning back there in the sea chair. She looked up at me and smiled, happy as could be to see me. And then all at once her expression changed to one of the most abject horror and revulsion. She put up her hands to shut out the sight of me and cried out, "No, no, I can't. Take him away, oh, somebody take him away." It was no use reasoning with her, she got hysterical, screamed and fought from me as though I was a leper or a murderer. I had to go, and as soon as I was gone she was quiet again. Couldn't understand herself how it had happened. The doctors said I could come the next day, and as soon as Jack heard my foot on the stairs she fainted with the pure horror of the thought of seeing me. She had forgven me my brutality with Emmie, loved me as much as ever, mark you, longed to see me as much as I longed to see her, and yet went insane with loathing as soon as I came near. This was the one point of insanity of which the doctors could not cure her. They never have been able to cure her. We have tried everything. She can't even see my handwriting without that horrible revulsion seizing upon her. But she can write to me and she does, and that's how I know she is suffering as much as I. What we two have gone through with, God only knows. Can you imagine the horror of the situation? We are as dear to each other as ever—more so, my God," he cried, digging his nails into his temples, "more so. We are here, here in the same town, where I can see her every day, and yet we are worlds apart. It's a death in life, a death in life," and he rocked himself to and fro in his place. "Every Sunday we have arranged that she shall go to church. She tells me where she sits, and I go up in the gallery and peep at her from behind pillars. Even that is bad for her, but she can stand it for an hour once a week. Once she caught sight of me and—" he broke off suddenly and closed his eyes.

"And Emmie," said I.

"Emmie will be eight to-morrow. Here's a lot of pictures that Jack has sent me from time to time. Isn't she the finest little girl you ever saw, and bright, bright as a dollar?"

"How about her?" I asked him. "'You manage to see her when her mother's not by, I suppose."

I saw the knuckles of Doychert's fist suddenly whiten.

"Emmie is—is like—Emmie takes after her mother," he said. "By the way, you have some little nieces, haven't you? What do you give 'em on Christmas, and—and on their birthdays and such like? Emmie's eight to-morrow. Books wouldn't do, would they, hey? Is she too old for toys—or too young? Here's what I got her. I thought I'd take the chances on toys." He turned to the table and undid a few packages. "There's a little doll," he said, "an— you see," he added proudly, "she closes her eyes when you lay her down, and there's a doll house; ain't those little chairs and tables out of sight? I guess Emmie would like those, all right. I can just see her eyes stick out when she undoes the package. I think I'll get a big doll house like that for my kindergarten—I've got a kind of a kindergarten going, down on Minna street, that you must see. And here, look at this. Here's another thing I am going to send to Emmie. Catch on to this. Here's a little pump, and, by Jove, you can pump real water in it, see" and he showed me how it worked. "I wonder if Emmie will know that you can pump 'truly' water with it? Tell you what, you write it on a card and put it in, will you?"

"Why not you?"

"Well—you see, they might recognize my handwriting."

"Shan't I say," said I, pen in hand, "that it all comes form you, with many happy birthdays?"

"Not that, above all things," said Doychert.

## SONNET TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

Priest of Art's inner temple; have no fear
  That thou wilt be forgot in after days;
  Look in Time's testing palace, where he weighs
A thousand singers of the past, who wear
The living leaves. Doth it not grate thine ear
  To listen to the weak discordant lays
  Of those, whose brows unworthy of their bays,
Still live, to make Art blush, from year to year.

But in thy graceful numbers, one would think
  That words were drugs, and all as potent too,
    Weighed well with apt apothecary's art,
The which in dainty dreamy draughts we drink,
    Then swoon with pleasure, till the thirsting heart
  Waketh again the rapture to renew.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Sarah Bernhardt has acquired for her own property the old castle of La Belle Isle en Mer, and, having restored it, has betaken herself there to exchange the roar of the waves and the shriek of the gulls for the roar of the Paris streets.

## SEVENTH POWER OF EUROPE

### Personality of Some Members of the Rothschild Family.

Way back in the middle ages, about the time when the Black Prince was fighting King Philip of France to a standstill at a place called Crecy, a certain Jew went to Frankfort to live and was assigned a house in the Jewish quarter of the town (called the Judinpasse), distinguished by a red shield over the door. According to custom, this Jew had but one name, Anslem, but to separate his name from the hundred and one other Auselms of his name from the hundred and one other Anslems of the town, called himself Anslem of the Red Shield House. Red Shield is Rothschild.

In 1849 Anslem Rothschild dealt in old coins and curios and was glad when he could make a dozen marks in a day. (These very marks are "old coins" now). To-day Auselm's descendants, "the Rothschilds," are the Seventh Power of Europe, and a combination of their half dozen banking houses, acting in unison, could dictate terms to any nation of Europe. Indeed, it is told of the present Lord Rothschild that, on the occasion of the last war scare, when interviewed by a journalist upon the possibility of war, he tapped his forehead reflectively and remarked:

"No, there will be no war. Just at present I hardly think I can afford it."

About the time of the American revolution an Auselm Rothschild founded the great bank, and the fortunes of the family at Frankfort and under the patronage of a Baron Von Eskoff, he who lent the Hessian troops to George III, prospered. In dying Auselm left the business to his five sons, with injunctions that none of them should undertake any great scheme without consulting the other brothers and their mother, that they should be satisfied with moderate profits and that, as far as possible, they should make it a rule to marry into their own family. This last custom has been rather rigorously adhered to, and, in spite of the ban of medicine upon the marriages of cousins with cousins, uncles with nieces and nephews with aunts, the great family shows no signs of debilitation.

Nothing is more curious than the old original Rothschild Bank in Frankfort, an institution of such vast resources that it is out of the question to even attempt to put a figure upon its capital. For all practical purposes its wealth is actually limitless. However, an air of rigorous plainness and frugality overhangs the place. It is furnished with pine desks and tables, dim candles and splint bottomed chairs, instead of with the Oriental extravagance that generally characterizes the modern banking offices of England and America. This office is the training school of the younger members of the family, who pass the term of their apprenticeship here before going on to the great branch offices of London and Paris.

Curiously enough, defaulting is an almost unknown occurrence with the Rothschilds and is seldom punished by them. The most absolute secrecy surrounds the business of the family, and rather than open their books in public court the heads of the branches preferred to lose the sum and permit the offender to go unpunished. The present head of the family, Lord Rothschild, is the oldest great-grandson of Mayer Amschel Rothschild, and is a well-known figure about London. He is especially familiar with the passengers on the railway line between Tring and London, for he rarely takes a holiday, and Stock Exchange opens. He is very unassuming in his travels up to the city upon almost every day that the manner, and is never seen apart from an inseparable black bag, out of which, however, he has never been known to take a solitary thing. The seat of Lord Rothschild at Truig is an old, well-built manor of the time of the Stuarts, and the park in which it stands is stocked with deer, ostriches, emus, and even kangaroos. This singular taste in animals is very apparent in Lord Rothschild's little son Walter, who drives daily in a phaeton drawn by a well-matched span of zebras. The casual visitor may even occasionally be met by a prodigious tortoise, the especial pet of the estate, who has slowly promenaded its walks and terraces time out of mind.

One of Lord Rothschild's hobbies is the free Hebrew school in Whitechapel, towards whose support he has contributed several small fortunes. It has an attendance of nearly four thousand children, to each one of whom hot milk and bread is served every morning. At Passover each pupil receives a suit of clothes, while an interest of ten per cent. is allowed on all moneys each pupil can legitimately earn.

Lord Rothschild's town house in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park corner, two doors below the residence of the Duke of Wellington, is a veritable palace. In its main hall, however, a portion of an exquisite marble cornice forever remains unfinished, in harmony with the custom of orthodox Jews, who must regard their earthly homes as temporary and in consequence incomplete. There is about Lord Rothschild none of that deprecatory and retiring humbleness which often characterizes the Hebrew. On the contrary, he is proud of his race, and firmly believes in its destiny and mission.

When speaking in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris M. de Mun refreshes himself with pure water, M. Ribot with coffee well sweetened, and M. Jules Roche coffee with coffee well sweetened, M. Juares coffee well watered, and M. Jules Roche coffee with sugar and cognac. M. Henri Brisson takes sweetened water and cognac, M. Poincare lemonade, and M. Meline rum punch.

Sir Herbert Kitchener, commander of the British advance up the Nile, has been pacing newspaper correspondents following the expedition under severe restrictions. They are not allowed to mess with the officers, but are forced to take with them six months' supplies. Nor are they allowed to go to the front, being kept well to the rear, and furnished only with whatever information it may please the authorities to give.

## THE STATE FAIR

### Impressions of a Casual Visit to Agricultural Park, Sacramento.

The harvest is over; the wheat has been garnered and thrashed, hop-picking is finished, and the fruit crop has been shipped, dried or canned. Throughout the great interior valleys of California it is the season of rest after labor, the period of estimating profits and settling accounts—above all, the time of recreation when the rancher, his wife, and their children, may leave their broad acres to the hired man and go holiday making to the State Fair at Sacramento. It is at the Fair that the State recognizes the agriculturalist. An appropriation of $30,000 per annum is devoted to encouraging the production of big pears. luscious bunches of grapes, huge peaches, fine cattle, thoroughbred horses, well-bred pigs, sheep and chickens, by way of premiums, awards and diplomas. There is a State Society and a big Agricultural Park and a huge, ugly Pavilion with a glazed roof—not to mention a permanent Secretary at so much per month, together with a President, directors, assistants and other machinery and paraphernalia, all for the exaltation of farming. So, just at this time, the rancher is a hero at Sacramento, and subserves a fitting purpose by appearing before the assemblage of cows and prunes, Percherons and big green apples, merinos and Frue concentrators, ovens and bantams gathered there for his delectation and instruction. If he has contributed to the show some of his own productions he is the more welcome, for then he has paid for the honorable opportunity of competing against his brethren, and is in line for a diploma and a prize.

Here are the ranchers then. It is during State Fair time that the student of types and styles should visit Sacramento. The capital of California is built at the confluence of the American and Sacramento Rivers, in the very center of the greatest and most fertile valley in the world, surrounded with orchards, hop fields and asparagus beds. Tributary to it are the great fruit regions of the northern valley, the early fruit belt of Vacaville and Winters, and the citrus plantations of Oroville. At Sacramento the fruit trains are made up for Chicago and New York, and it is really headquarters for the leading industry of the State. A flat, rather commonplace country town, redeemed by the pillared Capitol standing amidst its lawns and palms, and by the broad reaches of the river flowing silently within low banks covered with willows, it is the scene of the genesis of California. Here were laid the foundations of the great fortunes and the great names whose deeds and misdeeds have made the State's history. The city teems with associations and traditions of early days, when it was veritably the entrepot of the Pacific Coast—headquarters for supplies of food, clothes and implements for the miners in the Sierras and the settlers through the plains. Then San Francisco was little better than sandhills and a wharf—a mere dumping-place for goods destined for the capital. A good Sacramentan will show you the homes and gardens of the founders of the Commonwealth; trace for you the domestic evolution of its personalities from hovel and villa to mansion and palace. But all that is another story. It is the Fair that concerns me.

After wandering through the Park and visiting the assemblage of cattle, sheep, horses and pigs penned and stabled there, admiring the fine Jerseys and the prize Herefords and the big Percherons, one reverts naturally enough to the grand stand, where the feminine element of town and country is gathered, looking down upon its husbands, brethren and sweethearts playing the races. For the State Fair is more a race meeting than an agricultural performance. The speed of the horses, it is true, is an element of equine quality and to be discussed by judges in the distribution of diplomas, but that consideration is hardly the cause of the supremacy of the racing feature. In bygone days horticulture and agriculture were the predominant factors; now they are merely the excuse for the State's appropriation. The crowd is collected by the events on the track, not for the stock parade. Each year canvassers are sent out among the ranchers to drum up exhibits, for the active interest in the competitions is slight and diminishes each year. Maybe this is due to the dullness and depression which has so long prevailed, but it is easier to believe it is because of that inertia which characterizes the California farmer, who apparently has only energy enough to produce a staple, be it wheat or fruit, and feels that labor in other directions is unnecessary. It may be said, also, that the Associations form of classification under which the stock is judged is obsolete; the point system of decision is unknown, and the administration is in the hands of a governing clique which has held office rather too long for the good of the institution. However popular President, Secretary and their friends may be, a change of government subserves the same purpose in an organization as a change of air does for an individual—quickens his faculties, enlivens his energies and alters the point of view. We all know the charm of variety.

One race meet is as like another as two fashionable marriages—the performances have leading features in common, and it's only the personalities tnat are different. At Agricultural Park last Saturday, after traversing the betting quarters and visiting the saddling paddock, where the horses and the jockeys assemble, I ascended the grand stand and devoted myself to inspecting the array of women in summer apparel clustered in hundreds along the pyramids of seats. It was a great matinee audience. Surely there were two thousand girls and young women there all garbed in light colors. Never have I seen such an abundance of shirt waists, white cotton, lace and muslin gowns. It was a charming spectacle—quite the feature of the affair. They displayed a genuine interest in the races and hung thickest over the low balustrade which overlooks the betting ring. Of this feminine throng the predominant characteristics were slenderness of physique and sallowness of complexion. But few fine figures or brilliant faces disengaged themselves. A similar concourse in San Francisco or in Oakland, or in San Jose, even, would be distinguished by the multitude of plump and rounded forms, and plentifully punctuated with handsome, if not beautiful, faces. In this Sacramento assemblage the typical California girl, with her blooming cheeks and abundant vitality, had but few representatives. It was such a crowd of maidens as one might see in Iowa, in Illinois—in the Western States—pretty, but thin, colorless, uniform, unpicturesque. A similar condition was observable in the gathering at the Pavilion at night, though the percentage of bright faces was higher. All this is due, of course, to climate—the perennial sunshine and warmth of the great interior valley, the absence of variety or extremes of temperature they boast. The abounding physical exuberance and the fresh charm of the San Francisco woman may be attributed to the influence of the sea fogs which waft their humid influences over the peninsula and along the shores of the Golden Gate—moist effluences which soften and develop and beautify beyond the power of chemical or other artificial stimulant.

Apropos of the Fair and its audiences, where do the men go? For neither at Fair or Pavilion did they forgather with the ladies. There were hundreds of unescorted maids wandering around in their delicious pink and white and pale blue gowns, listening, I suppose, to the music. The spectacle was brilliant and full of bright color, but sadly lacking in the contrast which is only afforded by the male costume. Alone and unacquainted

*MISS SELENE JOHNSON*
The New Member of the Frawley Company

the writer could only gaze and dream which was proper but not diverting. Incidentally, he wandered among the exhibits, looked at the butter-making, the apples, the biscuits, the pyramids of stoves and the gorgeous furniture—even the pictures—but whoever has been at a State Fair knows what all that means and the deep, surpassing excitement it induces.

ETC. JR.

## DAGO CONSPIRATORS

### Two Worthies Who Waylay Citizens and Sell Them Bad Cigars.

I know now how a conspirator feels. The next time I read of the adventures of a spy, penetrating into the enemy's stronghold, his life in his hands; now observing and taking mental notes of his surroundings, and now exerting every faculty to preserve his disguise and maintain appearances, I will be able keenly to appreciate his position, and to sympathize with the tension of his nerves.

At the present moment, while I write these lines, there is a portly gentleman, of extremely affable demeanor, waiting for me on the corner of Market and New Montgomery streets. He has with him a box of five hundred Chinatown cigars, which I have told him I would buy from him. But I have told the portly gentleman the thing which is not. I am not going to buy his cigars. I am not going to keep the appointment, and when the portly gentleman (he is of Mexican persuasion) reads these lines—and I devoutly hope he will—I am quite sure he will make remarks unavailable for publication in this magazine, and say the word which is not to be mentioned to ears polite. Follows the explanation of these things. The next time you have occasion to be on the corner of Market and New Montgomery streets, the corner where the S. P. ticket office is located, look for a very stout man, who wears, amongst other things, a white felt hat with broad brims and a little black moustache. A Mexican beyond all doubt. Then if you want to have your fun for your money (or more accurately speaking, plenty of fun for no money at all, and the present of a good cigar into the bargain) act as herewith directed. Assume an air degagee, and pause aimlessly on the corner and look up the street as if waiting for a car. Then light a cigarette, smoke a mouthful or so, and then chuck it away as if in disgust. Even before you have arrived at this stage it is a thousand dollars to a paper dime that you will be approached by the portly gentleman, always supposing that he has not read this article.

I had been told of the portly gentleman and his little scheme, and so on a certain afternoon of this week brought the photographer along and stationed him a near as was safe, and with half the office on the othe side of the street looking on and pretending not to do sc began to play the game.

He needed a good deal of coaxing, and in the reflectio of a plate glass window I could see him conferring wit his pals (he has two of them), sizing me up. I looke reflectively at the cigarette, and plucked from it a threa or two of the tobacco. He shuffled forward a step o two and hesitated. I filipped the cigarette away, an looked at it smouldering in the gutter with a dejectio which I trust was not overdone, for I did not know m man at the time, and it was hard to say whether the act ing should be for the gallery or for the proscenium boxes Then all at once I saw him before me and heard hin ask me first in Spanish and then in English if I spok his language. I did not. Next, would I like to look a some very choice cigars just from Havana. The photo grapher had begged me to stand in the sunlight and giv him time, so I moved out from the shadow of the build ings and stood on the curb, as if to be out of the way o the passers by. With the tail of an eye I saw the grou from the office across the street begin to smile appreci atively. Cigars, cigars; no, I seldom smoked cigars, t tell the truth I found a good cigar something expensive I preferred the pipe. Aha, that was just the point. Goo cigars were usually very costly, but he, now, had som marvellous weeds that he would be glad to sell me a half the regular price. They were right from Havana. H would call them the choicest of the choice. Indeed, h would have no hesitation in declaring this a veritabl opportunity, would that debonnair gentleman. Would go with him and have but one look at these wonderfu Havanas? They were hard by. Just down here a fe steps, and he made a vague gesture towards the littl alley back of the Grand Hotel. I demurred for the sak of appearances and the photographer, and asked him ho he could afford to sell good cigars so cheap. I could n quite make out his reasons, and even now after long re flection, I cannot be quite sure that he advanced any tha were seriously calculated to deceive. He enwrappe himself in a mist of words, put on volubility as it were cloak. The difference in the value of a Mexican and a American dollar it would seem had a good deal to d with it, but as I was deceiving him into a belief tha he was deceiving me, it did not make much differen whether his reasons were good or not, so I finally a lowed myself to be persuaded.

"Well," says I, "I'll have a look at them anyhow, bu of course, you know I don't promise to buy any." H scorned the idea of so much as expecting a promise. W went down Montgomery avenue and a man, anoth Mexican, passed us on the run. That was the confede ate, I knew that much; he dived into the carriage e trance of the Palace Hotel and came out and joined u a huge package under his arm. Then the three of went into the alley behind the Grand Hotel and t package was opened on a window ledge. Such cigar

In the matter of cigars I am "No critic; but I kno what I like." But it seemed to me that the veriest litt messenger boy that ever shot a snipe could not ha been imposed upon by that reckless array of half-cur doctored leaf. Of course, I went prepared to see a frau and this may have been why I was so impressed. B the fraud was so palpable, but the cigars were so shin but they were so black, so brittle, so clumsily rolled, th I began to wonder how the affable Mexican could ke his countenance. He did, though, and worse. He select out a bunch apparently at random, and apparently random picked from it one of the cigars and handed it me with a graceful bow. His pal lit a match and light for me. The cigar was excellent—at least it so seem to me, who only "know what I like," and the tw watched me with grave concern for a moment, while pretended not to notice that the ribbon about that pa ticular bunch was frayed and worn by much handlin and that it was the only ribbon in the box that was.

Says the pal: "You could smoke that cigar in th parlor in the presence of ladies," adding: "Notice th aroma of it," and he actually made a hollow of his han to catch the smoke, that I might smell it. He bade n notice the fuzz on it while he told me that the ordina cigars were made in a mould—he did tell me this san monstrous thing—and that this was rolled by hand. Th he offered to sell me the contents of the entire box for twenty dollars and we came to haggling.

I told him I would not think of taking more than hundred at most, and that as I had not the money abo me, would he call at my office?

No, he would not. Most certainly and decidedly. Th in a burst of confidence the portly one said: "You se I must tell you quite frankly, that we are without license, and—well, you know." This with an intellige look.

"Yes," says I, "I know," and I did. None better. Th he must have his money right away because he was g ing to leave on the steamer, he was, but—here he b came confiding again—he would wait half an hour f me on the same corner where we had first met. I to him that I did not wish to trouble him to that exten and I tried to say it in a manner which would imp that I did not know he had been standing on that corn all that day, and the day before, and the day befo that. That he had, in fact, been wearing out his sho upon that spot of asphalt for the least year or mor Then I think they suddenly became suspicious of me, a least I fancied they acted as though they had. For th began doing up the boxes again in a great hurry, an the pal said he would have to go back to work and di appeared. The portly, affable gentleman and I parte company with the understanding that if I did not me him again at half an hour from that time it would mea that I had decided not to invest.

The Mexican was, of course, an awful, unmitigate fraud, but he was the most courteous and well-behav tradesman I have ever had dealings with, and I belie I felt, in a way, mean about the whole matter. B what I should really like to know is this: How far the policeman who has that crossing mixed up in th affair? He has, of course, seen my man standing on his corner every day, and has seen him approach an lead away his victims by the score. He must know wh is going on, and why doesn't he stop it? That is wha I should like to know.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

The Fort Point Station

Ready for Action

Firing the Mortar

Life-line Practice

Down the Runway—to the Rescue

Home Again

*LIFE-SAVING STATIONS AROUND THE HARBOR OF TH*

The Ocean Beach Station

Recreation

Business

The Work of Resuscitation

## LIFE-LINE AND SURF-BOAT

### Daily Routine of the Life-Saving Station at Fort Point.

One doesn't like to imagine rescuing the perishing and saving life and all that, reduced to a science, a mere matter of drill and discipline systematized and unemotional. And yet after you have considered a life-saving station, above all after you have seen the splendid, efficient work, and the boat itself—a very marvel of building and ingenuity—you see, of course, that it's the best and only way. Just as the professional and unmoved calmness of a trained physician is better than any amount of unpracticed sympathy and pity and bungling efforts at relief.

These men at the stations don't often get into the papers. It's only when a big ship is wrecked that you hear them mentioned incidentally as saving the lives of the crew and passengers. But the surfmen's duty is quite as much the prevention of a wreck as it is that of taking off the survivors.

I visited one of these stations the other day—Fort Point station, in the twelfth life-saving district. It is one of thirteen such stations up and down the Pacific Coast, and it will suffice as a type of all the others. The life-saving stations are a part of the civil service, and under the control of the Treasury Department at Washington. They are officered by a general Superintendent (Maj. Blakeney) and an assistant Inspector. Each station is manned by a crew of eight surfmen and a Captain, also called a keeper. In each station there are two boats, sometimes more, but two at least; the little life boat for quick, nearby work—it can be manned and run out in thirty seconds—and the big surf-boat, which is perhaps, the best sea-going boat ever devised by a builder. The surf-boat at the Fort Point station is quite thirty feet long, is manned by the entire crew of eight surfmen and the Captain, and at a pinch could carry fifty people. This boat can neither sink, nor fill, nor be stove in, nor capsize, nor turn turtle, nor ship a sea, nor do any of the evil tricks common to boats in a gale. If she should ship a sea she bales herself out; if a comber should succeed in capsizing her she will come right side up in a twinkling, and if a rock staves her in the fifty water-tight compartments keep her afloat. Once get her out in the open sea and there is practically nothing that can hurt her. The only difficulty is with the huge combing breakers that bar the way. These can roll high enough to keep her shorebound. The men know the signs well enough. For instance, when the combers swash solid and green over the lowest Seal Rock without breaking into spray, then they know that they are helpless. Helpless, that is, as far as the boat is concerned, for if the wreck is not too far out she can be reached then by the beach apparatus. Three hundred yards is as far as this apparatus can be used with any certainty. It has been effective at five hundred, but this is an unusual case. The stations at Fort Point and by the Cliff House often use both the boat and the apparatus. The beach apparatus is the cart that carries the little canon used in shooting the line over the wreck. Once the outside end of the line is fast the breeches buoy is run back and forth between the wreck and the shore till every one is landed. But wrecks don't come every day, and as often as not there is nothing for the crew to do but spend their time in the daily hammer-and-tongs routine. Monday they drill with the beach apparatus, Tuesday with the surf and life-boat, Wednesday with the signals, Thursday with the apparatus again, Friday is the practice in resuscitation, Saturday is a general cleaning day.

Between whiles the beach—their section of it—is patrolled night and day, and a lookout kept for distressed vessels and those ships that are unacquainted with the coast and are coming in too close. East the surfman has to be expert in the use of the international code of signals, by means of which he can talk to a ship as by a telephone, waving her away from a dangerous coast, asking her what is the matter, telling her, perhaps, in case of threatened wreck, that the boat is to be put off or the line shot, or, when the storm is violent enough (when, for instance, the combers dont break as they go over the lowest seal rock),, signalling the ominous message, "No boat can live in such a sea."

In foggy weather this patrol is doubled, and at night each patrolman carries a torch instead of a flag. There are observation stations here and there along the beach and from these the surfman can sweep the horizon easily enough. It is his duty on the discovery of a ship flying the distress signal to report her to his Captain, who thereupon takes the whole responsibility of the situation, deciding whether the shot line is to be used or the boat, or whether the boat can go out at all. Never have the men thus far failed of their duty. Whenever it has been possible to go they have gone. Even when the Elizabeth went down—one of the most heartrending wrecks that ever occurred—the boats would have gone out had the tugs given them a tow.

There is something—much, in fact—about a life-saving station that suggests a fire-engine house. There is the same discipline, drill and organization; the same watchfulness; the same readiness in case of emergency; the dispatch in getting out ("rolling," as the fireman would call it); the same danger to be met; the same chance for pluck and perseverance, and last of all, there is the enemy to be watched and waited for at every hour of the day or night. But the preponderance of danger is on the side of the surfman. The fireman often fights the enemy from a safe point, and only once in a while does a really great fire occur. But a storm heavy enough to warrant bringing out the boat at all is always big with danger, and the surfman must invariably go right out upon the same sea that is thrashing the wreck to death, must trust himself to the very elements that are clamoring for the lives on board the ship.

It is all very splendid, but one fancies the real reward must be the work itself; wages can't pay for it, and the surfmen do not receive medals to any noticeable extent, but the idea of having dared those thundering green combers and the churning, open sea beyond, beaten and outwitted the enemy, gotten the lives from under its grip, wrestled and fought a way back to shore, that must be the real reward—a thing better than gold medals and "mentions in dispatches."

*A DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM*

*MADAME MOUNTFORD IN HER REPRESENTATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL SCENES AND PERSONAGES*

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I fear, dearest Diary, I have been enjoying life too much this week to give you a really entertaining description of my experiences. I have simply been satiated with pleasure and feel more like a bumble bee who has drunk too deeply of a subtly seductive honey than a sportive cricket. You know, I told you that Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs have invited me to go with them to the circus on Friday evening. Well, there were a merry party of us—Birdie Fair, Ethel Patton, Marie Wells, Miss Smith and myself. We had four boxes and enjoyed the full measure of the entertainment provided. I don't think I saw much of the circus. I was too much engaged listening to the fun. Afterwards we went to supper at the Zinkand and then a weary cricket went home to bed.

Early next morning I started for San Rafael to participate in the paper chase. It went off splendidly and the course through Marinetta Park was unusually pretty. Miss Crowley and Baron A. von Schroeder won the cups. Miss Crowley is a superb horsewoman—rides astride—and possesses that degree of pluck without which no one can attain genuine success. I only wished I had a better horse, as I should liked to have shown what mettle there resideth in me, but, alas, my old plug shied at the smallest suspicion of an incline and regarded a fence with so much disfavor that I did not dare attempt even the lowest. After the chase Mrs. Warfield invited us all to a "campfire" in the Coleman tract. It was an eminently jolly affair. The fire was built and the dinner prepared in view of all of us. Little tables were arranged under the trees and we soon made short work of the delicacies provided. Afterwards Dr. Shiels made a smart little speech on behalf of the guests, in which he thanked Mrs. Warfield for the pleasure she had given. Then Mr. Crooks arranged some athletic sports, which were great fun. There was an imitation cock fight, a wrestling match and an exciting game of leap frog.

On Sunday I returned to town and went in the evening to a dinner at Mrs. Oelrichs'. We were pretty nearly the same crowd as on Friday, with the addition of Mr. Greenway, Mr. Phelan and Fred Webster. The menu was capital. Mr. Oelrichs has a genius for devising unique dishes and relishes them accordingly. Then on Monday night I went with Aunt Sybil and a party of young people to the Baldwin to see Crane in "A Fool of Fortune." I was rather disappointed for various reasons. In the first place, though the house was full, I hardly saw one familiar face. I don't think first night performances can be hallmarked "fashionable" any longer. The play was not wildly interesting and possibly I may have been a trifle tired. In any case, I was distinctly bored, a most unusual state of mind in Miss Cricket. On Tuesday Uncle Harold and Aunt Caroline took some Eastern friends up Mt. Tamalpais for a two days' trip and invited me to join their party. We were more than usually fortunate. We had clear weather, a bright moon and could hardly complain of the larder. I saw several people I knew—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth, Mrs. Phelps, Miss Phelps, Miss Booth and Dr. P. L. Sherman were there, and on Wednesday evening the Oelrichs brought up a crowd and we all joined forces and had a jolly night of it. Then on Thursday morning we returned to town.

Every one is coming home at last, and we hope in a week or two to have brighter times. The invitations are out for the Howard-Adams dancing class, which has been reorganized. I have not yet received a bid to Gertie Bates' class, but expect one during the next week or so. Mamma does not want me to join so many of the clubs, but one is agreeable for the girls, another on account of the dancing, a third because of the prestige attached, so it is hard to discriminate, is it not? Frank Hicks and Mrs. Hicks are up from Los Angeles, and are in San Rafael; they were all much worried about Mrs. Hager, but are beginning to feel more encouraged. I hope she will soon be well as she intended doing some entertaining this winter, and from the point of view of a Cricket that is the one thing needful.

Oh, I had so much fun on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne invited a few of us to come and see the "First Born" from behind the scenes. You have no idea how attractive a front view of an audience is, and then to see the actors from the point of view of the stage, it was marvellously impressive. But I am glad I am not a mummer after all. The best part is what is seen from the front. All the gilding is just plain gold paint from the rear, and there are draughts and narrow, stuffy dressing rooms. No, we audiences have the best of it. Miss Buckley is so sweet and pretty even when you see the make-up close by, and as for Mr. Powers and Mr. Osborne, I really thought they were genuine Chinese—their make-up is remarkably well done. Still, I do not want to be an actress as much as I used to, but I always was rather

*AN ISRAELITE MOTHER*

pleasure-loving, and I detest drudgery. Work has no wondrous fascination for Miss Cricket, and so adieu until another week has given me more wit or wisdom.

Yours,

MISS CRICKET.

* *

The marriage of the week was that of Miss Sadie Samuels and Isaac S. Foorman, which was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, 1624 Octavia street. Really it was a very handsome affair, and the bride looked charming. This comment is so often extended by way of courtesy that it is not always received with credence, but there are agreeable exceptions in which the facts are as stated. Miss Samuels wore white satin, shrouded in an overdress of tulle. A bertha of point lace ornamented the corsage. She was attended by her sister, Miss Jennie Samuels, and Dr. Voorsanger solemnized the ceremony in the bay window of the drawing room, converted into a floral bower for the occasion. A first-class supper, with Moet & Chandon in abundance, followed. The presents were magnificent, as well they might be, for the Foormans are millionaires and the Samuels are wealthy. Mrs. Foorman presented her daughter-in-law with a magnificent necklace of solitaire diamonds—the stones being large and of the finest water—really a beautiful ornament. A lovely jeweled watch came from the groom, and there was silver and crystal for the new household. In honor of the occasion Mr. Foorman sent a check for $1,000 to the Pacific Orphan Asylum.

Save for entertainments in which the Oelrichs are the moving spirits, there is precious little happening in town. It is generally quiet in San Francisco at this time of year, but society has seldom had so little to gossip about as at the moment. The wherefore of this is hard to guess, though it is presumable every one has been good, husbands devoted, mothers careful and wives correct.

Over the Maria Kip Orphanage there is soon to be a little excitement. The institution is largely supported by private contributions and requires coin, and some entertainments are being given to consummate that result. The Givins have one affair in hand and Miss Jennie Moore, of 2024 Jackson, has another arranged for the 18th, at which there should be some fun.

Mrs. Salisbury has gone to New York on again and is installed at the Hobart mansion, business, but will return as soon as possible. Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester is back in town on Van Ness avenue.

A jolly dinner party and reception was given by Mrs. Stern, at 621 Leavenworth street, in honor of the birthday of Miss Heller. It was quite an elaborate affair.

Quite an interesting wedding was that of Miss Lesley Tilden and Mr. O. D. Bidwell, which was celebrated at St. Luke's Wednesday evening. Miss Tilden is the daughter of Joseph Tilden and is petite and exceedingly pretty and dainty. She has light brown hair and beautiful eyes and made a charming bride. Mr. Bidwell is from Northern Virginia and is wealthy. At the wedding Miss Edith Howland was maid of honor; Miss Kate Gunn, Miss Franenholz, Miss Turnbull, Miss Kirby and Miss Brastow were bridesmaids.

At the Bohemian Club on Saturday night there is a dinner in honor of the playwright Augustus Thomas, who is here to superintend the production of his new play.

Miss Bradford, daughter of William B. Bradford, of the Alaska Packers' Association, and Dr. W. F. Sharp were married at San Rafael on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Bradford has long been regarded as one of the belles of San Rafael, and on this important occasion was admirably gowned and looked her best. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, ferns and palms, and the parlor, where the ceremony was performed, was strung with white satin ribbons. Supper was served in a big tent erected on the lawn, and the health of the happy pair was drunk in champagne.

Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs took a party of friends to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais on Wednesday afternoon. They ascended on a special train, accompanied by Huber's orchestra, had a fine dinner at the Summit Hotel, and the evening was spent charmingly with music and singing, for Donald Graham accompanied the party and was in admirable voice. There was an early adjournment to bed, for the special consideration of the ascent was to witness the sunrise. Sol put in an appearance at the accustomed time and was welcomed with music from the orchestra. It was a delightful morning and the outlook was magnificent. Of course invidious comparisons with European scenery were then properly and patriotically in order. Subsequently breakfast, and then the party descended into Mill Valley and returned to town. Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs' guests were Miss Fair, Miss Marie Wells and Miss Blair, H. O. Bax-Ironsides, Fred Webster and Donald De V. Graham. The Oelrichs talk of spending some day at Del Monte. The return of Mr. Oelrichs there will undoubtedly attract back to the caravansary a crowd of young people, as it is admitted he made the region gayer than it has been since the days of the late Charles Crocker.

* *

Since the advent of the various Dancing Clubs in Oakland the debutante as such has been to a great degree eliminated from society. In former days a maiden burst from the chrysalis existence of the school girl whose horizon was bounded by books to the butterfly life of the society girl—to-day we have a gradual evolution. The school girl, when she lengthens her frocks and coils up her hair, joins a dancing club in which the ages of the members range from sixteen to twenty. Then she is invited to informal parties, and, as the years pass on, she tastes the various phases of social existence without being formally introduced. The fact that about a third of the maidens of to-day consider a college education essential is probably at the bottom of this new order of things. Formerly, after a girl had graduated from a fashionable seminary she considered her education complete. Now she deems herself very old-fashioned and frivolous unless she takes up some course of study. The fin de siecle miss must have some ultimate aim in life besides matrimony. If not especially gifted, she must develop a fad or a pet charity—something that will direct attention toward her. As our ancestors trained their daughters to make good housekeepers and mothers, our mammas bring us up to fill any niche in life into which an untoward fate may call.

Unusually enjoyable was the card party given last week by Miss Bessie Palmer to the prospective wanderers in the East—Misses Vrooman, Wellman, Hush, Miss Grace Gorrill, Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Ethel Valentine were the guests of honor. The game played was "Hearts." Miss Bertha McElrath proved the fortunate winner of the prize. The Haywards Club House appears to retain its popularity and hardly a week passes without a few Oaklanders making up dinner or bicycle parties to this resort. Among the most recent affairs given there were the Edson Adams dinner on Thursday evening, in which a half dozen or so young married couples participate, and this week, when Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Miss Holt and Miss Barker gave a jolly party there. A sort of reunion after their summer at Castle Crags.

One of the more recent fads is the clambake. Mrs. Robert Knight is the author of the latest achievement in this direction, and her party at Lake Chabot on Thursday evening was worthy of repetition. She was especially fortunate in having a clear night and a full moon. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Will Meek, Mr. and Mrs. Allen and others.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Boyes entertained Hon. H. C. Cargill, Mrs. Cargill and the Misses Cargill of Canada at dinner on Tuesday evening. The Misses Cargill are rather pretty types of the Anglo-Canadian, possessing somewhat of the esprit of their American cousins. Mr. Cargill is a member of the Canadian Legislature.

**Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street**

**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.**

**Kelly's Guranteed Corn Cure, 25 cents Sold only at 102 Eddy street**

**Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.**

# THE THEATRES

## A Poor Play Redeemed by a Good Act —Coming Dramatic Events.

"A Fool of Fortune" is a strikingly peculiar piece of dramatic work and one may be forgiven for believing that the programme is in error in crediting its authorship to one person, for the third act is as unlike the two preceding it as gin is unlike water except in general appearance. The play is made up of three acts, two of which are thin, watery, commonplace, weak and somewhat tiresome, while the third is muscular enough dramatically to have been written by "some other fellow." No dramatist or detective could comb Wall street with a fine-tooth comb and discover among its brokers an Elisha Cunningham such as the dramatist has given us. He is a weak, light-headed, silly, impossible sort of a fellow wholly out of harmony with his environment, and is dominated by a species of wit that probably accompanies Lew Dockstadter and a dozen other minstrels in private life. The Elisha Cunningham type of Wall street broker is an unreal and imaginary personage, who would be out of place in Wall street and really has no business anywhere else on earth among a polite and civilized people. This refers, of course, to the Elisha in the first two disappointing acts; the Elisha of the third act is worth while. I should like to see more of him, in a prologue and three acts. There is a basis for a play in that wrecked and shattered stock broker which strongly appeals to me. He is an interesting, pathetic figure, and if the author of "A Fool of Fortune" had possessed a master mind she would never have frittered away the aspiration which created that broken down old man, in one act of an otherwise very mediocre play.

There are unfathomable peculiarities about certain dramatists. Drew was here a while ago with "Rosemary," a better written play than "A Fool of Fortune," but lacking in one feature that is a redeeming characteristic of Crane's comedy. I pointed out at the time where an otherwise strong piece of dramatic work was bungled by a prolonged monologue and an unnecessary clown. The delicate touch of sentiment that clings to you, was not there; it was painfully absent; but you will find it in "A Fool of Fortune." The general exit L. U. E. in the scene is objectionable, for it involves the entire family passing the dead man unnoticed, but this is hypercritical, for the few moments of silence in which Lloyd and his stricken partner are left upon the stage are to me impressive, and are to my mind the best moments of the play. The discovery by Lloyd that Cunningham, his old associate, is dead, the slow movement toward him with the tape of the stock ticker still in his hand, the falling by his side without a word of exclamation, strongly appeal to the writer's sense of decent dramatic arrangement. If the author had put a single word in Lloyd's mouth during this scene, if she had made him utter his grief in words, she would have ruined everything and one would have been justified in throwing something at Lloyd. The touch is there. It is the real thing. Mr. Crane is entitled to a great deal of credit for his really clever work in this act. It was admirable. Curious, is it not, that the time should ever come when Crane's wit begins to tire one and his serious work interest?

If the first two acts were thin, they gave us Walter Hale as Count de Cluny and William Boag as Cornelius Green of New Jersey. When Cornelius came upon the stage I shuddered for fear the author had willed it that he should perform all the customary monkey tricks usually assigned to the countryman visiting his metropolitan friends, but Cornelius and the author wisely refrained from cheap nonsense, and Mr. Boag was amusing and natural besides. Walter Hale is gifted with a fine presence and his Count de Cluny was well sustained and gracefully done. The company is evenly good, but not strikingly so. Aside from the closing scene there was no place for any one to distinguish himself or herself, so one may not fairly measure the merits of the troupe by this programme.

B.

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The last week of "The First Born" was more successful than the first, from a point of attendance as well as of applause. The next thing anent the play is its reception in the East. It will of necessity lack the local interest that made it go here, but it should attract attention because of its novelty and dramatic value. The play this week is H. Grattan Donnelly's gallery affair, "The American Girl," a piece full of mawkish sentiment and impossible juvenile precocity. The children seem to claim most of the attention, little Venie Wells in particular. The tough song and business of this little one is a bit of the real thing—as good as anything of Ada Lewis or any of her contemporaries. Mr. George Osborne has made Ross Bolter peculiarly his own, and this week is renewing a pleasant impression. Miss Gertrude Foster, the new leading lady, is charming at times, and periodically displays commendable emotion, but her general work is too stagey to be altogether agreeable. As Twister, May Buckley is pretty and pleasing, and Juliet Crosby and Gertrude Tidball are both well cast.

# DRAMATIC NOTES

Xavier Scharwenka, the brilliant pianist and composer, will appear at the California Theater early next month.

Wright Huntington, who is said to be a competent actor, has been engaged by the Alcazar management to play leading roles.

The Harmony Choral Club, Prof. Robert Lloyd leader, will have charge of the next "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall, Thursday, 23d inst. The admission is by invitation.

There is to be a concert for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Association Auditorium on Tuesday evening next, at which the Philomel and Knickerbocker Quartettes, Mr. Lucy and Mr. C. B. Newton will assist.

"A Serious Tangle," by Sidney Grundy, precedes the Chinese play at the Alcazar next week. Mr. Osborne will play Uncle John and Miss Foster will represent Mrs. Featherston. May Buckley, Juliet Crosby and Hugo Toland are also in the cast. "Hazel Kirke" is in preparation.

Mr. Otto Bendix has arranged for a series of classical concerts to be given at Byron Mauzy Hall, commencing October 19th. Mr. Bendix will be assisted by Mr. Marquardt and Mr. Landsberger, violinists, and Mr. Von der Mehden, 'cellist. Admission, 50 cents and $1. Special arrangement for the series.

The young pianist May Lucine Potvin, is to give a second recital at the Sherman-Clay Hall on Wednesday evening next. She rendered Rondo a Capriccio, Op. 129, by Beethoven; "Les Etincelles," by Moszkowski; "Magic Fire," by Wagner-Brassin, among other selections. Miss Potvin's first recital was a decided success.

Senor Antiolo Aramburo, who has just arrived from South America, will give a concert at the Sherman-Clay Hall next Tuesday evening. From his press notices it is possible that there is a musical treat in store. Miss Anita Casals, who accompanies Mr. Aramburo, has a fine soprano voice. Miss Ida Valerga and Mr. Carlyle Petersilea are also mentioned upon the programme.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Francis Carlyle, "Sue," the play adapted from Bret Harte's novel, will not hold the boards of the Columbia next week. In its place "The Wife," Belasco and De Mille's familiar play, will be produced. This is really a pity, as "Sue" cannot fail to be interesting to Californians. It is curious the perennial popularity of "The Wife," which is able to stand innumerable revivals and yet attract large audiences.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union is to hold a historical carnival at Odd Fellows' Hall throughout next week. There will be four hundred participants, who will appear in the typical garb of the various nations. There will be booths, of course and each night three nations will give a series of tableaux. The Women's Educational and Industrial Union is a worthy organization, devoted to assisting women to become proficient in work, and as its entertainment is in aid of their building fund.

At Morosco's next week "The Slaves of Gold" have the stage. This play is by Emil Grandin and has had great success in the East. It will be elaborately mounted, of course. The hero, Richard Bartley, an old tradesman who has grown wealthy, learns of his daughter's death and vows that the remainder of his days shall be devoted to the accumulation of gold. The manner in which this vow is kept and the crimes committed because of it make the story. The scenery includes the interior of a mine, a fire and explosion, a flood of real water and many other sensations.

The seventh week of grand opera at the Tivoli will be signalized by a series of Wagnerian productions. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday we are to have "The Flying Dutchman," and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights "Lohengrin" will be repeated. William Mertens plays the Dutchman, Abromoff is the Norwegian Captain, Rhys Thomas the huntsman, and Tillie Salinger enacts Senta in the "Dutchman." Considerable work has been done on the chorus, and Director Hinrichs promises a thoroughly effective production. It is something to look forward to.

"A Virginia Courtship," by Eugene Presbrey, is the play at the Baldwin next week. It is devoted to illustrating the customs and manners of old Virginia in the early days of the century. The action is set during the war between France and England, and the comedy comes in over the antagonism between Major Fairfax and a French widow, who live near one another. There are some excellent situations, no little sentiment and lots of swing, we are told. Mr. Crane will be the Major Fairfax and Miss Irish the French widow. This is Miss Irish's first appearance with Crane. Mr. Hale and Miss Haswell have the other roles. The following week "The Senator."

# MUSIC

## The Attitude of San Franciscans Towards Visiting Musicians — Miss Potvin's Playing.

Musical life in San Francisco does not take the form of a passion for pianoforte recitals. Long lines of advertising, loud puffings of the players' personal friends, only end in an echoing hall. When the widely vibrating names of Pachmann, Paderewski and D'Albert sound upon the public ear, the case is different; large audiences and enthusiasm grow to the bursting point, but when an unknown pianist ventures forth, the desire to assemble and hear confines itself exclusively to a small and niggling band of specialists. Some opine that the piano is not a gracious instrument in public esteem, and that only a reverberating reputation will gather together the curious or confiding. Yet the piano is everywhere, and players there are in clouds thicker than any Egyptian plague of locusts. Though not out of the range of contradiction, it may be hazarded that our musical public has some of the caution of the canny Scot, and prefers the demon it knows to the monster it has not been presented to. Ten years' experience of local musical event does not tend to prove the fallacy of this gingerly attitude —rather the reverse, for most of the novelties imported might have been allowed to maintain their pristine obscurity without bereaving our public of many estatic moments. Still, in the main, no public loses by being generous and wide awake, and though enthusiasm now erupts more profusely than it used to, the towering musicians unknown to local fame are not buried under avalanches of genial recognition.

Only a sharply defined talent, after all, makes any recital, whether dramatic, vocal, or instrumental, interesting for a whole evening. The individuality dowered with the qualities of power, intensity and endurance is not to be met with everywhere. Perhaps out of all the aspirants for fame among pianists, there are fewer instances of fitness to hold, unassisted, an audience than amongst any other class of musicians. In general, pianists are personages of tenacity unrelieved by imagination. The times are responsible, because in compelling all pianists to cover the whole field of composition the effort put out crushes, in most cases, possible individuality. All styles are not to be made to fit every artist.

Miss Potvin had the usual fate of pianists on a first appearance here; empty benches were her principal audience, with a sprinkling of musicians to make the emptiness the more pronounced. Why so great a point appears to be made of the teacher and celebrities with whom a musical aspirant has studied, is not to be very readily understood, for that no teaching will give talent is evident. A local audience apparently quires a list of celebrated names of teach for its performers before it can recognize ability of any kind in them, although our most able 'cellist owes nothing to celebrities, and proves that in the arts, as a great American has said, "A true man never acquires after college rules." The mania for studying with celebrities carries away all judgment, it seems, and long after the period of senility has advanced any European celebrity may count upon hundreds of American students, who in the end owe their best success to their native powers. Returning to Miss Potvin, it was at once to be felt that the young lady belonged to the large army of students who rely greatly upon the reputations of their instructors. The programme, though not a simple one, was chosen with modesty, a quality which, with sincerity, appeared to be a characteristic of the pianist herself. Acknowledging the years of conscientious mechanical labor, the unflagging memory and the freedom from fuss and small mannerism, as well as the evident appreciation of the musicians, there was no ground to raise enthusiasm upon. Much finger work, none of it particularly neat, excepting in a Chopin prelude in G, and a general, somewhat sticky, denseness of tone spread monotonously through the playing. The redeeming faults of extremes did not express themselves, and the droning rythmic quality proved the presence of musical temperament of the skin-deep kind. As far as could be judged by the numbers heard, Miss Potvin would make a better impression in a concert of mixed numbers, where such ability as she evincedd would be in relief, but for the long strain of a recital there was not that power of interesting and that wide flux of sympathetic emotion which is the property of almost all successful recital-givers. Objective playing, like objective acting, has had its day; the artists of the times all more or less conform to the subjective attitude, and for the pianist who is not a tone artist pure and simple there can be no very brilliant future.

LESLEY MARTIN.

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Madame Mountford, known as the Daughter of Jerusalem, is to give a series of tableau lectures at Golden Gate Hall from September 17th to 25th, inclusive, illustrative of scriptural subjects. The entertainments are changed each evening, consisting as they do of different scenes and events. In that illustrating city life in Jerusalem the costumes are particularly striking. The sketch representing the Bedouins of the Desert is especially romantic, while on the last two evenings of the series, when the subject to be dealt with is entitled "Ecce Homo, or Bethelem to Calvary," the masterpiece of the whole creation will be presented.

Although her lectures are subjected to scriptural illustrations, they extend outside the somewhat rigid limits of scripture itself.

Gyp's new book, a review of which appears in another part of this paper, is out and is attractin some little attention. It is a curiously bound and illustrated affair and rather cheap for the money. It is for sale by J. Tauzy & Co., on Post street, above Montgomery.

Arrivals at the St. Denis Hotel, New York, to September 9th: A. Koenig, Mrs. G. F. Weeks and two children, San Francisco; Arthur Lerts, G. A. Andros, Los Angeles.

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## BOHEMIA IN LONDON

### The Strange Ways of Duchesses and Others in Search of Amusement.

A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" asserted recently that Society in England was less exclusive than society in America, because in the old country aristocracy is founded on an official basis, whereas in New York it is only an association based on wealth or family. In England, government functionaries have a recognized position in the social scale—in America, society and politics are poles apart. The consequence is that in London any one who is interesting is entertainable, whereas in New York the smart set considers exclusiveness its crown of glory. Actors, artists, literatures are distinguished guests in London drawing rooms. A fondness for literary people is regarded at Newport as a dangerous weakness.

The tendency of London to exalt the Bohemian and to feast the celebrity is amusingly treated in "The Folly of Pen Harrington" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Julian Sturgis. The heroine, Pen, is an extremely swell young person, something after the manner of "Dods," who has earned the freedom of a personality and is the head of the gayest clique in London. Its members call each other by their Christian names and walk hand in hand in the gardens of Duchesses. The book opens with an informal luncheon at the house of Miss Harrington, where the clique gathers daily to decide on its doings. In the midst of the meal Pen rushes in with news of the capture of a fresh lion, Peter Ward, a great African explorer and sportsman, whom she has snatched out of the grasp of Lady Carroway, the head of a rival set. Here is Lady Linda Russell, Otho Pharamont, the most correct man in London; Mr. and Mrs. Bobby, who are "little brothers of the rich," and for dinner invitations entertain their hosts with songs and dances; the Duchess of Buckland, large and stolid, who declares: "I adore talent. It is all that really matters," and sundry others. Peter Ward asks Lady Linda if Mr. Fussell in the government is any relation. She replies: "A connection—in fact, my husband," and asks, "What can you know about him?" "I've letters to him; he is well known where I came from," explains the explorer. Lady Fussell answers: "Well known—my poor old Fuss. He'll bore you to death." Miss Harrington declares here: "You should have had letters to Linda. Besides, you must not talk about husbands; it's not done, you know." There is much bright babble of this character interspersed through the book.

The scene changes subsequently to the magnificent country house of the Duchess of Buckland. The Bobbys are there; Pen also, and Otho Pharamont. The latter has just begun the publication of a literary review, and Mrs. Bobby has the honor of engaging him in conversation:

"I don't believe," she was saying eagerly, with her eyes upraised to the enigmatic orbs of Mr. Pharamont—"I don't believe that we are half so wicked as people say."

"We?" asked Otho with suavity.

"Society, I mean."

"Society isn't wicked," said Otho—"only vulgar."

"Oh, oh!" cried Letty, shocked but amused.

"That is what I count on for my review," said Otho. "All my contributors will have handles to their names." His eyes rested on some light chairs, which had been brought out to the green, and he offered one to Letty, who perched upon it with a flutter of gratification. He sank into a more comfortable one himself, and resting his head on the back of it, stretched his long straight legs out before him.

Letty turned eagerly towards him, sitting up very straight, eager to please. "Do go on," she said: "I'm dying to hear about the review. Shall you really edit it yourself?"

"My name will be on the cover," he replied.

"All titles!" she cried with a little ecstasy: "how clever! And of course you won't have to pay them for writing!"

"They will charge extra for their titles," said Otho, lighting a cigarette.

"Oh," she said, with round mouth and eyes, not knowing if he were in jest or earnest; "Oh!—Isn't the dear Duchess to write in the first number?"

"Yes. On society."

"And you don't mean that she will take money?"

"She has consented," said Otho, tipping off the ash with the nail of his little finger, "to take it out in advertisements of the Duke's coal. We shall give him a page."

The cleverest characterization in the book is that of the Bobbys. No one has so neatly caught the points and features of this type of the social "hanger-on" as Sturgis, who has created here two amusing personalities, who might be converted to stage purposes at a moment's notice. They always travel together, which is in itself a feature and gives them a cachet, and, as Lady Linda explains to the Duchess, "they are most useful in a country house; they do little things after dinner, imitate pigs and chickens and all that." They appear "slim and elegant and agreeable to the eye, and nothing could be more correct than their dress and bearing." They had paused to stable their bicycles in the hall. They went everywhere on wheels; it was at once fashionable and economical. It's the ambition of the Bobbys to be invited to Plymley, the Duchess' country house, and Lady Linda mischievously tries to assist them:

"Jane," she said turning amiably to the Duchess, "you have no idea how clever and amusing the Bobbys are."

Bobby beamed and purred upon the Duchess; he addressed her with impetuous frankness. "We are a success," he said, aren't we, Letty?"

"A succes fou," she said; "at least Bobby is."

"Oh, Letty!" he cried, and shook a finger at her, "it's you, it's really all you—almost all you!" He purred at her and she faintly echoed the sweet sound.

After this pause eloquent of mutual affection, "Duchess," said Bobby, with eager candor, "I do wish you could see Letty do little things after dinner. We just get up, Letty and I, just as we are, and we do a little thing, a little nothing, light, 'fin,' just a touch—like that." And he gave a little peck at the air with a delicate finger and thumb.

"What do you mean?" asked the Duchess; "do you act plays?"

"Plays, playets, scenets, trifles, morceaux. We make them ourselves; that is, we take them a little from the French, but they are really all ours—all Letty's, really." He cooed and she responded, and "Oh, Bobby," she said, "it's really all you."

"She has a touch," said Bobby to the Duchess; "you wouldn't believe it; a touch, a delicacy, a finesse; you know. So different to professional actresses; and she sings—little chansons." He kissed his fingers, graceful, ecstatic.

"Oh, Bobby," said his wife, "you know I haven't any voice."

"No, no, dear, of course not. How should she have a voice?" he asked of the others. There was a suggestion of grossness about a voice. "Letty murmurs," he added; "she warbles like a little mouse, or a little bird, a tomtit." He pecked at the air with his slender finger and thumb.

"And we do them for charities, too. Oh, we are charitable. I do wish, Duchess, that you could see us in some of our little things."

"Would you mind, began the Duchess, slowly, and paused in thought.

"Anything for you! We should like to do anything for you."

"Would you mind," continued the Duchess, "finding the butler, and asking him when luncheon will be ready?"

Bobby had hoped for better things; he looked on his little wife with comical expressive eyes; but she nodded sharply; she was the more practical.

"Yes, of course, Duchess; certainly," said Bobby. He purred once more and hastened to the door. Lady Linda laughed her gayest laugh. The Duchess was descending to the depths of a tragic gloom. "Were you asked to luncheon?" she inquired of little Mrs. Bobby, who was still seated at her side.

"Oh, yes; at least I think so; oh, yes."

"Think so?"

"Pen is so kind; she so often says——"

C.

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## THE FRIVOLOUS GYP

### The Follies of the Moment Satirized in "En Balade."

There are some books that are called books of the year—solid, sober, serious affairs, dubbed such to distinguish them from the lighter weight books of the day and the very light books of the hour. But what shall one say of "Gyp's" latest vaporous ephemera, "En Balade"? It is not a book of the minute or even the second. It is kinetescopic in its rapidity of transition. There will be no second edition, for even if it were now being pressed, the allusions in "En Balade" would be stale ere it could be got upon the book stands.

It is a strange, silly book, read with Anglo-Saxon eyes, and its silliness, its miserable shallowness, its reflection of a jaded, exhausted and effete society are more repulsive than otherwise.

"En Balade" is the doings and dialogues of such characters as these, all brought together into one company and promenaded in the fashionable high places of modern Paris: Louis XIV, Bayard, Alcibiades, Thois, Hercules, Saint Louis, Richelieu, Monsieur Citoyen Moses, Madame de Maintenon, Cato, Noah, Vespasienne d'Argentan (a Parisienne of to-day), Jeanne d'Arc, Mercury, Socrates, etc., etc., etc.

These people fore-gather in the Champs Elysees and decide that they will make a little excursion into Paris—Louis XIV for mere distraction, Richelieu to see M. Hanoteaux, Diogenes to find an honest man, Saint Louis to arouse public opinion in favor of the Christians in Armenia, Noah to become drunk, Thais and Madame de Maintenon to enjoy tete-a-tetes with an Hungarian gypsy Rigo (a very palpable allusion to the affair of the Princess of Chimay). They visit the race course of Auteuil and the opera, where a charity ball is being given for the Protestant refugees in the flooded districts along the Mississippi River.

At Auteuil "Gyp" finds occasion to caricature the athletic fever which it seems has pervaded Paris, in this fashion.

Flor d'Epreflеury, a companion of Vespasienne d'Argentan, a very up-to-date Parisienne, appears upon the scene:

Louis XIV, ogling Flore—Pretty little woman.

Diogenes, moving away discontentedly—I'm not looking for that sort of thing.

Socrates—Nor I.

Napoleon (to Flore)—What's your name? (She glances at him over her shoulder).

Flore (calling Sansgeyne)—Monsieur de Sangeyne, you, whose great, very great-grandfather was squire to the Great King, will you present me to Hercules?

Louis XIV to Napoelon—She knows how to live evidently.

Sangeyne (presenting Flore)—Hercules, this is Flore d'Epreflеury; Flore, this is Hercules.

Buckingham (to Flore)—Madame, I am Monsieur Fouquet, of whom you certainly must have heard.

Flore (without noticing Fouquet, to Hercules)—You must be a great lover of outdoor exercise.

Hercules—Of course.

Flore—I believe you have beaten every record.

Hercules (flattered)—Every one.

Flore (admiringly)—That is very chic.

Louis XIV—I, mademoiselle, I am the King Louis XIV, he who—

Flore (to Hercules)—You were saying—

Hercules—Nothing. I didn't open my mouth.

Buckingham (to Flore)—Madame, I am George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. I formerly enjoyed a certain celebrity—

Flore (taking Hercules' arm)—Let's go look at the horses.

However, Gyp, speaking through the mouth of Hercules, does not approve of what she chooses to call the modern "athleticisme."

Bayard (coming back in company of Hercules)—He's not pleased with football, Hercules. He expected something very different. It left him rather cold.

Sangeyne—That was a good match with the English team, though.

Bayard—The captain had some hot words with Hercules.

Vespasienne d'Argentan—Ehbien you don't find it chic, this football.

Hercules—Ah, no. That a sport? Never; no more than the bicycle. Skating, horses, swimming, arms—those are what you call sport. Things that make a man fine-looking. But that! It's the sport that deforms the young men of to-day and makes their faces repulsive. They batter each other, knock each other down, smash-in each other's chests. They bring over young heroes from England and America and make matches with them against the French for no other evident purpose than to batter our young fellows to death, and we call it fun. Bah!

A great deal of Gyp's drivel in this senseless book is directed against the Jews (the real war- or peace-makers of Europe, if all tales are true).

Bayard—Look at the children in the Paris parks; they are nearly all little Jews. In thirty years there will not be a single Frenchman left. Look at them; they are the hope of the country, these little Jews.

Richelieu—The Jews, ah yes, the Jews. They have everything in their power nowadays. Their hand is upon the government, backing up their friends' enterprises or checking and humbling some rival. The political world is fairly grovelling at their feet. The nobility welcomes them—

Sangeyne—Is welcomed by them especially.

Saint Louis (indignantly)—Is it possible?

Sangeyne—It is very humble nowadays, the nobility. It submissively begs for invitations at the houses of the Jews.

Moses—Pecause it's only der Jews who gives der finest receptions. Id's natural dey should go dere.

Sangeyne—So you see, of course, they are not to blame. It's the Jew in this case who has the whip hand.

Again Gyp calls her readers' attention to the fact that France—modern France—is forgetting its ancient ideals and does so in this manner:

Vespasienne d'Argentan—Have you seen Jeanne d'Arc?

Saint Louis (loftily)—Jeanne d'Arc is not here, madame. (They are at the opera ball, by the way). This kind of a place would ill suit her holy character.

Vespasienne—I don't know whether it harmonizes or not. I know she is here.

Fouquet (on his tiptoes)—That's a fact, she's here. (To Jeanne d'Arc, who comes up pouting). What's the matter, my little Jeanne d'Arc? Come now, tell us what's the trouble.

Jeanne d'Arc—All my friends have left me. They're off having a good time somewhere, while they leave me to twirl my thumbs behind at home. It's not nice of them.

Vespasienne—They gave you the go-by, is that it?

Jeanne d'Arc—You say madame?

Talleyrand—The fact is, she is not much amused, this poor Jeanne d'Arc. They left her to languish in her hotel.

Jeanne d'Arc—I passed the day looking out of the window. The night came, and when I saw the stars I was less timid.

Bayard—I, I am never afraid.

Louis XIV—This great man is full of vanity.

And so it goes—a little endless trickle of drivel, sparking on the surface, perhaps, but so shallow that you can see at once to the bottom—see that there are only stones there and never a twinkle of gold.

The illustrations are strange, contorted, colored affairs, the work of that picture-maker who signs himself "Bob," and who imitates the style of the schoolboy with slate and pencil.

N.

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## CRANE IN LONDON

### The American Novelist Investigating England with a Microscope.

Stephen Crane, novelist, journalist, war correspondent, special writer, analyist, pschycologist, short story writer and all has descended upon London and is telling what he has seen to the Saturday Review.

No doubt the Review is a good, solid paper, and we hope that it will continue to appear for a long time, but if Mr. Crane keeps up his record of impressions at the rate upon which he started, and if the Review publishes the same in weekly installments, the collection of its volumes will atttain to the size of the Alexandrian Library before Mr. Crane is through describing his impressions After reading these "impressions" you are firmly persuaded of one salient fact. Mr. Crane is proceeding with the slowness and the sprightliness of a German professor compiling a Greek lexicon. A picture is suggested to you. You see Stephen get off the train at Waterloo station, a microscope in one hand, a photograph in the other, while a train of shorthand writers follow in his wake.

Mr. Crane is looking at London through a microscope; he is down on his hands and knees crawling toward his hotel decimeter by decimeter, looking, searching and peering through his microscope the while. There is nothing like thoroughness. In order not to let a good thing escape him, Stephen is going to try and see everything and describe everything he sees, and the public is going to read everything he describes. Well, possibly. Some eight chapters of this Greek lexicon have appeared, and so far we have got a London cabman, a porter, a "lift," a horse sliding down hill, a man in a top hat and a few ad-signs.

Stephen's method of story-telling puts one in mind of that chap in the "Arabian Nights" who was compelled to tell an endless story. So he told of a grain elevator full of corn, husked corn and a cloud of locusts. In the top of the elevator was a tiny hole, big enough to admit the passage of one locust at a time, "and one locust," said the chap, "came in and carried off a grain of corn, and another locust came in and carried off another grain of corn, and another locust came in and——"

Thus Stephen in London. Stephen is a locust in a grain elevator; in each chapter of his impressions he comes in and carries off another grain of corn. In three weeks he has carried off eight grains, but where there's a will there's a way, and keeping everlastingly at it brings success. Eight grains out of an elevator in three weeks! C'est toujours un commencement, pardi Monsieur Crane. Houp la! If you only can live long enough you'll get to the bottom. Think of it, centuries may go by, dynasties come and go, nations rise and fall and pass away, new geological eras come and go, and still Stephen Crane will be doggedly describing his impressions of London. Mr. Crane speaks of a "lift" at his hotel that ran so slowly that the elevator boy grew to be an old man between trips. That is very fine. Mr. Crane has started in with his descriptions at the railway depot. The best that I can wish for him is that he may live long enough to reach his hotel.

What a little world does this Mr. Crane live in, or rather what a very big world made up of what very little tnings. Mr. Crane never soars—a bird's-eye view would smite him blind. Mr. Crane observes and observes and observes—always through a microscope; to him life is a play seen tnrough reversed opera glasses. On his wonderful way from the depot a horse falls down. This is an event, a horrible formless catastrophe. Out with the microscope; everything stops; what else matters now? Barney Barnarto commits suicide, Salisbury bullies the United States, the Government is interrupted by the Indian rising, events big with destiny gather like a thunder cloud. Never mind, a horse has fallen in the London streets. Stephen calls it a great tning that has come to pass, and says he was singularly blessed by the sight, enlarges upon the calamity throughout some three thousand words, and goes away to Tin Can in Nevada to bring an anecdote of one Jim Cortright to illustrate his point.

And this is journalism; and this the Saturday Review pays coin to secure and sells it on the streets of the world's cities for a sixpence.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

## IN THE CURRENT

### Ladies Who Smoke—A League to Abolish the Marriage Ceremony.

A young woman, the owner of a cosy little smoking room, who makes no secret of her enjoyment of an after-dinner pipe, was questioned the other day as to why women use tobacco. She was seated in the cosy little room and with a special friend was enjoying a pull. "Well," said she, "American women who smoke can be catalogued in three classes, namely, those who do it for the love of the weed itself, those who do it to be sociable, and those who wish to appear sporty. I belong to the first class, my friend over there to the second class, while the third class—oh, well, they are the girls one sees and reads about as smoking in cafes, on the street cars, and other public places, though I must say women who smoke in public places do not always do it to attract attention. The majority of women, I'm sure all my friends do, prefer mild Turkish tobacco. Some are fond of the long cut, others of the short cut. For my own use I like both, the short cut for my pipe, the long cut for my cigarettes, and I don't allow any one to handle it, either. I don't care to have the shreds disturbed. One good point about the mild Turkish tobacco is that it has less nicotine than any other kind. I have been told that it contained opium, and maybe it does, for it is certainly soothing, and I would forgive my worst enemy after my second pipe. But, as I said before, I belong to the class who smoke for the love of it. Those who smoke only to be sociable do not as a rule experience any such effects. They do it simply because others around them do. As to the third class, the girls who wish to appear sporty, they use it only as a means to attract attention, and I doubt very much whether they ever give the flavor of their cigarettes a second thought."

* *

About twenty-five men and women in Boston are trying to establish a branch of the English Legitimation League. The object of the league is practically to abolish the marriage ceremony and substitute for it a contract dissoluble at will by which the man and the woman shall agree to live together as husband and wife and to recognie as legitimate any children that may be born of the union. Among the members of the society are two middle-aged women of socialistic tendencies, two Boston bluestockings, a young English girl, and elderly anarchist, and a young Russian of good family, but an unpronounceable name, who works in Boston and resides in one of the suburbs. Of these, perhaps the young English girl, by reason of her recent association with the founders of the league in London, Oswald and Gladys Dawson, is most thoroughly imbued with the principles of the movement, and it has only been by energetic work on her part that the society or league has obtained even the foothold it has in Boston. The parent of the league, Mr. Dawson, in explanation of his peculiar views of marriage, said recently: "I disbelieve in the promise for life. I do not believe that the State has any concern in the relation of the sexes, in the first place, and, in the second place, I don't consider, even if it were right for the State to interfere, that it should make the contract binding for life. If the State made divorce as easy as marriage and as inexpensive, then I don't think I should say that I objected to the institution of marriage. I do not expect to be popular in this generation, nor do I expect that Legislatures will recognize us in this generation. I am not so much attempting to alter the law, at present, as to ripen public opinion in the matter until it is time to move.

* *

The fashion of having married men as best men and ushers, which originated in New York two seasons ago, seems to have taken deep root in Newport, for Mr. Thompson had his married brother, Lewis, as best man, and next Thursday, when Mr. John Nicholas Brown marries Miss Dresser, his best man will be his cousin, Mr. Horace Binney, a well known benedict, who lives in Paris, and among his ushers will be Elisha Dyer, Jr., and De Forest Danielson, who, as everybody knows, are model husbands.

* *

The hum of the electric carriage has now become so common on Bellevue avenue that even the most ecstatic of horses fails to kick up his heels as the automobile glides along. The campaign of this vehicle at Newport has been an immense success. Were not the price, $3,000, prohibitive except to the rich, Newport's streets would be full of them. Even small boys are now permitted to drive their papa's carriages, and even the boys handle them with legs crossed in a most nonchalant manner, just to show how easy it is.

* *

If the Newport correspondent of the New York "Herald" is correct, Miss Virginia Fair, who is now in San Francisco, is still heart whole. He writes: "It may be truthfully said that while Miss Fair has received her very fair share of attention she has dispensed her smiles and appreciation with absolute impartiality, and there is not the least foundation for the stories of her preference for any swain, while rumors of an engagement are absolutely false."

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

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Next Monday, Sept. 20th, Second Week

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First time on any stage, the Comedy by Eugene Presbrey

A Virginia Courtship

Monday, September 27th, THE SENATOR

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Monday Evening, September 20th

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY

In DeMille & Belasco's Greatest Dramatic Triumph

THE WIFE

The drama that had the longest run of any play ever presented by the Frohmans.
Sept. 27th, first production on any stage of Augustus Thomas' New Comedy, "Don't Tell Her Husband"

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Week beginning Monday, September 20th
**Nichols Sisters,** Unrivaled Burnt Cork Impersonators
Emil—**The Original Girards**—Kate
Grotesque Comiques
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**Irene Franklin,** Precocious Character Impersonator
**McCarthy & Reynolds,** Irish Character Sketch Artists
Tremendous success of **El Zobedie**
George Evans, "the Honey Boy"; Adrienne Ancion; Van Aucken, McPhee & Hill, and Fox & Allen
Fifth week and New Selections by the **Knaben-Kapelle**
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Tivoli Opera House

MRS ERNESTINE KRELING : Proprietor and Manager

Commencing Monday, Sept. 20th
Seventh week of the Grand Opera Season under direction of Mr Gustav Hinrichs
GRAND WAGNER FESTIVAL!
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday Evenings the Romantic Opera, **The Flying Dutchman**
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings, the Music Drama, **Lohengrin**
Great Casts! Appropriate Accessories!
Symphony Orchestra of Thirty
Next week, **The Huguenots**

**Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cents**

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FRED BELASCO : . : : . : Manager

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ANXIETY UNABATED!
The advance demand for seats is so large that it is imperative to continue for another week
The First Born
Another Farce-Comedy from the facile pen of Sidney Grundy, **A Serious Tangle**
To insure seats for any performance have them reserved for you—Phone Black 1106

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WALTER MOROSCO : : : Sole Lessee and Manager

Last performances of the Great Comedy-Drama by Bertram & Willard, **THE ENGINEER**
Commencing Monday, September 20th, first production of Elmer Grandin's Great Scenic Melodrama
SLAVES OF GOLD
Battle for Life in the Flooded Mine!
A Great Mine Explosion!
Romance! Pathos! Tragedy!
Beautiful Scenic and Mechanical Effects!
Evg. Prices, 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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MAY LUCINE POTVIN

OF CHICAGO

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General Admission, 50 cents
Box office opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Store Wednesday, September 22d, at 9 o'clock

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THE GIFTED WOMAN FROM JERUSALEM

in Costume Recitals of Biblical Orientalisms

Friday Evening, Sept. 17th, 8 o'clock
**Village Life in Palestine**
Saturday Evening, Sept. 18th 8 o'clock
**Village Life in Palestine**
Monday Evening, Sept. 20th, 8 o'clock
**City Life in Jerusalem**
Tuesday Evening, Sept. 21st, 8 o'clock
**The Bedouins of the Desert**
Thursday Evening, Sept. 23d, 8 o'clock
**The True Life of Jacob**
Friday Evening, Sept. 24th, 8 o'clock
**Ecce Homo, or from Bethlehem to Calvary**
Saturday Matinee, Sept. 25th, 2:30 o'clock
**Ecce Homo, or from Bethlehem to Calvary**
Tickets, Fifty Cts. Course of five lectures, Two Dollars. For sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. and at hall.

## TURF TOPICS

### State Fair Events—The Eastern Cracks—Turf Congress Notes.

The racing at the State Fair has been fully up to the standard of the Sacramento meetings, both in the running and trotting events.

The Burns & Waterhouse filly Duckling (imp. Brutus-Decoy Duck) has landed the Sunny Slope Stakes—5 furlongs, $500—and the Nursery Stakes—6 furlongs, $3,105. In the latter, Duckling carried 115 pounds, beating Rosormonde, 120 pounds, by half a length, after a hard tussle down the stretch, in which Sniuer, on the former filly, outrode E. Jones, on Mr. Naglee Burk's daughter of imp. Ormonde.

It is to be noted that the latter race was more richly endowed than any two-year-old event that has ever been run in this State, and it is satisfactory that it should have produced a pretty good contest, confirming the form shown in the Sunny Slope Stakes, when Duckling beat Rosemonde with ten pounds' pull in the weight, as against five pounds in the later essay. Duckling is a fairly useful sort, and, though not a winner, snowed speed in one of the three races she ran in last spring. When owners realize that such a valuable stake is offered at Sacramento for two-year-olds, the general class of the animals running will probably show improvement another year.

---

Hamburg, the premier two-year-old of the season, is reported to have been retired for rest, after a succession of severe contests, and his owner, Mr. J. E. Madden, though generally regarded as a shrewd and capable turfman, is not considered to have shown the best of judgment in his recent management of so exceptional a piece of horseflesh. That he should have continued to push the colt until his legs suffered to an extent that has compelled a complete stoppage of his work may possibly have endangered his prospects of maintaining his pre-eminence as a three-year-old, which would be a matter for much regret.

There has been some hint of Mr. Madden bringing his stable to California this winter, and possibly Hamburg has been laid by early with this object in view.

---

The performance of the three-year-old Ornament, in the Twin City handicap, 1¼ miles, at Sheepshead Bay, on the 6th inst., when carrying 118 pounds, he won with the utmost ease in 2:05 2-5, was a remarkable one and leaves the impression that he could have beaten the record of 2:05 held jointly by Salvator and the dead Morello, had he been allowed by Taral to have his head. The field was composed of high-class horses, the five-year-old Flying Dutchman, 121 pounds, being second; Havoc, five years, 114 pounds, third, and Requital, four years, 128 pounds, fourth. This is probably Ornament's best race to date and he is certainly entitled to be regarded as the best three-year-old on the American turf to-day, although it is said the owners of The Friar are not prepared to concede the point.

---

Ben Brush has proved to be a great handicap horse this season, and his win in the Omunium handicap, 1⅛ miles, at Sheepshead Bay, carrying 120 pounds, in 1:55, beating Hastings, 123 pounds, and Clifford, 127 pounds, was a fine performance. Clifford pulled up lame after the race and has been retired to the stud, where the good son of Bramble should make a name for himself.

---

The reports of the racing at Harlem are favorable. On the other hand, the Turf Congress has refused the application of the association for membership.

---

The Crescent City Jockey Club of New Orleans has published its intentions for the coming season's racing at that city. The meeting will begin on November 13th and extend over one hundred days. The first list of stakes consists of fourteen events, one of $4,000, two of $3,000, one of $1,500, and the rest of $1,000 each in value. The Turf Congress has recently refused to sanction purses of $250 at that track, placing the minimum at $300.

---

In last week's notes an error crept in when alluding to the result of the St. Leger. The distance should have appeared as 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards, not 2 miles 6 furlongs 132 yards.

At the risk of being wearisome, it may be well again to remind readers that Monday next is closing day for the first list of stakes at the Oakland track.

BENEDICT.

### The Requisite of Ladies of Fashion.

Ladies know the comfort of using good toilet water when taking a bath, and the difficulty of finding preparations that leave an agreeable feeling to the skin with a pleasant odor. To meet the demand for such an article the Pacific Ammonia Bottling Company, of which Mr. George Herrmann is president, supply Greer's Toilet Ammonia, with violet or lavender perfume, which is unexcelled for toilet and bath purposes This ammonia is rapidly coming into general use by ladies of fashion and all who appreciate the elegancies of life. At the same time its use is beneficial to health, invigorating to a tired body, and refreshing to the senses. The preparation is for sale by all druggists and grocers, and the price has lately been reduced to the very moderate price of 35 cents per bottle.

## LATE VERSE

### Cheyenne.

I.

Have you been to Cheyenne?
There's the loneliest place,
The dreerest and searest
You'll find on the face
Of the earth. And hard by
Lieth Laramie town,
Once a camp of renown
As the home of Bill Nye.

Empty bottles and gravel,
And cactus and cans,
Broken vows and old hoops
Scent the hot wind that fans
The parched plain. Going back
To the bottle and can—
I was broke in Cheyenne.

II.

Years after I sat
In the manager's car
As it slipped o'er the steel
Trail with never a jar,
And out train orders ran
Us by way of Cheyenne.

What a wonderful change
Had come over the place!
Oh, the women were fair.
There was one who had eyes
Just the hue of the skies;
And the low winds were soft,
And the things that were quaffed—
Well, we laid over there.

"Ah, so much depends,"
I said, with a sigh,
As the hours flew by,
"On a friend and his friends.
Say, Deuel, how can
We go away from Cheyenne?"

—Cy Warman.

### The Long Hard Hill.

They were standing in the sunlight
Of the summer time of life;
She was still without a husband,
He was waiting for a wife.
And her cheeks were rich and rosy
And her lips were luscious red.
So he pressed her dimpled fingers
As he looked at her and said,
As they stood there in the heather
Where the road had crossed the rill:
"May we not fare together
Up this long, hard hill?"

Now her hand began to tremble
And her eyes were full of tears
As she trained them on the road that
Wound away among the years;
But she had no voice to answer
Him; she could not understand,
For the future lay before her
Like a far-off fairy land.
There was sunlight on the heather,
There was music in the rill,
As they went away together
Up the long, hard hill.

Oftentimes the way was sunny,
Other times 'twas full of lures,
But the love that had come to them
Was the true love that endures.
Though the bonny brow is wrinkled,
Though the raven lock be gray,
Yet the road might have been rougher
Had she gone the other way.
Now the frost is on the heather
And the snow is on the rill,
And they're coasting down the short side
Of the long, hard h'

—Cy Warman.

### Trinity.

A burst of airy wings outspread,
Rosettes (she calls them choux).
A bit of lace, a fluff of tulle,
An artful bud or two
To match the pinky bloom that sweeps
Across her cheek, and that,
The essence of simplicity,
Is Peggy's Sunday hat!

When bravely down the aisle it goes
In time for morning prayer,
What envy pouts upon the lips
Of every rival fair!
And who can wonder that the chants
Are sung a trifle flat,
With all the choir looking straight
At Peggy's Sunday hat?

I, sitting in the pew behind,
Through sermon, psalm, and hymn,
Am baffled by the curve and droop
Of that provoking brim.
I long to brush my finger tips,
In one audacious pat,
Across the rippled hair half hid
By Peggy's Sunday hat.

But patience! When the bells ring out
To set the crowd astir,
And in the porch a flock of lads
Waits for a smile from her,
For me she has a glance so shy
My heart grows warm thereat,
And homeward walks my London tile
With Peggy's Sunday hat.

—M. E. W., in Life.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

After a night with the boys—Bromo Kola.

DR. H. G. YOUNG—Bridges and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk street.

Mrs. Maud Maynard Noel, of Chicago, has come out with an idea. She wants all invalids, criminals and other mental incapables put out of existence. Mrs. Maynard wants the thing done quietly and solemnly, with all the consideration for the relatives and for the incapable. To the unfortunate there is no friend like death, thinks Mrs. Maynard; it is the only panacea for their ills—a gentle, kindly blessing, and, therefore, why not give it to them? Imagine the simplicity of the idea. You have, for instance, the child of a criminal. If it shows the inherited viciousness, you put it out of the way, gently and kindly. There are no prisons, nor reformatories, nor gibbets for that urchin. Thus, Mrs. Noel points out, you eliminate sickness, suffering and misery. The world would become much more endurable—sort of utopian in truth. There is a vague assumption that even criminals have a right to life—but let us hope no more vulgar sentiment will be permitted to interfere with Mrs. Noel's brilliant theory.

Dr. Thierry, of the Paris Charity Hospital, has by happy chance made a discovery which may prove of immense benefit in the treatment of burns. Having been in the habit of using picric acid in solution, as an antiseptic, he found one day, when some sealing wax fell on his hand at a time when it was impregnated with this acid, that he scarcely felt any pain, and the same immunity showed itself when he let a burning match fall on his hand. He has since found that all pains from burning cease soon after bathing the part affected in a solution of this acid.

Five men formed themselves into a lynching party and strung up a negro who had stolen a horse. In their haste they failed to tie his hands, and, hearing a noise as of a party approaching, they decamped and left the negro swinging. That swinging motion brought him in close proximity to the tree, which he encircled with his arms, climbed to the limb from which he was suspended, cut himself down and went home to supper. He subsequently said to his wife: "'Mandy, while I wuz a-swingin' dar I saw heaven wide open, wid Moses en' de prophets en' de res' er dem, en now I'm gwine off en quit stealin' en preach de gospel!"

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When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

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Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. September 3, 8, 13, 18, 25, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. Sept. 3, 8, 13, 18, 25, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. September 1, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 27; October 1, 5, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 30; November 3, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 29.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. Sept. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. Sept. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. the 2d each month.

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S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1897, at 2 p.m. Special party rates.

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J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—In the matter of the application of the SITES SANDSTONE COMPANY (a corporation) to dissolve: Notice is hereby given that the Sites Sandstone Company, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco an application praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that Monday the 11th day of October, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Superior Court, New City Hall, San Francisco, California, as the place, at which said application is to be heard.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said Superior Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.
VAN NESS & REDMAN, Att'ys for Petitioners.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 57
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied Sept. 8, 1897
Delinquent in office Oct. 6, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1897

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate of JOHANNES A. H. STOCKFLETH, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, August 24, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 8th day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 48) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 4th day of November, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 44) of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 25th day of October, 1897, at 1 o'clock p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 509 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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Telephone 305

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of August, 1897, an assessment (No. 113) of twenty cents (20c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 22d day of September, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 12th day of October, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

**Bids for Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley.**

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS
San Francisco, August 10, 1897.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite grant, for the year beginning November 1, 1897, and ending October 31, 1898, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coachhouse on Georgia Avenue (stage headquarters).

Third—For rental of hotel, out-buildings and grounds at Glacier Point, and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before Monday, October 12, 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Guarantee Capital and Surplus | - | $2,040,201 66 |
| Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash | - | 1,000,000 00 |
| Deposits December 31, 1896 | - | 27,730,247 45 |

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First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER
Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN
Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT
Assistant Cashier, WM. HERRMANN
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Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

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*532 CALIFORNIA ST.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Deposits December 31, 1896 | - | $22,885,377 |
| Paid Up Capital and Surplus | - | 1,594,503 |

ALBERT MILLER, Pres. E. B. POND, Vice-Pres.
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Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits, payable on demand or after notice.
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Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

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Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits.
Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.
When opening accounts, send signature.

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| | |
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| Paid Up Capital . . . | $250,000 |
| Cash Reserve Fund . . . | 25,000 |

OFFICE, MILLS BUILDING

CHS. PAGE, President. HOWARD E. WRIGHT, Secretary.
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Policies of Insurance issued guaranteeing titles to be perfect. Abstracts made and continued.
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OF LONDON
Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1726
Capital Paid Up, $3,446,100 Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,980,251
ROBERT DICKSON, Manager
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## Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFIEST, GERMANY

Capital $2,250,000 Assets $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
**204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco**
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers


## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Years ago there lived in a Massachusetts town a justice of the peace known as "Square" Simmonds, a man noted for the shortness of his memory. He carried about him a slip of paper, on which was written the brief marriage form which he used when called upon to unite a pair in the bonds of matrimony. He never trusted himself to begin the ceremony without reference to this document. One day, at a county fair, in a neighboring town, he was approached by an elderly couple, who expressed their wish to be married then and there. After some conversation "Square" agreed to perform the ceremony on the spot, and the three stepped into a convenient horse-shed. "Square" began to search for the important paper, growing more and more perturbed as each succeeding pocket played him false. At last he abandoned the search. "Are you willing to marry this woman?" he asked the man, who replied with a prompt "Yes." "And you want to marry him?" asked the justice, turning to the bride. "I do," said she, with promptness equal to the bridegroom's. "Then," said "Square," in his most impressive tone, "I hereby pronounce you married, according to the memorandum left at home in my other trousers pocket."

M. Paulian, author of "The Beggars of Paris" (Paris qui Mendie), having compassion on a man who represented that he was dying of cold, gave him a coat and dismissed him. A few days afterwards he met the man begging with the same coat on; it was hardly recognizable, however. Puzzled at the rapid decay of a garment which he had worn himself the day before giving it away, he took the beggar to dine with him. During the meal a further examination of the coat only increased the mystery. He questioned the man, who at last confessed, "People would not have believed, sir, that I was destitute, and I had to pay a woman two sous to alter it for me." "And who is that woman?" I asked. "Oh, she is a woman who leads a blind man about, and who, when she has time, arranges garments for beggars!"

A student much interested in birds and their ways found hanging up in a barber's shop where he had gone for a shave a canary bird which, in spite of pouring rain, was singing gleefully. "Nice bird that!" remarked the student. "E's a champyun!" replied the barber. "One thing I notice about cage birds is," the student went on, as he sat down in the armchair, "that a good many of them do not seem to mind their captivity, and sing as sweetly as if they were free." "That bird there is a philosopher," said the barber; "'e ain't got to go out in the world an' find 'is own living; an', being thankful that it is so, 'e rejoices according."

Daniel Webster and his brother were in boyhood once permitted to go together to a fair in a neighboring town. When they came home the mother questioned the boys. "Daniel," she said, "what have you done with your money?" "Spent it," he answered. Then she turned to the brother. "Ezekiel," she asked, "what have you done with yours?" "Lent it to Daniel," replied the brother. They both became lawyers, and naturally Daniel succeeded better than the other.

Sergeant Robinson, in his Bench and Bar, relates that, in a case of nuisance, the judge summed up at portentous length, giving an elaborate definition of the offence and the various elements that were required in proof of it, and concluded by expressing a hope that the jury had understood the points he had submitted to them. "Oh, yes, my lord!" said the foreman. "We are all agreed that we never knew before what a nuisance was until we heard your lordship's summing-up."

Bismarck is very proud of his ability at speaking Russian, and is noted for his linguistic acquirements. A friend was discussing with him about this, and remarked: "I can understand your English and Italian, but how did you acquire Russian?" "Well," answered the Prince, "I had unusual advantages when I was learning the language at St. Petersburg—I lodged in the house with a Russian and a bear."

The eccentric millionaire Neeld invited Alvanley to dinner at his manificent mansion in Grosvenor Square. The host with the vulgarity of the nouveau riche, was expatiating on the sumptuous decorations of the apartments, letting the dinner cool as he talked. "I don't care what your gilding cost," remarked Alvanley bluntly, "but I am most anxious to make a trial of your carving, for I am famished."

A miner was visiting a friend of the same occupation as himself. After the usual remarks had been made anent the weather, and the customary inquiries as to the health of the household, the family cat appeared on the scene. "Hoo thin that cat o' yors is, Bill!" remarked the visitor. "Wey, no, man—dis thoo think se?" says Bill. "Anyhoo, he shouldn't be, becaas he boards hisself!"

A man started in the livery-stable business the other week, and the first thing he did was to have a big sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of an inquiring friend. "Yes—it is a perfect picture of you; but who is the fellow holding you by the bridle?"

Edgar Saltus inquired of a pretty girl at Narragansett if summer resorts are conducive to matrimony. "Why do the leaves turn red in September?" she replied. "Maybe," replied Saltus, "because of what they have seen in August."


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THE CONSENSUS OF OPINION REGARDING

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Direct entrance from Market Street. Open until Midnight.

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**The Society Resort, Winter and Summer, of the Pacific Coast**

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Climate Unexcelled!
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The best people from everywhere, bent on business or pleasure, when in New York, stop at

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The cuisine and comforts of the hotel have become so well known that its name is now a household word in thousands of homes in this country and Europe

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A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

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**22-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard**

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**Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks**
From 30 to 120 inches wide
**Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks**
Manufactured by **Murphy, Grant & Co.**
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Patentee and Manufacturer of

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**48 Eighth Street, or**
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Have you a friend who a smoker is,
Tell him there is just out a Smoker's Tip
Which will prevent a cancer lip.

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**ELASTIC TIP CO.**

Patentees and Manufacturers of Rubber Specialties

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**MAGICAL COMPLEXION TABLETS**

Beautifies the skin and the complexion. A positive cure and guaranteed remedy for Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Tan, Moles, Redness and Roughness of the Face and Hands, Sallow Complexion, Eczema, Prickly Heat and all other imperfections of the skin. Price, One Dollar.

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This is a fac simile of the package

**Genuine Diamond "L" Tea**
Pure and Uncolored
**E. L. G. STEELE & CO.**
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For sale by all grocers

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
**Original Budweiser Beer**
THE FINEST BEER IN AMERICA
THE E. G. LYONS CO., Agents
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## Electrical Supplies

BROOKS - FOLLIS ELECTRICAL CO
**523 Mission St., San Francisco**

# THE WAVE—SUPPLEMENT

San Francisco, September 18, 1897

## VISALIA WELCOMES THE VALLEY ROAD

The Capital of Tulare County celebrates the opening of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad to that city — Admission Day was chosen as a fitting occasion for the ceremonies— Some account of the past history, present condition and future prospects of the district, which now looks forward to an era of further and more rapid progress based upon its magnificent natural resources and the enterprise of its people, assisted by improved transportation facilities.

Five and forty years ago, under the guidance of Nat Vise, the spreading oaks on the borders of a little stream in Tulare County were chosen as the site of a camping ground by a band of hardy adventurers, who, naming their little settlement Visalia, in honor of their leader, founded the city which is to-day the county seat. During the intervening period the surrounding country has passed through three distinct stages of development. In its early days up to about the year 1870 its fine natural resources were availed of chiefly for the raising of stock, vast numbers of cattle, sheep and hogs roaming over the best watered parts of the lowlands and foothills. Then came a change with the building of the first railroad into the county by the Southern Pacific Company, followed by the construction of irrigating canals for the purpose of bringing the waters of the rivers into the plains, which were then converted into some of the finest wheat fields in the State. Ten years ago a further step was taken on the road of progress by the establishment of what is now the leading industry of the neighborhood, and extensive plantings were made of fruit trees in the vicinity of Visalia, where the soil has since produced the most astonishing results and earned for it the title of the "Prune City of the Plains." The fruits mostly cultivated in addition to prunes are peaches, apricots, nectarines, pears and plums, while raisin grapes are also grown to some extent, though not so largely as in some other parts of the San Joaquin Valley. The citrus belt extends over a considerable area of the valley and back into the foothills some twenty miles, while olives and mountain apples of choice quality are also grown in the same district. Excellent granite, marble and chrysoprase are amongst the products of the district, the lumber industry of which is also important. Altogether the grain, fruit, live stock, dairy and timber shipments of the country are estimated at 10,000 carloads annually.

For close upon half a century Visalia has passed its existence off the main lines of railroad and only now finds itself "on the map." Progressive as it has been, notwithstanding the drawbacks of the past in respect of transportation aids, what must be its prospects in the immediate future, with ample railway facilities right into the heart of the city?

From September 9th, 1897, a new era in the life of Visalia and neighborhood may be said to have begun, representing the fourth stage of its development, and dated from the time when the San Joaquin Valley Railroad extended its service to the capital of Tulare County.

There was well-chosen significance in the selection of Admission Day for the opening of the line to Visalia. The anniversary of the day that California was admitted into the Union became the day that Visalia was admitted into extended communication with the world at large. By way of an appropriate allegory for the occasion, the committee of arrangements, of which Mr. J. C. Ward was chairman, adopted a design on their stationery, etc., representing a chick just hatched from its shell and chirping out, "Free at last." The day itself was one long ovation, inaugurated by the arrival of the first train —made up of twenty-six cars—from Fresno and intermediate stations, which reached the depot an hour before noon and was greeted by the maximum of noise that could be produced by all the resources of the city in the shape of bells, whistles and anvil salutes. Barbecue feasts, sports, parades and general jollification were shared in by some 12,000 people, upwards of two-thirds of whom were visitors.

Included amongst the celebrants were a large number of Valley Road officials and their guests, as follows:

Robert Watt, vice-president; Captain A. H. Payson, second vice-president; J. D. Spreckels, J. A. Hooper and Charles Holbrook, directors; Lovell White and O. D. Baldwin, trustees; Frank H. Power and Donald J. Campbell as guests. Then there were the officers of the operating department: Alexander Mackie, secretary; W. B. Storey, Jr., chief engineer and general superintendent; John Moss, traffic manager; W. C. Edes, principal assistant engineer; A. D. Schindler, division superintendent, and J. T. Williams, division engineer.

In the evening at a gathering in front of the Court House a formal exchange of compliments and congratulations was made between the Valley Road officials and the people, under the presidency of Judge Gray. Mr. W. H. Alford occupied the position of orator of the occasion and Mr. Frank H. Powers of the law department of the railroad, made a speech in reply which was both trite and effective.

The San Joaquin Valley Railway has now constructed 201½ miles of road, its present starting point being Stockton, and its terminals to the south Hanford and Visalia, the intended ultimate terminal point of the line in the valley being Bakersfield. Plans have also been matured for an extension from Stockton to San Francisco. As every one in California is aware, this enterprise really owes its accomplishment to the staunch support of Mr. Claus Spreckels, whose subscriptions to its stock have reached the enormous figure of $700,000. Incorporated some two and a half years ago with a capital stock of $6,000,000, of which $1,746,500 had at that time been actually allotted, the undertaking has been pushed on stage by stage with remarkable vigor, and the line is in the exceptional position of being entirely free from any bonded debt or charge whatsoever, and therefore the absolute property of its stockholders. Not only have Mr. Spreckels and his colleagues on the board been liberal backers of the road with their pecuniary resources, but they have given freely of their time and energy to the promotion of the work, "influenced, to use the words of

MR. W. H. HAMMOND

the president, "to become interested in the enterprise because the good of the country demanded it." At the same time they have felt satisfied that the road is capable of affording a good return as an investment, and everything at the present time points to the correctness of their judgment.

The Valley Road has been worked for and welcomed by the inhabitants of Visalia with perhaps more enthusiasm and determination than in any other town which it serves, and there seems to be little reason to doubt that in a very short time the impetus given to business by this new extension will become very marked in the returns from the district.

It is the general feeling amongst the citizens of Visalia that no man has done more towards carrying through all the arrangements for bringing the Valley Road into Visalia than the Mayor, Mr. W. H. Hammond, who, it may be noted, is a brother of Mr. John Hays Hammond, of South African fame. Mr. W. H. Hammond also acts as County Clerk and has at all times devoted himself heart and soul to the work of securing this important new railway connection, which the S. F. & S. J. V. R. R. obtained without the expenditure of a single nickel for right of way from the Fresno County line, or for yard room in Visalia itself.

The railroads in the county of Tulare are now the main line of the Southern Pacific, running north and south, nearly through the center; the east side branch of the same, paralleling the main line; the Hanford and Huron branch running west from the main line at Goshen, the Visalia branch, connecting with the main road at Goshen (this short line was recently purchased from the Visalia Railroad Company); the Visalia branch of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad, just completed; the Visalia and Tulare road, a short line connecting the two cities named. Of these roads three terminate at Visalia at present. Over the short road to Goshen, now a part of the Southern Pacific system, a through train runs to San Francisco daily, and is known as the Visalia and Hanford Flyer.

So fertile is the soil and favorable the climate of the district that crops of prunes are obtained from the trees at three and four years old fully as large as in other parts of the State at six and seven years, a fact that has attracted the special attention of growers in other parts. This is a most important consideration with people of small capital, who find it necessary to invest where early returns can be secured. There are upwards of a hundred separate orchards in the Visalia district, comprising fully 7,000 acres, amongst the largest concerns being the Visalia Fruit and Land Company, 440 acres, of which 240 acres are in prunes and 130 in peaches; the Cain Fruit and Nursery Company, 231 acres, 130 in prunes, 50 in plums and 40 in peaches; the Mineral King Fruit Company, 500 acres, 330 in prunes and 120 in peaches; T. Jacob & Brother, 161 acres in prunes, plums, peaches and pears; the Crocker estate, 40 acres; John Tuohy, 280 acres, 115 in peaches, 60 in pears; California Prune Company, 156 acres, 106 acres of which are in prunes, the balance in plums, peaches, pears and apricots; the Fleming Fruit Company, 350 acres, 207 in peaches, 125 in prunes; A. C. Kuhn, 655 acres, 320 in peaches, 180 in prunes, 100 in apricots, 55 in plums, nearly the entire orchard having been planted two years ago; the Evansdale Fruit Company, 100 acres, 80 in prunes; and the S. Sweet Company, 50 acres, 30 of which are in prunes.

It will be understood that only the immediate neighborhood of Visalia is dealt with in the foregoing remarks. There are outlying districts, such as Orosi, about sixteen miles north of the city, with about 1,500 acres of fine orchards, which also contribute to the wealth of the surrounding country.

Amongst the most important concerns established at Visalia are the following:

The Visalia Fruit Exchange, owned by the J. K. Armsby Company, Chicago, erected during the summer a packing establishment alongside the Southern Pacific track. The building is 50x200 feet in dimensions, and is equipped with the latest improved machinery for grading and processing fruit. This is the only packing house owned by the J. K. Armsby Company in California, Mr. George Nunnemaker being the manager. It is a model establishment in every respect, and is fitted with every convenience for the successful handling of dried fruit. The exchange expects to handle about 300 carloads of dried fruit this season and will ship 200 cars of dried prunes and 50 cars of peaches.

The Visalia cannery, operated by the Sacramento Packing and Drying Company, gives employment to over 300 people. During this season it was difficult to obtain all the help needed to handle the fruit. Last season 1,000,000 cans of fruit were turned out, but that quantity will be exceeded this year. The Visalia brand of canned fruit having made a name for itself is now in demand among the Eastern jobbers. W. C. B. de Fremery, of San Francisco, is president of the company, and Mr. Charles H. Bentley manager on the spot. All fruit shipped from the district is now branded "Visalia."

There are two telegraph lines in operation at Visalia, the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph; two telephone systems, the Sunset and the Mt. Whitney. There are two ice companies, the Visalia Manufacturing Company and the Union Ice Company. The Visalia Gas, Light and Heat Company have the field to themselves at the present time, but it is thought the Kaweah Power and Water Company will have their system completed to Visalia by the beginning of next year. This company will transmit power for a distance of twenty-five miles and furnish it to consumers in Visalia at rates that will permit of manufacturing on a large scale.

In every other line of business there is the liveliest competition, which shows that the people are awake to the importance of having their wants supplied in the cheapest and most expeditious manner.

The most conspicuous public buildings are the handsome Court House of Tulare County, a well-built jail and two schools, one of which ranks as amongst the best high schools of the State. Visalia has always been noted for its efficient Fire Department, which is provided with a fine engine house.

A good deal of building has been undertaken since the Valley Railway extension was decided upon, and there is more to follow. The business streets are well paved with asphalt, and in the residential quarter fine ornamental shade trees line the roads.

There are three newspapers published in the town, namely, the "Delta," daily and weekly, a journal of nearly forty years' standing; the "Times," daily and weekly, and the weekly "News."

To the firm of Robinson & Churchman, photographers, of Visalia, we are indebted for the originals of the pictures reproduced in these pages. The firm is composed of Miss Robinson and Mr. S. E. Churchman.

**Copies of this paper can be obtained at Harry Levison's Store, Visalia.**

Arrival of the First Train

Sacramento Packing and Drying Company's Cannery

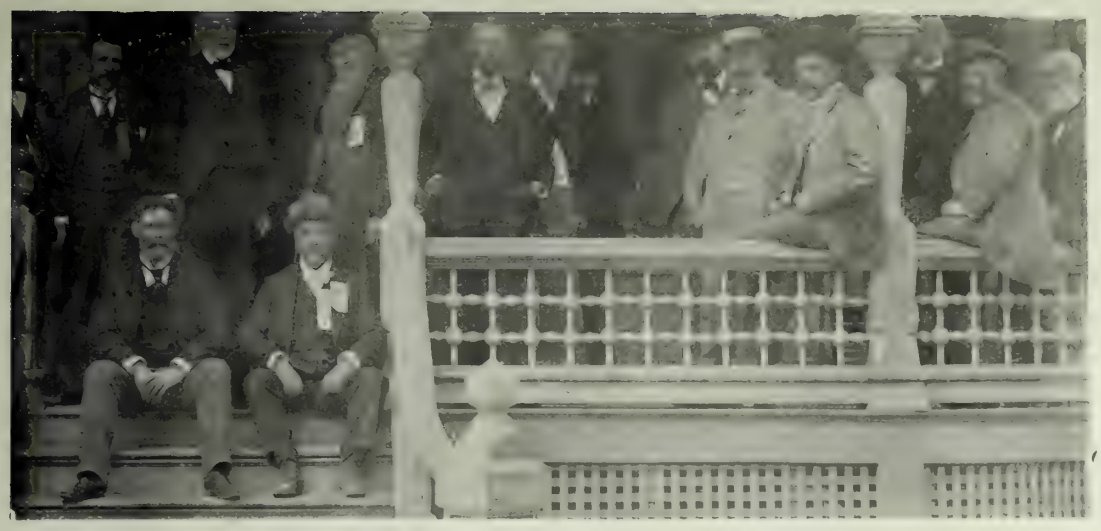
Tulare County Court House

Cooks Preparing the Barbecue Feast

Crowds at the Scene of the Barbecue

## THE CITY OF VISALIA EN FETE ON ADMISSION DAY

Photos by Robi



Some Railroad Officials and Reception Committee

Near View of the First Train

The Ice Factory of the San Joaquin Valley

Visalia en fete

The First Train Running In

The Little Ones' Corner

Street Scene

Gathering near the Depot

Temporary Depot

EBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THE VALLEY RAILROAD.

irchman, Visalia.

MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

...THE...

# Mutual Life Insurance Company
## OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Pres.

is the only Eastern Life Insurance Company that has invested its funds in its building and land in California, virtually establishing it as "a home company." It is the best company, affording the best and most approved form of policies with the most perfect security. The estimation and favor in which The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is held in California is shown by the very large amount of insurance in force in this State, being on Jan. 1st, 1897, over twenty six millions of dollars ($26,000,000), as reported to the Insurance Department of the State of California.

## STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1896, according to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

### INCOME.

| | |
|---|---|
| Received for Premiums | $39,593,414 20 |
| From all other Sources | 10,109,281 07 |
| | $49,702,695 27 |

### DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| To Policy-holders for Claims by Death | $12,595,113 39 |
| To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc. | 12,842,456 11 |
| Total to Policy Holders, | $25,437,569 50 |
| For all other Accounts | 10,781,005 64 |
| | $36,218,575 14 |

### ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| United States Bonds and other Securities | $110,125,082 15 |
| First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortage | 71,543,929 56 |
| Loans on Stocks and Bonds | 11,091,525 00 |
| Real Estate | 22,767,666 65 |
| Cash in Banks and Trust Companies | 12,680,390 00 |
| Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc. | 6,535,555 06 |
| | $234,744,148 42 |
| Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities | 205,010,633 72 |
| Surplus | $ 29,733,514 70 |
| Insurance and Annuities in force | $918,698,338 45 |

From the surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the insurance department.—CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice Pres.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, Gen. M'g'r., ISAAC F. LLOYD, 2nd V. Pres., FRED. CROMWELL, Treas., EMORY McCLINTOCK, Actuary.

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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 39 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

*MARKET-DAY AT PALMIRA*

Palmira is in the State of Cauca, in the Republic of Columbia, and there are two days a week when the residents may supply themselves with food and clothing

Photo by O'Connor

# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Yacht and Barge Racing on San Francisco Bay | 4 |
| Yachting in California | 5 |
| About Personages | 5 |
| In Colombia | 5 |
| Love and Parenology; by Gabriel Standish | 6 |
| The Hawaiian Senate | 6 |
| Scenes in Colombia | 7 |
| The Disadvantages of Nagging; by Geraldine Bonner | 7 |
| Art Education in San Francisco; by Justin Sturgis | 8–9 |
| The Comity of Nations; by G. L. B. | 9 |
| In Society | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Miss Bell vs. Beaux; by H. B. | 12 |
| Cheiro at Home; by P. H. | 12 |
| Muller's Memories | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| The Tale and the Truth; by Frank Norris | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## MUNICIPAL INTEGRITY AND THE RIGHTS OF CAPITAL.

The performance now going on in the legislative department of our municipal government is novel, to say the least. With the legal side of the controversy we have nothing to do. Upon the questions of law involved in the affair there is manifestly room for an honest disagreement, among men equally wise in such matters. This is amply in evidence.

For the benefit of readers who may not have followed the subject closely we may say, briefly, that the Constitution of the State directs that rates of compensation for the use of water supplied to any city or town in this State, or the inhabitants thereof, shall be fixed annually by the Board of Supervisors or other governing body, by ordinance, which shall be passed in the month of February of each year. The Constitution further provides that

"Any Board or body failing to pass the necessary ordinances or resolutions fixing water rates, when necessary, within such time, shall be subject to peremptory process to compel action at the suit of any party interested, and shall be liable to such further process and penalties as the Legislature may prescribe."

The Supervisors are by law required to give the company to be regulated a fair hearing, before fixing rates, and this the old Board commenced to do in February. As the hearing promised to be prolonged, a question arose as to whether the Board was compelled to finally fix the rates in February. The City Attorney was consulted in the matter, and that gentleman advised the Board that inasmuch as it had commenced proceedings in February it might—keeping within the law—continue the investigation, if necessary, into the succeeding month. This ruling was received with delight by the Examiner, and the same elements that are now rejoicing most over the directly contrary ruling of Judge Wallace which ousts the Board for following the advice of the City Attorney. However, this is a touch of human nature to which probably all mankind is liable. The Board finally fixed a new schedule of rates, satisfactory to the water company, by a vote of eight to four; whereupon suit was brought at the instance of George K. Fitch, for the removal of the Board for failing to fix the rates in February. Judge Wallace held that the provisions of the Constitution, above quoted, were mandatory, and removed the entire Board. There being some question as to whether the law delegates to the Mayor or Governor the right to fill the vacancies, both the officials joined in appointing the new body. Members of the old body who favored large reductions in rates were re-appointed and others were not; but in their stead eight gentlemen were taken from the body of the county.

A comparison of the personnel of the two Boards must result vastly in favor of the new. It is certainly made up of honest men. Perhaps we would not feel inclined to give blind adherence to the various views that might be held by each on affairs governmental, but at the moment we would not deny them honesty of purpose. In the new Board there will be no cliques of schemers bent of robbing the taxpayer or the city. There will be no jobs or steals to fatten the purses of predatory politicians. A seat in the Board of Supervisors has been variously estimated as being worth from ten to thirty thousand dollars. A diligent and persevering rascal by thrift and economy, might, as a politician has put it, "go in with a shoestring and come out with a tannery." The majority of the ousted men are presumed to be men of this character, the members of the new Board are credited with being the reverse. The ousted Board, it is charged, represents the type of public officer desired by corporations; and the newly appointed Board the type not desired by them. Such is the general impression, and the mere fact that this impression has existence is a constant menace and danger to corporate rights that should never be questioned or imperilled. Of course the primary reason for seeking their removal lay in the fact that the old Board had refused to materially reduce water rates. That the three members favoring reduction were re-appointed, coupled with the fact that the balance of the Board is made up of gentlemen who are most likely to be in harmony with that sentiment, puts this statement beyond question. We will not say the Board is packed, but in all fairness, would any individual citizen, if he owned the Spring Valley Water Works, be willing to have his property rights determined by a body of citizens so constituted. Suppose upon investigation of the facts it is shown to a large number of the new Board that the rates now charged are reasonable, taking surrounding circumstances into consideration; must it be inferred that it would require a rare quality of bravery and moral courage for one of these new Supervisors to announce such a conviction? It is not improbable that an investigation will explode many rumors now accepted as facts. If this be so, what will the new Board do? Whatever action may be taken with respect to rates, the plain letter of the law may not be violated, and it may be as well that this interminable contention be settled and each party become acquainted with the rights of the other.

Behind all this question of rates, however, is a matter of paramount importance, and the new Board stands in a position to perform a great and a better service for this community than punishing the corporations. For years it has been openly, repeatedly and continually charged that corporations, against popular will and public interests, have brutally dominated the politics of this city, and have persistently favored and elected to office conscienceless rascals and notorious bribe-takers, to our everlasting shame and great discredit. Let us say that the newly appointed Board of Supervisors represents the quality and character of officials who would get into office if the corporations did not interfere in politics. Let us say that "popular will is typified in this Board. The "bugaboo" then has come at last. The "catastrophe" concerning the coming of which the corporate politician has whispered into the frightened ear of Capital is here. Corporate capital has not entered politics for the mere pleasure of lust of it. It was there to do one of two things: protect its just rights against unjust assaults, or to perpetrate wrongs and prevent interference with continued wrong-doing. It has not spent great sums of money for the mere purpose of seating a public officer who must be bought after he is seated. Every man may reason this thing out for himself, for it is very simple. To the tail of every quasi-public institution in this State there hangs a gang of greedy, lying, keen-scented politicians, who make it their particular business to prey on corporations. They are a thrifty, plausible and resourceful lot, who live on the strife they are presumed to allay. For years they have dinned it into the ears of capital that public opinion was a thing to be feared and hated, fought and beaten; that danger lurked in hiding with the people, and that unless they were employed to manipulate primaries, conventions and elections and so defeat popular will, corporate property rights would be invaded and destroyed, and their concerns rendered unprofitable, if not bankrupt. Capital is notoriously cowardly, timid and fearful of assault. There was abundant justification, however, for fear in this connection, and the corporate leech was not above surreptitiously inaugurating hostile movements to accentuate the necessity for his employment. Other communities have attempted to perpetrate just such outrages as he depicted, and one must confess there is a spirit of socialism and agrarianism abroad in the land that is most threatening to corporate property rights. Indeed, one San Francisco daily makes no concealment of its desire to wreck, but we have never believed, nor do we yet believe, that this community is prepared to employ the legislative guillotine to destroy just rights, and we so assert. The newly appointed Board of Supervisors probably represents every evil thing that corporate capital has been warned would ruin it, and these gentlemen have it fairly in their power to demonstrate that an honest Board of Supervisors does not mean a "sinch" Board, bent on destruction or unfair regulations. They are in a position to give the lie to every slanderous tale told by politicians to terrorize Capital. They have it in their power to completely destroy the class of wretches who have fattened on the fears they have created, and leave them discredited and without occupation by simply pursuing a perfectly fair, manly and independent official course. On the other hand, if the new Board choose the more radical course, they will simply fortify the corruptionist, will verify every prophecy he has ever made, and accentuate the necessity for his being. The situation is one of supreme importance, and the suggestion here made one that a man who looks only to the permanent betterment of our political condition might strenuously advocate in all honor. But he must be a brave and honest man, indeed. The question is, would it be better for the material interests of the community and wiser for this Board to proceed with sword and pruning knife in hand, and, while they have the power and opportunity, cut and slash rates right and left, or would the best permanent interests of the community be served by a course of action that would indubitably prove that honestly conducted corporations have nothing to fear at the hands of honestly elected Boards of Supervisors. We commend the thought to Mayor Phelan and the Board.

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The withdrawal of Professor Holden from the position of Professor in charge of the Lick Observatory will not awaken regrets among his associates. From all accounts the personality of this gentleman is most intolerable. Two clever astronomers have already unwillingly resigned their posts on Mount Hamilton, and both have given their reason for withdrawing to be an inability to tolerate the unbearable manners of their superior. Professor Holden's kindliest critics credit him with marked ability in the line of his profession, but even this is marred, so it is charged, by an obstinacy that refuses to recognize the merits of discoveries or theories advanced by those about him. The daily press has amply aired the character of the man, but probably he has been more thoroughly and intelligently discussed by persons familiar with the condition of affairs on Mount Hamilton. The Regents of the University have, very much to the detriment of the observatory, sedulously been deaf to complaints directed against Mr. Holden and consistently or inconsistently upheld him on all occasions. It is one thing for principals to "back up" a superior officer in their employ whose line of endeavor demands at his hands the exercise at times of a vigorous policy that may bring him enemies, but it is quite another thing to be indifferent to the personality of such men when they are notoriously insulting, overbearing and afflicted with a stubborn egotism and a total disregard for the common civilities of life. No private institution, however stormy or otherwise generous it may be, can look for esprit de corps among its employees or expect to attain favor with the public if it tolerates such men in its service. Our public institutions which are supported by contributions levied on the tax-payer should be even more jealous of public approval in this respect, and we therefore feel constrained to congratulate our State University upon the retirement of this most unfortunately constituted person.

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The "Examiner" is complaining because the sale of the Union Pacific Railway under foreclosure will result in a loss of twenty-five million of dollars to the Government. Yet "foreclosure" was what that journal most desired a year ago when it was quite as evident as it is now that loss to the Government was inevitable if it pursued such a course. "The compromise scheme" with the Fitzgerald syndicate, which the "Examiner" warmly denounces, amounts simply to this. As we understand it the first mortgage bond-holders instituted a suit in foreclosure against the Union Pacific Railway. If the mortgaged property had been sold under their decree the Government would probably not have received a single dollar of the vast sum of money due to it. President Cleveland, recognizing the danger of the situation threatened to intervene and employ dilatory tactics—and the only thing he could possibly accomplish was vexatious and interminable delay—unless the syndicate which stood ready to bid in the property for an amount equal to the face of the first mortgage would also bind itself to make an upset bid for an amount in excess of the first mortgage sufficient to give the Government at least a fair proportion of its debt. This, after some negotiation, the syndicate agreed to and the Government will by the arrangement then made by the President receive twenty-eight million dollars on account of its mortgages. There is nothing in the world as far as we can see to prevent any other capitalist from bidding higher than the syndicate and taking the property. The "Examiner" complains because Mr. McKinley "gives his consent to the compromise scheme," but if he should refuse to continue the arrangement commenced by his predecessor the syndicate would be absolved from its obligations to the Government, and probably would not

peg its bid up a single notch beyond the bare amount of the first mortgage. In that event the Government would get nothing. What course would our contemporary suggest under the circumstances?

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The press intelligence from the Spanish capital with respect to the interviews of Minister Woodford and the representatives of Spain is highly contradictory, and must be unusually imaginative. It is not in the least likely that the Duke of Tetuan, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, would permit newspaper correspondents to obtain information as to the purport of his meetings with Minister Woodford, and the dispatches state distinctly that the latter is deaf to all entreaties for enlightenment. The wise course, therefore, is to content ourselves with the assumption that, beyond the definite expression of the views of his Government, Minister Woodford will not proceed, until the Court returns to Madrid for the winter. In the meantime the field will be left to the jingoes of this country, who are always ready for interference with anyone. That the climax in Cuban affairs is rapidly approaching is perfectly evident, and the difficulties of the mother country in other directions are growing in an ominous manner at the same time. The Carlists are showing signs of renewed activity, and the Socialists are a cause of much annoyance to the Queen Regent and her Cabinet. The situation of Maria Christina is one that cannot fail to stir the sympathy of everyone for a woman placed as she is, who possesses a righteous sense of duty and is consumed with an ardent wish to see her boy succeed to his royal inheritance. Should any concession be made to American sentiment there is the probability to be faced of a revolution that would sweep away the present dynasty, and yet leave the Cuban problem open.

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A noteworthy transaction in local finance during the past week was the marketing of the 5 per cent. bonds of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad. The entire issue of $6,000,000 was placed with a local syndicate composed of leading bankers and capitalists, the terms of the deal providing that pending the completion of the extensions of the line from Stockton to San Francisco and from Fresno to Bakersfield such funds as are required for the work shall be supplied by the syndicate as against the deposit of the bonds. It has been freely represented in the press that the placing of the bonds in San Francisco ensures the retention of the securities here, and is a proof that California can provide capital for the development of its own resources. This view is erroneous, and has evidently been prompted by that provincialism which is far too prevalent within our borders. Those who indulge such an idea must be strangely ignorant of the ways of financiers. In the case of this particular group the markets of London, Paris and Berlin are well represented, and there is no doubt whatever they will be fed with the holdings of the syndicate as openings arise. And surely it is better for every interest concerned that the stock markets of the world should be open to our securities, created in the course of commercial expansion, than that we should be limited in our progress by the rate at which home absorption can proceed.

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A London press dispatch reports the tailors of that metropolis as considerably exercised by the new tariff law, which limits travellers to a one hundred dollar wardrobe, as the tradesmen are losing American custom thereby. The cablegram alluding to the subject says the establishment of the famous Poole looks like an obscure chop-house. This is somewhat severe. Poole's place is hardly as imposing as our own "Call" building, but for all that it has unmistakable style and an unequalled position for its trade. The building is an old-fashioned affair, with a long, low facade, which is always a feature when London is illuminated. On those occasions everybody feels it a duty to see Poole's elaborate devices illustrating in gorgeous colors the emblems of his royal customers. First class London tailors do not revel in many storied frontages with vast expanses of plate glass—that is the privilege of the hand-me-down order of the fraternity.

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The first division of the Boston electric sub-way was opened for traffic on the 1st of September, and upwards of one hundred thousand people availed themselves of the route. The section extends from the Public Garden at Boylston street to Park and Tremont streets, where the cars pass around a loup for the return trip. The Boylston-street branch has two tracks, and there are four tracks on the main line under Tremont street. At present the line runs on the surface along the Common mall, but on the completion of the sub-way all tracks are to be removed from the surface. The second division, from the corner of Shawmut avenue, under Tremont street, will shortly be opened for traffic, and other sections will be opened within a few months. The whole scheme affords immense relief to the congested roadways of the city, and an agreeable means of rapid transit.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

A high compliment was the tribute paid to David Starr Jordan at the recent turbulent meeting of the Regents of the State University. There Arthur Rodgers, advocating the retirement of the Administration Committee, which for so many years has ruled the University, advocated that power be vested in President Kellogg so he may demonstrate such executive ability as he possesses, without obstruction. He drew attention to the influence which the President of Stanford University had attained through his participation in the affairs of the community and attributed to the strength of his individuality the growth and development of the institution at Palo Alto. The office carries with it responsibilities which require the shoulders of a strong man to sustain, and the interposition of "buffers" between the executive and the board weakens the man in the estimation of his subordinates and prevents the development of such policies as he may conceive. As a matter of fact one hears little of the Trustees of the Stanford University because President Jordan is the head and front of the institution and does well and boldly what must be accomplished, whereas President Kellogg is a mere figurehead at Berkeley and certain superannuated celebrities have all the power. It was a concession to the ancient mariners of the Regency that Kellogg was selected to preside at Berkeley, whereas the man for the place was Professor Moses, who has the capacity and ambition to rejuvenate the institution. From appearances, however, it is safe to believe that the end of the regime of superannuation is at hand. The dethronement of Director Holden is a tremendous step in advance, but much remains to be done at home.

***

It often happens in life that the barrier a man raises for his protection proves an obstruction to his progress. The original provision of the law by which an appeal acted as a stay of proceedings in the case of officials deprived of office by the courts was repealed by the Legislature years ago at the instance of Sam Rainey, who was inspired by a desire to wreak vengeance on Fire Commissioner Frank Whitney. This was in the days of Buckley, and Rainey, who had not then the powers he now enjoys, devoted himself to the Fire Department. Whitney, it seems, had developed so much activity in the execution of his duty that he became obnoxious to the powers, who swore to his undoing. An illegality was discovered in his appointment on which a Superior Court Judge ruled him out of office. Whitney appealed at once, gave the proper bonds, and was allowed to execute the duties of the Commissioner until the Supreme Court was heard from. This turn of affairs disgusted Rainey, who declared there was a way to prevent the recurrence of such embroglios. "Wait till the boys go to Sacramento," he said to a friend. "I'll see to it that when the Judge says a man is out he's got to quit then and there. The Supreme Court can put him back if it wants to, but he must go under between times. This thing has made me sick." The following Jaunary the lobby at the Legislature worked through the amendment which made Judge Wallace's decree of expulsion immediately operative and sent out into the cold world not only the Rainey Supervisors, but the Rainey "push" which had been fattening at the public crib. What an expensive happiness an immediate vengeance often proves.

***

The vicissitudes of fortune are once again curiously illustrated in the case of an aged but very active personage, Dr. Joseph Holdsworth, who for many years has figured as a character of Sierra County. In pioneer days Holdsworth was the physician of a dozen mining camps in that environment and grew rich. The talk of the district was gold, and it is not extraordinary that he was affected by it. Prospecting became his mania. He retired from medicine and devoted himself to gold hunting. Though apparently well versed in mineralogy he made locations in the most preposterous places, and was regarded by the county as a harmless eccentric whose activity, if it did no harm, worked no injury. In the course of time the old doctor descended upon San Francisco intending to dispose of some of his claims. Being an earnest talker he succeeded in interesting capitalists, and many expeditions were made into the mountains after his alleged prizes. For the most part these wonderful prospects proved unavailable except a claim called the Red Top, high up in the Sierras away beyond Graniteville. A company of Colorado capitalists took hold of this property, and being pleased with the appearance of the rock set about development, and built on the mountain side a large boarding-house for their men. The old doctor, who is habituated to the region, laughed at this proceeding, prophesying that the winter snows, which up there are eighteen and twenty feet deep, would inevitably sweep the house into the ravine thousands of feet below. Despite his warnings the structure was finished, and a few months later an avalanche dashed it and its seven occupants to eternity. The catastrophe acted as a bar to proceedings at Red Top, but more recently certain San Francisco men took hold of the property, discovered its richness, and on the strength of the gold and quartz developed capitalized it for a million dollars. The corporation is known as the Jackson Lake Mining Company, and there is no doubt but that a great property has been discovered. The doctor has now reached the ripe age of eighty-seven, is as sound of mind and limb as a boy of twenty, and cares as little for snow or ice as a duck for rain.

***

Andrew McCreery, the well-known millionaire, lives at the Bohemian Club, and is not averse to participating in the discussions of the younger men, for whom the joys of the moment are more important that the profits of the morrow. He was invited one night to a round-table dinner in the Red Room, and was seated next to Dan O'Connell, the well-known poet, prose writer and yachtsman. After the meat there was oratory, and when it came Mr. McCreery's turn to make a speech he begged Mr. O'Connell to speak for him. Dan bowed gravely. "Shall I speak as Mr. McCreery or as O'Connell?" he asked. "As McCreery, by all means," replied the millionaire. Dan rose. "Waiter," he said, addressing the attendant servitor, "be good enough to bring at once a case of wine and a hundred cigars." He finished abruptly and sat down amid thunderous applause. The millionaire signed the card without a murmur.

***

Interest in the proceedings of the Charter Convention, now in session, will be accentuated by the action of the Election Commissioners, who are soon to announce a special election of Freeholders to whom the making of a charter will be entrusted. The necessity for a new municipal constitution has never been so apparent as at the moment. It will be indeed a poor instrument which is defeated at the next election.

***

The disclosures of the Bell case, which far exceeds in intrinsic romantic interest the Fair case with all its advocacy and oratory, exhibit in a remarkable light that extraordinary woman, Mammy Pleasance. She is the heroine; her black shadow is over the piece like a spirit of evil. The absolute subordination of Mrs. Bell to this colored woman is not surprising when one remembers the excessive will power, subtlety and audacity of Mrs. Pleasance. Engaged in the early days in the business of "railroading" runaway slaves, she developed that quickness of perception and decision which distinguishes her. She is a daring operator, certainly, but age seems to have increased her rapacity at the expense of her intelligence. As to the affairs of the Bell estate they are in a pretty mess. It seems the family allowance has been diverted to the pockets of Mrs. Pleasance, but to what purpose no one knows. If, as so many people believe, she has money in a stocking, she permits herself to be harassed needlessly with small judgments which would be satisfied at a greater economy that permitting the holders to levy on her property. Quite the strangest of the revelations evoked by this inquiry is the story of the genesis of Mrs. Bell which the "Chronicle" had Thursday morning. In view of the fate of Saville, the terrible experience of Perry is not surprising, but it is another instance of what wickedness may be accomplished in a civilized community by a desperate and unprincipled woman.

***

That Barrios is to be deposed as easily as some of the dalies would have us believe is not credible. He is bold and resourceful far beyond the average of Central Americans, and must have realized the possibility of just such a contingency as has arisen. Depend on it he is well prepared. The army is his; he has the capital, and the important financial interests of the State are all interested in maintaining his supremacy. There has been a vigorous propaganda on behalf of the opposition here recently, and the advertising given Morales' revolt has been due rather to coin in San Francisco than victory in Guatemala. The story that Barrios has behaved with brutality to Americans is apocryphal, of course, as the predeliction of the Dictator for the United States is well established. The little man is brave and competent, and it will be curious if he does not come out victor. Then his friends will be rewarded and his enemies will doubtless be quartered at the Occidental awaiting a new deal.

***

The friendship which Governor Budd evinces for the Spreckels interests is doubtless a consequence of the relationship which has always existed between him and Manager W. S. Leake of the "Call." It is taken by those on the inside to indicate that the Governor, seeing the strong Republican drift of politics in California, has not only abandoned the ambition to succeed himself, but realizes the improbability of electing a Democrat to succeed Senator White. He knows also that a declaration of candidacy would bring joy to the hearts of the innumerable enemies he has created for himself throughout the State, whose one desire is to revenge broken pledges by political extinction. This being the situation, Budd proposes to have friends in the ranks of the enemy, and hopes, by his combinations with the Spreckels and by doing favors to his opponents to obligate them so he may have a voice in the next Republican Convention. Thus he will extend his power into the administration of his successor and be able to protect his personal appointees from untimely dismissal, while his enemies will find him still a factor to contend against. In this way Budd will preserve the nucleus of an organization for future operations, and evidently does not anticipate retirement from the politics that he loves.

***

The mass meeting at Metropolitan Hall to celebrate the overthrow of the Supervisors was badly organized. Why such an important opportunity to celebrate the victory of pure righteousness was entrusted to the Iroquois Club is hard to guess. What identification has Mr. Jim Flynn—for so many years a Buckley lamb—with pure politics? And who is Mr. Hugo Asher that he should be prominent on such an occasion. Mr. Van Duzer showed a malignant ability at uttering tactless stupidities, and the only speeches were those of Gavin McNab and Congressman Maguire, which were rational expression of the situation. Mr. McNab was, as usual, epigrammatic and forceful, and was generously applauded by one of the most earnest congregations of serious and sober-minded citizens I have ever seen gathered at a ratification meeting.

BOSWELL JR.

Bismarck's brain, according to the estimate from external measurements made by Herr Ammon, an anthropologist, and the sculptor who made the Iron Chancellor's bust, probably weighs 1,897 grammes, in which case it is the heaviest on record. Cuvier's brain weighed 1,830 grammes, Byron's 1,807, Kant's 1,650, and Schiller's 1,580. The average weight of the brain of an intelligent European is 1,380 grammes.

*YACHT AND BARGE RACING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY*

The "Æolus" winning the Macdonough Cup, and the Senior Barge Race at El Campo

## YACHTING IN CALIFORNIA

### Conditions of Wind and Weather Within the Harbor of the Golden Gate.

It is not necessary to be a statesman to trace the connection between products and pleasure. The relationship between buggy-riding in the country and the price of pears is apparent to the mind's eye of a blind man. A trip to New York has often followed a rise in the price of prunes. Bryan to the contrary, the communion of silver and French dinners is more intimate than the sympathy between the white metal and wheat. As the value of the latter product increases, however, there is visible a revival in yachting, which is one other proof of the same great principle. Yes, yachting in the waters of San Francisco bay has, during latter years, been in the condition which Cleveland called "innocuous desuetude." To the fleets but few additions were made. The men who owned schooners or cutters raced, toured and entertained their friends, it is true, but with no particular enthusiasm nor spirit. Now the change hath come. The interest in the pursuit has developed during the season of '97 to a degree which promises splendidly for the summer of '98. Between the several clubs there begins to be a recognition of mutual interests, and conditions seem to favor the gathering of the Pacific and San Francisco Clubs under a single roof-tree.

There is an immense expanse of water—for San Francisco bay is almost an inland sea—subject to conditions of wind and weather that make sailing a joy. It is sheltered from the Pacific swells and guarded from sudden squalls by the hills of Marin County and the high lands of the Coast range. During nine months of the year the skies are blue and the air full of sunshine, yet the sailor is seldom troubled by a calm and a drifting match is a rare experience. Indeed, a twenty-mile breeze is the average, and thirty-mile zephyrs are not extraordinary. In such circumstances yachting should flourish. The conditions are ideal for brief tours to Benicia, Vallejo, up the estuaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, or south towards San Mateo. The wide stretch of waters makes an inimitable race course. Of course, there are the disadvantages of these blessings. One tires of the confines of the bay, but cruising outside is unpleasant, and often hazardous. Harbors along the Pacific are few, and the western wind with us is an onshore current, instead of off-shore, as on the Atlantic Coast. Experts will tell you what that entails. The New York yachtman may set sail south and make, each night, a new port. If the California yachtman would sally out of the Golden Gate he must head for Santa Cruz or Monterey—excursions calling for no slight knowledge of seamanship and an acquaintance with the currents and devious channels of the rock-bound littoral. There are currents, too, within the bay, and shallows, and they have made good sailors of our yachtmen, who more than hold their own with their compatriots in Atlantic or British waters.

There are now five yacht clubs—the Pacific, with one hundred and sixteen members and twenty boats, and the San Franciscos, one hundred strong, with thirty boats, at Sausalito; the Corinthians, at Tiburon, with one hundred and twenty-five men and forty boats; the Encinal, at Alameda, one hundred members and twenty boats; the California, of Oakland, on the estuary, one hundren and twenty men and twenty boats; and the South End, a club formed at San Jose, which controls perhaps ten craft. The figures in each instance are approximate. There are, I believe, two hundred yachts of various kinds and designs owned here altogether, including El Primero, a fine and swift steamer owned by Mr. Ed. Hopkins. They are small craft for the most part, sloops and yawls in abundance, graduating into cutters and schooners. In most instances the owners are their own navigators and follow the pursuit, seriously, as a sport rather than as a form of entertainment. Indeed, yachting has had but little encouragement from society, so-called. Cruising parties, since the death of Mervyn Donahue, are seldom recorded, and the Spreckels brothers invariably have male guests when the Lurline is in commission. This condition will change under the impetus recently given the Pacific Yacht Club by the administration of Commodore Herbert E. Law, who has infused into that institution some of his own energy and enthusiasm. He it was who organized the round-table dinner to the clubs at the Pacific yacht house and founded there the sense of community interest which has since borne fruit. Another ally to the interest is tne upbuilding of Belvedere and the popularity of Sausalito. The villa residents of both burgs are driven by the precipitousness of land to the water below for relaxation. Now, the great gathering place for the fleet is the cove of Belvedere, and the navigators divide themselves between the life of the cabin and that of the house boat, to which they have developed an extreme partiality. If they are of the Corinthians the clubhouse of the organization is within hailing distance. The good cause will surely be assisted by the amalgamation of the San Francisco and Pacific Clubs, who trench upon each other's usefulness. A single strong organization with no divided purpose would be a potent adjunct in encouraging a sport whose need is direction rather than rivalry.

The expense of yachting is much the same the world over. It depends on the character of the craft and on the hospitality of its owner. I presume the Lurline costs Mr. Spreckels at least $250 per month, which is not extravagant for the pleasure his friends derive from her. But she is an exception. It is hardly an economical pursuit, for the appliances and appurtenances are all costly. Yet many poor men manage to own yawls and have as much fun on the interest of a few hundred dollars as the millionaire out of his superb "two sticker." An impetus will be given to sailing by the action of the Pacific Club, which will soon have the use of six "half-raters," now under construction. This type of craft is immensely popular in Eastern waters, and in the regattas, contests for supremacy in the class are among the exciting events. What is better, being non-sinkable and non-capsizable, the amateur may learn the way of wind and current and rest easy in the assurance that his errors cannot precipitate anything worse than a ducking.

The illustrations here exposed are from the photographs made at the annual championship regatta of the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association, which was won by the sloop Aelous. The race was for the Macdonough cup and was a close contest. There were also races for the 44-foot, 36-foot, and 25-foot classes, which were won by Pride, Edna, and Alert. The rowing races, also pictured, were contested at El Campo on Sunday, 19th. This was the rowing regatta of the P. C. Amateur Athletic Association. This was a great day for the South End Rowing Club, which was victorious in five out of the six events. Our illustrations show the course, the winning crew and the senior barge race, which was the event of the day. Both affairs were thoroughly successful and aroused general public interest.

## ABOUT PERSONAGES

Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Este, who, now that he is recovering from consumption, has again assumed the position of heir to Emperior Francis Joseph, is said to be the richest royal personage in Europe. The last Duke of Modena bequeathed $15,000,000 to him.

One of the chief subjects for gossip in the English country houses is a romance of the peerage by which a naval cadet, after shipping as a common sailor, serving as a fire laddie in London, mining in Cheshire and roaming in South Africa, has become, after a life of adventure, the Earl of Egmont.

Carl Browne, who accompanied Coxey's army to Washington, was in Columbus, Ohio, on Labor Day, and appeared made up as the Goddess of Liberty, with a casque on his head, yellow hair hanging down his back, his face clean-shaven and powdered, his arms bared and the American flag draped in great folds around his majestic figure.

Mark Twain did the Jubilee procession for the "New York Journal," the remuneration being £500. Dean Farrar helped to do it for the "New York World." Directly after the Queen had left St. Paul's he went straight to the Athenaeum Club and "knocked off" his column or so of copy in one of the quiet rooms there which the Bishops love.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is endeavoring to reduce her weight and figure to an ideal standard, and for this laudable consummation has rigged up in her Washington home a massage machine. Mrs. Burnett has been so frequently interrupted in desirable trains of novelistic thought that she finally determined to be her own masseure.

Tamagno, the tenor, has lost 1.700,000 francs in a real estate speculation at Rome, according to the Figaro. He bought a building and the adjoining land at a high price on a tip from an Italian Deputy that the government wanted the property for a new Ministry of Commerce building, and found that the Deputy had unloaded his own comparatively valueless land on him.

Judge John Jay Jackson, who issued the famous injunction against the West Virginia strikers, is the oldest District Judge in the country. In 1860 he opposed the secession of Virginia, took sides with the Union, and when General McClellan marched into Virginia was the first to meet him and offer assistance. General "Stonewall" Jackson was a cousin of Judge Jackson.

Li Hung Chang is going to have a model American farm, and for this purpose has engaged Mr. Gerom D. Brill, a Dutchess County New Yorker, to superintend the work. Mr. Brill graduated from the Agricultural College of Cornell University in 1888; and immediately took up farming as a profession. In view of Li's knowledge of the model farms of Europe, his selection of an American to go to China is of special interest.

Emperor William of Germany, known in England as "William the Witless," refuses to play cards with French packs, and uses cards printed at Altenberg with old German patterns. Their backs are devoted to eagles, Prussian and Austrian, with the silver cross of the House of Savoy on a red field, surrounded with ivy and surmounted by the imperial crown. Similar designs are introduced in the corners, and the picture cards are of corresponding style. The king of diamonds is a family likeness of the great Kurfurst, the queen of hearts is a simple Gretchen and the knave of diamonds is a Knight of St. John.

For many years Prince Bismarck has neither drunk claret nor smoked cigars. The ex-Chancellor's favorite drinks are beer and champagne, and a quite exquisite hock which throws every connoisseur into raptures. The veteran statesman does not despise a glass of whisky or old Cognac, but, above all, he loves at table his long-accustomed pipe. Coffee is seldom seen. The Prince's memory is still amazing. He often dwells upon his early life, and, speaking of his great skill in pistol shooting, he said: "To shoot five bullets running into the crossbars of a window, at thirty paces, was a feat I could always trust myself to perform."

Moses P. Handy, who was appointed by President McKinley Special Commissioner of the United States for the Paris Expositon, is peculiarly suited for the mission, having been in 1876 United States Commissioner at Philadelphia, and in a similar capacity at Vienna in 1893. The appointment is made under the clause of the general deficiency bill by which the United States accepted the invitation of the French Government to participate in the exposition. At its next session Congress will pass the bill provding for five permanent Commissioners and appropriating three-fourths of a million for expenses. Mr. Handy's salary is $5,000, with an additional $25,000 for preliminary expenses.

## IN COLOMBIA

### Life and Conditions in a Central American Republic.

A Presidential election will be held in Colombia next November, and as one of the candidates proposes to assume the office whether he is elected or not, lively times may be expected. In 1895 civil war was waged between Governor Rosas of Cauca, the recognized chief of the radical wing of the Liberal party, and President Cavo, the head of the clericals, and the insurrection was not suppressed till many battles had been fought, and some blood spilt. In the matter of revolutions, the Colombians are to the manner born, and no one will be surprised if armies are in the field next Christmas.

Our illustrations will give people some idea of the natives of the State of Cauca, which is the largest and one of the most populous sections in the confederacy. Its inhabitants are divided into three classes: the upper class, who claim to be of pure Castilian descent, and who are in fact white, or nearly so; the lower class, consisting of a blend of the native Indian and the negro; and the aborigines, who live in the mountains and preserve their native tongue and their primitive habits.

Both of the two first named classes are pleasant people to live amongst simple, hospitable and honest. The men of the lower class are idle, and let their women do all the work. The upper class, who constitute nearly one-third of the whole, are educated, intelligent, desirous of progress, courteous to strangers, patriotic and sensible. Their women are beautiful, and the men fairly familiar with the literature and science of the day. Their capital—Bogota—is a Paris in minature, in which fashion, music and social diversions flourish. Foreigners are well received there, and fully protected in their rights. Hawthorne's sneer was undeserved. When President Pierce was inaugurated, he telegraphed to his old friend:

"Dear Nat, have appointed you to Bogota."

To which the author of the Blithedale romance replied:

"Dear Frank, where in ——— is Bogota?"

It is a fact, however, that owing to the isolated position and its difficulty of access, few people know anything about Bogota or Colombia either.

The people of the lower class are conspicuous for their religious and their sporting proclivities. They throng the churches, but they would not miss a cock fight for the world. On the plains they wear nothing but a shirt and light drawers, a straw hat and bark sandals. They ride bareback and live wholly on beef. In every stream emptying into the Amazon, or the Guaviar, or the Magdalena, the gravel shows color in the pan; but the work of washing the dirt is left to the women, whom the men watch lying on their backs on the bank. Several of the States are fertile, and with proper cultivation will grow fine crops of coffee, cocoa and sugar; but it is so difficult to obtain labor among the three and a half millions of people that the subject of inducing Chinese immigration is being seriously considered.

The traveler will find in Colombia any climate to suit him. On the coast extreme heat prevails, as might be inferred from the latitude; the equator runs through the State of Cauca. But nearly the whole territory of the confederacy is an elevated plateau, with a mild, temperate climate; and as the mountains are climbed, the winds are sometimes cold and sharp. Bogota, in 4.30 north, is constantly enveloped in fog. Population has naturally collected in the river valleys on the plateau. In these a score or more of fine cities, such as Zipaquiva, Chiquinquiva, El Socorro Velaz, Bucave Manga, San Jose de Cutuca, Neiva, Honda, Medellin, Cali, Cartagena, have grown up, and rival Colon and Panama in importance. In all these cities the foreigner can be hospitably entertained, and in most of them he can make money if he knows how to deal with the Spanish Americans.

If he could be sure of a supply of labor, he would profit more by purchasing a coffee or cocoa plantation. Land is very cheap and is admirably suited for the cultivation of coffee. It s said that the berry grown in Colombia is superior to any berry produced in Central America except in parts of Costa Rica. Excellent tobacco is grown in Ambulema for export to Germany. All these products labor under the disadvantage of slow and expensive transportation. Including the Panama line, there are only about 250 miles of railroad in the whole country, and there are little local lines. A road which is much needed is the one between Buenaventura and Cali, which was begun in 1893; it is far from completion. Colombia will not realize its agricultural development till it has access to distributing markets.

It seems strange to speak of a region so primitive as ancient, but Colombia antedates the oldest State of our Union by a long stretch of years. It was discovered by Columbus; it was from its shores that Balboa first saw the Pacific. According to Mr. Prescott, Panama was founded just a century before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. In the eighteenth century the Spaniards wrested the region which is now Colombia from its original occupants, and set up their churches and convents; but they were so molested by buccaneers that they filled up the mines with dirt, and blockaded the roads so that their location is now unknown.

In the insurrection which led to the independence of the Spanish colonies in South America, Colombia bore her share. Bolivar gave her name to the whole northern portion of South America. It was not until 1829 that Venezuela withdrew, and Ecuador signified her intention of following the example in the next year. The subsequent experience of the United States of Colombia has been troubled; civil war has been chronic; and the wise and patriotic citizens of the valley of the Magdalena have often regretted that petty sectional jealousies prevented the fulfillment of the sagacious plans of the Liberador.

France must face the question whether women may practice law. While degrees have been conferred before on women, a woman doctor of laws now for the first time applies for admission to the bar at Paris.

## LOVE AND PHRENOLOGY

### The Science of Mating by Bumps — Is Love a Mania?

Just as we have all settled back into our old, pleasant ideas of ourselves and have adopted a tone of lofty pity for the phrenologists, amateur and otherwise, who fifteen years or so ago wounded our vanity and made even our mothers regard us doubtfully—just, I say, as we have learned to be comfortably contemplotous, there springs up in Chicago an arch financier who has so dextrously blended phrenology with matrimony that he has raised the feeling of bumps almost to the dignity of a profession again. Of course, the ungenerous maid will immediately suppose Professor Vayhts' "Human Nature Club" to be nothing more than a vulgar "matrimonial agency." The worthy professor, without doubt, lays himself open to such suspicions. He begins nobly with, "The object of the 'Human Nature Club' is to study human nature in all of its phases," etc., but presently we read, "One of its principal studies is marriage," and "The proper study of mankind is—matrimony." Then there is the invitation:

MATRIMONIAL MATCHES.
Who Wants a Wife?
THE CHICAGO HUMAN NATURE CLUB
Will give a
CABLE PARTY TO JACKSON PARK.
Several matches will be made. Here is your chance. Come and bring a friend.
SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 4, 1897.
Start from Wabash ave. and Madison st.
7 p. m.

Isn't that purely and healthfully Chicagoan? Could it have been born in any other city of the United States? It is delightfully typical; it might have come out of Hamlin Garland's "Wayside Courtships," but it doesn't put the dear professor in the prettiest light. It does not dwell enough on "the study of human nature" to be either dignified or delusive. Neither does the professor; he even goes so far as to define the principles of marriage—"five equalities," he says, "and five differences." The parties to marriage should be about equal intellectually, morally, socially, aesthetically and qualitatively. They should differ temperamentally, lineally, complexionally, selfishly and nationally. In accord with these principles a marriage can be made with the certainty of health and happiness. The Human Nature Club teaches, besides the principles, the fundamental causes of all attractions and antagonism not only between sex and sex, but also between members of either sex, and in this way makes all kinds of human association intelligent, prudent and pleasant."

It may, professor, it may; but all the same, most of us had rather pick out our own wives, and I think we'll keep on doing it for a few thousand years yet. Though the methods of the learned match-maker may be thought embarrassing by some, they have at least the merit of directness. Read this description of his first seance:

The professor swept his cold, calculating eye about the room for a moment and then beckoned Dr. F. B. Jacobs, who has an office in the Rookery building, to step forward. The doctor, although plainly embarrassed, responded. The professor felt his head carefully and studiously. Then he let his eye rove over a host of pretty girls in the background. Finally he beckoned Miss Anna Reiss, of Prairie avenue, to come forward, and he gazed at her with interest as she approached. The bump feeling proceeded. Dr. Jacobs had a large bump of combativeness. Miss Reiss had none at all. This was the proper thing, according to the professor. So it went, through the cranial bumps and hollows of each, from memory to mirth.

When the professor had finished, he said: "This couple are suited by their physiognomy, phrenology and temperament to be husband and wife. Dr. Jacobs is a brunette and Miss Reiss is a blonde. The man is of strong mental calibre and the woman is of very domestic tastes. They would make an excellent couple." Then a clamor arose. "How about it, doctor; is it a go? Let us hear from you," cried the crowd. "If Miss Reiss is willing I am," said the doctor. "I don't see any reason why I should decline," said Miss Reiss. So the troths of the newly acquainted couple were plighted, and they made their way through the crowd and out to a secluded spot in the park, where they talked the matter over.

Of course all this is very business-like and perhaps, from a Chicago standpoint, nice, but isn't it even a little more risky that the ordinary way of becoming engaged, which, heaven knows, is risky enough? For my own part I had rather choose a girl for her feet or her finger nails than for her bumps. Perhaps every one, however, has not such a distaste for phrenology as I have, nor one so well-grounded. It dates back to the day I went with my aunt and uncle and my big cousin to a particularly hateful expounder of this very exact science. In the first place, I did not want to go—the other boys were going a-fishing—but my aunt, who was honestly trying "to be a mother" to me, said it was quite time I was thinking of my calling, and that perhaps the phrenologist (accenting phrenologist) could discover a talent or two. It has always seemed to me that the plan of these persons is to flatter the more formidable and paying portion of a family group and then even up on the rest. This particular one selected me (because I was the smallest, I like to believe) to vent his pent-up terms of opprobrium on. I was lacking in veneration; I had no love of home, no agreeability and mighty little benevolence. On the other hand, he discovered a regular ridgepole of self-esteem, and my bump of combativeness nearly cut his hand, it was so acute; continuity was a canyon, and restlessness like a boil. As for my aunt (to whom he hoped to sell books), though I had always believed her to be the best aunt in the world, still even I was a little surprised when I heard the list of her virtues. She had just the right amount of firmness. Now I had never been struck by that; there had been times when she had seemed to have a shade too much—but then I have never really appreciated castor-oil. She had all the "ideality" and "sublimity" that any woman could stagger around under and put up first-class brandied peaches, and she had "love of children" abnormally developed—yes, God bless her, I knew that. She also had order and "spirituality" to a disagreeable extent that simply astounded me, and uncle, too, I think, though he said little. A few nice traits were discovered sticking out of my uncle; enough, you know, to vindicate my aunt in her choice of a husband.

For years I suffered from this visit. If my uncle suggested the ministry for me, my aunt would look at him pityingly and, and I would know she was thinking of those arroyos in my head where veneration and benevolence, according to the phrenologist, were not. If I came home from school with a bloody shirt and a black eye, it was because I was "so combative," no matter if the boy who did it had "swiped my taw." If I evaded pulling up the weeds in the vegetable garden Saturday when I had worked there Friday, my aunt invariably murmured "'No continuity,'" as she reached for her slipper.

Yes, it is true, I do not care for phrenologists. Still, it must be admitted they sometimes do good. I once knew a young girl who made herself into a very tolerable imitation of a phrenologist's description of her. It took several years, but she did it. He gave her a little thin book containing a chart marked something like this: "Conscientiousness seven, continuity six, veneration seven, love of children seven," and she believed it. She used to sit looking at that chart until she knew it by heart, and I've often seen her struggling between her natural inclination to avoid children and her belief in "love of children, seven."

Nevertheless, I believe more in affinity than I do in phrenological signs when it comes to matrimony, even if M. de Fleury is right and "love is a human malady." Apropos of this, M. de Fleury states that the symptoms of "l'amour maladie" are similar to those of alcoholism and morphine mania. In his chapter on "La Medicine des Passions," he says: "Love is a physiological phenomenon which enters the domain of pathology the moment it assumes the sentimental form. Do we not habitually say: 'So-and-So is madly in love?' This passion, which is beyond the control of sense, in face of which reason loses her rights and powers, is incontestably a human malady."

Well, well. On with the love bacillus; let us all be innoculated, and oh the blessed balm—and calm of stagnation.

GABRIEL STANDISH.

*THE HAWAIIAN SENATE*

From a photograph made immediately after the body had ratified the Treaty of Annexation with the United States
Photo by the Davey Photo Co., Honolulu

Ploughing a Sugar-cane Field

A Native Village at La Manuelita

Palm Sunday at Palmira

Native Water Carriers

*SCENES IN THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA*

Photos by J. R. O'Connor

# THE DISADVANTAGES OF NAGGING

By GERALDINE BONNER

Solomon must have been crushed and flattened from an encounter with a nagger when he wrote that meaningful sentence, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house." Indeed, the preacher seems to have had some disillusioning experiences with nagging wives, which is natural enough, as among the six hundred that he maintained there must have been many varieties of temper. All through his writings one sees that the aggressiveness of "the brawling woman" occupied his mind. "A continual dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike," he says, somewhere in Proverbs. The Sage had not found in all women the gentle sweetness of the Shulamite to whom he wrote the greatest love-song in the world.

In the present day men do not seek relief from the nagger in a corner of the housetop. They prefer the divorce court. For night time comes and the housetop is cold, or the nagger is always at the foot of the skylight stairs waiting to take up the burden of her song. "Incompatibility of temper," the divorce laws call it, with an elaboration which makes it sound better. It would not be sufficiently imposing if it read simply plain "nagging." And yet it would be a word which would appeal more to the average intelligence. For we have all either had a nagger on the domestic hearth, or seen one on some else's domestic hearth, or given sympathy and counsel to some desperate naggee who could no longer lock his sorrows in his own breast.

The nagger, however, is a creature over whose faults the law has little control. She does not resort to throwing missiles, or using a stick no thicker than her thumb. She knows that her sex protects her from the curses and cuffs she ought to receive. Like that lady in Daudet's story, she often sets to work to provoke a blow from an exasperated husband that she may remind him of the shame of it forever after. Daudet's heroine, in the fury of her failure to elicit the blow, struck it herself. She was not a nagger. Naggers never fight with weapons or hands. They fight with their tongues, and there is but one escape from that weapon—flight! The King of Israel when nagged fled to the corner of the housetop and wrote aphorisms on the subject. The Puritans tried more vigorous methods. They ducked the scold, as they called her, in the water till they washed all the fighting spirit out of her for the time being—and in the Great Pie Belt there was peace for a space.

The man who is doomed to live under the same roof with a nagging woman is not the most unfortunate of her victims. He can seek refuge in flight. He has a business or profession which takes him away from her for eight or ten happy hours. Fancy his feelings if he had to stay at home and sweep, or run the sewing machine, or cook, under the basilisk glance of her all-seeing eye! That's the servant's side of the story which they will tell on the dreadful day of judgment, when all secrets will be known.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, who has written a serious paper on the evils due to the power of nagging women, says that the husbands of these harpies are divided into three classes. The first class are incited to violence and brutality. They beat their wives, and their wives go to court vociferating, and talk about their bruises. The second class avoid their homes and seek solace in clubs and saloons. These neglect their wives and their wives go to their friends weeping and telling of their desolate homes. The third class retain a sort of despairing afterglow of affection for the naggers and stand by them and bear with them and try to be patient and forgiving. These are the men of sensitive, nervous temperament, and, not infrequently, the learned doctor says, they break down or go mad from the tension under which they live. For the strain of enduring silently and patiently the maddening attacks of the nagger's temper is said to be more trying to the nervous system than the strain of overwork or overworry.

The greatest sufferers, however, are the children. The man gets away from his tormentor, finds a refuge in his office and solace and diversion in his business and his friends. He may come home tired and sick at heart to the sour face and carping tongue of the woman he has made the partner of his life, but he has had a respite from her and can summon up enough philosophy to turn a deaf ear and an indifferent eye to her biting tones and her frowning brows. But the children! The unfortunate children—who pass their youth, cowed and cowering, in her blighting presence—who shall say what they suffer?

There have been people who have risen up and, in timid voice, said that they thought the blissful estate of childhood was an overestimated one. Certainly the child of the nagger must look back upon its earlier ye[ars] with a shudder of horror. From the dreary prison th[e] its mother's temper makes of its home it has no hope escape. It is too young to foresee a day when it will r[ise] in its wrath and despair and fly into the world, anywh[ere] anywhere, for peace, as the Great Sage fled to the corner of the housetop. The hopelessness of the grown-up is bad enough, with its full understanding and its ripened powers of action and resistance, but the hopelessness of the child, dark, despairing, overwhelming, is one of the grimmest of tragedies.

Learned people say that children who grow up under this grinding regime show the effect of it in ruin[ed] nerves that darken the rest of life for them. The tai[nt] of a bad heredity works its way through generation[s] Here is the fault of a merely ill-tempered woman—t[he] common "Scold" of the Puritans, the "brawling woma[n] of ancient Israel—that throws a long shadow over th[e] future of her offspring. And don't believe any of th[e] nonsense she may talk about not being able to contr[ol] it. Most of the bad tempers that sour the joy of th[e] world are only restless egotisms and the froth of u[n]occupied hours.

## AN IDYL.

As I went down where grazing herds
Had sought the sylvan shade;
I caught the notes of nesting birds
In all the leaf-lined glade.

I walked knee-deep amid the bloom
And fragrance born of spring;
While flush of spray and flash of plume
Illumined wood and wing.

Entranced with all I saw and heard,
As home I fared elate,
I hummed the self same air the bird
Was singing to his mate.

Ah, could we hear, when meaner things
Enthrall us day by day,
The wondrous song the glad lark sings
In fields not far away.

—LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

The Great Hall

The Modeling Class

The Life Cla

Studying from the Antique

The Portrait Cla

*CLASSES AT THE MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART*

Mark Hopkins Institute of Art *Taber, photo*

Photos by Weldner

## THE HOPKINS INSTITUTE

### Art Education in San Francisco—Men Who Have Emerged.

There are one hundred and sixty students up at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Arts now, and from year to year the number increases. It is rather surprising and gratifying to know that their average work in drawings from the nude is quite as good as the average work turned out in Julian's, the great atelier of Paris. Students leave from the Art Institute of this city every year whose names figure afterwards on the walls of the Salon or on the pages of the great illustrated magazines of this country. Alexander Harrison, the famous marine painter, came from this organization, and at one time Toby Rosenthal was a student in its midst. Then there are such artists as Earnest Peixotto, Eric Pape, and Guy Rose, who are as good magazine illustrators as any in the country.

The Hopkins Institute is doing great work in bringing out native talent, and not only bringing it out but developing it to a very high degree. In the old school its students used to be drilled and drilled and drilled in drawing from the antique, and a great deal of time wasted in consequence. Mr. Arthur F. Matthews, present head of the school, has changed all that, however, and has made the life classes—that is to say, the classes that work from nude models—the all important part of the course. Other classes there are, however, such as the portrait class, the still life class, the night class, and a small class in the antique, all of which are merely preparatory classes for the life work. Besides the mere practical work of drawing and painting, however, there are three or four secondary courses, such as anatomy, perspective, composition, and the like. Dr. Hay lectures on the skeleton and muscular formation once a week. Mr. R. D. Young is the instructor in perspective, while Mr. Matthews gives occasional talks on composition. The other members of the corps of instructors are Douglass Tilden, instructor in modeling; Mr.Stanton,, who has the night class; Miss Chittenden, who superintends the Saturday class, and Mr. Harry Fonda who has charge, alternately with Mr. Matthews, of the life classes. Mr. Matthews is also the general director of the school and dean of its faculty. In addition, Mr. Fonda conducts a costume sketch class.

The artists in general are well satisfied with the Hopkins house as a headquarters for the school, and there is no doubt but what the students will long continue to occupy it as such. The light is admirable, the rooms spacious, and the arrangement of the house affords first-class opportunities in the way of galleries for exhibitions. The school offers three medals yearly for which the competition is very keen. The most desirable medal of all is the painting medal, given for the best color study made in the life class. After this in order of importance come the drawing medal and antique medal, which latter is given or not at the option of the instructor.

When the life class of the school originally opened the instructors found themselves at first involved in an unexpected difficulty, that of obtaining models. There were only one or two professional models known to the coterie of local painters, and the life class soon knew them by heart. For a time the directors were hard put to it to satisfy the demand, but after the first year the wants of the school became known in the "Latin Quarter," and the Italians, as usual in every art center, began to recruit the corporal's guard of those who earned their living by "posing for the figure." However, the artists who have studied in Paris and worked from all of the famous models there are a unit in declaring that the California-bred model, especially the female model, is the best that can be found the world over, in the matter of color, proportion, modeling, and, as the painters say, "skeleton." That the Hopkins Institute of Art and the work done by its students is having its influence is indubitable. Painters and draughtsmen whose early education was gained in this city are returning one by one from the great European ateliers, settling down and pursuing their vocation in San Francisco and its surroundings. While as yet there are not many of them, they nevertheless are quite capable of turning out work easily comparable with the best that is being done in the East. Portrait and landscape seem to be their strong points, and their work along these lines has just begun to attract attention. Formerly it was only very well-to-do people, the "patrons," who bought pictures. Now the middle classes are buying, and are more and more willing to pay good prices for good pictures.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

## THE COMITY OF NATIONS

### Franco-Russian Entente and the Jaunts of Emperor William.

What Prince Bismarck in a recent interview aptly, though perhaps somewhat cynically, styled the "decorative element in politics," has recently engaged much attention. The old statesman is not impressed with the value of the highly theatrical proceedings of the heads of the continental nations during the last few weeks, and has not failed to warn the public against attaching too much importance to the various functions which have been carried through. It must be recognized, however, that below the surface there is an under-current of purpose in these meetings of the great continental monarchs, presidents and ministers. Most significant of all these journeyings is that of President Faure to St. Petersburg.

Of all the great royalties, the German Emperor has been the most active. He has paid his respects to the Czar of Russia at the Russian metropolis, has received King Humbert of Italy at Hamburg, and been entertained by Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. Emperor William's doings and the ministerial interchange of views which took place were in strong contrast with the open expression of sentiments between the Czar and the French President, for they have been carefully surrounded with the inevitable secrecy of diplomatic proceedings. This being so, the chief item of public comment has been the French and Russian entente. Let us see how this has been brought about and what is its present position.

That a definite alliance exists between France and Russia no longer admits of doubt, inasmuch as it has twice been proclaimed, first by the Czar and then by President Faure. The connection, supported as it presumably is by a formal treaty, must, therefore, receive official recognition. The first association of the kind dates back to the Treaty of Tilsit, entered into between Napoleon and Alexander in 1807, England being then the bugbear of the two nations. That treaty continued in force for four years, sufficiently long to show Alexander that the apparently all-conquering power of the great French captain was weakening and could not be depended upon to assist in accomplishing the designs of Russia upon the Ottoman empire. With the reign of Alexander III of Russia came a military treaty between the two nations, the nature of which remained unknown, and it was generally believed that this was in the later years of the same reign supported by a diplomatic alliance, which was one of understanding, no written protocol being recorded. It has remained for the visit of President Faure to the present Czar to disclose the existence of a documentary basis of international agreement. In the language of the historical toasts on board the Pothuan, the alliance makes for peace, though, be it noted, conditionally, that, as proclaimed by M. Faure, such shall be in accordance with "civilization, justice and the rights of man," and by the Czar, "with law and justice."

The reception accorded to the announcement of the treaty has been far more enthusiastic in Russia than in France, a fact that is probably due to the careful avoidance by the Czar of any encouragement to the French desire for revenge upon Germany. That the union of Latin and Slav is to be used as the lever to wrest the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine from the grasp of the Teuton, while dearly hoped for by the entire French nation, is far from the thought of the Russian monarch. In this respect he has been as careful to not commit himself as he had previously been to dispel the notion of Emperor William that he was at all disposed to join France and Germany in a coalition directed against England.

From a military point of view the Franco-Russian alliance must be treated as a powerful factor in European politics, and that it is so regarded by all the subordinate and non-Russian Slav races, the Bulgarians, Servians, Croatians and Czechs of Bohemia, was made evident by their rejoicings on a scale not one whit less enthusiastic than those of the Russians themselves. All these peoples have felt the iron despotism of Germany, and they see in the publicly declared alliance between Russia and France sufficient warrant for believing that in the future they will be freed from German tyranny. The relations of Germany and England, which have lately been subjected to much strain, should also be tempered with more discretion on the part of Emperor William, who will have to reflect on the fact that the French and Russian entente will probably tend toward benevolent neutrality on the part of those two powers toward Great Britain in case of any serious dispute between her and Germany. In the far East the reciprocity existing between France and Russia must inevitably have an important influence, and the extension of the power of both countries on the eastern side of the Pacific is undoubtedly to be expected.

In this latter direction the compact between the Czar and the French republic is chiefly interesting to us here, for in its commercial and territorial expansion in the neighborhood of China and Japan we shall find increased competition in the markets of those countries. From time to time allusion has been made in these columns to the progress of the great Siberian railroad and the connected steamship routes, which will bring us into closer touch with the Asiatic border and Eastern Europe, and it will be well for those interested to watch events in that direction.

G. L. B.

EL ZOBEDIE

*THIS CLEVER EQUILERIST IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE ORPHEUM*

Photos by Marceau

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Do you know, Diary, dear, that if there e aught in prognostications I shall have he time of my life this winter. At present am living like the heir apparent—on my ex-ectations. You see, the debutantes of this eason have resolved to make this a sort f "jubilee" year, so to speak, a time to be emembered in the annals of San Francisco ociety. I understand that the Blandings re to entertain a great deal. Mrs. Bland-ng has added a ballroom to their home, and usie expects to make her initial appearance ith sounding of trumpets and flying colors. hen, Edna Hopkins is to be ushered in at a ig "At Home." She is not tall and strik-ng looking, like Helen, but is a bonny, win-ome little thing, with a rather unusual face nd fetching eyes. Marie Wells, too, is to ake her formal entry at a tea given by her other. Mrs. Alvord promises to give Ethel eeney and Leontine Blakeman entertain-ents innumerable. One of the handsomest ebutantes is Lillie Follis, who is a tall londe, rather a Gibson type, and has the urther charm of real novelty. Unlike the reater number of the girls she has never ttended any of the half-and-half parties herein she hath displayed much wisdom.

Then, to add to the pleasure of the season, here is to be a really smart new cotillion lub formed by the debutantes. It is to be sort of a continuation of Miss West's erpsichoreans," only on a particularly well scale. Ed. Greenway is to manage he dances and attend to the minutiae, and hey are to be the Events, with large capi-als, of the season. The girls intend having our altogether, beginning early in Novem-er. I hear they are to be as exclusive as he Monday Evening Dancing Class, and as olly as the Saturday Fortnightlys. The in-itations will be exceedingly difficult to ob-ain, which will further enhance their de-irability. To the uninitiated who remem-er the number of dancing clubs now in ex-stence this new one may possibly seem su-erfluous, but such is not the case. You ee, a number of the jolliest of the girls for ome reason did not receive invitations to ne or more of the Fortnightlys, so they de-ided to become independent and form their wn club. I hear that there is to be more han one storm in the teacups ere this sea-on closes, and when the Terpsichoreans issue heir invitations the first will burst. The nvitations to the Saturday Fortnightlys are ot. The dances are to begin early in No-ember. By the way, speaking of these articular dances, I hear that Laura Bates s quite seriously indisposed. Is it not too ad, as she is certainly the flower of her irmly.

I went down to Burlingame on Saturday to [illegible] with [illegible] It was rather quiet, though a few of us went to a campfire that the officers gave at San Mateo, and had a pleasant time. I quite like wo of the soldiers, Dr. Eads is an unusu-lly nice chap, and Lieutenant Nolan is cap-l company. I am going down again this eek. You know they are to have concerts Saturday and on Sunday at the clubhouse during the dinner hour on Saturday and at luncheon on the Sabbath. A large crowd is expected, and if the affair prove enjoyable the concerts will be continued during the fall. I am sure they will, as somehow mu-sic has a wonderfully inspiriting effect even upon the staidest among us. I never knew even quiet Aunt Lucinda to remain silent while a waltz was being rendered

Oh, I must tell you what a glorious time I had on Thursday last, a whole day of it. Mrs. Oelrichs invited some fifteen of us to go on a cycling party to the Cliff House. We started at an early hour, and on arriving went for a swim in the Sutro Baths. It was the most refreshing bath I think I ever had You see, we made pretty good time and were warm and slightly fatigued. Afterward we lunched at the Cliff House, and when the afternoon became sufficiently cool we wheeled home. Was not that a day of it! The menu, too, was capital. Mr. Oelrichs possesses that rarest of ability, the intelligence to select food of a delicacy to charm the palate of the most fastidious and yet not one that causes you to feel lament-that may be enjoyed in no terror lament-continue shockingly quiet. No one seems willing to commence. I hope they will soon, as the Oelrichs leave about the middle of next month, and I shall be stranded. Well, Diary, dear, adieu for another week. Your own MISS CRICKET.

* *

The Sketch Club has moved into its new quarters in the Martin and Ingalsbee Building on Sutter street, and is to give a big house-warming to its associated members and their friends on Saturday, September 25th. This is to precede a series of events for mutual improvement in the fine arts. The members purpose having series of illustrated lectures during the fall. The first will be about Leonardo de Vinci, to be followed by the early Dutch painters and one upon Primitive Pottery. The rooms are large and well adapted to the exhibition of pictures. Several of the collectors have promised to lend their paintings for exhibitions during the winter. Mrs. Francis Sleeth is the new president of the club, and is most ambitious with regard to its progress.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. McCloskey will receive this afternoon at their studio on Montgomery street. Mrs. McCloskey's portrait of Frederick Paulding as Romeo is to be on exhibition.

On Wednesday at the Church of the Advent Mr. Harry W. Morosco and Miss Florence E. Jackson were married by the Rev. J. A. Emery. The wedding, which occurred at noon, was very quiet, attended only by immediate relatives and friends. Mr. Morosco is well and favorably known, and for some time has been associated with his brother in managing the Grand Opera House. Miss Jackson is an Australian, but has lived in this city several years. She is an attractive young lady, and has already received much attention as a pianiste. Mr. and Mrs. Morosco will travel for several weeks in the south.

As far as social events be concerned this year, Oakland seems to have taken the initiative. Whereas in San Francisco we are still in the depths of the silly season, in Oakland teas, luncheons and dinners follow one another with almost clocklike precision. Our debutantes are still in their embryonic stages, while theirs have begun to make their initial bow. The first event of interest was the tea given on Friday by Mrs. Taft to introduce her daughter, Miss Chrissie Taft. About one hundred and fifty invitations were issued. Miss Taft is a tall, slim girl, with a rather interesting personality. She was gowned in white. All those who assisted in receiving were this year's buds, namely: Misses Gertrude Allen, Jennie Crellin, Claire Converse, Elsie Gregory, Bessie Palmer, Pauline Fore and Florence Shannon. The house was decorated from garret to cellar, and the music furnished by the California Mandolin Club (which has for the nonce caught the popular favor).

Mrs. Harry Thomas entertained Mrs. G. C. Carminel of Galveston, Texas, at a charming at home on Tuesday evening. The house was decked in roses and carnations. It was quite a large affair, and the girls who assisted looked exceedingly well. Among them I especially noticed Miss Georgie Strong, Miss Kittredge and Mrs. Gaskill. What made the occasion of even greater interest was the fact that it was Mrs. Ernest Folger's first formal appearance since her marriage. She looked more than usually pretty. Mrs. Carminel was also entertained by Mrs. T. C. Hampton on Saturday, at an informal tea.

Among the luncheons of the week the one that evoked the greatest degree of interest was given by Mrs. Edward von Adelung in honor of Miss May McLean. It was a girl's affair, and rarely enjoyable. Miss McLean, who has lately returned from Europe, and is an instructor at Stanford, described the more interesting events of her trip. Among those bidden to meet her were Miss Pringle, Miss Moore, Mrs. Mark Requa, Miss Minnie Bailey, Miss Olney, etc.

A pretty home wedding occurred in Oakland early last week at the residence of the bride, Miss Sarah Ford. Mr. W. L. Garnett, the groom, is well known across the bay, through his connection with the Oakland Savings Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Garnett are honeymooning in the south, and on their return will reside in Oakland.

Among the events of the future is the wedding of Dr. James Ackerly and Miss Anna Beck, which will be celebrated on September 30th. It is to be an exceedingly quiet affair on account of the recent death of the father of the groom, Rev. Benjamin Ackerly.

Any number of less formal affairs were given during the week, among them Mrs. Collins' farewell gathering to Miss Wellman, who left for the East on Monday. The bicycle party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hampton in which Miss Mary Barker, Miss Mary Whitney, Miss Helen Bell, Mr. Cook, Mr. Gaskill and Mr. David Painter participated. A "spider web party" given on Thursday last by Miss Mattie Eades of East Oakland and the progressive euchre party given by Mrs. P. A. Blake to about seventy people are also on my list. Mrs. T. Hoyle carried off the first prize.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jacobs gave a smart little dinner on Thursday. The table looked charming in its decoration of pink carnations. Among those invited were Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Coyle, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Craig, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ames, and others.

### How to Serve Champagne — Some Important Hints.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome once gave a dinner and discussed the matter of wine with the head waiter—a kindly, fatherly old man—before the guests arrived. He was a man of experience and knowledge, and they went over the wine list together.

"Well," said the waiter, "if you take my advice you will give them a very good champagne to start with, let's say Deutz & Geldermann, 1889, and let that go round twice.

"After that, sir—well, here's a very good wine that I always recommend, at five shillings the bottle; and then if I were you, sir, I would finish up with this," and he pointed to a modest little brand at three and six.

"And don't you think," said Jerome, "that they will notice the difference?"

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the man; "we generally do it that way. I wouldn't undertake to tell the difference myself between champagne at sixteen shillings and champagne at five after the first two glasses."

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

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## THE THEATRES

### Crane's "Virginia Courtship"—A Perfect Villain at Morosco's.

"A Virginia Courtship" relates an inoffensive, pleasant, little story—rather commonplace perhaps, but amusing enough and quite evenly played by "Wm. H. Crane and his admirable company."

Once upon a time a lady friend confided to me that in her younger and less discriminating days she had read nearly two dozen of the novels of Bertha M. Clay—may she be forgiven the sin of it—and added that though remembering the plots of several of the stories, which were very similar, and most of their names, for the life of her she could not fit the names to the stories or say which was which. It may happen in the course of events that I may desire to recall the name of the play presented by Crane at the Baldwin during the second week of his engagement. I shall remember there was an irascible, good-hearted old chap who married the widow living neighbor to him, and that his son married the widow's daughter. I shall remember too that it was the play that had an ungrateful adopted son for the villain. There was a lover's gate in it, and the boy ran off and married the identical girl his father wanted him to wed, believing at the time he was going directly contrary to the parental will. But the name will be lost, and the story will, most likely, be jumbled up with a half dozen others of quite the same character. Yet "A Virginia Courtship" is not bad; on the contrary it is rather interesting. It is, however, distinctly commonplace. Bright enough for all purposes, doubtless; but after the curtain rings down one feels about the same degree of satiety that would be yours after a dinner of omelette souffle. It is not "filling." You find yourself wondering why under the canopy an author who handles dialogue so admirably as Presbrey does in this trifling connection, should not exercise a nicer discrimination in the selection of his material. There is not a single strong scene or a virile situation in the performance.

Crane was at his best in the second act, when decked out in all the splendor of pink satin knee breeches and waist-coat he practiced before the glass the airs and graces of a courtier preparatory to paying court to the widow. He was light and pleasing, and neatly avoided the over-absurd. Before departing to offer his heart and hand he calls into consultation his overseer and business manager to determine the character and amount of the marriage settlement he may make upon the widow, and then to his great amazement the ancient lover discovers he is a bankrupt. His pride is hurt, his heart almost broken. The widow is rich but no Fairfax ever married for aught but love; now that he is poor he will have none of the wealthy neighbor. This is the dilemma when the lady herself, who is determined to marry him, puts in an appearance. In this scene Crane's best work is discovered. Pride and love battle for supremacy! Pride conquers and manfully but sorrowfully he faces the situation and withdraws his suit. You cannot help sympathizing with the old gentleman, for Crane infuses into his personality a great deal of naturalness and pathos. The other members of the cast were evenly good, and the audience correspondingly appreciative.

B.

* *

Truth crushed to earth in the first act rises triumphantly in the last in "Slaves of Gold," this week's play at Morosco's. The drama is all the title suggests—a tale of greed and avarice and all its attendant train of ills and villainy, accompanied with more or less comedy and emotion and a realistic mine explosion. Mentioning villainy, the wicked man at Morosco's, John T. Nicholson, possesses two essential qualities—very black eyebrows and an equally black voice. As Leonard Monckton, the dishonest clerk, he uses both with effect sufficient to call down the hisses of the gallery. In pleasant relief is Mortimer Snow as William Hope, the hero father, and Sanders Stevens as Walter Clifford. Fred Butler makes a study of the old banker, and a really well drawn character is Fred Fairbank's Colonel Clifford. Maud Edna Hall is sympathetic and lovable in everything she plays—this week she has little to do, but does it well. The comedy, which is rather quiet, is given by Leslie Morosco and Julia Blanc.

The third act is the great scene of "The Wife," the only bit in the play that has retained its interest after all the seasons. The clownings of Major Putnam are antique and inane and the jealous rantings of Lucille Ferrant as well. Even the juvenile love scenes are beginning to pall, but the lines in Rutherford's library are as telling now as they ever were, and as effective. In this scene the Frawleys are at good advantage—or rather four of them, Frank Worthing and Wilson Enos noticeably. As for Major Putnam, if such a man ever existed his proper place was an asylum, not a drawing-room. Mr. Clarke is clever and comical, but withal an absurdity.

Helen Truman is one of the few characters particularly suited to Blanche Bates. There is not too much of Miss Bates in it—just enough, just a satisfying sufficiency. Selene Johnson as the jealous creole plays on her own lines and also in two fetching gowns. And Gladys Wallis—on the programme she is Kitty Ives, but on the stage she pleasantly continues her season's character of that very pretty, very dainty and well dressed young person, Gladys Wallis. A good word should be given Eleanor Robson as Agnes. Her presence is agreeable and her manner promising.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

In Augustus Thomas' new play "Don't Tell Her Husband," to be given its premiere at the Columbia Monday evening, Harry Corson Clarke will play the principal role, a bright and eccentrically comic character. The lines of the comedienne will fall to Blanche Bates, and the emotional ones to Miss Johnson. Frank Worthing and Francis Carlyle play the remaining leads. As for the play it is Mr. Thomas' first attempt at comedy, and for that reason if for no other peculiarly interesting. It is on the problem plan, depending entirely for effect upon the art of the players and not upon the tricks of mechanism. The Frawleys will present "Sue" during the week of October 4th.

The eighth week of the Tivoli grand opera season commences Monday with a presentation of "The Huguenots," with Michelena as Raoul; Mertens, di Nevers; Effie Stewart, Valentine, and Anita Casals as Margaret of Valois. Mlle. Casals is a lyric soprano who has sung with great success at La Scala and throughout Italy, Spain and Mexico. "The Huguenots" will be sung Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. The balance of the week will be devoted to the last performances of "The Flying Dutchman." The ninth and last week of the season will be devoted to Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Mlle. Casals as Gilda.

The Alcazar announces for next week a revival of the old-time favorite "Hazel Kirke," a play that has drawn rather more tears than most of it contemporaries. The production at the Alcazar bids fair to be satisfactory. Two new members of the company make their first appearance, Mr. Wright Huntington and Miss Florida Kingsley. Miss Kingsley, who will play Dolly Dutton, is a capable and attractive soubrette. Miss Foster is cast for the titular role, and Mr. Thompson for the character part of Barney.

Another melodrama of the popular sort is announced for next week at Morosco's. It is Charles Gayler's "Lights and Shadows," a piece well supplied with scenic and mechanical effects and an abundance of comedy and emotion. All this promises well for the play, and as the company is capable, and will be carefully cast, a satisfactory production may be expected.

"A Virginia Courtship" will be continued at the Baldwin for another week. The next attraction will be the comedy success "My Friend From India," the original New York company appearing in the production.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. bottle.**

## MUSIC

### The Tivoli's "Flying Dutchman"—An Ineffective Tamagno.

Opera of the serious kind appears to be growing in popular favor. And if the work of the army of teachers of music supported by San Francisco is of any value, the growth should reach double the proportion during the next ten years. Such influence as the local musical pedagogues possess must necessarily be in favor of spreading a taste for something better than the drivel of average comic opera. That there has been a distinct gain in taste for this second season of opera seria at the Tivoli is sufficient proof. Herr Scheel's return with a symphony performance is also a sign of the interest in vocal musical art. Symphony is not calculated in modern times to draw a purely popular audience, and opera has claims upon the "divine average" with its variety of associations which no power of art can lay claim to. Never in the history of musical art has the personality of singers and virtuosi been so valued and paid such homage. All the trend of interviewing is to increase and feed the curiosity of the public as to the vagaries of its idols. Opera stars take topmost place. No dramatic artist, however great, can hope to rival the actor-singers, the voice still stands as the greatest magnet. Though pure

MRS. HARRY MOROSCO

singing has ceased to be the main attraction, the voice of the singer is everywhere to be reckoned with.

Nothing can be a better sign than the large and interested audiences gathering for the Wagner performance. The Tivoli management evidently hit upon the right temper and it is to be hoped will follow each year in the same lines. Of course better performers are a desideratum, and the presence of some members of the casts was to be regarded as 'welcome trumpery,' but the higher the ability the higher the price, and the price of seats in their reasonableness always has been a distinct charm in the Tivoli. Still, to expect a San Francisco audience to take Miss Salinger seriously in grand opera is to show a melancholy lack of humor. Even the aspirant herself good-naturedly acknowledges having arrived at the point of well-ripened chestnuthood in third-rate trash comic opera, where the merry jumble of tights and shrieks and adequate plumpness is all that is asked. But as Marguerite, as Senta, the impossible was reached by Miss Salinger; those gestures of the rule of three kind, those sounds tied in sailor-knots were something to haunt the bravest.

In the "Flying Dutchman" Wagner was his several selves. The self which every master wishes to forget, the self which is built up on the works of the older masters sympathetic to him in youth, is strikingly advanced in this opera. Those extensions of Weber and Gluck through which Wagner developed the real Wagner melody, everywhere express themselves, reminiscences of that hated school of Italian opera float through the score, lighting up some of the scenes with conscious humor, while the mysterious terror and elder world sense so purely Wagnerian begin in this romantic work to evidence their power. In the voice parts the influence of the bel canto is strong, and unconsciously the master asked his interpreters to sing, while his orchestra merely supported them. The later works reversed the methods unhappily, for opera singers are to become in his works merely brass instruments constructed on the plan of the trombone. Every kind of emotion outside humor or [illegible] tender stream through the "Flying Dutchman" as they do in any of the works following it. Excepting that the action is less electric than in "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," this opera should be the most popular of the popular Wagner works, for the melody is more robust and in simpler forms than in either of those creations. The performance came up to the average standard of the season. Mr. Martens making all manner of successful exertion as the Dutchman.

Senor Aramburo is remarkable for the tales told of him by Colonel Mapleson chiefly. His singing in concert is not to be expatiated upon. All the flat, nasal quality of Spanish singing done in the operatic venture let loose upon us hurtled over his audience. Tamagno made his hearers think of Chinatown reed instruments and the nasal vowels in California French, but Senor Aramburo outshone him in the latter quality without in the least trying to. A robust voice is painful when there is neither beauty of timbre nor musical style. Herr Schott had at least the "divine frenzy" and that supreme Teutonic emotion found only in the countrymen of Wagner. For programme Senor Aramburo gave the weakest numbers of weak Italian music.

LESLEY MARTIN

Mme. Mountford's lectures on the Holy Land have been attracting unusual attention. The idea is interesting but it is seldom illustrated in as complete a manner. Mme. Mountford has a taking delivery, a number of good ideas and a specially clever way of expressing them. The costumes and groupings add much to the general effect. The last lecture will be given this afternoon.

Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttonous and idle, and civilized nations longer than the uncivilized. Tall persons enjoy a greater longevity than short ones.

Mr. Frank Davey, who will be remembered in this city from his long connection with Taber, has already succeeded in attracting the attention of Honolulu by his successful work. Bas-reliefs and iridium effects in photography are something new in the islands, and have caused a sort of mild sensation. The photographs of the Hawaiian Senate, which appear in this week's "Wave," are from the studio of the Davey Photo Co.

**Shakespeare says truly:**

"That which we call a rose
"By any other name would smell as sweet."

But the reverse is also true. The simple fact that so many wretched perfumes are called Florida Water does not impart to them any of the sweet fragrance of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. Beware of these counterfeits and make sure of obtaining the genuine article, which has become an indispensable requisite for every well-appointed dressing-table.

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# Experts Say

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## MISS BELL VS. BEAUX

### Inadequacy of the Man Under Thirty-Five — Males as Lovers.

Light-hearted, daintily impertinent criticism of other people's male accessories—brothers, husbands and such like—is always very amusing reading for a woman; it is a safety-valve, too, for her accumulated irritation against the sex and that particular fragment of it which oppresses and supports her. There are some things you know which she can't quite bring herself to say, yet it is soothing, very soothing, to read them and underscore savagely with a large pugnacious carpenter's pencil. Looking at this factor of the thing, it will really pay any man to give his wife or sweetheart a copy of "A Girl's Point of View" (Harper & Brothers), that is, if he is good natured enough to stand having it read at him without talking back or sneering, for it fills a woman with a large, vague, pitying toleration for men and their stupidities—temporary, alas! but most oiling while it lasts, to the nerves. It leaves her feeling superior and uplifted. She agrees with the writer, Miss Lillian Bell, that it is quite absurd to quarrel with so gauche an animal as a man. Moreover, it is written in so crisp and nervous a style that with its insousiance and humorous overstatement it makes very excellent reading for even a husband.

There is little or none of that quinine-like bitterness which underlies most women's thoughts on man and love (the main theme of these little articles)—in fact, there is a very obvious determination not to be more than half serious about anything, and the point of view is maintained with a considerable degree of success. Sometimes, however, truth takes the bit between its teeth, and, if Miss Bell isn't serious she comes perilously near making us so. Notably in "Lovemaking as a Fine Art," ushered in as it is by this acute analysis of "men as lovers." "Men seldom make perfect lovers," she begins, rather tritely. "I do not pretend to say why this is so. I suppose it is because a man never dwells upon the sentimental side of life nor understands the emotions unless he is either a poet or a Miss Nancy, and it is almost equally dangerous to marry either of these. Pray do not be offended, my friends the poets, at being mentioned in the same paragraph with a Miss Nancy until you discover the exact meaning of that effective term of opprobrium. A Miss Nancy is a poet without genius, one who has a talent for discovering the fineness of life, but who lacks the wit to keep his views from ridicule." * * * "I suppose there is not a man in the world who would not be surprised if he knew that:

"We do not consider men good lovers. We have accepted them, and been engaged to them, and married them, and pretended to them, and, what is worse still, pretended to ourselves that they were satisfactory, but the truth is they were not, and they are not, and this is the first time we have dared to say so.

"Now don't expect, if you go to your wife or your sweetheart and ask her if this is so, that she is going to tell you the truth about it. I wouldn't either. I would pretend that the others might be unsatisfactory as lovers, but that you—well, you just suited me, that's all. I would have to, you understand, to keep you going. And that is what your sweetheart will do. If she did not, you would get cross and sulky, and there would be a week of unhappiness for both of you, and then the girl would apologize and back down from her position, and then you would go on exactly as you did before.

"No, if you are going to profit by this at all, do not talk it over with any woman you love. Talk it over with some clever woman who will tell you the truth because she has nothing to lose."

The worst of all this is that it is true. It may be that women don't encourage and accept the men who would make perfect lovers. On the whole, I've a notion that is the solution. Women, as a rule, are attracted by the animal, masterful, bumptious, aggressive man and this kind is not so well fitted to be a poetical lover as he is to be a champion heavy-weight. If they will go on confusing the desirable qualities for a husband with those of a prize-fighter they will always, I'm afraid, have to supply the poetry and bloom for their betrothal days. However that may be, it is certain most married women have very little to set life aglow. It is hard, as Miss Bell says, to "keep thinking that he looked at you last night as if he thought you were pretty, when he did not say so. It is—

"It is hard to receive a telegram, when you are looking for a letter, saying, 'Have not had time to write. Shall be home Sunday. Will bring you something nice.' It is harder still to get a letter telling about the weather and how busy he is, when the same amount of space, saying that he got to thinking about you yesterday when he saw a girl on the street who looked like you, only she did not carry herself so well as you do, and that he was a lucky man to have got you when so many other men wanted you, and he loved you, good-bye—would have fairly made your heart turn over with joy and made you kiss the hurried lines and thrust the letter in your belt, where you could crackle it now and then just to make sure it was there."

On the whole, Miss Bell considered the supreme test of lovers, and indeed every one else, to be the apology. After jeering at the people who never apologize and are pitiful enough to be proud of it, she concludes with a very pretty little eulogy of, "Dear, forgive me."

"Men will go to any trouble, any expense, any personal inconvenience, to heal it without the simple use of those simple words. A man thinks if a woman begins to smile at him again after a hurt, for which he has not yet apologized, has commenced to grow dull, that the worst is over, and that, if he keeps away from the dangerous subject, he has done his duty. Besides, hasn't he given her a piano to pay for it? But that same man would call another man a brute who insisted upon healing up a finger with the splinter still in it, so that an accidental pressure would always cause pain.

"If you do not believe this, what do you suppose the result would be if you should apologize to your wife for something you said last year. If you think she has forgotten, because she never speaks of it, just try it once.

"I honestly believe that the simple phrase, 'I am sorry, dear; forgive me,' has done more to hold brothers in the home, to endear sisters to each other, to comfort mothers and fathers, to tie friends together, to placate lovers; that more marriages have taken place because of them, and more have held together on account of them; that more love of all kinds has been engendered by them than by any other words in the English language."

It is safe to wager that every girl in town knows several men who could browse over "From a Girl's Point of View" to great advantage, both to themselves and the women who see most of them. There's the "too accurate" man, "the dyspeptic," and, first of all, "the untrained man under thirty-five." They are all of them as amusing in the book as they are deadly in life, that is, except the too accurate man, who cannot be painted so black as he is. Nevertheless the outlook Miss Bell gives must be rather depressing to—well, say the girl under twenty-five. Listen to this cheerful little bit about the man under thirty-five:

"You can do little to help him, if you are the first girl to take a hand at him. You can but prepare him to be a little more amenable to the next girl. His mind is not on you. It is centered on himself. You are only an entity to him, not an individual. He cares nothing for your likes and dislikes, your cares or hopes or fears. He only wishes you to be pretty and well dressed. Have a mind if you will. He will not know it. Have a heart and a soul. They do not concern him, because he cannot see them. He likes to have you tailor-made. You are a Girl to him. That's all.

"The eyes of the untrained man under thirty-five are never taken off himself. They are always turned in. He is studying himself first and foremost, and the world at large is interesting to him only inasmuch as it bears relation to himself as the pivotal point. He fully indorses Pope's line, 'The proper study of mankind is man,' and he is that man. Join in his pursuit if you will; show the wildest enthusiasm in his golf record or how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee, and he will evince neither surprise nor gratitude for your interest. You are only showing your good taste."

Really, this is alarming, particularly when one remembers how very seldom men over thirty-five propose.

## CHEIRO AT HOME

### Together With an Househunting Expedition and Some Adventures.

London is positively reeking with rain just at present. One lives, moves and has one's being to the constant accompaniment of "the heavens are telling." No waterproof, be it ever so well advertised, is impervious to a London shower, and the degree of courage necessary to house-hunting under such conditions may be well imagined. We had become ennuied of hotel life in London and thought we should like to rent a real English mansion. Feeling very much like Howells' people in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," we started forth on a journey that, to us, was ripe with adventure. When you want to accomplish aught in London, from the simple purchase of a handkerchief to the weightiest speculation in stocks, the first move is to secure a a ransom. We then visited the various agents and received lists of houses and prices and accounts of the occupants. The first was a rather imposing looking mansion, and in response to our ring a neat maid in the regulation black frock, white cap, collar and cuffs opened the door. She speedily conducted us to her mistress, a well preserved Irish woman about forty with a tendency to verbosity, who informed us that some of her guests had but just departed, so their rooms were not arranged. She added that another guest, Lord Dombrey, was in the smoking-room, but would not object to our looking through.

We went into the dining-room, a spacious apartment, the walls hung with family pictures in the costumes of bygone times. Back of it was the smoking-room, a cosy little place full of inviting armchairs. Lord D. was there reading the "Morning Post," the paper par excellence of the English aristocracy.

"These ladies wish to see the house," remarked our cicerone. "Ah, indeed," said his lordship, removing his cigarette and slowly inspecting us, "I can recommend this as a smoking-room." Recognizing the intended brilliancy of the remark, we smiled. I then inquired was there a bathroom, and his lordship assented, remarking that he could recommend the tub also.

Thence we went to a superb house in which there were eighteen bedrooms, nine reception-rooms, all furnished in the most luxurious fashions. The walls were hung with a veritable profusion of really elegant ancestors. These old-time dames and cavaliers were gowned in antique brocades and hung against a background of red curtains. The men seemed all to suffer from a plentitude of neckwear, and must frequently look with envious eyes at the soft shirts and low collars of their posterity. In this house were sixteen servants, who rather awed us. Then we went to several less pretentious but horribly stuffy little places, none of which boasted a single bathroom. One belonged to a colonel's family who had spent many years in India and had collected all sorts of cheap prints, which were draped over mantels, chairs and tables with a disregard of all idea of congruity or harmony. Then, to a charming looking house belonging to a Mrs. Blakemont (whose husband owns one of the great china manufactories).

This was no regulation English house. The door was opened by Mrs. Blakemont in a costume of deep black heavily trimmed in crape; on her hands were tan suede gloves. She had dismissed her servants that morning. The first sight that greeted us was an immense china hat-stand, on which ran the inscription, "Out of debt, out of danger." Then, to a cool-looking breakfast-room, oval-shaped with moss-green carpets and hangings and a mantel bearing the words, "Economy is the household mint." Next we found ourselves in an immense dining-room, with a glorious old mahogany table, crested leather chairs and sideboard thirty feet in length. At either end were large placques. One bore the words "The healthiest feast costs the least." On the other was, "For the light of the day you have nothing to pay." This completed the lower story. We ascended a cerise-covered staircase to a white and gold drawing-room paneled in brocaded satin, with inscriptions in gold thread. One ran, "If you are in debt, some one owns part of you." Another, "Strive to be honest, even if you remain poor." Then through charming bedrooms, and at length we arrived at a black door—Mrs. Blakemont's own room. Carpets, hangings, draperies, bedspread and pillow slips were in black; mantel ornaments, and even the monogram on the towels, were in sage wisdom's hue. We knew she had lost none of her kith and kin, and asked for an explanation. She told us that her pet spaniel had shuffled off this mortal coil last November and "life had no joy for her since." In a corner in this mortuary room was a sort of ebony altar, and under a black canopy, with candles burning in front and quantities of fresh flowers in vases, was the stuffed body of the departed canine. His picture, by Sargent, was the only spot of color in this ghastly apartment. On our commenting on this fine canvas, and remarking that we did not know Sargent ever painted animals, Mrs. Blakemont said, "Mine was no ordinary beast; it had a soul." The picture cost Mr. Blakemont seven thousand pounds.

This was too much for even us, so we decided to consult Chiero, the famous palmist before hazarding further ventures. Accordingly we repaired to his apartment and were ushered into a large room furnished in Turkish fashion with rugs and lamps. The secretary gave us a book of autographs to look over, and we saw the names of all sorts of notabilities—actors, authors and painters; even George Meredith had consulted the sorcerer. In a few moments the door opened and I walked into the inner sanctuary. Chiero rose as I entered. He is a thickly-built, rather handsome man, about five feet ten in height, and wore a Prince Albert coat, light trousers and patent leather shoes. He facetiously remarked, "I fancy we shall have more rain," in a soft, slow, rather Irish voice. I smiled at him and said, "The deluge occurred over nineteen hundred years ago." "You are not English," he said. "That is for you to find out," I replied. Then he laughed and remarked, "Why did you not come to me before? We should have had a nice talk, but now I have to rush." He took my hand and said, "Poor circulation and a weak heart." "Do you tell that from palmistry?" I enquired. "No; from the little I know about medicine. By the rules of palmistry you are a very practical young lady and have lived in America. You are one person who does not stand under a type." He then went on to tell me my life at length. With marvelous accuracy he described my earliest years, my environment and so on. He gave me a glorious future, and finally asked me what I really was. He was much interested in the fact that I lived in California. Strange to say, he had never met a daughter of the Golden West before. His father was Irish, his mother half Grecian and half Italian. He was clever, so studied palmistry, and has made a fortune in it. He has a charming place outside Athens, and showed me several pictures of it. He is just off to America, so may visit California. He goes to all the Bohemian houses, and is what might be termed a charming fellow. He also told my friends remarkable facts about their lives, and so we decided to finish our house-hunting another day.

P. H.

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## MULLER'S MEMORIES

### The Oxford Professor Divulges Reminiscences of Royalties.

"Only cads, liars and sycophants write amusing reminiscences, gentlemen never," an explosive old friend of mine used to say, and, in truth, it seems so to one reading "Royalties," published in "Cosmopolis." That a man before whose eyes have passed five reigns, those from Frederick William III to Wilhelm II, should be driven, in the space of two magazine articles, to renearse with much flatness and seriousness how he won sixpence from the Prince of Wales, is, to say the least, surprising and not to be accounted for except as testimony to Professor Muller's kindliness and loyalty. "Through all my life," he says, "I have tried to follow the rule that Ruskin lays down for himself, 'In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong, honor that; rejoice in it and, as you can try, to imitate it.'" Throughout, one feels the simplicity and directness of the scientific mind, a simplicity which I find hard to reconcile with the exceedingly shrewd and somewhat worldly, though fine, face, which passes here for Max Muller's. Neither can I quite understand, in so great a man, his reverence for everything royal. Perhaps it may be best accounted for by the fact that, as he says, he "imbibed it with my mother's milk for my own Duke and my own Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau." Dessau—his father's birthplace and his own and the home of his grandfather.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the articles is where he speaks of this little German principality. He comments on how little is said of these small principalities and states that "without them German history would often be quite unintelligible and Germany would never have had so intense a vitality, would never have become what it is now." It was in Dessau that he had his first acquaintance with royalty, and it was there his admiration for "royal personages" first took root. "They have," he says, "the great advantage that they are to their business born. They have not become, they were born royal. I was much struck by the extraordinary power of observation of a French friend of mine, who, when in 1855 the Queen and the Empress Eugenie entered the Grand Opera at Paris together and were received with immense applause, turned to his neighbor, an Englishman, and said, 'Look at the difference between your Queen and our Empress.' They had both bowed most graciously and then sat down. 'Did you not observe,' he continued, 'how the Empress looked around to see if there was a chair for her before she sat down? But your Queen, a born Queen, sat down without looking. She knew a chair must be there, as surely as she is Queen of England.'"

Royalist as he is, Professor Muller fancies but little the people who have "become" something: Most of them, he says, are quite unaware that "even in becoming something there ought always to be or to remain something that becomes or has become." He admits, however, a little further on, that he has known "Bishops and Archbishops, too, who to their friends always remained Hinlwalls or Thompsons and in the second place only Bishops of St. Davids or Archbishops of York. My friend, Arthur Stanley, never became a Dean. He was always Stanley. Dean of Westminster, if necessary. If he had been what he ought to have been, Archbishop of Canterbury, he never would have ceased to be A. P. Stanley; his chuckle would always have been just the same, and if his admirers had presented him with a mitre and crosier he would probably have put the mitre on sideways and have said 'Thank you, my friends, but a new hat and an alpaca umbrella would have been more useful.'"

Still Muller reserves most of his admiration for Princes and Kings, nearly all of those with whom he was brought in contact were, as he says, "eminent among their peers, and were I to say what I think of them I should at once be called courtier, flatterer, etc." Frederick William IV was "a man of exceptional talent, nay, even a man of genius." He tried to help Muller in publishing his edition of the "Rig Veda" in Germany and furthermore, had the good taste to ask the Professor to dinner, but says the latter, "a curious intermezzo happened. While quietly sitting in his room a young lieutenant of the police entered and began to ask Muller a number of 'extremely silly questions' and finally requested him to leave Berlin in twenty-four hours. Muller produced his passport, and explained his reasons for wishing to remain, all to no purpose. Finally he said very gently, "Please tell the police authorities that I shall, of course, obey orders and leave Berlin at once, but that I request them to inform His Majesty the King that I shall not be able to dine with him tonight at Potsdam." Muller continues: "The poor young man thought I was laughing at him, but when he saw I was in earnest he looked thunderstruck, bowed and went away."

The dinner enjoyment was not again interrupted, but Muller was not permitted to add much to the King's knowledge, inasmuch as the monarch elected to do all the talking himself.

At the dinner table of King Frederic William of Prussia, Muller met Alexander von Humboldt, who was then in his eightieth year. The veteran sustained the fatigues of the evening cheerfully and Muller remarked on his great vitality. Humboldt replied sorrowfully that he could no longer work as hard as in former years. "As I get old," he said, "I want more sleep, four hours at least. When I was young, two hours were quite enough." To this Muller apologetically expressed his doubts. "It is quite a mistake," the old man continued, "though it is very widely spread, that we want seven or eight hours of sleep. When I was a young man I simply laid down on the sofa, turned down the lamp and after two hours' sleep was as fresh as ever."

One of the most amusing reminiscences in the article is apropos of the suspicion of Prince Albert—Queen Victoria's consort—generally entertained in England. "It seems now," says Muller, "a most extraordinary hallucination to imagine that he who was the consort of the Queen should exercise no influence with his wife. Human nature is, after all, superior even to the English constitution. One can imagine a political philosopher indulging in so Utopian a theory as a marriage without influence, but that English statesmen should have imagined that a wife, because she was a Queen, would never be influenced by her husband will hardly sound credible to future historians. I remember only one analogous case. When Lord John Russell was proposed as a Secretary for Foreign Affairs several members of the Cabinet objected, fearing Lady Russell's influence and pointing out the danger of Cabinet secrets oozing out through her indiscretions. Lord Palmerston listened for a long time, and then turned to his colleagues and said: 'Well, I see one remedy only—one of us must always sleep with them.' When he saw blank consternation in the faces of his colleagues, 'Well, well,' he said, 'we shall take it by turns.'"

While the Crown Prince Frederic of Prussia was at Oxford he carefully kept to his incognito, although it was rather difficult to restrain his attendants from the customary salaaming. All went well till the day of the departure, when one of the Prince's A. D. C.'s, forgetting himself, made a low bow before the door of the hotel and stood bareheaded. The host immediately recognized his royal patron and his bill at once assumed regal proportions. The Prince took much pleasure in his stay at Oxford—what struck him most being the historical continuity of the University. This point he frequently discussed with Herr Muller. In intercourse with his friends the Crown Prince liked to forget his royal rank. He spoke freely and unguardedly and was as ready as another to laugh at a good joke. He allowed his associates to do the same, but if one of them said anything that displeased him he immediately drew back, and it took him some time to recover himself.

Herr Muller has much to tell in favor of the late Duke of Albany. On one occasion he was to dine at Windsor, but on arriving at the castle found his portmanteaus missing. After much telegraphing and trouble it was located at a way station and could not be got to Windsor before dinner. The professor was in despair, but the Duke, to whom the trouble had been confided, insisted on him appearing at table. "If the Queen asks you to dinner," he said, "you must dine." He then made a grand collection of clothing, and when fitted out Muller looked, in his own words, "a perfect guy." Feeling his appearance unfitted for the royal presence, he was about to pen an apology when his luggage fortunately arrived, and, getting into it in a very short time, appeared at dinner as if nothing had happened. Whether or not Victoria heard of his dilemma Muller never knew, but what impressed him even more than his threatened misfortune was the attitude of the young Duke to his mother. In spite of all his devotion, he had evidently for her a feeling of awe.

The late Emperor of Brazil took a great interest in the "Rig Veda," and in discussing it with Muller the talk in some manner drifted from the metal values in ancient Greece and Egypt into financial questions. Here Herr Muller made some remark savoring rather of bimetallism. Immediately the Emperor became rather angry. "I know all about that," he said, "and have studied the question for many years. Let us return to the Veda."

The late Queen of Holland was a most charming woman and extremely popular in society. She once lunched with Dean Stanley at the deanery and had asked him to invite a number of literary men—among them Tennyson, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) and Huxley. The dinner hour arrived, but not Tennyson. At last Stanley suggested to proceed without him, but the Queen refused. Finally he came and was placed next to Her Majesty. She was particularly gracious, but could get nothing out of the poet more than "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," and finally, with a great effort, "Ma'am, there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question." At last he turned to Muller, who was sitting next to him, and said in a rather loud whisper, "I wish they had put some of you talking fellows next to Regina."

On the whole, Miss Bell considers the suare readable, they will add nothing to Muller's towering reputation. They make one begin to calculate his age and say, "74 or 75—um—I thought so," and quietly the old proverb, "let the cobbler stick to his last," raises up its head.


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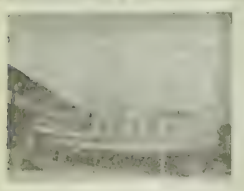

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## TURF TOPICS

### Close of the State Fair—Future Plans for Local Sport.

The State Fair was brought to a close at Sacramento last Saturday, the last afternoon's racing affording visitors much enjoyment. In the Favorite Stakes, 1¼ miles, there was a grand tussle between Grady, 4 yrs., 105 lbs. (Cole) and Installator, 5 yrs., 120 lbs. (Freeman) in the run home, the former downing the Boots' horse by a short head in the good time of 2:07½. The two-year-old Los Prietos, by imp. Clieveden, carrying 107 lbs., and Padre Jose, the full brother to Scarborough, winner of the first California Derby, carrying 105 lbs., had a tremendous race in the Autumn handicap, one mile, which was landed with a few inches to spare by the former in 1:42. On the whole the racing was good and the management satisfactory.

The circuit has removed to Stockton this week, and next week the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' Association will hold their autumn meeting for harness horses only at the Oakland track.

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The decision of the Trotting Horse Breeders' Association not to include any running events in their programme is well taken for more reasons than one. In the first place, they have the privilege of using a track that belongs to the California Jockey Club, which holds its own meetings for running horses and does not wish to have any running races in this immediate locality except during what has come to be regarded as the legitimate season, namely, from November 1st to May 15th. In the second place, the Trotting Horse Breeders' Association is a society for dealing with trotting concerns, and does not possess the necessary machinery for the proper handling of running races. Over and above all this it is never quite satisfactory to use a track for running and trotting at the same meeting.

---

The California Jockey Club have made arrangements for holding meetings at Sacramento in the spring and fall of next year, and have also secured the Woodland track with the object of holding a meeting there next summer. The idea is to have a series of country meetings under their management at places where there are track facilities, and probably other race-courses will be secured shortly. This is a new departure of course in connection with running races, and, if properly directed, it should be productive of developments beneficial to the racing and breeding interests of the State. Small owners in the country districts will increase in numbers and the taste for sport may be cultivated apart from gambling. If the latter element is allowed too much latitude, however, the result will be disappointing from the genuine turfman's point of view.

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The report that Mr. J. E. Madden had retired Hamburg for the season has proved incorrect, and there is no likelihood either of that gentleman's stable coming to California this winter. That Hamburg is an exceptionally good colt is beyond question, and it is to be hoped he will have care and develop into a good three-year-old. Really first-class horses seem to be getting fewer and fewer as time goes on, possibly owing to excessive two-year-old racing.

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At the Doncaster sales in England this month Messrs. Tattersalls disposed of fourteen yearlings belonging to Sir Tatton Sykes for a total of 13,710 guineas, equivalent to an average of $5,141 per head. Two colts by St. Simon made 3,400 and 2,200 guineas respectively, and a filly by Bend Or 1,650 guineas.

---

The Dublin Horse Show this year is said to have surpassed all previous ones in every respect. From first to last it was a brilliant success, added eclat being given to the event by the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. The Royal Dublin Society, under whose auspices the show is held, have greatly improved the grounds and buildings since last year, and they were rewarded by the largest attendance ever seen at Ball's Bridge. During the four days of the show 66,167 people passed the gate, as against 58,728 the previous year. There were 1,434 horses entered, the most important section, as usual, being the hunters, which are classified according to their weight-carrying powers. Before the show closed a large number of the animals changed hands, and the standard throughout was considered above that of former displays. The largest classes in the show were hunters up to 196 lbs. with 241 entries, and up to 182 lbs. with 228 entries.

The horse-breeders of California have yet to realize the necessity of having at regular intervals well-conducted, up-to-date horse shows. With the breeders must rest the reproach for the failure to repeat the annual San Francisco show this year. The Horse Show Association was able and willing to proceed with the preliminary work, but the breeders in general failed to show any interest in having an exhibition. The question of having another show has therefore gone over for this year.

BENEDICT.

Maillard's Chocolates, half and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

## THE TALE AND THE TRUTH

### No Romance in the Life of the Variety Star.

But she never is at home, this poor variety actress, though it is the cherished end of all her labors, and shows at the end of every vista of ambition like the picture of the Capitol building on a cigar advertisement. You remember the outcast in the dear old melodramas when the solicitous leading heavy asks her where is her home. "Home," says she, with a throat quaver, "I have no home." Thus the variety actress. She has no home, but she looks forward to the time when she will have. It is the goal towards which she "sings and dances, or "high wires," or "lofty tumbles," or "serio-comiques," or "Swiss bell rings," and the like.

One likes to think that after her turn is over the songster and dancer dashes off her garden hat and black stockings, or sombrero and red stockings, and meets an effete youth or two of the "gilded" variety and goes away with him and knocks off some of his gilding and drinks champagne and smokes cigarettes at his expense. You like to think that the strong woman is attacked on her way home from the theater and gets a half-Nelson upon an adversary and very nearly breaks him in two. And you demand it as a right that the serio-comic sings at a man's club, and gets on the table, and drinks strange drinks out of her slipper. This would all be very fine if it were only true. But it is not true; it is hideously, lamentably untrue. Why, these variety actresses are not even bad. This may be the fault of their education, or maybe it's only a matter of intelligence; but some way or another they are not even bad, and off the stage they are uncouthly unpicturesque. Do you know what they first think of when they first arrive? Not where are the best restaurants, but where are the cheapest lodging-houses. Fancy, they don't even live in hotels. They live in lodging-houses; worse than that, they "stop with friends on Ellis or O'Farrell streets," and the house invariably—I say invariably—reeks with the smell of cooking, onions, stale upholstery and bad tobacco smoke. There is no more romance in them than in a carrot, no more gaiety than in an undertaker's assistant, while forever in the background lurks the invidious husband, or the more invidious brother, or the cousin most invidious of any. You will always find him to be a pale, preoccupied man, who puts his head in at the door at intervals and interrupts your interview on the pleasures of life behind the scenes with questions as to "low Irish wigs" or "toreador make-ups," or "symmetries"—whatever dreadful things these may be.

Who was the man, I wonder, who first started that pleasant little fiction about "chappies in evening dress loitering about back of the scenes in earnest conversation with chorus girls or "leading boys?" I've been behind myself often enough, and I have diligently looked for the chappie, but never have I seen so much as the shine of his silk hat. What theater does Mr. Archie Gunn go to for the pictures that he paints so well in "Truth"—always with a gas jet burning in a bird cage in the background and a ballet girl sitting in a white froth of tulle in the foreground.

They are not bad, these poor variety actresses, not dissipated, only hopelessly sordid and overworked and matter of fact. A glass of beer and a cheese sandwich after their turn is done is for them a champagne banquet, while a cable car ride stolen in the intervals of darning the invidious cousin's socks or mending their own "toreador make-up" must take the place of the bacchi revels with which the colored weeklies have made us so familiar.

Its amusing to interview these variety people, and to watch them strenuously putting their best foot forward and airing all their pretty little professional graces. They are really acting then, acting more cleverly, or at least with more of an effort, than when doing "their turn." Some of them have been interviewed so much that they know, or suppose they know, in advance just what questions are to be put to them, and so talk in that vein. As for instance, Papinta. She at once began to declaim upon the originality of her dance as opposed to Fuller's. Then she started off—always without a word from the interviewer—upon her fads. Wheeling, it seemed, was one of them, and she wheeled for nearly ten minutes consecutively until I punctured her tire and she began over again upon her pets. When they had all been killed off from the Scotch collie to the Angora cat, she actually sat up and told me that Shakespeare was her favorite poem, and that she always travelled with a volume of the sonnets. They all have a shy at the Bard of Avon. Josephine Sabel reads "Romeo and Juliet" three times every month, and Alcide Capitaine, the strongest woman in the world, can recite passages from "Hamlet" with one hand tied behind her. And invariably, invariably and invariably do they assure you, or at the very least lead you to infer that they come from an aristocratic family. Adgie, for instance, the lion handler; why, she did not dare to mention her real name! Why, it involved one of the greatest Spanish families known to the college of heralds! Why, she was almost a Countess, was this debonaire handler of lions, a Countess who mended property skirts and basted spangles.

And so it goes. Poor, pretentious, sordid women, verging on forty, doing "turns" and specialties in the costume of sixteen-year-old girls, their faces hardened with much rouging, their eyes tired and glazed with facing the footlights, their hands calloused and their voices jaded, faded and cracked with shouting songs to drown an overture. Variety actress! Chee? Say, rather, old, broken-down women, not fascinating in their weaknesses, not gay in their vices, and as often as not too irretrievably stupid to have either weakness or vice. Commonplace is the word best applicable. Hopelessly, hopelessly commonplace.

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Homage, and lay due reverence at its feet.
No airy spire, no soaring dome tremendous,
Declares God's glory like this tree stupendous.

Man's labors vanish; temple, palace, tumble;
And bronze, and marble, tarnish and decay;
The greatest monument e'er reared shall crumble
Ere this proud tree shall bend before Time's sway.
The rosy morn its royal crest can greet,
While darkness spreads her couch about its feet.

The fairy myths of Greece that figured Naiad,
Housed airy Echo, gave the stars a name,
Apportioned to each Oak its proper Dryad,
Could find for this no genius of like fame;
God's angels, Gabriel, Abdiel, and their kin,
Alone might dwell such noble fanes within.

—C. W. Doyle, in "Land of Sunshine."

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. October 1, 5, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 30; November 3, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 29; December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. Oct. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. Oct. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

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POTOSI MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 8th day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 48) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 4th day of November, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

---

ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 44) of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 25th day of October, 1897, at 1 o'clock p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 509 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey Co., Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of August, 1897, an assessment (No. 113) of twenty cents (20c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 22d day of September, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday the 12th day of October, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office, room 14, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

## Bids for Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley.

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS,
San Francisco, August 10, 1897.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite grant, for the year beginning November 1, 1897, and ending October 31, 1898, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coachhouse on Georgia Avenue (stage headquarters).

Third—For rental of hotel, out-buildings and grounds at Glacier Point, and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before Monday, October 12, 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

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In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—In the matter of the application of the SITES SANDSTONE COMPANY (a corporation) to dissolve: Notice is hereby given that the Sites Sandstone Company, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco an application praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that Monday the 11th day of October, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Superior Court, New City Hall, San Francisco, California, as the place, at which said application is to be heard.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said Superior Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.
VAN NESS & REDMAN, Att'ys for Petitioners.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 57
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied Sept. 3, 1897
Delinquent in office Oct. 6, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1897

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHANNES A. H. STOCKFLETH, deceased—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, at room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Johannes A. H. Stockfleth, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, August 24, 1897.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Belcher Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied September 18, 1897
Delinquent in office, October 21, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Nov. 11, 1897

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office, room 37, Mills Building, San Francisco

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Jefferson De Angelis, the actor, is given to practical joking. He was at Santa Cruz once and posed as a minister of the Gospel. An eminent citizen of the burg, noted for his penurious habits, met the supposed minister and invited him to dinner the following Sunday. When they were seated at the festive board the host said: "Times are mighty tight, parson, an' we ain't got nothing much to set before you, but such as it is you are welcome. Will you ask a blessing on what you see?" The supposed parson, observing the scant repast, lifted up his voice in the most solemn tones and said: "Lord, make us thankful for what we see and may we be able to find it when we reach for it. Let it not escape us nor prove a snare and delusion. Amen!"

When Virginia Earle, the well-known actress, was in Pueblo, some years ago, there was a feud on between the urban and the suburban residents. Having occasion to go to the mountains she tried to find a horse, and was offered a fine black mane belonging to the leader of the town faction. Gallantly his owner offered Miss Earle the use of his stud, but, much to his disappointment, she refused. "If I ride your horse, she's going to make me more or less dust, and when some of those fellows along the road see her and can't see me they'll take me for you and shoot me full of holes. That's why I don't take her." Indignation flashed all over the leader's face in an instant. "Don't let that worry you," he said, with the most intense earnestness. "You take her, and if any one of them kills you, I'll kill them!"

A certain drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his troop, was putting a party of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: "Now I'm the corpse, pay attention." Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then remarked: "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

An enthusiastic Stockton clergyman, in order to abate a tendency toward gossiping in his parish, preached a severe sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked, and afterward sought to "improve" the lesson by personal admonition. Meeting one day an old woman who was noted for her gossiping disposition, he said to her: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit in your mind. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anythink to say, it be this—let them gnash their teeth as 'as 'em—I ain't!"

A collier who devoted his leisure to pigeon fancying travelled to London with a carrier pigeon confined in a bag. He was about to toss the bird up in the air, opposite the Town Hall, when a policeman interfered and threatened to arrest him if he attempted to fly the pigeon there. The collier carefully took the pigeon out of the bag, set it on the ground, stroked its wings and said: "Aw corn'd toss thee up here, so thou mun walk whoam; dost yer? thou mun walk whoam." The bird, of course, rose in the air, leaving the policeman petrified with astonishment.

At a country cricket match in Lancashire a local farmer's boy was put in to keep score, the duties of the place having been carefully explained to him. When the last man on the side had been caught, the fielders darted in to see the score, and they found the book blank. That was the condition, too, of the "scorer's" face. "The truth is," he said, deliberately, "I was sae eenteristed in the wee sport that I quite forgot tae mak' the crosses. But it disna matter—that wee laddie wi' the red face is the smartest runner among ye!"

Two precious youths of the London swell world—sons of a well-known peer—went to a ball at a big hotel in Brighton. It was a terrible crush and corridors, staircase and dancing hall were black with people. The Hon. Henry succeeded in mounting the stairs, whence he could see into the ballroom and fixed the dancers with a discriminating eyeglass. "Anybody there?" drawled the Honorable George from down below. "Not a d—— soul!" replied his brother.

Beaconsfield, in his younger days, was noted for the sarcastic quality of his wit. He was extremely quick at characterizing his associates. Sir Charles Gavin Duffy asked him once if Lord M—— was not a stupid ass. "No, no," replied Disraeli; "not at all; he is a clever ass."

When Beau Brummell, harassed by Jewish usurers, made his celebrated midnight flitting to Boulogne, Lord Alvanley, a wit of the Regency, remarked, "Brummell has done quite right to be off. It was Solomon's judgment."


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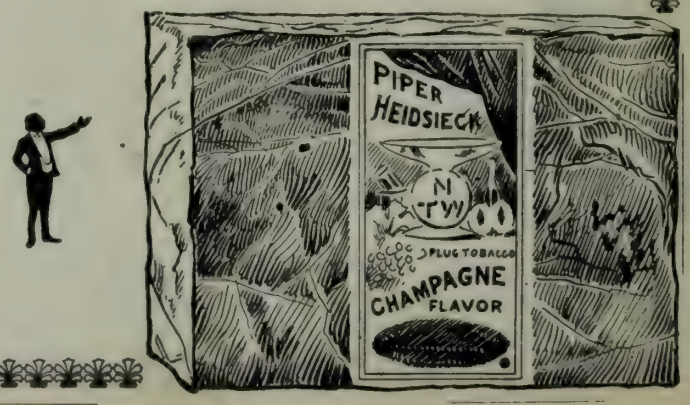

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# THE WAVE

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THE REBELLION IN GUATEMALA

SCENES IN THE CAPITAL OF DICTATOR REYNA BARRIOS

# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 2, 1897


## CONTENTS


Editorials ..... 2 3
Things and People: by Boswell Jr. ..... 3
A California Frog Ranch: by John Bonner ..... 4
"Execution Without Judgment": by Frank Norris ..... 5
In Case of War ..... 5
Militarism in Germany ..... 6
Interviewing Mdlle. de Merode ..... 7
An Afghan Hero ..... 7
By Wheel to San Rafael; photos by B. D. Bent ..... 8
Studies from Life Among San Francisco's Street Urchins ..... 9
A Debutante's Diary ..... 10
The Theatres ..... 11
Return of a Wanderer ..... 11
The Real Cowboy: a Review by H. B. ..... 12
Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter ..... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ..... 14
Financial Review ..... 14
A Triple Ballade by L. A. Robertson ..... 14
New Stories Re-Told ..... 16


## THE LANDING OF ANARCHISTS.

The tardy, but none the less welcome, determination on the part of the United States Commissioner of Immigration to prevent the landing in America of known anarchists will not beget a murmur of disapproval outside of the dens of the depraved and the haunts of conspirators. Immigration Inspectors have been instructed to exercise diligence and special watchfulness that the European anarchist be not permitted to land in America. The prohibition runs now chiefly against two notorious mischief breeders who contemplate "lecturing" in America—Joseph Ventre and Louise Michel. That instructions to deputies will be made more comprehensive and eventually include within the prohibition all persons known to be anarchists, seems as necessary as it appears inevitable. Thinking men of America have wondered much that our laws were so lame and our officers so impotent as to permit, unchallenged, the landing of these common enemies to government. The self-satisfied country that opens wide its doors and with indifference permits these mischief-breeders to intermingle with its people and disseminate their disjointed and destructive doctrines, takes grave risks. They breed hatred, disquiet and lawlessness. Peace and contentment wither under the hot breath of anarchy, and the ignorant and unlettered are taught to regard as airy nothings the property and sacred rights that others more industrious have toiled to maintain and preserve.

America was set up as an asylum for the down-trodden and oppressed of other lands. The spirit of our institutions would not for a moment tolerate the idea that an unfortunate charged with political offending in another country should be denied entrance to a country the very conception and foundation of which was built upon dissatisfaction with the monarchies of Europe. But the asylum is crowded, and never was intended as an abiding place for those afflicted with a malignant, dangerous and contagious political disease. Heretofore, under a most kindly construction of our all too generous laws, the criminal anarchist departing under police surveillance from the country of his birth, has been with sickly sentimentality regarded as an exiled political offender, and unchallenged has been permitted to land. His occupation of murder and his creed of destruction have been dignified as a "political offence." Under the only code recognized by him the chief executive of this country, elected by the ballots of the people, is a person as much to be hated and cursed, and perhaps murdered, as is the royal ruler, for conspiring against whose life, he may have been violently ejected from the unfortunate land of his birth. Anarchy's hand is raised, not against monarchies and empires alone, but against all governments, kind or unkind, ancient or modern, republican or royal. The mere existence of these political perverts is a political offence against every civilized government on the globe.

The Commissioner of Immigration finds warrant for his present action in the Federal law which forbids the entrance to our country of criminals, or persons likely to become paupers. There is no strained construction here, and if there was, a contented and an orderly people would heartily sanction it. The wretch who plots to murder rulers and destroy government, does not dignify his criminal purpose or intent above that of the ordinary law-breaker for the mere reason he has selected big game for his knife and bomb. He is not a "political offender"—he is a criminal—and a most dangerous criminal at that. Any other view of the matter would permit the foreign burglars and house-breakers to organize for the purpose of robbing all government officials and confining their depredations to these functionaries, claim to be "political refugees" deported for political reasons. The country at large, and the Immigration Commissioner particularly, are to be congratulated upon this wholesome innovation.

## THE DUTY OF THE SUPERVISORS.

A reader of The Wave, who also has the honor of an intimate acquaintance with one of the best known members of the newly appointed Board of Supervisors, informs the writer that he has discussed and considered the suggestions offered the new Board in The Wave of last week; and, in that connection, he propounded a dozen inquiries of more or less relavancy to the article in question, which it may be worth while to discuss.

Concisely put, we advised the newly appointed Board, if it should succeed before the Supreme Court, to make haste slowly in its dealings with our quasi-public institutions and to take infinite pains to prove that an honest Board of Supervisors is not synonymous with a "cinch" Board, and so demonstrate to corporate capital the lack of necessity for its interference in politics. The benefits that would follow corporate retirement from politics are inestimable—no one will deny this, and if it is within the power of the newly appointed Board to contribute to its retirement, then, regardless of the right or wrong of it, every one but the political tricksters will rejoice over the ousting of the old Board, if the new will but take advantage of the opportunity that seems to be presented.

But our friend asks, what rule we would lay down for the guidance of the Board? Which are the honest and which the dishonest corporations? What assurances have the public these people would eschew politics hereafter? What would you consider unfair? etc. These are not all the inquiries put by him, but all that he did make, may be disposed of in one broad answer. He would not reduce his queries to writing. They all confessed a total lack of knowledge of the elementary principles involved, and he no doubt reflected the wisdom of his friend, and many another equally respectable and equally intelligent man. It is one thing to understand the rules of trade, the laws respecting commercial paper and the ins and outs of mercantile life, but it is quite another to sit as an arbiter between the public and a private corporation and equitably regulate and reduce the compensation the one shall receive and the other shall pay for the thing purveyed and consumed. Be it water, gas, electricity, or what not, a certain element of the community will always demand lower prices. That is to be expected. If the law permitted Boards of Supervisors to reduce the prices which Mr. Dohrmann sets on his delf ware or his bric-a-brac, or that Mr. Barry sets on his printing or his weekly paper, or that Dr. Rottanzi exacts for feeling a pulse or examining a coated tongue, then annually before our Supervisors would appear an array of complainants demanding that these gentlemen reduce their rates. If the Supervisors had this power with respect to callings and professions followed by these gentlemen, then Messrs. Dohrmann, Barry and Rottanzi would demand the privilege of a hearing, which under the law must be conceded them. Messrs. Dohrmann. et al., would have their rights, which a complaining army of patrons might not howl down or shout away into thin air. They would have a right to charge for their wares, prices adequate to insure a profit sufficient to operate their several establishments, pay interest on their indebtedness and interest on invested capital. This is the limit of corporate profit, as laid down by the law, below which point you may not reduce rates for transportation, for water or for any other thing furnished by quasi-public corporation. Messrs. Dohrmann, et al., would consider it a hardship if the Supervisors were to reduce their scales of prices below the point of operating expenses and bare interest on money invested; and it would be an imposition, which the courts would not tolerate for a moment. The basis of all regulations must be reasonableness, and comparison with rates prevailing in other communities cannot, in the nature of things, form a basis for such regulations, any more than the price of china ware in Germany, of printing in New York, or physicians attendance in Venice should determine the rates to prevail for similar services in San Francisco. We, as a community, have not yet learned the cardinal principles that govern in such matters. We are still a new community that has not settled down to accepting things almost axiomatic in older commuties. The law does not tolerate unreasonably high rates fixed by the corporation, nor will it sanction or uphold unreasonably low rates fixed by the municipality. This is a controlling principle that should be indelibly impressed upon the public mind. "Reasonableness" is determinative of the rate, whether fixed by the corporation or by the State. In a community twenty miles away the householder may pay $5 per month for a given service; while in San Francisco he may pay $10 for the same service, yet, under the law, the lesser rate may be exhorbitant by reason of the cheapness and facility that such service may be performed, and the greater rate may be held to be reasonable in view of the greater attending difficulties and expense. There is no hard and fast rule that can be applied except one that is recognized by the law. Capital invested cannot be pillaged of a fair return for the amount invested.

Our friend was also of opinion that as these corporations are permitted to tear up our streets to lay pipes and erect disfiguring poles on our thoroughfares, the public had a right to regulate them. He seemed to consider that these privileges extended to the corporations by the municipality, constituted the foundation upon which rested the right of the Supervisors to regulate. Nothing is further from the truth. It is the character of the business itself, that determines the right of the Board to regulate, and under the guise of regulating rates, the Board may not squeeze rent or license money out of the licenses for the privileges mentioned by our friend. Presumably the Board might, as to all future comers, exact a compensation for such concessions, but then it must be a matter of agreement into which both parties have duly entered.

If the new Board is recognized by the Supreme Court, we would again advise them to consult the Golden Rule and act up to it. The influence of money is only one of the methods of bribery; and the public officer who surrenders his conscience and his judgment to the clamor of the press or of the public, whether it be to secure his own peace or his popularity, is just as bad, just as dangerous, and just as false to the great trust reposed in him, as the official who corruptly acts contrary to his own judgment and the public welfare for money. All men are not brave, few men are willing to stand up against the assaults of an agitating press. Here we have a Board certified to us as composed of honorable men. They need no whipping in, no lashing of the press, no cartooning, no driving, to induce them to be honest. Will the Examiner and the rest of the press agree then to attempt no intimidation of its members, but permit this Board to proceed in its own way, at its own time, to investigote and regulate our quasi-public corporations; and will it agree further to avoid all personal criticism of members who may fail to agree with its side of the case? If the Examiner and the rest of the press have the confidence they pretend to feel in these gentlemen, there should be no hesitation in accepting this suggestion, and this Board could proceeed without fear or favor to measure out justice as they saw it.

Our friend asks what assurance would anyone have that the corporations would keep out of politics, if after an investigation the Board decided to make but minor changes in rates, and impose duties, restrictions and burdens only where the corporations were grossly and willfully imposing upon the public? Probably our friend can only have the assurances that common sense would suggest. That should be sufficient. His question may be answered, however, by asking another. What earthly intrests would the corporations that had stood the test of an honest investigation, have in defeating honest men in the future? What use would they have for politicians or politics, any more than has Messrs. Dohrmann, et al.? Honest men would probably then implore them to enter politics against dishonesty and political rascality, for no one is more interested than they in honest government and no individual interests are so open to the assaults of knavish politicians as theirs.

The trouble with our corporations is, they have started in wrong, politically. It will require an intervening era of disquieting and perhaps even threatening times, to them while they are emerging from one kind of politics into another, but come the time must, or something will overtake them that cannot be easily turned off.

## FARMING IN THE ASCENDANT.

For the first time in several years the wheat crop affords a profit to the average California farmer.

It may be assumed that at one cent per pound wheat pays barely cost of production, including of course labor and a very moderate rental for the land employed; it now sells at one and a half cents per pound, and so soon as the total number of tons produced is approximately ascertained the profits of the crop may be calculated in a general way; for the present it is sufficient to say that they are to be counted by millions of dollars. That this is reality and not fiction is shown by the fact that the wheat producers are paying interest in arrears as well as that for current year; that many of them are reducing the principal, while others are extinguishing their loans altogether. It is not alone the wheat growers who are to be congratulated; the fruit producers have done or are doing equally well. This condition of affairs is very gratifying, for the prosperity of any class in a community is really prosperity for all.

Large as the profits of wheat and fruit culture for the harvest year now closing will be, the indirect gains are still greater. New life and hope has been infused into the tillers of the soil recently despondent, and faith has been revived in farming as an industry. The enhancement in market value of land in the agricultural counties as a whole probably equals the net profits on the crops for this year. Not only this, but lands are now salable, and they whose choice or circumstances do not permit them to remain tillers of the soil may retire from their vocation at will.

Just at this time attention is directed, and the emigration

is large, to the Klondike and other points whence come fabulous reports of the yield of mines; the rainbow chasers who are seeking these localities do not seem to be aware that the instances are many in this State where the grain or fruit crop raised for the now closing year would pay the full purchase price of the land on which it grew. It cannot be asserted, nor can it be hoped, that every year in the future will be as favorable as respects crops and prices as the present. but still the fact remains that for any series of years farming in this State pays and pays abundantly. The question of farming in California should not be discussed from the single stand point of the possibilities of wealth to be derived therefrom. There is no profession, trade or occupation in the civilized world that secures wealth to even a majority of those who follow it, but with industry, prudence and economy a situation of comfort and of comparative independence may be reached in most vocations of life, the chances with the farmer being greater than with others. The tiller of the soil has one advantage over persons of other occupations; owning even a moderately good farm free from lien he can, if need be, support life on its productions, while the mechanic or professional man with a house and lot not subject to incumbrance must go into the market with his labor or starve. The chief value of a farm does not consist in its capacity for piling up money for its owner, its main worth is in its value as a home, as the center of a family circle, and on this basis a farm in California is worth two elsewhere for the reason that the conditions of life here are relatively easy.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The hold Director Holden had on the Regents of the University was due to the form of administrative ability he possessed. It was not because of his scientific standing. Of all the men on Mt, Hamilton, its director was slightest in effort, weakest in achievement and least in reputation. Such distinction as he enjoys is based on the fact that he is head of a great observatory and has had as his subordinates such men as Schaberle, Burnham, Cambell, Burnard, Perrine and Hussey. Once out of Mount Hamilton, astronomy will never hear of him again, and unless some new mistake is made, will there be any further discord among the wardens with the great telescope. An important duty now before the Regents is to place the observatory in the right hands. Three at least, and perhaps four, of the astronomers now on Mount Hamilton have been, one after another, directors of the Observatory of the University of Michigan. Each of these men is young, vigorous, affable, courageous. Each has a high and growing reputation in science, and all stand bound in close relations of personal friendship. Any one of these is as well qualified as any man who could be brought from the East, or who is likely to be considered in this connection. Professor Schaberle is the senior in age and service, and for that reason at least would naturally be in line of promotion. His appointment would give confidence and strength. Should the Board elect to choose by lot it could make no serious mistake. What is wanted at the Lick Observatory is scientific training, common sense, integrity and personal courtesy.

***

President Jordan should be gratified at the sensation the press makes out of his most casual utterances. From the interpretations placed on his phrases one might suppose him a species of wild-eyed and hair-brained theorist instead of the sane, sagacious, conservative administrator he really is. When he is reported as having given voice to some radical sentiment it may be taken for granted that the journalist is really responsible. The limitations of space prevent American newspapers from utilizing the shorthand system of reporting and though Dr. Jordan is not rapid of speech it is hard for even a clever writer to condense and yet preserve the exact sense of an orator's phrases. Words are full of shades and a term misapplied often make a salient difference of meaning. It must not be forgotten that the dailies are on the watch for sensational headlines which are to the press what the day's specialty is to the department store. It often happens that there is a huge distinction between the startling announcement of the headlines and the matter of fact utterances of the article for which the editor rather than the reporter is generally to blame.

***

Time and again I have assured gentlemen who claim to have been misrepresented by an interviewer, that it is unfair to blame the newspaper for the mistake or impertinences of an individual. The city editor who assigns a reporter to perform a certain duty is animated only by a desire to gather news. He has no motive in making enemies for his journal and is as much outraged by a "faked" interview as the victim. The rational course to pursue when such a trespass occurs is to write at once to the editor who will thank you for the intimation and see to it that reparation is made.

***

There was a certain grim irony in the spectacle of a squad of policemen ejecting the solid eight Supervisors from their chamber in the City Hall. When the Legislature was in session and Boss Rainey was engaged lobbying through the bill reorganizing the fire department and increasing the salaries of the officials he approached Chief Lees to enlist in the cause of advanced emoluments, the powerful influence of the Police Department. It was promised in return the assistance of Mr. Rainey in keeping the License Collector, Fred Lees in office—the idea being that the Board failing to agree on a candidate, the incumbent would remain in charge. The obligations of the morrow are never permitted by Rainey to interfere with the triumph of the moment and the pledges required were acceed to. Result, the success of the measure and the jubilance of all concerned. When it came to the fulfilment however, it was another story. A fine showing was made but Bonney was elected. Chief Leee is not the man to express chagrin or lament defeat, but his memory is excellent. The Rainey forces must adhere at the next election to the letter of the law for there will be no sympathy for them among those possessing authority.

***

If the story of Mrs. Dora Russell of Stockton be true the condition of affairs in the Preston Reform School certainly requires rigid investigation. Young Russell was accused of theft, and was beaten because he refused to acknowledge it. According to the *Call* the boy was given eighty lashes with strap under which he fainted. As he was still obdurate in his determination, he received fifty additional lashes, when he again fainted. The attendant who inflicted the punishment is said to have declared there was no occasion for it, and for this he was dismissed. It may be the fact that the boy committed the crime of which he was accused, but this does not excuse the brutality of the flogging. Many reports have come out of Ione alleging that cruel punishments are frequently inflicted under the superintendency of Mr. O'Brien. If this be the case it should afford a great opportunity for the sensation-loving dailies to perfect a real reform. All over the world flogging as a punishment has fallen into disuse, being regarded by the authorities as degrading and brutalizing. There would have been a terrible outcry had Warden Hale lashed the convicts who so lately rebelled at San Quentin, yet had he done so he certainly had a better excuse than could possibly be offered by the superintendent at the Ione School. There are other ways of punishing refractory boys than by flogging them until they faint.

***

The development of a subsidiary wife on the death of any wealthy man is so regular a proceeding in California that it suggests the existence of a ring of conspirators engaged rigging up claims of this character. Stranger plots have been perpetrated, and in the cause of crime there is never lacking boldness and ingenuity in the matter of contriving evidence and pushing claims. We learned a few weeks ago that there had arisen unto the late Captain Wilson of Oakland a lady who claimed the conjugal relation, and now a wife has been found for young Mr. Nolan who had departed this life apparently a bachelor. Of course these curious conditions may be attributable to the lax life of this environment, but it should be remembered also that it is rich men alone who are subjected to these post mortem revelations. Virtue apparently to be permanent must have a foundation in poverty.

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At the moment of writing, the fate of the Supervisors is in the air—or rather in the judicial balance, as the Supreme Court has taken them under advisement. However good the cause of the new Board is, it was most indifferently expressed to the Court. However excellent a personage Attorney Baggett may be, he lacks that eloquence and grasp the occasion demanded of its exponent. In comparison with the speeches of McEnerney and Garber, his oratory sounded futile. He lost himself in side issues and had to suffer those impatient interruptions from the bench which every lawyer dreads. This is not written with any desire to disparage Mr. Baggett, who is an honorable gentleman. He was outmatched, however, the fact was apparent. Still the opportunity was his by right of conquest. Shortly after the water rates were fixed, Dr. Salfield, a Police Court interpreter, and president of one of the local improvement clubs, hit upon the point of law by which the ejectment of the Board was consummated. He consulted several law firms and offered to bring suit if he could obtain free legal service. The attorneys saw nothing in the cause, and the subject drifted until George K. Fitch took it up and engaged Messrs. Baggett & Schell to press it before Judge Wallace. It seemed at first a mere flash in the pan, but as the trial proceeded the Solid Eight and their friends realized their predicament. The decision came like a thunder-clap and upset a hundred well-laid plans. Before the lower tribunal Mr. Baggett and his associate found themselves in the current, but pleading a cause in the upper Court is a different situation.

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The source of the reports about the Guatemalan rebellion which the dailies have published, is purely local. They proceed for the most part from a disreputable hotel runner, who has them from certain Guatemalan revolutionists whose interest is in the downfall of Barrios. Of the actual condition of affairs in the Central American Republic no one in the States is informed. A rigid cenorship is exercised over all telegrams and even the merchants who have most extensive business interests in those parts have not received a word from their correspondents, though it is well known that millions of dollars hinge on the result of the conflict. The Pacific Mail, Schwartz Brothers and Louis Hirsch of Castle Brothers who are all deeply interested in Guatemalan affairs, have had nothing either denying or corroborating the stories of the local press, and their facilities are infinitely superior to those of either the dailies or their extraordinary informants. That some sinister influence is at work through this affair is sadly evident and the consequences are liable to prove costly to San Francisco. When the trouble is ended and Barrios realizes how cordial and kindly the expressions of the press towards his government have been, he is not liable to assist the further development of trade relations between California and Guatemala. He is a clever and competent man, and the army is at his command. The present condition of affairs he must have foreseen as liable to happen, and, as I stated last week, he is undoubtedly prepared. Central Americans will tell you that, though Barrios has been rather more enterprising than the condition of the country justified, he has certainly been a wonderful factor in its development, and has exhibited a fine patriotism. As to the charges of cruelty made so positively, there seems slight evidence to support them, and it must be remembered that all statements circulated are prejudicial to the cause of Barrios.

BOSWELL JR.

## A REBELLIOUS PROBLEM PLAY

The warmest place in the Columbia Theatre is just under the edge of the balcony in the dress circle—there do Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob like to put the critics, and there the critics do not like to be put. For not only is it warm, and not only do they, at the Columbia, always put The Press in the middle of a row, but the acoustics are bad, and one only hears the play in a sporadic sort of way—when people quarrel and raise their voices, or when Mr. Corson Clarke vociferates in a penetrating nasal treble, or Mr. Frawley denounces in a deep, rumbling bass.

This is all by way of a sort of apology to Mr. Thomas, who, in a neat speech, said the people of San Francisco only thought as the critics told them; to be thus regarded as the shepherd of a meek and well-trained flock is subtly flattering to the critical mind. One feels an obligation to be only complimentary and effusive, but it was so warm under the balcony, and the seats were so cramping, and it was so hard to hear! Mr. Thomas must be forgiving if a drop of bitterness is filtered into this article.

When a play is tried on the dog in San Francisco, San Francisco has doubts. Mr. Thomas, who wrote A Great American Drama, sounds as if he ought to have only metropalitan debuts. But a prophet is not without honor saving in his own country. And we ought not to doubt the excellence of his play because Mr. Frohman chose to try it on us. Have we not, through much more suffering, grown to dread "New York Successes" as the worst plays we ever see here? A drama of which a New York manager is too doubtful to produce in the metropolis ought to inspire us with much more hopeful anticipations than a drama which has run all winter at one of Gotham's biggest theatres.

"Don't Tell Her Husband" is curiously indeterminate. Mr. Thomas has said that he meant it to be a problem play, but it turned upon its creator, and willfully and disobediently became a comedy, He who runs may read this. The first act is inspiringly problematic. Shades of Pinero and Jones darkened the atmosphere, and cheerful anticipations of thrilling and scandalous complications beguiled the auditor. It hardly seems probable that a play in which a married lady and a bold, unscrupulous rake have a scene like that between Mrs, Bancroft and Lawrence Chandler in Act I can turn into a farcical, purposeless, stringy comedy. This piece of dialogue is quite Frenchily callous, cold and bad. Yet in the end of the third act the same lady is the heroine of a series of ridiculous opera-bouffe situations. which amuse her as much as they do everybody else.

Like the sentiment of the piece, Mrs. Bancroft evidently revolted against Mr. Thomas' idea of her. He meant her at first to be the foolish, repining, neglected wife who plays with fire through two acts, and comes back in the third neither sadder nor wiser, but feeling that, on the whole, honesty is the best policy, and that a husband whose business it is to pay your bills, and upon whom you can have the law if he is in the least neglectful or unkind, is preferable to a lover who is cruel, capricious, and selfish. For one act Mrs. Bancroft was consistent to her characterless character. In the second act she began to show strong inclinations towards breaking away for the joyous realms of comedy. In the third act both the actress and the author gave up any attempt at characterization, and Mrs. Bancroft swept through the scenes in the insouciant freedom of an unclassified type.

For two acts Miss Johnson struggled with the obstinate creature as Mr. Thomas must have struggled when he was trying to write her down consistently, In the beginning, in the weak, yielding, alarmed stage, Miss Johnson was successful. She paced about the stage and fell into chairs and on sofas in lovely attitudes, while the tempter, Mr. Worthing, was the tempter and tempted in a cold, majestic, British way—said cool, wicked things to her, and the whole scene took on the dark air of the problem play. But in Act II Miss Johnson began to lose her grip on Mrs. Bancroft. That stiff-necked and rebellious heroine revolted against problems. She began to grow frivolous — signs of comic opera proclivities broke out upon her — she did frisky, silly things. It was plain that neither Mr. Thomas nor Miss Johnson could hold her back. She was making straight for farce-comedy. Her stampede, though demoralizing, and affecting the whole play, was not followed by the rest of the company. The tempter died out of the piece after the first act. There was no room for him, for he was a real person, grimly natural and in a rollicking laybrinth of absurd situations had no place. Mr. Worthing, with his grey hair and his large, enfolding hand-grasp, was genuine where he could be, and where he couldn't said his lines and shook hands with people and leaned against door-posts or sideboards in the distinguished, gentlemanly way he knows so well.

The most fortunate people in the cast were Mr. Clark, Miss Bates, and Miss Wallis. They started fair and did not go through any disturbing changes of temperament. In the first act Mr. Clark had a very Pineroish scene with the two other men, where they discuss the ethics of telling Mrs. Bancroft's husband that the serpent is upon his hearth. This piece of dialogue, which was crisp and smart, was relieved from the imputation of serious realism by Mr. Clark's treatment of it. Knowing the burlesque that awaited him, he determined to inaugurate it as early as possible, and not let it come upon people with a crash. In fact, it was only by Mr. Clark's efforts that the first act, with its realistic comedy and drawing-room gentility, managed to maintain any connection with the rest of the piece.

The two ladies cast in comedy roles had the two most consistent characters in the play. Miss Bates was a gay divorcee, who smoked cigarettes and was witty and skeptical. It is a type that Miss Bates plays well. She has just the hard, flashing cleverness necessary for these soulless society figures. which are rendered interesting by a caustic spirit of humor. She is an entirely mental type, emotional by imitation, not by intuition, lacking sympathy from lack of feeling, with an intensity of nervous power, and that absence of magnetism observable in women who only observe and learn through the brain instead of the heart. In characters that are dominated by a gay spirit and a biting, practical shrewdness, she is excellent—full, as she is, of an up-to-date frankness and a boyish good nature. It is in the sentimental, the romantic, the emotional side of human nature that she is weak. All her persuasive brightness cannot make us take her as an actress who realizes the full richness and depth of life, the charm of its mystery, the majesty of its despair.

Miss Wallis, on the other hand, is not an actress at all. But she is a charming little creature, with an elfin magnetism all her own. Miss Wallis has thought out a very good plan. If you have not got it in you to be a great actress, it is a very good idea just to be yourself. Miss Wallis is always herself, and in consequence is never affected, or silly, or unattractive. She is American, too—tartly and trimly American—with underneath all her dapper little ways and airs, her neat preciseness, her crisp self-reliance, a foundation of that sweet, simple honesty which is the American girl's birthright. She knows how to be independent without being masculine, and how to speak her mind without being pert. Take her for all in all, she is as successful an ingenue as we have on our stage.

This trio fit into the comic part of the play excellently; in fact, they are the comic part of the play, and the comic part is the play. It swamps the problem. It buries under the ruins of the first act the Tempter and Mrs. Bancroft and Tom Bancroft and all the desperate, deadly things that they were going to do and be. Comedy, farcical, rampant and untiring, takes the piece for better or worse, and marks it for its own. The last act is burlesque, and pretty well mixed up burlesque. Mr. Thomas ought to make it a little more lucid and ought to vary the humor of the situations. These by their sameness tend toward monotony.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO LIVES

### The Froggery at Stege, together With Notes on Croaking.

The illustrations of Mr. Richard Stege's froggery at West Berkeley, which are given in this number of The Wave may surprise some of our readers. It is not known to all consumers of frog's legs, that the cultivation of the toothsome batrachian is an industry which is conducted with assiduity and profit within eyeshot of the halls where higher education is or ought to be persued under the auspices of the Regents of the University. Mr. Stege's frog nursery is believed to be the only one in the state. In France such institutions are in existence in many of the southern departments; frog growers make a fair living by supplying the Paris markets; but in the United States gastronomy has only lately been educated to appreciate the delicacy, and it has never been fully developed in our beloved mother country, though Englishmen have got over the habit of calling Frenchmen Johnny Crapauds, so low down in the scale of civilization as to be frog-eaters.

Mr. Stege breeds his frogs in four large ponds, which are carefully drained so as to guard again at overflow. He has crossed his California frogs with frogs from Denver and Florida. He feeds them nothing, but lets them forage for themselves among the worms, insects, and fish spawn; when he wants to collect a lot for market, he catches them with small nets or scoops as they do on the Chesapeake or the Potomac, or he draws off the water and takes them by hand in the mud. His chief market is in this city, though he has supplied a few for breeding purposes in California and Oregon. In summer the ordinary frog, not the bullfrog, is worth from $1 to $2 a dozen; in winter from $2.50 to $6. At the present time Mr. Stege's stock is from 15,000 to 20,000 batrachians.

The idea of eating frogs must have been abhorrent to the races for whom St. John in the Revelations drew a picture of "three unclean spirits like frogs," nor can they have been a popular dish in Egypt, or Milton would not have described them as

"A race obscene
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile."

But an obscure passage in Lucian implies that in his day advanced gourmets relished a roast frog or a fricassee of frogs, and, as everybody knows, the original device of the city of Paris which was afterward transformed into the Fleur de Lis, was three frogs rampant, which signifies that they were not regarded with loathing.

In fairy tales, the poor frog fared badly, the wicked girl spat out frogs whenever she spoke, and the disobedient daughter was doomed to marry a great bullfrog, while her better-bred sister got the Invisible Prince for her share. Grimm made an effort to rehabilitate the frog when he introduced the fashion of transforming him into a gay cavalier at the critical moment, but children have never got over shuddering at his cold, clammy skin and his goggle eyes. This is an unjust prejudice. The frog is a beautiful, symmetrical creature. He is the best swimming teacher a child can get, and he is the only animal except man which has a calf to his leg. He has rendered the greatest services to anatomy and physiology; being the only animal known which, when you cut out his heart, can walk away as if nothing had happened, and die at its leisure, not from the wound, but obviously from grief at man's inhumanity. Finally, the meat of frog's legs is more delicate and nutritious than chicken. Surely it is shameful to disparage such a creature. It would be more becoming to grant a bonus to the enterprising froggers who stimulate its production.

As to the music of frogs, opinions differ. Most people object to the bre-ke-ke-kex-koax-koax,which rises from swamps in springtime. One of the pleasing usages of the French seigneurs was to keep a peasant beating the swamp with a branch so as to frighten the frogs into silence in order that the seigneur could sleep:

"Lest the choir of frogs still croaking
Made him wish them choaking;"

But there have been poets who found music in the chat of the frogs:

"Marshy offsprings of the fountains they,
Raising voices in harmonious hymn,
Bre-ke-ke-kex;
In sweet sounding song,
Koax-koax."

The poet Moore, whose soul was ever attuned to affliction, fancied that the croak of the frog was a cry of pain. He melted in grief over the moist and quereulous reptiles:

"Those frogs whose legs a barbarous cook
Cut off, and left the frog in the brook
To cry all night, 'till life's last dregs,
'Give us our legs! Give us our legs.'"

A story is told of a pair of lovers who sat them down by the side of a lake to consummate their wooings, having reached the point where the gentlenan must speak, or forever hold his peace. Said he:

"I asked you to come out this evening in order to tell you how much I
"Bre ke-ke-kex," from a big bullfrog near by,
"I wanted to say to you—"
"Koax, Koax,"
Stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to stifle her laughter, the lady stammered:
"I think I understand what you—"
"Bre ke-ke-kex."

This was too much for the gravity of the couple. They exploded. And despairing of telling his tale in words as long as the bullfrog had the floor, the gallant just seized the lady round the waist, and imprinted on her lips a kiss more eloquent than phrases, and an engagement, followed by a happy marriage, ensued in due course.

It must not be supposed, however, that the frog is an enemy to honest love. On the contrary. It is a matter of record that

"Froggy would a wooing go,
Whether his mammy would let him or no."

He is indeed to the manner born. A female frog of good intentions will present her spouse with a thousand little tadpoles in the course of a season, each of whom at the proper period will swallow its tail—and if not devoured by papa or mamma, will disport itself on the edge of a puddle in search of a bride. They increase and multiply so rapidly that if it were not for the storks, they would render the valley of the Nile uninhabitable.

Luckily for mankind they are not as big as they were. According to Owen, the frog of the carboniferous period who disappeared just about man's advent into the world, was ten or twelve feet long, and croaked in the ancient marshes with a voice like a bull of Bashan. A sportsman who met such a creature—if there were any sportsmen in those days—must have had a bad quarter of an hour. In our day a big bullfrog will eat a duck, that is, if the duck does not anticipate him in the devouring business. But ducks are rarely civilized enough to be frog eaters. They leave such aliment to snakes, who cover the frog with slime, and slowly swallow him, sometimes consuming an hour in the operation, during the whole of which the wretched frog writhes and struggles visibly as he passes down the esophagus.

JOHN BONNER.

Though lecturing is more general now than in former years, it has lost much of its old-time prestige, undoubtedly due to the influence of the theatre. Twenty-five years ago a lyceum was a necessity in every city in the country, a sort of beacon light for genius, reform, and entertainment. Lectures are now given on a different plan, principally in Summer assemblies and University Extensions, both of which systems have become extremely popular. This popularity of the cheaper courses has done much to impair the business of the so-called legitimate platform. But notwithstanding this, there is a constant demand for people who have something to say and know how to say it. An illustration of this was the Rev. John Watson "Ian Maclaren." A practical idea of his success may be instanced in a single day's work. He lectured on morning at the Waldorf to over $1,600, in the afternoon in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music to more than $2,000, and in the evening at Jersey City, took in a little less than $700, making $4,100 for the day. Of the lecturers to visit America this season Anthony Hope is likely to make a leading sensation. With the exception of Henry M. Stanley and Dr. Watson, more applications have been made for him than for any speaker in the last two decades. Another visitor will probably be S. R. Crockett, who, by the way, is the champion golf player of Scotland, a fact likely to interest some people more than his writings. Sir Lewis Morris, Queen Victoria's favorite poet, is also coming. Of American lecturers, Marion Crawford is the most popular this season. Mr. Crawford has decided to devote himself entirely to the platform for a time. His subjects are "Early Italian Artists" and "Italian Home-life in the Middle Ages." John Fox, Jr., with his dialect readings, is another strong attraction, and also Hamilton W. Mabie and Lieutenant Peary, who goes on the platform early in October. Mrs. Ballington Booth is one of the most popular talkers of the day. Major Pond considers her the greatest woman orator living and claims she could make a fortune at speaking if she preferred it to her work.

The Town Council of Vienna has suddenly announced that the placing of tables and chairs on the sidewalks in front of cafes forms an obstruction, and has ordered this practice to be stopped. To those who are familiar with Vienna, and for that matter, with nearly all continental cities, it is almost unnecessary to add that the indignation of the Vienesse at this brushing away of one of their most popular sources of relaxation and enjoyment is unbounded, and their anger is not in any way soothed by the fact that the Burgomaster of Vienna is the anti-Semite leader, and that the principal cafe proprietors are Jews.

In the Consular reports for September there is published a series of reports on the paper trade in various countries. Information is supplied by the Consular officers of the United States in Australia and Central and South America that should be of great value to the trade, as it is specific and at the same time full. We have had occasion now and then to allude to the insufficiency of Consular reports, and are glad to be able to draw attention to good work.

THE PROPAGATING POND

TWO OLD CROAKERS

THE FIRST STEP IN PREPARING A DISH A LA POULETTE

*A CALIFORNIA FROG RANCH*

*FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ATT HE FROG RANCH OF RICHARD STEGE, AT STEGE, CONTRA COSTA COUNTY*

THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA

THE COURT IS NOW ENGAGED IN SETTLING THE FATE OF TWENTY RIVAL SUPERVISORS

# Execution Without Judgment.

By FRANK NORRIS.

It was Miller who told me the yarn that follows. May be you recall Miller, the Australian journalist, who gave me the story of "The Strangest Thing." Miller had this tale through Canavan, an English pal of his, who had a mountain ranch in King's county in California. Miller tells only what he saw. I tell all that comes before. What comes afterward you must tell yourself.

This is the part that comes before. Canavan had been setting out trees for his hunting preserve. Canavan was an Englishman who had come to California with a consignment of English ideas that the Dingley tariff should have taken knowledge of. One of these ideas was a hunting preserve. This hunting preserve would have been well enough had he been content to merely preserve it. But Canavan wanted to improve upon it, wanted to have it like the preserves of his wife's people at Lowe in Northern England. So he started in to put long alleys into it, and to landscape-garden it, and to rearrange the trees in it, pulling up some and transplanting others, and generally improving it according to his transplanted English ideas.

But Canavan is not the hero of this yarn. The hero is one of the trees that he so shamefully mishandled, a huge Black Pine, that was already old when Canavan's ancestors went a-hunting with William Rufus in that other piece of landscape gardening called in the histories the "New Forest."

This much introduction is needed to explain how it came about that this Black Pine was stretched out upon its trunk and ready to be set up in its new place at the time when Estorijo dirked Ramon Sabichi. These two men were Mexicans. Estorijo was the boss of a gang of Chinamen that was working on Canavan's preserve. Sabichi was a sheep herder.

It is not necessary that you should know why they fought. Sabichi was the first man that Estorijo had ever killed, and the sight of him thrashing about on the ground in the throes of violent death became in consequence a matter of considerable interest to him.

Estorijo believed that he had done the trick rather neatly for a first attempt, and was sure that Sabichi would die in a short time. This trick Estorijo had learned from a Mexican sub-lieutenant at Libertad. He had come up to Sabichi, and while walking along beside him, had thrown his left arm affectionately across Sabichi's neck, had next taken a firm grip of the shoulder and suddenly spun his man about like a turn-stile, till his back was toward him. To dirk him then in the soft part of the body between the hip bone and the ribs was an easy matter. The advantage of this Mexican trick lies in the fact that the man dirked is altogether perplexed by that spinning about, and don't know what is happening nor where to look for the blow.

But the manner of Sabichi's dying was a surprise to Estorijo. He had seen representations of stabbing on the stage, and had read of some in novels, and had entertained preconcerned ideas as to how a dirked man should behave and how he should die. He had imagined that Sabichi would throw up his hands and fall at full length and die gracefully and with his eyes properly closed.

Instead, Sabichi sat down abruptly and hard, and his hat canted to one side. There was no sign of blood. He looked up at Estorijo, winking his eyes and exclaiming: "What—what—what—you swine—you've knifed me—you've done for me. What—why——" and here he began to cough.

Estorijo stood in front of him, his knife ready, in case Sabichi should get up again. He did not deem Sabichi's remarks worthy of an answer, and Sabichi's position sitting there on the ground with his legs wide apart and his hat tilted rakishly over one eye struck him as ridiculous. All at once Sabichi vented a sharp "Oh, I pain!" and tried to get up. Then he began to die rapidly. Somehow he couldn't get up, but thrashed about helplessly on the ground, rolling over and over, now on his face, now on his back and now on his hands and knees, running his head stupidly against the tree trunks, and scrabbling at the fallen leaves and pine needles with his hands. His coughing was incessant, and his eyes were wide open. Then he fell flat with his arms doubled under him, fetched a deep sigh and lay inert and wondrously still. Estorijo had never seen anything quite so still before. "You're done for now," muttered Estorijo; "I guess you——"

"U-ugh!" said Sabichi, burying his face in the leaves that covered the ground. This persistency in living annoyed Estorijo beyond expression and he took certain radical measures to the effect that Sabichi should cease from living finally and definitely. "Now, will you, now," said he, as he rose to his feet. Estorijo never had a greater respect for himself than at this moment. "I've got to hide you somewhere," said he as he slid his knife back into the hip pocket of his overalls. "It won't do to let those Chinamen get a sight of you, no, it won't do at all, my son." At first he thought he would carry Sabichi up into the arroyo and hide him under a pile of rocks. Then his eye fell upon a great circular pit that his Chinamen had been digging that day, Canavan's Black Pine had been dragged near to it and would be set up in it to-morrow. "An idea," murmured Estorijo, "you're going to be buried in that pit, my son, and to-morrow there'll be a hundred and fifty feet of Black Pine on top of you to hold you down." His Chinamen's picks and shovels were lying about where they had left them upon quitting work. Estorijo swung himself into the pit and dug down into its bottom some five or six feet. Then he buried Sabichi there, and walked away from the place with great strides, his head in the air.

Next day the pine was planted in its destined place and grew and flourished for five, ten, fifteen years.

Here is the part that Miller saw. "Canavan's wa'nt any hand at ranchin', said Miller, "I've seen ryce-track touts, knee high to nothin', could 'ave wiped his eye when it cyme to knowin' horse and sheep and the like. Canavan busted in two years' time, and his ranch went to rack. He spent too blyme much time shootin' at things in his blyme preserve and he came out into God's country fair sick of the whole shop, but says he: 'Miller, there's more gyme there in the square inch than anywhere on this ball of dirt.' He let me have his rifles—double-barrelled expresses they were, straight from Sheffield—and his splatter gun and his maps and his blessing, and I went into the plyce to see what I could see. Mind now, this was full fifteen years after he'd busted. I outfitted at Fresno and, among other things, began asking for a guide, philosopher an' cook. This chap, Estorijo shows up. Fairish guide he turned out to be, but with a face on him to frighten babies with. He was old, by fifty, I'm thinking, but he knew the country like the palm of his hand, but the way he'd fry mountain trout—but this yarn now. We fetched up at Canavan's old plyce three weeks out. The ranch house was still there but so badly used up by weather that we dared not camp in it, so we made camp in what was the corn bin, and for two weeks shot and and shot and fished, and fished and shot, till five-pronged buck and three-pound trout became regular tiresome. Back in Fresno they'd told me of the Sabichi affair and how, if all tales were true, Estorijo should have copped off in his boots, but most Mexicans are murderers when they're not maudlin plyers, and it was all one with me so long as my man could find me buck to shoot an' cook 'em when they were shot.

Well, one night, while we were watching by a salt lake for deer, a thundering', blundering, snoring gyle of wind jumped out of the East, puff! quick as that, 'strike me straight how she blow, with the ryne flogging down like millions of whip lashes, and the lightning slithering in, and the thunder booming like the ordnance practice at the Aldershot manoeuvers. We cut for the camp dizzied with the noise and whirl of things and of course went wrong in the dark and brought to standing in a bit of clearing—the end of one of Canavan's alleys—blowing like porpoises and a clean knocked up.

"Not here, not here," says Estorijo, in his broken lingo, "not here, but further, we go on further, hey? I do'n like deesa place."

Just then the lightning winked, like God's eye opening, and I saw my man squatting on the far side of the clearing as far awye as he could squeeze from the trunk of a big pine that stood just there. Then there was a smash and a slam-bang hell-roaring explosion, like the thunder of twenty Krupps, and that big pine tree began to sway. I could see it plain enough, for the lightening was winking twenty to the minute. I could see it sway and could see Estorijo, squatting down there on the ground with his shrivelled old hands above his head. Over she went, over and down and down, smashing and crushing and crushing and grinding down through everything, roaring the whiles like Niagara, all her stretched fibers howling like witches, all her boughs and branches crackling and grinding and snapping. My word, it was dreadful and it was grand. Everything shook, the ground under me rocked like jelly on a jarred table, one big final boom, then—silence, only the whining of the wind and the whip-whipping of the ryne. She was down, and under her trunk was Estorijo, down there under a broken tangle of branches, dead, dead and dinted deep into the ground, buried in it as I might say, and in the roots of that fallen tree—you listed to me—in the roots of that fallen tree, gripped there and held there as if in some tremendous fist. There was—something. Can you guess what?

## IN CASE OF WAR

### How the Navy Department Will Equip Its Auxiliary Squadron.

The moblization of the torpedo fleet has lately engaged the attention of the Navy Departmedt, and it is claimed that plans have been completed which will make it possible to transport boats, crews and armaments from the Atlantic to to the Pacific shores of the continent, or vice versa, within two weeks. In this way the whole or greater part of the torpedo resources of the navy could be concentrated at a given point for the purpose of meeting and repelling threatened attack. Not only would such a scheme be available for the sea coasts, but it can be made applicable to the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, transportation to those points requiring of course, less time.

In order to perfect the entire working arrangements for such a service the Navy Department has been in communication with the railroad officials, who would be called upon to lend their aid in furnishing the means of transportation. As a result the naval authorities have determined to construct trucks for the conveyance of the torpedo vessels, the largest to be provided for being the 140 feet class, which have a beam of 12½ feet and a mean draught when loaded of 4¾ feet. The weight of these craft, exclusive of stores and movable fittings, will be 35 tons, and the displacement, with all stores, coal and water on board, 105 tons. These boats are not to be hoisted directly out of the water, but will be hauled up an inclined railway on trucks belonging to the department, and will then pass on to the tracks where the railroad company's engines take them in tow.

In order that the boats might not be liable to any injury on curves, the trucks are to be fitted with pivots, and the frame for the reception of the boat will be supported by live rollers. Thus the frame will be free to move transversely across the truck. Up to the present time the heaviest piece of transportation work done by the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department was the conveyance, on specially built trucks, of the two 50-ton guns sent from the Washington Navy Yard to this post for the coast defence vessel Monterey.

The Naval Intelligence Bureau has also completed its plans for the equipment of twenty-five of the largest merchant vessels of the American marine as regular cruisers for service in case of need. Eighteen of these are at present employed in the trans-Atlantic trade and the remaining seven on the Pacific Ocean, and the understanding with the owners provides for their being placed at the disposal of the Government on demand. It is believed that within four weeks, at the outside, every one of the selected vessels could be equipped with the needful batteries, armament and necessary supplies, and that when fully found, the ships would be the equal of any of the unarmored cruisers of the navy.

Plans for the alterations of the merchant steamers have to do mostly with the arrangements for gun platforms, constructing magazines and store rooms, protecting the engines by improvised bunkers, tearing off all superfluous house work and piercing the hulls for gun and torpedo ports. The crews of the merchant crusiers will be filled, according to the plans, both from the regular details and from new enlistments. The number of officers required will average ten per vessel. In all there would be needed 250. Of this number about seventy-five will come from the regular navy. The others will be made up of volunteer officers after the practice followed during the civil war. The engineer officers will be secured almost wholly from the men who are now engaged on board the various steamers. The crews of the twenty-five steamers will number, in all, over 7,000 men. It is proposed in the general plan to send 3,000 regular men-of-wars men aboard these improvised cruisers. By this arrangement trained gun captains can be secured for each gun and in addition there will be a nucleus of a regular crew for every piece. The regular men-of-wars men will also fill the billets of petty officers. The vacancies created on board the regular warships will be filled by details from the naval militia and by drafts on the merchant marine. As many as 1,500 naval militiamen can, it is thought, be counted upon.

At the recent copyright performance of the dramatized version of Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian," the actors for the occasion were recruited from Mr. Caine's family and friends, the author speaking the lines of John Storm, with Mrs. Caine and his son and daughter reading other parts.

CHURCH OF THE CARMEN, GUATEMALA

POST OFFICE, GUATEMALA

PALACE IN QUEZALTENANGO

CHURCH OF SANTO DOMINGO

THE PENITENTIARY

RAILWAY DEPOT

*IN GUATEMALA*

## MILITARISM IN GERMANY

### Government by Soldiers for Soldiers — Rampant Paternalism.

No Irishman arriving at Berlin would have time to ask "Is there a government in this country?" He would be confronted with the government wherever he turned. The railways are government institutions, and the station masters wear gorgeous uniforms. The telegraph department is a government monopoly, and its agents, servants of William the Witless. The omnipresent policeman has an air and a power of summary arrest that would inspire a New York constable with envy and delight, and besides, has the backing of a standing army of superlative dimensions. Not deeds alone but words in Berlin are criminal.

A funny story is told about two Englishmen who were walking together on Unter der Linden, discussing, incidentally the Kaiser's policy. "The Emperor's a d——n fool," exclaimed one of them. Whereupon an English-speaking police officer tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You must come mid me to ze police station." "What for?" asked the Englishman. "Mein herr did call ze Kaiser a d——n fool," replied the man. "No, no," urged the cute Briton, "it was the Russian Emperor I was talking about." "Dat vill not go," went on the constable, "dere is no Emperor a d——n fool except the German Emperor."

This naive sentiment expresses public opinion throughout the Empire. The extraordinary course William has elected to pursue must ultimately drive the country to revolt. There is less personal freedom throughout Germany than there is in Russia. The form of administration, it is true, is representative, but in name only. The will of the Kaiser is the law of the land, and it is far safer to break the second commandment than to take in vain his name. As we have learned from Heine, the German citizen is long suffering, but there is nothing so irritating, so galling, as the perpetual and unnecessary interference of authority. No one is safe from the impertinence of the police. Espionage is general, bureaucracy supreme. Poultney Bigelow in "Harpers" tells of a little German maiden, daughter of a distinguished member of the Reichstag who had become the proud possessor of a bicycle. The first day she attempted to ride a demand was made on her for a police permit. Formality No. 1. Next day, after waiting an hour in the police office, she was admitted for examination before the magistrate, to whom she had to state her name and age. A certificate of baptism, a formal written application from her father certifying she was not liable to prove a dangeorous element in the community, were demanded. Her own deposition and that of the father were formally taken, and that evening a police agent encased in uniform, sword and helmet called to enquire if the parent was the person referred to in the bicycle application.

All these matters being settled, the little maid set out to ride her wheel. She was promptly arrested because she had not yet received the corroborative sanction of the Imperial police authorities. That meant a trip to the Central Police Station, where she had to wait two hours until a policeman in uniform permitted her to appear before him. More questions, then her name was inscribed in a big book, with a complete description of her appearance, height, coloring, features, as though she were a China maiden about to return to Canton. However, the conditions had now been complied with, and she started out next day, bravely and gaily. Suddenly appeared the ubiquitous policeman with a demand for her certificate. It was at home. Whereupon the functionary inscribed her name and address in his note-book, and escorted child and wheel to the parental residence, where a police agent called at nine o'clock the same night to demand a fine of one thaler (about 75 cents) for the heinous crime of being unprovided with a police certificate. The poor maid was terribly distraught over her arrest, and had wept herself into a fever over the insults she had received from street urchins who had congregated around her at the various arrests. Yet there is no government tax on bicycles and all this formality is merely an instance of the manner in which the officials justify their existence.

Throughout the Empire, in every phase of life the same condition prevails. The fishermen complain that they are harrassed by petty police regulations, which prescribe where and when and how they may not ply their avocation. The banks of the Havel are plastered with signs ordering them *not* to do things and all round are functionaries and officials to see the rules are obeyed. It is veritably a mockery of constitutional government that prevails. One hears daily of unwarranted arrests, though the papers dare publish nothing on the subject. One sad story told of a young lady dragged to the Cologne police station under peculiarly brutal circumstances. She was innocent and her father threatened to bring action against the police, but the whole affair has been hushed up. Some Russian students underwent a similar fate recently. They were arrested, their rooms were ransacked—all with no process of law to justify the procedure. If a newspaper dares take up these affairs it is liable to suspension. The local police authorities have often taken upon themselves to suspend a paper which dares protest against their tyranny. Quite recently the Prussian agrarians, who comprise the aristocracy and form the ruling factor in the nation, concluded that the Produce Exchange in Berlin was the cause of their depression. The government, at their request, passed laws regulating brokerage in grain, which caused the dissolution of the Berlin Exchange. The brokers proceeded then to transact business in a room across from their old quarters, but this excited the displeasure of the authorities, and it was declared illegal. The triumph of the farmer was now complete; the hated middleman disposed of, surely meant the beginning of prosperity. The consequence has been the reverse of this anticipation. There are now no official quotations, and each farmer is compelled to accept for his produce the price current of his own neighborhood, and is at the mercy of the local dealer, who is bound by no rules save those of his own making. The broker, in the meantime, continues to transact business with his fellows by mail or telephone, and escapes the Government tax and police intermeddling. Of course the Government is enraged at the downfall of its plan.

The great difficulty with the German system is militarism. The worn out soldier instead of being pensioned, is provided with civil employment. Thousands of men are turned off each year and by law, there must be found some employment for them. They are pushed into positions as postmasters, railway clerks, express agents and tax collectors. Being diciplined to passive obedience they are of course iron bureaucrats and every regulation is a literal law. But they are the worst possible servants being without intelligence or resource. These men realize if they only behave with proper deference and diligence towards their chiefs that they need not trouble themselves about pleasing the people. Public sentiment has no weight compared with official favor, and the citizen who attempts to fight an official abuse is not opposing an individual but an organization of hundreds of thousands of officials. It is customary in California to complain of the railways. In Germany trains are run at the pleasure of the authorities and with no regard to the convenience of the public. When a German railway superintendent makes out a time-table he expects it to last three months and is chagrined if aught occurs to disturb it. A popular event that causes an immense increase in travel is to him a nuisance. His salary has no connection with the receipts of the road. It is a bold traveler who dares ask questions of a German station master. He does it with hat in hand and is prepared to be snarled at in reply. This I presume would be the condition of affairs in America if the Government should take possession of the railways, a consummation devoutly to be prayed against.

The worst phase of the situation is that men who profess liberal views are regarded with suspicion by the aristocracy and the government. Mommsen, the historian, one of the greatest men of the time, was driven from Germany, in '48, because of his political activity. Even now he is branded as "unpatriotic" by the official classes. Poultney Bigelow declares, too, that the great anthropologist Virchow, is all but boycotted in Berlin because he is liberal. The same authority announces that Germany in the past 100 years has not produced a single statesman who has not been ignominiously ejected from office by his monarch. He freely predicts trouble and perhaps revolution within the realm of the Kaiser if some steps are not taken to relieve the prevailing bureaueracy.

WINDOM.

## INTERVIEWING MDLLE. DE MERODE

### A French Danseuse Who Lacks Vivacity' Conversation and Curves.

Interviewing is really the art of writing imaginary conversations. Seldom does it happen that the talk of a celebrity fits her role. Yet, in print, it must express her individuality, and must interest and amuse into the bargain. The brightest star in the theatrical firmament cannot always shine on demand, and it behooves the journalist to put into her mouth the things she should have, but never thought of, saying. With the exception of Cissy Fitzgerald, no one has ever come to New York who left so much to the imagination of the journalist as Cleo de Merode. She has been boomed into Parisian prominence, and having come to New York at an immense salary, is at once a light in our own horizon. She is certainly the latest success. New York has flocked to her shrine, which happens to be the variety palace of Koster & Bial. She has been pictured in a thousand poses, and really is the heroine of the moment, this French ballet-girl, whose chief charms are a bank of hair and a pair of mysterious eyes.

Having twice had the honor of being received by Cleo, I may be accepted as a fair witness as to her charms. Really, she is not fascinating. If the King of the Belgians finds her so he must be a person of infinite patience. Maybe he is clever, and she — she has a pretty laugh. Certainly she knows how to dress, but then, Madamoiselle de Merode is French. When I met her first she was about to go out, and her gown was the quintessence of simplicity, but so dexterously designed that pride itself might ape it and still not have a fall. It was of linen, yellow in tone, with a sort of rumpled collar. I merely noted the lines, and they were perfect. Cleo is something between the French term, *maigre*, and our English, slight; has a low, well-shaped bust, a suggestion of hips, and some curves that might define well-rounded limbs. Otherwise, she has rather a spirituelle face, small features, mystic expression (due a little to her dreamy eyes and perhaps more to an exceeding delicacy of skin). The muchly-advertised hair, the fame of which is second only to that of Paderewski, is again rather a question of manner than of quality. It is rare neither as regards color nor texture, the long drawn-down banded effect making its originality and charm. Conversationally Cleo de Merode is stupid to a degree unusual in a ballet girl (whose brains lie, as a rule, in the tips of their pointed shoes). Then she laughs constantly—I might say she giggles, but it is more musical than that.

I started the conversation by inquiring what sort of a passage she had across the Atlantic.

"Oh, I suppose the usual kind, not long, not short, I did not notice."

"And you like New York?"

"I don't know, I have not thought much about it."

"Did you come alone?"

"Oh, no. My mamma accompanied me. I never travel without my mother—I should be lonely."

"Tell me about your dances."

"My dances? Well, they are just the same as other people's I suppose. I don't know—I wear short frocks, dozens of little tarletan skirts, you know." This with a comprehensive gesture.

"What should I say next? Oh, your clothes. They are charming."

"Yes, you like them? I have been told they were chic."

"Is not your hair rather trying in street fashion in these warm days?"

"My hair? No, that is to say yes—but I am accustomed to it."

I stared round and proceeded to ask her about her favorite books.

"Books? Well, I don't know. I have not much time for reading since I ride a wheel. Perhaps an occasional poem or one of Gyp's novels."

Then, as she looked more than usually bored, I thought I'd venture on another tack.

"I suppose you have seen Bernhardt, frequently?"

"Bernhardt? Well, not frequently. I don't very often go to the Renaissance—it is closed now you know."

"What do you do then?"

"I? Well, I rehearse. Then—oh, I don't know—I go to the dressmaker's. Shopping is absorbing. I have so little time."

"About this story of your posing in the 'altogether'?"

Then there was a faint suggestion of animated indignation, I had an acceleration of hope—perhaps I had at last found a topic.

"A canard—a stupid canard—you must not believe that. He wished to advertise himself so used me. I do not care—now," and with a shrug my hopes were again dissipated. I tried her on the Cafe Chantant singers, on Parisian gossip, on the latest fashions, on herself, and still she remained mute. I ventured to criticize her mode of dress, her figure, and still failed to elicit more interest than that vouchsafed by a shrug of the shoulders or her slight laugh.

In what does her fascination consist? In a style of beauty that is unusual, a daring coiffure and a Belgian Monarch. For these reasons she plays to the biggest audiences in New York and draws a salary which, if properly invested, will render her independent for the rest of her days.

GEORGE RAYMOND.

## AN AFGHAN HERO

### The Remarkable Personality of Abdur Rahman Khan, Ameer of Afghanistan.

A remarkable man is Abdur Rahman Khan, Ameer of Afghanistan. Termed the lion of Cabul, he has long since verified the name. "One must be a lion," he says, "if one would govern wolves." And in governing these wolves, the people of Afghanistan, Abdur Rahman has shown unusual qualities of mind and heart, notable enough to reckon him among the greatest rulers of the time. This man's father was Afzul the Virtuous, a son of Dost Mohammed the first Ameer of Afghanistan, and one of the greatest men of his time in Asia. Afzul had a brother, Azim, called the Dissolute, whose son Ishak Khan is now one of the foremost pretenders to the throne.

Abdur Rahman came into prominence when only nineteen as militant leader of the revolt started by Afzul and Azim against their younger half brother Shere Ali, then in power. He greatly distinguished himself in battle, displaying the valor of a hero as well as the skill and resource of a great commander. He finally took Cabul and seated his father Afzul upon the the throne, but Azim represented the real power behind it. Discontent soon waxed apace, and Shere Ali along with it. He returned to arms, was defeated by Abdur Rahman, who after his father death, gave his allegiance to Azim. Shere Ali again took the field—this time victoriously—Azim fled, and Abdur Rahman found an asylum at Samarcand, and a pension from the Russian Government.

Ten years after Shere Ali died and was succeeded by Yakoob, who seemed a friend of the British, while Abdur Rahman was deemed a protege of Russia. But the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari quickly followed, and Yakoob was deposed. Here was Abdur Rahman's chance. He returned to Afghanistan with money and arms given him by Russia. Lord Lytton, then Viceroy of India, perceiving Russia's game, and knowing that Abdur Rahman was the only possible ruler of Afghanistan, directed the British agent at Cabul to welcome the prince and to recognize him as Ameer. This resulted in Abdur Rahman immediately placing himself on amicable terms with the British, at the same time retaining freindship with Russia. Since then his policy steadily inclined to the British side. He recognized the fact that Russia had an eye on India, and on India by way of Afghanistan. An alliance with Russia would naturally offend Great Britian and provoke her to war, and occupy Afghanistan in self-defence. And if he sided with Russia, and Russia won the battle and invaded India, it would surely take possession of Afghanistan on the way. The only safe course seemed faith with the British, trusting them to respect the independence of his realm. This course he adopted and has consistently maintained for many years, although it cost him some loss in the Penjdeh affair, in which instance the British hardly supported him as they should.

In consolidating the Empire Abdur Rahman's policy in Afghanistan has been very similar to that of William I. in Germany and Victor Emmanuel in Italy. He improved the general administration, and remodelled the army in regular European fashion. As for science and manufacture, with the assistance of Sir Salter Pyne, he started various enterprises at Cabul, and now there are workshops of all kinds in the capital turning out all sorts of things from candles to breech-loading cannon. The electric light is in use, and a short line of railroad has been constructed.

In personal appearance the Ameer is a man of middle stature, robust and broad-shouldered, with a complexion somewhat darker than the average Afghan. He wears a short thick black beard; his eyes are brown and his nose large and aquiline. He dresses plainly in semi-European fashion, lives in a plain manner and, contrary to Oriental custom, uses a knife and fork at table. He also smokes cigars instead of the Eastern "hookah." Abdur Rahman dislikes newspapers, but like many others of the same opinion, reads them carefully every day. His habits are temperate, and his morals above reproach. The only dark spot on his personality is the severity of his rule, but recalling the idea of the lion governing wolves, it may be assumed that stringent measures are often necessary. Abdur Rahman has five legal wives, by the third of whom he has two sons, Habibullah and Nasrullah. Habibullah was formally declared heir to the throne four years ago. He is a promising young man, having already acted as Ameer for fully two years during the absence of his father, suppressing the rebellion of Ishak Khan. Nasrullah, the younger brother, is the Shah-zada who recently visited England, where he was entertained with royal honors.

A Latin-Quarter Knife-Grinder: A Curious Interior off Montgomery Avenue

The long and devoted labors of Newman and Manning in no small measure brought about a revival which has obtained for the Roman Catholic Church in England, a solid foothold that contrasts strongly with the condition of affairs when the cry of "No Popery" prevailed. Changed indeed are the times since the period when Cardinal Wiseman was the foremost representative of the Roman Catholic power in that land. What would then have been thought of an open-air procession, headed by two Cardinals and seventeen Bishops in full canonicals, treated with every outward sign of reverence and esteem, such as paraded on the Kentish coast but recently? The occasion was a pilgrimage to the spot, near Minister-in-Thanet, where St. Augustine and his monks landed some thirteen centuries ago, a cross marking the point at which St. Augustine held a conference with Ethelbert. Not a great while since the Anglican Bishops made a similar visit to the identical spot and this circumstance alone rendered the Roman Catholic pilgrimage the more striking and called for the exercise of all that tact for which Cardinal Vaughan is so distinguished. In his address he delt judiciously with the change that has come over things in recent years and summed up the situation by saying that multitudes had so far oscillated that they were already half way to Rome.

The appointment of Henry Demas, a colored Southern politician, as Naval Officer of the Port of New Orleans, has drawn upon President McKinley considerable unfavorable comment. Demas possesses an unenviable reputation in Louisiana, one paper going so far as to term him one of the very worst representatives of his race, and another calls the nomination an undeserved slap in the face to the white people of Louisiana. The appointment is generally looked upon as the work of Senator Hanna, and in confirming it the President is merely discharging another ante-convention obligation.

The spread of religious tolerance throughout the realm and the gracious favor extended to the nobility and leading ecclesiasties of the Roman Catholic faith have been prime factors in aiding the work of the church, while the general drift of religious practice within the established Anglican church has tended to promote sympathy for the Roman Catholic cult.

Tha Sultan has invited Clara Ward Chimay Rigo to give in his minature theatre at the Yildiz Kiosk the entertainment prohibited in Paris, His Moslem majesty, when shown a photograph of the erratic American, expressed a desire to make her acquaintance.

The Governor of St. Petersburg has prepared a treatise on the domestic service question. It is in the nature of a servants' booklet, containing regulations which assign practically all rights to the master and all duties to the servant.

A London baby, three months of age, died recently, after being attended by six doctors, each of whom prescribed different medicines for it. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "death from natural causes."

The gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the whole of the present European circulation.

*BY WHEEL TO SAN RAFAEL*

*A SABBATH RUN ALONG THE HIGHWAYS OF MARIN COUNTY*

Photos by B. D. Bent

## AWHEEL ON SUNDAY

### To San Rafael by Bicycle, with Interludes at Larkspur.

Though the area on which the California yachtsman may sail is circumscribed by the limits of San Francisco bay, the range of the bicyclist is as wide as the State. That, perhaps, is an exaggeration, for there are spaces in the Sierras and through the Coast Range which would be precarious if attempted by wheel. However, the enterprising cyclist travels in California many hundreds of miles ere he can sigh for more worlds to conquer. Around the edge of the bay are charming resorts, delightful nooks well within the limits of a day's run. Marin County is full of such delicious retreats, attained by way of devious roads embowered in shrubbery, and overarched by the giant boughs of California live oaks.

One of the pleasantest of the Sabbath outings in Marin is by wheel to San Rafael via Larkspur and Ross Valley. The pictures, above, represent the adventures of a small party of young people who traveled from San Francisco via the Sausalito ferry and by rail to Corte Madera. They might, indeed, have wheeled it from the water's edge, but there intervenes a stiff bit of hill climbing near Corte Madera that is more easily negotiated by locomotive than by pedal. So off they started, down the pleasant road, through the beautiful wooded country which lies along the slopes of Mount Tamalpais. There is the greatest camping ground in the State. In summer time the groves of madrone and live oak are shelter for batallions of tents, and, literally, thousands of people pass June, July and August under canvas. Thence to Larkspur, set in a canyon which runs into the flanks of the mountain and there the party heads for the swimming place on the slough which widens into a lake of salt water, replenished twice a day by the incoming tide which rushes like a mill race up the broad shining reaches of the river. The joy of a dip after a swift run up hill and down dale is easily realized and the pictures represent most graphically the episode.

Refreshed and rejuvenated, the party moved onwards along the country roads, reaching Ross Valley studded with charming summer villas embowered in foliage, thence to San Anselmo, where the Theological College frowns down on the wayfarer. They might have run through the Dibblee place, surely one of the loveliest bits of road in the country, but they continued up the highway to the Hotel Rafael at San Rafael and there lunch awaited them.

*En passant* one might descant on the still and Sabbath loveliness of San Rafael—the most conservative of small towns. It is provided with a cycle club, however, and our party was made welcome there. Later, its members rode home, cutting off from the main line at the Kittle place and running up a bit of delightfully wooded hill country past the Mountain View Hotel with its unimitable view of Tamalpais, and thence back to Corte Madera. The recorder must not, however, forget to mention the club's visit to "Bohemia," the summer headquarters of certain Olympic men, who keep open house for friendly athletes passing their door on foot or on wheel. The charm of such a brief run as this lies not only in the exercise afforded the riders but in the knowledge thus obtained of the delightful country surrounding San Francisco which has never had accorded to it the distinction and notice it deserves.

B. D. B.

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Eugene V. Debs, as President of the Social Democracy, receives a salary of $200 a month, but only draws one half of it, giving the other half to help the cause. For five years Mr. Debs was employed in the largest grocery house in Indiana, but he left, he says, on account of being too tender-hearted to refuse any one credit. Debs once used a railroad pass, when he was working on a paper. Now he would refuse one were it offered him. J. W. Sovereign, of Knights of Labor fame, also disdains the railroad pass. He never had one in his life, nor would he ask for one. As Master Workman Mr. Sovereign gets $1500 a year. Out of this he pays $600 for clerk and office hire, and the remaining $900 he is at liberty to keep. This, together with the profits of his fruit farm at Sulphur Springs, Ark., is what he lives on. M. D. Ratchford, President of the United Mine Workers of America, says his salary is sufficient to meet expenses; if it wasn't he would resign. In speaking of John Burns' salary, which is said to be only $200 a year, Mr. Ratchford thinks the labor-leading Scotchman ought to get at least $5000 a year. "I think he should have it," he says, "but I suppose he is in the work for love of the cause, and not from mercenary motives." Like Debs and Sovereign, Mr. Ratchford does not give the glad hand to railroad passes. They would make him very uncomfortable, he says.

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Chicago claims the largest store in the world. It is called "The Fair," and was established in 1875 in a small one-story building, sixteen by eighty feet. The concern now occupies an immense steel and terra cotta structure, weighing in the neighborhood of 797,000,000 pounds. It contains eleven passenger and seven freight elevators, nearly six miles of counters, and 1587 windows. There is a stretch of 650 feet of plate glass show windows, and the corner window, on State and Adams streets, is said to be the largest in the country. Three thousand persons are employed in the concern, and sixty wagons and two hundred horses are used in the delivery of goods.

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The probability of greater New York going Democratic may be fairly well gauged by the mayoralty pluralities of New York and Brooklyn in 1891 and 1892 and the Cleveland vote in both cities in 1892. Mayor Gilroy's plurality in New York in '92 was 75,587, Mayor Boody's in Brooklyn the year previous 7,464: Democratic plurality in both cities for both years 83,051. In 1892 New York gave Cleveland a plurality of 76,300, Brooklyn, 25,306; the combined result 101,606.

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Lord Roberts says that the position of the English private soldier of to-day is much better than that of a mechanic, for at the age of thirty-nine he can retire on a pension of from 2s. to 4s. 6d. a day. There is no business that secures such a provision for a workingman.

## OUR BOYS

### STUDIES FROM LIFE AMONG SAN FRANCISCO'S STREET URCHINS

By Charles Weidner

MISS IRENE FRANKLIN

THE CLEVER COMEDIENNE WHO IS SINGING AT THE ORPHEUM THIS WEEK

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I am afraid, dear Diary, that after all has been said and done, we shall have at best a girly good time this winter, for so far as I can see, the scarcity of men is simply appalling. Not of men alone, but of youths. Everyone seems to have deserted us — the Klondyke has deprived us of several dancers, the East of the Bruguieres. The worst of it is I do not hear of any new men whom we may substitute for them. Take the Friday Fortnightly, for instance—there is Allen Wright, who is a host in himself, and will manage the cotillion for Mrs. Salisbury, but Larry Adams and Milton Latham, whom I always relied on for dances, are in Alaska. Life is full of trouble as the sparks fly upward. There are, of course, college boys, but they are a little callow as freshmen, and so awfully superior once they enter their Junior year. Really, I don't know what we shall do. For my own part, so long as Harry is stationed at the Presidio I shan't be lacking in partners, but I don't want to be altogether consecrated to regimentals, who are, as a rule detrimentals, too, and Papa says, to have one "child of the regiment" in the family is enough.

Cousin Barbara is out here from the East, and is positively wild over golf. She insists on dragging me to the links at the Presidio every day, and we are almost the sole representatives of the gentler sex there. I sometimes see Therese Morgan, but few of the girls are sufficiently athletic to go in for so apparently violent an exercise. But it is really not so much so as tennis, and is far more fun.

Arthur is a most ingenious youth. The other day he came home from the office and told me I might get up a little theatre party, and afterwards go to supper at the Palace cafe. He wanted to show Cousin Barbara some attention. "You know, Cricket," he said, "I want something downright smart — no plebian German restaurant for me, with sauerkraut and beer. We shall have champagne." I was staggered, and said, "But, Arthur, you're no Klondyke!" "No, my dear," he replied, "but they have reduced the price of champagne at the Palace, and we are all going there by way of showing our appreciation. Anyway you are certain not to jostle elbows with your sausage-maker." Arthur has always been in the habit of making a fuss if we went to any of the German restaurants, or "beer-halls," as he calls them. He says he can't understand how fellows will take their sisters or any nice girls to these places, inasmuch as they are not good style, and really the Palace is the place after all.

Fancy that pretty Florence Lucas, who was out here last year with the Hagers, is married. She was a rarely handsome girl, Southern in type, and just brimming over with mischief. She married a Mr. Walter Capon, of St. Louis, a millionaire, I am told, and a very shrewd business man. She wrote to Leila and told her about her charming new home, and seems very much in love, indeed.

Let me see what have I to confide in this week, Diary dear. I have been to teas innumerable for this time of the year. Edith McBean had one last week—a rather formal affair, where we all felt "prunes and prismy." She looked stunning in pale pink. Carrie Taylor assisted in receiving, and wore a soft gown of some filmy white material. Then Ethel Patton gave an awfully jolly affair in honor of Birdie Fair on Friday. We debutantes were there in full force, and had a glorious time. Ethel wore white organdie with blue ribbons. Helen Wagner was in pure white and looked lovely. Bessie Ames wore a delicate pink organdie and Marie Wells wore yellow. Birdie Fair was in street dress—dark blue with green trimmings and a big green picture hat. There was that conspicuous absence of men which is the usual case at teas. In the evening we all went to a hop at the Presidio, the first of the season, and had a capital time. There were four men to each girl, think of it, in these "Klondyke" days too. All the fellows came over from the Oregon, and they are all tip top dancers, you know. Nearly all of the debutantes were there. Charlotte Ellinwood looked so pretty in light blue organdie with pink roses in her hair. Here is the gipsy style, you know. Mamie Polhemus wore a stunning gown of pink satin. Leontine Blakeman was gowned in white organdie trimmed with black baby ribbons. Marie Wells made an effective picture in bright red silk veiled in point d'esprit. A girl I especially admired was Miss Berkheimer, whose father is stationed at the Presidio. She is small with big blue eyes and black curly hair, an almost purely Celtic type, and is most vivacious. What adds to the enjoyment of these Presidio affairs is their lack of formality. Each officer constitutes himself a host and sees that all the girls enjoy it. They end at 11:30 p.m., so that one need not lose all of the "beauty" sleep.

On Monday evening I went to a theatre party given to Birdie Fair by the Tobins, and on Tuesday we all were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wells to see "Don't Tell Her Husband" at the Columbia — Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs, Birdie Fair, Rose Hooper and half a dozen men. Afterwards we went to supper at the Palace. Lieutenant and Mrs. Main, who are here from Los Angeles, are being rather extensively entertained. On Wednesday Carrie Taylor gave them a jolly little tea, and on Thursday Mrs. Morgan gave them a capital dinner. There were about fifteen invited, nearly all older girls, Therese and I being the sole debutantes. Afterwards Mrs. Morgan had a colored fortune teller come and read our fates. It was great fun; she looked like that woman in Fergus Hume's "Devil Stick," and I almost felt as if I were "voodooed." Fortune telling is the latest fad, a number of us girls have been at the Gipsy camp on Folsom and Fourteenth. They tell you the most absurd rubbish you have ever dreamed. There is always a dark woman to look out for, a dozen or so men of diversified coloring who will propose to you, and so on. But it is fun and so we go. I dropped in to see Mrs. Darling at the Occidental, where she spent a few days this week. She has been to Coronado and about the southern part of the State for the last few months, and is now going up to her ranch. Mrs. Grinnell expects to come out here in January next. Mrs. La Montagne's small boy is quite an expert cyclist—think of it, and only five years old. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Robinson and their family go to Paris next week; they intend sending their children to school there. Rose Hooper is to go East for the winter and may go abroad next spring. Mr. and Mrs. Schwerin go to Japan, and now, dear Diary, I shall say farewell. Your own

MISS CRICKET.

There is to be no Horse Show this winter. That is decided. Henry Crocker, however, is not to be deprived of his enjoyment in that direction, and has gone East in a private car, accompanied by Mrs. Crocker and their family. The New York Horse Show in Madison Square Garden is the object of the trip, and it is safe to believe it will prove enjoyable.

In Oakland the weekly list of entertainments steadily increases until one almost fancies oneself plunged in the wintery vortex. Another debutante has made her formal appearance—Miss Martha Alexander—who was introduced by her mother on Saturday afternoon at a large reception. Miss Alexander is the youngest of three sisters, is fair and has rather an unusual type of face. She is one of the best cyclists in in Oakland. The Alexander house had quite a tropical aspect in its decoration of palms and exotics; with masses of pink roses placed in bowls about the rooms and trailing from the mantlepieces. Among those who assisted Miss Alexander were Miss Harriet Kittridge, Miss Abbie Clift, Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Bessie Palmer and Miss Greenwood. Miss Sadie Hale, the daughter of Warden and Mrs. Hale of San Quentin, gave a house party last week to a number of this season's debutantes, among them Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Abbie Clift, Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Pauline Fore.

The Oakland girls seem to have developed a perfect passion for Eastern boarding schools, and at no matter what age they sally forth to complete their education at some fashionable seminary in New York or Massachusetts. The The latest additions to the list are Miss Ruth Adams and Miss Ruth Knowles, both of whom have entered Miss Ely's school. Prior to their departure several entertainments were given in their honor, namely: Miss Maybelle Campbell gave a pink luncheon to Miss Adams and twelve of her friends last Wednesday, and Mrs. August Schilling gave a farewell reception to Miss Knowles on Monday evening. Besides the maidens, however, quite a number of "grown-ups" among the Oaklanders have gone to pass the Indian summer in the East, among them Mrs. J. C. Tucker and Miss May Tucker, and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Florrie Brown. Miss Bernice Landers gave a smart luncheon last week at her home in San Leandro to about sixteen young people. It was a charming affair and all had a jolly time. The Landers home, "The Gables," is eminently adapted for entertainments of all sorts, and the grounds are beautifully laid out. Miss Mhoon, Miss Holt, Miss Rawlings, Miss Ethel Kittridge, Miss Jessie Glascock and Miss Ethel Moore were among those invited.

Preparations for the nuptials of Miss Myra Prather and Mr. Harry Miller proceed apace. The date for the wedding has been set for November 3rd, and the bridesmaids have been selected—Miss Mhoon, Miss Carrie Havens and Miss Glascock are among the number.

Miss Emma Wellman is still in Australia, where she is being entertained in right royal fashion. She has seen a number of the South Sea Islands and picked up unnumerable interesting curios. She will visit Tasmania and New Zealand before she returns to Oakland. Miss Rae Wellman proposes entering Vassar College in the near future.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard entertained Dr. A. M. Beecher, Mrs. Mountford and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin at dinner on Friday evening. Miss Maud Howard is still traveling in Europe. She is at present in Holland visiting the various points of interest.

Among the events of the future is the entertainment to be given by the patronesses of the Woman's Exchange on Saturday evening. An interesting program is to be rendered—Miss Mary Whitney, Miss Lee, Miss Cove and Miss Beyler are to take part. Mrs. Henry Wetherbee is to give a big garden fete on Saturday, October 16th, at her home in Fruitvale, for the benefit of the East Oakland Kindergarten Auxiliaries. Many attractions are being arranged and a great social success is anticipated.

The Hughes Concert, which took place on Friday evening, was easily the best of the series. The main feature was a cantata by Mr. Hughes, which was rather interesting. Miss Margeret Cameron, the president, gave a short address, at the end of which she presented on behalf of the members a baton to Mr. Hughes. The program was rather long—Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine gave the solos and was in excellent voice.

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Arrivals at the St. Denis Hotel, New York, to September 23d: Dr. A. H. Ticken and wife, M. Murphy, San Francisco; Mrs. E. C. Brown and son, Los Angeles.

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## RETURN OF A WANDERER

### The Story of a Fashionable Luncheon at the Palace Cafe.

When Mrs. Fanny Allen returned to San Francisco, after an absence from this, her native heath, of two years, she had more curiosities to satisfy than even my information could cope with. Not that I, her sole surviving cousin, am much of a gossip, but one hears of things, you know, especially if one is regular in attendance at one's club. It was a Saturday morning that she arrived, and no sooner was she comfortably settled in the pretty suite of rooms I had engaged for her at the Palace than the inquisition began. Where was Mary, with whom she had gone to school? Was Jenny happy with her husband? Had Etta Francis ever recovered from the loss of her son? As long as I could I answered her interrogatories, and then broke into her stream of reminiscence to mildly suggest luncheon.

"Of course, Fanny," I said, in my kindliest way, "I appreciate your desire to be up to date but it is really important, my dear, that we have some refreshment."

"You will never forget your stomach, Tom," she commented, a bit irreverently, I thought. "But are you as great a gourmet as ever? Where are you dining nowadays? And where can one see most of one's friends at lunch?"

"Nowadays one goes to the Ladies' Grill Room at the Palace—downstairs, you know—and I have reserved a table where you can see and be seen."

She started into her bedroom without another word and half an hour later we were descending the elevator together, Mrs. Allen in a very smart gown, which set off her trig figure with the art of a New York modiste.

"What a contrast to the old diningroom," she exclaimed, gazing wonderingly at the magnificent apartment with its lofty ceiling and finely paneled walls. "I'd never imagine it was the same place—and such good taste—candles too, and what a lovely vista one has of that pretty window at the end there. But, Tom," she ejaculated, "I don't see a face I know."

"You have been away a whole decade, Fanny," I replied, "and many things have happened—deaths, changes and removals, but let me tell you the crowd to-day is about the most representative gathering of our best people that you will get outside a meet of the Friday Night Cotillion."

"Really, they are very presentable," she commented, patronizingly. "If it were not that so many of the girls are handsome and plump I might imagine for a minute I was lunching at Delmonico's."

This was a concession, so I did not stop to object to the patronage. Indeed, there was not time, for the waiter was lingerng for our order and she was scanning eagerly the menu.

"Let us have clams first," I suggested, "or an oyster cocktail. You know this is the happy home of the oyster cocktail. They compound them at the Palace better than anywhere else in town. And we'll have pompano and and an artichoke salad and—"

"I'm hungry," she interrupted, "order anything you want but let me have a steak, only a steak will satisfy my cravings. Now tell me," she went on, "who they all are. Why, I see Mrs. Hearst with some young people over across the room there, and Mrs. Oelrichs and Virginia Fair also—who are the young women with them?"

"They are the Tobins," I replied.

"I met a Mr. Dick Tobin in London two years ago—a brother, I suppose." This by way of an aside. "But who are those people at the table opposite us? What a pretty, graceful woman she is."

"They are the Kruttschnitts, and that is H. E. Huntington lunching with them—railway people, you know. He took Mr. Towne's place as general manager of the Southern Pacific; and Mr. Huntington, of course, you know about him?"

"I know Mr. C. P. Huntington quite well," Mrs. Allen replied; "but go on; don't ask me questions. Who is that dear old lady who is ao evidently entertaining all those girls?"

"That is Mrs. Martin," I replied, "and the girls with her are Miss Goad and Miss McKenna and Mrs. MacIntosh — belles of our younger set. They come here nearly every Saturday. At the large table to your left I see a crowd of debutantes who are evidently having a luncheon given them. There is Miss Blakeman, Miss Keeny, Miss Marie Wells and Miss Polhemus."

"Bright, pretty, stunning little girls," commented my cousin, taking them all in carefully. "I'm sure, they'll make a good time for themselves. But go on. There are some smart people over there—who may they be?"

"To your right, there, in the corner, are Mrs. Willie Crocker and Princess Poniatowski. You used to know Beth Sperry. On the other side are Mrs. Gus and Mrs. Rudolph Speckels—two of the handsomest of the younger matrons. The slim, graceful girl who seems to be eating grape fruit with so much relish is Mrs. Joseph Tobin."

"Can we have grape fruit," interrupted my cousin, eagerly. "Let's. I like it fixed with plenty of sherry. Why——" she stopped and stared; "there is Major Rathbone just behind you. I have not seen him since we were in Paris years ago, and the Jack Parrotts also. Why, I don't feel like a stranger any more. I do hope the Major will remember me."

"You used to know Mrs. Tim Hopkins, if I remember aright. She's over there with her husband. There also is Mr. Crockett of the Gas Company," I put in.

Mrs. Allen was not listening. For a moment she was ruminating on the joys of reminiscence. "Why, the Hopkinses? Yes," she said; "and that must be Mr. Ed. Hopkins, far over there. Who is the slim, graceful, golden-haired girl with him?"

"That is his daughter, who made her debut last year," I returned.

"How time flies," she murmured, with a touch of pathos. "It is really the younger generation that has the floor here—the same as it is in New York and Baltimore. Society never stops still," she went on.

Just at this moment the grape fruit arrived for my cousin. I waited ere beginning my oyster cocktail.

"It is delicious—just right," she said. "I must get the recipe. Now for the cocktail. One can *live* in California," she murmured.

"That is what Herman Oelrichs says," I remarked. "You can dine as well here as at the Cafe Anglais or the Riche in Paris. Chauncey Depew and Cornelius Vanderbilt, who were here last year, said the steaks were the best they had ever eaten. But I forgot, how do you like that Sauterne?"

"It's excellent—a French wine, I suppose?" said Mrs. Allen, who has learned through the exertions of her husband to know some little about brands and vintages.

"Not a bit of it—Californian. You need not look astonished. We have improved enormously in our wine making of late. Most people who come now drink the California clarets and white wines. Your friend Tim Hopkins, I know, has to have the rarest clarets and Major Rathbone insists on his wine being from over the water, but most people who care for a sound wine, and are not epicures, are satisfied to drink Californian."

My dissertation was interrupted by the arrival of the fish.

"Pompano. I love it better than the trout, and have had none in years," said Mrs. Allen, with an accent of affectionate tenderness. "It brings me back to me the season at Santa Barbara, when I first met John."

John, parenthetically, is well known on Wall street, and is devoted to the support of my cousin and their progeny.

"But they *do* know how to cook it," she continued. "Really, Tom, you are right, and I don't wonder that everyone comes here. Tell me, are the entrees as good as the other things?"

"They have a battery of cooks," I answered her; "men for everything. You can order any imaginable combination, and they'll make it for you. Many of the habitual guests have pet dishes, which, though not on the bill of fare, are served to them at the most moderate cost. The majority of San Franciscans prefer chops and steaks. The highest art of the institution is lavished on the broiling of porterhouses and tenderloins. Wait 'till yours comes and you'll realize what I mean."

At that moment the servitor appeared, bearing our steaks—thick, tender, succulent, inimitably cooked. A tomato salad and fried sweet potatoes accompanied them—veritably a *plat* fit for a goddess. Mrs. Allen was impressed into silence for a moment.

"No, not even at the grill in the Hotel Cecil in London, will you find better broiling," she asserted authoritatively. "I do wish John were here to try it. Tell me, though, are their rates high here? Considering the service and attention and the splendor of the room they must charge well for what they give you."

"Look over the menu," I said, "you will see the extreme moderateness of everything. Besides, if you know how to order—how to select half portions—you can have a better dinner, at less cost, than at any of the less pretentious places. Besides they'll humor your appetite to a degree no other restaurant dreams of. That is why the epicures come here."

My cousin had satisfied her hunger and was leaning back in her chair with the contemplative air of one who had eaten to advantage.

"You must have an ice and Turkish coffee in the court," I suggested. "They make excellent ices here and you'll find the coffee admirable."

So we adjourned to the beautiful court yard and finished our luncheon under the shadow of a palm tree.

"For dinner to-night," said my cousin, "I've asked some old friends and shall experiment with the entrees."

"Don't forget that the game season has opened and you can have a canvassback duck," I suggested.

"How delightful," she said.

"And of course you don't know that they have recently lowered the price of champagne here," I added. Quarts are only $3.90 per bottle and pints $2. Might as well drink 'fizz" as claret now, if you prefer it."

"That's a first rate idea," approved Mrs. Allen. "I shall encourage them by ordering two quarts to-night."

With this charming prospect in view we separated. FALKLAND.

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## THE THEATRES

### "Hazel Kirke" at the Alcazar — Comedy at the Orpheum.

In vaudeville, as in everything else, there is often too much of a good thing, and a little too much of two good people has the Orpheum this week in Frank Lawton and Irene Franklin. Mr. Lawton comes on in a light summer suit, and if memory faileth not, a pretty pink shirt—at all accounts he is a contrast to the average male variety star. His whistling is well done and his imitation of Corbett a good bit of action, but he continues with a railroad take-off that is very tiresome and long drawn out. Herein is Mr. Lawton's folly, he should leave the train business and its alleged comedy alone. Miss Franklin is unconventionally

FLORIDA KINGSLEY
The New Soubrette at the Alcazar

fetching, and possess a demure way which at once attracts you. Her song about Sadie is rather catchy and prettily sung, but the coon effect is altogether without rythm or reason—a disagreeable thing that makes one forget all about neat little Sadie. Richard Pitrot, the man of many faces, adds to his last season's success with a few new makeups—notably Dr. Rottanzi and Claus Spreckels. The Smith Family are clever bicyclists and, with some new evolutions, make quite a hit.

* *

Emotional drama seems to be better suited to the Alcazar company than comedy. This is apparent enough this week in the performance of "Hazel Kirke." And a good, even performance it is, with favors equally divided between Miss Foster and Mr. Gleeson. As the miller's daughter, Miss Foster may be said to be quietly effective—she has an amiable, gentle way of doing things. As for Mr. Gleeson—his Dunstan Kirke is a really good bit of work. Another clever man is Wallace Shaw, who, as Pittacus Green, misquotes the bard and knits up the ravelled domestic sleeve with equal felicity. Mr. Wright Huntington, the new leading man, plays Lord Travers as well as most leading men do, but the new soubrette, Miss Florida Kingsley, is somewhat better than the average Dolly Dutton. A line of commendation should be given Miss Gertrude Tidball—a small part has she as Clara, the maid, but she plays it brightly, though burdened with the traditional duster. H. S. K.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

For the last week of the grand opera at the Tivoli the works announced are "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore," with a special Saturday matinee perfromance of "Lohengrin" for the benefit of Gustav Hinrichs. In "Rigoleto," Mertens will sing the jester, Michelena, the Duke, Mlle. Casals, Gilda, and Katherine Fleming Hinrichs, Magdalena. In "Trovatore," which is to be sung Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, the principal parts will be assumed by Michelena, Mertens, Effi Stewart and Mrs. Hinrichs. "The Bohemian Girl" comes next and then "The Geisha."

After much postponing "Sue" is definitely announced for next Monday evening at the Columbia. The play has all the hearty flavor characteristic of Bret Harte—it has human interest, simplicity and humor. The Frawleys will likely give the piece a careful production. "Sue" will be played up to Friday, when "The Railroad of Love" will be given to run the balance of the week. Digby Bell in Augustus Thomas' "The Hoosier Doctor" comes next.

"My Friend From India" opens at the Baldwin Monday evening with the company originally engaged in the production. This comedy had a run of three months in New York. It is said to make one of the brightest and jolliest of performances. In the combination are Frederic Bond, John F. Ward, John P. Maher, Nita Allen, Helen Reimer and May Vokes. "Under the Red Robe" follows.

For next week the Alcazar announces Bartley Campbell's famous comedy, "French Flats." As it is some years since the piece was last presented here it will likely prove a novelty to many. Wright Huntington will play Reffeardini, the Italian singer; Wallace Shaw, Blondean, the landlord, and Miss Kingsley, the stage-struck Baroness. "Too Much Johnson" is in preparation.

In "Monte Cristo" at Morosco's next week, W. H. Pascoe, the new leading man, makes his first appearance. Mr. Pascoe made a reputation in connection with James O'Neill, with whom he has been associated for some years. He is said to be handsome and magnetic. The play itself will be handsomely mounted and suitably cast.

The next "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy Hall will occur Thursday, October 7th. It is to be a song recital, the program selected from American composers. The affair will be given by the pupils of Mr. Willard J. Batchelder, assisted by Miss Ida Lee Chase, impersonator, Mr. John W. Metcalf, pianist, and Mrs. Batchelder, accompanist.

A song recital is announced for October 15th at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium by Mrs. Alfred Abbey, who recently arrived from New York, where she has been giving a series of recitals. She sang at the Waldorf musicales, at the Seidl concerts, and in conjunction with Mme. Olitzka, M. Lasalle, and others.

Mme. Camilla Urso, who is about to return to New York, will appear in two farewell recitals in Golden Gate Hall, Thursday, October 14th and Sunday, October 17th.

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In our Mechanics' Fair supplement, published recently, we alluded to the exhibit of Aunt Jemima's Pancake Meal. Other exhibits which Mr. Spohn had charge of were Wool Soap, Hire's Root Beer, Souder's Flavoring Extracts, and Instantaneous Tapioca. The Wool Soap babes afforded much amusement at the Fair, and attracted the attention of all visitors to the excellent article they handled. Hire's Root Beer boy was kept busy preparing drinks of that wholesome beverage for the crowd.

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## THE REAL COWBOY

### History of the Long Trail and the Development of the Great Cattle Industry.

It is seldom that a subject and a style are so well matched as in "The Story of the Cowboy," by E. Hough (Appleton & Co.)—the latest volume of the "Story of the West" series. The writer's manner breathes the very best spirit of the old West; it suggests breadth, oxygen and freedom; here is no niggling, no uncertainty: the "story" moves on with a sturdy, resolute sweep and has many, many pages of really superb beauty. It is highly vitalized, is sincere and unexaggerated, yet so graphic that one's memory of the book consists of a series of pictures.

The subject is most comprehensively treated. The author begins with the old Spanish cattle-owners, their customs, needs, growth, the gradual pushing northwards of the great herds and the blazing of the "Long Trail" through Texas over the Indian nations, over Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana. This narrative of the evolution of the cattle industry is clear, powerful and most interesting. Some of the finest pieces of descriptive work in the book are to be found in the chapters on the ranches of the north and south, but they are much too long to be given here whole, and lose too much of their beauty if condensed. The cowboy, his clothes, his bridle, his saddle and his horse make very entertaining reading particularly for one who knows how accurate and acute Hough's observations are. He tells of a gentleman of foreign birth, but observing mind, who was expressing his opinion of the cowboy saddle with its high pommel and cantle, "I say, you couldn't jump a fence in that thing, you know," said this personage. "Stranger," said the cow-puncher, "this yer is God's country, an' there ain't no fences, but I shore think I could jump more fences than you could rope steers if you rid in that postage stamp thing of yourn."

One of the many passages in the book which shows Hough's intimate knowledge and feeling for his subject is the chapter on the cowboy's horse. The breaking of the cow-horse to the saddle is very vivid, and as accurate as a photograph. "The horse of the Moor," he says, "became the horse of the Spaniard. The horse of the Spaniard became the horse of the Spanish-Indian or Mexican, which in turn became the horse of the cattle trade. The animal found an environment similar to that which had produced its type in Northern Africa." Then follows a remarkable description of the evolution of the broncho:

For generation after generation it lost flesh and gained angles, lost beauty and gained "wind" and stomach and bottom and speed, until at the time of the first American cowboy's meeting with it it was a small, hardy, wiry, untamed brute, as wild as a hawk, as fleet as a deer, as strong as an ox. It had not the fist line of beauty. Its outline of neck was gone forever, merged into a hopeless ewe neck which looked weak though it was not. Its head was devoid of beauty of outline, often Roman nosed, but still showing fineness and quality in the front and muzzle. Its head was very poorly let on. Its ribs seemed a bit flat and its hips weak. Its back was roached up forward of the "coupling" in a pathetic way, as though the arch were in sympathy with a stomach perpetually tucked up from hunger or from cold. Its eye was not good to look upon, and its fore legs not always what one would ask of his favourite saddler. But suppose the stripping of Nature had been followed out until the bony framework of this plains horse had been laid quite bare, and the skeleton alone left in evidence, this skeleton would be a worthy study. The quality of the bone of this forearm would be found dense and ivorylike, not spongy as the bone of a big dray horse. The hoofs and feet hips would be found durable and sound. The cat-hammered hips seen to supplement that despised roach in the back, and we should have offered that grayhound configuration which is seen in all speedy animals where the arch of the back is marked and the hind legs set under and forward easily in running. Such an animal "reaches from behind" well in running, and turns quickly. Moreover, these flat-bladed shoulders would seem to be set on obliquely, which again one asks of his speedy dog or racing horse, if he knows the anatomy of speed. The shoulders play easily and freely, and the hind legs reach well forward, and the chest, though deep enough to give the lungs and heart plenty of room, is not too deep to interfere with a full extension of the animal and a free and pliant play of the limbs. In short the pony of the range as first seen by the American cowboy was not a bad sort of running machine. It had, moreover, the lungs built upon generations of rare pure air, the heart of long years of freedom, and the stomach of centuries of dry feed. It stood less than fourteen feet high, and weighed not more than six hundred pounds, but it could run all day and then kick off the hat of his rider at night. In form it was not what we call a thoroughbred, but in disposition it was as truly a thoroughbred as ever stood on two or four feet.

This was the cow-horse of the Southwest. It never attained the dignity of a name, though it might for purposes of identification be referred to as the "wall-eyed cayuse," the "star-faced sorrel," the "white-eyed clay-bank," or the "O. Bar horse from Texas."

The cow-punchers were named after the same fashion—"Cut-bank Bill," "Straight-goods Allen," etc., and cool customers they were too. This is the quarterly report a cow-puncher foreman sent to his eastern boss:

"Deer Sur: We have brand 800 caves this round up. we have made sum hay—potatoes is a fare crop—that Inglishman yu lef in charge at the other camp got to fresh an we had to kill the son of a ——. Nothin much has happened sence you lef—Yurs truely Jim."

A more democratic form of society never existed, fortunately, and it was always, it seems, an English who illustrated the fact:

Perhaps no better instance of this curious independence in the genuine cowpuncher could well be found than in the story of a certain ranch foreman, whom we may as well call Jim, and his relations with his employer, who, according to the story, was a foreigner, an Earl of something or other, who had come to America to engage in the cow business. It seems that upon the first day they spent upon the ranch together Jim appeared at the dinner table without any invitation, and moreover without removing his hat. The Earl objected not only to Jim's hat but to his presence, saying that he was not accustomed to dining with his servants. This was an error on the part of the Earl, really a most unfortunate remark to make, but in extenuation it should be added that he was not to be blamed so much for it, for he was a newcomer in the cow country and had had very little time to become acquainted with its ways. But this fact Jim did not pause to consider. Without protest or parley, he drew his revolver, and so beat the Earl about the head with it as nearly to kill him, though not so nearly, so says the story, as to prevent his apologizing freely.

"Why, that feller," said Jim, in a surprised and injured manner, when later speaking of the occurance, "he put on more airs than a cook! . . But," he added later, "he was all right after that, an' after a while he got to be a pretty good sort o' feller, fer an Englishman."

As a rule the cow-puncher is a silent man—useless off of a horse, and full of contempt for all walking and driving men. The best way according to his notion to get a log of wood into camp is to drag it at the end of his lariat! His cure for all disturbances is a gun, not a scattering gun, but a six-shooter. "His creed is one of hardihood, his shibboleth is the law, his etiquette is not to complain." In summing up the cowboy's amusements, Hough speaks of chasing coyote and bears with greyhounds. Will a greyhound, I wonder, attack a grizzly as he says. I think not. Certainly a full blood greyhound will not, though I have seen a cross on a Scotch deerhound attack a coyote, who is a pretty good fighter when brought to bay.

Of course the greatest opportunities the subject of cowboys and the days of old cattle kings affords the descriptive writer is when he comes to tell of round-ups, drives, drifts and stampedes, and these Hough treats in a masterly style. There is nothing better done in the book than the description of winter on a cattle range—truly magnificent prose:

One can see it now, the great cold landscape of the cattle range in winter. It is a picture of scant lighting and low values. The monochrome of winter, the blue-gray of cold desolation, oppresses it all. The white hills set on the further edge are cold and bluish. The sky above is forbidding with its sunless gray. The dust-grimed snow in the *coulees* is gray, and the uncovered soil of the wind-swept hill is gray and cheerless. Not a rift of light falls any where, not a touch of sun to soften the hard metalic composition. All the greens were gone long ago. The ragged and clutching hand of a sagebush reaches up in despair from the uncompromising desert, but it, too, is gray—gray with the withered spirit of the iron earth and icy air. The sky is even in its colors, except that now and then there scuds across it a strange and ominous thing, a wisp of flying white, misplaced and unregulated. For the air is altogether still. No breath waves the mane of this pony which stands on the little ridge, its head up and its gaze bent fixedly upon the horizon. There is something strange in the air. It is not so extremely cold, but the silence is so deep, so startling. Back of the very silence there is something, something of portent, of warning. Now and again a long shivering moan goes across the plain, borne from no one knows what origin. The image of dread is stalking forth this day. All animate nature feels it. Whither are going these great gray wolves, slouching along, their tails low, their heads over their shoulders, looking backward at this unseen pursuing thing? They do not trouble the cattle now, nor do the cattle fear them as they pass through. What, then, is it that the cattle dread, so that they sniff and snort and toss their heads, looking wildly toward the north as did this pony now? Written on this inscrutable dull sky there must be some awful sight invisible to human eyes. These wild creatures of the plains see it. They feel the dread. They know their weakness to meet this coming thing. They moan, the note of despair in their voices. They start now and then and run swiftly for a short distance, then turn and come back, pitching their heads high and bellowing. They lower their heads and shake them, and mutter hoarsely, with their muzzles near the ground, emitting their breath in sharp puffs.

Look! The breath of the cattle has grown white. It shines like fresh steam in the air. A moment ago the air was warm. And now that weird white scud flitted again across the sky, across the earth rather, low down, flying like some wraith of the mountains. Back there, upon the horizon where the cattle have looked so long, there arises a tiny cloud of white, soft, fleecy, innocent as the garb af a babe. Alas! It is the shroud of the range. It is the vestment of death for thousands of these creatures here!

It comes, this little cloud, rising and growing and spreading as though it were some vast curtain drawn quickly up and forward. Before it run long, ragged hissings in the air, and on the edge of the hissings fly always these scuds of the sky, little venomous spirits of fury, as they may now plainly be seen to be. With the mutterings of the gathering cattle, which now crowd together in the blind wish for aid and comfort, there blends the first low voice of the storm, a far-off sighing wail, of cadence at first indicative of anything but malice. This voice rises and then falls and is silent for a moment. It rises again, nearer and changed in import. It dominates the mingled voicer of the herd, now crowded together, their feet scuffling, their heads thrown high and confusedly. Again the storm speaks, this time very near, and as it falls a great sigh goes over the breast of Nature, the sigh for that which is to happen. It is the last warning, as useless as the others.

* * * * * * * * *

The herd moves! It recks not human guidance now, for the storm alone is its final guide and master. The storm orders it to move, and it obeys. With low moans and groanings of suffering and of fear there ensues a waving movement of the long blanket of white which has enshrouded the close-packed mass of cattle. They stagger and stop, doubting and dreading. They go on again and stop, and again they sway and swing forward, the horns rattling close upon each other, the heads drooping, the gait one of misery and despair. The drift has begun!

Lost in the drift are the two boys, and they know they may as well follow as stop. Indeed, they dare not stop, for to stop is to die. Down from their horses they go and battle on foot among the dull-eyed cattle. Over their hearts creeps always the heavy, wondering helpless feeling. They freeze, but soon cease to know they freeze. Their stiff legs stumble, and they wonder why. Their mouths are shut fast by the ice. The eyes of the cattle are frozen over entirely by the ice that gathers on their eyelids, and their hair, long and staring, shows in frosty filaments about their heads and necks. Icicles hang upon their jaws. They moan and sigh, now and then a deep rumbling bellow coming from the herd. The cows low sadly. The little calves bawl piteously. But on and on goes the drift, all keeping together for a time. And with it somewhere are the two cowboys, who should have known the import of the blizzard of the plains.

This horrible icy air can not long be endured by any living being, and soon the herd begins to string out into a long line, the weaker oues falling to the rear. If the cattle be strong and well-fed, they can endure any cold, but starvation has here been long at work. The horrible and inexorable law of Nature is going on. The strongest alone may survive. Those which fall back do not at first stop. They stagger on as far as they can. A little calf falls down, sinking first to its knees, and then dropping stiffly, its head still down the wind. Its mother stays with it, pushing at it with her own frozen muzzle. It can not get to its feet. The mother looks after the indistinct forms slowly disappearing in the driving mist of white, but goes no farther on. In the spring they will find the mother and calf together.

The chief aim of this book is to remove the false impression about the cowboy and put him before us not as the blood-thirsty bully which ordinary fiction makes him, but as he was—a virile, courageous, skilled laborer, whose word was his bond, whose sense of justice was his only law and his gun the only upholder of it.

H. B.

## BOOK NOTES

George Manville Fenn's new book, "Cursed by a Fortune" (Rand, McNally & Co.), suggests all sorts of strange straits, many of which things come to pass in the course of the tale. The afflicted one is a young girl, Kate Wilton, whose father dies and leaves her a lot of money and a fortune-loving uncle. This avaricious relative wishes her to his son, while she prefers a poor but promising young physician, who loves the heiress, though his pride prevents him from declaring it. Finally, on the very last page but one, Kate loses her money, the doctor proposes, is accepted, and, we presume, they lived happy ever after.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has evolved a new idea—or rather, the credit belongs to Arthur H. Young. It consists of a number of selections from American writers, with illustrations representing the different authors in the act of reading them. Extracts are taken from James Whitcomb Riley, Hamlin Garland, Eugene Field, Opie Reed, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and several others of equal standing. It is all interesting reading, and with the accompanying biographies, is instructive as well.

In her "Essays on Social Topics" (Roxburgh Press), Lady Cook complains that woman has been too long enslaved, and that she has been the toy and victim of man. "But," she goes on, "the dawn of her emancipation has come—a few have already seen the light. The bonds which have enswathed woman's faculties are being loosened; soon may they drop off." Glad tidings, truly, for the fettered sex! But about the essays. Lady Cook holds forth on such topics as "True Love," "Who Should Propose?" and the "Morals of Authors." In this last essay, Lady Cook says genius and moral purity should be inseparable, but when they are not, it is unjust to condemn good work for its author's personal shortcomings.

"The Lady Charlotte," by Adeline Sergeant (Rand, McNally & Company), is in no manner remarkable. Indeed, any one of Lady Cook's effusions is preferable reading. Her ladyship is a middle-aged society woman with a liking for literature and athletics. She doesn't do anything remarkable, save begging someone's pardon in the last chapter—an unusual proceeding for Lady Charlotte. But the book is readable enough, and at least as harmless as Mellin's food.

Something more exciting is "That Affair Next Door," by Anna Katherine Green, (G. B. Putnam's Sons). This is one of the novels in which Mrs. Green specially delights—an exciting tale of a great robbery and its attendant unravelling. In this sort of work she is highly accomplished, and in her latest effort has put her detective instinct to a very satisfactory test.

The scene of "Yermah the Dorado," by Frona Eunice Wait (William Doxey), is in the Llama city, Llamco, existing on the site of San Francisco over eleven thousand years ago. For this reason, if for no other, the book is interesting. Yermah is a sort of child of promise, a veritable sun-god, qualified from his very nativity with the benificence of Jupiter. He rules his people wisely and well and when the end comes and his beloved land is darkened with destruction flings himself in a volcanic chasm. The story is strangly weird but is novel and interesting.


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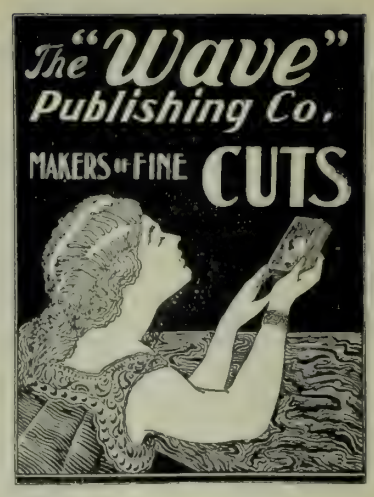


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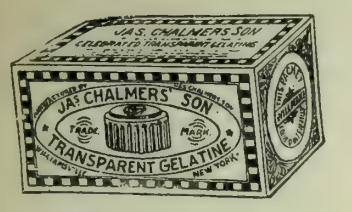


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## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Football Prospects —The Recrudescence of the U. C. Team.

Disappointment is in store for the Reliance foot-ball team, I fear. Enrolled under its name and colors are some six or seven of last year's champion Olympic eleven. Should the P. A. A. follow the letter of the law these men will be debarred as the rules of the association deny a man the right to change allegiance without due notice, and the lapse of several months. That the club will be notified not to line-up the champions there is no doubt, but it remains to be seen if the association has the back-bone to enforce its ruling. If this order be made it will prevent the formation of any strong eleven outside the two colleges and rob us of an interesting preliminary season. Such a state of affairs would retard the development of the Varsity eleven, for the practice with strong outside teams is invaluable preparation for the Thanksgiving day game. It is to be hoped some way may be found out of this tangle that prevents the Olympic team from showing us more of the same good ball we had from it last year. But certainly this must not be accomplished at the expense of the amateur laws.

* *

All over the country on a hundred gridirons a thousand boys are being shaped into the teams that will bring joy or despair to their colleges. Here in California the season opened auspiciously. There seemed to promise a few months of good clean games, well fought, and moreover fought by elevens of gentlemen. California has taken the awful drubbing of last year to heart, and for the first time adopted a united, intelligent football policy, which if adhered to, will bring its reward. At Palo Alto they know that this year's game is not to be won so easily as last. They realize that California has awakened from her slumbers and know it will take the hardest work possible to win from the rejuvenated Berkeleyans. So Captain Cotton has taken his men in hand to make of them, what they were not last year, in spite of easy victory, a capable football team.

* *

The Olympic Club promised much, as its champion team of last year, undoubtedly the best eleven ever got together on the Coast, was almost intact, and the Reliance had an abundance of good men determined, under Frick's leadership, to win back their place at the top, from which the Olympians had forced them. To the delight of all lovers of the game, no unseemly wrangling marred the season's opening. A list of dates was drawn up and accepted as satisfactory. The usual squabble over players, the charges of professionalism and such unpleasantness as has disgraced the opening of so many seasons and dismembered so many teams, was absent. There was no airing of grievances in the newspapers, no talk of money. Altogether it did seem that better times had come and that both the ethical and playing standards were to be advanced. Just then the shadow of the Olympic Club fell across our hopes.

* *

How have the mighty fallen! The decadence of the Olympic Club is pitiful. Brought into existence to foster and advance amateur sport, it has become the hotbed of professionalism. The first born bartering his birthright for a mess of pottage is an edifying spectacle, compared to this elder brother trading glorious possibilities for the guidance and advancement of true sport for the thrilling delights to be gathered in a few evenings with professional sluggers. Once the winged "O" was an emblem of honor. Then the Olympic name stood for clean, capable athletics. Now that same emblem may be found posing as a tie-pin in the made-up cravat of some Potrero bartender, and the club's insignia has been seen decorating the bosoms of men with whom even a Potrero bartender might hesitate to associate. To-day every self-respecting member blushes for his club, and remains a member only because of what the club has been, perhaps in the vain, half-hearted hope that regeneration may come, but, under all, knowing that it will not until the inevitable happens and the institution is bankrupt.

* *

In this very bankruptcy lies the only hope of the Olympic Club, and if resignations are tendered as freely in the future as they have been in the past few months, financial failure lies not very far distant. I have it from the best authority that the present board has before it between two and three hundred resignations upon which it refuses to act, leaving the names on the roll that the discredit of so great a defection may fall, not on this board, but on the next. The vain attempt to have some respectable, responsible man accept the presidency of the club is public property. This repugnance to serve and this stream of resignations are signs of the coming revolt.

* *

The causes of this degeneracy are many, but they are rooted in the same will. The social element is a grievous thing, and the athletic club it attacks shall surely die. It has always been so—the cherry diamond of the old New York Manhattan Club was disgraced, and the club dismembered by it. Only prompt and radical action saved the New York Athletic Club; dozens of other examples might be cited if the Olympic Club were not a half dead demonstration at our doors, rendering other citations superfluous. The begining was a combination of ambition, carelessness and inadequacy. Ambition clamored for the finest club house in America, and—achieved it. The finest club house in America demanded money for its maintenance. Then came the first of a series of errors. The initiation fee was reduced from $75 to $25, but the influx was not rapid enough—down came the fee to $10. What an inducement! The social element saw its chance and carelessness allowed it. There was the rush of the narrow-chested sport and his friend "de bar-keep" for membership; then the card room and the billiard hall waxed at the expense of the gymnasium, and the Olympic minstrels became the public representatives of an athletic club that once had counted its champions by the score. Three out of five who paid ten dollars for admission to the club knew or cared nothing for true athletics. A sanguinary boxing-match, with one man "on the floor" at the end, was their ideal of physical culture. And for their edification was hired the amateur boxers who demand $75 for training expenses and guarantee a knockout. From this to the management of prize-fighters was but a step. So far as the honesty of it, a step in advance.

* *

The fact is the Olympic Club is no longer fish nor fowl, nor yet good red herring—neither an athletic club nor a social club. It is formless and void, has no policy, and is so governed that no board of directors is retained long enough to formulate one. They are crying for a moneyed Moses to lead them out of the wilderness of debt. Money? pshaw! that's what ails them. What they need is a man—one whose heart is in athletics and who has clean hands—a man who is honest, capable, shrewd and far-seeing. John Elliott or Wm. Greer Harrison could do more than all the money in the city to put the club back where it belongs, but it won't follow such men. The most heroic thing since the day Horatius held the bridge, has been John Elliott and Will Humphreys, battling, unaided, against professionalism, having to fight the very men who should have been their staunchest allies. Shoulder to shoulder they have battled, and the improving status of amateurism is due more to these two than to any other cause. Their names should be honored by every man who is proud of good fighters for a good cause.

* *

The club ignores Elliott and the men he represents—the only men who belong to it by right of athletic interest. By weakness of administration and lack of policy, Mr. Kennedy, the secretary of the club, is allowed to dominate and control it. Personally, Mr. Kennedy is a charming, affable gentleman. He knows his power, and intends to exercise it for the club's best interests—more—he believes that he does. Unfortunately, however, his early athletic training was confined to association with professional baseball players and his later, to the management of prize fights, both of which institutions he has since fostered under the Olympic Club's name and colors. When one stops to consider that Mr. Kennedy makes the policy of the club—no, I am wrong, *is* the policy of the club—its tendency to professionalism is explained. Carelessness let him gain this power in the club and inadequacy permits him to retain it.

* *

With a new deal, under other conditions, its magnificent club house ought to help the Olympic Club to be the antithesis of what it is—it ought to be—but of that, of what its founders meant it to be, and what its well-wishers hope to see it more next week.

ROBERT PORTER.

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Among the Boers it is customary in periods of drought to pray for rain. The author of "On Veldt and Farm" tells of a congregation of Presbyterians who demanded of their minister that, in view of an impending dry season it were well to approach the Almighty on the subject of rainfall: "I will not insult the Almighty," replied the sturdy Scot, "by asking such a favor of Him after the way in which you have let His past mercies run away from you." The rebuke was leveled at the inadequacy of the water storage.

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## FINANCE AND TRADE

### The Money Market — Corporation Stocks — Trade Notes.

Thursday evening.

It is the intention of this journal to devote a separate column each week in future to financial and trade matters of special interest. The improved feeling in commercial circles, now generally accepted as a proof of returned prosperity, makes the time opportune for this new departure, which is believed likely to be appreciated by a large number of readers.

The recent advance of the discount rates in London and the announcement by the Bank of England of its willingness to utilize silver to a certain degree for the purpose of its reserves have both been factors in directing special attention to the movements in the London market. The rise in silver has not been maintained—gold imports from Europe and Australia have in some measure aided in meeting the drain on Eastern centers for the needs of the harvest in the Middle and Western States. The impending foreclosure of the Union Pacific mortgage will make an unusual demand on the open market, however, and the prospects are on the whole in favor of dearer money in the immediate future. At the same time with the visible expansion of the resources of the country and the generally improved condition of trade, there need be no apprehension in regard to sufficiency of funds for legitimate enterprises.

The speculative tendency of the New York stock market has recently been corrected by the action of the banks in requiring holders dependent on them for support to reduce their commitments, with the result that a lower and safer range of values has been established. The further effect of this action is to loosen the banks' resources for employment in assisting harvest operations, which are, of course, entitled to the preference, when it becomes necessary to make a choice.

At the local Stock and Bond Exchange there has been but little doing. Prices have been well maintained, and bonds of the best class have been hard to obtain.

The purchase by a local syndicate of $6,000,000 5 per cent bonds of the San Francico and San Joaquin Valley Railroad, to which reference was made in our editorial columns of last week, will shortly lead to the listing of an important new security in this market, and when the bonds are made available for public investment there is no doubt they will be readily absorbed.

Owing to the case now before the Supreme Court the Spring Valley Water Company's stock has been subjected to unusual fluctuation, having fallen from 100½ to as low as 97 at one time. During the last few days the opinion has been pretty general amongst financial men that the decision of Judge Wallace is likely to be reversed by the Supreme Court, and in consequence prices have recovered somewhat and are now quoted 99¼ to 99½. Should this impression prove correct the stock will go to 101 or 102. If, on the other hand, the Court should confirm Judge Wallace there will be a decided break in the market for Spring Valley, which will assuredly be reflected in all leading corporation stocks.

The shares of all banks show decided improvement, especially the Bank of California, which has advanced from 236 to 240, with a prospect of a still further enhancement in value, owing to the assurance of increased earnings due to a prosperous year. Savings Banks shares have participated in the improvement also, and are bound to be influenced still further by the bright outlook throughout the State.

Market-St. Railway shares have been in good demand at 48¼ to 48½ a share, the highest price known for some time. Receipts have been growing, a position that has rendered shareholders sanguine of increased dividends, but these are hardly likely to be declared.

In the miscellaneous division Sugar stocks are looking well on annexation prospects in Hawaii. Should this eventuate a sharp rise will certainly ensue.

On the whole the general market is very firm and a higher scale of prices throughout is confidently expected.

The grain markets have been showing weakness after the recent period of excitement, but at the moment the feeling is stronger again.

Tonnage in port, loading and chartered, represents about the same total as last year, with an excess of 30,000 tons on the berth disengaged and a fleet of 209,000 tons to arrive as against 219,200 same time last year.

In the local live stock market prices are strong and advancing in sympathy with Chicago and other centers, being 25 to 35 per cent higher than those current last spring.

## TURF TOPICS

### Coming Race Meetings — Shipments of Yearlings to New York.

The autumn meeting of the Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' Association in now in progress at Oakland, and on Wednesday the 2:13 trot was won by Caryle Carne (McDowell), best time 2:13¼.

The weather changed on Thursday last making the track soft and lessening the attendance, which has not been any too good. Next week the circuit removes to San Jose.

There seems to be a fair prospect of a good meeting at Los Angeles from October 14th to October 23d. The events provided for are both running and trotting, and the management expects to draw better crowds than have ever been seen on their track.

---

As the time for the opening up of our legitimate season draws near the eyes of Eastern racing men are turned towards the West. While California has at all times attractions to offer which are superior to those afforded at New Orleans, the yellow fever at the latter point is likely to cause many of those who might otherwise have decided to winter there to turn their steps this way. One thing the racing public may feel sure of is that we are going to have the best sport at Ingleside and Oakland that those tracks have ever seen.

Horses are beginning to arrive here for the campaign, and as a rule proceed to Ingleside, as the Oakland track is not yet open for their accommodation. At the former place many improvements have been made, including the new steeplechase course, and the number of animals now being worked on the ground gives the place quite a lively appearance again.

---

On the 3d instant a special train will leave Rancho del Paso with thirty-two thoroughbred yearlings, the get of imp. Sir Modred, imp. Golden Garter, imp. Watercress and other prominent sires, for New York, where they will be sold by the Easton Company on the 14th instant. By the same opportunity Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough is having three Ormonde yearlings sent East, where they will be prepared for their two-year-old career. They consist of a colt out of imp. Countess of Langden by Kingcraft, a colt out of Jongleuse by Alarm and a filly out of Dizzy Blonde by Chillicothe. The trio are exceedingly promising.

The English-bred stallion Islington, brother to Isinglass, goes on the same train and on arrival at New York, will be shipped to his breeder, Captain McCalmont, M. P., to share the duties of the stud with Isinglass. The return of this horse to his native land is a loss to American breeding, as such stock as he has got here, that have had any chance at all, promise well. Captain McCalmont is pleased with the Islington youngsters that were shipped over to him, and will be glad to have the horse back.

---

The weights for the two great autumn handicaps in England are of unusual interest to American racing men. In the Cesarewitch (2 miles, 6 fur. and 30 yds.) run at Newmarket on October 13th. Winkfield's Pride is top weight 130 lbs., Galtee More 129 lbs., Masque II 119 lbs. and the two Americans, Keenan 103 lbs. and St. Cloud II 98 lbs.

In the Cambridgeshire (1 mile and 240 yds.) run at the same place on October 27th, Clorane is top weight 136 lbs., Winkfield's Pride 133 lbs., Galtee More 132 lbs., Count Schomberg 132 lbs, Masque II 120 lbs., and the Americans Diablo 116 lbs., Keenan 106 lbs., Sandia 106 lbs., Voter 105 lbs., Berzak 103 lbs,, St. Cloud II 98 lbs. and Mack Briggs 94 lbs. In this event this country is well represented and should make a good showing. According to the latest betting returns that have reached here Mr. Keene's St. Cloud II was second favorite in the betting on the strength of his showing in the St. Leger, in which he was third. Looking at the way the race was run and the weak field, that, however, is not much to go by.

---

It is reported that Mr. J. R. Keene has purchased from Mr. M. F. Dwyer the thoroughbred stallion, Kingston, by Spendthrift, out of imp. Kapanga, as an addition to his Castleton stud in Kentucky. The price is said to have been $25,000.

---

Amongst the high-priced lots at the recent Doncaster (England) sales were a colt by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie, $17,200; colt by St. Simon out of Mimi by Barcaldine, $11,500, and the following by Kendal, the sire of Galtee More: colt out of Pixie by Blair Athol, $9,250, and filly out of St. Marguerite by Hermit, $15,000.

BENEDICT.

## TRIPLE BALLADE.

[A triple ballade is really a remarkable achievement in versification. This is rather an instance of verbal dexterity than an evidence of poetical sentiment, but is unique of its kind. There is not in the language another triple ballade. In this poem there are forty-eight rhymes of one sound and twenty-four of another. To find those and so weave them together as to make readable verse, shows unusual capacity.]

---

My Pegasus begins to shy
Already at this triple lay;
I've made him often soar as high,
But not by such a doubtful way,
As I intend he shall to-day;
It almost makes me hesitate
Myself, and fills me with dismay,
But everything must bend to fate.

A rather ancient saw, but I,
Whatever I may have to say,
Take up the words that nearest lie,
And as the potter molds the clay,
I try to make them fit, though they
Are sometimes slow to match and mate,
And often sadly gang a-gley;
But everything must bend to fate.

And yet there is no reason why
We should in senseless numbers flay
The willing words, which waiting by,
Stand ready always to obey;
It seems a pity to betray
Them thus, and with such folly freight,
When nobler thoughts they might convey,
But everything must bend to fate.

And yet she leads us oft awry,
And is elusive as a ray
Of sun in April (when the sky
Is hung with curtains dark and gray)
Which bursts upon us from the "blae:"
Methinks I'm in a sorry strait,
When thus to Scotland I must "gae,"
But everything must bend to fate.

And yet I would a moment sigh,
And rest beside the "Bank and brae
Of Bonny Doon" and linger nigh
Where Bobby Burns was wont to stray;
Where bird and stream and blossomed spray
With rapture he did contemplate;
'Twere sweet my homage there to pay,
But everything must bend to fate.

And Pegasus begins to ply
His pinions—he must smell his hay;
But homeward he will safely fly,
Not like those pigeons of Andree;
Poor fellow! when his last conge
Was said, and when he did inflate
That big balloon, he left for aye;
But everything must bend to fate.

For gold and glory men defy
The Arctic winter's rigid sway;
Or under tropic suns will fry,
Or mingle in the battle fray;
And though an angel said them "Nay"
They'd think she did but idly prate
Of death, disaster, and decay;
But everything must bend to fate.

I wish I'd not begun to try
Upon these rhymes so much to play;
I may for quarter have to cry,
Or voyage down to Paraguay,
For if with English I must stay,
The language is inadequate,
Like gown too much decollete;
But everything must bend to fate.

Now in this verse I do or die,
Ah no! the Envoy waits to slay
My hopes, and smite me hip and thigh;
Why should .. be a sine qua
In ballades always? Yet c'est vrai,
In it the rhyme we dedicate
Either to prince or popinjay:
But everything must bend to fate.

L.. .OY.

Prince! take this bad ballade, I pray,
Though on thy gracious ear it grate;
Thanks for that doubtful yawning "Yea"—
But everything must bend to fate.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

### Helen of Troy.

I am that Helen, that very Helen
Of Leda born in the days of old;
Men's hearts were as inns that I might dwell in;
Houseless I wander to-night and cold.
Because man loved me, no god takes pity,
My ghost goes wailing where I was Queen;
Alas, my chamber in Troy's tall city,
My golden couches, my hangings green!
Wasted with fire are the halls they built me,
And sown with salt are the streets I trod.
Where flowers they scattered, and spices spilt me—
Alas, that Zeus is a jealous god!
Softly I went on my sandals golden;
Of love and pleasure I took my fill;
With Paris' kisses my lips were holden,
Nor guessed I, when life went at my will,
That the Fates behind me went softlier still.

—NORA HOPPER.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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| Ash Fork..... | 7 40 am | Wednesday |
| Flagstaff ..... | 10 15 am | " |
| Albuquerque ... | 10 25 pm | " |
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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. October 1, 5, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 30; November 3, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 29; December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28.

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POTOSI MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 8th day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 48) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 4th day of November, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 44) of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 25th day of October, 1897, at 1 o'clock p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 509 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

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In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—In the matter of the application of the SITES SANDSTONE COMPANY (a corporation) to dissolve: Notice is hereby given that the Sites Sandstone Company, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco an application praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that Monday the 11th day of October, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Superior Court, New City Hall, San Francisco, California, as the place, at which said application is to be heard.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said Superior Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1897.

C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.
VAN NESS & REDMAN, Att'ys for Petitioners.

## Bids for Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley.

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS
San Francisco, August 10, 1897.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite grant, for the year beginning November 1, 1897, and ending October 31, 1898, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coachhouse on Georgia Avenue (stage headquarters).

Third—For rental of hotel, out-buildings and grounds at Glacier Point, and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before Monday, October 12, 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—In the matter of the Estate of Eudora A. Chambers, sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Monday the 18th day of October, A.D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, and the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Eudora A. Chambers, sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers, deceased, and for hearing the application of Robert C. Chambers for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

Dated September 23d, A.D. 1897.

CHARLES F. CURRY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By V. F. Northrop, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Attorney for Petitioner,
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 57
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied Sept. 3, 1897
Delinquent in office Oct. 6, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1897

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Belcher Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied September 18, 1897
Delinquent in office, October 21, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Nov. 11, 1897.

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office, room 37, Mills Building, San Francisco.

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Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The publishers of this epistle, *The American Field*, declare it authentic, but it bears earmarks of humorous construction. It was received by a certain bicycle company from its Kansas agent:

"Deer sirz: I live on mi farm near Hamilton, Kan., am 57 years old, and just a little sporta My neffew in Indian bot hisself a new bisickle and sent me his old one by frate, and ive learned to ride sume. Its a pile of fun, but my bisicle jolts considerable. A feller came along yesterday with a bisicle that had hollow injun robber tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen, and mi, it run like a kushin! He told me you sell injun robber just the same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole threw the injun robber, or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you get it done? If your injun robber is already holler will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free.

"Eberneezer Y. Jenson.

"P. S.—How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the robber with, and where do you start?"

Outside of McVicker's Theatre in Chicago hangs a picture of the comic vocalist, Andrew Mack, who sang with such great success at the Irish Fair in New York last year. It is a gorgeous lithograph, and represents the distinguished singer confronting an immense concourse of people, who crowd boxes, orchestra, gallery, and even the stage itself. Underneath the picture are the words: "Andrew Mack singing to ten thousand people." A small boy who failed to obtain ingress to the show stood outside one night taking in, with obvious disappointment, the surroundings. He saw the picture, gazed at it intently for several minutes, then sauntered over towards the box office, and remarked, with his finger pointed witheringly at the lithograph: "Dat's a skin." "Why?" asked the astonished treasurer. The small boy answered with magnificent contempt: "Ten thousand people nit! Dere's five hundred and tree. I've counted dem."

When John Drew and his brother were playing at Troy, many years ago, their manager, by way of experiment, sent the company to Cohoes. The preliminaries of hall-hire and advertising had been attended to, and at seven o'clock Frank Drew went to consult the doorkeeper as to the audience. "About fifty gents have gone in," he said, "but they didn't give me any tickets." "That's curious," said Drew. "Yes," said the doorkeeper; "each one came to the door, said *Cataract*, and walked past me. It must be raining dreadfully outside." "Not a bit of it," said Drew; "but I'll find out what the matter is." He stepped inside and said to the audience: "Gentlemen, you must excuse my ignorance, as I am a stranger in town, but will somebody inform me what is the meaning of the word 'cataract' which you have all used here to-night?" "Why, that's the name of our newspaper!" somebody spoke up.

Millais, the painter, was seated at dinner next a gushing maiden, to whom he had not been introduced. She finished her soup and dashed into conversation. "I suppose," she said to her neighbor, "you have been to the Academy?" "Yes," replied the painter. "Then you saw the Millais? What awful daubs! I can't imagine how such things get hung." There was a hush round the table, and an amused smile. The girl colored, and said to Millais: "For Heaven's sake, what have I said? Do tell me!" "Not now," replied the artist. "Eat in peace and I'll let you know later." She obeyed, silently. When dessert came he turned to her and said: "The fact is, I'm Millais. But let's be friends."

The *Atlanta Constitution* tells how a minister got even with a mean man, who had invited him to dinner. The mean man had plenty of money, but he didn't spend it on his table, which on that occasion showed but scant fare. "Parson," said the mean man, "times are hard an' groceries high; but, sich as it is, you're welcome. Well you ax a blessin'?" "I will," replied the parson; "fold your hands." And then he said: "Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive—for these greens without bacon, this bread without salt, this coffee without sugar, and after we have received it give Thy servant strength too get home for dinner."

A Western jurist, having been elected a Justice of the Peace, straightway forebore using the pronoun "I," and, save in the bosom of his family, spoke of himself officially. One day an inebriated youth was brought before the judge, who, with great impressiveness, thus addressed him: "Young man, when this court was about your age it sometimes indulged in drink, in consequence of which it nearly committed, on one occasion, the crime of murder upon one of the court's second cousins. But the court saw the error of its ways, reformed and in time was elected judge, as you now see.

Even at the period of his greatest glory, Murat's deep love for his mother, who had kept a small inn while her son was growing up, evinced itself. While King of Naples, he received a new order from Napoleon, and the investiture was made the occasion of a grand ceremony. Next day Murat repaired to his mother's home to tell her about the affair. The old woman listened in silence, and then said, with a sigh: "Yes, they'll put so much on the donkey's back that he will be crushed by the weight of his load!"

"Molly, said some one to the little daughter of a clergyman, "does your father preach the same sermon twice?" I think perhaps he does," returned Molly cautiously; "but I think he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all."


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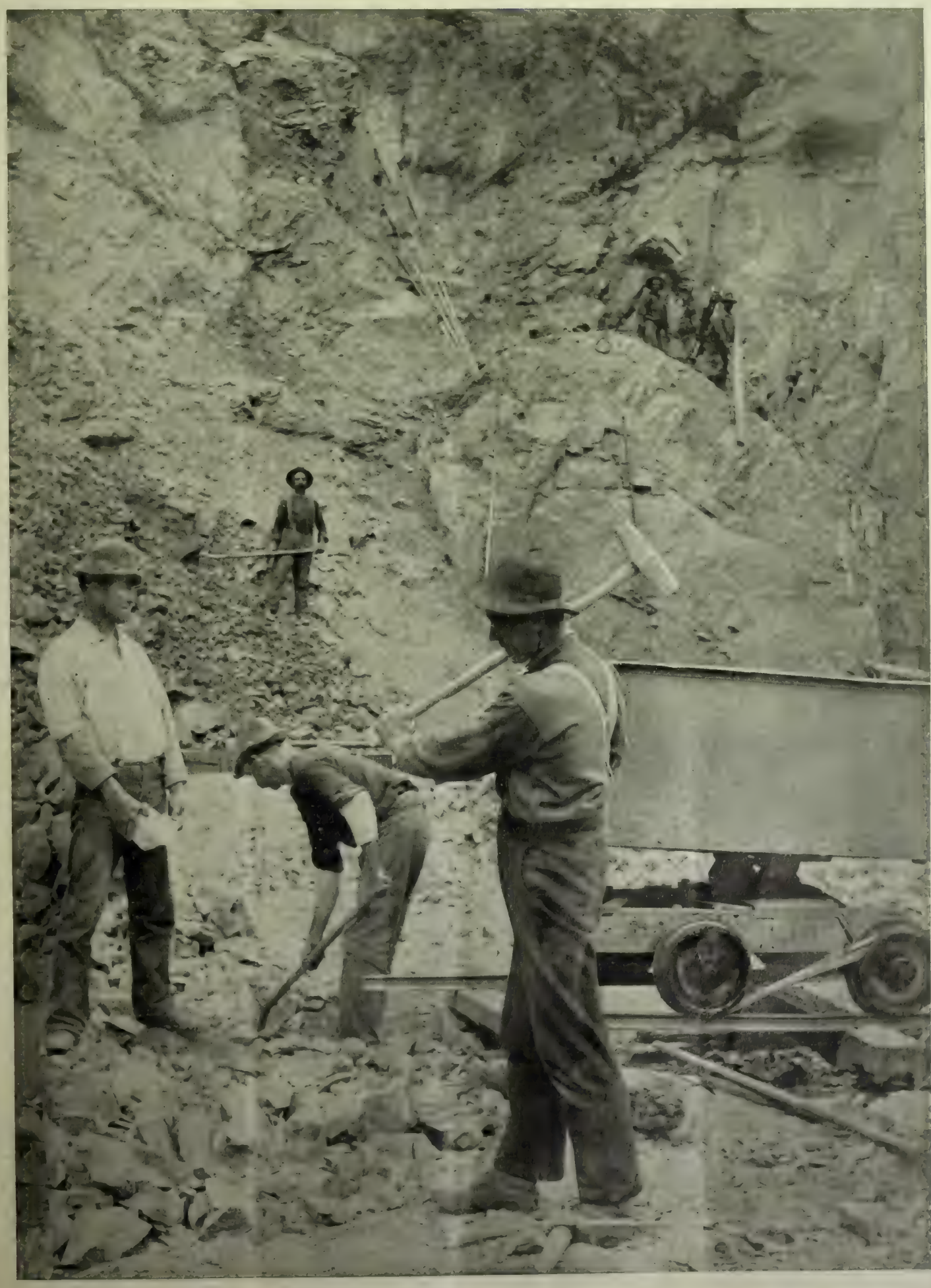

A SAN FRANCISCO BLUE-ROCK QUARRY

See page 6

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 9, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| The New Ostracism in Kansas; by David Starr Jordan | 3 |
| Turgenev's Letters; by William Henry Hudson | 3 |
| "Miracle Joyeux": a story by Frank Norris | 4 |
| Great Britain's Premier; by G. L. B. | 5 |
| Our Quarrying Industry | 6 |
| Things and People, by Boswell Jr. | 6 |
| How San Francisco Lives; by John Bonner | 7 |
| The California Camera Club's Outing | 8 |
| In Alameda | 6 |
| A Debutante's Diary | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| "The Federal Judge": a Review by C. | 12 |
| Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| Financial Review | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

President Jordan, of Stanford, is certainly performing a distinct public service outside the line of his duties as president of a great college. He is gradually leading this rather headstrong, comparatively new and somewhat thoughtless community, into the habit of thinking. Whenever he appears in public print, or on the lecture platform he gives utterance to some terse, pointed, oftentimes startling, statement that is calculated to puncture a popular fallacy, or which effectively expresses a fundamental truth but half realized by the general run of men.

In an address recently delivered in Oakland he is reported to have said, practically, that if the democratic form of government was established for the purpose of securing the most efficient form of government, it has failed in its purpose, for it gives us the rule of neither the wisest nor the best, but merely of the average man, and has besides proven to be loose, expensive and scarcely efficient. The speaker was not opposed to democracies, he merely criticized the manifest faults of the system, and added: "For the people to know how to govern themselves is more important than for them to have the best possible government" without, of course, a stimulus or a tendency toward education.

The government of a democracy is an index to the character of its people. It mirrors the wisdom or the unwisdom that predominates among its freemen. Confessedly an intelligently governed democracy reflects the wisdom and intelligence of its voters, just as a loose, extravagant and inefficient democracy is indicative of a careless or an indifferently informed people. If in the foreground of our government there is a something sadly lacking, that wisdom would supply; or a something obtrusively present that prudence would put away, then the fault lies as much with the press as with any one factor in American politics. We have no quarrel with the press because they disagree with us or with themselves, upon broad questions of public policy or recognized theories of government. On questions of religion and politics mankind will likely never, in this generation, become harmonious. In this most natural and ineradicable disagreement is discernable the pollen that fecundated religious tolerance and political liberty. We would not abolish it if we could; but with respect to the cardinal principles determining that which is right and that which is wrong; defining honesty and dishonesty, and marking the boundaries between each, there should be no quarrel or disagreement among upright men.

If one were asked, What is most necessary and important to the stability and success of a democracy? the answer must be A healthy and rational state of public opinion, for upon that, and that alone, depends the character of its government.

If one were asked, further, to name the most important factor in directing, controlling and influencing that public opinion, he must answer, the Press.

Many doubtless would be inclined to credit this power to religion or to our public and private institutions of learning. While these two great factors are calculated to lay a broad and deep foundation upon which may be raised the superstructure of good citizenship, an analysis of the situation must accord to the Press a greater influence than either or both of these.

Conceding that a healthy and rational state of public mind is the one thing most important to the integrity and well-being of a democracy, and admitting that the Press is the most potent influence in directing, moulding and fashioning that public opinion, we must contemplate with alarm the unrestricted powers accorded to the man who has sufficient money to purchase type, presses and paper. Immediately he has acquired these tools of the trade he is licensed to disseminate, at his own sweet will, such wise or unwise sentiments as he may choose; and, in spite of our protests to the contrary, if he have but money enough and the knack of popularity, he may exercise a potent and a baneful influence in the community where he abides. The press of America, with some honorable exceptions, simply represents a body of citizens who have means sufficient to purchase the paraphenalia of a printing house. With these owners it is a consideration of business, not of sentiment; of profit, not of patriotism, that dictates the policy their journals shall pursue. Either this Press must mend its manners and its methods or the public must be taught to view it and its utterances in the proper perspective.

There is not a wild, unreasonable or dangerous doctrine firmly rooted in America, that does not owe its encouragement and continued existence to the open or covert support of the American press. The wildest and most monstrous proposition that can, by the subversion of reason, be distorted into a "people's right," is eagerly grasped at by the Press, and the ignorant are mislead into believing themselves defrauded when in truth there is no fraud and no invaded public right. From its very inception the thing proposed may be manifestly wrong to a temperate thinking man; the editor himself may be fully alive to the vice behind the agitation; but, hungry for the disturbance that brings subscribers, he urges the battle forward regardless of consequences. Success may attend him through a cowardly legislative body, and remain with him until the matter comes finally before the law for cold analysis. Here, thank providence, Justice cries a halt, and undertakes the thankless task of undoing the mischief proposed by Agitation. Defeated, as he knew he inevitably would be, the editor reports the decision as "Another Victory for the Corporation," or as "The People Defeated Again." To say that this character of damnable proceeding has not borne its evil fruits, is not to state the truth. It leaves a scar on the heart of ignorance. It fills the stomach of the unintelligent with an indigestible discontent. It breeds an unjustifiable distrust of the judiciary and, in the minds of those whose proper education should be our tenderest care, gives a coloring of plausibility to the false cry of the demagogue that "The people are robbed of their rights."

It is an unpunishable but unforgivable crime to so pervert public opinion. It should be seared into the public mind that the integrity of a sacred principle does not depend, in its application, upon the character or the standing of the individual invoking its protection. The principles of law that sentinel the rights of the rich and powerful, are the identical principles that guard and protect from the invasion of the strong the humble home of the husbandman and the cottage of the man of toil Destroy or imperil one, whittle down or impair the rights of either, and the mischief and untoward consequences fall with equal force on each. This is fundamental.

Corporations, in the eyes of the law, are simply artificial persons. Each represents an association of individual citizens, engaged in a common enterprise. They are governed and dominated by the same impulses that move ordinary human beings to action. Their faults or vices are neither more nor less than human, and, if noteworthy, are so, not because they are exceptional or unusual, but because corporate enterprise is conducted on such an extensive scale that its vices and its virtues become a species of public concern. Their rights are as sacred as those of the individual citizen. To encourage a community to disregard their rights and hold in contempt the law insuring them protection, is to prepare the way for the impairment and final disregard of all property rights. If you may legally destroy a single corporate property right, you immediately throw down the carefully constructed bulwark that modern civilization and liberty-loving hands have set up for the protection of all mankind. And it is on this point the public mind is woefully awry, thanks to an insincere and untruthful Press.

But this is not the only direction in which the Press has wilfully misled the public mind, It has adopted and approved the perverted and illegal notions of noisy and strife-breeding labor leaders, and has encouraged labor in the belief that a mere expression of its determination to enter upon a strike is sufficient in itself to suspend all the wise laws upon our statute books, intended to insure the public peace and to prevent and punish murder and arson. It has insistently and insiduously nursed and cultivated in the minds of the poor, a feeling of hatred for the very rich. It has encouraged and abetted the weak and impressionable to crime and wrong-doing. It has made heroes and heroines of libertine and courtesan, has blighted the mind of youth by familiarizing it with the most depraved and noisome side of life. It has upon the slightest provocation, and often without provocation, dragged honored and respected names through all the scandalous filth that pure devilishness could suggest. It has cast discredit upon our judiciary and blackened the reputations of honest men. It has degraded the legislative branch of our government by unjustly assaulting conscientious legislators who dared disagree with its propagandas. It has encouraged the demagogue who follows its mad leadership that he may fatten in popularity on its approval. It has made way in our legislative halls for the corrupt, who, fearing no criticism of his course, waxes rich upon the necessities of those whom the Press and demagogue would destroy,

It is, above all things, the most powerful instrument in the country for influencing public opinion, and ultimately the character of our government. It has the broadest and most comprehensive powers, and misuses the license generously given it more often, more openly and more to the detriment of the national welfare than does any other factor in the community. It is the only unbridled, irresponsible power in the land. It is a malicious mischief-maker, and for the welfare of the nation and of communities, for the good of the living and of posterity, needs to be disciplined into having a decent regard for the common decencies of life and the future welfare of the country.

## A FORWARD STEP IN MUNICIPAL REFORM.

The "First annual conference of the Mayors and Councilmen of the United States, Canada and Mexico, held at Columbus, Ohio, last week, has uncommon significance for all friends of municipal reform. Irrespective of any results this initial gathering may accomplish. such a movement marks the opening of a distinctly new era in municipal administration. After some decades of crude empiric methods in city government, dominated by the party boss and the local spoilsman, the problem passed some years ago into the second stage of serious study at the hands of competent experts. Out of the wide-spread and emphatic recoil from the gross abuses existing in American cities, there arose a comprehensive discussion of the ends and means of city government; and through discussion, the theory of municipal government had an ample airing. The effect was wholly tonic. Serious-minded men came to feel the need of understanding local administrative problems, and of the conscientious discharge of public duties. Citizens of the better type found their way into municipal politics, not excluding at once the ward-heeler and his kind, but rendering their tenure of power henceforth uncertain and uncomfortable. There has been a decided gain in respect to the tone, the *morale*, of city politics in the last decade, largely traceable to this revived "civic consciousness."

The time is ripe for the further advance for which this convention of city officials stands. Such gatherings have come to hold an essential place in the promotion of great social reforms. Not to mention the meetings of educational and learned bodies, the conventions and associations of religious organizations, and the like, such annual assemblies as the Conference of Charities and Corrections, the Lake Mohonk Conference, and so on, accomplish much for the several interests they represent. The direct personal contact of workers with one another promotes fellowship and stimulates to larger endeavors. Each member carries away from such association fresh points of view, and new inspiration for his particular work,

When therefore the officers of our great cities begin to take themselves seriously enough to attend meetings of this nature, the outlook is hopeful. The exchange of views and experiences will be a most positive service to better municipal life. Practical men will not waste time and energy in declaiming on the need of good government, but will attack directly the great concrete problems confronting them. The first paper presented at the Columbus meeting dealt with the question of Street Lighting, and told the story how one city had fought its way, against corporate interests, to municipal ownership. Such an experience will multiply itself many fold through public presentation and discussion. Many mayors will go home to do for their respective cities what Mayor MacVicar has accomplished for Des Moines. And presently the consensus of public opinion will stand so strongly for municipal control of municipal services that any other plan will fail of a hearing. When such agreement has been reached, especially when the administration of our great cities has passed into the hands of conscientious and competent experts, a long step will have been taken toward better things. It is because of our conviction that the Columbus meeting points that way that we have brought it to the attention of our readers.

It is satisfactory to note that the attempts of company promoters in London to launch their Klondyke concerns have not met with success. Not that the British public is at all difficult to ensnare in the net of wild-cat speculation, but to catch their coin some basis, however intangible it may be, must be presented, for supplying regular dividends. Beyond being assured that there is gold on the Klondyke, that it is mighty hard to get there, and terribly difficult to live when you are there, the stay-at-home investor is without enlightment as to how he is to get returns on his capital. He therefore refuses to walk into the trap.

The King of Siam aroused adverse criticism in Paris by his persistent use of the English language instead of French. In direct contrast to Russia and England, France received the Siamese monarch with considerable apathy, though official effort was made to arouse enthusiasm.

## THE "NEW OSTRACISM" IN KANSAS

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

A good deal has been said, of late, of the oppression of college professors and the limitation of their freedom of speech through the influence of the plutocrats who control College Boards of Trustees. Under the head of "The New Ostracism," Mr. Charles A. Towne has given in the *Arena* a full statement of all the facts of this sort. They need, as he says, "only to be brought sharply to the notice of the common sense and patriotism of the American people to be repudiated with scorn and laughter." Certain facts of this sort are now well known. The brilliant and, to readers of the daily press, popular, president of Brown University was rapped over the knuckles by his "plutocratic" board, but those responsible for the act have since properly apologized, and the incident is closed. A brilliant but perhaps hysterical instructor in Chicago University has failed of reappointment, and a well-meant attempt on the part of the authorities to give him a kindly send-off has made the grievance deeper. There have been, besides this, occasional cases of "plutocratic" criticism directed at free-spoken economists, but in no other case has it gone farther than words.

But the New Ostracism is not all on one side. The social reformers understand how to apply the screws quite as well as the plutocrats. The President of the State Agricultural College of Kansas has been dismissed, with twelve of his twenty-four professors, because they were in sympathy with the "Crime of 1873." The President of the College had conducted it admirably as "a school of industries." But it happened that he differed from the majority upon fundamental principles of distribution. For this reason he was removed. "The party in power had been twitted with being the party for the ignorant, and it was time to show the people that thoughtful men, leaders in education, could be found who would sustain the party movement from a State institution."

The story of this looting of a part of the State school system is simply but plainly told by Dr. George T. Fairchild in the *Topeka Daily Capital* for September 10th. In our indignation at the slight needlessly put on the President of Brown University, it may be interesting to glance at this case.

"The New Ostracism" at Manhattan began in 1892 by an attack on the State institutions of Kansas through the press "as giving no attention to political economy in the courses of study." Later the Board of Trustees found political economy in the course, but in the Senior year only. It was then insisted that this subject should come earlier, and that "the new ideas of finance and government ownership of industries had no fair presentation" in the college. Weekly lectures on these topics by leading economists, Mrs. Lease among the number, were then provided. After a while the course was discontinued because "the lectures were not well attended by students." Then a more elaborate course was provided for. "These lectures," it was said, "shall be nonpartisan, but shall not ignore nor unfairly treat the positions taken by what is commonly known as the new school of political economists. The principles maintained by the advocates of land nationalization, public control of public utilities, and the reform of the financial or monetary system shall be fairly stated and candidly examined, with a view to leading the student to grasp the principles involved of science, of production and distribution, without bias or prejudice."

In the further development of this subject a new Professor of Political Economy was selected, the choice having been left to Mr. B. O. Flower, a leader of the New Economics as well as of the New Psychology and of various other sciences lying before and behind the veil. To make room for the professor of the New Economics, the chair of Rhetoric was abolished. The work of the institution was readjusted by the Faculty, and the new professor at once began work on the "Crime of 1873" and the wicked motives of John Sherman in its commission. At the end of the campaign, in which the professor did valiant service in the cause of the New Economics, it was decided to reorganize the institution in the interest of greater usefulness in the cause of reform. On April 7th it was decided to dismiss the entire faculty of twenty-four persons, and to fill their places with men worthy of the "New Time" in which the agricultural interests of Kansas have fallen. Twelve of the old professors were re-elected. Twelve, including the president, were dismissed, and the Professor of Political Economy was made president.

"The new catalogue," says President Fairchild, "gives prominent places to four well-known contributors to the *Arena* and the 'New Time,' and shows the new course to make room for additional terms of required study in Economic or social science and history by consigning zoology and physiology into one term, and discarding mineralogy altogether. Industrial training in agriculture and horticulture are optional, and all the Agriculture of the fourth year is elective, thus carrying out the idea that social questions should stand first in the curriculum. The *Industrialist* (the college journal) is announced to be "an advocate of so-called reforms, instead of an exponent of scientific facts and principles, as in the past." Of the new faculty, the retiring president has this to say:

"I have no disposition to judge. These men can not be held responsible for the circumstances under which they were called. It is, however, strikingly noticeable from the extensive testimonials published, that not a single one of the twelve has won his repute by his teaching."

The new president, Mr. T. E. Will, seems to be sensitive on the subject of Academic Freedom. None have been more free than he, if we may trust the *Topeka Capital*, "in roasting Brown University and other institutions for their bigotry in retiring able educators for opinion's sake." But President Fairchild occupies the unique position of being the sole educational leader deposed for adhering to the teachings of common sense and to high ideals of the "liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." He has not lost his manhood in the rush of the mob, and the folly of the mob is as dangerous to academic freedom as the tyranny of the plutocrats. I do not wish to prejudge the doctrines of the New Economics. Some of their doctrines are sound, and all may be. But they should make their way as other truths do, by their inherent force, not by political pulls or mob intolerance. I venture to say that Kansas is already much farther from conversion to the doctrines President Will represents, with all his teachings, than it was before the capture of the educational machinery by his associates.

## TURGENEV'S LETTERS

By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

Among the most interesting of the literary documents recently given to the world, we must certainly reckon a number of the hitherto unpublished letters of the great Russian novelist, Turgenev, which have appeared during the last fifteen months in the French division of the international magazine, *Cosmopolis*. The editor of the series, E. Halperine-Kraminsky, rightly claims for these letters a two-fold interest and value, for they not only throw a good deal of light on the character and aims of the writer, but also help us to a better understanding of the intellectual relations existing during the last decades of his life between France and Russia. It is indeed true that only one aspect of such relations is here clearly shown, since the pontive influence of Turgenev over some of the masters of French fiction—an influence not denied by the leaders of the modern school—is, in the absence of the other side of the correspondence, hardly even hinted at. But though in this way, the record must be considered incomplete, the letters as they stand are so full of the writer's personality, and give us so strong a sense of the intimacy of his associations with some of the quartet of his French contemporaries, that students of modern fiction, as well as the growing number of admirers of *Smoke* and the *Sportsman's Sketches*, will find them well worthy of attention.

The letters are addressed for the most part to close personal friends, among whom may be mentioned the Viardots (through whom Turgenev first came into contact with the French literary and artistic world), George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert and his niece, Madame Commanville, Taine, Renan, Zola, Guy de Maupassant and Andre Theureit. In some cases we have nothing but a few hurried and casual notes on the passing affairs of the moment, though even these are often of unexpected interest in flashing a side-light, or revealing an idiosyncracy. But the Zola and Flaubert series are, the editor says, approximately complete, and in these, as well as occasionally elsewhere, the more purely literary side of Turgenev's friendships is prominent.

And, of course, it is on this side, after all, that such documents possess most lasting value. How far the private life of a great author should be made public property, may remain theoretically a delicate question, though in practice the reading would to its caterers seem, for the time being, to have answered it in their own way, and to their own satisfaction. But that we are justified in making what use we can of all materials that really aid us in the interpretation of a man's work, will hardly be denied. And these letters, together with the full editorial comments and the various miscellaneous extracts which accompany them, give us enough of Turgenev, critic and novelist, to save them from hasty dismissal as belonging to the category of mere personal gossip.

Here, for instance, we may light upon a few phrases which, though brief and merely incidental, contain as it were the very secret of Turgenev's attitude towards and feeling for his own art. "Their literature *stinks of literature*" (*pure la litterature*), he writes to a Russian friend, of the writings of Zola and the Goncourts. And again:—"Oh, this literature that smells of literature; the principal characteristic of Tolstoi's works is precisely this, that they smell of life." Such sentences carry us far. Life itself, in its breadth, strength and complexity, was what Torgenev aimed at; and he found life, along with a great deal of ostentatious erudition and bad psychology in *Peace and War* and *Anna Karenina*, as he came to miss it, amid all the brilliant technical qualities of *L'Assommoir* and *La Fille Elisa*. To portray the real world, with its humanity of flesh and blood, was first and last his object; but in more than one place in these letters he indicated his dissatisfaction with the narrow and one-sided results achieved by some of the extreme naturalistic writers, French and Russian, greatly as he might admire and respect the men personally, and fully as he was at one with them in many of the fundamental articles of their creed. It will doubtless surprise not a few readers of these pages to discover how completely Turgenev was out of sympathy with Balzac—the writer from whom it is popularly supposed that the continental school of modern realism is immediately derived, and in whom even so well-informed a critic as Melchior de Vogue would seek the literary sources of much of Turgenev's work. M. Halperine-Kraminsky tells us that he once asked Turgenev for a Russian translation of one of Balzac's tales. The answer pleaded lack of time, with the addition—"I would rather have translated some pages of Montaigne or Rabelais; but nothing of Balzac, of whom I have never been able to read ten consecutive pages, so entirely is this writer foreign and antipathetic to my nature." It may be worth while to remark incidentally that Turgenev speaks quite as strongly of another realistic novelist, of whom we have all read in Nordau, however little we may know about him—Sacher-Mazoch. The true literary ancestors of Turgenev were indeed his Russian predecessors in the field of the romance—Pouchkine, and perhaps even more particularly Gogol. For the latter writer—whose wonderful *Dead Souls* and *A Madman's Diary* are, I fear, only too little familiar to the English reading public—he expressed the highest admiration, going so far as to say that he had revealed the Russians to themselves. It was on the occasion of Gogol's death that Tugenev—a "born spectator" as he describes himself—for once came into collision with the Russian police; for an article of his on Gogol, published in a Moscow journal, caused his arrest and temporary detention, under imperial orders.

To understand Turgenev's attitude towards Balzac and certain of the more recent naturalists, we have but to remember how strongly the idealistic side of his own Slav nature was developed. We need only read the *Sportsman's Sketches* alongside of any portion of Balzac's work to realize that, in the matter of method and art, their similarities were beneficial, their differences, radical. What Zola once said of Daudet, may be said as truly of Turgenev:—realist as he was by temper and creed, he none the less looked at life through an imaginative medium; and, therefore, we may add, saw important aspects of it, to which, not only Balzac, but also Zola, the Goncourts and the whole tribe of their would-be imitators, are obstinately blind. That Turgenev was, at any rate, far broader in his literary philosophy than the majority of his associates, is unexpectedly shown by a judgment of his which, for English-reading people, must necessarily possess peculiar interest. Leaving contemporaries out of the account, Charles Edmond says, "He gave the palm in fiction to Dickens." This statement serves to accentuate one of the many points at which Turgenev and Daudet touch; for in Daudet's earlier work the spell of the English novelist is, it needs hardly be said, very strongly marked.

But, perhaps, the most important and suggestive fact brought into the clear light by these letters and their commentary, is that of the enormous influence exerted over Turgenev by George Sand. Flaubert he considered to be the most remarkable of modern French authors, and, like Taine, he regarded *Madame Bovary* as the most powerful book of the century. But for George Sand his feeling was not one of critical admiration or personal respect merely, it amounted to positive veneration. M. Halperine-Kraminsky in his concluding remarks has some interesting things to say about the parallelisms to be noted, by careful reading, between various characters of the two novelists. We may question the soundness of some of the results to which this detailed kind of inquiry may seem to point; but the fact at any rate remains, that Turgenev, himself, declared that George Sand had been "the master of my youth." The following extract from a letter, dated October 30, 1872, (when the writer was nearly 54, and the recipient within four years of her death), will show that Turgenev's early enthusiasm long outlasted the period of literary discipleship. The occasion of the letter was the dedication by George Sand of one of her novels to the Russian master.

"Dear Madame Sand:—You can easily imagine what I felt in reading the *Temps* yesterday. I cannot explain it myself as I should wish to do. My expression, spoken or written, remains always below what I feel, where personal matters are concerned. Is it timidity? Is it awkwardness? I do not know. For instance, on going to Nohant, I had promised to myself that I would tell you of the immense influence you have had over me as a writer. Well, I think I remained dumb! This time, however, I am determined to say that I was deeply moved, and very proud, on reading what George Sand said of my book, and happy that she should have thought fit to say it."

With these sentences before us, it is pleasant to recall what George Sand once wrote to Turgenev:—"Master, we must all go to school to you!"

Read through in the bulk, these letters leave us with a strong sense of Turgenev's character, a vivid feeling of the man himself; though it might be difficult to give brief formulation to our impressions. They help us at least to understand something of the personal charm, of which so many of his friends have spoken; something, too, of his modesty, his delicate taste, his critical acumen, his fastidious care in composition, the subtle melancholy that pervaded his later life. But of all these matters there is no space here to speak. A couple of points, having a different kind of interest, may be just touched upon.

In the first place, it is very commonly supposed, and sometimes definitely asserted, that Turgenev wrote one or more of his stories in French, which he used freely and with idiomatic vigor. But here we have his own emphatic protest against the notion. "I have never published anything that was not in Russian. Had I done [so, I should not be an artist, but the merest scribbler (*ecrivailleur*). How can one write in a strange language, when one already has such difficulty in expressing properly, in one's mother-tongue, the thoughts and images which haunt one?"

In the second place, M. Halperine-Kraminsky has been at great pains to settle once and for all the unfortunate Turgenev-Daudet difficulty, the main outlines, if not the details of which, will be within the recollection of all readers of these columns. Bitterly aggrieved over remarks alleged to have been made about him by Turgenev, and, after the Russian's death, published in certain sensational and practically anonymous "revelations," Daudet spoke of his dead friend's supposed disloyalty, severely, but with undue haste; for he did not wait to make certain that the "revelations" were worthy of credence. In point of fact, they were not, as the present editor clearly shows. Therefore, we may hope with him that, with the light of established fact thrown upon the entire incident, Daudet may come to think again, not merely with justice, but with the old affection, of his old friend and comrade of so many years' standing.

The citizens of Los Angeles would seem to be as little pleased with the condition of their municipal and county affairs as we of San Francisco. They bitterly complain of being burdened with taxation that in the aggregate is considerably in excess of two per cent on the valuation, while the tax-consumers are reaching out for more still. To meet the demands of the city government alone a contribution of $10 per head of the population is required, and it is urged that the total taxes of the city and county are at least fifty per cent higher than they should be under a proper system of administration, economically managed. It is further claimed that the Fire Department and the Street Department are too costly, and ineffective in addition, while the Police are continually demanding further appropriations, though the city is exceptionally peaceful. As for the District Attorney's office, its chief and no less than five assistants are represented as doing little beyond multiplying expenses and initiating useless proceedings. The State share of tax collections seems also to be a grievance with our Southern neighbors, it being argued that an average of $100,000 per year for the last twenty years has found its way to the State coffers in excess of the fair share of Los Angeles. And now, what do our Southern friends propose to do about it? It is not easy, as we know too well, to find a way out of the difficulty.

At the present time there are close upon $500,000 cotton spindles running in China, of which some 200,000 are working in Shanghai alone. When the mills now under construction are completed the total will be 800,000. The Chinese manufacture only the coarser yarns, which come into competition with the imports from Bombay and Japan. If this new industry is not throttled by taxation there is undoubtedly a great future before it.

A Parisian who suspects that the food or drink which he has purchased or adulterated, can have the article analyzed free of cost at the municipal laboratory. If impurities are found the city undertakes the prosecution of the tradesman, and after conviction the offender is not only liable to fine and imprisonment, but may be obliged to display in his window a sign reading, "Convicted of Adulteration."

# Miracle Joyeux.

By FRANK NORRIS.

Mervius had come to old Jerome's stone-built farm house, across the huge meadow where some half dozen of the neighboring villagers pastured their stock in common. Old Jerome had received a certain letter which was a copy of another letter and so on and so on, nobody could tell how far. Mervius would copy this letter and take it back to his village, where it would be copied again and again and yet again, and copies would be made of these copies till the whole country side would know the contents of that letter, pretty well by heart. It was in this way that those people made their literature. They would hand down the precious documents to their children and that letter's contents would become folklore, become so well known that it could be repeated orally. It would be a legend, a mythas, perhaps by and by after a long time it might gain credence and become even history.

But in that particular part of the country this famous letter was doubly important because it had been written by a man whom some of the peasants and laborers and small farmers knew. "I knew him," said old Jerome when Mervius had come in and the two had sat down on either side of the oak table in the brick-paved kitchen. Mervius—he was passed seventy himself—slipped his huge wooden sabots and let his feet rest on the warm bricks near the fireplace, for the meadow grass had been cold.

"Yes, I knew him," said Jerome. "He took the name of Peter afterwards. He was a fisherman and used to seine fish over in the big lake where the vineyards are. He used to come here twice a week and sell me fish. He was a good fisherman. Then the carpenter's son set the whole country by the ears and he went away with him. I missed his fish. Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh. They don't get such fish now-a-days."

"I'll take the letter you have, said Mervius—the copy that is—and my wife will transcribe it, I,—I am too old and my eyes are bad. This carpenter's son now—as you say he set the people by the ears. It is a strange story anyhow."

Old Jerome put his chin in the air. "He was the son of a carpenter, nothing else. We all knew his people, you did and I. His father built the bin where I store my corn, and some stalls in my brother's barn in the next village. The son was a dreamer, anyone could have told he would have perished in the end. The people were tired of him, a mild lunatic. That was all."

Mervius did not answer directly. "I have read this letter," he said, "this fisherman's letter. The man who looks after my sheep loaned me a copy. Peter was not always with the man, the carpenter's son, one thing he has left out. One thing that I saw."

"That *you* saw," exclaimed old Jerome.

Mervius nodded.

"I saw this man once."

"The carpenter's son."

"Yes, once, and I saw him smile. You notice this letter never makes record of him smiling."

"I know."

"I saw him smile."

"As how."

Mervious wrapped his lean old arms under the folds of his blouse and resting his elbows on his knees looked into the fire. Jerome's crow paced gravely in at the door and perched on his master's knee. Jerome fed him bits of cheese dipped in wine.

"It was a long time ago," said Mervius, "I was a lad. I remember I and my brother used to get up early in the cold mornings and run out to the stables and stand in fodder on the floor of the cow stalls to warm our feet. I had heard my father tell of this fellow, this carpenter's son. Did you ever hear," he added turning to old Jerome, "did you ever hear—when you were a boy—did you ever hear the old folks speak of the 'White Night?' My father used to tell of it often. They called it the 'White Night.' At midnight it grew suddenly light, as though the sun had risen out of season. In fact there *was* a sun, or star—something. The chickens all came down from their roosts, the cocks crew, as though at daybreak. It was light for hours. Then towards four o'clock the light faded again. It happened in midwinter. Yes, they called it the 'White Night.' It was strange. You know the followers of this fellow claim that he was born on that night. My father knew some shepherds who told a strange story—however.

"There were in our village two men particularly detestable, one was the village miser, Simon was his name, and so grasping was he, so covetous of gain that he used to cut the copper coins in two and deal in the smallest fractions of money. He lived in a wretched hovel on the outskirts of the town, and starved himself, and denied himself till he was but the shadow of a man; he was a money-lender, a usurer, with only one desire, that of accumulating wealth, the wealth of others. To know that any man possessed more than he, was a veritable anguish for him. He was a bad man, a man without soul or heart, whom everybody hated and who hated everybody.

"The other man was the fuller of the village, who had a bleach-green in the meadow back of my father's sheep folds. After weaving, the women used to take their webs of cloth to him to be whitened, Many a time I have seen the great squares of cloth covering the meadow there, till you would have said the snow had fallen. Septimus was the fuller's name. He was a man as unlovable as was Simon, not that he hoarded wealth, but that he envied others the possession of anything good. He envied my father for his flocks of sheep. He envied my uncle for his vineyards. He envied the miller's daughter when her uncle, at his death, left her a little money. He would envy a man for a pair of new shoes, for a profitable sale, for a good harvest. From year to year this despicable man, this Septimus, went about our village, carping at the good fortunes of his neighbors or his friends, belittling and ridiculing their good luck, secretly chafing and raging the whiles at their greater benefits, and at best he hated and envied Simon the miser.

"Curiously enough these two men were seldom seen apart, though they hated one another. They sought each other's company. Septimus hated and envied Simon for his hoarded wealth, Simon coveted the lands of Septimus' bleach-green, and hated him because he held them in his possession. Both men were greedy according to their natures, and may be a common passion drew them together. At any rate, they boasted and pretended a great friendship. Well, both of these men had heard of the wonders that the carpenter's son had worked and the benefits and good fortune he could bestow on the deserving, and both, unknown to each other, had secretly determined that if ever the fellow should come into our country they would see what they could get from him.

"And at last one day he came. Usually a great crowd was at his heels, but this time he was alone. I was out in the fields beyond the village, pruning the vines in my father's vineyard. My brother was with me; we were at work on a bit of higher ground overlooking the road that runs from our village over toward the lake. The same where you say this Peter used to fish. Suddenly my brother touched my arm.

" 'Look quick, Mervius,' he said, 'there comes the man that father spoke about. That carpenter's son, who has made such a stir.'

"I looked and knew at once that it was he."

Old Jerome interrupted: "You had never seen him before, how did you know it was he?"

Mervius shook his head. "It was he. How could I tell? I don't know. I knew it was he."

"What did he look like?" asked Jerome, interested.

Mervius paused. There was a silence. Jerome's crow looked at the bright coals of the fire, his head on one side.

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mervius at length, "his face was that of a peasant, sun-browned, touched perhaps with a certain calmness, that was all, a face that was neither sad nor glad, calm merely, and not unusually or especially pleasing. He was dressed as you and I are now, as a peasant, and his hands were those of a worker. Only his head was bare. He had a fine brown beard, I remember. There was nothing extraordinary about the man."

"Yet you knew it was he."

"Yes;" admitted Mervius, nodding his head, "yes I knew it was he. He came up slowly along the road near where we boys were sitting. He walked as any traveler along those roads might, not thoughtful, nor abstracted, but minding his steps, or looking here and there about the country. The prettier things, I noted, seemed to attract him, and I particularly remember his stopping to look at a cherry tree in full bloom and smelling at the blossoms. Once, too, he stopped and thrust out of the way a twig that had fallen across a little ant heap.

"When he had come nearly opposite to us I said to my brother, 'Here comes old Simon and Septimus.'

"Sure enough the miser Simon and his inseparable Septimus the fuller had just come around the corner of the road some little distance away. They caught sight of the carpenter's son and—as every one did—recognized him at once. Simon hastened forward to meet him. Septimus did the same. Simon moved even quicker; Septimus broke into a run. Then the two wretched old men, decrepit and feeble as they were, raced one another like school boys, each trying to outstep his companion so as to be the first to ask the favor of the carpenter's son.

"Simon arrived a little in advance, and threw himself down on his knees in the road before the man, gasping for breath, and kissing his wooden shoes.

" 'Master, master,' was all he could cry at first. Then gasping and whining and coughing for breath he cried:

" 'You, who can do everything, do something for me, give me something, look at me, a miserable destitute old man, pinched with poverty in my old age.' Thus Simon, the richest man in all that part of the country. Then Septimus arrived, and pushing Simon to one side, grovelled almost on his belly, pouring out a torrent of supplication, actually weeping with the anguish of his desire. It was a sickening sight, those two horrible old men, wallowing in the dust of the road, clasping the man's feet, laying their lean cheeks against his wooden shoes.

" 'Listen to me, listen to me,' cried Septimus. 'Simon is a dotard and has money hoarded away in sacks, but I, I—just one little boon, sir, give me something, give me something! You have said that faith could remove mountains, look at me, have I not faith, reward me now, give me a blessing, bring me good fortune, bring me fortune!'

" 'No, no, listen to me,' shrieked Simon, clawing at his knees. 'A miracle, a miracle! do a miracle on me, look at my grey beard, help my necessity, me an old man, and poor, poor, poor!'

" 'He lies. You know everything, master; he lies, and you know it; he's rich, a thousand times richer than I.'

"So they howled and struggled before the carpenter's son who looked on silent and very calm. I wondered if they would in the end deceive him with their hideous protestations. For a long time he was silent, then:

" 'Yes,' said he, 'I will reward you both.'

,' I was disappointed and disheartened. They had deceived him after all. They grovelled again before him, vieing with one another in the excess of their humility. Then the carpenter's son spoke again:

" 'Each one of you may ask in turn for whatever he chooses, and it will be given him upon the instant, I promise.'

"The two old miserables whined and fawned a-fresh. The man continued:

" 'Only upon the condition that he who asks last shall receive twice the amount of him who asks first.'

"Simon and Septimus sat back upon their heels and looked first at the man and then suspiciously at each other. It was easy to see what was passing in their greedy minds.

"The miser Simon, though quivering with eagerness to take advantage of the man's goodness, would not for the mean life of him make the first request, lest Septimus should gain twice the amount. Was it for him, the miser, the hoarder of gold to enrich his companion by just twice the amount of his own possessions? Never, never; he would bite out his own tongue first.

"And Septimus, Septimus the Envious, Septimus who was fairly sick each time his neighbor prospered, would he be the first to ask, only that Simon would have twice as much he, no a hundred times, rather would he be dumb the rest of his life."

" 'Well,' said the carpenter's son, 'I am waiting.'

" 'Ask, then,' cried Simom fiercely to his companion, 'you've only to ask.'

" 'I will not,' shouted Septimus, 'ask yourself, miser that you are. You who are so greedy of wealth, here now is your chance.'

" 'Am I to enrich you, beggar, by double my own fortnne. You who have coveted and envied your friends and neighbors gains, gain now for yourself, you have only to open your mouth.'

"For a long while they quarreled and raged. Screaming abuse into each others faces. Their eyes flamed, their cheeks grew crimson, their lean and knotted fingers twitched and twisted together. The carpenter's son waited, watching them without a sign or word. Then at last in a fury Simon caught Septimus by the throat.

" 'Ask him then, swine that you are, ask or I will strangle you,' and with his free hand he struck the old fuller in the face.

"Septimus tore himself away shaking with rage.

" 'Ah,' he screamed, 'it has come to that, has it? Very well then, I *will* ask. I will ask the first of this good man, and instead of gaining you will be the loser. Sir,' he cried, turning to the carpenter's son, 'Sir, cause it to happen that I lose an eye.' 'So be it,' was the answer, 'as you have asked, so be it to you.'

"And we looking on, saw upon the instant, as it were, a film draw over one of Septimus' eyes. But on the same instant our ears were thrilled with a lamentable wail from Simon.

" 'Blind, blind, blind,' he yelled, tearing at his sightless eyes. 'Blind, blind, blind.' He rose from the ground and ran back along the road toward the town, stumbling and falling and colliding with tree trunks and the angles of the fences. And after him ran Septimus, jeering and hooting.

" 'Oh miser, oh swine, yes blind you are and blind you shall remain.' But Simon himself fell more than once, for upon one side of him all the world was dark.

"They turned the corner of the road and disappeared, but long after they were lost to view we could hear their wretched outcries.

" 'Blind, blind, blind.'

" 'Blind you are and blind you shall remain, and I, too, am but half as blind as you.'

"For a few moments the carpenter's son remained looking after them. Then, as they vanished around the bend of the road, I saw him smile. It was a smile partly of pity, partly of contempt and partly of amusement. Then he continued his road. And all that Simon the covetous, and Septimus the envious gained from the bounty of the carpenter's son was, the one to lose an eye and the other to become totally blind."

Mervious stopped and slipped his feet back into his sabots and rose. He took the letter from Jerome and put it in the pocket of his blouse.

"And you saw that," said Jerome.

Mervius nodded. But old Jerome shook his head in the manner of one unwilling to be convinced.

"He was a dreamer, with unspeakable pretensions. Why his people were laboring folk in one of the villages beyond the lake. His father was a carpenter and built my corn bins. The son was a fanatic. His wits were turned."

"But this thing I saw," said Mervius at the door, "I saw it, I who am speaking to you."

Jerome put his chin in the air.

"A dreamer, we were well rid of him. But I was sorry when Peter went away. He was a good fisherman. Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh.

## SNAPSHOTS AFIELD

### The Camera Club and Its Outing—A Trip to Altruria.

The California Camera Club owes its existence to an enthusiastic love of the art of photography, and is an excellent organization for providing rational enjoyment and encouraging a taste for beautiful scenery and the pleasures of an outdoor life. Its list of members embraces men of all trades and professions, and also many women who devote their spare time to making sun-pictures. The camera is the one interest that unites them all.

Among the many advantages which the club affords to members are its periodical outings. These are under the direction of a committee, who plan the route, negotiate for transportation—which is usually furnished at specially moderate rates by the railroads—and provide for the necessary entertainment of the parties at the destination selected for the trip. Last Sunday the first outing of the season was indulged in, the large sanitarium built and operated by Dr. Burke at Altruria, about three miles from Fulton, the next station beyond Santa Rosa, being the spot chosen for a halt. In that charming part of Sonoma county this temple of health is devoted to the recuperation of the sick and ailing, not by means of noxious drugs, but by the aid of sunshine, fresh air, electricity, peaceful quiet, good water and wholesome diet of excellent quality.

The scenery of Sonoma county furnishes endless subjects for camera work, and our illustrations give a few of the sketches which the club artists were able to put together on the occasion referred to. Their visit was a welcome relief to Dr. Burke's patients, whose appearance in the picture that is presented would seem to show that the regimen, to which they are being subjected, exactly suits their complaints, whatever these may happen to be.

The Camera Club is popular wherever it goes. The railroad companies offer special inducements in the way of reduced fares for its parties, the hotels aie likewise liberal, and the residents of the districts into which they penetrate are always ready to welcome the members. It is conceded by every one that they help to advertise the great beauties of California, and are therefore deserving of encouragement and should have all possible facilities for their excursions interiorwards.

The Annual Print Exhibition, which will be held shortly, is the great event of the year in the career of the club, and these outings afford an opportunity for members to fill their portfolios with sketches to represent them when the exhibition opens.

Mme. Dieulafoy, the French archaeologist, who received the Legion of Honor and the privilege of wearing men's clothes for discovering the ruins of the Temple of Darius, avails herself of the freedom. She is said to wear the most stylish trousers, coats and hats in Paris, and employs the same tailor as her husband. The couple are thoroughly congenial and have a salon where the savants assemble. Mme. Dieulafoy wears short hair and carries a cane.

Dr. Pinzen Geerlings, a Government official of Java, and formerly professor of chemistry at the University of Amsterdam, announces the discovery of a simple method of converting potato starch into sugar. He has secured a priority of the invention by lodging a description of the process with the French Academy of Sciences.

START FOR THE MILE OPEN PROFESSIONAL RACE

START FOR THE ONE-THIRD MILE AMATEUR RACE

*RACING SCENES AT THE WIND-UP MEETING AT THE VELODROME*

## GREAT BRITAIN'S PREMIER

### Personality and Career of the Marquis of Salisbury.

Recent events in Europe and America have done much to keep constantly before the public view the name and personality of the Marquis of Salisbury, chiefly in his capacity of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. True, he also holds the position of Prime Minister in England, but it is rather in the former office that he is conspicuous in the world at large. Seldom does one take up a leading journal that there is not to be found some disparagement of his judgment or skill in handling imperial affairs, even the Tory papers in London at the present time joining in attacks upon their leader. The burden of the cry is that he is lacking in backbone, deficient in diplomatic tact and devoid of statesmanlike capacity. Included in the indictment against him are charges of having given away Heligoland to Germany; allowed France to jockey him in the Siamese adjustment, and in regard to Tunis; France and Russia to outwit him in the Far East in regard to both China and Japan; and failed to maintain British prestige in the recent Greek and Turkish dilemma. In a measure too, his handling of affairs of State where this country has been involved, the Venezuelan matter and the Behring Sea controversy to wit, has also been condemned.

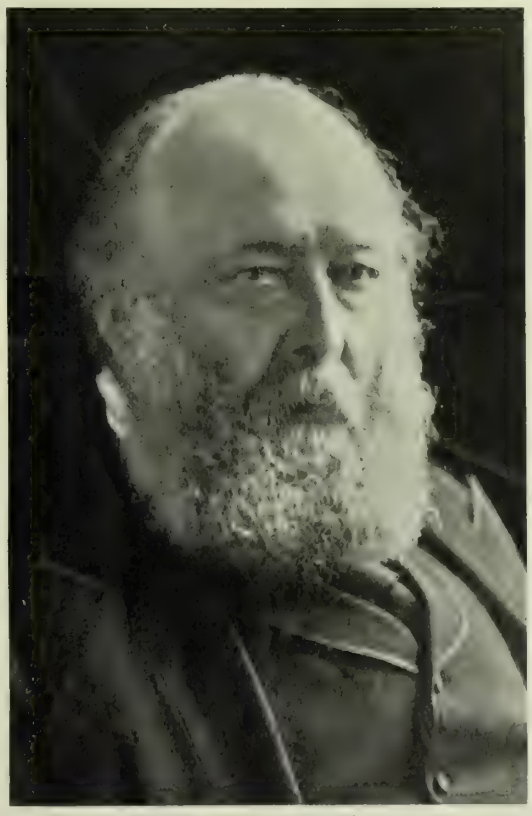
In all probability, however, the time has not yet come when a fair judgment can be formed as to the manner in which all these matters have been dealt with under Lord Salisbury's regime, and it is well to remember that political considerations prompt much that has been said and written by way of criticism. Some light on the subject can also be obtained by a reference to our knowledge of the character, temperament and career of Lord Salisbury himself.

Born in 1830, a younger son and marrying against his father's wishes, with a small income he was thrown mainly upon his own resources. Early in his career Lord Robert Cecil, as the Marquis was then called, spent some time in the gold fields of Australia, subsequently returning to England, where he found employment as an officer and director of the Great Eastern Railway, in which capacity he made a name for himself as a competent man of business. He was also one of the corps of able writers on the *Saturday Review*, owned and started by his brother-in-law Mr. Beresford Hope, and the excellent work he did for that journal, as one of the principal contributors, helped in gaining for the paper its former great reputation. The training and experience he then received as a man of letters have ever since exercised a powerful influence on his methods and style in dealing with affairs of State, and have tended to develop a caustic, satirical vein, which is generally regarded as inherent in the Cecil family.

Succeeding to the title at the age of thirty-eight he took his seat in the House of Lords, possessed of more practical knowledge of the world than generally falls to the lot of his peers, which, combined with intellectual qualities of a high order and excellent business acumen, soon placed him in a conspicuous position in that assembly. As a debater his speeches are keen, well-reasoned and choicely-phrased, but he seems incapable of producing the magnetic effect on his hearers which many a less sound and careful speaker is able to command. By instinct he contemns the arts by which popularity is gained, and finds all the satisfaction his conscience needs in an honest expression of his own views and the employment of all his powers in forwarding what he believes to be the best interests of his country at home and abroad. It will thus be seen that he is a statesman in the true sense of the word, and in no degree a politician. For this reason he enjoys the confidence, beyond any Englishman living, of the propertied classes, whether it be those possessed of vast landed interests or such as have their wealth invested in more tangible forms, such as stocks and shares and commercial undertakings.

As a representative of aristocracy Lord Salisbury is a fine example, for, while devoting his life to the service of his country, he maintains the state of his rank without undue ostentation; and, so far as it is possible, prefers to pass his time at his historical country seat, Hatfield House, which is situated in the beautiful county of Hertfordshire, not far from London. The tolerably frequent entertainments there given, and the receptions held at his town mansion in Arlington street by Lady Salisbury, are among the first functions of society, invariably graced by the presence of royalty and all who are distinguished, whether British or foreign.

In person Lord Salisbury, from being somewhat slim in his earlier years, has developed into a man of massive proportions, his head and shoulders, with full-bearded face, giving him a leonine aspect that is most striking. His brows are large, features regular and pleasing, with somewhat small, bright and penetrating eyes, and a mouth cynically curved. His voice is strong and clear, with an enunciation somewhat diffident, but well poised, even if a trifle monotonous in delivery. An auditor is compelled to recognize the speaker's convictions and a reader of his speeches cannot fail to admit the force of his arguments. Inheriting some of the most valuable property sites in London and extensive estates in the provinces, Lord Salisbury, by dint of good management, has greatly increased the family rent-roll, and is amongst the solid men of wealth in Great Britain. Of late years he has acquired a beautiful



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

little estate in France, and usually spends a portion of the Parliamentary recess in his French home.

As Premier of England the Marquis of Salisbury is now in his third term. His first essay (1885–86) was but brief; during his second (1887–92) and during the present term, which began in 1895, he has also held the portfolio as Foreign Minister. Throughout the period of his ministries the country has been free from any large international complications, while at the same time, the growth of imperialism, the legacy of Lord Beaconsfield, has been most marked. Whatever may be the human faults and the weaknesses of the head of the house of Cecil, he has proved himself a man of distinguished ability, a true statesman and patriot, as well as a citizen of unblemished character, both private and public.

In accordance with time-honored precedent, the Premier will next loosen his tongue in public on Lord Mayor's day, November 9th, when he will no doubt be present at dinner at the Mansion House in the City of London, and it will not be surprising if he then scares away the crowd who are now barking at his heels.

G, L. B.

## LAST DAY AT VELODROME

### The Famous Bicycle Track Closes With Broken Records.

The Velodrome grounds are a thing of the past, the meet of the 3rd instant being the last that will be seen on that site. Much regret is felt at the disappearance of the fast track, and a very large attendance witnessed the final events, which proved most exciting and full of surprises. In addition to the four racing contests, a successful assault was made by S. B. Vincent, of the Bay City Wheelmen, on the Pacific Coast records up to five miles. In his first attempt at J. R. Kenna's mile record, 1:57, Vincent proved unsuccessful, but subsequently brought the figure down to 1:53 2-5, and negotiated the longer distances in the following time: two miles, 3:52 1-5; three miles, 6:03; four miles, 8:09 3-5; five miles, 10:17 1-5. The previous records, held by R. Mussen of Los Angeles, were as follows: 4:32, 6:51, 9:12 3-5, 11:33. Vincent was paced by a series of triplets.

The Mile Open Professional furnished some good racing in the preliminary heats, and finally went to Hardy Downing of the Garden City Wheelmen in 2:14 3-5.

The Two-thirds Mile Professional Handicap found Jones, scratch; Sharick, scratch, and Downing, 20 yards, pitted against each other in the final and a sensational finish it afforded, Downing getting up just on the tape by a squeeze in front of Jones, who beat Sharick by a few inches for second place. Time, 1:27.

The One-third Mile Amateur race brought out a field consisting of Fuller, Robinson, Cook, Mott, Wing and Russ in the final, all of them riders of reputation, noted for grit and speed. Russ, O. C. W., took the lead and keeping his field tuned up to top speed was never caught, and won by fully a couple of lengths. Robinson proved a stayer and came in second, with Cook third. The performance of Russ was the most dashing of any amateur during the day. The time made was 43 seconds.

The Mile Amateur Handicap was taken in the final heat by Wing, O, C. W., Fuller, 20 yards, second, and Robinson, 70 yards, third. Time, 2:28 2-5.

The Velodrome has been the scene of many exciting contests, has done much to foster interest in cycling, and will be greatly missed in the future. The accompanying illustrations will serve as a memento of the closing day of its career.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has two distinct handwritings, one for her correspondence and business affairs and the other for her novels. The copy hand is smaller than the other. Neatness of manuscript is one of Miss Braddon's characteristics; she makes very few corrections, though writing with considerable speed, averaging, when the inspiration is on her, about fifteen hundred words an hour. She works in the mornings from 11 to 1 o'clock and then goes for a constitutional before lunch. In writing her novels she first makes extensive sketches of plot and characters before commencing actual work. Her suggestions and ideas come out of all kinds of places. She found the germ of her last book, "London Pride," forty years ago in an account of the trial of Lord Gray of Wark.

FINISH OF THE MILE AMATEUR HANDICAP

CUT FOR NEW STREET, JUNCTION OF THIRTEENTH AND MARKET STREETS

REAR VIEW OF DOUGLAS-STREET CRUSHING WORKS

LOADING WAGONS AT THE DOUGLAS-STREET CRUSHER

## OUR QUARRYING INDUSTRY

### How and Where the Material is Gotten and Utilized.

In San Francisco when we want to provide the footings for our buildings and roadways, the material for erecting a solid wall or military fortifications, we have nothing to do but look round the town for a bold bluff; blast its sides with powerful explosives and convert the broken debris by means of chisel and hammer into building blocks, or by the aid of crushing machinery into material for concrete purposes. Telegraph Hill, the most conspicuous land-mark on our waterfront, and the hills surrounding Noe Valley, are the chief sites of the local quarrying industry. Views of the works on the latter spot are presented with this issue.

The quarry at 26th and Douglas streets, operated by Messrs. Gray Brothers, furnishes blue trap-rock of the best quality, which they have been getting for the last six years. At present the face of the hill shows an area of 100 feet in working with a floor of say 250x175 feet, laid with several lines of truck rails leading to the crushing-house. The rocky face is attacked by means of a Burleigh drill penetrating to a depth of eighteen feet, followed by a charge of No. 1 Hercules powder, made up of twenty-five to thirty sticks eight inches long by one and one-quarter inches thick. The drill is driven by steam from the boiler which provides the power for the crusher, and three and one-half hours are required to complete the drilling operation. As the rock is broken up the bulk of it is removed by trolley cars to the crushing-house, put through the machines and reduced so that the largest pieces will pass through a two-inch screen. It then falls through chutes into wagons and is hauled to the place of final disposal. Some quantity of the larger and best pieces of the stone is shaped and finished by hand for building use.

Just at the present time the greater part of the broken material is being conveyed to the Presidio for use in the new fortifications and mortar batteries now in course of erection, twenty-two four-horse teams on the average being employed in hauling the material, and effecting a total delivery of about 100 tons per day. This work has been going for the last twelve months and will probably occupy four months more.

Large quantities of the material is used for concrete foundations and for underlaying the bituminous roadways of the city. The Douglas-street quarry also furnishes the stone for the boundary wall of the Presidio reservation now being constructed from Central to First avenue, and which has already added greatly to the appearance of the military quarter.

There are several red-stone quarries within the city limits, but the material is only of use for filling in and for the making of roadways where the traffic is light. A horse and cart and a few spades practically suffice for its handling.

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The output of the Rand (Transvaal) gold mines continues to increase, the total for August last being 259,602 ounces, which is 9,000 ounces above the record. The *Standard and Diggers' News*, in estimating the reduction of working expenses in the Rand mines, which will follow if the recommendations of the Industrial Commission go into effect, reckons that at least from 125 to 85 cents per ton of ore milled, equal to 1½ dwt. per ton in the yield, will be saved. This gain would add from ten to fifteen per cent to the number of paying mines on the Rand. The return for the same month from the West Australian mines was 45,390 ounces of gold from 26,214 tons of ore milled. This is 2,624 ounces more than the record.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

The war against President Reyna Barrios of Guatemala waged in the newspapers by a hotel runner and his fellow conspirators has come to an untimely end. Barrios has achieved victory and has routed the rebel forces at Quezaltenango. For once the sword has proved mightier than the pen. It was foolish to look for any other termination. The Dictator has a trained army, well organized and well equipped and is a capable administrator. He was thoroughly prepared for all that happened and had taken his own time to quell the insurrection. As for the talk of cruelty and injustice—for the most part it is nonsense. A man who undertakes to manage a Central American Republic cannot be too delicate in his methods. A strong hand is requisite and an unflinching purpose. Barrios has both. It may be, now that the little Dictator is victorious at home, he will apply himself to the solution of the Central American problem. It was the ambition of Barrios' uncle to weld the states of that region into a union and rule them with a firm hand. Diaz has made Mexico into a nation by the forceful strength of his personality, and it may be reserved for Barrios to do as much for Central America. Now that the cruel war is over and the journalistic warriors are convinced by the logic of events, it is time to consider what the cost of their campaign will be to San Francisco. From the tone of the press one might imagine that Guatemala and its ruler were our enemies, instead of being sources of a large and profitable trade. Our rivals will send to the Dictator copies of the papers in which he has been held up to public odium as a monster of cruely, and being a proud man he will resent them. The consequences to our commerce will probably be serious. The strong man in Guatemala is he who is at the head of affairs, and Barrios can easily make it unfashionable to spend summer in San Francisco, as most good Guatemalans have done of late. Then the "beats" who have made a living off these visitors by pandering to their desires and fleecing them whenever the opportunity offered, will be out of employment, but San Francisco will suffer more severely.

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It is customary in certain European countries to allude to the manner in which our foreign relations are conducted as "shirt sleeve diplomacy." The criticism is undoubtedly well founded for there is a decided informality where ceremony is proper, but no American will find it in his heart to object to the manner in which Secretary Sherman communicated to the Spanish Minister, De Lome, the sentiment of the United States over the war in Cuba. The conversation occurred soon after Sherman had taken office. He sent for De Lome, who appeared in the regalia of his role. The Secretary with uplifted forefinger and impressive manner, said: "Mr. Minister, you have been shooting Americans down there in Cuba and it's got to stop. Now don't you shoot another American. The country won't stand it. Maybe you have got some fellows down there that you don't want—well, just gather them up and send them home, but mind you don't shoot another American for I tell you the country won't stand it! De Lome expostulated vigorously at this unconventional and undiplomatic form of address, but Sherman was not affected in the slightest. He merely repeated after De Lome had finished; "That's all right maybe but let your friends know they can't shoot any more Americans." Since then the persons of our American subjects in Cuba have been held sacred.

***

Senator Morgan will return here very shortly and it is safe to believe his blatancy will again be heard in the land. The Senator is right about Hawaii, but is the most unmitigated demagogue in the Senate. Sometime ago, during the Cleveland administration, there arose the difficulty between England and Nicaragua in which the former had to interpose to protect certain of her subjects who had been injured by the Nicaraguans. A claim for damages was put in and a warship sent to collect. At this juncture President Zelaya of Nicaragua invoked the aid of our State Department, and representation were at once made to England requesting clemency. The British Minister replied that reparation was demanded for injuries done an English subject, and that the claim was just. Zelaya agreed to this, and promised it would be satisfied if he were but given time inasmuch as the conditions in his republic were unsettled. Indeed, they were on the verge of rebellion, and he did not feel strong enough to enforce the law. This predicament was communicated by Washington to London, and the Secretary of State agreed, if Britain would hold her hand, to guarantee the required indemnity. An attempt was made at once to communicate with the British Admiral off Nicaragua instructing him to do nothing until further orders. Unfortunately the telegraph wires had all been cut and there was no means of enlightening him, Three days later when the lines had been restablished, it transpired that the Admiral had taken possession of the Custom House. Thongh pains were taken to inform Morgan of the miscarriage of the affair, he declared in the Senate that the State Department had been bribed to permit the landing of the English. A man who will so comport himself is neither a patriot nor a statesman, but a demagogue of the cheapest type.

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A certain eminent jurist who suffered from gout, was asked, during the absence of the county judge to preside at the trial of a damage suit in Redwood City. At great personal trouble and at the cost of considerable anguish, he consented; and the calling of the cause brought into court as plaintiff, a small tenant farmer who was suing his landlord, a wealthy rancher of the district, for wages for services rendered, the amount involved being $179. The defendant had in the meantime sworn to a cross complaint demanding $199 for unpaid rent. After an acrimonious trial, which lasted all day, and during which the Judge squirmed and writhed in his chair, the jury brought in a verdict for $100 on behalf of defendant who at once entered into conversation with his lawyer. "May it pleasd your Homor," said that worthy rising to address the Court, "My client is a wealthy man and does not need this money and is satisfied with the justification of the verdict. He has therefore very magnanimously agreed to remit half the judgment." There was a murmur of applause. The Judge leant over his desk. "Mr. Clerk," he said, "have you entered up the verdict?" "Not yet, sir," was the reply. The was a grunt of satisfaction from the jurist. "This Court," he said, in his most impressive

tone, "though suffering extreme pain has listened to the evidence in this important case, and has noted the magnanimity of the defendant. But this Court does not propose to be outdone in magnanimity by said defendant, and will remit the the other half of the judgment. You will therefore enter a decision to that effect, Mr. Clerk, and at the same time assess costs to defendant, whose magnanimity should be encouraged."

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The law is an uncertain mistress and is often tangled up in the maze of her own precedents and technicalities. A situation that might furnish suggestion to W. S. Gilbert who loves what savors of topsy-turveydom was consummated recently by a decision of the Supreme Court. Sometime ago two youths were caught in the act of burglarizing a railroad car, were tried, convicted and sentenced each to one year's imprisonment. There was no question of their guilt but on account of their years the Judge sentenced them to the lowest term the law allowed. One appealed—the other was satisfied with the judgment. Both were sent at once across the bay and were formally released ten months later, having served their terms. Three months afterwards the Supreme Court had come to the appeal, examined the findings and ordered a new trial. So here is an instance of a prisoner who had been punished and suffered for his sin, being arrested for the same crime with every chance of a second conviction. Just what to do was not at first apparent, but the dictum of the Court had to be obeyed. The youth was arrested on a bench warrant and the case was duly called. Then the District Attorney explained the circumstances and the prisoner was released—which goes to show it is foolish to appeal when the evidence against you is irresistible.

***

Chief Lees is out of favor with the political push. Since his elevation they declare he has grown gruff and dogmatic and has lost the urbanity of manner which used to characterize him. Promotion, they argue, has been too much for his balance, and by way of revenge a scheme is on foot for his deposition. Commissioner Gunst, it is said, is willing to assist the malcontents and the idea is to bring such pressure to bear on Commissioners Tobin and Alford as will ensure the veteran Captain's retirement. When the community realizes that the hatred of the politician, is directed towards Chief Lees, he will be congratulated on the enemies he has made. The dislike of this class is won generally by enforcing the law against them, and their opposition is directed by a fear of consequences. That the Board will recognize this class as against Lees is highly improbable, and the conspiracy is doomed in advance to failure. The police department is in first rate condition now. There is excellent discipline and a capable alignment for all of which the vigorous leadership of the Chief is responsible.

***

One consequence of the Supreme Court's Supervisorial decision is the destruction of the increased salary scheme which Sam Rainey lobbied through the State Legislature for the benefit of the Fire and Police Departments, The legality of the measure Judge Seawall affirmed, but an appeal was taken which is yet undecided. The strictures of the Court bear directly on the case and terminate all the hopes of Rainey and his crew. Apropos of the Fire Department and its efficiency to which frequent tributes are paid, does it not occur to any one that San Francisco is paying more per capita for protection than any other city in the world, and double per capita what any other wooden city in America is taxed. Judging by its recent demands, the members of the Fire Department in their ardor to save San Francisco from burning, are really animated by the desire to save it for themselves.

***

Certain municipal officials in Oakland organized a baseball team, and being young, active and enthusiastic, carried off all the honors of the environment, They conquered whomsoever offered, were tremendously exploited by the papers, and then looked around for more clubs to defeat. A challenge was sent to the executive officials at the State Capital to meet on the diamond, but Sacramento politicians are not given to baseball or aught else that requires exertion, and replied saying they had no time for such an encounter, but would willingly shake dice with the Alameda team. This was melancholy, but not the worst. A few days later there came a challenge from the baseball team of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, offering to try conclusions, and since then the enthusiasm over baseball has waned in Alameda county.

BOSWELL JR.

In "Dod's Peerage" it is recorded that the second baronet of the line of Cumming, of Culter, the title of which was created in 1695, was chief of the Cherokee Indians. We presume there is pretty good authority for the statement, or it would not be made. At all events there should be enough foundation for a good Sunday supplement story. We commend the subject to the attention of the writers of Indian lore.

TERRAPIN POND AT THE INGLESIDE

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO LIVES

II.

### Terrapin and Their Ways, with Strictures on Mud Turtles.

The first epicures who endeavored to introduce terrapin to the Californian table ran foul of a deep-seated, popular prejudice against reptiles as an article of diet. Whatever their faith otherwise, Christians concurred in the Levitical precept, "Every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth shall be an abomination — it shall not be eaten." An old gentleman, who was a gourmand in his youth, says that he remembers a time when servants stipulated that they should not be required to eat terrapin or oysters. They got bravely over that nonsense when they heard that both were classed in the East among the choicest delicacies of McAllister's feasts, and ever since San Francisco became a rich city, terrapin stew has been served in good houses on occasions of state.

When Ludwig used to cater for the aristocracy, in his well equipped kitchens on Sutter street, he sold from five to six hundred gallons of terrapin stew monthly during the winter season. A gallon of the delicious stuff consumed eight large or ten medium sized terrapins; the former cost from $6 to $8 a dozen, and the stew was worth $12 a gallon. These prices would be considered very low in the East. Maryland diamond-backs are now so rare that they sometimes command $60 to $75 a dozen, and the stew is worth a corresponding figure. It is frequently remarked by Philadelphians and Baltimoreans that their terrapin are superior to ours. This is a mistake — the California terrapin is just as fine in flavor as the diamond-back of the Chespeake; but it must be properly cooked, or it will disappoint the gourmet. Ludwig says that it took him two years to learn how to cook a terrapin. It is a feature of the menu at the Ingleside and at the Trocadero.

As a rule terrapin does not figure on the bills of fare of our hotels and restaurants — it must be ordered beforehand. One restaurant on Sutter street makes a specialty of it, and serves an excellent stew at 75 cents a plate. The stew of the

A CONCLAVE OF TERRAPIN

Woman's Exchange, which is made by a lady well known in society, has acquired a deserved reputation. Ladies who give recherche lunches to their friends generally serve it as an entree. It is worthy of Apicius, but in houses where they don't keep a doctor chained up in the back yard, care must be taken not to get any of the small bones in the throat. When girls who are pretty and very good visit Baltimore they are invited to a lunch of gumbo soup, prepared by a negress to the manner born, a plate of terrapin stew, or a timbale of sweetbreads, with a reed bird and two glasses of Sauterne.

The Californian terrapin does not come from anywhere in particular. It is found in ponds and swamps from Siskiyou to San Diego. Among the half dozen kinds which are caught in California, there are wide differences. Unlike men, mud turtles are not born equal. A yellow-belly and red-belly are all very well for a shipwrecked mariner, but the fastidious epicure, with rings upon his fingers and a most delicious bouquet by his chair, will slake his appetite with nothing short of chicken terrapin. Among chelonians, as among men, there are patricians and plebeians. The Florida terrapin, which grows to a length of fifteen inches, is not to be despised when he is cooked with gumbo, red peppers, and sherry wine; but people who have been used to stew made of the deivocheleys articulata, turn up their noses at him.

Terrapin hunters are queer fellows, full of droll stories. They claim to be artists, whereas the hunters of the Chesapeake are so'jers. The latter go out in long rubber boots, with a spade or scoop in their hand and wherever they see a bubble on the slime of the marsh, they dig down in the hope of bringing a turtle to the surface. Our California hunters say that they hunt in pairs. One man carries a scoop, another a fiddle. When the hunting-ground is raided, the musician strikes up a seductive melody—probably the air which the siren tried on Ulyoses. At the strange sound, so goes the story, the terrapin rises to the surface, and pokes its long neck and brown head above the water, just to see what this disturbance of its repose means. Whereupon the other man swiftly scoops it into his net, and it realizes, with resignation, if not with pride, that it is about to fulfill its destiny as stew.

The English, who are apt to be gross in their feeding, prefer green turtle to terrapin. Heaven forbid that a word of disparagement should be said of the noble chelone which furnishes callipash and callipee! We eat turtle soup here; at some clubs and restaurants where they are have a g… cook, it is a favorite dish. There's an old eating-house … Clay street where great sprawling turtles, imported from the islands, are exhibited in the ridiculous position of lying on their backs, with a placard on their breastbone, "Soup tomorrow!" But it is safe to say that no Californian ever performed such feats of gourmandizing as are recorded of the turtle feasts of London. At one dinner, given to a Spanish Ambassador, six hundred guests are said to have consumed twenty-four hundred pounds of turtle, the flesh being dis-

"THE TROCADERO" WHERE EPICURES GO FOR TERRAPIN

tributed among the merchants who paid for the meal, while the callipee, green fat, and fins were reserved for the grandees. When these distinguished guests were served there was a scramble among the aldermen and plain citizens for any remains of the choice morsels.

The meat of the green turtle is said to possess medicinal properties, which is more than can be said for the flesh of the terrapin. Labat, the excellent Jesuit Father, says that the hunters remain three or four months on the islands in the pursuit of their calling, eating nothing during all that period but the fat and lean of the animals, and whatever maladies they may have had when they set out, even the most loathesome, they return perfectly cured. Another ancient mariner declared that "the flesh of land turtles is excellent for perfumes and fumigations, and it is as good as a countercharm to put by and repel all sorceries and enchantments; a genuine counter-poison also to resist any poison whatsoever. It will scatter wens, and its blood will clarify the eyesight and dispatch cataracts. Whosoever rubbeth the teeth with a turtle's blood, and continueth to do so for a whole year together, shall be free from the pain of toothache forever after."

Only to think that we have been eating green turtle soup all these years without suspecting that it might save us sending for a doctor!

JOHN BONNER.

The tenor of the news from the Yukon district is growing more and more serious as winter approaches. The failure of the large parties, which left this coast at the end of Juiy and during August for St. Michaels, to continue their journey up the river, owing to the want of water in the stream, will leave them frozen up in inhospitable places on board the various crafts already stuck in the river. The supplies destined by the same route for Dawson City will also fail of delivery, realizing which a hurried exodus is now being made for that place by many who cannot obtain provisions for the long winter. Moreover, typhoid fever, dysentery and scurvy are reported to prevail to a serious extent at Dawson, owing to the fact that the town is located on what is really a swamp. With famine and disease thus staring them in the face the residents are urging the transportation companies to turn their attention to providing facilities for exit, rather than to affording additional means for getting people to the Klondyke. One effeet of all this may be to distribute prospectors more than would otherwise have been the case, possibly resulting in gold discoveries in other parts of the Yukon district.

Inebriate retreats in England are not proving sufficiently adequate. An official report of these institutions recently issued shows that only about one-third of the inmates are

GOBLE'S TERRAPIN CELLAR

entirely cured. The largest retreat, the Dalrymple Home, at Rickmansworth, reports that out of 442 cases discharged subsequent reports show that 149 are well doing, 24 have improved, 31 are dead, 4 are insane and 164 have not improved. The report also states that drunkeness is increasing rapidly among women of all classes, and that immoderate drinking, though frightfully common among the industrial classes, is still more prevalent in the higher planes of life.

Henry Rochefort is ready for a third marriage. The young woman is Mlle. Marguerite Vallois, and it is a love affair on both sides. Rochefort was married first while in prison at Versailles, his wife then being on her deathbed. His second wife, Mme. de Brede, has just obtained a divorce.

THE MAJORITY TOOK THIS

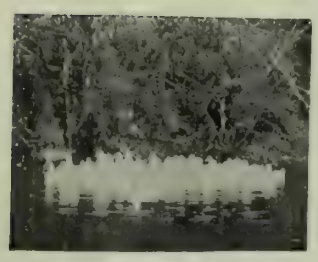
WHERE YOU CAN TAKE THE CURE

THE BOAT IS TAKEN

"TAKEN"

PUZZLE PICTURE: WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO TAKE?

TAKEN ON THE JUMP



EVERYBODY TOOK THE DUCKS

TAKEN FROM OUR CAR WINDOW

"ARE WE TAKEN"

## THE CALIFORNIA CAMERA CLUB'S OUTING

BY RAIL, SIX-HORSE CONVEYANCE, AND CYCLE, TO ALTRURIA, SONOMA COUNTY

Photos by Foucompre, Madison and Bent

THE SABIN HOME

MISS SUSIE DARNEAL

THE BAKER RESIDENCE

THE CITY HALL

MRS. DELLA KRUGER

MRS. OLIVER ELLSWORTH

MRS. CHARLES SEVERANCE

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS

MRS. OLIVER HAZLETT

MISS FLORENCE MASON

ALAMEDA LOOKING WEST FROM VERSAILLES AVENUE

MRS. GEORGE HELLMAN

## IN ALAMEDA

See page 10

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I cannot say, dearest Diary, that I have had a wildly exciting time this week. To speak the absolute truth I have been bored to extinction. Of course there have been one or two things to vary the monotony. There was Mrs. Neville Castle's lunch on Friday given in honor of Marie Wells. We had a capital time. It was given at the 'Varsity Club; we sat at a round table decorated with those big African marigolds. Mrs. Castle is a love of a hostess, so bright and genial, reminds one of her aunt, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury. Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mamie McMullin, Florence Stone and Helen Wagner were there. We all wore tailor gowns and looked very sweet.

On Saturday we went to the football at Central Park and rather enjoyed it. I don't like the grand stand at all, though. It is too high, and one cannot see the fellows as they come in or talk to them, which is our principal object in going. A number of the girls were there; I saw Bessie Ames, Ethel Patton, the Oelrichs, Mrs. Jouett, Lulu Burton and Bernice Drown. Then on Saturday Mrs. Billie Whittier took a party of us to the Miramonte Club, where we dined and spent Sunday, returning in the evening. There were a dozen of us in all, Lillie Follis, Helen Wagner, Julia Crocker, Gertie Carroll, Walter Martin, Nat Wilson, Sam Buckbee and George de Long. We had great fun, and Mrs. Whittier is just the right sort of a chaperon. Aunt Sybil says it is absurd for girls to be chaperons just by reason of their being married, but I prefer the young ones—they let you enjoy yourselves, in fact have a fine time themselves.

On Tuesday I went with Arthur to the Columbia to see "Sue" and was surprised not to find more of the "crowd" there, as there was really nothing going on. The play was vastly entertaining, though I never have heard so many "swear" words, as Harry calls them. It was big big D's and again big big D's—I was a little bit horrified, or rather startled, as one is not accustomed to hearing cursing, even on the stage.

On Wednesday Mr. Phelan gave a big dinner at the Bohemian Club to the Oelrichs. It was a tremendously smart affair and the gowning was superb. I just love club dinners—there is an atmosphere of camaraderie that one has no where else. I can't explain it but it is there nevertheless.

The last Paper Chase is to take place on Saturday at San Rafael—I am so sorry they are over. You have no idea how much genuine pleasure and excitement there is in a paper chase. I am going there and Leila has been invited by Aunt Caroline to her place in San Mateo to remain until Monday. Leila is jubilant, as Auntie is to take her to the Club House at Burlingame to dinner and also to luncheon on Sunday. You know they are to have instrumental concerts on both occasions. They have added a new sitting-room for ladies, which adds materially to the attractions of the club. One can have meals served in there and we girls think it would be a lovely idea to arrange luncheons there during the fall—those dear feminine affairs which we so delight in.

Oh, I must tell you more about the Terpsichoreans. You know they have invited some of the nicest of the young matrons to be lady patronesses, and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Charles Bent, Mrs. Oscar Long and Mrs. Whittier are among those who have consented. I am just wildly anticipating the first dance, have my german engaged, and all the extras, so, to quote Arthur, I am "right in line." We are bound to make them a success, especially since some of the older girls scoffed at the idea of "debutantes having the assurance to think they could form a club and run it—ridiculous!" Well, we shall see, and "who laughs last laughs best," you know. We are all going to wear the newest and prettiest of our frocks. I have a dream of a dress for the first. I hear of teas, small and otherwise, in the future, parties to Tamalpais, and of course the hop at the Presidio on Friday. But I think it foolish to anticipate, don't you, Diary dear. I wish some enterprising mother would give a big ball and so launch her daughter into the social vortex. I have been trying to persuade Papa that, since he has made so much money in wheat, he ought to do something of that sort. He says, "Wait, dear, I believe you would prefer a trip to New York," and I would, you know, infinitely, for a ball only lasts a single night and a trip East, phew!

Rose Hooper goes in two weeks to stay with Mrs. Green. She was that pretty Miss Delgardo, Admiral Beardslee's ward, you know. I quite envy Rose, as she is bound to have a capital time. And now I must fly, dearest Diary, so farewell for another sennight (don't you think that prettier than week?)

Your devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

Things have quieted down this week in Oakland, owing partly to the fact that the maidens who were the recipients of farewell entertainments have departed for the East. The sudden death of Mrs. Cornwall, who was among the most popular of Oakland's matrons, has also added to the effect. Apparently in perfect health on Friday night, she had spent the evening in San Francisco, and on Saturday was dead from heart disease. Mrs. Kirkham's death, too, came somewhat unexpectedly, although she had been more or less of an invalid for some time.

There are really no important social events thus far to chronicle—informal affairs appear to be the order of the day.

Two quiet home weddings, a few card parties and at homes represent the doings of the week. Of future events, the first meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly, formerly known as the younger Deux Temps, or "Little Ducks," is to take place at Ebell Hall, on the evening of October 9th. There have been numerous complications with regard to the invitations. It appears that the lady patronesses appointed a committee of youths and maidens to take charge of the list, and they bungled it up in most appalling fashion. Many of the most desirable members received no invitation, while others who had hitherto been excluded were among the first bidden. Popularity superseded social prestige, and the lady patronesses are obliged to assume an apologetic air whenever they meet the relatives of the smart, but wallflower, element that has been omitted. The cotilion is to be led by Miss Florence Sharon and Mr. Harry Fair.

Of the weddings, exceedingly quiet, but none the less enjoyable for that reason, were the nuptials of Miss Anna L. Buck and Dr. James Akerly. It was a pink wedding, carnations and smilax forming the motif of the decorations. The bride wore the conventional white satin and lace. Miss McCarthy, Miss Alice Ludlow, of Denver, and Miss Olita Lunt were gowned in pink and white. After the honeymoon Dr. and Mrs. Akerly will reside in the old Akerly home on Adeline street.

Another quiet wedding was that of Miss Vibella Martin and Mr. J. C. Jenks. Miss Martin is the only daughter of J. C. Martin, the attorney, and is a very charming girl. Mr. Jenks is the assistant manager of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad. The ceremony took place on Wednesday at Trinity Episcopal Church, only the immediate friends and relatives being invited. Mr. and Mrs. Jenks purpose living in San Francisco.

A very jolly dance was given last week by Miss Helen Shafter in honor of her cousin, Miss Bertha Goodrich, who left for Vassar on Tuesday. There were about fifty young people present, chiefly belonging to the Deux Temps set. Miss Goodrich gives promise of becoming a very stunning young woman. She is tall, with large features and carries herself splendidly. All the young girls wore light organdies and swisses.

Miss Ethel Kittredge made her formal debut (as seems to be the recognized thing nowadays in Oakland), at an At Home on Saturday afternoon, and was assisted in receiving by Misses Mona Crellin, Louise Simmons, Lillian Strong etc. It was quite a large affair, about a hundred invitations having been issued.

Mrs. George Grayson entertained a number of ladies at a card party this week. She was assisted in receiving by her daughters, Mrs. Will Ralston and Mrs. H. Hinckley—seven-handed euchre was played. Among those present were Mrs. L. L. Bromwell, Mrs. Stolp, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. James Allen.

Sailing parties on Lake Merritt are quite popular with the East Oaklanders. A number went out on Monday evening and had a capital time. The party included Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges and a number of young people.

President and Mrs. Kellogg, of the University of California, held a reception on Friday evening. The members of the faculty, their wives and the graduate students were invited.

Miss Louise Simmons is to entertain the "21" Club this week.

* *

Judging by the number of supper parties at the Palace Cafe recently, that institution is to have a run of the supper patronage which has so long sought the German beer restaurants. In the beautiful diningroom of the big caravansary I have noticed a number of after-the-theatre gatherings during the week, and from all appearances, the fashionable set has had its fill of the sauerkraut sausage atmosphere of the beer hall. It is curious how people have so insistently patronized these institutions, in which both service and cookery are poor, when at a similar charge they could command the admirable service of the Palace and its excellent cuisine. Possibly there exists an air of Bohemianism about German beer places that for the time exerts a fascination, but no careful matron desires her daughter to mingle with the heterogeneous crowds which frequent such places. It is rather interesting to note in this connection that the reduction in the price of Chumpagne has made considerable talk among hotel men generally, who believe the move an unprofitable one. Already results point the other way.

The paper-chases at San Rafael have come to an end, and there is to be a hunt dinner at the Hotel Rafael this evening by way of celebrating the last chase. Quite a number of invitations have been sent out and there is prospect of a thoroughly jolly crowd being gathered in the big dining room.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels have returned from the Eastern watering-places, and are again stopping at the Hotel Richelieu. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Tevis and family of Bakersfield, and Mrs. M. P. De Closticoe and Mr. F. A. Garbutt of Los Angeles are also at the Richelieu.

### Autumn Days

Are never so beautiful as at Byron Hot Springs in the height of the fall season. Magnificent weather, lovely views, pure air and plenty of sunshine—neither fog nor wind to disturb or distress you. A bath in the Mineral Springs will tone you up—the mud baths will cure your Rheumatism and you will bless the day you saw Byron. Reduced rates, round trip tickets, Saturday to Monday, or to Jan. 1, 1898.

The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

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For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

## IN ALAMEDA

### A Happy Burg Where One Can be At Once in Town and at the Seaside.

Alameda is really a charming place to dwell in. It is sheltered by its shore line from the swing of the west wind, escapes the hot and boisterous northerners, and its residents have the happiness of living at the seaside and being within theatre distance of the Metropolis. Otherwise it is a burg of villas, quaint and fantastic of architecture, perhaps, but so covered with vines and creepers, that really the design makes but little difference. Each home has its individual patch of lawn and garden, which slopes to the sidewalk, with neither fence or hedge between. The impression one gathers is of general comfort and freedom of intercourse, which neither Berkeley nor Oakland convey. Then there are the streets, which some one has said are the best-paved and smoothest in California — smooth and flat, swept and watered, they make inimitable speed tracks lor cyclists. With such roads it is no wonder that wheeling has such vogue in Alameda. Everyone rides. They make calls on wheels, which is not so incredible when you think about it.

Considering that the water laps the edges of the municipality, and that few homes are more than a hundred or so yards from the bay, it is not surprising that Alamedans are great at swimming and boating. There are several sea baths and a beach, and what is better, the water is several degrees warmer than on the Marin or San Francisco shores. So there are yacht and canoe clubs and sundry other boating organizations in Alameda. The English colony, which used to make Sausalito its headquarters, is established now in Alameda, and varies its aquatic excursions with cricket and tennis. Indeed, the Alameda eleven is a strong quantity in California cricket.

But sport is not the most prominent factor in Alameda life. There is a free and most agreeable social intercourse. One hears little about cliques. There are organizations to which everyone is welcome of entrance provided they are respectable. The Adelphian Club is as yet in its infancy, but has shown real vitality. At its head is Mrs. Charles Severance, who is ambitious and possessed of real executive ability, and under her control great strides have been made. The younger set has a Friday Night Cotillion Club for the winter and manages to have a jolly time. Mrs. Oliver Hazlett, nee Gisela Kruger, one of the moving spirits in this organization, is a stunning looking young woman, tall and handsome, and is acknowledged the finest horsewoman in Alameda. Mrs. George Hellman is another of the promoters of the best interests of Alameda. She is very musical, having been, as Roberta Wright, a prominent member of the Young Ladies Orchestra; and her house is the center of the musical element.

Perhaps the prettiest of Alameda's matrons is Mrs. Charles Gibbs, wife of the young attorney. Recently by her marriage with Mr. Oliver Ellsworth the town has lost Miss Lillian Mastick, granddaughter of G. B. Mastick, who was one of the most popular girls in Alameda. But there are scores of pretty girls in the burg, and among them are Miss Susie Darneal and Miss Florence Mason. Miss Darneal is a tall brunette of the Gibson type, and Miss Mason is a charming looking girl, tall, fair with soft blonde curly hair and a fascinating manner. She is a grandniece of General Grant. There is also Miss Kruger, a sister of Mrs. Hazlett, a very sweet looking girl, who enjoys general popularity.

A lawyer, having some papers to be signed by an old Irish lady, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested her to sign here name "here" (indicating the spot). "Och!" said she, with a bland smile, "you sign it for me. For sure since I lost me glasses I can't write." "Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S.?" "Martha, dear," she cried to her daughter, "come here directly an' sphell me name for the gintleman, for sure since I lost me teeth I can't sphell a word."

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff-Gordon sherries, the most celebrated of any in the world, being specially noted for their superior qualities of character, style, delicacy and purity.

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## THE THEATRES

### A Jagged Play in Strident Tones at the Baldwin.

Some one, I cannot recall who, has told me that Mr. H. A. Du Souchet, the author of "My Friend from India," was, when he wrote that very remarkable comedy, a telegraph operator in New York City, with strong dramatic tendencies. This genial gossip, whoever he or she may have been, also informed me that this was "only the second play he had ever written;" that his first play, which was disposed of for a song, "took" in New York, and was so successful as to create a demand for a second, and, I am willing to imagine, a third and a fourth. But "My Friend from India" "is the second." I should like to see the "first." New York has the advantage of us, inasmuch as the theatre-goer there was prepared for the "second." To take kindly to some things requires considerable education. Few people can plunge into a wild enjoyment of terrapin a la Maryland on the initial introduction. Some individuals must cultivate a taste for asparagus, tomatoes, and a world of other dishes edible. It may be the same in things theatrical. In matters musical, one must achieve a taste for Wagner and the long list of sonatas and fugues that musicians rave over, the general public pretend to rave over, and paterfamilias, of the mercantile stripe, rave over in blasphemous English. Perhaps Du Souchet is a Wagner and "My Friend from India" is an Op. 36 with a violin obligato. Perhaps that is why it is distasteful to me.

A chap sat in front of me last Tuesday—and that he was a chap I say advisedly—who simply roared throughout the play. It was a question with me as to whether he adopted that means of clearing his throat and expanding his lungs, or whether he had been confined to a sick-room for a long period, and was therefore easily pleased, or whether the play indeed was very, very funny and I had failed to grasp the ludicrous side of it. A good healthy roar of laughter frequently came down from the gallery, but one must expect that with such a play. There was but one spot, but one brief span of time where a well ordered dress circle and orchestra could decently afford to give itself over to any demonstration of pleasure. In the second act, the scene in which Mrs. Beekman-Streete is soliloquizing in front of what she supposes to be a mirror, is amusing, and, what is more, is new. Behind the mirror-frame is A. Keen Shaver, whose dress and millinery are a counterpart of those worn by the rather giddy Mrs. Streete. The facial work intended to represent a reflection of Mrs. Street's face, was cleverly done by Mr. John F. Ward. Here, and in some of the situations quickly following, is where the lower portion of the house may with perfect freedom smile and laugh outright, if it chooses so to do.

The play opens with a "jag" and closes with a "jag." You are introduced to some young ladies who shout out their lines as though they were commanding a crew to "about ship" in a storm off Cape Horn. Miss Allen certainly gave every evidence that she need never fear a quarantine against consumption and weak lungs, should our State authorities put such a rule in operation, and the other members of the company evinced a spirit of fine rivalry, lest one should out-shout the other—an admirable proceeding, by the way, if the rear seats had been occupied, but they were empty.

"My Friend from India" is sadly and hopelessly out of place on the Baldwin stage. It is a rough-and-tumble sort of a performance, interspersed with more than a fair quota of horse play. Real comedy merit was painfully absent. The play is not to be compared to any one of Hoyt's farce-comedys, or anything else that can be recalled at the moment. I have no quarrel with the farce-comedy, but on the contrary, rather take to them, much as that lovable old lawyer, Joe Hoge, took to yellow-covered literature—as a diversion and a relief from the more serious side of life. Life will have to be very serious, however, before Mr. Du Souchet's work will carry pleasure to me.

B.

* *

Three clever and well muscled young men are the Adelphi Trio, the bright particular attraction this week at the Orpheum. They give a rather remarkable performance on the flying horizontal bar, as startling as it is unique. O'Brien and Havel, the other new people, are

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little more than acceptable, and at times hardly that. Their singing lacks voice, and their comedy humor. But Mr. O'Brien gets in some novel hand turnings and saves the sketch. Frank Lawton whistles "Ben Bolt" and a lot of other young things, but his work takes wonderfully well. His bone specialty is very good. Irene Franklin sings on about Sadie in the same green watteau. We can overlook the gown, it is very pretty, so is the song, but why not, in humanity's name, Miss Franklin, sing something new! Adrien Ancion has balanced on her little blue chair and her little blue globe for many nights by this, but her smile is sill as charming and her black eyes still as bright as when they first opened so wide upon the Orpheum audience.

The doings at the Alcazar have been lively with the roaring farce "French Flats" on the boards. As old playgoers are aware the ludicrous situations crowd on top of each other without ceasing in the course of the four acts, and the characters are of many distinctive types. Wallace Shaw as Landlord Blondeau, Wright Huntington as Riffardini, the operatic star, John Torrence as the hairdresser, with Florida Kingsley and Wm. Bates in their respective parts, all do well. Huntington's rendering of his part is perhaps the feature of the piece. The work of the orchestra at this house is not what it used to be, and on the opening night of the week there were several crudities introduced that were not calculated to please any audience wishing to hear music as distinguished from noise.

As in last season Mertens is again the feature of the Tivoli production of "Rigoletto." His portrayal of the jester is excellent and satisfying throughout. Michelena as the Duke, sings "La Donna e Mobile," rapturously well and is recalled with enthusiasm. W. H. West as Monterone gives his curse effectively and Sig. Viviani as the Wizard Sparafucile is equally good. As Gilda Mlle Casals may be said to be very good—at any rate she receives cordial attention. She has an interesting personality, and in the third act, where she is at her best, makes a dramatic appearance with her long hair and flowing robes. As Magdalena, Mrs. Hinrichs has only a moment or two—in the great quartet, but her costume is bright and gaily Italian, forming a striking picture against a gruesome background. Another pretty figure is Anna Schnabel as the page.

A rather radical change is on at Morosco's this week in the production of Monte Cristo. Instead of a Bowery tenement and an East River pier there is the gloomy Chateau d'If and the duellistic Park of Fontainbleau, and, in lieu of some hero or other's virtuous remark, is the satisfied sentiment of Edmond Dantes. But radical or otherwise the change is made with reasonable success, and as it is a league or two from the melodramatic to the romantic, too much should not be expected from the Morosco people. But they all play well enough, in particular Mr. Snow, Miss Hall and, naturally, Mr. Pascoe.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

At the Columbia Monday evening Digby Bell opens in Agustus Thomas' comedy success "The Hoosier Doctor." The piece was first produced in Chicago some months ago and received much favor. It is a story of domestic life in Indiana, simple and unaffected and full of humor and pathos. As the country doctor Mr. Bell is said to have the part of his life, playing it with deep feeling and discretion. In the company are Laura Joyce Bell, Mable Strickland, Margaret Owen, Arthur Hoops and Frank Monroe. Following "The Hoosier Doctor," Corinne comes in "An American Beauty."

Romance, adventure, patriotism and comedy are the four great points of "The White Squadron" next week's play at Morosco's. The scene is in South America and, like all well regulated melodramas, it contains several striking features, among them a congress of navies and a mechanical display of the warships of the world.

"My Friend From India" has been drawing large audiences at the Baldwin through the week. A regular performance will be given tomorrow, Sunday evening, and also on the 17th, when the engagement terminates. "Under the Red Robe" comes next, opening on the 18th.

In the revival of "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli next week, Michelena will sing Thaddeus, one of his favorite roles with Emma Abbott. Raffael as the Count promises a good performance, and as Devilshoof Edwin Stevens will make the most of the comedy.

Mme. Emily E. Lassangue announces an invitation song recital to take place at Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 23rd. Mme. Lassangue is a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, and in London was the founder of the Saturday Ballad Concerts at St. James' Hall.

Press Eldridge, the "commander-in-chief of the army of fun," heads the list of the Orpheum new people for next week. Provo, a juggler of European fame, makes his premier, and also John J. Welch, whose powers of eccentric dancing are said to be phenomenal.

That many seasons' favorite, "Pink Dominos," is the coming week's attraction at the Alcazar. Elaborate preparations are being made for Gilette's comedy, "Too Much Johnson."

Mrs. Alfred Abbey's song recital comes off at Y. M. C. A. Auditorium next Friday evening, October 15th. Miss Constance Jordan will be the accompanist.

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## BOOK NOTES

The *St. Nicholas* for October has a pretty frontispiece, "The Little Princess," from the painting by Moreelse. There is a complete story, "The Two Victories," by Margaret Jackson, and a long sketch, "The Fire Patrol," by C. T. Hill. W. T. Ellis contributes an article on Helen Keller and Tommy Stringer, and Tudor Jenks has an interesting story, "A Magician for a Day."

A book of nature and of beauty, of bees and birds and flowers, is "My Studio Window," by William Hamilton Gibson (Harper & Bros.). It is written easily and with much simple grace, treating naturally of insect life, the birds of the air, and the lilies of the field, affording equally pleasure and instruction. The book is very prettily gotten up, and handsomely illustrated by Mr. Gibson.

Another late publication by Harper & Bros. is "Three Operettas," by Henry C. Bunner, with music by Oscar Weil, and illustrations the work of C. D. Weldon and C. J. Taylor. The first operetta is "The Three Little Kittens of the Land of Pie," the second "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town," and the third "Bobby Shafto." From the titles alone much of Mr. Bunner's humor may be imagined—it is deliciously absurd, as well as rythmically clever. Mr. Weil's music is light and catchy, and the illustrations daintily appropriate.

We are indebted to the Minister of the Interior of the Candian Government for an official pamphlet just issued bearing upon the Yukon district. It is published from authorative reports, principally those of Mr. William Ogilvie, Dominion Land Surveyor. The work is quite complete, and aside from its reliability is interesting, because of a number of good illustrations.

The Dingley Tariff Bill has appeared in print and takes up just forty-five good sized pages of closely typed matter. The phamphlet also contains a comparison of the Dingley and Wilson Tariffs, and a complete index.

The October *Book Buyer* has for its frontispiece an engraving of S. Weir Mitchell, from the painting by Frank Holl. Dr. Mitchell is also the subject of a sketch by Sydney G. Fisher. The second part of Lincoln in caricature contains a number of cartoons reproduced from *Leslie's*.

From all accounts that come to hand it is quite evident that a rush has begun to get into the carriage-horse breeding business. As every one knows this has been almost entirely neglected for many years past in the efforts to produce harness horses for purposes of speed. The result is that most of the stock reserved for breeding purposes is unsuitable for the production of such animals as the market demands for carriage work. Breeders are therefore turning their attention to the selection of stallions and mares of the proper type for the purpose, and the dealing importers are getting ready to supply them with stallions from Europe of coaching blood. Similar movements in the past have not been attended with success on the whole, probably for the reason that such horses are not of pure blood and failed to stamp their own individuality on the underbred mares with which they were mated. The only road to success in building up a good American breed of coach horses will probably be found in the employment of thoroughbred stallions of the requisite size, shape and action. As to the last-mentioned quality—action—of all things the most important in the carriage-horse, the ordinary breeder in this country is not as a rule educated. Horse shows and European travel have done something to spread the necessary knowledge amongst a limited number, but until the niceties of the subject are better understood, the average horse-breeder cannot expect to meet with success in raising the class of harness horse now required. It is not a mere question of blood-lines, but the right sort of education and perception that is needed to achieve good results. *Benedict.*

### The Fiend's Confession.

Unmoved, I saw her feather with the oar
And trim the scull when I was but a lad.
Unmoved, I followed her across the floor
On boxwood wheels, when skating was the fad.

I helped her bend the sturdy bow of yew,
Yet did not fear the arrows of her eye.
I saw her mount the bike—in bloomers, too;
Yet did not offer for her sake to die.

Croquet, lawn tennis, billiards came in season,
But never touched—serene my fancy dozed.
She shot, fished, ran—and still I kept my reason.
At last she took to golf—then I proposed.

*Harvey Wickham, in N. Y. Sun.*

## THE MAGAZINES

### A Running Comment on the October Novelties and Their Contents and Pictures.

Invidious comparisons are to be avoided but a cursory examination impresses the idea that the October magazines are rather better than their immedidate predecessors. Possibly the fine menu of the *Atlantic Monthly*, so widely announced, was instrumental in stimulating the general tone; yet it must not be forgotten that the monthlies are on the press at least thirty days prior to issuance. That rather detracts from the theory of a special competitive effort. A survey of the several tables of contents reveals the conclusion of two serials. *The Century's Hugh Wynn* and *The Kentuckians* in *Harpers*. *St. Ives* in *McClures* is on the verge of completion. Dr. Wier Mitchell accomplishes a natural and very happy ending for his manly hero and adds a notable portrait of cousin Arthur Wynne to the series of pen studies which has not been the least valuable feature of his novel. An excellent and well turned story, Hugh Wynne will be widely read, but will create interest rather than enthusiasm. It is not the great American novel some of the author's friends would have us believe though it be the best revolutionary war story yet composed. A re-reading in book form may alter the impression of the serial but the effect is literary, deliberative, studied. Though the erudition is infused into the story and is part of it, Hugh Wynne himself is self conscious and has but little free vital movement. The living, intensity and absorption you find in the really great novel are missing. "The Kentuckians" falls to pieces in the last installment. Though conceived and executed in a romantic vein, it presented such a fine suggestion of material and gave us such a powerful figure in Stallard, that the melodramatic attitude of the writer was excused. The trio, Marshall, Anne and the mountaineer, enlisted ones sympathies. The girl impresses one as being rather a make-shift—at least at the conclusion. It is hard to imagine so powerful a man as Stallard renouncing the realization of his love, and difficult to understand why, the girl having gone so far, failed to accept the logic of her feelings. In view of all the traditions that had been swept away, the final obstacle was indeed a trfliing barrier.

Passing onward to discriptive material—*McClures* and the *Cosmopolitan* have the most notable articles. The Phillipines in the latter and the Elephant Round-up in Siam, in the former, being deservedly worth turning to—for the pictures' sake if not for the prose. A third article that has more than a passing value is Grenfell's description of the finding of the new sayings of Christ in Egypt. Here are photographs of the region made by the explorers and a clear and tangible story of the discovery. The golf article in *Harpers'* is sui generis—the usual survey of the growth of a sport in the Casper Whitney style, with capital pictures by Frost and Pixotto. After Professor Libbey's later failure, one is inclined to regard his Kilaluea in *Harper's* with something of suspicion but the pictures are certainly first-rate. Apropos of illustrations there is observable a vast improvement in the *Cosmopolitan's* process work—due to the more careful printing and also to the re-engraving of the half-tone plates. Nowadays a half-tone plate as it comes from the etcher's hands is but partly finished. It is turned over to the engraver who practices his arts on it, heightening the lights and relieving the shadows, adding details and values, completely transforming the original impression.

In the direction of reminiscence *The Cen.* has most of the responsibilities. Miss Bi[illegible]nell tells of Marie Antoinette as Dauphine—a readable article, and General Porter concludes his reminiscences of Grant. I venture to predict a great success for this book. It makes one of the most entertaining and intelligent narratives of the war, for it enables the reader to obtain in clear perspective an impression of the actual operations of the great general, and to realize the degree of his genius. In the direction of war stuff, *McClure's* promises even a greater treat—the reminiscences of C. A. Dana of the New York *Sun*. Dana was the representative of the Government throughout the fighting with the title of Assistant Secretary of War. His role was that of a private reporter for the President and Secretary Stanton, and he wrote for them his impressions of generals and battles and plans of campaign. From these letters Lincoln derived most of his own information as to the progress of the war, and composed on the spot, by so vivid and brilliant a man, they should prove tremendously well worth reading.

The *Atlantic* is full of valuable literary material, but I have not space to give adequate notice of the literary essays of James Lane Allen or F. Brunetiere. Stanley's African contribution is historical, and rather by way of survey. Fuller's Chicago article is instructive. Kennan has a most interesting essay, the source of which is undiscoverable. It is not first hand information, I believe, as the return of this writer to Russian territory would hardly be countenanced by the Czar. Hopkinson Smith's new story, "*Caleb West*," should attract readers. It is the most promising of the later serials.

There still remains the monthly *Outlook* and the *Review of Reviews*, which are both valuable for their departments on current affairs. That in the weekly *Outlook* is excellent—being broad and intelligent and sane, while the value of the *Review* is too well understood to require fresh commendation. The femenine organization articles in this number are somewhat of a bore, being compendiums of events rather than clever articles, but Mrs. Crawford on Sir Isaac Holden makes a capital sketch—full of personality and interest.

Thus far and with no word for the short stories—they are not notable this month, but on that subject more later.

### The Town of Nogood.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Leterslide;
Thattiredfeeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idon'tcare,
Where the Giveitups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill,
And is easy to reach, I declare;
You've only to fold up your hands and glide
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan slide
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years.
It is wrapped in the fog of idler's dreams,
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Collegbredfool and the Richman's heir
Are plentiful there, no doubt,
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew
With every class except one in view—
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
By the Mountains of Despair.
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town Nogood
If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good and ill;
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"
And live up to it each day.

*Wm. F. Penny in the New Haven Register*

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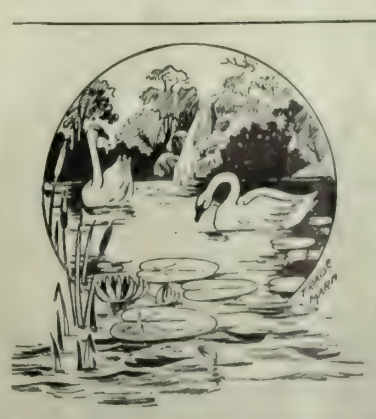

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## "THE FEDERAL JUDGE"

### An Interesting Story of Railroad Manipulation and Federal Interference.

There are certain great problems in American life that rarely engage the attention of novelists. The ordinary writer confines his studies to the men and women of his immediate environment and his drama is composed of their loves and disappointments. At intervals one finds some incident of contemporaneous history woven into a plot, or a tragedy made to turn on such an event as a great strike or a disaster. But the writer deals with the obvious aspect of the situation. Seldom are such affairs handled from the standpoint of the individual actor. It is true there are stories by the dozen in which characters labelled "politician," "statesman," "banker," "merchant" occur but their personality is not conveyed; we have no impression of their methods whereby we may guage their abilities. Balzac made heroes of business men and exposed the core of their individuality. We know how old Grandet made his millions and realize the very type of his mind, but how seldom in an English or American story do you find such powerful exposition. The great men of the day are the men who organize and control powerful corporations, who conceive and execute huge operations, who bend to their will all the forces of their community, and who amass as the spoils of victory, immense fortunes. Jay Gould was a great man; C. P. Huntington is; W. H. Vanderbilt was. There are many such magnates, managers of gas, water and land companies throughout this country developing in their own way, that capacity and diplomacy which in bygone days went to the making of great warriors and noted statesmen.

A book that attracted the attention of the men of America was Paul Leicester Ford's *Peter Stirling*. It treated of the problems of political life, with which every serious-minded man is familiar. It had a love affair as a secondary motive, but the man existed outside his feminine relationships, and figured as a factor in the world of politics, of which we all hear so much and know so little. There has just been published another novel which will be read by the same class as that which found *Peter Stirling* interesting. It is *The Federal Judge*, by Charles K. Lush, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and its plot turns on the manipulation of a judge by the head of a great railroad system. To say that judges are swayed, is but to admit that they are human. Mere bribery is a vulgar force but seldom resorted to by men of large undertakings, who achieve their ends by indirect methods far more potent. There is an immense force in personal relationship and social connection, and many a man does for friendship what no coin would tempt him to. The old saying which declares every man has his own price is recalled by a reading of the story of Judge Tracy Dunn and Eliot Gardwell, but the judge, though he does the bidding of the manipulator, is animated by motives as high and as holy as a Lincoln's. Butterflies are the instruments of his undoing.

The story introdnces Judge Tracy Dunn of the Circuit Court of Stallworth county. a granger jurist famed for rugged honesty, and a hatred of corporations—a strong, earnest, sincere man, loved and honored by his neighbors, set of purpose even unto obstinacy, and with but one weakness—a love of butterflies. He had the finest collection in the State, and his daughter had learned to supplement his riches with pictures of rare specimens. In his court the railroads have the worst of legal encounters, for the Judge believes there is a decided tendency on their part to assume powers beyond what the framers of the Constitution intended. That this shall not occur in his court he is determined and his persistence attracts the attention of Elliot Gardwell, the great financier and manager. who presides over the Trans-American Railroad. The Trans-American is one of the big land grant railways, and as the story opens, there is in progress a tremendous fight for its control between the forces of Gardwell and Willer and of Trine, a rival millionaire, whom the others have deposed, but who owns the majority of the stock. In order to recoup his friends for their expenditures, Gardwell must continue as president, but to make head against Trine he schemes to throw the road into the hands of a receiver. To achieve this requires a Federal Judge amenable to the plan of campaign. Gardwell's friend, Judge Frezett is to issue the decree. In the meantime, while these momentous affairs are maturing, the great manager goes to Bowerville and forms the acquaintance of Judge Tracy Dunn. He is a most ingratiating and charming man, this president of the Trans-American, and a master of deft and cunning ways of influencing the minds of others. He learns the Judge's weakness for butterflies, and before setting out cons over a work on the Lepidoptera, familiarizes himself with the various species, for he has a most retentive memory, turns the conversation with the country jurist on his hobby. It is the open sesame to Judge Dunn's heart. The fascinating visitor has found a subject he can talk on, and before Gardwell departs he has won the esteem and confidence of the incorruptible jurist who cannot believe a man so fond of butterflies and fishing could possibly be animated by a sinister motive.

The second act of the drama is precipitated by the death of Gardwell's tool, Judge Frezett, and it becomes necessary for the accomplishment of the scheme that a successor who will be amenable to his subtle influences, be appointed. There are several meetings of corporation managers to discuss the subject and at one of these Gardwell presents the name of his new friend.

"I believe I am as much interested as any one in the things that are coming up in this court," said Gardwell, looking around the room. No one disputed the assertion, and he continued: "I have picked him out because, first of all, he is a strong man; in the second place, he is a good lawyer; but the main point in his favor is that he is fearless, and will dare to do, under any circumstances, what he thinks is right. I am a great believer in what may be called the hypnotic force of environment. To be plain: Judge Dunn in Bowerville will not be the same man as Judge Dunn in Malton, after a residence here of several months. What we want is a man who doesn't care a snap for precedent, but who will follow the dictates of his conscience, and do what he thinks is right. I can pledge you, gentlemen, that that is the kind of a man Judge Dunn is. Let him once make up his mind, and no power on earth can swerve him. That is the kind of a man I want to tie to, and I think I have found him in the person of Judge Tracy Dunn."

In due course, after a bitter fight with other corporate associations, Judge Tracy Dunn, through Gardwell's influence, is appointed by the President to the Circuit Court, and the selection is applauded by the press as a rebuke to the moneyed power which that jurist has always opposed. Of course the new judge is absolutely ignorant of the forces that have compassed his selection and he comes to Malton (the capital) proud of himself and his unimpeachable record which he fondly imagines the president has recognized. Here begin the Machiavellian tactics of Gardwell.

The Yorkshire lad in London town, the Breton peasant 'mid the gayeties of Paris, or the Green Mountain boy on Broadway for the first time, never felt more of a thrill than did Judge Dunn during the first few weeks of his new life. Under other circumstances a man of his age coming to the city would not so readily have adjusted himself to the new conditions; but the way was paved for him, and Gardwell was the smoothest and most industrious of pavers. He seemed to have the faculty of turning up at the most unexpected moments, in the most unexpected places, and at just the time Judge Dunn was really in need of help. It was Gardwell who took him to the club and introduced him to the leading business and professional men of the city. It was Gardwell who talked butterflies to him whenever he felt lonesome. It was Gardwell who looked up a house, secured it all furnished at a remarkably low rate of rental, and it was Gardwell who in a hundred and one little ways performed services which no one else thought of, and without which the judge would have been put to considerable trouble and expense. At first the judge had been inclined to hold a trifle aloof from his friend; but he very soon discovered that Gardwell was held in the highest esteem by all those with whom he came in contact, no matter what their station in life. The editors of the great papers which thundered in their editorial columns against corporations, and sometimes directly at Gardwell, spoke of him in the highest terms, and greeted him on all occasions with the utmost affability. A fashionable minister who made a specialty of pleading the cause of the toiling masses in glittering generalities was never so happy as when basking in the sunshine of Gardwell's smile, and the Judge had seen him run half a block to overtake him.

The crisis has come in the affairs of the Trans-American for the annual meeting is at hand. Trine is prepared to take control. Gardwell goes to New York and unfolds his great plan to Bass, the representation of Willer. Here is t he conspiracy and the part allotted to Judge Tracy Dunn:

"Gardwell," he exclalmed, "you are a keener! I said almost as great. If you can show me a way by which to retain permanent control, your interests shall be as great as mine. But it must be proven first."

"Good enough," said Gardwell, quietly. "I would put the road into the hands of a receiver."

Bass smiled pityingly, as he continued: "I said permanent control. It would be easy enough, perhaps, to secure a temporary advantage, but how could we expect to hold it with both the law and the money on their side? With one or the other we might succeed, but without either, never."

"The law is as the human mind construes it," said Gardwell, "and the belief, in a man's mind, that one thing is right and another wrong, makes it so, so far as that mind controls it. As for their money, in this case they would be invincible if they were poor; but as it is, their money is their one vulnerable point."

"What do you mean by such talk?" asked Bass, in some surprise.

"I mean," replied Gardwell, "that I know a Federal Judge who will appoint a receiver, stand by him with the grim tenacity of one of Oliver Cromwell's Roundheads, and feel that he is acting as the agent of Right in frustrating the wicked designs of a grasping corporation. As for money—pah! he wouldn't look at it."

"If you have such a man," said Bass, thoughtfully, "you have indeed discovered a rara avis. But, pray tell me, how did such a man ever get on the Federal bench?"

"I put him there," returned Gardwell, quietly.

"Oh, ho!" cried Bass, with a low whistle; "that accounts for it. You certainly have a hold on him."

"No," said Gardwell, "he does not even know that I had anything to do with it. He is a free agent, or at least he imagines he is, although he is bound by a chain which he can never break, and which he has no idea binds him."

To mature and carry out the plans for this new move required no small amount of labor, but Gardwell and Bass bent their energies to the task, and at the end of three weeks nothing remained but for Gardwell to "go home and touch the button," as Bass expressed it. The application for a receivership was made out in the name of a trust company which had large holdings in the Trans-American road; and so complete were all the details that even the court's decree ordering a receivership was drawn and prepared, lacking only the signature of Judge Dunn.

Soon afterwards, the moment arrives for Gardwell to act and he goes to the Judge's home to ask his aid. How cunningly he manipulates the prejudices of the judge the following scene exhibits:

"Three years ago I could have crushed the very forces which now rise up against me, and which will show me no mercy, and, what is worse, wreck the immense property of the Trans-American road. I do not care so much for myself, but my heart bleeds when I think of the thousands of innocent bondholders whom we have induced to put their savings into the enterprise, thinking it a safe and profitable investment."

Gardwell paused, and a groan escaped him.

"Is there no way by which you can protect your rights?" asked the judge.

"Rights!" exclaimed Gardwell. "Might makes right nowadays, as you have often said, judge. What mercy can we expect from men who have millions at their back, and who are as unscrupulous as they are powerful? The situation is this: The forces of Trine have enlisted the money of the Rothschilds and other foreign capitalists, and have secured the controlling interest. The annual meettng will shortly take place, at which this faction will obtain full control of the great road. Their next step will be to repudiate those obligations, the payment of which does not enhance their own interests, and thousands of stockholders and bondholders will be robbed. Yes, sir; robbed, I say, in the most barefaced, and yet in a legal manner. Had I been as unscrupulous as they have been, had I proved myself the financial trickster that some suppose me to be, these fellows would not now be in a position to take this advantage. Why, I could have wiped them out, as they will now demolish me and my associates."

"Can you not apply to the courts for protection?" asked the judge, attempting to rise on his elbow. "Such a bold and wholesale robbery should never be allowed to be consummated."

"The courts!" cried Gardwell, dramatically. "What court will afford us any lasting protection where the preponderance of power is measured in millions? Even a receivership for the road, which is the most we could ask for, would be met with opposition as soon as applied for."

"There is one court," said the judge, suddenly rising and sitting bolt upright on the lounge. "There is one court, and it is the court over which Judge Tracy Dunn has the honor to preside. It has never been said that I flinched in the face of duty, and it never shall be as long as I am alive. Draw your paper, sir; and if the facts are as you have just represented them to me, you shall be placed under the protection of my court."

"Judge," said Gardwell, grasping his hand, "I thank you for your noble offer. But you have no idea of the influences which will be brought to bear upon you."

"What do I care for such influences!" cried the judge, his eyes flashing. "And I take exception, sir, to your use of the word 'noble.' I do not wish to be eulogized for doing a plain and simple duty. Draw your application for a receivership if that is what you want. I will give it a careful inspection, and act according to my judgment, come what may."

For the rest of the conspiracy and the final undoing of Elliot Gardwell, the reader is referred to the book. It is a remarkable story not so much for its literary qualities as for the knowledge of the methods of influence which are utilized, and the clever characterization of the Judge and the Machiavellian railroad man. It is easy to suggest that the power of this marvellous manipulator is exaggerated, but the history of railroading is made by such men, whose stupendous business capacity and mental power sets them as far above ordinary beings as Kipling is above a newspaper hack. Indeed, it may be said the genius of this country is in the services of its electric and railroad corporations, and manifests itself in magnificent schemes and great executive powers rather than in art or literature. C.

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# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## University of California and Reliance Football — Olympic Club Notes.

The street-parade is a glorious thing. To advertise the wonders of a circus or to boom a professional baseball match it is undoubtedly successful, and its propriety in such cases cannot be questioned. However, college football men are not circus performers, and it hurts the friends of both the U. C. and the Reliance Club to see the players making a display of themselves on the public streets. It is to be hoped, in the future, that the football management will hold the name and dignity of California dearer than to acquiesce in such another advertising scheme. Not only is it undignified—it is futile. Such a parade attracts no one to the grounds. People who attend football matches have a vital interest in the game, in the sides, or in the individual players. Such few as a street parade might draw would not understand the game, could have no interest in it, and certainly would not return to another. The only following football needs is the enthusiastic partisan lover of the game, and he is bred through years, not drawn by curiosity or the rattle of a brass band.

* *

There is a faint, far-off whisper of the old U. C. spirit of discontent — an ugly rumor of mutiny against Mr. Nott and Captain Haskell. So far as I can learn there are no disaffected players and but few students, who feel that their coach merit the entire confieence of the college. There are some, fortunately not many, who have failed to learn from the past. They still yearn for star players, and feel that the stars should be exempt from the discipline enforced upon those of less reputation. To these the firm stand of Holt in the matter of Sheehy's disagreement with him, was a direct blow to the team, and some other positive rulings he has made render him a tyrant. Let these men stop to consider that this sort of thing is traitorous to their college, that having acquiesced to the coach, loyalty is due him, and every chance and aid should be given to perfect his plan of development and action. If those who control athletics at California know a good coach when they have one, they will support Mr. Nott and give him absolute control. The trouble with us out here on the Coast is that we have no conception of the possibilities of the game, nor of the means necessary to bring teams to perfection. We do not even know our best players. The men we laud as such are far from being so. They are those whose spectacular work appeals to the grand-stand — men whose brilliancy is gained at the expense of team development. The player who devotes himself quietly and persistently to work, is always in the right place at the right time, and who represses a desire to shine as a star — this man is overlooked, his value to the team is unthought of. Let him get in one or two dodging dashes through an open field, or swing out well in an interference — any one thing that brings his individual playing into prominence, no matter what his sins of omission may be, will earn our plaudits. He becomes a star, and immediately his voice is heard clamoring in opposition to his coach, and the college demands that the coach listen and be swayed by him. Now, where half a dozen such men are on a team, each with a different idea of what policy should be adhered to, the position of their coach is not to be envied. Under such conditions football is bound to be a failure, and the teams are doomed to defeat. Yet, when defeat does come, the very men responsible are the first to heap reproach on the coach and decry his ability, as they did last year.

* *

His defection brings to mind that much unpleasant criticism was directed towards the football management when Sheehy entered college. The same kind of unpleasant comment was rife last year, when Kerrigan, Morgan and other notables entered Stanford. Demand of a man who has competed under the colors of any other college, or of an athletic club, a year's residence before he is eligible as an athlete, and the suspicion of importation is removed. Gentlemen of the colleges, your duty is clear. Make such a law. Eastern universities have proven its worth.

* *

I have every respect for the football ability of Sheehy, but I am glad he is out of the California eleven. He had no moral right on the team, and, despite his peerless playing, could not have strengthened the eleven. Undoubtedly he was in the University, but he was not of it. He had not the enthsiastic loyalty college men give to their Alma Mater that he had given to his own college—Santa Clara. Now, it is just the possession of such fealty that makes a man of value to his eleven. It gives him the determination to do for her to the utmost. By virtue of it, he takes the hard work of training, the rebuffs of the coaches, and the thousand and one unpleasant things that go with the winning of a place on the 'Varsity. On the Thanksgiving Day of reckoning it will go ill if there be even one man of the eleven who is not aflame with the enthusiasm of his college.

* *

More than this, Sheehy had been unfitted for college football by his work with the Olympic eleven. Necessarily, on college teams, where most of the men are green, the discipline exercised by the coach and management must be infinitely more severe than that enforced in an athletic club. Here the ideas of the players are considered by the coach, a state of affairs which obviously could not exist in a college. Sheehy had been taught a style of game differing entirely from Coach Nott's ideal. He found the discipline onerous, and he demurred at having to change his style of play. Very sensibly, Mr. Nott insisted upon being master of the eleven. Sheehy, who is also a level-headed young man, saw the right thing to do, and did it. He will probably displace Erskine as tackle on the Reliance eleven, and we will see more of the brilliant work he showed last year. Surrounded by his old familiars, he can do himself full justice.

* *

Since the above was written Haskell has resigned the captaincy of California's eleven, and Percy Hall has been selected to succeed him. I have no doubt that Hall will make a good leader, but I doubt his having the drive of Haskell. Now, just what this team needs, whether they like it or not, is drive. It is what every team from Berkeley has needed since the days when Benson nsed to hurry them along, irrespective of anyone's feelings. Changing captains in mid-season does not promise well for the team's future. However,

JOHN ELLIOT
Who stands for the true amateur spirrt in athletics.

the college was wisé enough to sustain Nott's policy, and if the men will give Captain Hall their unswerving loyalty, all may yet be well.

* *

Their pluck and willingness to work were the chief characteristics shown by the U. C. men on Saturday. The softness of the ground rendered it impossible to determine if they promise speed enough to make up for lack of weight. They did well against such superior weight, especially as the loose foothold handicapped them infinitely more than it did the heavier Reliance men. It will take a lot of hard work and the strictest kind of discipline to make them a winning team; still they give promise. Much practice in kicking and the handling of kicks will be necessary to make the work in that department even passable, for here the backs are lamentably weak. The game showed that the line had not been taught to make holes. When their tackles and guards are more efficient at this, the backs are sure to make good gains, Hopper especially going in with a dash and accuracy that few California backs have ever approached. It is in lack of accuracy that the eleven shows its greenness. Inexperience is also evident at the snap-back. Excepting Griesberg, the men are not on their toes; they do not start with the snap of the ball, consequently the opposing line-men, being under way first, have the advantage either in getting through to ta[illegible] or making a hole for a runner on the offen[illegible] When it livens up, and each man learns to move exactly with the ball, the line ought to be very effective, for there are some strong, active men working for places on it.

* *

The Reliance men showed their lack of practice. Had they a better center, they should win all their games easily, for practice ought to mould them into a team that neither college could defeat. Certainly in Morse and Carter they have the two best, halves on the coast, and in Sheehy and Sexton the best tackels, while at guard, Smith and Hobbs are the equals, if not the superiors, of Stanford's giants. Fiehert and Carle. If Captain Frick can only develop unison of action among his line men he will have almost as strong a team as last year's Olympians. It is doubtful, though, if any athletic club here will have so good an eleven again. It will be a long time before we see ends like Nolan and McCormack or a center like Ames.

* *

The nominating committee of the Olympic Club has fonnd no one willing to serve the club, and, despairing of finding any, will ask to be excused from duty. In such event the present board of directors will continue in office. A number of gentlemen on this board are really interested in amateur athletics, and it is unfortunate that they should have been responsible for the club's defection. Undoubtedly the Olympians had grievances, but secession is subtraction, and subtraction never cures. The same energy directed to reforma tion would have effected good for the club and for coast athletics in general. As it is, athletics are harmed, and the position of the Olympic Club is ludicrous. There is only one sensible course. The club is powerless unless associated with the colleges. These, with the Reliance and Olympic clubs, are the only athletic organizations in California. The Acme, Sacramento, and Fresno clubs have no weight in the athletic world. The first two are boxing clubs, with no conception of or love for amateur sport. Their presence renders the new association farcical. The Olympians demand a higher standard of amateurism before they will apply for readmission. While they remain in such company as they now are their position is hardly tenable. The most hardened sinner sometimes becomes the best of exhorters, but in this case the audience worth exhorting is to be reached only when the club is once more in the fold.

* *

It is true, as the Olympic Club men claim, that the association is dominated by the rowing clubs. Rowing has been boomed at the expense of athletics. Field days have been few and regattas many, and the water men have overshadowed the sprinters and other athletes. This is so because the club's apathy allowed it. Time and again there was no one to represent the winged "O" at the association's meetings, even when these meetings were held within the Olympic building. Request after request was made to the club for a representative, and was ignored. Naturally those who attended the meetings came to control the body. Athletes had such feeble representation that their claims were practically ignored. Finally when the Olympians awakened to the situation and sent Howard Taylor to represent them, the conditions were of too long standing to be remedied at once. The situation seemed so muddled that Taylor advised secession, believing it the only way to secure justice. Time has shown that he was not mistaken.

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Commencing Monday, October 11th, America's Favorite Comedian, **Digby Bell**, supported by **Laura Joyce Bell** and a Great Company, in a Domestic Drama by Augustus Thomas, author of "Alabama"

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A Cast of Twenty-three Artists!

Digby Bell's work in "The Hoosier Doctor" is worthy of the best efforts of Joseph Jefferson or Nat C. Goodwin.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.* A veritable triumph. *Tribune.* **Can anything more be said?**

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PRESS ELDRIDGE, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Fun; first American appearance of PROVO, the world-renowned Juggler; JOHN J. WELCH, Phenomenal Eccentric Dancer; tremendous hit of O'BRIEN & HAVEL in the "Newsboy's Courtship;" ADOLPHI TRIO, Flying Horizontal Bar Performers; In addition to McCarthy & Reynolds, Irish Character Artists; Smith Family, Bicyclists; and Clayton, Jenkins & "Jasper," Eccentric Comedians.

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One Week Only, by universal request, Balfe's Romantic Opera, in three acts

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An all-star cast, including Sig. Michelena, Phil Branson, Tillie Salinger, Edwin Stevens, Jno. J. Raffael, Bernice Holmes. Superb Chorous and Magnificent Orchestra under direction of Mr. Max Hirschfeld. Splendid Scenery and Corroct Costumes

Next week, opening of the Comic Opera Season. the new Japanese Opera, **The Geisha**

**Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cents**

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Pure and Unalloyed Fun! Pioneer of Farce-Comedy

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The Up-to-date Version! Terse Dialogue! Subtle Situations! Appropriate Costumes and Effects

Prices, including Reserved Seat, 50, 35, 25, 15c

Seats now selling—Phone Black 1106

Positively next week—**Too Much Johnson**

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Last four performances of the Great Romantic Drama, **Monte Cristo**

Commencing Monday, Oct. 11th, Second week of the Eminent Eastern Actor, **W. H. Pascoe,** in the Great Patriotic Naval Drama

THE WHITE SQUADRON

Wonderful New Scenic and Mechanical Effects! See the Congress of Nations, showing the Warships of the World.

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MISS CONSTANCE JORDAN

ACCOMPANIST

Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Friday, October 15th

8:15 P. M.

Tickets, 50c., including Reserved Seat, on sale at Benj. Curtaz & Son, 16 O'Farrell street, and San Francisco Music and Piano Co., 225 Sutter street. Seats may be reserved at the latter place on October 13th, 14th and 15th.

## TURF TOPICS

### The Racing Outlook — Eastern Horse Shows.

The trotting meeting at San Jose has been a quiet affair, poorly attended, as usual in that town nowadays. Next week the scene changes to Salinas.

Everything points to a really good season on the Turf, and when the bugle blows for the first race on the 1st prox., it will inaugurate a period that is being looked forward to by racing men with the utmost hopefulness. Both at Ingleside and Oakland the management are sparing no effort to attract public patronage, and give satisfaction to horse-owners as well as to all who are connected with the sport of racing. The amount of money offered in stakes and purses will be greater than ever before, and, as far as can at present be judged, the class of horses competing at the tracks will show improvement. A larger proportion of long-distance events is certain to increase public interest in racing, while affording at the same time the best test of the real merit of the horses.

Several large strings of thoroughbreds have come in within the last two weeks, and with favorable weather training operations have been growing more lively every day. The prospects are that the condition of both tracks will favor improved records during the coming season.

As was only to be expected the first batch of entries for the coming racing season are mainly representative of stables which belong either altogether to this section of the country, or at all events partially by reason of their prolonged location here for the winter meetings year after year. The purely Eastern stables that we are advised of as coming to California have not filed any claim on the few stakes closed up to the present time. The eight events of the California Jockey Club, which closed on the 20th ulto. have received a total of 322 entries, the highest number in any one race being sixty-eight, in the Racine Stakes, six furlongs, for two-year-olds. The smallest number is twenty-eight, in the Athenian Club Cup (selling), two and one-quarter miles, for three-year-olds and upwards. As all of the events in question are to be run off before Christmas it is nntural that they should be side-tracked to some extent by stables yet to arrive here. The next list to be published will be that of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club events closing on the 15th instant.

The new rule of the Turf Congress requiring all racing associations within their jurisdiction to collect jockeys' fees from owners will come into effect from January 1st next. This should be most beneficial, and go a long way to put a stop to many of the evils which have arisen in the past for want of such a regulation.

Mr. J. S. Curtis, the South African turfman, who has lately got together a string of American-bred race horses, is reported to have made entries for some of the leading events in England in 1899 and 1900. Amongst the animals nominated is Method, the full brother to Ornament, purchased by Mr. Curtis as a yearling this season.

The Horse Show at Chicago, to be held in the Coliseum from November 1st to 6th, will be an immense undertaking, consisting of no less than 260 classes, with prize money aggregating $45,000. The list of judges who have been invited to officiate is largely made up of the names of men who have acted in that capacity at the New York, Philadelphia and other shows on the Atlantic coast, and all the arrangements will partake of the character which has contributed to the success of the New York event during many years past.

Cleveland, O., will hold a show immediately following the Chicago affair, and then the Eassern metropolis will have its show in the middle of the month. BENEDICT.

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Everyone desiring to keep informed on Yukon, the Klondyke and Alaskan gold fields. Send 10 cents for large Compendium of vast information and big color map to Hamilton Publishing Company, Hamilton, Indiana.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

After a night with the boys: Bromo Kola.

## FINANCE AND TRADE

### Stock Exchange Notes — Grain, Livestock and Lumber.

*Thursday Evening.*

The general feeling in business circles continues to be hopeful. In almost every department an improved tone prevails, the range of values has considerably appreciated during the past few weeks, and the outlook points to a further spread of these favorable conditions.

Reports to hand from the East encourage the belief that, while money may be somewhat dearer in the immediate future, nothing like the sharp advance, which for a moment lately appeared probable, need be expected. The course of affairs in the New York Stock Market evidences that the general investing public have not been crowded out by the speculators, and the recent action of the banks in restricting their advances for stock exchange purposes has checked the bullish tone which showed a tendency to carry prices beyond safe limits.

Silver has recovered its position during the week, through the apparent failure of the negotiations of the United States Commissioners to arrive at any distinct understanding with European authorities chiefly interested in maintaining the value of the metal, will probably cause fresh weakness.

The readiness with which a $200,000 parcel of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad 5 per cent bonds was taken from the syndicate at 100½ bespeaks the ultimate success of the public issue. It is intended to place a limited quantity of the bonds on the local market each month, and, if the price is not too high, there is not the least doubt they will be readily absorbed by investors looking for high-class securities.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the Supervisors' case has had the effect, as we predicted last week, of strengthening the position of Spring Valley Water Company stock in the market, and the quotation has advanced to 99¾ to 101. Gas Company stocks also reflect the feeling of the market, and are perceptibly stronger since the announcement of the court's judgment.

The tendency in regard to Bank shares generally continues upward. Bank of California registers quite a sharp advance on the week, and the shares are to-day listed 240 to 243, with the market strong and showing an inclination to still higher figures.

In the miscellaneous department, Sugar stocks continue to be inquired for, and everything points to further enhancement of values, in view of Hawaiian annexation prospects. The buying orders are coming from the right quarter, and the market presents a strong front for this class of industrial investments.

Speaking generally, there has not been a great deal doing in the local stock market, and the Jewish holiday having caused some interruption of business during the current week, the volume of trading has been comparatively light. The market throughout, however, exhibits a good deal of buoyancy, and prices are well maintained.

In the local grain markets there has been considerable improvement, due chiefly to the strong enquiry in the East from foreign centers, Paris in particular. The result has been a daily gain of strength and an appreciable advance in values. Farmers had begun to fear they had many of them held on too long, and will now probably be ready to loosen up and take advantage of the recent advance in values.

In live stock the generally active and strong market throughout the country keeps local values at a higher level than they have been for a long time past, and the large holders of cattle, sheep and hogs are very firm in their demands.

In the lumber trade things are growing more and more lively. All the leading mills are fully engaged, and for the moment indisposed to accept fresh orders. The result is that rates are on the upward grade and are likely to advance steadily in the immediate future.

Arrivals at the St. Denis Hotel, New York, to October 1st: Mrs. A. H. Tickle, H. Locke, Geo. J. G. Marsley, San Francisco.

The best French claret for connoisseurs can be had at reasonable prices, direct from the large vineyards of Chateau d'Arsac. For particulars, address Jules F. Pages, 1316 O'Farrell street.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

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| LEAVE | DAILY | FOR EXAMPLE |
|---|---|---|
| San Francisco.. | 4 30 pm | Monday |
| Sacramento ..... | 6 20 pm | " |
| San Jose..... | 5 00 pm | " |
| Fresno ..... | 12 55 am | Tuesday |
| Bakersfield ..... | 4 40 am | " |
| Barstow ..... | 4 55 pm | " |
| Ash Fork..... | 7 40 am | Wednesday |
| Flagstaff ..... | 10 15 am | " |
| Albuquerque ... | 10 25 pm | " |
| Las Vegas..... | 4 00 am | Thursday |
| La Junta ..... | 11 50 am | " |
| Denver ..... | 5 00 pm | " |
| Newton ..... | 12 35 am | Friday |
| Kansas City ..... | 7 05 am | " |
| Chicago ..... | 9 30 pm | " |

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**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. October 1, 5, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 30; November 3, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 29; December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. Oct. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. Oct. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, Stmr. Orizaba, 10 a.m. the 2d each month

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing

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S. S. "Australia," Honolulu only, Tuesday, Nov. 2 1897, at 2 p.m. Special party rates.

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**Bids for Concessions and Privileges in Yosemite Valley.**

OFFICE OF THE YOSEMITE COMMISSIONERS
San Francisco, August 10, 1897.

In accordance with Rule XXXIV of the Rules and Regulations governing Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Tree Grove, adopted July 13, 1896, sealed bids are hereby invited for the following concessions and privileges in the Yosemite grant, for the year beginning November 1, 1897, and ending October 31, 1898, viz.:

First—For keeping a livery stable and conducting a general livery business in the Valley, and also for the rental of the Royal Arch Farm and Stables.

Second—For rental of stable and coachhouse on Georgia Avenue (stage headquarters).

Third—For rental of hotel, out-buildings and grounds at Glacier Point, and privilege of conducting a hotel business at that point.

Fourth—For rental of store building and privilege of conducting a general merchandise business in the Valley.

Bids must be presented to the Secretary on or before Monday, October 12, 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Commissioners, San Francisco.

Bids must be accompanied by sufficient guarantee that contract shall be carried out by bidders to the satisfaction of the Commissioners. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Room 25, Tenth Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Storey County, Nev.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 8th day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 48) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 4th day of November, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. CHAS. E. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

Office, room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 57
Amount per share, 10 cents
Levied Sept. 3, 1897
Delinquent in office Oct. 6, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Oct. 27, 1897
J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.
Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ANDES SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 1st day of September, 1897, an assessment (No. 44) of Ten Cents (10c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the offices of the company, rooms 20-22 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 4th day of October, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 25th day of October, 1897, at 1 o'clock p.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN W. TWIGGS, Secretary.
Office, rooms 20-22, Nevada Block, 509 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—In the matter of the application of the SITES SANDSTONE COMPANY (a corporation) to dissolve: Notice is hereby given that the Sites Sandstone Company, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco an application praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that Monday the 11th day of October, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, has been appointed as the time, and the Courtroom of Department No. 7 of said Superior Court, New City Hall, San Francisco, California, as the place, at which said application is to be heard.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said Superior Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1897.
C. F. CURRY, Clerk.
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk.
VAN NESS & REDMAN, Att'ys for Petitioners.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—In the matter of the Estate of Eudora A. Chambers, sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Monday the 18th day of October, A.D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, and the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Eudora A. Chambers, sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers, deceased, and for hearing the application of Robert C. Chambers for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

Dated September 23d, A.D. 1897.
CHARLES F. CURRY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By V. F. Northrop, Deputy Clerk.
FRANKLIN K. LANE, Attorney for Petitioner, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Belcher Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
Amount per share, 20 cents
Levied September 18, 1897
Delinquent in office, October 21, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock, Nov. 11, 1897.
C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office, room 37, Mills Building, San Francisco.

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Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

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## LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Room 202
Crocker Building, San Francisco

## United States Laundry

Office 1004 Market St.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

There was a man named Watkins in a Confederate regiment during the war, who was well on toward middle-life; but when his wife came to camp one day he seemed young by comparasion. There seemed to be a century's difference between them; and the man, who was as ugly as a Georgia cracker usually is, was handsome beside his wife. "How did you ever come to marry such an old witch as that?" asked one of his superior officers, taking him aside. "Well, you see, said the man, rather sheepishly, "her mother kept a little grocery store down on the corner of the street where I lived, and I used to go in there to get what I wanted to eat. One day I found the old woman's ugly daughter all alone in the store. Just as I came in I heard the clink of silver in the loose rafters over head, and the old woman counting: 'One, two, three,' and so on. I sat down and made love to the girl, and the old woman upstairs kept on counting. By and by she was away in the hundreds—four hundred, four hundred and fifty, five hundred I courted the girl harder and harder as the old woman got higher. Finally she stopped at nine hundred. 'Great Scott!' I said to myself. 'Nine hundred dollars!' 'Beloved Sukey will you be mine?' She said she would, and we were married that same day." "Well, is that all?" "No; there was only thirty of those silver dollars; the old woman counted them over thirty times." Perhaps it would be well to investigate a little every time.

A good story is told of Lamartine, in the revolution of 1848. At the Hotel de Ville, Lamartine received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women strongly resembled the famous poissardes of the first revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose disheveled locks and uncouth garb presented anything but an attractive spectacle. Monsieur de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. "Citizen," replied the foremost among them, standing with arms akimbo in front of her comrades, "the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you." The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the unwashed Venuses and thus replied: "Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men! Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands." And they did, till he was almost sorry he had not made it kisses after all.

The Bishop of Worcester, England, once had occasion to travel through Banbury by rail. Being desirous to test and at the same time to encourage the far-famed industry of that town, he beckoned to a small boy and inquired the price of the celebrated buns. "Threepence each," said the boy. The Bishop thereupon handed him sixpence and desired him to bring one to the car, adding: "And with the other threepence you may buy one for yourself." The boy shortly returned, complacently munching his Banbury, and, handing the threepence in coppers to the Bishop, exclaimed: "There was only one left, guv'nor."

When the late Senator Taber, of Colorado, reached Washington to enter upon his thirty-days' senatorial career, he went to a well-known livery stable and said he wanted to hire for a few days the best team and carriage it could afford. "You shall have 'em, senator." "Put the nigger in livery, will you—bang up livery?" "It'll be as good as Brewster's," "And a new plug hat—shiny?" "Yes." "And put one o' them there red bugs on the side of the hat; that'll make it look toney." The livery man furnished them all, red bug and shiny hat included, and the statesman was happy.

In 1845, Lord Boyle, afterwards Earl of Glasgow, was making a political speech in Renfrewshire. He was a robust, plain-spoken man. Up from the back of the audience arose a workingman who desired to ask a question—a man with hair on his chest, sooty face, and grimy hands, who shouted: "Tell us what articles you would admit free of duty." Lord Boyle resented this leading question—one that he was taking particular pains to avoid, and shaking his fist furiously at the offender, he said: "You black son of Satan, the first thing I'll admit free of duty will be soap—soap, sir—soap!" The grimy person retired at once.

Mr. F. Litchfield, the well-known art-dealer, exhibited some panels of old tapestry at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. Wanting one of these returned he wired: "Please send panel eight by ten—Venus and Adonis.—Litchfield." The departmental head of the exhibition was away, and the clerk returned the message to the postoffice as "not understandable." The postoffice people struck with a bright idea, then transmitted the telegram to the city of Litchfield, and received the following reply: "No such firm as Venus and Adonis known here. Try Manchester.

A certain Western Senator who has but recently taken up cycling was wheeling in Washington through the agricultural grounds, when he met a man and two women whom he knew. Quite properly, the senator raised one hand from his wheel to raise his hat, and the next minute he had tumbled into a bed of flowers. "You did that very gracefully, senator," was the comment of the trio of bicyclers. "I always dismount in the presence of ladies," instantly replied the senator.

The famous Thad. Stevens had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who, one morning, smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you —— —— black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "'Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd!"


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 42 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 16, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 16, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| Things and People, by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| North Beach Development | 4 |
| Making a Charter | 4 |
| How San Francisco Lives; by John Bonner | 5 |
| Are they Spoiled? | 11 |
| The Navy of Japan | 6 |
| "Judy's Service of Gold Plate;" by Frank Norris | 6 |
| The Kingdom of the Czar | 6 |
| At the Playhouses | 7 |
| Types of the Warships of Japan | 8 |
| The Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary | 10 |
| The Theatres | 10 |
| New Books in Review | 12 |
| Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| Financial Review | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## WHAT DOES THE SOUTH DESIRE?

The Southern end of our State is threatened with a piece of political jobbery that, if we are correctly informed, is calculated to defeat the reasonable wishes of the great body of its intelligent voters. Toward frustrating the machinations of the coterie of Northern politicians engaged in the not altogether savory proceeding, The Wave is inclined to lend a helping hand; for the plot, if successful, would breed an unwholesome and unnecessary political discontent in the South that might better be avoided, and while it might serve private ends admirably enough, would answer no good public purpose.

It is somewhat early to indulge in political speculation, but it is not too early to have settled and firmly fixed in the public mind certain political rights and wrongs, lest honest men being misinformed may thereby be misled into contributing to the perpetration of a rank injustice.

At the next election there will be chosen an entire State ticket, including a Governor and a Legislature—the latter body will, in turn, name a United States Senator to succeed Stephen M. White. Practically, these two high offices will be filled at the same election, and it is assumed, as a matter of sane politics, that the section of the State from which the Governor is chosen will not expect or be entitled to receive the Senatorship. Geography is a hard thing to overcome in politics—argument, it will not submit to—and it has come to be an unwritten rule in politics that the distributiou of offices should have some reference to geography.

The outgoing Senator is a resident of Los Angeles. Following along lines of naturalness his successor should be taken from that environment, and particularly should this course be followed if the body of the people there residing demand it. Mr. White is the first representative the State has ever had in the United States Senate from south of the Tehachapi mountains. If his successor is chosen from the same locality it will serve to establish a fixed rule in the politics of our State that Senatorial honors shall be divided, as near as may be, between the North and the South. For this and other reasons, we are told the intelligent voters of the South stoutly demand the privilege of naming the next Senator in preference to all else political.

But the meeting of the State convention which nominates a Governor precedes the session of the Legislature which chooses a Senator, and crafty politicians are already plotting to force the gubernatorial nomination down the throat of the South in hopes of tricking it out of its Senator. The conspirators then propose to profit by their own mischief, and set up the cry that "The South cannot have a Governor and a Senator too." Unless our Southern brothers definitely and in unmistakable terms announce their preference for a Senatorship, they will certainly find themselves—to use a vulgar term—"buncoed" out of a Senator. Providing, of course, their political preference be a Senatorship.

Fair-minded men who deal in politics and take note of public affairs, are willing to concede the Senatorship to the South if it desires it, and The Wave for one northern journal will vigorously support such a contention. The North, in all decency, owes this much to the South. During the last campaign the South did not question our rights in this respect, for county conventions in every county south of Tehachapi joined heartily in the support of Senator Perkins and without a murmur instructed their legislative nominees to vote for him. Common decency demands similar action on our part, and if the South can some time hereafter agree upon a man whose name will not sound strangely in our northern ears, county conventions in the north, where boss rule does not dominate, will certainly return the compliment, and defeat the conspiracy now hatching.

It is not necessary for either party in the South to agree upon given candidates at this time. It is only necessary for the South, Democrats and Republicans alike, to give voice to their preference in the matter. In case they are to be conceded one and denied the other, which would the people prefer—a Senator or a Governor? There should be no toying with this question. It should be settled decisively and at once, and if settled in favor of the Senatorship, then the Southern Gubernatorial aspirant who is being flattered and cajoled by northern politicians, and who threatens to sacrifice his people at the altar of his personal ambition, should have peremptory notice served on him, that he is treading dangerously near to the line that marks the boundary between local patriotism and base treachery.

## THE SPANISH PROBLEM.

In spite of the efforts of the sensational press of two continents to demonstrate the fact, it has become apparent that the relations between the United States and Spain are approaching a crisis of unusual gravity. While it is highly improbable that our Minister at Madrid has presented to the Spanish government anything like the flat ultimatum from Washington, which the excitable correspondents professed to discover, and published soon after his arrival in Spain, it is probably true that he has been instructed to impress upon the government of the Queen-Regent the absolute necessity for a speedy settlement of the protracted disturbance in Cuba. Such an announcement from one government to another necessarily involves an alternative, and whether it is openly expressed or left to be understood diplomatically, is of no importance. In this case the Spaniards can have no room for doubt as to what the alternative will be.

The struggle in Cuba, which the Spaniards insist is not a war, but a mere civil disturbance, and which we ourselves have not yet recognized as conferring the character of lawful belligerency on the insurgents, has now continued for two years and eight months. During that time Spain has sent two hundred thousand soldiers to Cuba, and spent more than two hundred millions of dollars in the effort to re-establish Spanish rule throughout the island. The commerce of Cuba is extinct, its industries are ruined, its wealth is destroyed. Spanish blood and Spanish treasure have been poured forth lavishly, if unwisely, the arms of Spain have met disgrace that is worse than defeat, and the Spanish name has been stained by acts of atrocious cruelty committed in pursuance of a policy of poor statesmanship and poorer soldiership. And the result is that to-day the rebellion is as vigorous as ever, and more promising of success as the resources of Spain are more nearly exhausted. The Cuban forces are masters of three-fourths of the island, and the Spaniards are reduced to a precarious tenure of their stations on the coast and the country within a radius of a day's march of a few inland garrisons. The Spanish commanders have ceased to be aggressive, and their energies seem to be devoted entirely to the enforcement of the cruel policy of concentrating the non-combatant inhabitants within the small circles of Spanish authority, where no provision is made for them and where they are forbidden to provide for themselves. The only results of such a policy are to destroy those who submit to it, and to convert into active enemies of Spain all those who can escape from it. The result is a deadlock. All the resources of Spain, directed by such ability as her chosen commanders have displayed, have been proved to be unequal to the task of vindicating her sovereignty throughout the island. On the other hand, the Cubans, without recognition even as belligerents, and without the right to fly their flag on the high seas, are unequal to the task of reducing the large towns now held by the Spaniards, and wresting from them the control of the ports of the islands.

The government and the people of Spain seem to think that they have a right to maintain this condition of affairs for an indefinite time, and the Spanish press resents, with much vigor of language, the idea that the United States have any intersst in the matter which would warrant our interference in the quarrel between Spain and her revolted colony. The arrival in Spain of Minister Woodford, the tragic death of Canovas del Castillo, the succession of the ministries of Azcareaga and Sagasta—all these events have called forth expressions of Spanish opinion, from many quarters and from all parties of Spanish politics, from which it seems clear that the Spanish people would unite in a determined and enthusiastic opposition to American intervention in any form. Even an offer of the good offices of the United States in an effort to restore peace in Cuba without extinguishing the sovereignty of Spain over the island is so distasteful to Castilian pride that the very suggestion of it is emphatically resented. We are not at present concerned with the inquiry as to how far Spanish opposition to American intervention could be made effective. The important matter for present consideration is the fact that intervention of some sort seems to be a rapidly approaching necessity, and that, as a consequence, a war with Spain is within the bounds of reasonable probability.

In his last message to Congress, ten months ago, President Cleveland described the condition of affairs then existing in Cuba, and, while he believed it proper to wait a reasonable time to allow the Spaniards to restore, if possible, their authority over the island, he declared that unless this was accomplished we must find means to put an end to the strife. In that declaration Mr. Cleveland undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of a majority of American citizens. Since that time the Spanish cause has gone backward, and a peaceful solution of the struggle between Spain and her insurgents seems more remote than ever. There is no reason to believe that President McKinley and his advisers are at all inclined to recede from the position taken by our government under Mr. Cleveland—on the contrary, there is reason to believe that the present administration has advanced from that position to the point from which intervention is possible. There is absolutely no evidence of a desire on the part of the United States for a war of conquest, but public sentiment and sympathy in this country are favorable to the Cuban cause, and the public opinion is that we have been sufficiently patient and forbearing with Spain, and that now our duty and our interests require that there shall be an end of a strife on our own borders, the contiuuance of which can result only in further misery and destruction, without accomplishing any end for which war may legitimately be waged. The Spanish position is that the war may be continued indefinitely. The American position is that the war must cease. Should both parties stand firm in their present attitudes, another war, now only a rather remote probability, will soon approach within the line of reasonable doubt.

## PRESS CENSORSHIP OF THE JUDICIARY.

A friend, familiar with the attitude of The Wave with respect to the Press and the Judiciary, has directed our attention to a decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in which that tribunal has upheld the right of the Press to criticize a judge who is a candidate for further judicial honors. The Wave has never questioned this right. It seems in the Wisconsin case, that a certain Judge Bailey—a candidate for re-election—had opposed to his election an attorney named Doolittle and an editor, Mr. Ashbaugh. In their efforts to defeat the judge, these gentlemen published various articles charging him with official extravagance, unfairness, partiality and "openness to corrupt motives." Grave and serious imperfections, by the way, in a judicial officer. Instead of availing himself of the adequate remedies, civil and criminal, which the law affords the libelled citizen, this very injudicious person cited his critics to appear before his court, to answer in contempt proceedings. The lawyer and the editor very properly sought and promptly secured from the Supreme Court an alternative writ of prohibition directed against the Wisconsin Jeffries. Whereupon that most resourceful judicial officer found the offenders guilty of a fresh contempt for the affidavits alleging the truth of their criticisms, contained in their application to the Supreme Court. The matter finally came up for a hearing before the higher tribunal and that court very sensibly held the judge had exceeded his powers, and forthwith made the writ absolute.

The conduct of the Wisconsin Judge was arbitrary, unusual, repugnant to decency, in violation of law, and without precedent. The very means he employed to silence criticism added the color of truth to the charges he would smother, emphasized his entire unfitness, and demonstrated that which his critics were attempting to prove.

We have no quarrel with the Press for charging specific wrongdoing against public officers—administrative, legislative or judicial; but we do insist that such charges should be specific and well considered. It is the broad, sweeping, meaningless, mischief-provoking insinuations, aimed at the judiciary that engage our hostility. It is the criticism leveled at the integrity of a court for holding to principles that do not dovetail with popular will, that seem to us outrageous and in bad taste. It is the criticism intended to influence and intimidate courts during the progress of a case that provokes our indignation. Good, sound, wholesome, criticism of a judge, who is a candidate for renewed public favor, is not only to be expected, but it is to be desired. Ill-considered, loose, haphazard charges, work not only a wrong to the assaulted judge but ultimate harm to our entire judicial system.

The Judge is situated as is no other public officer. Except in grave cases of malfeasance he should be exempt from the attacks to which our ordinary public officers are subject, for he may not at once maintain the dignity of his office and defend himself. It is cowardly and dishonorable to assault one rendered so helpless.

The Wisconsin judge did something more than attempt to defend himself. He tossed his robes of office to one side, threw dignity to the dogs, and, divesting himself of every attribute that should mark the conduct of a judge, descended to the level of an ordinary man, inflamed with all the ignoble passions in the category of hate. The judge who turns his court into a torture chamber for his enemies, and employs the decrees of his court as weapons to punish and belabor his opponents or lash his critics into silence, forfeits the esteem of honest citizens, and relinquishes the shield that generations of law-abiding men have set up for his protection. Human sentiments have no place in judicial decrees. Fear must not influence the judge, nor kindly affection for particular litigants move him to soften the asperities of the law. He is elevated above his fellows—so the presumption runs—not only because of his learning in the law, but because of his known impartiality. He is there to diligently serve a most jealous mistress. Departing from the well worn path that duty and honor have clearly marked out for him to follow, he brings discredit on himself, and works harm irreparable to that great branch of government which he disgraces.

## GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION

By DAVID E. SPENCER.*

Many opponents of "Government by injunction," waste a great deal of energy because they do not realize that it is too late to turn or stem the current of judicial decision. It is time that the two questions involved in the consideration of the modern use of injunctions should be carefully separated. The practical question no longer is, have the courts transcended their powers, but rather, should the law be changed?

We ought first of all to recognize that the power of the courts are established beyond the reach of successful question. At the time of the establishment of our original State and Federal judiciaries, it was well recognized that equity had the power to intervene by injunction for the prevention of irremediable injury to property or rights, even though the acts enjoined might also be punishable under the criminal law. This function has, until the last ten years, been regarded without hostility. So far from that, it has universally been recognized that here is the only effective remedy for certain classes of wrongs, or rather threatened wrongs.

But of late we hear the cry that the law has been strained. We are told that there are no precedents for the recent use of the writ in conflicts between labor and capital. Now it should not be a matter for surprise to see the scope of principles of law expanding in their application to new facts and conditions. This is a common phenomenon. The fact, then, that the injunctions in question have little or nothing in the way of precedent to support them, should not lead us to deny the technical legality of this exercise of power. And it does not matter that formerly the remedy was employed where only private interests were affected, whereas the use complained of involves far-reaching public interests. The denunciations of "judge-made law," "usurpation of legislative functions," "attempts to fill gaps in the law," are without foundation.

What has just been said applies to the question of the powers of the State courts. The national courts, however, have of course been the principal object of complaint. But equally well established is the legality of most of the federal injunctions and imprisonments for contempt of court during the labor troubles of the last few years. Here the jurisdiction has been exercised largely in the enforcement of positive statutes recognized to be quite within the sphere of the central government. In their injunctions to enforce these laws, and in others issued in connection with federal receiverships of railroads, the United States courts have gone far beyond the State courts in the direction of restrictions on the acts of striking laborers. But the lawfulness of such exercise of power must be taken as established.

The most vital phase of this part of our subject is the question of the relation of the summary process for contempt of court to the right of trial by jury. Here the only pertinent question is, has the court power to issue the order? If it has, it may punish disobedience to that order in any way it could when the constitution was established. In other words, the right secured by the constitution is the right as it then existed. In fact it is only because the distinction between *benefits* of trial by jury and *right* of trial by jury has not been kept in mind that anyone could, from the legal standpoint, seriously maintain that Mr. Debs, for example, was deprived of a constitutional right.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the opponents of this use of injunction and process for contempt of court are on the wrong track when they urge objections on the score of constitutionality and legality. The drift of the decisions under the common law and the statutes is against them, and it may as well be frankly recognized that the courts will not and can not reverse themselves. It is too late to secure the desired ends through judicial decision in the application of old principles to new facts, and change must come, if it come at all, through legislation and constitutional amendment.

We may now turn to the second branch of our inquiry. Should the law be changed? Have the State courts, in applying old remedies under new conditions, gone further than is expedient? In this connection the dissenting opinion in a Massachusetts case is most worthy of study. The question was whether certain acts should be held to constitute an illegal boycott, and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "In numberless instances the law warrants the infliction of temporal damage because it regards it as justified. It is on the question of what shall amount to a justification, and more especially on the nature of the consideration which really determines, or ought to determine, the answer to that question that judicial reasoning seems to me often to be inadequate. The true grounds of decision are considerations of policy and of social advantage, and it is vain to suppose that solutions can be attained merely by logic and the general propositions of law which nobody disputes." Perhaps the words of Justice Holmes will in the long run be found to contain more wisdom than the technical pleadings of the lawyer and the technical decisions of the judges, sound as these are from the standpoint of the strict letter of the law. And the conviction may finally gain ground that, in view of the present relative strength of labor and capital, workingmen should have open to them wider means to put pressure upon employers than the law now permits. There is prevalent, besides, a well-founded idea that the courts have established for themselves a function that properly belongs to the executive, acting through the officers of the peace, the militia and the criminal courts with their juries. Hence the cry of "government by injunction." It must be admitted that it is properly an executive duty to deal with such general movements as those of 1894 and 1897, resulting in riot and virtual insurrection and involving danger to life and property, and that in such cases persons charged with crime ought to have the benefit of trial by jury. The great obstacle to the application of this view is the attitude of State or local officers with an intense hostility to capital and corporations. Tens of thousands. who on general principles, would agree that it is not properly a function of equity to do police duty, have welcomed the action of the courts as the only power that would deal effectively with disorder, violence and crime. We say advisedly would, instead of could. For it is certain that the State officers can do all that is necessary, if they only will. But some may say that the recent occurrences at Latimer, where the administrative authorities did take matters in hand, with a ghastly result that shocked workingmen even more than the action of the courts, indicate that we should only jump from the frying-pan into the fire. We must not, however, pass judgment on this affair with our present information. The investigations by Pennsylvania and the United States may put it in a different light. In most cases peace officers and militia would sympathize with laborers, and there is little danger that they would pass beyond the limits of what the law permits and the interests of public order demand.

It would be a great advantage to have measures affecting strikers placed squarely on the proper basis, that of enforcement of law and maintenance of order. Further, persons breaking the law would have all the securities of trial by jury, while at the same time administrative action would secure promptness and energy in the suppression of disorder and crime. No longer could the cry of "government by injunction" have any force.

But all this is on the assumption that State officers will do their duty. And if this assumption is unfounded, a majority of our people probably prefer that the courts should continue to exercise their established powers rather than anarchy should prevail. It may be pointed out to workingmen that public opinion in the long run will insist above all on law and order, and that the best way to secure the abolition of "government by injunction" is to aid in the election of State governors who, while they may sympathize deeply with labor, nevertheless realize that social reform cannot be advanced by a reign of terror and who may therefore be depended upon to suppress industrial riot and violence. When this confidence is secured, the people will willingly see the powers of the courts restricted by statute or constitutional amendment. Thus we may approve the injunctions so far as they have had a police purpose in view and may admit their technical legality, while we insist that a sound political system will secure the end in a way more compatible with individual liberty.

* David E. Spencer is Professor of Modern European History at Stanford University.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

Senator Stephen M. White, I am told, does not intend to offer himself for re-election next year. He has several excellent reasons. No one in California has keener political foresight than the southern Senator, to whom the signs and tokens of an approaching Republican victory have been clearly apparent for some time. A sense of the political situation would undoubtedly tend to diminish the Senator's aspirations if he had no other good reasons, He declares his financial necessities do not permit him to remain in the Senate or live in Washington. Though by no means poor, Mr. White is not a millionaire, and he finds it impossible to support Senatorial pretensions on the scale he desires on $10,00 a year. He has never pretended to do so, and has made inroads on his private fortune which his private time has not enabled him to repair. So he proposes now to devote some years to come to law practice with the determination to put himself where he will be able to give the rest of his life to politics. The Senator has an interest in a mine on the desert which looks well, and besides has some other good things in prospect. I sincerely hope his expectations may be realized. With White out of the Senatorial race a strong effort will be made to persuade Congressman Maguire into it, but the ex-Judge shows no favor for the idea, and declares he will be Governor or nothing. He is surrounded, unfortunately, by a set of impecunious friends who want offices, and being amenable to these influences, he is willing to devote himself to satisfying the ambitions of the Tracys and Gallaghers. In his fight he can count, of course, on the support of the *Examiner*, for Mr. Hearst is very grateful for the way Maguire came to his assistance when Grove Johnson attacked him in Congress.

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If the disclosures in the Welburn case index the governmental method of inquiry, it is highly desirable that some patriot undertake the correction of the system. The effort to convict the unfortunate Welburn bears all the evidence of a conspiracy. What can the Secretary of the Treasury be thinking about to permit his agents to conduct themselves as Captain Thrasher has done, actually bolstering up his case by what is veritable subornation of perjury. The connection of Dillard, the colored messenger, with the trial, is proof of weakness and it is nothing less than disgraceful that this man who is a forger on his own confession, should receive for his services (evidence) an increase of salary. Welburn's carlessness and maladministration are inexcusable, but that the machinery of the government be utilized to convict one man while others equally guilty are unscathed, is a shameless proceeding and most un-American. I am certain it will not receive the approval of Secretary Gage. It was impossible, I am told, to bring out all the facts in the Welburn affair, but it is thoroughly understood that both Special Agent Thomas and Deputy Loup participated in the poker games in which Cashier Norton lost much of the money he had stolen from the government. In addition they were all in on the race-horse deals which Dillard and Thomas arranged and put through. The impression is now widespread that Welburn is being made a scape-goat for the protection of others who really deserve prosecution. For those who know something of this ugly case it is a satisfaction to know that Gavin McNab in his arraignment of Thrasher and his accomplices set clearly before the jury the entire conspiracy and stigmatized the actors as they deserved,

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It seems fashionable at the moment to sneer al Mayor Phelan. Certain journals known to represent interests which the Supervisors sedulously served, have devoted themselves to abusing him, declaring his administration a failure, merely because he accepted Judge Wallace's decision in the recent case and took action accordingly. No right-minded citizen will condemn the Mayor on any such pretext. His good intentions are too well understood, his zeal for the public service too apparent to make such attacks of any destructive value. That Mr. Phelan, in his capacity as Mayor, is beyond reproach is impossible to assume. He has made mistakes and certainly has, on occasions, laid himself open to the charges of demagogy preferred against him, but he is young in the public service and has been unfortunate in mistaking the voice of the *Examiner* for the voice of the people. It is a loud voice, that of the Monarch, and its assumption of inspiration is so confident that one may forgive Mr. Phelan for being deceived. Some months ago The Wave suggested a plan by which the Mayor might share his responsibilities and promote the interests of the city. This could he achieve by appointing an advisory board as certain mayors in the East have done. He would then have secured the co-operation of several good minds to aid his own mental processes and there would be other shoulders to sustain the burden of his experiments. I believe, in spite of this temporary set-back, Mr. Phelan enjoys an abundant measure of public confidence and is pretty sure of a brilliant political career, unless, indeed, he should make some vital error which I cannot credit.

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That remarkable person, Hetty Green, is about to have trouble with the Assessor of Amador county. It is not generally known that the richest woman in the world has the control of one of the great mines of the county, the Esmaralda, which in early days was a great producer of bullion. Early in her financial career, she became interested in mining, bought a big block of stock, and undoubtedly would be adding Esmaralda dividends to her income but for an irascible minority interest which insisted on differing with Mrs. Green's ideas of management. That doughty lady declared then that she would starve before a pound of quartz should be crushed until the minority parted with its interest and being as determined as a law of nature, she will not start up until the affair is settled her way. The suspension is felt severely in Amador county, and by way of coercion it is proposed to assess the property at its old valuation. Maybe Mrs. Green would then be induced to allow a little gold to be dug out of the shaft.

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The long dry season has played havoc with the supply of the Tuolomne Ditch Company, and many of the big mines of the Mother Lode are closed down because of lack of water power. Though millions have been made out of this district the resources of the Ditch Company have never been increased, and now the production of gold must stop until rain falls. It is time that electrical power be substituted for water-works, but an enlargement of ditches is equally necessary. In the meantime, the Jumper, Rawhide, Dead Horse and Black Oak have suspended operations; hundreds of miners are out of work, and the dividend season is over until Jupiter Pluvius may again be heard from. This is really more of a catastrophe that it may seem on the surface.

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Vain indeed is the *Call's* fight for a City Hall Park. It would cost at least five millions to realize such an idea, and while it might be compassed by the wealth of Claus Spreckels, the city of San Francisco will never, I fear, be rich enough to afford it. There are some 2,000 front feet worth, on an average, $2500 a foot, and there are the improvements and the other expenses on top. Much more reasonable and practicable would be a scheme to extend the Panhandle of the Park to Van Ness Avenue. That is an idea which might be achieved for three millions. There are some thirteen blocks assessed now at about a million and a half which could be purchased, I should think, for three millions. Many years ago Frank McCoppin suggested the extension of the Panhandle to Van Ness Avenue which might then have been put through at a cost of half a million, but that was twenty-five years ago.

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The desire of Governor Budd to be kind to his friend Dr. O'Brien is costing the State the utility of the Preston Reform School. This O'Brien is a political physician, of Merced, absolutely without training or knowledge of reform methods and quite lacking in executive ability. He is pleasant and agreeable personally and doubtless good to know if you had to spend a week in Merced. The fact that he has been a boon companion of Mr. Budd is really no reason why he should be saddled on California. The institution has been going from bad to worse since he has had charge of it and is now absolutely disorganized. Besides, there have come out of the place stories of unnecessary whippings which demand explanation and should be taken up by the papers. Cnrious, is it not, that the press with all its claims to public usefulness does not demonstrate its value by taking cognizance of the condition of this institution. There are all the elements of several screaming sensations should they be followed up.

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Curious as it may seem the demands of the interior in the direction of groceries and clothing are supplied almost exclusively from Sacramento. Our traders in San Francisco do not possess the enterprise which exists in certain big firms at the capital. For many years Weinstock & Lubin have been trying for this country business which is obtained by means of catalogues, extensively circulated, and their immense institution in Sacramento is proof of their success. Indeed, without permitting the element of advertisement to enter into this discussion, I cannot imagine a more interesting article than might be made out of a description of this big house, which is conducted on the co-operative principle and is run on a very broad and intelligent basis. To the Weinstock institution there has recently grown-up a rival in John Bruner, who has a big store on K street. Bruner has developed his business within the last few years, and seems determined to contest the supremacy of the older concern. They are bold advertisers, these Sacramentans, unlike their San Francisco competitors, and utiliize their two papers, *The Bee* and *The Record Union*, most extensively. Quite recently Bruner engaged Mr. Clement Wilder, of the San Francisco firm of Wilder & Co,, to take charge of his advertising department, and he proposes to enter into the struggle with a set of new ideas. Mr. Wilder has been a decided success in this field, for he had applied real intelligence to the profession. He has left as his successors Mr. Lombard and Mr. Farrell, who have studied the business with him and are well versed in the art of displaying type.

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It is about time that golf came to California for in that direction we are behind the rest of the country. The game which has attracted such a degree of attention in the East is really not in it at all in San Francisco. The patronage of the links at the Presidio is confined to a few enthusiasts, whereas the old links at Burlingame were never used save by Mr. Parrott, Mr. Lawson and Mr. Dick. I am told they are now laying out new links on the grounds below the Clubhouse, and enthusiasm is promised as soon as they are completed. There was quite a gathering at Burlingame last Saturday, several parties having gone down from the city. It will soon be time for the hunting, and I am told the hounds will be followed by quite a number of men and girls who have had their appetites whetted by the paper chases at San Rafael.

BOSWELL JR.

TIDE LANDS AND SEAWALL OF THE FAIR ESTATE AT NORTH BEACH

## NORTH BEACH DEVELOPMENT

### Reclaiming Tide-Lands and Swamps for City Extension.

In the building up of great cities there have been numerous instances where extensive tracts of land appearing to the ordinary observer of no great value have been acquired by some far-seeing individual and eventually converted into a valuable building site. The most striking case of the kind in San Francisco is notably in evidence at the present time, although so far the property is still in an embryo state. On the North Beach a total area of about 125 acres is being graded, filled in and walled on the edge ef the bay in pursuance of contracts entered into by the late Senator Fair, the work having been begun about four years ago. The actual work in progress represents three separate divisions, first cutting down sand hills, secondly filling in swamps and thirdly building a wall and filling in what is technically known as the tide-lands between such wall and the formerly existing foreshore.

Roughly speaking the area of the tract extends from a block beyond what is recorded on the city map as Lewis street on the north to Lombard street on the south, and from Van Ness avenue on the east to Lyon street on the west, the last named street forming the dividing line between the Fair property and the Presidio reservation.

The eastern boundary of the Fair holding is formed by Webster street, from there out to Van Ness avenue being the property of various other owners. In order to obtain material for filling in his lots that were under water, Senator Fair entered into a contract with these neighboring proprietors to grade their lands. This has been practically accomplished, and some twenty-five blocks are now available on that site for building purposes.

The history of this property goes back to the days of '49, when a Frenchman named Raymond squatted there, and at his death some twenty-five years or so ago, the title he possessed was sold by auction and thereon passed into the hands of Mr. J. R. Spring. This gentleman subsequently was able to obtain an act of the Legislature granting him certain further lands in the neighborhood of the Raymond holding in consideration of his incorporating a company called the North San Francisco Railroad and Homestead Association, and undertaking to develop and build suitable homes for working men in that quarter. This seems to have been as far as they got, the agreement and plans were duly approved and there the matter rested. However, in later years the foresight and enterprise of the late Senator Fair led to his purchasing from the association the tide-lands portion of their property, representing an area of twenty-two city blocks. Subsequently he bought up all the stock of the association and thus became possessed of the whole of its property in fee simple. This being done he set to work to get the entire tract into shape for building and street-making, spending some $30,000 a month, so long as he lived, in labor and material. Since his death the Court has limited the outlay of the estate under this head to $12,000 per month.

The accompanying sketches afford a very clear conception of the big undertaking which Senator Fair embarked upon. The views show the condition of the property at the present time and will enable the reader to understand what has already been done and what remains to be done. In this latter respect the work will consist almost entirely of filling in and leveling. The space between the seawall and the existing water line, as seen in the upper photograph, has to be converted into dry land, a beginning having been made, as shown in the picture, at the eastern end, next the slip adjoining the works of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company. It will then remain for the State to erect an outer wall to constitute the future shore line. The declivities which were originally swamp-lands have to some extent been filled in, such as still remain below sea level being rented to Chinese, who find profit in turning the bottoms into gardens and at the same time contribute the only item that is at all picturesque in the present surroundings of this immediate locality.

At present the scene no longer shows the life and activity which has been noticable for the past four years, with a large force of men cutting away the sand banks, loading trucks and hauling to the place of deposit for filling-in purposes. The change has been brought about by legal proceedings instituted by the Pacific Gas Improvement Company, who claim that the water-front rights have been encroached upon. They have accordingly obtained an injunction from the Court to stop the contractors employed by the Fair estate from proceeding with the work and pending the settlement of the suit all work has been stopped.

SWAMP-LAND AT PRESENT CULTIVATED BY CHINESE

The establishment of the two large gas plants in the neighborhood vitiates the pure ozone that sweeps in through the Golden Gate to a considerable extent, and precludes the idea of that part of the town ever being an agreeable place of residence. For the location of factories and commercial establishments it has many advantages, and the water frontage will no doubt be turned to account for coal, lumber and other yards, conveniently situated for serving the western portion of the city. With the shorter haul such concerns will be able to furnish supplies of heavy material much under the rates at present demanded by dealers who have the longer haul from the eastern front of the bay. Probably the entire outlay of the Fair estate represents at least a million dollars, equivalent to $2,000 per acre. Taking his investment at this figure it is not dificult to conceive that the late Senator secured for his heirs an exceedingly valuable asset.

The re-conquest of the Soudan for Egypt seems hardly likely to fail of accomplishment, though the retiring Dervishes may, no doubt, be depended upon to make a final stand before the advancing Egyptian troops, ere Khartoum is reached. The Khalifa, in the meantime, is evidently impressed by the excellent organization of the expedition and its fighting qualities, and has deemed it advisable to keep falling back, even to the extent of sacrificing large quantities of supplies,

The astonishing story of the almost complete annihilation of three thousand Abyssinian soldiers by Somalis seems to need confirmation.

## MAKING A CHARTER

### The Committee of One Hundred — its Personages and Proceedings.

The convention which is engaged now in preparing a charter that may represent the innumerable phases of public and private opinion in San Francisco, was called into being by a resolution of the Merchants' Association. This organization invited the Mayor to take steps for the creation of a municipal charter, for between the Consolidation act, the one-twelfth act, and the thousand and one conflicting amendments, grafted on the original instrument by private greed acting in the Legislature, the government of San Francisco is in a sorry fix. Under present conditions, reform is not only impossible, but extravagance and corruption are inevitable, and what is worse, the laws governing the powers of the various branches of the government are so confused by diverse interpretations, that there can be neither light nor intelligence until we have an instrument on modern lines settling for once the questions at issue. A new charter would define the jurisdiction of City and State, and put an end once and for all to the unnecessary interference of the Legislature with affairs of the municipality. In response to the request Mayor Phelan set about the selection of one hundred men, who should constitute a body that might really be called representative The fault of previous charters, and we have been charter making for two decades, has been the insertion of some discordant provision which neutralized the harmonious intent of the measure and arrayed against it citizens who ought to have been among its strongest supporters. A foolish misunderstanding killed the charter of '95, and it is to obviate such a contingency that this convention has so been created. All the schools are represented—radicals and conservatives, Socialists, bankers, Anarchists, business men, Single Taxers, landholders, upholders of the referendum and of the initiative—indeed here are apostles of the most conflicting theories and principles forming an extraordinarily interesting assemblage. Nor are these reformers of the humbug order. They are genuine and sincere in their beliefs and, for the most part, earnest and thoughtful men who in this instance are giving their best to the cause of good government.

The gatherings of a body representing such diverse phases of public opinion could not be harmonious. At first there was rather more dissension than was easily controllable but that has passsed now and there has been developed a cohesiveness and a comprehension of individualities which tends to the softening of asperities. This has been evoked by the desire of the one hundred men to perform the function for which they have been called together. The sincerity of the radicals is appreciated and humored by the conservatives and with this good understanding substantial progress is being made. Perhaps there is rather more oratory than is necessary. The very radical members number thirteen, and

AN EVENING SESSION OF THE CHARTER CONVENTION: MAYOR PHELAN IN THE CHAIR

each one of them is heard on every question. Speeches, it is true, are limited to five minutes, but the reformers never abate a second of their allowance, and really are listened to with the utmost politeness and patience. Indeed these theorists never have had such a thoughtful audience to work upon and the capitalists are quite as responsive and interested as the men who have neither property nor possessions to hazard, by experiments in State control and communism. Mayor Phelan makes an excellent chairman and his sincere desire for the public welfare and the cause of good government is recognized and appreciated.

Among this gathering of able and intelligent men there are naturally some excellent speakers. Ex-Mayor Pond has always had the faculty of expressing his ideas clearly, and this ability is possessed also by F. W. Dohrmann. Both are successful business men, and have had considerable experience in public affairs. Their opinions on mooted questions are invariably listened to with attention and respect. The practical knowledge of Ex-Mayor Ellert is also of great value to the Convention, and his ideas are invariably elicited at some turn of the discussion. One of the most conspicuous factors in the Convention is Alfred Cridge, whose personal identification is that of a reformer. He is a firm believer in the efficacy of the single tax, and has at his finger's end all the "isms" and theories of economical innovation. Indeed, he is tremendously well informed about all that pertains to economics, and possesses a rare gift of lucid expression which renders easily comprehensible his exposition of the most complex of the new systems. Though advanced in years, he brings to the discussion of practical questions an extraordinary activity of mind and a surprising faculty at logical analysis which render his contributions most interesting and important. His influence in the Convention loses nothing from the fact that, though deep in new theories, he never attempts forcing them on the Convention. Joseph O'Connor is one of the members who commands the ear of the body. He speaks but seldom, but when heard from, is always to the point. He seldom loses a contention, and is notably sane. Franklin K. Lane is another valuable member who has both information and the faculty of imparting it. Several speeches of his have attracted the attention and modified the action of the convention at important junctures. Gavin McNab as chairman of the legal committee has exerted much influence on its deliberations. No man in the body has a more thorough knowledge of politics and of municipal affairs, and the epigrammatic manner of his speech invariably gives point to his objections and expositions, which are invariably sane and thoughtful. He ranks as one of the strongest men in the aggregation.

To pass on to the reformers who are always heard from. Perhaps it is not fair to class Senator Samuel Braunhart among these, but he is on his feet as often as any of them. Persistent and progressive, at first he was made fun of, but his sincerity has gained him the good will of the body, and he begins to be listened to with patience. It is erroneous also to include Mr. McCarthy in this connection, for the president of the Carpenters's Union is more conservative than any of the millionaires. His very antithesis is Mr. McArthur, president of the Coast Seaman's Union and editor of the journal of that organization. He is a radical, a reformer, a single-taxer and everything else. Another great single-taxer is Joseph Leggett, who is intelligent and well posted on economic theories, but whose influence in the convention is neutralized by a tendency to consider a general discussion of questions in which he has an interest as involving his personality. The president of the Socialists, Mr. Benham, is an easy and fluent talker, but is prone to take impracticable positions. Barney McKenna, who attends to the law business of Adolph Sutro, is also a man who is heard to advantage. The name of J. M. Reynolds is familiar to people who read letters in the newspapers. Mr. Reynolds has a perennial flow of language and overflows at every opportunity, wasting force and importance thereby. The convention hath one lady member, Mrs. Burke, a school teacher. She is one of its most regular attendants and a very sensible woman, whose ideas meet with great respect. She talks but seldom and then very much to the point.

Of course these are but a few of the individuals who compose the body. The charter when they have finished with it should be a document of real value, for never was an instrument put together with more attention to detail. The legislative section has about been completed, and it will not be long now until the others are finished. Then it will be time for the Election Committee to summon the freeholders who will adopt and amend the new charter to suit their own views. The photograph accompanying this was made at a meeting of the convention at Native Sons' Hall.

The great contest of the convention has been between the advocates of what is known as the Glasgow plan and those who favor the American plan of concentrating executive functions in the hands of the Mayor. In Glasgow the government is controlled by an executive council similar to our Supervisorial Board. This organization levies taxes, administers the departments of the municipalities, manages gas and water works and makes all appointments. The Mayor under this system is merely a chairman. The American idea is to make one man responsible to the people for errors and mal-administration. His office is of such prominence, such importance, that the selection of an honorable and experienced citizen is obligatory on the voters, and he has such extraordinary powers that the best class of men may be persuaded to aspire to it. Strange as it may seem it is the radicals who are the most opposed to the American plan, though they have lost much by the utter failure of the Supervisorial system as exhibited in San Francisco, whereas concentration has its strong adherents among the property holders and the conservative elements of the convention. The dissentions that have been most positively obtruded, however, have all been from this elementary contention, and its phases have been discussed to the advantage of all concerned.

In the midst of all her troubles the Queen-Regent of Spain has no more sincere sympathizer than Leo XIII, who is in constant correspondence with her, and in late years has given evidence of a desire to further the interests of Spain in every possible way. The Pope has recently instructed the Nuncio at Madrid to check the disposition of the lower clergy to support the Carlist propaganda, and to make them understand that it is their duty to uphold existing authority. Leo has before dealt with the same matter, and made his influence felt. As regards the insurrection in Cuba, Spain knows that in His Holiness she has a friend on whom she can count, and not improbably, when the time comes, his intervention may save her from awkward complications with foreign Powers.

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO LIVES

III.

### Solid Meat Alone Satisfies its Voracious Maw.

This city, far more than any part of England, is the home of deep-bosomed women and meat-fed men. We are above all things meat-eaters; we want beef three times a day, and large platefuls at each meal. Were it not that vegetables and fruit are cheap and abundant, so that we are able to throw into the body starch and sugar enough to balance the albumen and fat of animal food, we should starve from overfeeding on meat. Once a day is enough to eat the flesh of animals. That rule is generally followed in Europe; indeed, among the peasantry of England, France, Germany, Spain and Italy, beef is eaten at the Sunday dinner, and rarely on any other day.

Mr. Schweitzer, the wholesale butcher of Clay street, tells me that San Francisco eats four hundred head of cattle every day of its life. His partner, who is stern and self-contained, with no bigod nonsense about him, thinks this an exaggeration, and doubts if the daily consumption exceeds three hundred and fifty head. Even so, it is a wonder that we dare to look a steer in the face. More beef is eaten here than in any city of Europe except London, and more beef is wasted here than is eaten. Having to feed four people, who ought to consume among them sixteen ounces of meat at a meal, the San Francisco housekeeper will set on the table three pounds of steak, of which a pound and a half or two

THE DRESSED PRODUCT

pounds, after passing through the kitchen, will be thrown away. The French or German housekeeper throws nothing away; what is left from the dinner of Sunday makes an excellent ragout or soup for Monday. But we are a prodigal people, and we scorn economy.

Our butcher meat is supplied by six or eight cattle-growers. First among these is the corporation which succeeded the firm of Miller & Lux. Its herds probably number 150,000, and graze on many a hill and plain in California, Oregon, Nevada and Arizona. Next in importance to them is James B. Haggin, who has something like 125,000 head of cattle on his ranch in Kern, without counting 10,000 or 15,000 on the ranches in San Luis Obispo and Monterey, which belonged to the late George Hearst, and are now managed by Mrs. Hearst. Haggin and Hearst had reduced the business to a science, and conducted it with characteristic skill. They bought their cattle, two or three years old, in Mexico, where they would not fatten, placed them on their ranches in this State, and fed them on grass and alfalfa. After holding them a year, they sold them when they weighed 600, 800 and 1000 pounds. Once in a while they would raise a stall-fed animal, which at five years old weighed 1500 or 1600 pounds. But a steer is at his prime at four years of age, when he weighs something like 800 pounds; past that age his muscles and sinews harden, and it is hard to find any tender cuts in him.

Other large cattle-growers are the Newhalls, whose herds probably number 30,000; Richard O'Neill, with about as many; the English syndicate, which took from the Nevada Bank the Chinchilly ranch in Merced, with about the same number; Cox & Clarke, who perhaps own half as many; George Bliss, the owner of 10,000 or so; and others whose herds are smaller, though running up in the thousands.

The price of these cattle varies with the condition of the times. A well-grown, three-year-old bullock will generally command $25 or $30; just now he would be worth something more. At retail his flesh will sell at all sorts of prices, from 6 to 20 cents. With his characteristic extravagance, the San Franciscan generally pays 15 to 20 cents for the beef he takes home for consumption in his family; he never buys the grade which butchers sell at 6 to 10 cents, though it is just as wholesome and nutritious, and if cooked with skill, just as palatable. Professors of cooking schools say that there is more nutriment in the tabooed portions of a bullock's leg than can be got out of a tenderloin steak; but the consumer scoffs at such theories. A true connoisseur rarely eats the Sunday side of a tenderloin; such meat is sweet, but for alimentary purposes its value is small; the parts of the beast which build up muscle and tissne and blood and fibre are the cuts which the retail butcher keeps on a hook in the back of his store and which he is only too glad to sell at a bit a pound. But the artist who presides over the cookstove and stewpan must know how to cook it.

It is so with mutton, which is so largely consumed here that Schweitzer reckons our daily consumption at two thousand sheep and lambs. Everybody wants a hind quarter, which is worth 15 to 20 cents. Nobody can be persuaded to purchase the neck pieces and other cuts from the forequarter, which can be bought for 5 cents a pound. Yet they can be made delicious. Delmonico—I mean old Lorenzo, who died several years ago—used to tell a story of a renowned gourmand who came to dine at his house, and was obsequiously served by the padrone himself and the head waiter. The great man studied the carte du jour with care and thoughtfulness; then, turning to the proprietor, he gently observed:

"I think, Mr. Delmonico, that I will dine on a ragout de mouton"—the cheapest dish on the bill.

We have, in this State, the best meat in the world. No more wholesome or more succulent beef can be bought in London, Paris or New York than is offered for sale at our city markets. Not one per cent of the animals designed for food are condemned by the inspectors. The excellence of the meat is due to the nutritious grass and alfalfa on which the beasts are fed, and probably to some degree to the bracing air they breathe. St. Louis, which used to be the great cattle centre before its glory departed to Kansas City and Chicago, is largely supplied by Hunter & Evans, whose ranches are in Colorado and New Mexico; their beef is of better quality than it was twenty years ago, but it will not compare with the beef from the Miller & Lux or the Haggin ranches.

It may be said frankly that the experiments which have been made to supply England with Australian meat have failed; and the causes of the failure must operate against refrigerated meats in this country. In the refrigerator, meat loses its flavor and juice. Instead of being allowed to flow off into the surrounding atmosphere, the animal heat is retained in the carcass, and it acts as blood poisoning does in the living creature. To preserve meat, it should be kept in a cold storage compartment, but the temperature should not be allowed to fall below the freezing point. Our wholesale butchers have such compartments, in which quarters of beef and whole sheep hang like Bluebeard's wives in his closet; but they have a corpse-like look, and their skin is dry and clammy to the touch.

JOHN BONNER.

Forbes Robertson has aroused the London critics to different degrees of enthusiasm by his recent portrayal of Hamlet. One old critic was so carried away by the actor's genius that he exclaimed in the theatre: "This man was born to play Hamlet!" Others were less enthusiastic, one of them terming the performance cold and restrained. But the presentment was generally conceded a remarkable effort of a scholar and an artist, original without any self-advertising attempts at new readings, and rendered singularly beautiful by an admirably controlled voice full of tender and pathetic tones. Mr. Robertson touched lightly upon Hamlet's madness, giving it very little prominence. A great innovation in the production was the entrance of Fortinbras and his warriors immediately after Hamlet's death. This was groaned at by the critics as an anti-climax, but it was none the less striking, bringing into remarkable contrast the tragedy of Hamlet's dreams and indecision with the young and vigorous life of Fortinbras.

The Comtesse de Martel, better known as "Gyp," the novelist, recently made a five-hundred-mile ride in an autocar, from Paris to her home, the Chateau de Mirabeau. Some time ago Mme. de Martel met with an accident in a railway tunnel, and since then will not travel on the cars where the line passes through a tunnel. Her sole companion on the autocar trip was a big, ferocious dog, whose life she once saved from drowning in a lake in the Bois de Boulogne.

AWAITING EXECUTION: A SCENE IN SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

# Judy's Service of Gold Plate.

By FRANK NORRIS.

She was a native of Guatemala, and so, of course, was said to be Mexican, and she lived in the alley by the county jail, three or four doors above the tamale factory. Her trade was something odd. The Chinamen, who go down to the sea in ships from San Francisco to Cape St. Lucas, off the coast of Lower California, and fish for sharks there, used to bring the livers of these sharks back to her. She would boil the oil out of these livers and turn over the product to a red-headed Polish Jew named Knubel, who bottled it and sold it to San Francisco as cod liver oil. Knubel made money in the business. She was only his employee. Her name, incidentally, was Lambala Largomarsini, which was no doubt the reason why she was called "Judy."

Knubel lived on Telegraph Hill, on the ledge of the big cliff there, and used to lie awake o' windy nights waiting for his house to be blown off that ledge. Knubel had always lived on Telegraph Hill. When he was forty he had had a stroke of paralysis, and had lost the use of his left leg. The result of this stroke was that Knubel was held a prisoner on the Hill. He dared not go down into the city below him, because he knew he could never get back. How could he, stop and think? No horse ever gets to the top of the Hill. The cable-cars and electric-cars turn their headlights upon the Hill and shake their heads and go around in the valley by Stockton street. The climb is bad enough for a man with two healthy legs, but for a paralytic—— Knubel was trapped upon the Hill, trapped and held prisoner. He never saw Kearny or Montgomery or Market streets after his stroke. He never saw the new *Call* building, or the dome upon the City Hall but from afar, and the "Emporium" was to him but a distant granite cliff. In the newspaper, he who lived in San Francisco read about what was happening there as you and I and all the rest of us read about what is happening in London or in Paris or in Vienna, and this with the roar of that San Francisco actually in his ears, like the bourdon of a tremendous organ.

Judy of course was wretchedly poor, for the salary that Knubel allowed her for boiling down the shark's livers would not have fattened a self-respecting chessy-cat. Knubel himself was a horrible old miser, he had made a little fortune in cod liver oil, but he kept it tied up in three old socks in a starch box underneath the floor of his cellar. He had a passion for gold, and turned all his silver and greenbacks into gold as fast as he could. He lived in a room about as big as a trunk back of an Italian wine shop where there was a "Bocce" court, and Judy used to come and see him here once a month and get her salary and make her report.

One day when Judy had come to get her orders and her money from Knubel she found him bending his red head over his table testing an old brass collar button with nitric acid.

"I found him bei der stairs on der bottom," he explained to Judy. "Berhaps he is of gold. Hey, yes?"

Judy looked at the collar button.

"That ain't gold," she declared. "Huh! you can't fool me on gold. I seen more gold in my day than you've seen tin, mister Knubel."

Knubel's eyes were gimlets on the instant.

"Vat you say."

"When I was a kid in Guatemala my folks had a set of gold plate, dishes you know, hundreds of 'em, all solid gold."

Here we touch on Judy's one mania. She believed and often stated that at one time her parents in Guatemala were enormously wealthy, and in particular were possessed of a wonderful service of gold plate. She would describe this gold plate over and over again to anyone who would listen. Why there were more than a hundred pieces, all solid red gold. Why there were goblets and punch-bowls and platters and wine-pitchers and ladles, why the punch-bowl itself was worth a fortune. Ignorant enough on other subjects, and illiterate enough, Heaven knows, once started on her gold plate, Judy became almost eloquent. Of course, no one believed her story, and rightly so because the gold plate never did exist. How Judy got the idea into her mind it was impossible to say, but it was the custom of people who knew of her mania to set her going and watch her while she rocked to and fro with closed eyes, and hands clasped over her knee chanting monotonously, "More'n a hundred pieces, and all red, red gold," and so on and so on.

For a long while her hearers scoffed, then at last she suddenly made a convert, old Knubel, the red-headed Polish Jew, believed her story on the instant. As often as Judy would come to make her monthly report on the shark liver industry, old Knubel would start her going, swallowing her words as a bullion-bag swallows coin. As soon as Judy had finished he would begin to ask her questions.

"The gold voss soft, hey? und ven you rapped him mit der knuckles now, he rung out didn't he, yes?"

"Sweeter'n church bells."

"Ah, sweeter nor der church bells, shoost soh. I know, *I* know. Now let's have ut egain, more'n a hoondurt bieces. Let's haf ut all *eg*-gain." And again and again Judy would tell him her wonderful story, delighted that she had at last found a believer. She would chant to Knubel by the hour, rocking herself back and forth, her hands clapsed on her knee, her eyes closed. Then by and by Knubel, as he listened to her, caught *himself* rocking back and forth, keeping time with her.

Then Knubel found excuses for Judy's coming to see him oftener than once a month. The manufacture of cod liver oil out of shark's livers needed a great deal of talking over. Knubel knew her story by heart in a few weeks and began to talk along with her. There in that wretched room over the "Bocce" court on the top of Telegraph Hill, the "Mexican" hybrid woman and the Polish Jew, red-headed and paralytic, rocked themselves back and forth with closed eyes and clasped hands sing-songing, "More'n a hundred pieces, all red, red gold"—"More den a hoondurt bieces und alle rad gold."

It was a strange sight to see.

"Judy," said Knubel, one day when the woman was getting ready to leave, "vy you go, my girl, eh? Stay hier bei me, und alle-ways you will me dat story ge-tellen, night und morgen, alle-ways. Hey? Yes?"

So it came about that the two were—we will say married, and for over a year night und morgen Judy the story of the wonderful gold plate ge-told. Then a little child was born to her. The child has nothing to do here, besides it died right away, no doubt its little body wasn't strong enough to hold in itself the blood of the Hebrew, the Spaniard and the Slav. It died. At the time of its birth Judy was out of her head, and continued so for upwards of two weeks. Then she came to herself and was as before.

Not quite. "Now ve vill have ut once eg-gain," said Knubel, "pe-gin, more dan one hoondurt bieces, und alle rad, rad gold."

"What's you talkin's about," said Judy with a stare.

"Vy, about dat gold blate."

"I don't know about any gold plate, you must be crazy Knubel. I don't know what you mean."

Nor did she. The trouble of her mind at the time of her little child's birth had cleared her muddy wits of all hallucinations. She remembered nothing of her wonderful story. But now it was Knubel whose red head was turned. Now it was Knubel who went about telling his friends of the wonderful gold service. But his mania was worse than Judy's.

"You've got ut, you've got ut zum-vairs, you she-swine," he would yell, clubbing Judy with a table leg. "vair is ut, you've hidun ut. I know you've got ut. Vair is dose bunch-powl, vair is dose tsoop sboon."

"How do I know," Judy would shout, dodging his blows. In fact how *did* she know.

Knubel went from bad to worse, ransacked the house, pulled up the flooring, followed Judy when she went out as well as his game leg would allow, and peeped at her through keyholes when she was at home.

Knubel and Judy had a neighbor who was also an acquaintance, a Canadian woman who did their washing. Judy was sitting before the kitchen stove one morning when this woman came after the weekly wash. She was dead and must have been dead since the day before, for she was already cold. The Canadian woman touched her shoulder, and Judy's head rolled side ways and showed where Knubel had—well, she was dead.

Late in the day the officers found Knubel hiding about the old abandoned "Pavilion" that stands on the top of the hill. When arrested he had a sack with him full of rusty tin pans, plates and old tomato cans that he had gathered from the dump heaps.

"I got ut," said Knubel to himself, "I got ut, more dan a hoondurt pieces. I got ut at last."

The manufacture of cod liver oil from shark livers has languished of late, because of the hanging of Mister Knubel at San Quentin penitentiary.

* * * * * *

And all this, if you please, because of a service of gold plate that never existed.

# THE KINGDOM OF THE CZAR

## Humane and Enlightened Rule of Emperor Nicholas II.

The eyes of the world are keenly directed upon Russia, where the young Czar is reversing the traditional policy of his predecessors by instituting a series of reforms, conceived in a spirit that proves him to be a ruler of humane and liberal instincts.

First and foremost of the important changes affecting his vast realm is the one that has been last decided upon — the abolition of the terrible punishment generally known as Siberian exile. With the view of providing for the home imprisonment of criminals that have hitherto been transported to Northern Asia, large numbers of whom were doomed to remain there for the term of their natural life, additional prison accommodation is to be set apart for the purpose of their detention in European Russia. Since the accession of Nicholas II to the throne, the development of Siberia has been pushed on with amazing energy, no doubt to a great extent in consequence of his conviction that the natural resources of that vast country can be made to add largely to the wealth of his empire. Some years ago the Czar formed this conclusion when journeying through the great province to the Pacific, and it is not unreasonable to assume he then realized for himself that one of the first things to be done towards opening up the country for colonization was to discontinue the system of pouring the criminal classes into the territory. So long as Siberia was utilized as a penal settlement, its commercial and social advancement was not possible.

Further measures of a liberal and progressive character have been taken by the promulgation of several important ukases quite recently. Labor in any form whatever has been prohibited, under severe penalties, on Sunday or on the chief feast-days of the orthodox church. Children of mixed marriages may be brought up in the faith of their parents — sons in the father's and daughters in that of their mother. The restrictions against the Roman Catholic faith in the province of Poland have been removed, and the general policy towards that portion of the Czar's kingdom is now based upon a plan of reconciliation. Municipal rights have been accorded to those towns which were deprived of them after the rebellion of 1863; the Polish press has been emancipated from arbitrary censorship; and the official censor of plays in Poland, who formerly could neither read nor speak the Polish language, has been superseded by the appointment of M. Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis." Many other concessions have been made to the Poles, and it was therefore not surprising that when the Czar lately visited Warsaw he was received with an outburst of popular enthusiasm and evidences of spontaneous regard never before accorded to any Russian monarch by that hitherto downtrodden people.

Favored by fine weather, the Emperor and Empress entered the city amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the crowds, the music of the Russian hymn played and sung by orchestras and choirs, and the sound of the cannon firing an Imperial salute from the fortress. Throughout the route chosen representatives of all classes, in evening dress and top hats, kept excellent order. In front of every church stood Roman Catholic clergy and young girls in white veils and crowns of orange blossom, holding water lilies. The scene is described as "supremely grand and unprecedented."

The speech addressed to the Emperor by the Marquis Wielopski, chairman of the Warsaw Polish Committee, furnishes the clearest evidence of the great change of sentiment that has taken place. It expressed the heartfelt gratitude of the whole people, without distinction of birth or station, and declared that they were united in their love of the Czar and the Fatherland.

# THE NAVY OF JAPAN

## Its Proved Fighting Qualities and Increasing Strength.

In the China-Japan war of 1894, as is well known, the Japanese navy covered itself with glory. The naval battle of Haiyang in the Yellow Sea, off the Island of Talu, terminated in a decisive victory for Japan, and will always be memorable in the annals of naval warfare as the first engagement of the kind since modern warships were constructed. It was furthermore a revelation of the excellent personnel of the navy, which gained a reputation for cool intrepidity and daring that amounted to recklessness. To the nation itself at large this was in a measure a surprise, as not long before the efficiency of the officers and men had been called in question in Parliament, while doubts had at the same time been raised regarding the merits of the warships of their navy.

Of the vessels here illustrated the Matushima, which carried the flag of Admiral Ito, the commander of the advance and main squadrons, suffered most severely in the engagement, receiving on her battery two 30½ centimeter shells, one of which went clean through the ship, while the other struck a heap of more than 100 shells of the 12 centimeter quick-firing guns, causing a fire; one 26 centimeter shell penetrated the torpedo-room, and another struck a Hotchkiss quick-firing gun. Of the officers and crew 57 were killed or died from their injuries and 111 were wounded. The judgment of the experts is that her guns were grouped too closely. The Matushima was fully repaired by the Japanese Government within a space of four weeks, ample evidence of the efficiency of their dockyard service.

The Chinen was taken from the Chinese, by whom she was used as a battle-ship. In the Japanese service she is commissioned as a coast defence ship.

At the close of the year before the war the returns of the navy showed that it consisted of 4 battleships, 8 armored cruisers, 7 protected cruisers, and 13 other cruisers, in addition to 15 gun boats, 60 torpedo boats and a few miscellaneous craft; it was manned by 14,852 officers and men. Some thirty years ago the Empire acquired its first European type vessel, the oldest vessels now in the service being the Fuso, Kongo and Heiyei, the last-named of which was recently in this port and was fully illustrated at the time on these pages. Since the war active steps have been taken to add greatly to the strength of the fleet, a large portion of the indemnity payable by China having been appropriated to meet the necessary expenditure. The more important additions, now in course of construction and contracted for, are as follows:

4 first-class armored battleships of 14,500 tons each. To be built by the Thames Iron Works, Armstrongs and Thompsons in Great Britain, respectively.

4 first-class armored cruisers of 9,500 tons each. To be built by the Vulcan Iron Works, Stettin, Germany; the Forges et Chantiers de la Mediterranee, La Seine, France, and Armstrongs in England, respectively, and one in Japan.

2 torpedo depot ships of 6,500 tons.

3 2d-class armored cruisers of 4,750 tons each. To be built by Armstrongs in England, Cramps in Philadelphia, U.S.A., and the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, U. S. A., respectively. All of these vessels will be of identical model, armament, protection and speed (22½ knots per hour).

1 3rd class armored cruiser of 2,800 tons—building in Japan.

1 despatch boat of 1,800 tons—building in Japan.

6 torpedo boats of 1,200 tons each.

Besides the foregoing vessels there are to be built in England, France and Germany several torpedo boats with a guaranteed speed of 30 knots, and another series of 24 knots speed.

The two new first-class armored battleships, Fuji and Yushima, 12,800 tons each, are now on their way from England to Japan, the former built by the Thames Iron Works and the latter by Armstrongs.

It will be noted that the list given above includes three 2nd class armored cruisers, which will all be sister-ships. The one contracted for in England has been already launched, and part of the crew has started from Japan to bring her home. The others, now building in this country, are to be finished by the end of 1898, by which time it is pretty evident that Japan should be in a good position to maintain the independence upon which her people have set their hearts, and, if called upon to defend it, to increase the prestige which has of late accrued in so remarkable a manner to her ancient and extensive Empire.

What may be termed the modernization of Japan is one of the remarkable features in the history of nations during the latter part of this century, and one has to see very little of its people to realize the excellent foundation on which their astonishing progress in the arts of Western civilization has been built up. Individually, they are manly in character, thorough, painstaking and intelligent to a degree. Their Government in its civil administration is modelled upon the established lines of the leading nations. In naval affairs they follow English methods, and in military matters, while originally basing their plans on French examples, they have in recent years adopted German detail and tactics to a great extent. As an instance of their careful and businesslike way of proceeding, it may be mentioned that during the construction of their warship now on the stocks at the Union Iron Works, they maintain an inspection staff on permanent duty at the yard. Naval Constructor Captain Sigurai is the chief, with Naval Constructor Lieutenant Wadagaki as his deputy. The engineering department is the special province of the latter. As their assistants there are two non-commissioned officers employed as inspectors. The Constructors are highly educated experts, who have studied their profession in Europe, and have been engaged in designing and carrying out construction work for the imperial navy for many years.

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The failure of crops in Ireland seems likely to form the basis for fresh agitation in political circles. The Nationalists are busy abusing Lord Cadogan, the Viceroy, for representing that the reports have been exaggerated. In order that the Government may be in a position to form a reliable opinion and devise plans for assistance to the sufferers, Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Irish Secretary, has been making a tour of the country.

"Hello Audience!" | You put you arm around her waist | She puts her arm around your waist | Now Maudie's name is mud | Johnny took the one I wanted | Johnny got the loaded cigar

PRESS ELDRIDGE IN FAMILIAR POSES

*Photos by Thors*

PRESS ELDRIDGE

A SCENE FROM "UNDER THE RED ROBE" AT THE BALDWIN

JENNIE DUNN, AT THE ORPHEUM

BABY RUTH AT THE ALCAZAR

AT THE PLAYHOUSES

YAMOTO ¶

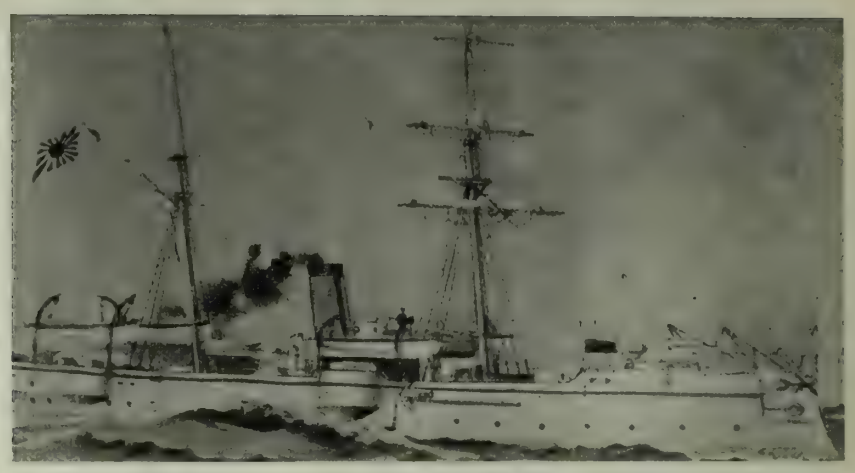
*TAKACHIHO, 3709 TONS ‡

AMAGI ¶

*MATSUSHIMA, 4278 TONS (Admiral's Flagship at Haiyang)

ATAGO ¶

*FUSO, 3777 TONS ‡



*AKAGI 622 TONS ¶

TSUKUSHI ‡

*HASHIDATE, 4278 TONS (Sister Ship to the Matsushima)¶

*AKITSUSKIMA, 3150 TONS ¶

*NANIWA, 3709 TONS ‡

CHINEN (Coast Defense Vessel)‖

*TYPES OF THE WARSHIPS OF JAPAN*

Vessels marked * were engaged at the battle of Haiyang, September 17, 1894. ¶ Built in Japan. ‡ Built in England. ‖ Built in France.

HALCYON

TRYING TO FIND EL CAMPO

TRUANT KITTIWAKE

A CHOICE LOCATION

THE COMMODORES'S FLAGSHIP, CLARA

TRUANT

LAIS. NAIAD

PRIDE

EL CAMPO IS FOUND

The photographs are impressions of the Corinthian Yacht Club's regatta, together with incidents of a tramp from Tiburon to El Campo last Sunday, rather than a formal record of the last event of the yachting season. The flotilla of sailing craft set forth for the scene of the races Saturday night and, as there is now no means of Sabbath communication between El Campo and San Francisco, the party of spectators whose peregrinations are shown among whom was the photographer, were compelled to undertake a tiresome climb over the Marin County hills. Just what is meant by such an excursion may be realized by any one who will attempt the ascent of Tamalpais by way of Bolinas. There are declivities steep as the side of a house, precipitous canons, young mountains whose slopes are clothed with chapparel. Here are quail in plenty and in other days this region used to abound in deer, but that is history. It is certainly wild and romantic, even though you can see the city from every ridge. A kindly hunter directed the party to a comfortable trail which led them finally, tired and travel worn, to destination and friends.

This Corinthian regatta was quite an affair. Some thirty yachts assembled under the cliffs of El Campo, and on Sunday morning there were swimming races and then races for yacht boats, and in the afternoon the contest of the small yachts. Really the flotilla had a picturesque effect, seen from the cliffs, and its animation and activity reminded one of the pictures in Eastern papers of entertainments at Newport. As for the races—the event of the day was won by the Kittiwake, sailed by John W. Pew and Oliver Eastwood, though she had gone out of her course to rescue "Venture" which had fallen by the wayside. Otherwise it was a pleasant outing, and the pictures serve to show what amusement may be had out of yachting in San Francisco Bay.

## *THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB REGATTA*

Photos by B. D. Bent

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I wish, Diary dear, that people who intend to entertain would consult one another on the subject, as it would be much more agreeable to all of us. This week, for instance, I have been perfectly satiated with pleasure; while last time, I had simply to dream my days as well as my nights away, and was bored to a degree. I wonder the matrons do not form a committee on entertainments; it would be an excellent scheme and I have no doubt that we should have a variety of affairs each week, regularly—so many teas, dances and theatre parties. What capital times we should have! As it is, I hear we are to be deluged in oceans of tea—teas, from now on, are to be the principal methods of dispensing hospitality.

Let me see how many are announced for the immediate future, all or nearly all debutante's affairs? The first large at-home is Bessie Ames' on the 23d. She is to be assisted by a number of the debutantes, among them Helen Thornton, Marie Wells, Mamie Polhemus, Ethel Keeney, Ethel Patton, Therese Morgan and Leontine Blakeman. Then Ethel Keeney is to have a coming-out on October 30th. Marie Wells will be ushered in at a reception on November 13th, and Helen Thornton on November 23d, I believe. Some of the girls loath teas but I enjoy them—the hustle and bustle, the talking against time and the fight for food all delight my soul. Arthur says girls have the instincts of barbarians and insists that in my case the veneer of civilization is exceedingly thin in spots. Nevertheless I am brave in owning that I enjoy teas and crushes of all sorts; it is the thing to be horribly blase about such affairs. I believe one is only permitted to enthuse over one's first ball, and to express a small degree of interest about a dinner.

Let me see, where have I meandered and what has been my course of action this week? On Friday of course I went to the Presidio hop. It was rather a small affair—about a dozen maids and a score of men. The music, however, was good, the floors excellent and the dancers! Well, you know Diary dear, that when it comes to a question of terpsichorean ability the army fellows occupy the first notch. There is that dear Mr. Haynes, for example—he is one of my special pets—dances divinely and makes the prettiest speeches. There were only a few of us debutantes present—Charlotte Ellinwood, Leontine Blakeman and your Miss Cricket. We all wore white aud looked as fetching as possible. We had the time of our lives and had to subdivide our dances. The men would say: "Please may I have a section of such and such a dance"—I wish I were always so popular, but alas, one is not frequently surfited with men.

On Saturday I was like the old woman of happy memory, who lived in a shoe and who had so many children she did not know what to do, but instead of being burdened with an embarrassment of children my surplus was invitations. There was the Spreckels Tug party; Mrs. Rudolph had particularly requested mamma to let me go. They had a capital time too. Cousin Barbara was there and said it was loads of fun. There were quite a number invited. Then there was the baseball game between the two teams of the Bohemian Club. Arthur went to that and said it was vastly entertaining. He saw a number of the girls there. Then, too, there was the Paper Chase and Hunt dinner in San Rafael. I could not miss that and did so hope I should carry off a trophy cup, but that was not one of my sunshiny days, perhaps it was because I forgot my rabbit's foot. I never succeed unless I wear it. Miss Bruce and Mr. Hume were the fortunate ones and really rode capitally. The other Miss Bruce met with an accident which marred her pleasure—she fell off her horse and had a nasty cut on the head—nothing serious, you know, but just disagreeable. It gave us quite a start. The dinner was very nice. A Hunt dinner, like a ball, suggests pink coats, but they were conspicuously absent. We all wore light frocks and were seated at a long table. It was a very San Rafaelese affair; few city people were there. I was the sole debutante and immensely popular of course. The meal was a capital one were I permitted to enthuse, but the ethics of the debutante forbid. Dr. Shiels gave a little talk in which he commented upon the success of the season and of the Hunt Club and so the affair ended.

Arthur went to the last night of "Sue" at the Columbia to bid farewell to the Frawleys until next season. He said half the town was there and dozens of theatre parties. It was more like a first night of the Daly's than a farewell performance. The Hagers, Mary Belle Gwinn, the Jolliffes, Colin Smith with Sallie Maynard and Marie Wells and loads of others were there. Blanche Bates received myriads of flowers, and the enthusiasm whenever Frank Worthing appeared was tremendous—altogether it was a gala night. Then a number of the girls went to the reception Miss Bates gave at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon. About 250 people were there. The Jolliffes, Helen Thomas and Leontine Blakeman were among those I especially noted. On Tuesday evening Rose Hooper entertained us at a farewell dinner prior to her departure for New York—you know she left on Thursday evening. Therese Morgan, Mamie Polhemus, Charlotte Ellinwood, Leontine Blakeman, Marie Wells and several of the older girls were invited. We sat at a square table in the main dining-room and had a very jolly time. I am so sorry Rose is going away, as I hardly know any girl so universally popular with both men and maids.

Leila as I told you spent Saturday and Sunday with Aunt Caroline at San Mateo. She said that there were ever so many people at the club house, and that the concert was exceedingly good. Carrie Taylor was there with the Colemans, and the Hoffman girls as well as the usual Burlingame crowd. Leila says she enjoyed every minute of it, and when one considers that her dear Harry was not there, the entertainment must have been of the first order of merit.

I think that is all I have done so far. I am going to a big dinner at the 'Varsity Club on Monday evening at eight o'clock. Walter Martin is to give it in honor of Birdie Fair, and I hear it is to be excessively smart. Leila is going to a theatre party at the Baldwin that Mrs. Thomas is to give in honor of Helen's coming out. Then Mrs. Charles Josselyn is to give a luncheon on Wednesday at her new home on Central avenue. You know she has taken that charming little house of Mrs. Bowers', one of the cosiest of homes, just outside the Presidio gates. Of big affairs in anticipation is a reception and dance of Charlotte Ellinwood in the early future, and a big ball by Mrs. Alvord in honor of Ethel Keeney. The first party of the Terpsichoreans is to take place December 8th.

And now, Diary dear, I am exhausted, so ere mamma discovers I am still "robbing a few hours from the night," I shall say farewell.

Your devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

An unusually interesting wedding was that of Miss Jeannette Callaghan and Ensign Raby which took place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Tuesday at noon. Both the bride and groom are in their earliest youth which added to the attractiveness of the occasion. Miss Callaghan has not yet made her formal debut. Mr. Raby graduated within the past few months from Annapolis. Miss Callaghan is a daughter of the late Daniel Callaghan. She is a piquante looking girl, and is very vivacious. She was gowned in white satin, trimmed in chiffon and lace. Miss Lillian Davis, who was maid of honor, wore a green silk frock veiled in white tulle. She had on a white picture hat trimmed with white plumes. After the ceremony there was a reception held at the bride's home on Post street. Mr. and Mrs. Raby have gone to Santa Barbara on their honeymoon.

Very quiet were the nuptials of Mrs. Dollie Brown and Mr. William Woods which were celebrated on Thursday at the home of the bride's father on California street. Only the immediate friends and relations were bidden to the ceremony.

The Mystic Shriners reception on Wednesday night at Golden Gate Hall, was really a brilliant and elaborate affair, noticeable for the magnificent decorative effects, the sumptuous supper and the excellent music in evidence. Of course there are several temples of Shriners in San Francisco, but this was the particular affair of the Islam Temple and nothing was spared to make it a success. The stage looked particularly gorgeous, being banked with beautiful flowers handsomely arranged. Gilded bird cages containing canaries, hung among the foliage; electric lights glowed among the blossoms, and altogether, the setting gave one an impression of fairy land. There was music of course, and dancing and finally the guests went down to supper, which was served in the dining hall down stairs. A capital menu was discussed accompanied by plentiful libations of the new Champagne, Bouche "Sec."

* *

The first meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly was held in Ebell Hall on the evening of October 9th. The decorations were extremely simple—a few palms and potted plants being placed around the room. The reorganization of the club seems to have altered the general makeup. The extremely youthful element has been eliminated. A year ago a girl in gown of ankle length, with flowing locks, was a familiar sight, but on Saturday evening maidens who had not passed their eighteenth birthday were in the minority. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Deux Temps has not been reorganized, and the younger members of that club have joined the Fortnightly. There was the familiar predominance of girls, which seems so unnecessary when one remembers the proximity of the University. I noted many maids decorating the walls, some of them extremely attractive-looking, too. It is to be hoped that the lady patronesses will make more of an effort to introduce the strangers one to another. I heard many complaints from the boys last season about the difficulty they experienced in obtaining introductions, and it often happened that certain girls were glued to the walls throughout an entire evening when there were plenty of lads only too eager to dance. The cotillion was ably engineered by Miss Florence Sharon and Mr. Harry Farr. Miss Sharon is an effective looking girl and moves gracefully. The figures were in the usual marching order. Among the debutantes present I noted Miss Martha Alexander as one of the most popular. Of the girls whom I admired most were Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Barker and Miss Carmen Moore.

Last week entertainments were at a premium in Oakland, the gaiety of the latter days of September having been followed by an almost lenten-like quietude. On Thursday Miss Katherine Harrub gave a luncheon to the Misses Dunn of San Francisco, who have recently returned from abroad. It was a crimson affair—lights and flowers being in ruddy tints—carnations were used as decorations. The Misses Sherwood, Miss Robinson, Miss Gorrill, Mrs. Ernest Folger and Mrs. Fred Stolp were among the guests.

An exceedingly smart affair was the luncheon given on Wednesday by Mrs. Martin Kellogg in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. The room was very prettily arranged; in the center was a round table and around it were grouped smaller tables all decorated in cosmos. Miss Howison, Mrs. Bunnell, Mrs. Rising, Mrs. Carey Jones and Mrs. Msoes were among those bidden to meet Mrs. Hearst.

Several informal affairs were given during the week—among them, the most enjoyable being a tea on Saturday by Miss Belle Mhoon, and a luncheon on Thursday by Miss Jessie Glascock. Miss Mhoon was assisted in receiving by Miss Prather, Miss Fannie Baldwin and Miss Glascock. About thirty-five men and maids were invited. Miss Glascock's lunch was in honor of the Misses Stubbs of San Francisco. The decorations were pink carnations. Among those invited were Miss Mhoon, Miss Prather, Miss Landers, Miss Baldwin and Miss Marguerite Jolliffe.

An unusually pretty church wedding was that of Dr. Mason and Miss Rantzau, of San Leandro, which took place on Wednesday evening of last week. The church was decked in greens and white marguerites. Miss Elsie Horton, of Livermore, was maid of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams have taken the J. C. Martin house on Blackstone Hill for the winter. Senator and Mrs. Le Grande Canon Tibbets are expected from the East this week. They anticipate remaining until after Christmas with Mrs. J. A. Folger. Miss Amy McKee is at present in Portland, Oregon, visiting her sister, Mrs. Norman Lang. Mr. Isaac Requa has steadily improved since his return from Paso Robles. Captain and Mrs. Potts gave a big reception in East Oakland on Saturday evening to about two hundred people.

**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.**

**Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.**

## LATE VERSE

### Ballade of Thistledowns.

Lighter and whiter than a flying flake
Of winter snows through wan air winnowing,
The thistledowns their sudden journeys take
O'er meadows wide in vagrant wandering.
No more shall they to earth reluctant cling
As a moss-lined and slowly sinking stone,
Left lying in an outer waste alone
Beside the edge of some remote morass,
But high they toss above the fields new-mown
Like disembodied spirits of the grass.

Below, a striped and timid garter-snake
Glides through the morning mist-lace glistening
On trailing vines, that tremble half awake,
Then disappears in mist enveloping:
From weed to weed the agile spiders swing,
Their ropes of pearl in filmy tether shown,
The crickets lie, in utter silence prone,
And west and south the tall cloud-phantoms mass,
While here and there dim thistledowns are thrown
Like disembodied spirits of the grass.

The drowsy atmosphere in lines opaque
Leans to the sun, that fast is gathering
The last faint dews, his fiery thirst to slake,
While swallows dip, on ever restless wing;
Across a dusty road the robins sing,
And bumblebees upon the clover drone
While thistledowns in airy spaces lone
Along the skies in happy freedom pass,
Like disembodied spirits of the grass.

ENVOY.

Prince, so shall we in patient monotone,
Know life's dull ways, till, very weary grown,
We fall asleep as death inverts the glass;
The while our souls through endless time are blown
Like disembodied spirits of the grass.

—*Ernest McGaffey in the Youth's Companion.*

### To the Death.

Traitor and fool to thy face, I,
Foe of all friends of thy race, cry
"Halt." Let us both, in this place, try
Which death has chosen for his own!
Lo, she sleeps, she thou hast slain,—sweet,
Peaceful, appeased of her pain. Fleet
I follow. Thou shalt, not in vain, meet
The sword I have sworn shall atone!

Crafty, with treachorous kiss, how
Tempt *her* to lecherous bliss! Thou
Whom I have sought but for this, bow
Now, for thine hour is past!
Think of that last smile she smiled! O,
Those eyes!—eyes thou fain hadst beguiled. So
Pierced they thy bosom defiled, know,
As my rapier shall pierce it at last.

Traitor, she sleeps in her grave,—fair,
At peace by the peace-lisping wave there
Where I laid her. Thou, that death gave,—where
Shalt *thou* lie? Close follows thy fate!
Out with thy shuddering blade! Men
Shrink not. Wouldst cower afraid, then?
Clash! thus! Why totter dismayed, when
Thy skill alone holds off my hate?

One! Why, thy guard's a pretense! Can
Fear not better thy fence, man?
Ah, how thy face yearns intense,—wan
Dread of thy lips as I thrust!
Closer, nay, battle thy best. Lo
Here is the end! Like a jest! So
Smites the white steel to thy breast! Go
Fool, to thine ultimate dust!

Stretch the gray corse on the grass. Heap
The earth. Shall he—what he was—sleep?
Shall God not bring judgment to pass, deep
Now, in his nethermost hell!
Lady, whose pale face yet cries,—fair,
Piteous—for justice, replies there
No voice from the villain that lies where
I smote, to say vengeance was well?

—*Herbert Bates in the Chap Book.*

In the island of Ceylon systems of polygamy and concubinage obtain to a considerable extent amongst the native races and the Cingalese section of the population formerly indulged in polyandry, when so disposed. In consequence the matrimonial status is not easily defined at all times. On one occasion a petition was presented to a certain very able but eccentric District Judge for divorce, and when the case came on, he inquired whether he was right in understanding that the parties were natives. "Certainly, your honor," was the reply of the attorney for the plaintiff. "Then all I can say," said the Judge, "is that it is perfectly ridiculous. Why, everybody knows that these people simply live together like cocks and hens in a farm-yard. I won't listen to such a case." The attorney rejoined, "But I put it to your honor as a married man, if——" This was too much for the Judge, who was well known to be anything but an uxorious or even kindly husband, and he fiercely interjected: "The Court has no wife, sir! Case dismissed."

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## THE THEATRES

### Impressions of the "Hoosier Doctor," with a Few Suggestions Thrown In.

After you have divested your mind of the kindly impressions which the clever things in "The Hoosier Doctor" has implanted there, and you come down to regarding the play—not the performance—critically, you must admit that it bears evidence of having been put together somewhat hurriedly. It is subject to the suspicion of having been written on a "rush" order. The central idea is full of human interest. The subject is admirable enough, but there are creases and wrinkles that need ironing out. The cloth hitches up here, sags down there, is too tight in one place and too loose in another. The material is excellent, it is only the "finish" of it that jars a little heavily upon me. Probably a really finished play has never left the hand of a playwright. It is only after a long drilling and a careful weeding out of the gaucheries developed by practical experience that results finally in a well-rounded, smoothly-finished play. Useless men and women in various conditions of awkwardness, together with the distraction they beget, are so removed. The unnecessary person, whom the author in his den has neglected to properly whisk off the stage, is by this slow process gradually blotted out from view. The actor is relieved of a world of annoyance and so too is the audience.

If the somewhat complaining criticisms appearing in this column over the attached initial have readers who are moved by the approval or disapproval here set down of things theatrical, they are advised to see "The Hoosier Doctor" at the Columbia, not that the play is great by any means. The idea of it is above the average, the handling of the idea somewhat below.

The play depicts a homely side of life in Indiana, the Hoosier State. It holds a kindly old homœopathic physician, Dr. Willow (Digby Bell), who rather appeals to the sympathetic side of your nature. He is poor—very poor. Starvation is almost his. He carries papers, sells books, and does a world of other things to earn a living for himself and his motherless daughters. Meanwhile he is diligently pursuing a medical course. Upon his own confession he is unable to earn money enough to support his family. For his groceries he is dependent upon a daughter who earns ten dollars per week as a typewriter. Sugar and tea are luxuries of which the Willow family frequently "run out" for days. This is the deplorable condition of affairs when the play opens. You forgive the old man for pawning the surgical instruments given him as a prize for passing a specially good medical examination, you forgive him for squandering practically all of the money on a pair of side combs for his youngest daughter, but when it dawns upon you that the old Jack has married the widow Bunce six weeks previous, while his exchequer was naught and his family was hungry, you are disgusted with him. The marriage was not the worst of it; "he had been seen coming out of the widow's house early in the morning," while the family believed him to be "sitting up with the sick Mr. Robinson." One is a little sorry the whitecaps who raid the Bunce house did not give the old doctor a well merited drubbing before assistance came. Your affection for the "good" Dr. Willow dissipates somewhat with the development of this marriage, and you wish it had not happened, for it might easily have been avoided.

Mrs. Bell as "grandma" shared the honors of the evening equally with the "Doctor," Many a "grandma's" camphor-wood chest must have been ransacked to fish out the capes and gowns worn by the scolding but after all rather common-sense old lady. The play is well put on, well staged and well performed. It needs smoothing out, that is all. B.

* *

Just what there is in "Pink Dominoes" to attract decent people is beyond the average mind, but laudable or not, there is something

**Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street**

magnetic enough to draw an audience. At the Alcazar this week it is given a rather profitable revival, with more success probably in the box office than on the stage. Wright Huntington is a rather lively Charles Greythorne, and F. B. Clayton is good as Sir Percy Wagstaff. Both Miss Foster and Miss Crosby overact woefully as Sophie Greythorne and Lady Maggie; Miss Kingsley makes a pretty and discreetly innocent Rebecca, and Mrs. Bates as Mrs. Tubbs is fussily excellent. A bright little bit is Bernice Graham as the apprentice. The best work in the piece is given by Mr. Shaw as the festive Tubbs—his comedy is good and the performance is satisfying, which is more than can be said for the remaining members of the cast. Baby Ruth's specialties are very clever, and take immensely with the audience.

* *

A play for the most patriotic is "The White Squadron," this week's attraction at Morosco's. It fairly reeks with star spangled banners and brass band sentiment, to make no mention of gold lace, red tape and other official necessities. The scene is in Brazil during the time of Fonseca, who turns out in the last act to be quite a hero. But before this happens Victor Staunton of the U. S. S. Chicago makes things rather lively and upholds the dignity of his country in a most commendable manner.

* *

The popularity of "The Bohemian Girl" is being well attested at the Tivoli. Other operas may come and go, new stars may shine and fade away, but the merry Gypsy opera seems to run on forever, regardless of time and everything else. Michelena as Thaddeus receives principal attention. Having sung the part so many times with Emma Abbott he is thoroughly at home in it. His "You'll remember Me" is delightfully sung, but "The Fair Land of Poland" is his piece de resistance. Edwin Stevens varies the traditional business of Devilshoof with a few welcome variations, and J. J. Raffael is satisfying as the Count.

H. S. K.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

A song recital of the compositions of Joseph Roeckel, under the direction of Mme. Ellen Coursen Roeckel, will come off at Byron Mauzy Hall on Thursday evening, October 21st.

Mr. Otto Bendix will give the first of four classical concerts at Byron Mauzy Hall Monday evening. Mr. Bendix will be assisted by Mr. Nathan Landsberger.

Herr Fritz Scheel directs the first symphony concert of the season at Metropolitan Temple Thursday afternoon October 21st. The orchestra numbers fifty selected musicians.

At the song recital in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium next Saturday afternoon, Mme. Emily E. Lassaugue will sing one of her own compositions—a canzone, "Jacqueminot Roses." She will also give an aria from Handel's "Jeptha."

"The Hoosier Doctor" runs another week at the Columbia. The attendance has been large, and promises to continue so to the end of the engagement. The next attraction will be Corinne in the new comic opera, "An American Beauty."

A departure from melodrama is announced for next week at Morosco's in the production of Edwin Milton Royle's well-known play, "Friends." The two principal characters of John Paden Jr. and Adrian Karje will be played by W. H. Pascoe and Mortimer Snow.

A feature of the Italian Opera season to open at the California on November 2d will be the production of several operas new to San Francisco, notably "Manon Lescaut" and "La Boheme." Other operas to be sung are "La Gioconda," "Werther," "Linda di Chamounix," "Masked Ball," and "Maestro de Capella."

Mme. Camilla Urso makes her farewell appearance to-morrow (Sunday) evening in Golden Gate Hall. Mme. Urso's numbers are Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin Op. 64, and Lalo's concerto russe Op. 29. Mme. Eleonore Joseph, Miss Marie Lina Voltz, Mr. Rhys Thomas and Colonial Quartette will assist.

The opening of "Under the Red Robe" at the Baldwin Monday evening is of particular interest. Mr. Rose's adaptation closely follows the story, and retains not only the dramatic interest, but also the color and character of the time. The company is headed by Mr. William Morris and Miss Mary Hampton. Mr. Giles Shine will play Richelieu. Others in the cast are William Farnum, Frank McGlynn, Edwin Thanhouser, and Marie Moore.

On Monday evening the Alcazar will present "Too Much Johnson." It is a gay, boisterous comedy, and in view of its movement in Cuba, it is of rather timely interest. Wright Huntington will play Augustus Billings (Gillette's old part), Miss Gertrude Foster Mrs. Billings, Mr. Wallace Shaw Francis Faddish, and Mrs. F. M. Bates Mrs. S. Upton Batterson. The latest anent "The First Born" is that a French version for early production is being written by a well-known Parisian dramatist.

Xaver Scharwenka, the brilliant pianist and composer, gives a series of piano recitals at the California, commencing Tuesday evening, October 19th. There will be five concerts in all — the others on Thursday and Saturday evenings and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The interest in Scharwenka's coming is considerable in artistic circles generally, for not since the appearance of Paderewski have we had a genuine celebrity here. Mr. Edward Xavier Roelker, the tenor, will assist.

The diminutive comedy duo, Arthur and Jennie Dunn, head the list of new people at the Orpheum next week. Miss Ola Hayden, who is announced as the renowned contratenor, and Miss Nina Collins, whistling artiste, make their first appearance, and also Joseph Hayden and Queen Hetherton, society sketch artists. Press Eldridge has made a tremendous success and will be continued with Provo, John J. Welch, the Adolphi Trio and O'Brien and Havel.

A genuine novelty, and a very successful one, is "The Geisha," to be sung for the first time in San Francisco Sunday evening next, at the Tivoli. It is now in its second year in London, and in New York it has broken many records. The scene is set in a Japanese tea house, calling for pretty scenery and dainty costumes. The plot is full of clever comedy and pleasing, catchy music. Edwin Stevens plays the Marquis Imari. Thomas C. Leary reappears as Wun Hi, the tea house proprietor, and Robert Dunbar will be Reginald Fairfax. Miss Edith Hall will be Mollie Seamore, Florence Walcott O. Mimosa San, and Tillie Salinger Lady Constance.

## PRESS ELDRIDGE

### A Star of Minstrelsy Who Has Succeeded at Variety.

Press Eldridge, whose "turn" at the Orpheum has been the feature of the bill, this week, has been in negro minstrelsy further back than he cares to remember. He is a bluff, blunt and vigorous type of fun-maker, who takes his performance and himself much more seriously than he permits his audience to. He is the last of the eminent burnt-cork artists to visit San Francisco. We have had Dockstadter, Haverly, Primrose and all the others, but Press Eldridge could never agree with Gustav Walter as to terms and he has remained a novelty. However, he claims frankly, and the Orpheum audiences apparently agree with him, that the loss is ours as he has, in the meantime, been tremendously busy in the East. He is a feature in New York, in Boston and in Philadelphia, and has originated more gags and sung more songs and thought out more "new business" than the combined hosts of his brethern—which may be true, for Press is funny his own way—a compound of audacity, impertinence, clear enunciation and facial expression.

There is something highly diverting about the manner in which he advances to the footlights and salutes the house—"Hello, audience." On the stage, as in a fight, it is generally the first blow that counts, and it is easy for Eldridge, after that attack, to hold his auditors. They are ready to laugh at anything he says or does, and they have generally good humorous reasons to be amused.

The quality of his enunciation is a factor in Press' success. So many of this type of performer mumble and jumble their words as to lose their sense and hide their meaning. He has also an appreciation of novelties, and does not imagine because a song or a joke has won a laugh three times that it is necessarily immortal. He told the writer that early in his career he realized the propensities of minstrels to imitate one another, and vowed he would find new things or invent them. Eldridge writes most of his own songs and composes the music, but then he has a tremendous energy and is well able to cope with any ordinary problem after his "turn" is over.

Rather an amusing reminiscence of Eldridge is about an experience in a Washington theatre years ago. It was one of those old-style institutions with a company attached which, between the visits of stars, would give concerts, negro minstrel performances, comedies or anything else to draw an audience. The custom was for the star to bring along his own play, and the company sustained the subordinate roles—all but Eldridge, who was the favorite comedian, and always in black face parts. This arrangement worked well enough until one night when the star did not put in an appearance. It was a wild-eyed melodrama, "Dick Daring, the Sierran Avenger," and there was nothing in the direction of crime that was not achieved in the course of the evening. The manager demanded that Press fill the vacancy and he had to comply. He rigged himself out in the costume of the role and, as he appeared in full cowboy panoply, with his armament of pistols and bowie knives, the audience which knew him colored, failed to recognize him white, and gave a shout of applause. He stood for a moment an impressive figure, and then cried: "Another step, you scoundrel, and you die," which happened to be the first words of the part. Then a nigger in the topmost gallery learned over and in disappointed tones declared:

"Aw it's only dat Press."

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## ARE THEY SPOILED?

### W. T. Stead Says the American Woman Has the Best of It. Query?

Is the American woman spoiled? The American male—is he henpecked? Mr. Stead who originated the *Review of Reviews* answers both questions in the affirmative, and great is the indignation thereat. Paul Bourget managed to convey something of the same idea in his book about Americans, for he was vastly impressed by the women of our production and rather sorry for the men. Stead alleges the male American will listen appreciatively to the inane nonsense which the fashionable woman calls conversation and never dreams or dares to offer a contradiction. A condition which may be chivalrous but is hardly intelligent. For this he is taken to task by Ella Wheeler Wilcox who grows angry in reply and declares the American man not given to the exhilirating exercise of wife-beating—which is rather begging the question. She says that the husbands of America have the courage of their convictions and the will to assert them even in the presence of wives and daughters, but agrees with Stead that our sisters and mothers are injured by the degree of freedom the laxity of brothers and fathers permits them.

The domestic virtues of English women have the approval of the poetess of passion, who asserts further that the American female stock would do well to cultivate the charm of repose.

DIGBY BELL
Who is now playing at the Columbia.

At the same time our men should acquire those niceties of manner which render the occasional foreigner so captivating to the native heiress.

You will perceive Ella rather consents, on the whole, to the strictures of the London editor, even though she does grow severe over the wife-beating.

But here cometh Dr. Morgan Dix who says our girls are really not a bit spoiled—save the "bloomer girl"—who is injured not by the men, but by wrong-headed leaders of her own sex. "Americans put women on pedestals," says the doctor, "and pay them homage." Truly an excellent idea—if the ladies would only remain on the pedestal. It is their return to earth that disillusionizes. Sir Edwin Arnold, who as an editor and poet and father, is supposed to have valuable information about such subjects thinks the female of America about the happiest extant, and kindly approves of the product in its dual capacity of mother and housekeeper. But, then, Sir Edwin only "passed through"—he never lived with the subject in either role. Elizabeth Banks has studied the lady of the land at close range and says she is spoiled—but only by comparison. "From the moment of her entrance by birth into these United States she has everything that love and money can give, whereas in other countries the greatest consideration is bestowed on the sons of the family. In Yankee land, little brother gives the biggest portion of his apple to little sister, so the New York financier diminishes his own expenses before he invites Mrs. Bullion to economize."

At this juncture there cometh Reverend George Pentecost, who thinks our ladies deserve spoiling—there are belles and beauties in other lands, he declares, but the American woman is incomparable. This enthusiastic gentleman is either just engaged or is much married.

To return to Mrs. Wilcox and Banks—both declare that American women make improper demands upon their husbands and are indulged too much. "What other men," they ask, "would allow wives and daughters to go off travelling for years abroad while they themselves remain at home devoting their time to work? They are more easily coaxed, more amenable to persuasion than the males of other climes. They yield to the argument of tears, whereas elsewhere the weeping wife must dry her own eyes after her husband has banged the door on her sorrow." Maybe this tenderness is the desire of the male for relief—and oh, the happiness of release from the tedium of existence with a nervous, distraught, jealous, exacting female, who wearies and worries and yearns only for the things she has not.

The ladies and reverends to the contrary—it is unquestionable that the American woman is spoiled. She demands and is accorded infinitely more than is conceded her sisters the world over. Her whims are indulged through mistaken tenderness. She is decorated and admired and petted and calls the devotion chivalry. However, this is San Francisco—the native land of beauty—if our girls are not spoiled why have we a city of boarding-houses rather than a city of homes? Why will the girl, who has just married a man of small means, demand life in a hotel instead of in a house, which she might make a home? Where else—but the subject might be pursued to an interminable length. One may be forgiven for asking, if in return for all his devotion, his chivalry, his tenderness, the American man receives an adequate return—if he is better and more truly loved than the men of other climes? His self-abnegation has made the women of our clime the most fascinating and beautiful of the race, but is it not at the expense of himself. His female is really a much finer creature than he, whereas the German man, who is the hero at his own fireside, is far a better specimen than his frau. It is thus in England, though to a lesser degree. The French, who next to the Americans, are most devoted of women worshippers—are physically the inferior of their neighbors. However, the assumptions presented here are debatable, even though the conclusions be irresistible.

SELINA FRANCES

A Scotch minister, preaching on the miraculous sojourn of Jonah in the belly of a marine monster, was careful the while to refrain from disclosing the exact species of the member of the finny tribe that furnished the accommodation. Having sufficiently stimulated the curiosity of his congregation, he said: "Noo, ma freens, what kind o' a fesh was this. Was it a sharruk? Nae, it was nae a sharruk. Was it a mackerel? Nae, it was nae a mackerel. Was it a cod-fesh? Nae, it was nae a cod-fesh. Was it a herrin'? Nae, it was nae a herrin'—" But this was more than an experienced fishwife could stand, and at this point she exclaimed, "Meenister, it was a whale," only to be sat upon with the stern correction, "Janet, ye're a bad wumman, takin' the worrud o' God out o' his meenister's mooth."

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## NEW BOOKS

### The Decline of Bret Harte—How "The Christian" was Received in London.

If Bret Harte could be persuaded to return to California he might find new material to work upon. This may seem vain optimism to anyone who has just read *Three Partners* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), but there is a hope in the idea, and hopes are not lightly to be abandoned. The short story is the natural medium for the expression of his talent, for he has not the invention necessary to successfully construct an elaborate complication and conduct it to a rational conclusion. In this, Harte's latest tale, he rings the old changes on Jack Hamlin, the Spanish padres, the antique mining camps, the flash ladies of San Francisco, and all the other material which have so long been his stock in trade. The *Three Partners* is an incoherent romance, only relieved from the ridiculous by the admirable style of the author. It is the fine dignity and rather stately literary manner of Bret Harte, his inimitable vistas of Sierra scenery that alone makes his novels valuable, but their importance and rarity have been obliterated by familiarity. His types are history, but history never repeats itself as often as Bret Harte does.

Dr. Robertson Niccol, who figures as a literary Columbus in the *British Weekly*, discovered *The Sowers*, and his vigorous indorsement elevated Henry Seton Merriman into a literary high-light. The first new book since the achievement of that success is *In Kedar's Tents* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which, though it is not a work of importance, is a notably well balanced story, distinguished for interest and readableness. It details the fortunate adventures of Frederic Conyngham in Spain during the first Carlist revolution, and presents to us in the personality of General Vincente, a characterization which is really the only literary achievement in the volume. One is struck with the clever management of the narrative and a certain buoyancy in the dialogue, but it is not out of such stuff as this that great novelists are developed. It cannot be stated too often that success in perspective and composition do not constitute greatness in a novel; there must be material and color. A great writer must have observed tremendously, and his narrative should not only give us the adventures of his hero, but an insight into his character, his surroundings, his atmosphere. *In Kedar's Tents* is a good story and only that.

The spirit of Bohemia life is difficult to distill into ordinary prose, and can never be conveyed through the medium of an outsider. The careless and jaunty air of the genus requires for its reproduction a light and skillful but sure touch, and a literary manner subdued to the material. *Phillis in Bohemia* is a harmless effort at describing a phase of literary and artistic life in New York, and is really not entitled to more consideration than could be packed into a sentence. It is notable, however, that this type of sketch is done ever so much better in London. Certain feminine subjects handled in the New York *Sun* have the proper blending of smartness and lightness, but assuredly it is not attained in *Phillis*. The *Pall Mall* and *St. James' Gazette* used to publish exceedingly clever dialogues, not of Bohemia alone but about clothes and society and topics of the moment, something on the line of Wells' *Select Conversations With an Uncle* which were capitally written and amusing into the bargain. Indeed there are in San Francisco several young women who could handle the subject of Bohemia to infinitely better advantage than the authors of *Phillis*. There was once a Bohemia in San Francisco—a veritable Bohemia composed of as bright, gay and careless a set of men as ever wrote copy or defied their creditors. What a delightful volume their adventures would make for the gifted some one who will yet appear to turn them into sketches. But it must be an artist to suggest the varied characters of the gang that consorted at the Frenchman's on Merchant street in the days of yore. There were neither cowboy poets nor make-believe magazine writers as there are in *Phillis*, among them, but the blood of life and fun bubbled in their viens, and they saw to it that their lives were full of incident and detail. But *Phillis* is a beautiful piece of typography, charmingly bound and smartly illustrated, for which the publishers (Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co.) are to be congratuted.

The English critics had no better welcome for Hall Caine's *Christian* than their compatriots on this side of the water. Indeed, the intrinsic vulgarity of this novel has met with severer reprehension in London than in America. The *Times* dismissed the book with a few curt lines appropriately sandwiched between the Stock Exchange list and "Home Markets." The *Daily Telegraph* says: "In the *Christian* Mr. Hall Caine has surpassed all his previous failures in this direction. He has succeeded in sinking far beneath the level of ancient Coburg and has only touched bottom in the lowest deep of the penny novelette. Spurious sentiment, sham satire, faked pathos, cheap morality, caricatured Christianity meet us on every page." Max Burbohm, who is writing criticisms for the *Daily Mail* commences his excoriation:

Parliament has risen and so has Mr. Hall Caine. He had bided his time cunningly, and now, having strangled the sea serpent and set his heel on the gigantic gooseberry, he has taken sole possession of the Silly Season, and has been passing with an accompaniment of thumped drums and brandished banners down the empty columns of the press. * * * As a matter of fact, Mr. Hall Caine is far more remarkable as cheap-jack than as author. Why stop his patter? "*On the morning of the 9th of May, 18—, three persons important to this story stood among the passengers on the deck of the Isle of Man steamship* Tynwald *as she lay by the pier at Douglas getting up steam for the passage to Liverpool.*" That is the first sentence in the book, of which, I am told, "every sentence has been deliberated over with intense nervous care." Observe that it boasts twelve prepositions, one comma and a collision of three substantives, and that it ends with a sequence of four dactyls. * * * The *Christian* is packed full of everything its author could lay hands on.

Even the *Argonaut*, which really ought to know better, has published as an authentic document, a letter purporting to have been written by a Chicago swain to his sweetheart, proposing marriage and offering a degree of freedom that is extraordinary and certainly modern. It is copied from an article by Mrs. Atherton in the *Contemporary Review*. The letter is actually from Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*, and is the proposal of the editor hero to Rose. It is appropriate in that connection, but it is hard to believe that either heroine or editor have, even in Chicago, many prototypes.

## BOOK NOTES

*Miss Nina Barrow* (The Century Company), by Frances Courtenay Baylor, is very much of an object lesson for girls. Miss Nina is a willful little heiress who has been brought up with more of her own way than is proper, and, as may be imagined, is a rather disagreeable young person. But she fortunately comes under the charge of a practical relative and in time becomes an amiable young woman. The tale is bright and pertly written; at times too much so; as a bit of fiction it is of little value, for whatever virtue it possessed is altogether in its character study.

Another story for children, but one infinitely more agreeable, is *Master Skylark*, by John Bennett (The Century company). It is a tale of Shakespeare's time, and among the characters introduced are Shakespeare, himself, and rare Ben Jonson, too. The hero is a little lad of Stratford, gifted with a marvelous voice, who is lured from home by a strolling player and brought to sing in London. After many adventures he escapes from his master and returns home. The story is full of romance of the Elizabeth age, and Mr. Bennett has given many pictures of characteristic scenes in old London. The illustrations by Reginald B. Birch, are in accord with the spirit of the story.

*Up the Matterhorn in a Boat*, by Marion Manville Pope (The Century Company), is a rather fanciful tale possessing, if nothing else, the recommendation of novelty. It describes the adventures of two Americans and a dog who scale the famous Swiss mountain in an aluminum boat attached to an electric balloon. On their way up they met with adventures innumerable which are narrated in a whimsical vein that makes entertaining enough reading.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company have just brought out Charles Egbert Craddock's new book, *The Young Mountaineers*. It is a collection of short stories and sketches descriptive of life and people in the Tennessee mountains. One of them, *The Conscript's Hollow*, is particularly good, and notably two others, *In the Chinking* and *A Mountain Storm*. The stories are all in Miss Murfree's familiar style and are full of homely pathos and dry wit. The dialect is of course good—for people who care for dialect.

Another excursion in dialect is *Uncle Lisha's Outing*, by Rowland E. Robinson, also from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Robinson has made himself familiar with *Danvis Folk* and *Vermont*, both of them of much merit. For his outing Uncle Lisha goes off to Canada in quest of fish and game. His companion is a French Canadian named Antoine, and the two dialects are made the feature of the volume. It is cleverly done but dialogue is somewhat out of date.

Mrs. Alexander's new novel, *Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress*, (J. B. Lippincott Company), has for its raison d'etre the adventures of a young milliner's apprentice, who becomes maid to a lady of quality and finally turns out be the long-lost daughter of a peer. Not a startling nor a strictly original motive, but strong enough to be developed into a well told and interesting tale. It is at least without a mission, or a tangle in morals, or any other modern features.

The feature of the *International Studio* for October is a sketch of Marc Antocolosky the Russian sculptor. It is splendidly illustrated with copies of eight of Antocolosky's greatest works. Henry T. Schafer has an article on *The Coloring of the Venetians*, and Gleeson White contributes the second part of *Some Glasgow Designers and Their Work*. Copies are made from the drawings of J. M. Swan, A. R. A., and from olographs by Storm Van Gravesande.


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# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## A Close Criticism of the Stanford-Reliance Football Match.

The most noticeable circumstance in the Stanford-Reliance game was the improvement of Wells, centre for the clubmen. He clearly outplayed his opponent, making great gaps through which Arlett plunged for clean gains time and again. Should Wells continue to improve so rapidly, he will be a second Ames by the season's end, and one point of the Reliance line that seems likely to be weak will be very strong. Man for man Reliance outplayed their rivals. Between Smith and Carle there was so little difference that the men virtually neutralized one another's effectiveness. On the whole more gains were made by Smith's aid than Stanford made against him. It was poor captaining more than Reliance inferiority that allowed Jeffs to block Reliance kick. Much criticism has been directed against Rice becouse of the gains Carter and Morse repeatedly made through and around him. It must be remembered that the most effective attacks modern football has developed are divested at or near the tackle position. To such perfection have these plays been brought that the tackle alone cannot be expected to defend this part of the line. All modern systems of defense demand that the half and end be ready to aid the tackle, in fact the brunt of defense falls almost as heavily on the half as on the line man. Saturday Rice was supported by a back who was new to the position and who had not had time to master the defense demanded or to become used to playing in accord with his tackle. Rice's work must not be judged by Saturday's exhibition; he is a good tackle. Sheehy, who faced him, played his second game in the position and proved the wisdom of moving him from guard, for while he was a splendid guard he promises to be a superlative tackle. No man, I think, was ever endowed with a physique more adapted to this, the most difficult position a football man can be called to fill. He is compact, strong, a fast runner and very quick in starting.

* *

Stanford's showing was disappointing. The men were drawn to their limit, and they showed that in the stress of a hard game even veterans will forget sometimes the elements of play. Excepting Carle, the line men all played too high and persisted in watching the backs instead of the ball. The only play of note by the college line was the opening made for Jeffs and the ready way the half took advantage of it, and the good work of Smith in following in, gave Stanford its touchdown, and was the only really good football the cardinal showed in the game, except towards the final, when Cotton, aided by compact interference, did some very effective line-bucking. Cotton was slow. He was suffering from a bad ankle, and failed in starting on account of it. This slowness rendered it impossible to judge Brooke's new defensive formation with justice. In this line-up the ends are brought in close to reinforce the tackle. They are used practically as auxiliary tackle, and to a back placed about five yards behind the line is given the duty of following the runner out and tackling, after the tackles and ends have broken up or scattered the interference. In theory, with as fast, sure tackling a back as Cotton is, this seems a splendid defense. Its merit will be better judged when Cotton is in form to do himself justice. The cardinal showed the rudiments of the same rather slow but solid heavy-going interference that has made Pennsylvania's line-bucking a terror to their opponents. When Mr. Brooke gets Tickert and Carle into that "guard's back" play, five-yard gains will be plenty against the strongest lines.

* *

Murphy gave a pretty exhibition of coolness and long, clean punting. He was very slow, though, and twice at least there was no excuse for Reliance allowing the kick to go unblocked. On one of these occasions the quarter showed his remarkable self-possession. After receiving and fumbling a bad pass, he turned, with two or three Reliance men close by, picked up the ball, dodging the would-be tacklers, he punted low and clean for forty yards. Stanford's tackling was noticeably inferior to the clubmen. Time and again Reliance runners staggered along with one or more cardinal-legged men hanging fondly about their necks. The Reliance backs, taking advantage of the high tackling, went in low and hard for clean gains. Arlett was especially good at this plunging through the tremendous holes Wells, Smith and Hobbs made for him. He invariably shook Murphy off and reached Cotton, whose defensive work was good.

* *

The hard fought struggle was more interesting to watch than any early game here has been for years. It was marred, though, by some unpleasant occurences. The strenuous objections to the official's rulings twice seemed about to terminate the play in a wrangle. Then, too, there was a great deal of holding-in the line by the clubmen, and more or less roughing after tackles by Stanford men. Once or twice fists were flying along the line. The merit of the rulings is not of much importance. The question of interference with the punt-out will hardly occur again. The dispute merely illustrates that officials should be chosen some time before the day of the game and have an opportunity before play begins to discuss rules with the two captains. The other questioned decision was merely a matter of judgment. In such an event there should be no protest. Every man's judgment is apt to err. The surprising thing was that the discipline of the college men went to pieces, and nearly all of them, as well as Coach Brooke, began to harrangue the referee, whose position must have been far from pleasant. It is not intended to make this column reflect only the writer's athletic belief. Any real friend of athletics is welcome to space whenever he has anything to say that can aid in bettering athletic conditions on the coast. A week or two ago I commented on the condition and position of the Olympic Club as it appears to many of its well-wishers, both in and out of the club. Mr. Howard Taylor, than whom amateur sport has no more earnest friend, has very kindly promised to write on the subject

CAPTAIN COTTON, OF STANFORD
Thors, photo

from another point of view. His view of the matter, I hope, will appear next week.

* *

The founders of the Olympic Club meant it to be, what every athletic club should be, an athletic college; a place offering young men a regular course for the development of their bodies. To this college the board of directors is relatively a faculty. To them is intrusted the government of the student body, and the formulation of a policy. What college in the land would be so foolish as entirely to change its faculty every twelve months? And if there was one so absurdly short sighted how long could it exist? To be successful the policy of any institution must be permanent and far-seeing. The yearly change of board forbids the adoption of any continuous policy by the Olympic Club and renders its government a happy go lucky one. Not the least of the reforms demanded within the club is a board of directors whose majority will hold office for at least two years. To elect for three years, each year replacing a third of the members by newly elected men, would insure a strong board with a fixed policy.

With such a board, backed by a membership of athletes and athletic enthusiasts the Club would soon become again what it once was, the leader in amateur sports on the coast and a factor in National athletic competition.

* *

One of the first acts of such a board would be to abolish the system of annexes. These annexes, clubs within the Olympic Club, are pernicious. A house divided against itself must fall and the annexes hopelessly divide those athletes who still wear the club's colors. In club matters there is no concern, the only thing of interest is how much the directors will contribute to the support of this or that annex, and every annex is suspicious of every other. There are the two bicycle annexes, "The Olympic Cyclers" and "The Olympic Wheelmen," each at the throat of the other, each ready to oppose anything the other may favor, no matter what the merits of the case may be. Until this anomalous state of affairs is remedied there can be no unity in the club and no possibility of any action looking to the betterment of things. The club should abolish these annexes. If they will do this and make the board of directors a more permanent body with greater power, the Olympic Club may again come to be an institution of which every true lover of amateur sport can be proud.

* *

There has been a lot of criticism of Haskell's quarterback work. After his exhibition in the last big game, his ability should be unquestioned. As Greisberg gets more used to passing the ball, and Haskell and he have moved together longer, the fumbling will disappear.

* *

To find efficient guards and ends is evidently going to give Mr. Nott more trouble than the filling of any other positions. Among the many candidates for tackle, there are a number of men who promise well. Nott is losing no sleep over backs, he has plenty of them and good ones too. Greisberg, when he learns to pass the ball better, will give a good account of himself at center. Hooper and Ludlow are the most formidable candidates for the guard positions. The former is light and inexperienced but he learns fast and plays with a snap that ought to make him efficient. He reminds one of McMillan who was the best guard that ever wore the cardinal of Stanford. A question that was asked often during the memorable slaughter of the U. C. hopes last year was: "What is wrong with Ludlow?" Why he, with his magnificent physical equipment and good head should have been so overwhelmingly out played was a mystery. The same thing happened last Saturday. Ludlow, it is true, made a number of good stops, but time and again, he was boxed or shouldered out of the play, all because he did not watch the ball. He keeps his attention fastened on the backs. Watching the opposing backs may be good policy for some, but Ludlow will never reach the point of play he ought, until he learns to keep the ball in sight while he watches his opponent. If he can learn to do this he ought to be as effective as any guard on the coast.

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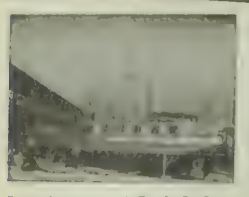

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## FINANCE AND TRADE

### Improving Conditions in Trade Circles —Stock Exchange Notes.

*Thursday Evening.*

The business outlook continues to be most encouraging, and as account is taken of the actual improvement the general conviction that prosperity has again returned to the country becomes more and more firmly established. No better indication of this fact can be afforded than the condition of the iron trade and the substantial increase in railway earnings. In the case of many important systems that have been in struggling financial circumstances for a long period, the recent traffic returns shew fully 20 per cent gain over the previous year. The effect of this must be to enhance the value of many neglected stocks and to bring the general investing public more freely into the market.

In the meantime, trading in the New York stock markets is chiefly confined to the professional operators, the bears for the moment appearing to have the upper hand. Municipal politics cloud the atmosphere there just now, but with an assurance of easy money for the remainder of the year, and a lower range of values, strong buyers will no doubt come on the scene before long.

The flow of gold from Europe has fairly set in and seems likely to continue to meet the expanding course of trade in the United States. Silver is very sensitive and though firmer for the moment, eveu its present position is by no means assured. Nothing seems likely to eventuate in the immediate future from the bimetallic movement, which, notwithstanding the hopes expressed, is not the least likely to get practical support from the financial powers in London.

Since our last review the bond market has pursued the even tenor of its way, and save that a slight fractional gain is noticeable throughout, no particular feature presents itself. Good securities are in demand and well held in view of the generally improved tone of business. San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad advanced to 104. Southern Pacific of Arizona is quoted 99½, at which these securities look cheap, the demand at that being good and buying orders coming from strong hands. In Northern Railway 6 per cent we heard of a sale of $100,000 at 108, for account of a deceased estate, purchaser being one of the local banks. Los Angeles Lighting have been changing hands at 100, the highest price paid for some time.

There promises to be a large demand for the limited amount of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley R. R. bonds, which the syndidate will offer in the market on the 1st proximo.

The stock of the Spring Valley Water Company has exhibited some weakness and at one time dropped from 100¼ to 99, but has since recovered and is now about 99½. The set-back was caused by the Supreme Court decision in the San Diego water case, which alarmed a few timid holders. We have no dohbt that the stock will improve again. Contra Costa Water Company's stock has been bid for at 43, but is firmly held with none offering at the moment.

In Gas and Lighting stocks Pacific Lighting is strong at 54, owing to a rumor of the dividend probably being increased to 40 instead of 35 cents, as heretofore. Mutual Electric is quoted 10¼, Gas and Electric 97½, Pacific Gas 94¼ x. d.

Our prediction with regard to Bank shares has beeen fully verified and a sharp advance has to be noted. Bank of California sold at 243, owing to the excellent showing made at the annual meeting. Throughout the list there is visible improvement and a firm demand.

At yesterday's meeting of the Nevada Bank the Chairman announced the intention to convert the institution into a national bank from the beginning of next year. Such a step, it is believed, will be in accordance with popular sentiment and will, at the same time, lessen the liability for taxation. The bank statement disclosed a favorable result for the working of the past year.

In the miscellaneous section Sugar stocks have been somewhat heavy during the week, owing to the absence of orders, but the future looks hopeful for this class of investment.

In grain the markets have been subject to a good deal of fluctuation, with values at a higher range again during the interval under notice. Sales have been moderate, with a good inquiry for futures, the highest price paid to-day for No. 1 December wheat having been 1.47½.

In all the leading produce markets a strong feeling prevails with prices generally tending upwards.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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## TURF TOPICS

### California Two-Year-Olds — Cesarewitch Stakes and Jockey Sloan.

The Los Angeles meeting began on the 14th instant under favorable auspices, except slight rain which was against harness events. Racing will continue there until the 23d instant.

Recent returns from the East show that our two-year-olds that made a local reputation last spring have been able to hold their own on Eastern tracks lately. Travel and change of climate is very much against California youngsters doing anything when they first go on, especially after putting in some good races here in the early spring. Nearly all the colts and fillies that stamped themselves here as the best of the year have been adding to their reputation, notably the Burns and Waterhouse colt, Bliss Rucker, and filly, Napamax. Mr. E. J. Baldwin's Rey Salazar, too, has made a name for himself in the East and borne out the promise he showed before leaving here.

The migration of men and horses to the Pacific Coast is gaining strength as time goes on, and in another ten days several more large strings of horses will arrive. The entries for the first list of Ingleside stakes closed yesterday, but we shall not know the result for a few days yet.

In the enforcement of Rule 23 of the American Turf Congress and the ordinary track regulations, a considerable number of horses have been required to vacate stalls at Ingleside. Space is at a premium now, and the management has all it can do to find room for horses to which no exception can be taken in regard to either pedigree or registration.

The Cesarewitch Stakes (handicap, 2m. 2f. 35yds.) was run at Newmarket on Wednesday last and resulted in the victory of Mrs. Langtry's five-year-old horse, Merman, carrying 103 lbs. The Rush, 5 years, 117 lbs., being second, beaten a neck, and Carlton Grange third. The American horse, St. Cloud II, 98 lbs., the third in the St. Leger this year, ran well, but failed to stand the final rush from the bushes. Merman is an Australian-bred horse, being by Grand Flaneur out of Seaweed, and established a reputation previously as a stayer by his win in the old-time Lewes handicap, when he beat Carlton Grange, a horse of good handicap class, who has been performing well during the back end of the season. The telegraphic despatches tell us more about the feelings and deportment of Mrs. Langtry on the occasion than of the race itself, but evidently the event well sustained its character; and, as it represented an important meeting of English, American and Australian thoroughbreds, it was unusually interesting.

The Rush won the Chester Cup, 2¼ miles, in 1896 and the Liverpool Autumn Cup the previous year, and is a thorough stayer, so the Australians will have something to be proud of in beating him, even though Merman had a 14 lbs. pull in the weight.

Mr. Belmont's five-year-old horse, Keenan, 105 lbs., failed to stay the course. As he is an exceptionally big horse it is not unreasonable to assume that he is not a subject for a lightweight.

It is not surprising to hear that Sloan's way of riding has not created a favorable impression across the water. Those who are acquainted with his peculiar seat on a horse, and have been on Newmarket heath, will easily understand that his style would be much against his success on that ground. Sloan, undoubtedly, has more than average brains as a jockey and light hands, but, while he may be able to ride round a fence, as in this country, with a free running horse, his seat is altogether against him on the English courses, especially when his mount is a horse requiring leg-work that no man who sits as Sloan does can give to an animal. When Ruef was in England not long ago he proved a failure for the same reason and eventually was ruled off for interference. On an open course most horses have to be kept straight and a jockey must sit so that he can produce the required effect.

BENEDICT.

### Tears.

When chars the heart to ashes in its pain,
Or withers in its vain desire,
Tears are the benediction of the rain
Falling to quench the fire.
*—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Lippincott's.*

### Competition.

The race is won! As victor I am hailed
With deafening cheers from eager throats; and yet
Gladder the victory could I forget
The strained, white faces of the men who failed!
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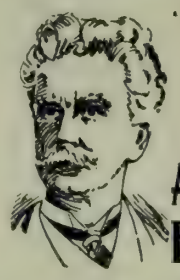

THERE WILL BE A NEW STORY —BY— AMBROSE BIERCE —IN— THE SUNDAY EXAMINER, OCTOBER 17th

Copies, 5 Cents.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT IN AND FOR THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California—In the matter of the Estate of Eudora A. Chambers, sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Monday the 18th day of October, A.D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, and the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said Eudora A. Chambers, sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers, deceased, and for hearing the application of Robert C. Chambers for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary thereon.

Dated September 23d, A.D. 1897.

CHARLES F. CURRY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By V. F. Northrop, Deputy Clerk.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Attorney for Petitioner, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE

Dividend No. 48 (Thirty cents per share) of the HUTCAINSON SUGAR PLANTATION COMPANY will be payable at the office of the Company, 327 Market street, on and after Wednesday, October 20, 1897.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A lady found herself at table with a number of English naval officers of high rank who were entertaining a large company at dinner. An admiral had taken her down to the dining-room, and she felt constrained to introduce a naval topic. Consequently, during the first pause in the conversation, she turned to her companion and asked him if he had been present when the battleship Victoria had been sunk through somebody's stupid blundering—she had forgotten whose—but it was shocking and inexcusable. She looked up innocently into a face which had suddenly grown white and convulsed with feeling. "Yes, madam," answered the admiral, with a grim smile, as he perceived that her question had been heard and that other guests were looking at him curiously; "yes, unfortunately I was there; and I did it." It was Admiral Markham, who had commanded the Camperdown.

Count de Lauragerais, a witty Frenchman who lived in the time of Louis XVI, used to poke fun at Prince D., a fashionable nobleman who, though rich and prominent, was a terrible bore. He applied gravely to the Court physician, asking if it were possible for a person to die of *ennui*. "Well," answered the doctor, "a long-continued state of *ennui* might induce some disease, such as consumption, and in that sense it might cause the patient's death." His reply was properly written and attested, and armed with it the Count applied to his advocate, stating that a design had been formed against his life, and that he intended to bring action. Being assured it was just and proper, he at once instituted proceedings against the Prince, claiming he had formed the design of tiring him to death.

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed the will. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death—some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still affirm that we begin to die as soon as we are born. "I should like to know," said the opposing connsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?" "Doctor Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great dignity. "The moment we begin to live we all begin to die."

A Kansas granger who had made money out of wheat went to Washington, and, of course, repaired to the gallery of the House to hear the Congressman of his district speak. He remained a week, and returned home. A political friend met him who wanted to know all about the Capitol, but most about the Congressman. "He must be warming them up there," he said. "My, how he did warm up the monopolies and ringsters during the campaign. You heard him, I suppose?" "Every time he spoke," was the reply. "So far as I can judge, I tried not to let any of his remarks get away from me, but I'm afraid that maybe I wasn't watchful enough. I've only heard him speak five times. Three of them he said 'aye' and the other two he said 'no.'

During the Indian mutiny, a certain Private O'Shaugnessy was the foremost in an attack on a gorgeous palace, and had not gone far into its interior before he came in front of a great mirror. Instantly he stopped before it, and though the bullets were whistling past him, began to admire himself and twirl his mustache. "Bedad, Shaugh," said he to himself, with a grin, "ye're a foine figure of a man." Just then a bullet crashed into the mirror, breaking the glass into a thousand pieces, and obliterating the reflection of Shaugh's features. "Arrah, there," he called, angrily, turning back, "ye've sphiled the foine view that I had of meself."

Some years ago Sousa was leading a band at a small country festival. The advent of the band had been awaited with intense interest by the audience, and when they arrived the bandsmen were quickly surrounded by a surging crowd, which hemmed them in so that it was difficult for them to keep on playing. Sousa appealed to one of the committee to keep the crowd away, and said that unless his men had more room they could not play. The committeeman shook his hand warmly, and, turning to the assembled multitude, bawled out: "Gentlemen, step back and give the purfesser's purfessers a chance to play!"

The true distinction between a literary thief and one who gathers from innumerable sources the materials which he fuses into a new and homogeneous composition, is shown in the well known colloquy between the two broomsellers: "I do not understand how you can undersell me," said one, "for I steal my materials." "The explanation is simple," rejoined the other; "I steal my brooms ready made."

Dumas the elder was not in the habit of counting his money, but did once, leaving it on the mantle when he left the room for a few minutes. When he returned and was giving some instructions to a servant, he mechanically counted the pieces over again and found a louis missing. "Well," he said with a sigh, "considering that I never counted my money before, I can't say it pays."

Noise is not usually a passport to popularity, but the new Archbishop of Canterbury, by his powerful voice, won the affections many years ago of a Devonshire farmer, who, sitting near the bottom of the church where the then Bishop of Exeter was preaching, was overheard to say, "I do love the Bishop, 'cos he hollers proper!"

When Lord Bowen, the eminent English jurist, was at Homburg, the Prince of Wales was taking the waters there also. The Prince had a little dog, which persisted in running away. "That's the only creature here," said Bowen, "which does not run after the Prince of Wales."


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 43 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 23, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

DEDICATION OF THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN

The memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson was formally presented to the City of San Francisco on Sunday, October 17th.

# THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 23, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2-3 |
| Home-Made Imported Liquors; by G. L. B. | 2 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3 |
| Passing of Charles A. Dana | 4 |
| Verestchagin and the Nobel Prize.; by W. H. H. | 4 |
| The Stevenson Memorial | 5 |
| "St. Ives": a review by C. | 5 |
| The Mining Convention | 6-7 |
| View of Old Coloma; photos by W. G. Woods | 8 |
| Fruit of the Tropics | 9 |
| A Memory of '40 | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| "Following the Equator" | 12 |
| Simondes' Forgery | 12 |
| Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| Finance and Trade | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE GIST OF THE SEALING QUESTION.

It is pretty generally agreed that in the fur seal matter we have serious reason to complain of the behavior of England. At the same time, not one man in five thousand has any coherent idea as to what our grievance with England may be. With a view to ascertaining this let us glance at some of the facts in question.

The fur seal, an animal of great commercial value and of unsurpassed scientific interest, is practically confined to two herds, each inhabiting remote and almost inaccessible islands in Behring Sea. The peculiarities in the habits of the animal render it especially tractable on land. Since 1779 it has been under control and the land-killing has been confined entirely to superfluous males. As many females as males are born, but only one in thirty is allowed to enter the breeding grounds. The others with the young males are forced to herd apart, and they can be driven out and culled like sheep. The superfluous increment of males can be taken to the advantage of the herd. When the winter comes the herds leave these islands and move from one thousand to three thousand miles to the southward, return to their homes in July of the next year. At intervals also through the summer they go out to feed, the females travelling to the distance of 100 to 200 miles for their meals. The killing of the migrating or feeding herds at sea is known as pelagic sealing. On land no members of the breeding herd are ever killed or disturbed. The pelagic killing is confined chiefly to females. These are always graved when at sea and in Behring sea, each one taken leaves a pup to starve on the shores of the islands.

Before pelagic sealing began the great Pribilof or American herd numbered about 600,000 adult females. The Komandorski or Russian herd, 300,000; while the Japanese or Kurile herd had some 40,000, and the Mexican herd of Guadalupe island perhaps 8,000 more. At present the Pribilof herd, according to Dr. Jordan's paper, numbers 130,000 adult females, Komandorski has 50,000, the Kuriles perhaps 1,500, and the Guadalupe herd is extinct. The sole cause of this decline is the indiscriminate killing of females, whether on land or sea. The natural rate of increase of females is about 16⅔ per cent each year. The death rate from old age is about 10 per cent, leaving a net gain of 6⅔ per cent, from which all other losses are to be deducted. Pelagic sealing has taken each year since it began in 1885 from 5 to 40 per cent.

Our first grievance against England is that she tolerated and defended this shameful waste. We have the same grievance against the United States, which has never yet forbidden pelagic sealing on the part of her own people, although she has lost millions of dollars worth of valuable animals through its agency.

Our second grievance against England is that by false representation as to the nature and habits of the fur seal she secured the legislation of pelagic sealing. By its dependence on the statements of British officials, the Paris Tribunal was led to adopt "regulations for the protection and preservation of the fur seal," that could have no effect but to destroy it. These regulations did not even check the decline. By making the killing of females legal they stimulated pelagic destruction and they have in five years brought the American herd to the same commercial destruction, which the Russian herd has reached without regulations. The false statements made by the British Commission in 1893 are still repeated by the British Colonial office, in spite of the contrary testimony of the British Commission of 1896. It will need more than one "shirt sleeves" letter to bring these officials to the courtesy of telling the truth.

So far as the letter of the law made by the Paris Tribunal decision is concerned, Great Britain has lived up to it. Her vessels which have violated its provisions have been promptly condemned. It is the provisions themselves which are worthless. They constitute a protection which does not protect. It now remains to be seen whether Great Britain will consent to new regulations which are effective and not self-contradicting. If so, the fur seal herd with the great industries dependent upon it will be restored. If not, one more example will be given of the imbecility of civilized nations in dealing with matters involving common honesty and common decency.

"Every Englishman," says an old sea captain, "is at heart a wrecker. Whatever the sea casts up is his."

## LAWLESSNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

We have no desire to indulge in Jeremiads concerning the growth of lawlessness in American society, but certain facts and tendencies are too patent to escape the scrutiny of honest minds. Thanks to the misguided "enterprise" of the sensational press, the public hears all too much of lynchings and mob violence in all parts of the land. It is bad enough to have these things occur; it is far more humiliating to have them bruited up and down the civilized earth.

But far worse still than the crimes of lynchers or the notoriety given them by modern "journalism," is the inert acquiescence of public opinion in these perennial outbursts of violence. Having gotten over all surprise at such high-handed proceedings, and duly held up our hands in immaculate horror, we have apparently settled down into dead indifference, while the merry pastime of administering "summary justice" goes on unhindered. Anything out ot the ordinary will, it is true, arouse a transient spasm of the public conscience. Responsible leaders of public thought, including a few newspapers, speak out plainly against such disregard of law. But in the main we accept it as inevitable, acquiescing in it as part of the established order, like the paying of taxes and the change of the seasons. In a land where public opinion rules, this apathy is as bad as could be, indicating a fundamental defect in the moral sense of the community — a sort of moral paralysis which has fallen upon us. In itself any particular incident is of small consequence, but as symptomatic of social standards and ideals it may suggest very much. For instance, a district judge in Boston, the other day, reprimanded two policemen for arresting a newsboy who had violated the Sunday ordinance. According to press dispatches, his Honor said he "was there to defend and uphold the laws of God and the country," but he would not prosecute newsboys. So he discharged the prisoner, and threatened the officers with removal if newsboys were again brought before his court. The daily press introduced the item under the significant headlines: "This Judge a Boy's Friend. Will Not Prosecute for Delivering a Paper on Sunday."

The incident is trivial as an incident, but it is highly suggestive as a symptom. Very likely the Sunday ordinance in Boston is a bad one. But that is not the question. Bad or good, it is the law; and judges are elected by the people to enforce the law. The power of the courts to interpret law does not cover the abrogation of law. Evidently the Boston judge depends on the "moral" support of the community — that part of it that elects district judges — in his calm nullification of the city ordinance. Behind the lawless magistrate is a lawless public sentiment.

The remedy must come chiefly from the regeneration of public opinion. When it is aroused the general conscience makes marvelously quick work of such abuses. But it is worth while to suggest that the acquiescence of so many good citizens in the open evasion of laws and ordinances rests partly on a basis of reason. We are the most law-ridden nation on earth. The "tariff tinkering," which has made our revenue policy a scorn and a derision, is but a sample of the clumsy botching that disfigures our statute-books on every hand. Laws are not made to be obeyed, but to promote private ends, to intrench selfish interests—to do various things other than serve the general good. Such laws prostitute the very idea of law, and beget the lawless spirit. It would be a distinct gain to the law, if, by some supreme act of self-extinction, all law-making bodies could be prevented, for the next decade, from exercising their law-making functions. We have too many law-makers, and, as a consequence, too many law-breakers. When we cease making new statutes and ordinances, and begin the firm enforcement of those we have, a better spirit will speedily prevail. Meanwhile every community owes it to its own good name and to the commonweal, to insist on obedience by magistrates and citizens alike, to all laws, so long as they are laws, be the consequences what they may. And there is no better spot on the round earth to begin this work than right here in San Francisco.

## HOME-MADE IMPORTED LIQUORS

American citizens may well wonder at the astonishing sensations produced at times upon their palate, their throat and their internal apparatus generally, by the compounds served to them by enterprising restaurauteurs and saloon-keepers under the guise of beer, spirits, wine and liqueurs imported from abroad. In this city the murder is out.

For some time past we have been having a great deal in the cause of Pure Food, but not a word about Pure Drink. While most people eat, everybody drinks, and as the leading principle in the management of the affairs of this nation is that the majority rules, the greater cause would seem to be losing its rights. Or are the drinking folk under the impression that it is enough to try and scare the water-bibbers by thrilling stories of the impurities contained in the local water supply? To the honor of Uncle Sam be it said he at all events takes a larger view of his duties, albeit that with his proverbial shrewdness he discerns something in it for him.

The initiated have long been aware that you can stock your cellar with the special productions of the leading brewers, wine-makers, distillers and liqueur-makers of the old world, fabricated not a hundred miles from Lotta's fountain. Nevertheless nothing has been said or done, the fraudulent makers having profited by the ignorance or cupidity—we leave the public to determine which—of the buying retailers and the general run of consumers having quietly submitted to be poisoned and deluded without a murmur.

Under Section 3449 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, it is abundantly clear that such traffic is an offense against the law. The section in question, however, takes no account of the villainy attached to the concoction of spurious liquids, so far as the deleterious effect exercised on the health of the consuming public is concerned, but simply deals with the fraud perpetrated on the government of the country by the sale of goods purporting to be of foreign make, but which have of course escaped the duty, to which the genuine article would have been subjected. Every such offense entails a penalty of $500, and the Internal Revenue Department of the Federal Government is now taking active steps to enforce the law in this city. With this view there have recently been made seizures of some of these home products from two firms extensively engaged in their manufacture. From firm No. 1 the following goods were taken:

6 doz. Double Orange Curacoa Bitters, Amsterdam.
12 doz. Oscar Vuraz Curacoa, Amsterdam.
3 doz. Swain & Co. Orange Bitters, London.
1 bottle Jas. Sykes Irish whisky, Liverpool.

and from firm No 2 the assortment captured is reported to be:

6 doz. Vini Vermouth Confezionate, Torino, Italy.
¾ doz. Liquor Monarchini Benedictine, Fecamp, France.
1 doz. Cruchons Curacoa Superfine. Amsterdam.
Dubb Orange, Wynnes Sarkin, Holland.

A further seizure is also reported of

Rourke's Fine Old Irish Whiskey.

Similar action has been taken on previous occasions in eastern cities, and although the domestic manufacturers of so-called foreign goods have contested the point, they have been held to account. The local collector of internal revenue is proceeding in the matter with all due caution, and has so far contented himself with simply seizing the above-mentioned parcels and deferring further steps pending instructions from the Commissioner at Washington. In the meantime the bona-fide importers are giving the matter a good deal of attention, and it will not be surprising if they devise some scheme by which this movement on the part of the United States customs authorities may inure to the permanent benefit of those who like their liquor to be made by those whose name is on the bottles.

The lists given here of goods that have been impounded, by no means cover the entire field of this remarkable home industry, for even such everyday articles as brandy and gin, bearing supposed foreign labels and in every way got up to imitate the genuine spirits, except in the most essential respect, are the medium of an extensive and no doubt exceedingly remunerative trade. Perhaps ultimately the pure food campaign may be widened to include pure drink and in the meantime the public would be well advised when they order foreign specialties to see that they get them.

The various processes by which these spurious liquids are turned out are known only to the initiated, of course. It is not to be supposed, however, that they are costly, and the object of the makers is simply to make their sales all profit if possible. A large quantity of water, some sugar, coloring extract and chemical essentials are the ingredients, and vile compounds destructive of human vitals are the result.

Foreigners often wonder at the confiding liberality of the purveyors of liquor at the bars in America, where, when their staples are called for, the bottle is handed over to the tender mercies of the customer, instead of its contents being measured out by the bar-keeper in fixed quantities corresponding with specific charges. Here the price of a drink is a settled quantity, as elsewhere in the world, but the quantity of the liquid passing in exchange is determined by the inclination and appetite of the customer. When one reflects that there is no standard prescribed by the law in respect of quality or purity the cause for the foreigners' surprise is based on little ground. It is the fashion of the American citizen to sneer at the pettiness of the foreign system, but, as in many other things, the American is the victim of his own carelessness, and the liberal notions he prides himself on cultivating simply make him a prey of the unprincipled. While there are plenty of honest men in the trade, liquor-selling is not generally considered amongst the ennobling pursuits of mankind, and why any sensible individual should imagine that unscrupulous men who follow that profession will not protect themselves against the chances of their apparent liberality being taken undue advantage of is hard to conceive. They are accountable to no one and nothing but their own conscience, if they have any. That they in many cases make it up to themselves by retailing false brands of liquors there is not the least doubt.

Of course, in penalising the makers of the abominable chemically concocted fluids, masquerading in all sorts of colors for genuine fabrics of world-wide celebrity and real merit, the Government is doing something; but, until there are stringent liquor-laws, regulating quality and the measurements for service to the public, the real evil will never be touched. Possibly the only thing to bring this about would be simultaneous action on the part of the purity champions,

as representing the consuming public, and the manufacturers, wholesale dealers and importers, who confine themselves to handling only genuine goods.

With the question of adulteration, falsification of labels and refilling original bottles, the present movement of the revenue authorities does not deal in any way. Moral considerations do not enter into their scheme, but must remain the concern of the legitimate members of the trade and those who give their attention to preventing the manufacture and sale of fraudulent goods. And here we may conclude by asking whether the Manufacturers and Producers' Association approves of its members, amongst whom is one of the firms, whose goods have been confiscated as referred to, exploiting a home industry that on the face of it is an unmitigated fraud. G. L. B.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

A prominent Guatemalan coffee planter whose precarious condition of health prevents him joining the rebellion against Barrios, wrote to a compatriot in San Francisco asking him to consult a San Francisco physician in regard to his illness. The medical authorities of Guatemala did not satisfy his requirements and he wanted more light on his complications. A complete list of symptoms was enclosed and the invalid desired medicines and full directions from the best available authority. The case was submitted to Dr. McNutt, who prescribed elaborately, and by the next mail the compatriot shipped a case of nostrums to the coffee planter. A month later came a letter from the invalid to his friend admitting the receipt of the drugs. But he knew he had enemies who wanted him out of the way so he had not touched the medicines, and would not until he knew on what side—the Dictator's or the Revolutionists'—was Dr. McNutt.

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A strict rule promulgated by every successive commandant at the Navy Yard prohibits smoking on Mare Island, under the most stringent penalties. Admiral Miller sauntering one recent afternoon through a distant part of the island, came upon an Irish laborer digging a trench and smoking a short black pipe. He was puffing away serenely, unconscious of regulations and with evident enjoyment. The Admiral, who was in undress uniform, stopped. "Don't you know, sir, that smoking is absolutely prohibited in the Navy Yard?" he said.

The Irishman lookcd up, and with a kindly smile answered:

"Indade, that's thrue, but here am I all be meself, wid not a sowl to say a wurrd to, and I thought I'd take a puff or two to ralave the silence."

"The regulations are explicit, sir," rebuked the Admiral, "and the silence does not excuse you. What's your name, sir?"

"An' who may you be, anyway?" asked the Irishman·

"I'm Admiral Miller, sir."

"Ah, 'tis the new Admiral ye are. 'Tis the fat job you have, Admiral. Be careful you kape it. Me name's Pat McGinnis."

"Report at my office this afternoon without fail, McGinnis," said Miller, who could hardly keep from laughing. At five o'clock poor Patrick, who had made up his mind there would be the devil to pay, tramped over to headquarters and the orderly ushered him the dreaded presence of the Admiral, who said "Sit down, Pat." Pat sat down. Miller touched a bell. The orderly appeared. "Bring a bottle of champagne and two glasses," he said. Not a word was spoken until the wine arrived. The Admiral filled the two glasses and pushed one over towards the Irishman.

"Pat," he said, "give me the pipe. You'll not need it again."

The mystified laborer obeyed.

"Now," said the Admiral "drink hearty Pat, but you'll keep your job as long as I'll keep mine."

Nor is this the first situation saved by Irish wit.

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Truly it cannot be said the Pacific Union Club is consistent. After arranging to remove to Van Ness avenue, after obtaining coin in plenty for the purchase of a selected site, and with the promise of more coin for the erection of the handsomest clubhouse in the West, the idea of moving is abandoned and the institution is to remain down town. Of its present quarters the Club has a lease for but two years and at the end of that time it is homeless, unless, indeed, a new location is found in the meantime. Buildings are not constructed in a moment, be it remembered, and, if a site that commends itself to the various elements is discovered, then there must elapse a long time before the new house is ready. One cannot but think it is curious that the directors who had the Club's authorization for the purchase of the Van Ness-avenue site and the money with which to proceed, should let their opportunity go by unimproved. The condition prevailing in the institution at the moment is one of innocuous desuetude. The magnificent dining room is closed and luncheon and dinners are served in the small dining room which has previously served as a breakfast room. It is sad to see the premier social organization of California losing it potency. An active mind is required to prescribe a course of rejuvenation and restore to the Pacific Union the prestige the University Club has undoubtedly deprived it of.

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Under the guise of a social gathering at the Los Angeles races there has been held in the southern metropolis an important conference among the Republican leaders. Just what has happened no one seems able to define, save that there has been a general canvass of political possibilities in regard to future Gubernatorial and Senatorial candidacies. Certain gentlemen of prominence and renown want to go to Washington in the Senatorial role, and it is commonly assumed that the south has first call on the vacancy. But if the next Governor is a Los Angeles man, then the next Senator should be from San Francisco. So it is a question of finding some prominent citizen in the region south of Tehachapai who wants to rule California from Sacramento more than someone else cares to represent California in Washington. Strange to say few Gubernatorial ambitions are being developed in the city, though we have here embryo Senators by the bushel. In fact, the Governorship is not fashionable, and it is good form to be Senator. Judging from recent manifestations the internal dissensions which have made Republican politics so difficult these latter years are about to break out afresh. The *Call*, which indexes accurately the Spreckels' sentiment, shows manifest hostility to the interests of Burns, who is said to entertain Senatorial leanings, so that wing of the party with which the Colonel allies himself can depend on the opporobrium of the Spreckels' daily. It is said also that John D. Spreckels would not himself be averse to an experience at Washington, and that Manager Sam Leake will utilize his political sagacity to assist this laudable ambition. Then there arises across in Oakland two strenuous Gubernatorial candidacies which threaten peace in that environment. However, there are months to pass before convention is due, and much peace-making may be manipulated in the meantime.

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Rather foolish politics that of Sam Rainey to capture the Democratic machinery in order to control the creation of the new charter. When a boss absolutely identifies himself with a movement there is an end to his usefulness. No man, be he as powerful as the Czar, can afford absolutely to disregard the amenities and the performance the other evening was indecent. It will avail no one for neither Rainey nor Curry, despite their best efforts, can induce the class of men who can be elected Freeholders to run for office on their ticket. Such citizens as Irving M. Scott, Mayor Pond, Horace Davis or James M. Kelly—men whom the community recognizes as fit charter-makers, will not identify themselves with such cattle. A new charter is essential, and everyone recognizes the fact. It will take better men than the manipulators in charge of affairs to defeat or deflect the wishes of the people. It should be remembered now that all future primaries must be conducted under the Stratton primary law which renders dangerous the chicanery ordinarily practised. If the anticipations of the keenest men in the several parties are not nullified, the effect of that law will be to kill the power of the boss. Thus far there has been found no flaw in the construction of the measure, though it has been submitted to several of the keenest lawyers on the coast, with instructions to discover unconstitutionality.

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We are to hear more of the Welburn case, if Special Agent Thrasher's wishes are consulted. Not content with the unenviable position he has been placed in by the acquittal of the victim, he purposes further proceedings and hopes for more fortunate verdicts. Authentic particulars of his performances with the inside history of the affair have been sent on to Secretary Gage, however, and I'm inclined to think his effort at suborning perjury will end in his recall. Rather an amusing aspect of the affair is the suggested indictment of the forger Dillard. Hearing that Welburn's friends intended to ask the Federal Grand Jury to investigate Dillard, Thrasher, to protect his accomplice, proposes that the negro shall be examined on specific charges which will result in his acquittal. So he is taking the initiative. He know that Dillard has no intention of being a martyr, and if he should find himself in danger, would reveal the entire conspiracy. As I have stated before, the motive of the entire Welburn performance is to save Agent Thomas and Deputy Loupe. The acquittal of the ex-collector was a hard blow, and the indictment of Dillard would be most distasteful. Some impression of the degree of feeling which the trial has excited in the Revenue office may be gathered from the fact that one of the deputies who testified to a fact in favor of Welburn, though hitherto a friend of Thomas and Thrasher, has been cut by both of them since his evidence. In the course of years we have had some remarkable specials out here, but these gentlemen rather cap the climax.

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No newspaper that has not an agitation on foot has the attention of the community. The *Bulletin* which has grown very audacious of late. attacking the Monarch as boldly as though it were a morning contemporary, has made itself the the champion of the rival steamer line which certain merchants have been advocating. We all want to see San Francisco go ahead and trust that the entire business of the West may yet be done by this burg, but it is curious that our merchants made no particular effort at gathering in the trade while the rates were low. Heaven knows we've had rate wars by the dozens over this northern trade—why wait until October, '97, to discover that Chicago was usurping the supplying of Portland and Seattle. However, the *Bulletin* is properly vehement in the good cause and anyway is making a first-rate paper. The era of the evening daily is at hand they say, at all events the circulation of the journal has so increased under the management of Mr. Crothers that a new press has become a necessity. It is not so long ago that the whole edition of the *Bulletin* was produced on an antique machine, and the performance of pressing the paper gathered all the small boys in town round the office on Clay street.

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The conversion of Dr. Stephen Emmons into a public character is rather amusing at this end of the world. The form of alchemy he is practising is not that at which he attained notoriety in San Francisco. Now he is advertised as the discoverer of a chemical process for making gold out of silver; then he made gold in Pennsylvania out of a worthless mining property in Amador. His figure was familiar enough in the Crocker building where his mine had its headquarters, aud his literary ability on geological subjects is realized by quite a number of people who imagine there is a direct connection betwen fact and type. I would not for a minute suggest that Dr. Emmons is insincere, for really he is a most convincing writer, and must believe some of the discoveries he has achieved. The discoverer is a Londoner, is finely educated, has literary tastes and a neat turn at poetry, but sustained early in life an injury to his spine which compels him to move around in a wheel-chair with rubber tires. Though all the physical advantages seem against him, he has accomplished the circumnaigation of the world, and has been in more places that many of us with the full complement of limbs and members will ever reach—showing that mind is really more potent than mere legs. Dr. Emmons came to San Francisco with numerous gold mining ideas, aud proceeded to promote a property called the Gover, located near the Kennedy mine in Amador county. Having connections with certain of Pennsylvania capitalists, this was not difficult, especially as the Doctor furnished the most indisputable evidence of the value of the property. He had himself lowered into the mine together with his chair, examined the walls, and developed some remarkable theories about the Mother Lode. The greenstone belt that runs through Amador, which engineers have often declared worthless, Dr. Emmons declared was full of gold. In English and Eastern scientific journals he published admirable articles demonstrating his discoveries, and really produced such an impression that the stock of the Gover was comfortably floated, and all sorts of tunnels and drifts were projected. Two years were required to show up the infelicity of the geological theories of Dr. Emmons. A very little gold was found, but—alas—not in the greenstone, and the Goveer was closed down. Then the erudite physician left these parts and next we hear of him making gold in Chicago. The theory on which Dr. Emmons is working is that there exists a metal between gold and silver, and there is an elaborate chemical process by which he developes it. Silver is the basis, and there is an admixture of gases and an immense artificial pressure which produces very small quantities of a material that looks like gold. He establishes certainly the value of the theory, but much in the same way that chemistry has demonstrated that a diamond can be made by crystalizing carbon. The quantity produced will not make any effect upon the world's supply.

BOSWELL JR.

Professor E. L. Gates, of the laboratory of phsycology and physcurgy at Washington, D. C., claims to have quite recently invented, or as he prefers to say, discovered, a microscope capable of magnifying a subject three million times its diameter. Up to the present time the scope of the microscope has been limited to ten thousand diameters. To make the right kind of instrument for the work would cost about $12,000, and therefore its use is likely to be limited. At the same time its capacity for adding to the scientific knowledge of the world is simply inconceivable. In the line of his work he is engaged in some of the most extraordinary experiments ever attempted. In the pursuit of his investigations he has apparently satisfied himself that it is possible to build up and add to the powers of the brain. Amongst the first experiments in this direction he conducted a series with a litter of seven sheep-dog puppies, which from their birth he kept for the space of nine months in total darkness and then chloroformed them, reserving their brains, eyes and spinal cords for examination. Another group of puppies he permitted to lead an ordinary existence for the same period and similarly destroyed them, preserving the brains likewise. A third group of puppies he subjected to a certain course of training, with a view to brain development, and after nine months put an end to their existence. On comparing the brains of each different set he found that the first had no cells in the seeing areas of their brains, the second had the well-developed brain cells of the ordinary dog at the same age, and the third, or trained set, had a much greater number of cells more highly developed. Similar experiments on monkeys, rabbits and guinea-pigs confirmed his observations, leading him to the conclusion that man, as in the case of the lower animals, can develop the brains he has and add new brains along new lines as he pleases.

In the case of his own child, two and a half years old, Professor Gates has been able to produce some most remarkable evidences of brain-training, and believing, as the result of his experiments with animals, in the force of heredity, he considers that brain-building should begin with the father and mother before the child is born, and that a few weeks after birth the child should begin the process of development. The Professor is confident of his ability to take any man of ordinary intelligence, and by keeping him under control for a year or so to teach him to utilize his mind in thought, invention and discovery in any particular direction that would lead to actual results. The science of mind-building and mind-using, as reflected by his experiments and conceived by means of his various and entirely novel theories, Professor Gates will shortly present to the public in a series of books.

With the reopening of the theatres in Lomdon a histrionic star, that had already been in the firmament, has been revealed in its fullest effulgence. In accordance with precedent, the character of "Hamlet" is the medium chosen for the display. The Lyceum stage and the personality of Mr. Forbes Robertson complete the exposition. As an actor this gentleman, while admitted to have talent, some cleverness, and plenty of painstaking ability, has never been regarded as in the first rank, but, with his portrayal of the most snbtle and attractive of all the great master's creations, he has stepped into that position by almost general consent. In fact, the leading dramatic critics, of whom Clement Scott is the best known, go so far as to say that Forbes Robertson as "Hamlet" is the best of this generation. Mr. Scott declares him to be "the most human, the most natural, and in temperament, the most lovable of all the Hamlets of our time, English, French, Italian, or German," adding: "Lucky the students of 1897 to be able to boast in the long after years that they first studied 'Hamlet' at the feet of such a scholar and artist—such a natural actor and charming elocutionist, as Forbes Robertson." Even those of the critics who have grudged a favorable verdict, have expressed their judgments with the utmost enthusiasm. According to present arrangements, Robertson will continue in the part until Irving's return, late in November.

Another agreeable surprise of the new season has been uncovered at Drury Lane, in the shape of a sensational and comprehensive melodrama of the sort for which the house was so famous during the reign of the late Sir Augustus Harris. The piece is "The White Heather," by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. The scenes include the Stock Exchange interior during a time of excitement; Battersea Park in the height of the cycling craze; Boulter's Lock on the Thames; a fancy dress ball, in which, it is stated, are worn the identical dresses that figured in the Duchess of Devonshire's costume affair; and a fatal fight between divers at the bottom of the sea. The last-mentioned scene is said to be perfect, with the fish, little and big, swimming in the depths, and a fierce contest, in dead silence, waging between the two men, ending in the cutting of the villain's air-tube and the ascent of his antagonist with the treasure for which they battled.

Mme. Bernhardt says that French dramatic literature has never been in such a promising condition as at the present time, nor have there ever been such a number of able men devoting themselves exclusively to writing plays. Of the many plays accepted for the Renaissance, Bernhardt will first put in rehearsal Maurice Donnay's "Affranchie." Another play is Harcourt's "Jeanesse de Neron." Nero and Agrippana, Sarah intends to play herself, and in the scene where the Emperor orders the assassination of his mother, expects to get in some powerful work.

## PASSING OF CHARLES A. DANA

### Career and Characteristics of the Great Editor of the "New York Sun."

The death of Charles A. Dana, the brilliant editor of the New York *Sun*, removes from the world of journalism its most notable figure on this continent. In every sense, mental and physical, the dean of American journalists was a strong man. Of Puritan descent, and raised on the hard New England soil, his early life and training developed in him a pitiless logic in dealing with the affairs of life, that once he had emerged from the impressionable period of early manhood, made him independent and self-reliant. As a young man he launched into schemes for righting the world which ended in disaster, and for a while he also indulged a taste for writing poetry. In his final and more practical ambition to become a power in journalism he was rewarded as fully and completely as the circumstances of his time and situation have admitted.

Dana's first definite work in the journalistic field began in his connection with the New York *Tribune* in 1847, with which paper, under Horace Greeley's management, he was associated for twelve years. At the end of that period he went to the War Department with Edwin M. Stanton and eventually became Assistant Secretary of War, in which position he continued until the close of the Rebellion. He then re-entered journalism as part proprietor and editor of the Chicago *Republican*, which proved an unsatisfactory investment. Making an unsuccessful attempt to get back into the public service he returned to New York, and failing to re-connect with Greeley on the *Tribune*, he obtained the necessary capital to purchase and organize the *Sun*, which he soon converted into the most aggressive paper in the country. As an investment the paper proved most successful, and has long enjoyed a position as one of the great journals of the country. In every detail the masterful influence of Dana could be traced, and on more than one occasion he showed no hesitation in executing a complete volte-face in political matters when he deemed the occasion needed such action.

Of Dana's personal characteristics and methods, the following description by Julian Ralph is interesting reading:

You may see him on any day except Sunday at the corner window in the third story of the *Sun* building, leaning back in his chair to rap his fingers with his pencil while he is thinking, or bending over a table to write. The room in which he is seated is one of four that compose the editorial suite. It contains a desk, two chairs, a small table and a rug as its main appointments. On the walls are a few pictures — one of the Count Joannes, one of the original quartet of Harper Brothers, one of the late Mark Maguire, a reporter, and a framed lithograph advertising the Willimantic Thread Company. These pictures have no special significance. Apparently they merely happened there, for it is a rule that whatever picture, ornament or other thing drifts there stays there. Mr. Dana has no pride in the adornment of his office. He asks only that it be kept clean and tidy. His home is a palace. His office is a workshop. A revolving bookcase is on his desk, and on top of that is a stuffed owl. There is a lounge, that I forgot, in a corner of the room, but Mr. Dana never was seen to use it. It is evidently another bit of flotsam like the pictures. * * *

His manner is almost certain to be vivacious. His good humor is perpetual. That sounds impossible, or possible only by straining eulogy, yet it is his distinguishing characteristic, and its explanation brings forward the queerest thing about the man. And that queerest thing is the secret of his success. He loves his business. On that account he can be most good-humored when he feels that he is writing an article that divides the people between applause and indignation. I have often heard of men who love their business, and have often heard men claim that distinction for themselves, but Charles A. Dana is the only man or journalist I ever saw or knew who gleefully and heartily enjoyed his work. At times he fairly bubbles over with the enjoyment of it. Of course that can only be true of a man who loves life itself, who boasts perfect health and the power to satisfy his longings, be they humble or grand. At beyond sixty Mr. Dana is the youngest man, in spirits, in the *Sun* office; his step is certainly the lightest, his eye kindles the most frequently and spontaneously, his complexion and skin are those of a pedestrian.

I remember once hearing a famous Cabinet officer say to him, on shaking hands with him, "Well, Mr. Dana, I don't see how you stand this infernal grind."

"Grind!" said Mr. Dana; "you never were more mistaken. I have nothing but fun."

"Bully" is a favorite word with him — a word used only to express uncommon pleasure, such as has been afforded by a trip abroad or a run to Cuba or Mexico, or by the perusal of something especially pleasing in the *Sun's* columns.

"You're letting yourself grow old," I heard him say once to a decidedly decrepit man. "Do you read novels, and play billiards, and walk a great deal?" "No, no, no," said the old man, sadly, at each pause. "I do," said Mr. Dana, with the exuberance of a child. "I have fun from morning till night." * * *

I have been asked the queerest questions about Mr. Dana wherever I have gone on either continent. A favorite question is this: "Does Dana really come down every morning and take up a subject, and say to himself, 'Now, what is the natural, humdrum way of treating this?' and does he, upon finding out what that way is, order an article written in any other way than that? Do you believe he says to himself: 'Everybody thinks so and so, therefore I'll take the opposite grounds?'" Of course that is absurd. The best answer to those or any other questions about Mr. Dana and his paper is that no one except himself knows what it is going to do, or why it does it. But, obviously, this is the direct result of an ebullient, vigorous and waggish nature, touched just a little with sarcasm. With that key you can read between the lines of any article in his paper. * * *

He is a presistent worker. He comes to his desk at 10 in the morning and remains until 5 in the evening. He writes a great deal, and is apt to contribute to every department of his paper except the advertising columns. Nearly all his work is dictated at first to a stenographer. Then it is carefully revised, and then revised again in proof. Of articles that others write he has seldom been known to read a page of manuscript. He

THE LATE CHARLES A. DANA

sends the copy to the composing-room and reads the proof. "He can raise more Cain with a proof than any other man in the world," I once heard a printer say, but that is not true. That distinction has been nobly earned by Paul Dana, his son. One thing that Mr. Dana does, to an extent not known on any other paper, is the reading of proofs for what you might call their appearance. Whenever he finds one word or two short words forming a ragged line by themselves at the end of a paragraph, he goes through the paragraph to find words that can be stricken out to allow the paragraph to end solidly.

Above all things else he is quick in mind and movement. He can read all the morning papers of New York in fifteen minutes. There is a whirl of paper in the air during the operation, as he turns leaf after leaf and runs his eyes up and down the columns. He seems to see instinctively whatever each paper contains that is peculiar or noteworthy, whether it is a stickful or a column. A new man at the City Desk of the *Sun* noticed that Mr. Dana sent for the papers every morning and almost instantly returned them. Wondering at this, he asked the office-boy what the chief did with the papers. "Well," said the boy, a typical New York lad, "I pile 'em on his desk and he fires 'em on de floor, and then I gadder 'em up agin and bring 'em back to you."

He is as much quicker in speech and decision as lightning is quicker than rain. It is difficult to talk with him on that account—or, rather, it is bewildering to one who is not used to him. He seems to hear all you are going to say when you are just beginning to say it. Here is an example: In order not to bother him too often, one of his lieutenants used to "save up" things to see him about. On one day only two matters occurred that called for his counsel. The lieutenant decided to go to the chief and say that there was a man in the office who had tanned a piece of human skin and made a pair of boots of it, and did Mr. Dana want an article written about the matter? Also, that up in St. Johnsbury, Vt., a clergyman had been arrested upon a criminal charge, and there was to follow a long and complicated story about that. The lieutenant went into the chief's room, and this is what was said:

"Mr. Dana, there's a man at my desk who has tanned human hide and made a pair of boots——"

"Ugh," said Mr. Dana, "show him out of the office."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, "and up in St. Johnsbury a clergyman has been arrested for——"

"Go yourself. Take the 6 o'clock train this evening. Anything more, Mr. ——?"

## VERESTCHAGIN AND THE NOBEL PRIZE

AN ARTIST WHO HAS PROMOTED INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

The news that the Norwegian Storthing, or Parliament, has awarded the Nobel prize of $60,000 to the famous Russian painter, Vadili (or Basil) Verestchagin, has been received by the press of this country with many expressions of astonishment. By the terms of the Nobel foundation, five prizes are to be given annually — three for the most important discoveries in the various lines of scientific research, one for the finest achievement in literature, and the fifth for the greatest service rendered to the cause of humanity in the promotion of international peace. It is of the last of these prizes that Verestchagin has been made the recipient; and as the Storthing announced its choice without publicly offering any reason for it, much curiosity has been aroused, and speculation has been rife.

Those who know anything of the spirit and purpose of Verestchagin's work, however, will have little difficulty in understanding the meaning and true inwardness of the award. His gigantic, realistic pictures of scenes from the battlefields of the Turcoman, Indian and Russo-Turkish wars —pictures which were the results of studies made upon the spot—have brought straight home to the public mind of Europe all the horrors of glorious war with a vividness which no amount of tabulated statistics or mere description could ever be able to achieve. Ruskin long ago declared, in his downright fashion, that if, instead of slaughtering thousands of nameless men in Asian deserts and African swamps, war only shattered the furniture and bric-a-brac of London drawing-rooms, the women of England could soon find means to stop the too-costly game. The statement seems brutal; but wherein lies the element of profound truth, which we are bound to admit that it contains? It is easy to see. In these matters, everything depends on the imagination. It is not enough that we should know facts; we must be made to see and feel them, before they can produce any practical effect. And this is exactly where we have to recognize the power and value of Verestchagin's marvelous, though gruesome and repellant, pictures. With all their remorseless minuteness of interpretation, with all their crowded scenes of blood and filth and agony, they have helped men and women whom pages of accuumulated detail and columns of earnest invective could have left untouched, to realize at once, and intensely, the actual tragedies of the battlefield and the camp.

Let any San Franciscan read carefully some full account of the great Indian campaigns and then go and stand for half an hour before the vast canvas in the Hopkins Institute of Art, which shows a number of mutinous Sepoys about to be blown from the mouths of cannons, and he will no longer regard the Storthing's procedure as eccentric or inexplicable. Such work as this is worth volumes of argument and appeal in the practical promotion of the cause of peace.

Meanwhile we cannot but be interested in this remarkable recognition of the claims of art upon the ethical side. Of course, in connection with this, the questions will come up anew of the real value of art with a moral and of the method which Verestchagin has chosen to pursue. But whatever attitude we may assume towards the general problem of artistic dedacticism, we shall hardly be likely to protest against the Storthing's award, when we remember that, in carrying out a moral purpose through an appeal to the imagination, the great painter has kept himself to the true method of art, thus reaching his results in a justifiable way.

W. H. H.

*Taber, photo.*

BLOWN FROM THE GUNS

From the picture by Verestchagin in the gallery of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst

## THE STEVENSON MEMORIAL

### Formal Dedication of the Fountain in the Plaza.

It is the first monument erected in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson and it is set in the midst of the Plaza—San Francisco's holy ground. Lawns surround it; there is a sparse back-ground of trees and shrubs. Beyond and around rise the grimy buildings of Chinatown. The Latin Quarter stretches away from the edges of the square up the slopes of

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Telegraph Hill and down to the water-front. It is the center of the old town, and every inch of it teems with memories. This was the gathering place of the pioneers in the days of '49. Here the American flag was raised. Here, too, the vigilantes executed their prisoners. Where the base of the Bonaventure's pedestal rests stood Baker when delivering that ever memorable oration over the body of Broderick. It was in the Plaza the gamblers and the miners and the merchants of the early fifties repaired for their evening airing, where they discussed the events of the day, the news from the East brought in by the latest packet lying at anchor but a block below—for in those days the water lapped the edges of Montgomery street. This ancient square, now the loafing place of Chinamen and human derelicts, stands to San Francisco as the Common to Boston.

Very simple is this memorial of the man who caught in *The Wrecker* the very spirit and element of San Francisco. A heavy pedestal of grey granite—plain, unornamented—supports the bronze galleon whose gilded sails are spread for the South. The effect is inimitably graceful. One has the impression of motion, of life, from the set of yards and the sweep of the prow; the olive-green waves dash fiercely against the Bonaventure's sides, but disturb not the lines of her course. It is a beautiful piece of modeling, harmonious, artistic and, as a memorial, quite what one may believe Stevenson would most have cared for. There is an inscription on the granite pedestal—the writer's rule of life—"To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little; to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." A water faucet protrudes from the face of the granite making the fountain, and there you have the monument, The idea is novel, unique and most fittingly executed.

As to its history—there is always a history. Bruce Porter, poet and maker of stained glass windows, had been re-reading *The Wreckers* at the time the news of Stevenson's death at Vailima arrived, and the thought came to him of a memorial in San Francisco. The idea of the galleon was at once suggested and he set to work on a design which towards evening had been roughly embodied. This was modified by Willis Polk, who set the project afloat in the newspapers—a vain enough dream it then seemed. However, subscriptions were invited and came in slowly, then permission was obtained to set the memorial in the Plaza, and on Sunday last it was dedicated. But the design had been changed a thousand times in the interval; there have been hundreds of drawings of both pedestal and ship before either assumed their present proportions. The model was then executed by George Piper. Something like $1500 is the total cost, representing contributions mainly Californian, but from Europe and the East also. Americans interested in literature and art have all subscribed. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the poet, aided the cause materially, Bliss Carman assisted with announcements and advocacy in influential quarters. Otherwise the memorial is a labor of love—for the men who executed the stone work and the casting charged but the absolute cost of their service, and then contributed a liberal proportion to the cause.

For the dedication ceremony there gathered at the Plaza a small assemblage of men and women representing the intellectual and artistic coterie of San Francisco. The memorial was shrouded in American and Scotch flags and a Samoan tapa; two highlanders in kilts playing bagpipes, and a multitude of Chinamen hanging over the balconies of the Woey Sen Low restaurant accentuated the picturesqueness of the occasion. The exercises were brief. Irving M. Scott moralized over the inscription, which he thought an admirable rule of life for any man, be he author, artist or millionaire. Bruce Porter explained the appropriateness of setting the memorial in the quarter to which Stevenson, during his various residences in San Francisco, had been most attracted. He read then a poem by Bliss Carman:

THE WORD OF THE WATER.

God made me simple from the first
And good to quench the body's thirst.
Think you he had no ministers
To glad that wayworn soul of yours?

Here, by the thronging Golden Gate,
For thousands and for you I wait,
Seeing adventurous sails unfurled
For the four corners of the world.

Here passed one day, nor came again,
A Prince among the tribes of men—
(For man, like me, is from his birth
A vagabond upon this earth).

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on,
And pray for Louis Stevenson,
That by whatever trail he fare
He be refreshed in God's great care!

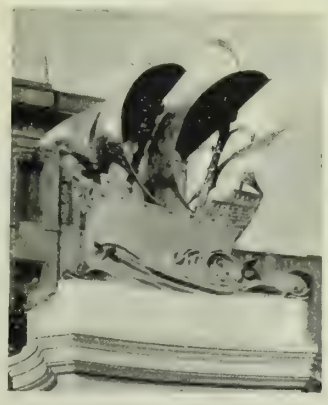
Finally Mr. Porter presented the fountain to the Mayor of San Francisco, James D. Phelan, who made an interesting and clever talk, in which he passed from a tribute to the genius of Stevenson to a discussion of the artistic evolution of San Francisco, and a suggestion as to its possibilities as the source of literary and artistic material. That was all. The bagpipes groaned and whistled again, strains of Chinese music burst from the restaurant, the church bells tolled throughout the city, for it was service time, and round the bend from Montgomery Avenue came a cortege of men in green coats and plumed hats escorting the corpse of an Italian citizen to the Lone Mountain Cemetery.

## "ST. IVES"

### A Critical Estimate of Robert Louis Stevenson's Last Story.

In the Vailima Letters written by Stevenson to Sydney Colvin, the evolution of *St. Ives* (Chas. Scribner's Sons) and the progress of its composition are described. It was begun in January in the midst of the series of South Sea Island tales, while *David Balfour* was progressing to a conclusion. The idea occurred to Stevenson in January, '93, during a severe spell of sickness, and he started gleefully on the plot, dictating to Mrs. Belle Strong. It was his only effort at dictation, and it seems he reserved the system for this especial story, for he alludes subsequently to the style as stilted and left-handed—"to some extent the style of R. L. S. dictating." According to his habit he worked at the book between times, writing in the meantime on *Weir of Hermiston*, the *Ebb Tide* and several of the South Sea stories. Throughout all this period Stevenson was in wretched health, suffering from overwork, and in the lowest spirits. As he admits, "*St. Ives* has paid the penalty."

It is purely a story of adventure and action. To quote Stevenson again, "Some of the happenings very good in themselves, but none of them constructive, except in so far perhaps as they make up a kind of sham picture of the time, all in italics and all out of drawing." The hero, St. Ives, a French adventurer, is admirably conceived, and lives, at times, but he had in him possibilities which Stevenson alone and at his best could have realized. He begins the story a French prisoner in Edinburgh Castle and meets there the heroine, Flora Gilchrist, a handsome figure of a maiden rather feebly characterized. The appearance of lawyer Romaine gives the key to the plot which is concerned with Count de Keroual de St. Ives, grand uncle of the prisoner, an immensely wealthy Frenchman who had emigrated to England at the beginning of the revolution. Growing tired of the wickedness of his chosen heir, Viscount Alain, he desires to meet the other nephew, Viscount Anne, the prison and therefore supplies him with money to make good escape. There occurs, just before this, a sensational duel among the prisoners, in which St. Ives kills Gogouelat, who has insulted him. They fight with the blades of a scissors fastened to the ends of wands, and the encounter is the first episode and the initial complication of the story. Soon after he and ten of his comrades escape by a tunnel, and St. Ives makes his way to the home of Flora, who aids him with food and raiment, and a temporary refuge in the hen house. Here is introduced Miss Gilchrist, one of the veritable characters of the book, a natural, vigorous, decisive Scotchwoman, who takes the case of St. Ives out of his own hands and away from her niece, and entrusts him to two Highland drovers who are going to England with their cattle. He has a chance, however, to tell his love, and his declaration is not taken amiss. The story of the wanderings of this brave, gay, irresponsible young Frenchman and his adventures en route make some readable chapters. He reaches finally Amersham Place, the castle of his grand-uncle, which brings the first section of the tale to an end, The episode of the Colonel and Major, and the encounter with Dudgeon are in Stevenson's finer vein, though one could fancy him infusing a greater degree of vivacity into the dialogue between the attorney's clerk and the young Frenchman had the old-time humor been on him. But the Colonel is admirably done—a true and chivalrous gentleman, whose noble traits are contrasted with the vulgar animalism of the Major. But withal one misses in the passages of description which are interspersed that inimitable charm of style which has given Stevenson his mastery. There are notable passages, it is true, but the supreme distinction is missing. There is nothing in *St. Ives* that compares, for instance, with the voyage of the Flying Scud in *The Wreckers*, the duel in the *Master of Ballantrae* or the fight in the cabin in *Kidnapped*. The prose of *The Ebb Tide*, written while this novel was on the stocks, has the excellence of his best manner; *Weir of Hermiston* showed no lack of illumination—but in *St. Ives* the medium seems chill and colorless, lacking those delicious undercurrents and reflected lights which render his best prose a treasure and a delight. Here, however, is a passage with the real flavor:



THE BONAVENTURE

I only know I was walking in the dark night and among ruts when I heard, very far off, over the silent country that surrounded us, the guard's horn wailing its signal to the next post-house for a change of horses. It was like the voice of the day heard in darkness, a voice of the world heard in prison, the note of a cock crowing in the mid-seas—in short I cannot tell you what it was like, you will have to fancy for yourself—but I could have wept to hear it.

A second episode—near Durham on the way south—is even finer:

It was near midnight when I saw, a great way ahead of me, the light of many torches; presently after, the sound of wheels reached me, and the slow tread of feet, and soon I had joined myself to the rear of a sordid, silent, and lugubrious procession, such as we see in dreams. Close on a hundred persons marched by torchlight in unbroken silence; in their midst a cart, and in the cart, on an inclined platform, the dead body of a man—the centre-piece of this solemnity, the hero whose obsequies we were come forth at this unusual hour to celebrate. It was but a plain, dingy old fellow of fifty or sixty, his throat cut, his shirt turned over as though to show the wound. Blue trousers and brown socks completed his attire, if we can talk so of the dead. He had a horrid look of waxwork. In the tossing of the lights he seemed to make faces and mouths at us, to frown, and to be at times upon the point of speech. The cart, with this shabby and tragic freight, and surrounded by its silent escort and bright torches, continued for some distance to creak along the high road, and I to follow it in amazement, which was soon exchanged for horror. At the corner of a lane the procession stopped, and as the torches ranged themselves along the hedge-row side, I became aware of a grave dug in the midst of the thoroughfare, and a provision of quicklime piled in the ditch. The cart was backed to the margin, the body slung off the platform and dumped into the grave with an irreverent roughness. A sharpened stake had hitherto served for a pillow. It was now withdrawn, held in its place by several volunteers, and a fellow with a heavy mallet (the sound of which still haunts me at night) drove it home through the bosom of the corpse. The hole was filled with quicklime, and the bystanders, as if relieved of some oppression, broke at once into a sound of whispered speech.

My shirt stuck to me, and my heart had almost ceased beating, and I found my tongue with difficulty.

"I beg your pardon," I gasped to a neighbor, "what is this? what has he done? is it allowed? who was the man?"

"A suicide," said he. "Ay, he was a bad one, was Johnny Green."

The several scenes in Amersham Place between the old count and the young adventurer, especially the episode of the dispatch box, and the situation between the disinherited Alain and his uncle are all in the better manner though hardly, save in the appeal of the unfortunate Viscount, great. There are many fine touches in the development of the hero's character; the curious compound of levity, quick

THE PLAZA

wit and reckless daring which distinguished St. Ives is especially brought out in the scene over the contents of the money box and in his relations with Rowley, the valet. But the treatment sags sadly after the episode at Gretna Green, which is rather a flat affair, while the several situations in Edinburgh are devoid of the touch and spirit of the master. Stevenson left the hero at a critical moment in his fortunes—when the toils of the law are about closing upon him. Then cometh Mr. Quiller-Couch with a conclusion—surely a sorry task even for genius. The extension is accomplished with considerable tact and dexterity. The flavor of the hero's personality loses something of its distinction; his audacity has a touch more frivolity than the part calls for; the baloon ascent with four men in the car strikes one with a suggestion of improbability, but that was the idea which had to be conveyed and it is done with the best possible grace. Where the magic touch of the master is most missed is in the episode of the *Lady Nepean* and Captain Colenso—one of those excursions with which Stevenson loved to diversify his narrative. The air of romance is not here, and the Yankee character is a foolish exaggeration. Nor is the idea of Stevenson in the treatment of the scenes in Paris realized. Withal, I doubt if the task could have been better performed by any one else, for the swing of the phrases is caught and the sequel blends evenly into the narrative.

It seems a pity Stevenson could not have lived to remodel—re-write St. Ives, as undoubtedly he must have. He hints in his letters at a desire to hold the book a year ere sending it to the publishers. It is an interesting story of adventure, however, about which one might readily grow enthusiastic if it bore the signature of a lesser man—but Stevenson has set his standard aloff and we measure him by the height of his most admirable achievements. C.

## THE MINING CONVENTION

### Sixth Annual Meeting of the California Miners' Association.

During the first three days of the present week the sixth annual convention of the California Miners' Association has been held in this city, and from 400 to 500 representatives of the mining interest have been in attendance. While the association transacts all actual business through an executive committee, these yearly meetings afford an excellent opportunity for drawing mining men together, ascertaining their feelings and focussing their influence in regard to matters affecting their welfare. The late gathering has been unusually large and the deliberations of the members evidence the stimulating effect exercised on what is really California's parent industry.

A pleasing incident of the proceedings on the opening day was the presentation of a loving cup to Mr. Jacob H. Neff, the president, he having held that office since the foundation of the Association, and having been re-elected for the ensuing year.

The work of the convention has chiefly consisted in hearing the reports of special committees, and discussing the most important matters, legislative and otherwise, affecting the mining interests of the State. Amongst these the respective rights of the miner and the farmer received considerable attention, and the spirit displayed in the debates on the subject encourages the belief that the open hostility, which formerly prevailed between these two sections of the community, no longer exists. It has come to be seen that for their prosperity, respectively, both are to a great extent interdependent. In this view a resolution was carried for the appointment of a committee to cooperate with the farming interest in securing the construction and maintenance of dams for impounding the debris in the rivers, nothing definite being arrived at, however, as to whether the erection of such dams is to admit of hydraulic mining operations being resumed in the prohibited localities. The revision of the Federal Mining Code was another question prominently brought forward, the main point being whether the abolition of the "apex" and its corollary the "extralateral right" law shall be urged. No action was taken, however, it being

PRESIDENT JACOB H. NEFF.

deemed advisable to leave the matter to take its course for the present. Much the same result followed reference to the State Mining Bureau, State Mineralogist Cooper being present and explaining the work of the bureau, which is always of interest to mining men. A resolution was agreed to endorsing the proposal to have a mineral exhibit at the coming Paris Exposition, which shall do the State full justice. The subject wnich perhaps engaged the most attention of anything during the proceedings, was the constitution of a Federal Department of Mines. After considerable debate a resolution was abopted providing for the appointment of a special committee "To act in conjunction with like committees from other bodies and conventions in behalf of an executive Department of Mines and Mining, the Secretary whereof shall be a member of the President's Cabinet." It was also resolved to press for an amendment to the lien law of the State, so as to secure the claims of those who labor or furnish material in connection with mining property held under an agricultural patent, as is the case when the title is acquired under the laws of the United States, and of this State and the local rules and customs of miners.

The convention was attended by Governor Budd, Senator Perkins, Congressmen Barham and DeVries. Mr. John P. Irish was also present as a representative of the State Board of Trade, as well as Major Heuer of the Corps of United States Engineers and the California Debris Commission. All of these gentlemen addressed the assembled members, and expressed their recognition of the power and importance of the California Miners' Association. Several interesting and valuable reports were read, notably by Mr. Tirey L. Ford on mining legislation and by Mr. W. S. Keyes on the Federal mining laws and the need for their revision. Professors George Davidson and S. B. Christy and Mr. W. F. C. Hasson contributed valuable lectures in the evenings during the session.

The proceedings of the convention were brought to a close on Wednesday afternoon when the election of officers was held for the ensuing term, and resulted as follows:

Mr. Jacob H. Neff, who has been President of the Association since its first organization, was unanimously re-elected to that office, and will now, therefore, enter upon his sixth term. Mr. Neff enjoys the confidence of the mining community, and while anxious himself to withdraw from the position, his brother miners so urgently desired that he should continue in office he gracefully accepted the honor conferred upon him. Mr. T. J. Parsons, who was elected Vice President, is well known as the President of the Del Monte Milling Company. Mr. Samuel J. Hendy was chosen Treasurer, in the place of Mr. W. W. Montague. His firm is engaged in the manufacture and supply of mining machinery, and is one of the best known concerns on the coast. Mr. Julian Sonntag, who has served two terms as Treasurer and three as Secretary, has at all times taken the deepest interest in the work of the Association, and has rendered it invaluable service, was re-elected Secretary.

Amongst those who are prominently identified with the Miners' Association are several gentlemen whose portraits are given in these pages, in addition to those of the officers. Mr. Tirey L. Ford, whose work in connection with the proposed construction of a Federal Department of Mines has been of immense value to the Association, is known as the "Miners' Champion." As a member of the trans-Mississippi Congress committee, Mr. Ford's influence on the subject referred to is great, and he urges the Association to press the question on the attention of the government. Mr. A. H. Ricketts is a well-known authority on mining law, upon which he has published a valuable treatise. He drew up the Code of Mining Laws for Nevada; has assisted in devising those of Mexico and has rendered great service to mining legislation in the United States. As Chairman of two of the most important committees of the California Miners' Association, he holds a conspicuous position in the mining world. Mr. J. M. Wright is another prominent member, who is Chairman of the Jetty and Dredging committee of the Association. Mr. John T. Daggett, the late Superintendent of the San Francisco Mint, is a power in mining circles and a practical authority of vast experience. He is at present identified with two well known properties, the Black Bear in Siskiyou and the Santa Rosalie in Mexico. Niles Searls has been identified with the Association since its inception and proceeded to Washington in the interest of hydraulic mining. He assisted in the preparation and passage of the Caminetti bill. Commissioner Searls was chosen to present the loving cup to President Neff, a duty which he performed most happily. Mr. Curtis H. Lindley, late Judge of Amador county is the Chairman of the Committee on Revision of Federal Mining Laws and the author of a work on American Mining Law, the second volume of which will be issued from the press in about a weeks time. B.

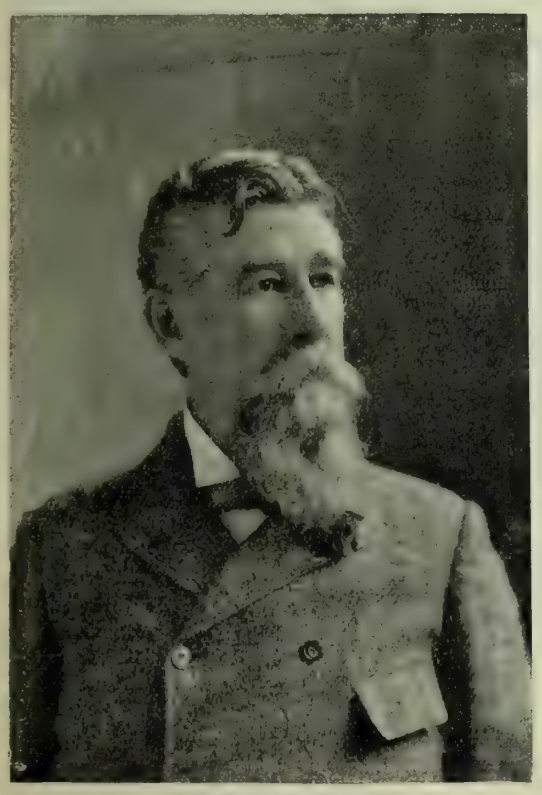
THE CONVENTION OF MINERS AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL

From a flashlight photo by Taber

SECRETARY JULIAN SONNTAG.

TREASURER SAMUEL J. HENDY.

VICE-PRESIDENT J. T. PARSONS.



JOHN DAGGETT.

CURTIS H. LINDLEY.

A. H. RICKETTS

NILES SEARLS.

TIREY L. FORD.

JOHN M. WRIGHT.

The acquittal of O. M. Welburn was a surprise, but was undoubtedly due to the efforts of his attorneys Gavin McNab and Frank Gould. The latter's speech in defence of the ex-collector was really a brilliant effort, and served as his introduction to law practice in San Francisco. Mr. Gould's identification has hitherto been with Stockton, but he has recently concluded to enlarge the field of his operation and has opened a law office in this city. He has served the State honorably as Speaker of the House at Sacramento, and was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee which elected Governor Budd. But he is not the only man who regrets that feat. He has now a fine practice in the Slough City, but being an excellent talker, endowed with both facility and eloquence, he has made up his mind that there is more of a future in the metropolis. Though we have lawyers innumerable, there are among them few capable speakers. This must be borne home to anyone who will spend a day or so round the courts at the City Hall. One hears the lamest addresses from nervous, stammering legal fledgings who mean well enough, but have neither the ability nor the readiness at oratory which their necessities demand. There is certainly a good chance in San Francisco for a man of Frank Gould's calibre, and he is sure to make the most of it.

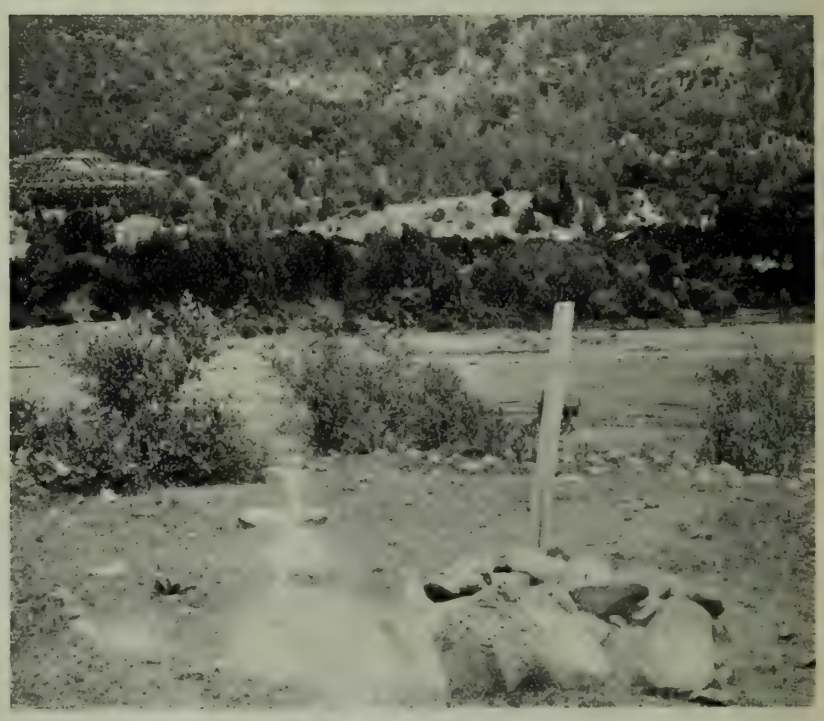
Fine voices are seldom found in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Those Italians who eat the most fish (those of Naples and Genoa) have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in the Irish women of the country, and not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers, because they eat too much fish; but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

MARSHALL MONUMENT

COLOMA FROM THE MARSHALL MONEMENT

MARSHALL'S CABIN



SITE OF MARSHALL'S DISCOVERY

MINING OVER OLD GROUND

AMERICAN RIVER AT COLOMA

MAIN STREET, COLOMA

*OLD COLOMA*

Photos by W, G. Woods, Sacramento

TRANSHIPPING COPRA

LANDING THE COCOANUTS

A DECK CARGO OF NUTS

## FRUIT OF THE TROPICS

### The Local Cocoanut Supply and Its Wasteful Treatment.

Of all the trees or plants in the kingdom of nature, it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that none can rival the cocoanut palm in general usefulmess, while, like all the rest of the palm species, it seems to be satisfied with what appears to be the poorest possible soil, where on to rear its elegant figure and yield returns for the support of that section of humanity which cultivates idleness as a fine art. Its chief habitat lies on the coast of the East Indies, the West Indies, the tropical isles of the Pacific, and in similar latitudes of the American continent. Speaking generally it may be said that it loves the sound of the sea and is found in its greatest perfection in the innumerable small islands of the Pacific. On the western shores of Southern India and in the beautiful island of Ceylon the coast-line is fringed with countless myriads of these trees, which, growing in sandy soil, afford almost the entire means of existence for millions of the inhabitants. From the products of the trees they construct their dwellings and their boats, derive a large portion of their food and drink in various forms and oil for different uses; rope, matting, mattrasses, brushes, food for cattle and swine and fertilizing matter for their cultivated land. The result is that the owner of a few cocoanut trees is practically independent. The account which Emerson Tennent gives in his interesting work on Ceylon of the *cocos nucifera* is exceedingly interesting, and as showing the value it possesses as family property he instances a case where a claim to the 2520th part of ten trees formed the subject of legal proceedings.

The cocoanut palm begins to crop between five and seven years from the time the seed is planted and when in full bearing will average sixty to eighty nuts per year, though fine iudividual trees, highly cultivated, will often yield nearly three times that number. The crop is almost continuous in equatorial latitudes, owing to the even climate, and pickings are usually made about every eight or ten weeks. The tree flowers in beautiful cream-white sprays close to the main stem and the nuts form in handsome green clusters, developing very rapidly, especially in places where there is abundant moisture. When the tree is flowering the juice or "toddy," as it is called, of the unexpanded flower spathes is drawn, fermented and distilled into "arrack," which is a very powerful spirit, though, if kept for several years it becomes mellow and distinctly agreeable. The same juice, if boiled down, forms excellent sugar. In order to facilitate the gathering of the nuts and the drawing of the "toddy" the natives run a series of rope-walks, immediately below the crown of the trees, through their groves, so that once they go aloft they can walk across from tree to tree and conduct their cropping operations. This practice no doubt gave use to the old traveler's story of monkeys being employed to work overhead amongst the trees in collecting and throwing down the produce, for a human of those parts up in a palm tree wears a very monkey-like look.

As soon as the nuts are gathered the outer husk is peeled off, this being composed of fibre, which is first soaked in water, then dried and separated, for the most part by machinery. It thus becomes what is known as coir fibre, available for manufacturing into rope, matting, and other articles of trade. The nut itself, contained in the hard inner shell, is broken and the meaty substance therein withdrawn in two cup-like halves, which are dried in the sun and converted into what is called copperah, or copra, from which oil is pressed, the residuum forming a cake, the best of which is used for stock-feeding purposes and the inferior portion as manure. There is, of course, a certain amount of export trade from all points of supply in the unbroken nut, both with and without removal of the fibrous husk. In this latter form chiefly shipments reach this port from the islands of the Pacific. The accompanying photographs illustrate the landing of a cargo of 35,000 cocoanuts and 15,000 sacks of copra which arrived here this week in the City of Papeete from Tahiti.

Altogether there are some dozen cargoes delivered here from Tahiti and the Marshall Islands in the course of a year, aggregating about 1,000,000 nuts and valued at about $5 per thousand. In contrast with the thrifty, utilitarian system of handling the cocoanut in the East Indies, the local methods are ignorant and wasteful in the last degree. The trade is in few hands and practically monopolized by one firm, who convert the succulent interior, dessicated and shredded, in nine different grades, into material suited to the requirements of bakers, confectioners, candy-makers and others, selling it at about 10 cents a pound wholesale. The fibrous husk, which should be valuable for manufacturing purposes, as before alluded to, is either burnt or dumped into the bay. It would seem, therefore, that there is an opening here for the exercise of skill and intelligence in the importation and manufacture of this product of the islands of the Pacific.

## A MEMORY OF '49

### The Town of Coloma, Where Gold Was First Discovered.

The little town of Coloma lies some forty miles above Sacramento on the south fork of the American river. One literally "drops in" on Coloma, for the sleepy little village lies on a bar or flat near the river bank and is surrounded by hills, up whose steep sides vineyards and orchards have gradually crept, until this section ranks high in the production of wine and fruit. A few outlying farm houses, then old-fashioned cottages with old-fashioned sweet-smelling gardens and broad-spreading fig trees; a turn, then the main street. The typical country store and post office, a hotel and bar combined, and that is all there is of Coloma, save the few heavy-walled, iron-doored buildings that have withstood the ravages of time, and the inevitable double row of trees that form an archway over the street. Their branches almost meet and under the stress of the afternoon breezes seem to whisper to the stranger that Coloma was not always the quiet, sleepy little place it is now; for here it was that Johu Marshall made the first authentic discovery of gold in California.

Gold! Gold! There were no railroads or telegraph lines in those days, and the news traveled slowly at first, but it made way gradually, gaining in weight like a huge snow ball, till it rolled over the East—nay, over the world. Gold had been found in the new State of California; and then came a great throng of seekers for the prescious metal. Across the dreary plains, over the snow-clad mountains braving hunger and thirst, and heat and cold, around the Horn in storms and calms, across the Isthmus, daring the terrible heat and the fever, by all routes and by all forms of conveyance from the ocean steamer to a wheelbarrow, they poured into the new Eldorado, and Coloma sprang into existence, lived its day; and when the gold had been gathered the little town was deserted, the big solid buildings left to stand as a monument of former greatess, while the more flimsy structures succumbed to the elements.

A post surrounded by a small pile of stones is all there is left to mark the site of Sutter's mill, and two immense boulders on the river bank are pointed out as the spot where the mill dam stood. Perhaps a quarter of a mile up into the hills above Coloma there is a bold round-topped hill, and from here one has a beautiful vista of the town and the whole river bar. On this spot stands the monument to Mershall, erected by the Native Sons. From a heavy granite base a massive column rises clear and free, and there in heroic bronze stands Marshall overlooking the river below. Clad in the homely garb of the pioneer, his broad hat pushed back on his head, he holds in one hand the dull yellow mass of metal that so startled the world, while pointing with the other straight down to the mill site where the discovery was made.

At the base of this little hill, and almost at his feet, there is a little tumble-down, vine-covered cabin, deserted now, save by a striped chipmunk that cocks his tail and scurries to his retreat as one enters the open door. This was Marshal's cabin.

Vale Marshall! Vale Coloma! For the golden days have gone, and, save for a few Chinamen working over old ground, the pick and the shovel and the rocker have given way to the plow and the pruning-hook, while Marshall and all but a hardy handful of those who saw the great days of yore quietly sleep. Coloma sleeps, too, and the trees overgrowing the little main street nod and wave and seem to whisper that Coloma was not always so quiet and peaceful, and to sigh for the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49." W.

Up to the moment of the pilot boat leaving the Teutonic with Editor W. T. Stead on board, bound for Liverpool, he was engaged in delivering himself, through the columns of the New York *World*, of a fresh series of his opinions on things in general and the difference in the respect paid to women in England and the United States in particular. His views on this subject, derived, as he admits, from very limited opportunities of observation, is that American women do not receive from men the same solid and serious respect and consideration as their English sisters. As reasons for this conclusion, in the first place, he points to the fact that a woman has ruled England for sixty years, while the constitution of this country makes no provision for a similar condition of affairs, if the ablest person in the States should happen to have been born a woman. Secondly, no man in America will ever contradict a woman, however foolish or illogical she may be, thus rendering a courtesy and forbearance, which are insuiting in their nature; and thirdly, that until women's work, say for instance in the journalistic and other common fields of exertion, is judged by the same standard as that of men, they must be the victims of a false respect. This is all very silly, but Mr. Stead never was a reliable authority on any social question, either on this or the other side of the water. That will not daunt him, however, in recording his impressions, with just so much ignorant frankness as a clever, superficial writer can employ to keep himself before the world.

The important question whether a person who once engages a room at a hotel is entitled to stop there forever, subject to payment of the rent, has come before the courts in England. Not long ago a lady who insisted on her right to stay at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, but was, nevertheless, compelled to leave, has now brought an action against the Hotel Cecil, London, to maintain this right. Meantime she has appeared in a police court in the matter of cross-summonses for assault between herself and an attendant, who, acting on instructions, refused her re-admittance to the hotel.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians harvest upwards of two hundred thousand pounds weight, equal in value to eighty thousand pounds sterling per annum.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I think, Diary dear, that all prophets of evil should be stoned forthwith. Think of it! They foretold a dull winter—well a day—methinks I should like to know what a gay one would be like. This morning when I came down to breakfast I positively quailed at the bulky appearance of the pile of letters at my plate. "Surely, Cricket, these are not all bills," remarked Papa, when he saw my puzzled expression as I tore open envelope after envelope. "Oh, no, Papa—merely invitations." "Then, why this thusness, my dear?" "Oh," responded Arthur, "the poor overworked darling will have to answer them." "By the way, Cricket, why don't you employ a private secretary to attend to your correspondeuce. I think you need one as well as Papa?" "I am positive I do," I replied, and, turning to Papa, I said, "Oh, can't I? Please say yes. I shall cheerfully give up my maid and share Leila's, if you will only let me." Think of it, Diary—a real live secretary — should I not be a scorcher! Fancy my pride when the girls should ask me anything. I could say, "Well, I am not certain, but shall refer the matter to my secretary." No lorgnettes, be they ever so jeweled, could please me then.

Papa, however, did not seem to think the matter worth consideration, and said, "Well, what's on the tapis now?" "Teas principally, and dancing clubs." "Surely, Cricket, there can't be any more dancing clubs?" he asked. "You are quite mistaken, Papa, to suppose the limit of dancing organizations can ever be reached," I replied in my most dignified tones. "This particular club," (brandishing my invitation), "is to be an awfully swell affair. Some say it will be the winter's crowning glory." "And what is this new club, and who is getting it up?" asks dear, unsophisticated Papa, though I have been talking the matter over for the past weeks. Wheat must be frightfully absorbing, for he does not hear half of my pet projects! You know, Diary dear, that I meant the Cinderellas—the club of which Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Charley Baldwin and Miss Page are to be the fairy godmothers, or patronesses, what you will. They are to give four balls—on Wednesday nights—which, I am told, will rival everything hitherto started, even our pet Terpsichoreans, they say, will have to take a second place.

"Have the Cinderellas anything to do with this tempest in a teapot that I am hearing about so constantly," inquired Arthur. "Oh, you mean the feud now existing between the king who was and the queens who would be," I asked. "Yes, how is this modern Montague Capulet affair progressing?" he continued, sarcastically. "Admirably, from the point of view of an outsider," I replied. "The armies are drawn up in line; each is awaiting the first move of the adversary."

It seems the ex-ruler sent invitations to all the debutantes to some affair or another. Some accepted, but the daughters of one of the rival factions refused point blank. Then this especial rival faction invited the ex-ruler to an affair of theirs, and the invitation was returned unopened with some curious club expression on the outside—"blowed if I do!" or words to that effect. So now the gauntlet has been thrown down and various peculiar missives fly between the two contingents. I believe they could both give points to the ready letter-writer. I hear of revenges deep and dire, theatre parties and dinners on the nights of the factional dances and so forth, so we anticipate much fun. I envy the men, though, there are so few of them that they will positively have to be divided into sections.

"And where do the young people come in—to which side do you pin your colors?" Arthur wanted to know.

"To neither, as far as most of us are concerned," I answered in my most dignified way. "We sit meekly by. Why should debutantes dabble in the troubles of their elders, so far there are no clouds in our social horizon?"

Now to return to my doings during the past week. On Thursday I went to see Rose Hooper safely on her journeyings. She and Ethel Tompkins and Miss Clark, of San Jose, went together, chaperoned by Mrs. Pomeroy. A number of us went to wish them "bon voyage" and their sections and drawing-room were stacked with chrysanthemums. On Saturday I went to Gertie Bates' dancing class in the evening and the football in the afternoon. We all go to the game every Saturday—all the debutantes and those of a year ago. Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman and Charlotte Ellinwood were literally encompassed with navy men. Leila Burton, Mrs. Jouett, Mamie Thomas, Marie Wells, the Hoffmans, the pretty Mrs. Will Morrow and her husband all seemed perfectly wild over the game. There were accidents innumerable, which added to the excitement, but as no one was seriously hurt we could continue to enjoy ourselves. I am afraid, without its risk, football would lose much of its fascination, to the onlooker at least. I fear I was too tired to enjoy the dancing class as I might otherwise have done. There was a fine plentitude of men and not so many maids. I was the only debutante. Ethel Patton and Bernice Drown were the prettiest of the girls. The german was led by Willie Smith and Mollie Hurd. On Sunday I went to the unveiling of the Stevenson Memorial Fountain, which was most interesting. The more intellectual portion of our city was represented as well as the cosmopolitan element who throng around the old Plaza. I saw the Beavers, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. Rosenstern, Wrs. W. B. Bourne, Dr. Adelaide Brown, Ethel Moore, the Lloyd Osbournes, Luita Booth, Ella Goodall and numberless artists and college men. I enjoyed the speeches, which were delightfully short.

Then on Monday I had a glorious time—I went to Mr. Wiltsee's and Mr. McCaleb's theatre party in honor of the Stuyvesant Fish family of New York, and had the time of my life without any reservations. We had three boxes—think of it. Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels, Miss Pomeroy, also of New York, Emma Butler, Marie Wells, Marie Oge, Mr. Harry Lehr, Mr. Cutting, Dr. Bellamy, all of the East. You know Mr. and Mrs. Fish are out here from New York in two private cars with innumerable servants and all that sort of thing. They are "roughing it in California—just stopped long enough to take a bath at Sutro's, you know." Mr. Lear is really a swell. He led the cotillion at the Bradley-Martin fancy dress ball. Surely that is celebrity. The Oelrichs have taken them around in San Francisco, and they have seen all the sights. On Wednesday they left for Yosemite and then go on to Mexico. But to return to the party. We all looked our best. Mrs. Gus Spreckels wore black and cerise and a picture hat. Mrs. Fish, white crepe trimmed with lace; Miss Pomeroy was stunning—tall, not handsome but athletic looking—in a sort of reseda green corduroy skirt, velvet jacket with flounces of lace in front. She is a fine horsewoman, I believe. We girls wore light silk waists and dark skirts. But the men! They were quite a new experience, all belong to the do nothing or leisure class and are enormously rich. I liked Dr. Bellamy the best—he seemed the least affected. As for Mr. Lehr, he explains the point of many hitherto misunderi stood witticisms of *Life* and *Truth*. We have none of his especial class of exquisite out here. Very well groomed, with manicured finger nails, feminine gestures, conversations strictly boudoirish and silly to a degree past credence. Mr. Cutting is of the Daniel Deronda type and the handsomest man in New York. Afterwards we had a swell supper in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club to the strains of Huber's band. The decorations were ornate in the extreme. A center piece of bride roses with chrysanthemums forming wheels and violets scattered broadcast.

The Thomas party was quite a large one. Alice Hoffman looked fetching in pale pearl gray silk. Therese Morgan in a light cerise waist and dark skirt. Mamie Thomas, Gerald Rathbone, Max McNutt and Mr. Greenway. Then Mrs. Joe Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Coleman also had parties. Arthur said that even my theatre party could not have beaten Walter Martin's dinner at the 'Varsity Club in honor of Birdie Fair. It was very informal in the first place. Mrs. Martin was chaperone, and she always believes in allowing young people to enjoy themselves. The decorations were gorgeous—yellow chrysanthemums in wrought iron stands were placed at either end of the table. I believe there were about twenty guests. Birdie Fair became quite enthusiastic about it, and said even in New York she had never enjoyed anything more. Afterwards the various artists from the Orpheum gave a vaudeville performance, together with Huber's music through dinner.

Last night papa took us to the "Geisha Girl" at the Tivoli—Marie Wells and Marie Oge were there. Mrs. Foreman had a box party, including Miss Foreman, Miss Jackson and George de Long. On Wednesday Miss Foreman gave a debutantes luncheon at the Occidental—a very gorgeous and elaborate affair.

Of coming events, I am anticipating Bessie Ames' tea on Saturday. Not a single married woman is invited, just girls and men and we are to have a glorious time, "so say we all of us." All the boys have promised to turn up; I have even persuaded Arthur. Then Ethel Bent is to give a tea on November 7th. Such a shame about her house—you know they have had to give it up to the Croftons. I think it horrid, and don't think I could take it as amicably as Ethel does. Lieutenant Bent furnished it so prettily, too! Army life is not all beer and skittles, is it? Lieutenant O'Hamie might have taken the cottage before, but he said the Bents were too happy to be disturbed, but Mr. Crofton is made of sterner stuff. Lieutenant O'Hamie is to be married next month, the eleventh, to Miss Mamie O'Hara of Angel Island, a very quiet wedding. Miss Pratt and Miss Berkheimer are to be bridesmaids. Julia Crocker's is also to be home wedding on November 24th at Mrs. Clark Crocker's. She leaves for New York early in December. Next week Gertie Carroll gives a luncheon to Birdie Fair, and there is a big hop at the Presidio on Friday, so ends my gossip for this week. The Fairs leave at the end of next week—won't we miss them; I know I shall, at all events.

Your beloved MISS CRICKET.

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Mrs. Dr. Howitt of San Rafael gave a married ladies tea last week to introduce her nieces, Misses Marie and Gertie Oge. Nearly all those invited were San Rafael people. The Misses Oge wore white. Mrs. Howitt was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Page and Mrs. Frank Johnstone.

Interesting for various reasons was the wedding of Miss Rose Sachs and Mr. Albert Baruch, formerly of Central America. Miss Sachs is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lipman Sachs, and is an attractive-looking girl with large dark eyes and a sweet expression. The ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bride, and was an exceedingly smart affair. The rooms were decorated in masses of pink chrysanthemums. Miss Sachs was unattended save by her little niece, Miss Babette Heller, and two little nephews of the groom, little Leonard Hiller and Frederick Baruch. A swell supper followed the ceremony. Miss Sachs received many handsome presents, one especially noteworthy being a magnificent diamond necklace, presented by Mr. Levi Strauss. Mr. and Mrs. Baruch have gone to Europe on their honeymoon.

* *

Quite the most interesting event of the season was the garden party given on Saturday at the home of Mrs. Wetherbee in aid of the East Oakland Free Kindergarten and the Fruitvale Congregational Chapel. The affair was under the patronage of Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Tubbs, Mrs. Henshaw, and many others. The fete opened at about two o'clock, and from that time until late in the evening the grounds were crowded with myriads of people. In the afternoon a musical program was provided, under the direction of Mr. Harry Melvin, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Riley, Mr. Balch, and the California Mandolin Club. In the evening the grounds were lighted with thousands of Chinese lanterns, which added much to the effect of the scene. The Wetherbee place is among the sights of East Oakland, and the tall trees with these fairy lights and the figures flitting hither and thither was most picturesque.

Outside of this entertainment Oakland society has not had a wildly diverting time this week — the events are all on the horizon. Nothing of any importance in the immediate present. There are, of course, the usual number of informal affairs—for instance, a few card parties. Among these Mrs. Andrew Mosely gave a whist party to some forty of her friends on Saturday evening, and Miss Forester entertained a number of young people at a game of progressive hearts on Monday. At the latter Miss Brown, Miss Jordan, Mr. Swain and Mr. Wilson carried off the prizes.

A charming reception was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. James Shepherd Jenks nee Vibella Martin, at the house of her father on Blackstone Hill. Mrs. Jenks has recently returned from her wedding trip, and is to give another reception next Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Jenks have taken rooms at the Hotel Nicholas for the winter.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Marion Cullen Comstock and Captain Charles Goodall. Mrs. Comstock is one of the most popular women in Oakland, and quite the prettiest. She is a little above the medium height, has a charming figure, and exquisite coloring.

A pretty home wedding came off in Oakland Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride, Miss Alicia Mooney, on Filbert street. The groom, Mr. W. B. Compton, is connected with the Crocker Bank. Miss Mooney, who is a well-known Oakland artist, was smartly gowned in white, and the bridesmaid, Miss Annie Neylan, looked daintily pretty in pink. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Michael King, Mr. and Mrs. Compton left for the south.

## THE THEATRES

### The Responsibilities of Messrs. Frohman for Frohman's Losses.

The Frohman's threaten never again to send traveling companies of players across the continent for the delectation of San Francisco audiences. Perhaps we shall suffer no loss if these gentlemen live up to their threat. One might better lose Messrs. Frohman's approval than maintain it at the expense of a dollar and a half a seat for all of the good, bad and indifferent performances they have vouchsafed to us. Probably the percentage of San Franciscans who have been pleased with Messrs. Frohman's companies is as high here as it is in New York, but it requires a much larger community than this to furnish a sufficient number of complaisant theatre goers to make mediocre performances profitable. We doubtless have our quota of indifferent amusement seekers, but not quite enough to justify one in saying that anything that "goes" in New York ought to "go" here, and apparently not enough to justify Mr. Frohman in sending his companies to us. There are people in this world so constituted—it has been declared to be a racial characteristic, but similar fault may be discovered in all races—who lower, degrade, and ultimately bring into disrepute every line of effort—commercial, professional or industrial—that is contaminated by their touch. With them business is not a question of honest return for honest money, they are not content to reap the rewards that naturally flow from a legitimate business. They are hungry for illegitimate profits: they begin by purveying honest goods in competition with honest rivals, but immediately their reputation is established, adulteration, imitation and fraud begin. Honor and honest rivalry is elbowed out of competition. Spurious goods rule the day. The honest man has two courses left open to him, in such a contest, retirement from business, or resorting to the same frauds practiced by his rival. In either event the commercial, professional or industrial life invaded by such men is lowered morally and the atmosphere about it polluted and rendered unwholesome.

I am not charging the Messrs. Frohman with all of these delinquiencies, but am prepared to say, decisively, that they have received from San Francisco just such treatment as they deserved at its hands.

Regard for a moment the company at the Baldwin. It is a typical Frohman company of players. Is there one name on the list of twenty people in the cast distinguished dramatically in any particular. In "Under the Red Robe" the play itself is the drawing power so Mr. Frohman gives us mediocre actors. Next week or week after he may give us a single player with national reputation, but more than likely the play itself will lack humor, interest or intelligence, or the support be insufferably weak.

My pen refuses to write the things that might be justly said of Mr. Morris, as Gil de Berault, there is something in the manner in which the big, and no doubt very good, fellow handles the dashing, scapegrace, duellist lover, that—while he is unfitted for the part—constrains me to deal gently with him. He tries with such honest vigorous earnestness to live the character, and is, forsooth, so far from anything that savors of impertinent over-confidence in himself, that you like him in spite of his delinquencies.

But examine the list of men in the company. They have not much to do, thank heaven and the playwright! There is one exception to the general mediocrity of the male cast—William Farnum—a lieutenant. The lieutenant is a grizzled, gruff old veteran, brave and blunt and Mr. Farnum succeeds in making him all that the author or playwright intended he should be. But Farnum, in the middle of the bill, is an oasis of merit in a desert of mediocrity. To Miss Hampton must also be credited much gracefulness of manner in the role of Renee de Cocheforet, and the lines falling to her demanding strong handling, were neatly and quite cleverly delivered.

"Under the Red Robe" relates a story full of dramatic interest. It amuses you and stirs up interest. If you have not read the story—and it is certainly wiser to see the play first and then read the story—you will certainly take enjoyment from the performance. B.

* *

The Alcazar is very much to the front this week with Gillette's comedy "Too Much Johnson." It is altogether the best production the Alcazar has given for a very long time; the acting is agreeable and the scenery and stage settings complete and attractive. Wright Huntington plays Augustus Billings with genuine Gillettian repose, strolling and smoking through the part with commendable ease and discretion. Wallace Shaw has rather little to do as Francis Faddish—that is, little to what he should—but he makes the most of it. Frederick Strong has a good makeup as the much abused Johnson and Frank Thompson as Frederic gives a clever performance.

Of the ladies Mrs. Bates is the most successful, as Mrs. Batterson, she presents the unique spectacle of a prying mother-in-law foiled on every occasion and finally gracefully subdued. Miss Foster is good as Mrs. Billings—a rather thankless part—and Miss Kingsley makes a pretty Leonora.

* *

The break in the style of things at Morosco's this week has been attended with success, and the careful rendering of Milton Royle's clever drama "Friends," is creditable both to the artists engaged and the management. The honors of the occasion unquestionably rest with Fred Butler in the part of Hans Otto and Maud Edna Hall as Marguerite. The former handles a by no means easy character with a nicety that can only be the result of careful study and natural fitness for the role. The same remarks apply to a great extent to Miss Hall's treatment of her leading part, in which she is gentle, sympathetic and free from any tendency to over-act. W. H. Pascoe takes immensely with the audience as John Paden, Jr., modern poet, but a somewhat too off-hand manner, at times, spoils the effect of his work. Mortimer Snow and Lauders Stevens, as Karje, the pianist, and John Paden, Sr., respectively, do fairly good work, while little Mamie Holden in her small part is quite clever. John T. Nicholson, as the villain of the piece, fulfills the roll in the matter of appearance, but his stilted manner and mechanical style of declamation jar the senses terribly. As a whole the play runs smoothly and is well worth seeing. The stage setting is appropriate throughout and very well done.

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The "Geisha" by any other name would not sound so inviting to our American ears, but it

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

Kelly's Guranteed Corn Cure, 25 cents
Sold only at 102 Eddy street

Miss Edith Hall

Miss Florence Walcott

"THE GEISHA" AT THE TIVOLI
Photos by Thors

would still be a fetching little operetta. Yes, it needs the two diminutives, for if the truth be but told there is nothing very great in this diverting "musical play" except Leary as Wun Hi, and, of course, Edwin Stevens' New York reputation and his seven feet of avoirdupois.

Omitting the part of Wun Hi, and even he has a pointless song to sing, the words of the play are rather poor, but the music of the lyrics is pretty and taking, and it is certain that one, critical or otherwise, can get much pleasure out of an evening at the Tivoli while the story of a Tea-house is on. The stage settings, costumes and girls looked very attractive, from the back of the house where I was seated, and came near consoling me for the jokes of farcial expression lost to me by my very situation.

Stevens and Leary make the utmost of their parts: Wun Hi is a really clever production, particularly when he was so "up-split," and the Marquis—well, as Wun Hi says, "you no put stop on the Marquis, he play damn good game, too." I am not so sure about Florence Wolcott and Edith Hall, though the former looked exceedingly pretty—from the rear of the house, mind you—and sang delightfully in her smooth fresh voice. Edith Hall was vivacious, expressive and undoubtedly pleased the house as the gong girl "with all the modern improvements." Juliette Diamand, a modified Katisha, was well done by Georgie Cooper, and Jennie Stockmeyer as Nami was very captivating in her soft blue kimona. P. W.

The management of the Palace Hotel is unsparing in its efforts to render that establishment complete and luxurious in every respect. Following on the improvements made not long ago in the grill and billiard rooms, an addition has been made in the same quarter of the big house of two very comfortable and appropriately fitted and furnished smoking parlors on the ground floor. These rooms are approached from the Market street entrance hallway, through doors on the right hand side of the passage, and also from the large grill room. They are delightfully retired and quiet, while looking out one side upon the life always to be seen in the large central court. Decorated in sober but handsome style and fitted with the most inviting arm-chairs and corner-settees, rich carpets underfoot and fine imported tapestries illustrating hunting scenes on the panelled walls, the most exacting sybarite can there while away the hour in perfect peace and enjoyment when so disposed. It is not surprising that many visitors to San Francisco find the Palace sufficient for all their wants.

Artistic competence, combined with sound business principles, account for the great popularity of Huber's Orchestra. Address 20 O'Farrell street. Telephone care Benj. Curtaz, Main 1247.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street

## XAVER SCHARWENKA

### A Critical Estimate of His Scope and Technique.

In these days of managerial fulminations, the advent of Scharwenka is not at all likely to be the daily question in our musical world. On Monday evening a well-spread audience apparently recognized the propriety of welcoming Xaver Scharwenka, and maintaining at even its lowest ebb, an enthusiasm a trifle above the tepid degree. Rising for once to the boiling-point, the composer-pianist had himself to blame only in that the demonstration failed to grow stronger, for the programme arrangement, instead of leaving its culmination for the finale, as all popular programmes are accustomed to, reached its highest flight somewhere in the midst of the evening, and thereafter rose and fell to lesser levels to the end.

Just why Mr. Scharwenka has failed to become the most popular of pianists is not shortly told. No posing, no esoteric tricks, no personal pettiness, but a genial presence, enough bonhommie, and that spontaneous desire to be pleased and to please, usually resulting in the popular appreciation which Musin once enjoyed with his audiences. Not in the least that Mr. Scharwenka plays at his audidience or coruscates for them; his attitude appeared to be one of feeling the same sentiment as he evoked, and of an unaffected desire to hold the interest with an exercise of the musician's talent only. All that rubric of firming hair, occult rigidity and leonine stare, and other personal paraphernalia giving joy to Paderewski enthusiasts, is not with Mr. Scharwenka.

In America Mr. Scharwenka had the advantage of a large advertisement in the florid encomiums found in Amy Fay's bright letters; thousands, almost millions, of damsels have risen up and called his name blessed for the happy idea of the perennial and eternal Polish dance—*the* Polish dance. Others of the dances are more musical and have finer veins in them but they have never ousted the original dance in public esteem. Perhaps the composer regrets the fact of an obvious popularity for one composition, and feels other and later works are truer examples of his talent. Of the compositions played in the first programme, the Novelette had most distinction and musical value; the Spanish Serenade might be any kind of serenade excepting Spanish. But the pianist and not the composer is the main point of interest in this connection.

Remembering a long list of celebrities and valuing their genre for its own sake, it is not possible to find among them a peer to Scharwenka as to the playing of staccato passage effects. Quite unlike anything heard here is the easy adjustment and effortless rapidity of his staccato repeating action and the flame-like brilliance and density of effect such as the "William Tell" overture arrangement called out. His own "Staccato Etude" gave him opportunities of informing the local mind as to models of adjusted tension. Likewise in the pianissimo playing of "Fiorituri," and the vaulting arpeggi and scale there were those rare qualities of effort which is effortless to the point of negation. Scharwenka is one of those exceptional pianists who have the ear for tone as distinguished from interval, but the possession of this gift does not appear to have been developed equally in all lines of his playing. Like all the other personages built upon the short-armed, stout-bodied plan, nature supplies physique without emotion. True, there is sentiment in his work, and the desire for grace and elegance as well as neatness, but no overpowering sense of the tragic or the grandiose. In a word, this artist is great in his way, but his way is not great.

Nothing more mignon, more dainty than his playing of the andante from the "Appassionata" could be wished, but for all the sprightly force of his short-toned octaves in the first movement, and the evident seriousness of the study, no feeling of grandeur or heroic dignity escaped the player. It was a salon composition delivered with the seriousness of the salon. In this work the playing showed the want of real breadth which expresses itself in those familiar signs of punched chords and stunted octaves ground into the keyboard, in this case with an atoning bonhommie. In the Chopin numbers, the absence of the informing spirit known in the untranslatable term *zal* was compensated for, if such a thing is possible in Chopin, by a species of ballon and nuanceful turning of phrase—quite captivating in its way. In other words, the Chopin compositions were true to the text and glib and dextrous, but with the spirit of Chopinism left out.

Why an artist with so fine a sense of tone in pianissimo playing, who recognizes the true inwardness of negative work, does not, in the course of a developed career, bring that negation into the robust side of his work, remains a mystery. For so fine an ear must recognize punched inharmonic tone as distressing in itself. In the bass registers this defect was inevitably present. Likewise there were signs that the pianist was not in his best practice, and the public will probably get the benefit of the frequent recitals in the shape of still more genial and deft performances as the number of concerts go by. There have been better Steinway pianos played upon by visiting artists than the one used by Scharwenka, in tone and apparently in action.

Without being over obvious, it is quite certain that our public will do itself justice only if this artist is received with becoming warmth, for no more popular type of art is to be heard than the facile, ductile and vigorous quality Mr. Scharwenka represents, nor has there ever been witnessed a more unassuming attitude of good-fellowship towards an audience than this genial and well endowed artist ever maintains. LESLEY MARTIN.

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

The success of "Too Much Johnson" at the Alcazar has warranted its continuance for another week. "The Highest Bidder," Southern's old play, succeeds it.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Henschel, the renowned English vocalists and composers will appear in concert at the California next Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoon. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will sing songs of their own composition.

The Tivoli has a strong drawing card in the "Geisha." The merry Japanese conceit has found great favor with its tripping melodies and quaint comedy. The houses have been full throughout the week, and from all indications the "Geisha" is in for a long run.

"Under the Red Robe" runs another week at the Baldwin. The next attraction will be the musical comedy, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," by J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse. The company, which is large and capable, is headed by Charles Dickson.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt announces a recital at Sherman, Clay & Co's Hall on Monday evening, November 1st, under the management of Mr. William L. Greenbaum. Mr. Mansfield will play two entire concertos, besides some Schuman numbers never before heard here in public.

Next week the Columbia presents Corinne in the comic opera success "An American Beauty." Corinne, who is as vivacious and magnetic as ever, is supported by a company of fifty capable people including six comedians and a ballet of thirty ladies. The engagement of one week only will be followed by the Hermans.

The Great American Biograph will be the particular attraction at the Orpheum next week. The scenes presented are entirely new to San Francisco. A novel performance will be given by Mlle. Irma Orbasanky and her troupe of trained cockatoos. Next week will terminate the long engagement of the Knaben-Kapelle.

At Morosco's next week the naval drama, "The Ensign," will be given an elaborate production, with specially prepared scenic and mechanical effects. As the gallant young officer, W. H. Pascoe will have a splendid chance for effective work, and Baby Ruth, who has been specially engaged as little Mary, will bring in a few specialties.

At the Tivoli next Saturday afternoon, Fernando Michelena, the tenor, will receive a rather unique testimonial. The first part will be a grand operatic and classical concert, in which Michelena will give scenes from "Trovatore" and "Lucia," assisted by the Tivoli orchestra and chorus, and Mr. and Mrs. Marquardt with violin and harp. The second part will be "An Afternoon in Spain," consisting of Spanish songs in costume by Michelena and the Spanish Students.

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the East at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quality of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch Whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

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## "FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR"

### Whimsical History of Mark Twain's Last Lecture-Tour.

At least one critic is satisfied with Mark Twain's new book *Following the Equator* (American Publishing Company). It is the author himself who declares "I wouldn't trade it for any book I have ever written." It is, as far as one may judge from the extracts, the whimsical narrative of a lecturing tour in two hemispheres—a compound of very eloquent description and shrewd and irreverent comment. That it is not as fresh, vivid or witty as *The Innocents Abroad* seems proved though it will surely make as readable a volume. One can readily imagine a trip with Mark Twain well worth the taking for he has a singularly graphic way of setting a scene before the mental eye—a knack so many of our alleged stylists lack. Here for instance is the first vista of Honolulu—surely a remarkably fine bit of impressionism.

In the night we anchored a mile from shore. Through my port I could see the twinkling lights of Honolulu and the dark bulk of the mountain range that stretched away right and left. I could not make out the beautiful Nuuana Valley, but I knew where it lay, and remembered how it used to look in the old times. We used to ride up it on horseback in those days—we young people—and branch off and gather bones in a sandy region where one of the first Kamehameha's battles was fought.

We lay in luminous blue water; shoreward the water was green—green and brilliant; at the shore itself it broke in a long white ruffle, and with no crash, no sound that we could hear. The town was buried under a mat of foliage that looked like a cushion of moss. The silky mountains were clothed in soft, rich splendors of melting color, and some of the cliffs were veiled in slanting mists. I recognized it all. It was just as I had seen it long before, with nothing of its beauty lost, nothing of its charm wanting.

There are views, equally vivid, of Sydney and of Bombay, and of the scenery of India. Interspersed with the portraiture of scenery one finds comment, grotesque often, audacious, flippant yet kindly. The pride of the Sydneyites in their harbor suggests the story of the Sydney man who rather objected to Mark giving praise to God for the beauty of the environment. The Australian replied: "It is beautiful, of course it's beautiful—the harbor; but that isn't all of it; it's only half of it. Sydney's the other half, and it takes both of them together to ring the supremacy bell. God made the harbor, and that's all right; but Satan made Sydney."

Like all travelers from Australia to India, Mark Twain stopped off at Ceylon, and here is a humorous portrait of a Cingalese servant:

January 14.—Hotel Bristol. Servant Brampy. Alert, gentle, smiling, winning, young brown creature as ever was. Beautiful shining black hair, combed back like a woman's, and knotted at the back of his head—tortoise shell comb in it, a sign that he is a Singalese; slender, shapely form; jacket; under it a beltless and flowing white cotton gown from neck straight to heel, he and his outfit quite unmasculine. It was an embarrassment to undress before him.

From India the humorist went to the Transvaal, saw the gold mines and the diamond mines and furnishes really a good story of life among the Boers:

"The Boers are a queer lot. I heard more strange stories about them than I can remember. One was that not long ago a Bishop was once making a business progress through a tavernless belt, and one night he stopped with a Boer; after supper, was shown to bed. He undressed, weary and worn out, and was soon sound asleep. In the night he woke up feeling crowded and suffocated, and found the old Boer and his fat wife in bed with him, one on each side, with all their clothes on, and snoring. He had to stay there and stand it—awake and suffering—until toward dawn, when sleep again fell upon him for an hour. Then he woke again. The Boer was gone, but the wife of his bosom was still at his side."

Among the longer episodes are some of an elaborately humorous character. This incident of a fox-hunt certainly induces a smile, but it is rather stagey fun—the labored humor of the comic weeklies.

"When we got to that place I got out, and went and leaned my elbows on a low stone wall which enclosed a turfy and beautiful great field with heavy wood on all sides except ours. Mrs. Blank sat in the dog-cart fifty yards away, which was as near as she could get with the vehicle. I was full of interest, for I had never seen a fox-hunt. I waited, dreaming and imagining, in the deep stillness and impressive tranquility which reigned in that retired spot. Presently, from away off in the forest on the left, a mellow bugle note came floating; then all of a sudden, a multitude of dogs burst out of that forest and went tearing by and disappeared in the forest on the right; there was a pause, and then a cloud of horsemen in black caps and crimson coats plunged out of the left hand forest and went flaming across the field like a prairie fire—a stirring sight to see. There was one man ahead of the rest, and he came spurring straight at me. He was fiercely excited. It was fine to see him ride; he was a master horseman. He came like a storm till he was within seven feet of me, where I was leaning on the wall, then he stood his horse straight up in the air on his hind toenails, and shouted like a demon:

" 'Which way'd the fox go?'

"I didn't much like the tone, but I did not let on, for he was excited, you know. But I was calm; so I said softly, and without acrimony:

" 'Which fox?'

"It seemed to anger him. I don't know why; and he thundered out:

" 'Which fox? Why, the fox. Which way did the fox go?'

"I said with great gentleness—even argumentatively:

"If you could be a little more definite—a little less vague—because I am a stranger, and there are many foxes, as you well know better than I, and unless I know which one it is you desire to identify and——'

" 'You're certainly the damndest idiot that has escaped in a thousand years!' and he snatched his great horse around as easily as I would snatch a cat, and was away like a hurricane. A very excitable man.

"I went to Mrs. Blank and she was excited, too. 'Oh, all alive?' she said.

" 'He spoke to you, didn't he?'

" 'Yes, it is what happened.'

" 'I knew it. I couldn't hear what he said, but I knew he spoke to you! Do you know who it was? It was Lord C—— and he is Master of the Buckhounds! Tell me—what do you think of him?'

" 'Him? Well, for sizing up a stranger, he's got the most sudden and accurate judgment of any man I ever saw.' "


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## SIMONIDES' FORGERY

### Max Muller's Memories of an Extraordinary Literary Imposition.

The Rt. Hon. Max Muller, Privy Councillor, philologist, etc., grows garrulous in his olden days. *Cosmopolis* has an article from his facile pen on "Beggars," and it is really entertaining gossip, detailing Hon. Max's experiences with fakirs. Among them are some sturdy beggars, but it is the impostor type which most interests Hon. Max. Several good yarns he spins, but the most interesting is his story of Simonides' visit to Oxford. Simonides was the great manuscript forger who had taken in the Royal Berlin Academy by means of a palimpest purporting to be the long lost history of Uranios. But the professor tells all the facts:

Fortunately his fame had preceded him. There had been a full account of his doings and misdoings abroad, yet he arrived quite unabashed with a box full of Greek MSS. I had warned our librarian, the Rev. H. O. Coxe, and it was amusing to watch the two when their *pourparlers* began. Simonides—so called, not because he was a descendent of the poet Simonides, but (with a long *i*) because his ancestor was one Simon, a Jew—addressed the librarian half in ancient Greek, half in modern English. He knew both equally well. His manners were most engaging. The librarian was equally polite, and began to examine some of the Greek MSS. "These are of small value," Simonides said, "they are modern. What century would you assign to them?" The librarian assigned the thirteenth century to them, and Simonides fully agreed. He then went on producing MS. after MS., but claiming for none of them more than the tenth or ninth century. All went on most amicably, until he produced some fragments of an uncial Greek MS. The librarian opened his eyes wide, and, examining them very carefully, put some of them aside for further consideration. Becoming more and more confident, Simonides at last produced a real treasure. "This," he said, "ought to repose nowhere but in the Bodleian Library. And what century would you assign to it, Mr. Librarian?" Simonides said with a smile and a respectful bow. Mr. Coxe turned over a few pages, and, looking very grave, though never quite without his usual twinkle, "The second half of the nineteenth century, sir," he said, "and now pack up your MSS. and *Apage* (Begone)."

He was certainly a most extraordinary man—a scholar who, if he had applied his ingenuity to editing instead of forging Greek MSS., might have held a very high position. His greatest achievement was, of course, the newly discovered Greek text of the history of ancient Egypt by Uranios. The man possessed a large quantity of later Greek MSS. It seems that in the Eastern monasteries, where he sold, he also acquired some Greek MSS., by what means we must not ask. He tried several of these MSS. with chemicals to see whether, as was the fashion during the Middle Ages, the parchment on which they were written had been used before, and the old writing scraped off in order to get writing material for some legends of Christian saints or other modern compositions. When that has been the case, chemical appliances bring out the old writing very clearly, and he knew that in this way some very old and valuable Greek texts had been recovered. In that case the old uncial writing comes out generally in a dark blue, and becomes quite legible as underlying the modern Greek text. As Simonides was not lucky enough to discover or recover an ancient Greek text, or what is called a Palimpsest MS., the thought struck him that he might manufacture such a treasure, which would have sold at a very high price. But even this did not satisfy his ambition. He might have taken the text of the Gospels and written it between the lines of one of his modern Greek MSS., adding some startling various readings. In that case detection would have seemed much more difficult. But he soared higher. He knew that a man of the name of Uranios had written a history of Egypt, which was lost. Simonides made up his mind to write himself in ancient Greek a history of Egypt such as he thought Uranios might have written. And, deep and clever as he was, he chose Bunsen's "Egypt" and Lepsius' "Chronology" as the authorities which he faithfully followed. After he had finished his Greek text he wrote it in dark blue ink and in ancient uncial Greek letters between the letters of a Greek MS. of about 1200 A. D. Anybody who knows the smallness of the letters in such a MS. can appreciate the enormous labor it must have been to insert, as it were, beneath and between these minute lines of each letter the supposed earlier writing of Uranios, so that the blue ink should never encroach on the small but true Greek letters. One single mistake would have been fatal, and such is the knowledge which antiquaries now possess of the exact changes of Greek letters in every century that here, too, one single mistake in the outline of the old uncial letters would have betrayed the forger.

When Simonides had finished his masterpiece, he boldly offered it to the highest tribunal, the Royal Berlin Academy. The best chemists of the time examined it microscopically, and could find no flaw. Lepsius, the great Egyptologist, went through the whole text, and declared that the book could not be a forgery, because no one except Uranios could have known the names of the ancient Egyptian kings and the right dates of the various dynasties, which were exactly such as he had settled them in his books. The thought that Simonides might have consulted these very books never entered anybody's mind. Great was the excitement in the camp of the Egyptologists, and, though the price demanded by Simonides was shamefully extravagant, Bunsen persuaded the then King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., to pay it and to secure the treasure for Berlin. Dindorf, the famous Greek scholar, had been intrusted by Simonides with the editing of the text, and he had chosen the Clarendon Press at Oxford to publish the first specimen of it. In the meantime unfavorable reports of Simonides reached the German newspapers, and during a new examination of the MS. some irregularities were detected in the shape of the uncial M, and at last one passage was discovered by a very strong microscope where the blue ink had run across the letters of the modern Greek text. No doubt could then remain that the whole MS. was a forgery.


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## BOOK NOTES

*The Revolt of a Daughter*, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), comes in one of the prettiest covers of the season—a green affair decorated with sprawling poppies. The story is very much in Mrs. Kirk's usual vein—a narration of the clever doings of rather clever people—in particllar of the daughter who does the revolting. This young woman who is about seventeen and Italian by birth, visits New England with her American mother, twice widowed. She promptly falls in love with her mother's rejected sweetheart—the mother objects—the daughter persists—and herein lies the rebellion. But in all due time, things come to a satisfactory ending and true love finally comes into its own.

D. Appleton & Co., have published a Manual of Physical Drill, by Lieutenant Edmund L. Butts, U. S. A. The object of the manual is to systematize physical training in the army, and as the simplest mode of description, illustration is used. Simple and progressive exercises on the different apparatus, and the principles of wall scaling, climbing, etc., are given as being essential to the athletic training. Methods pursued in preparing for track and field events are added as matters of general interest and information.

*A Browning Courtship*, and other stories by Eliza Orne White (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is little above average interest. The title sketch, *A Browning Courtship*, is rather ordinary, displaying a knowledge of Browning rather than of effective story telling, although the idea is somewhat original. The brightest story in the book is *Two Anthors*, a pretty, natural tale, simple and agreeably true to nature.

### A Nocturne.

"I will arise and go unto my Dear,
And at her tiny mouth this longing slake;
Though she is sleeping and a chanticleer
Marks night's meridian, I'll bid her wake
And walk with me the fields, while lev'rets feed
Where fauns of eld heard Pan's o'ermastering reed."

Then I went out beneath the naked sky,—
Naked, because her vap'ry covering
Lay in that void where Lost Endeavors lie,
Which, when the far-off gods see hovering,
Like wraiths below the edges of our world,
Their lips at Man in proud contempt are curled.

As though the universe knew Mary slept,—
And silence reigned despotic in the spheres,
So motionless was ev'rything except
My heart, whose throb made discord in my ears,
Nor moved there aught in Heaven's blue afar,
Save, twitching noislessly, one nervous star.

It was a night such as the first night was,
When God, sole witness of the darkened earth,
Before dividing by omnipotent laws
Those elements akin to death and birth
Stood meditating on what should be done
Ere He conceived the image of the sun.

Then all desireless I walked alone,
Long in the mighty awe midnight inspires;
I heard a tremor from the dim Unknown,
Felt Hope replenish her low altar-fires,
And dying faith in Man new life-lease take,
But did not say, nor care to say: "Awake!"

—*Ralph Johnson in the Chap-Book.*


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# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## News of the Football Field, with Side Notes on Athletic Affairs.

California's game against Reliance on Saturday last was a blending of common-place and brilliant football. None of the players except Hall showed remarkable form, and he only on the offensive. Though his defense was showy and sure, he did not go fast into the line to meet the runner before a gain was made. Hall allowed his man to make feet or yards and then brought him down hard and without further advance. When Berkeley's captain remedies this fault his game will be very strong. Bender as quarter was steady, but proved to those who have watched both men that he is outclassed by Haskell. Bender will be a first class man, though, in case Haskell's injuries do not allow the ex-captain to play. Those who have California's interests at heart sincerely hope this may not be, as they deem Haskell one of the mainstays of the eleven. It is no discredit to Bender, or to those who directed the U. C. players on Saturday, to say that with Haskell at quarter to handle the men their play would have been 25 per cent more effective.

* *

Football comparisons are always futile. To draw parallels between the play of the two colleges at present is impossible. Neither one nor the other is playing football. With them both it is a time of experiment, of hammering the principles of the game into green men and of shifting and changing in general. Now, the coaches are beginning to decide which men will be of value to their teams, and the style of play they have chosen. From this on there will be less trying of men in this or that position, more energy will be put to developing team work and in laying out novel and effective plans of attack and defense. The coach who can hammer green material into a stiff, fairly capable line and develop good backs from new men is not always the man to round the team into its best playing form. Mr. Nott has proven his ability to teach the game to beginners. If he be only half so successful in doing what remains to be done, California will have an eleven, victor vanquished, that the college need not be ashamed of.

* *

Nott's judgment in backs was vindicated by the work of the men. Griesberg's fumbling may be excused when we consider his greenness; and the probabilities all favor his overcoming this fault in the weeks of practice before Thanksgiving. Instead of weakening the center by his withdrawal Nott has strengthened it, especially on the defense, by utilizing Griesberg's great agility to aid any point of the centre that may be menaced. Kaarsberg and Mayer won their spurs, both playing good but not brilliant games, and both promising improvement. Barnes did not play up to his best; both tackles, in fact, disobeyed instructions by playing too close in, and so robbed us of a chance to gauge Nott's defense. Craig who was put in with some misgiving proved, next to Hall, to be the best individual of the eleven, and showed that experience and persistence count in foot ball as well as in anything else. The centre men did much better than was expected and can be worked up into an adequate trio.

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The hard and thoroughly good tackling of California was apparent throughout the game. That they seemed to play the better game was due to this and to Hall's good running. Reliance game is not to be taken as any criterion of their play. The athletic clubs always slump about mid-season. The absence of a number of good men made them fall far short of the standard they set in previous games. With the simplest kind of straight plays California gained, and was usually able to stop attacks directed at any other point than tackle.

* *

I know that every lover of the game and well wisher of the Universities hopes with me that the two colleges have learned by experience and that they will profit by the lessons to be learned from the officialing of the games that have been played this year. There is no comment to be made on the rulings that gave Reliance a touch down and lost them a goal. Such things are matters to be left entirely to the official judgment. When Captains engage in debate with the referee or umpire about a decision they not only lower their dignity, but they do decided injury to the game by disgusting the spectators. People pay to see the game played and really care little one way or another for decisions unless they are manifestly unfair. No one could accuse Fickert or Carle of unfairness. Such points as have come up for discussion on the field this season might well, if developed during the intense partisan strain of the Thanksgiving game, threaten the pleasant athletic relations of the two colleges. The character necessary to make a correct decision at the moment it is demanded is not possessed by every man. Not every one can watch the play properly, and some who can do that can not be absolutely impartial, for one side or the other is apt to engage a man's sympathies during a hard fought game, no matter how impartial he may have been at the kick off. Add to this the fact that every man in this vicinity, whose football knowledge might lead him to be considered a possible referee or umpire, is to a greater or less degree interested in the outcome of the game, and it will be seen that the colleges were wise in the days when they sent to the North for Carter and (?) to act.

* *

If these gentlemen are not to be secured again surely the managers of the two elevens can find, either in the Northwest or in Denver, two others, who while strictly non-partisan, will have the requisite knowledge and decision to make them acceptable officials. Not only should such gentlemen be secured but they should be secured very soon. The sooner the better.

* *

The captains of elevens ought to insist that no man on the team save themselves has anything to say during a game. Such a rule, strictly enforced, would please the spectators, who are not edified when the current of interest in a fast game is broken by players disputing with the officials. Had Reliance yielded the point on Saturday, the college men would have lost five minutes' chance to recuperate, and in all probability sharp play would have forced them for another touchdown.

* *

Besides laudation of stars, California's coach has to contend with the spirit that has kept Harvard's colors lowered for so long. There are too many fingers in the pie at Berkeley. Executive athletic committees should recognize the right of a coach to supreme control, and use their power only to support and strengthen him—never to interfere in any way with his policy. A glance at the work of the eleven ought to convince any one that Holt is master of his business. It is true that former elevens have showed better team form at this time in the season, but never has it been necessary to teach so many tyros the A B C's of the game. In spite of this, no California eleven has known, this early, so much of the kind of football it should, and so little it should not. There has been no attempt to develop team work—the men have been learning their positions, and Thanksgiving Day will show the wisdom of the course. Whether victory or defeat fall to them, certainly the eleven will be a better trained one than California has had in the field for some years, and, I believe, will show greater knowledge of the essential points of the game than any team that has ever come out of Berkeley. When these essentials have been learned the eleven will round into team form very rapidly. Then the malcontents who are grumbling now will be singing the praises of their coach.

* *

To find efficient guards and ends is evidently going to give Mr. Nott more trouble than the filling of any other positions. Among the many candidates for tackle, there are a number of men who promise well. Nott is losing no sleep over backs—he has plenty of them, and good ones, too. Greisberg, when he learns to pass the ball better, will give a good account of himself at center. Hooper and Ludlow are the most formidable candidates for the guard positions. The former is light and inexperienced, but he learns fast and plays with a snap that ought to make him efficient. He reminds one of McMillan, who was the best guard that ever wore the cardinal of Stanford. A question that was asked often during the memorable slaughter of the U. C. hopes last year was, "What is wrong with Ludlow?" Why he, with his magnificent physical equipment and good head should have been so overwhelmingly outplayed was a mystery. The same thing happened in the first U. C. game. Ludlow, it is true, made a number of good stops, but time and again he was boxed, or shouldered out of the play, all because he did not watch the ball. He keeps his attention fastened on the backs. Watching the opposing backs may be good policy for some, but Ludlow will never reach the point of play he ought until he learns to keep the ball in sight while he watches his opponent. If he can learn to do this he ought to become as effective as any man on the coast.

* *

One of the reasons advanced by the Olympic Club for withdrawing from the old association was that the representation allowed them was inadequate. The club argues fairly enough that so powerful an institution as they are, representing many branches of athletics and hundreds of members, should have more voice in the affairs of any body to which they may belong than an institution like the Lurline Swimming Club, with less than half a hundred members, all devoted to one branch of sport. This club and the boating and boxing clubs had all an equal voice in government with the Olympic and Reliance clubs—a state of affairs that was manifestly unjust to the Olympic Club. The same complaint is being raised in the East, especially in New York. The large clubs, such as the New York and New Jersey Athletic Clubs, are chafing because the innumerable petty clubs in and about city have equal voice with them in all islation for the Metropolitan district. fact is that the A. A. U. is in a bad way. T Pacific Coast branch of it is as well conducted as can be by men who are earnest and honest in their zeal for amateur sport. There are few other such branches. In the East professionalism is countenanced.

* *

Wefers, the greatest of runners, has been proven a professional, and the proofs have been in the hands of the A. A. U. officials for months. Yet because he is a wonderful performer, and because he is such a drawing card that his name on a programme will bring profit to the club on whose grounds he appears, he is still competing as an amateur. His is not the only case of professionalism known to the A. A. U. officials that they have ignored for just such reasons or for others equally unwarranted. The officers of the association seem to have no thought for the best interests of athletics. Anything to secure re-election appears to be their motto. Friends must be made even if it is necessary at frequent intervals to shut the eyes to rank professionalism in order to retain them. One man high in authority is advertising agent for A. G. Spalding & Co., the athletic goods firm. To him the Union is but a means to advance his employer's business interests. Protests, unless they come from people powerful enough to advance the interests of these able governors, are unnoticed, or noticed only to be used later as political levers. So demoralized is the organization at headquarters, that had the Olympic Club been an institution known to stand for the best in amateur athletics, its defection would have been the sign for a breaking up of the A. A. U. The new association fathered by the Olympic Club might have been the leader in a national movement, the dean of an athletic organization that would enforce and guard amateurism in the length and breadth of this country. Even now there is a chance. If the Olympic Club is in earnest, and will support Judge Lawler, Howard Taylor and the other men who have the real interest of athletics at heart, a way may be found to better conditions on the coast.

* *

The two colleges are out of place in the Pacific Association. Membership in it is unnecessary and undesirable to them, and they are seriously considering withdrawal. Both are in the Western Intercollegiate. This affords them all the athletic protection they need. For that matter a Pacific Coast intercollegiate could readily be arranged and might be of value. In case the colleges did withdraw the backbone would be taken from the association. The Reliance Club would then be the only powerful organization left in it. Such a condition of affairs would offer opportunity for men like Judge Lawler and Messrs. Humphrey, Eliott and Taylor to build a new league on the ruins of the two bodies that now exist. Such an organization wisely planned and firmly ruled might grow to be a national affair. The time is ripe, and the A. A. U. demoralized. The possibilities of such a movement are great, its success depends only on whether the Olympic Club is sincere, and will be persistent in its newly avowed friendship for the truly amateur in sport.

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The Brilliant Romance in Four Acts
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Reserved Seats 25c.; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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## FINANCE AND TRADE

### Bullion Shipments — Stocks and Shares —The Produce Market.

*Thursday Evening.*

While the tendency in foreign centers is towards dearer money, the rates of discount having recently advanced in London, Paris and Berlin, the strong positiou of the banks in the Uuited States in respect of reserves, at the present time, and the absencc just now of any speculative movement in the stock markets, encourage the belief that in the immediate future there will be no appreciable advance in the value of money on this side. The chief conditions that engage attention are the enormous increase in the volume of trade throughout the country, large additions to railway earnings, and the means to be taken for retaining the gold from abroad which has lately been coming forward, but is liable to reflow in the usual course of events. As the winter approaches more nearly money may become dearer.

A further consignment of 450,000 sovereigns arrived here from Sydney to-day per steamer "Alameda," making the total value of gold shipments from the Australian colonies since August last $8,250,000.

In silver an advance has to be recorded, a point having been reached that has not been touched since July last. Bars have been in good demand locally at 59¼, and large shipments have been made to the Orient, where there is considerable activity accordihg to the latest advices. Nevertheless, the future of the white metal is exceedingly uncertain, its position being rendered the more sensitive by the continuing doubt as to international agreement with regard to bi-metallism.

During the period under review the local Bond market has for the most part presented a strong front, first class issues being in good demand at slightly enhanced prices. The securities of the Southern Pacific railway have been firm at higher prices. Market-Street railway 5 per cent bonds have been enquired for at 110.

For the new bonds of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley railroad the demand has continued to be very keen, the syndicate having declined to receive any further bids for the next instalment to be placed on the market.

For Spring Valley water stock the inquiry has been somewhat light, but the value has been well maintained since our last report, and the price closing to-day at 99½ shows a slight improvement, after allowing for the recent dividend.

Mutual Electric has taken a little spurt, owing to the reports that the company is doing a good business. Gas stocks have exhibited signs of weakness generally, due to a persistent rumor, which has been going the rounds, of fresh opposition in the field. The story cannot be traced to any particular source, but it has undoubtedly exercised a weakening effect. Gas and Electric are quoted 96¼, while for Pacific Gas Improvement there is no demand.

In the Share market the Banks generally remain very firm. Bank of California have changed hands at 241 and are still enquired for at that figure.

In the Miscellaneous division there have been considerable sales of Vigorit Powder at 3⅝, 3⅞. Alaska Packers Association have been dealt in at 98¼. Sugar stocks are steady but inactive, and probably will be the medium of but little business between now and the meeting of Congress, when Hawaiian affairs will come up for decision.

The local grain market has been dull and unsettled, although the feeling has somewhat improved since the beginning of the week. A reduction in the estimated requirements of European countries and a reported increase in visible supplies have produced a somewhat uneasy feeling for the moment. December No. 1 has been dealt in to-day at 1.47½.

Encouraging reports are coming to hand of the vintage throughout the State, and though the price of grapes in the leading vineyard districts is somewhat irregular, about $10 per ton being the more general figure, growers are in sight of a satisfactory outcome of their year's work. The crop is expected to be considerably above the average and the Eastern demand for California wine is found to be steadily on the increase.

Live Stock continues in good inquiry, and is firmly held. Owing to the receipt of large supplies of hogs, both here and in Chicago, rates have been slightly irregular, and at times somewhat easier, otherwise the general tone of the meat market is distinctly upward.

For latest styles in fall neckwear and hosiery J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st. Shirts to order.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

## TURF TOPICS

### The Coming Ingleside Meeting — Stud-Book Registration—Horse Shows.

The publication by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club of the book programme for the first two weeks of their meeting, beginning on November 1st, reminds us of the near approach of our winter racing season. On Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week there will be six events and on the other days five races each day. The purses vary from $350 to $500 each and four stake events are also set for decision.

Messrs. J. A. Murphy and J. W. Wilson will preside in the judges' stand, Captain Rees, who acted here last year, being prevented for private reasons from coming to California. Starter Caldwell will be on duty at the gate.

The patrons of Ingleside and Oakland will find many improvements on the tracks since last season, both places beginning to take on a finished appearance, and many little touches having been given which will add to the comfort and convenience of the general public and all who are engaged in racing. It is proposed to improve the street-car service to Ingleside on race-days by running more through cars and expediting the service by more frequent trips than formerly.

Amongst the strings that have recently arrived are those of Edward Corrigan, Burns & Waterhouse and Atkin & Lottridge. The first-named lot are stabled at Ingleside and the two others at Oakland. James McCormick, who was so ill last winter and unable to come to California, is again in command of the Burns & Waterhouse training operations.

The Harlem meeting is reported to have been a great success, and racing men have been glad to see the sport flourishing again in Chicago. It means improved prospects for breeders, who have undoubtedly suffered to a considerable extent by the closing of important tracks in that city and elsewhere. So long as racing is subject to the attacks of would-be legislators and the disagreements of associations owning race-courses, owners and breeders of blood-stock are greatly prejudiced and their property severely depreciated. There seems reason to hope that next summer there will be racing at Chicago on the same scale as in former years. The present meeting at Harlem will continue for another week or so, making about ninety days racing there altogether, and a total of some $230,000 distributed in purses.

Of the three Ormonde yearlings recently shipped to Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough in New York from his Menlo Park stud, two are now advertised for sale. These are the colt out of Jongleuse by Alarm and the filly out of Dizzy Blonde by Chillicothe. If not sold privately they will be put up at public auction on the 26th instant at Morris Park. These youngsters are the first of imp. Ormonde's get that have been offered for sale in this country.

Owners and breeders should not forget that Stud book registration is a matter requiring immediate attention, as the rules of The Jockey require that foals shall be registered before Nov. 1st. of the year of foaling, if it is intended to race them on courses under the auspices of The Jockey Club. The American Stud Book, now the property and under the control of The Jockey Club, is open for the registration of *all thoroughbred horses, no matter of what year or what time presented.* The fee charged is $2.00 per head. No charge is made for claiming names nor for recording brood mares.

This is evidently going to be a banner horse-show year and San Francisco is out of the running, having failed to stay, although getting the start of several other centers. The Chicago event looks most promising. Pittsburg has just had its first show, which was most liberally supported, while the Kansas City and St. Louis undertakings both met with success. All of these cities took up the modern horse show movement at a later date than San Francisco.

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Transfer books will close Thursday, October 14th, 1897, at 3 o'clock p.m.

E. H. SHELDON,
Secretary.

## ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Belcher Silver Mining Company**

Assessment No. 56
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| Ash Fork..... | 7 40 am | Wednesday |
| Flagstaff ..... | 10 15 am | " |
| Albuquerque ... | 10 25 pm | " |
| Las Vegas..... | 4 [illegible] am | Thursday |
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Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. October 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Stmr. Pomona, 2 p.m. October 1, 5, 9, 13, 18, 22, 26, 30; November 3, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 29; December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28.

For Newport, Los Angeles and Way Ports, 9 a.m. Oct. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Hartford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo--Los Angeles--and Newport, at 11 a.m. Oct. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31 and every fourth day thereafter.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Anthony Trollope, the well-known novelist, while in the employ of the London Postoffice, was passing one day through the money order office to his own room and distinctly saw a letter-sorter abstract a sovereign from a letter and put it in his pocket. The man was given into custody, committed to prison, and brought to trial. The only witness was the gentleman who saw the theft committed. At the close of the examination for the prosecution, the counsel for the prisoner thus addressed the witness—"I believe, sir, besides holding an appointment in the Postoffice, you are a popular author?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Pray, sir, what may be the class of books you write?" "Works of imagination." "Works of imagination, fiction, lies? Pray, sir, how long is it since you first began to gain your livelihood in part by such an occupation?" "Nine years." "Your mother, I believe, was also an author and wrote similar books. May I ask for how many years she gained a livelihood by doing so?" "Twenty." Then turning to the jury, the counsel said: "Gentlemen, I am sure no British jury will convict the prisoner upon the unsupported evidence of a person who comes here and tells you that he has for nine years gained a part of his livelihood by telling lies, and that his mother before him had followed the same calling for twenty years." Notwithstanding the judge's summing up, the jury acquitted the prisoner, probably never having heard Trollope's name until he appeared in the witness-box.

Haweis, in his reminiscences, tells of an extraordinary courtship in Union County, Tennessee. "I was in the 'frog-pond' district of the county, when a young man rode up in front of the cabin where I was stopping and spoke to a girl who was dipping water from a spring. 'Howdy, Sal?' 'Howdy, Tom?' 'Come jump on the hoss an' go to Erwin with me.' 'What fur?' 'Ter git married.' 'But yo hain't done co'ted me yit.' 'I know I hain't; but I've been too pestered with work. I allus intended to marry yer, though.' 'But I haint got no clo's,' remonstrated the girl. 'Well, we'll ride on yon side of Erwin to Sister Mag's in the cove, and I'll git yer a dress.' 'Sho'ly, Tom?' 'Sho'ly, Sal.' 'What kin' of a dress?' 'Best thar is in Lowe's sto'.' Not another word was said. Sal dropped the bucket, and jumped upon the horse, shouting to her mother, 'Mam, me an' Tom is goin' ter git married at Erwin! We'll be by here in tha mornin'. The mother started as if to call her back; but the horse was galloping down the lane, and she went and carried off the bucket of water without comment."

There was a controversy at the French Academy of Sciences in which Pasteur figured actively. It was in regard to a problem in bacteriology, and two men who were not distinguished in that line opposed the great scientist's position. He heard them patiently, and then rose, and, with much animation, answered them to the satisfaction of every one present; but in the excitement of the controversy forgot himself a little. Turning to the two men, he said, "Do you know what you lack? You"—indicating one of them—"lack the power of observation; and you"—the other—"lack the reasoning faculty!" There was an outcry at this, and Pasteur was rebuked by the president for exceeding the proper limits. Pasteur saw that the rebuke was just. "I am sorry," he said; "I was carried away by the heat of the discussion. I beg the pardon of the members to whom I have referred, and of this honorable body." Then Pasteur added, "Having recognized my fault, may I not mention an extenuating circumstance in my favor? All that I said was true—absolutely true!"

A Glasgow professor who was visiting Canada with the British Association in 1884 was desirous of seeing something of Northwestern life, and for this purpose repaired to an Alberta ranch. "I fixed him up as well as I could," the rancher relates, "but he complained that he did not like sleeping with his clothes on. So after the first night I stretched a cowskin across the shack, and told him he might undress if he liked. He took off most of his garments and put on a long white night dress. In the morning my foreman came in while the gentleman was still sleeping. Observing the white night dress, he said, in a whisper, 'Rather sudden—eh?' 'What?' I asked. 'The death of the old man.' 'He's not dead—he's asleep,' I explained. 'Then what's he wearin' them b'iled clothes for?' was the reply. 'Never saw a chap laid out in b'iled clothes afore, 'cept he were dead.'"

A gentleman recently had occasion to visit a village in the county of Durham, where his host was a pitman, who, like the majority of his class, liked to make the most of life as he found it. Entering into conversation with his guest, he invited him to take a drink with him, but the gentleman replied that he was a teetotaller. "Well, ye'll hev a pipe o' baccy wiv us?" said the hospitable pitman. "No, thank you—smoking does not agree with me." "Then hev a pinch o' snuff?" "No, I do not like the habit." "Ma sakes! Hev ye a dog?" "No—unfortunately, I do not possess a dog." "Mercy on us—ye divvent drink, ye divvent smoke, ye divvent snuff, ye hev no greyhoond—an' ye caall yorsel a man?"

In a certain county where Quakers were numerous the entire body, on one occasion, gathered together for one of their periodical meetings. After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony. "Bridget," said an unmannerly youthful member of the society, speaking across the table to a prim, elderly maiden lady' "wilt thou tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certainly, friend William," replied Bridget, in a voice audible over the room. "'Tis because I am not so easy pleased as thy wife was."


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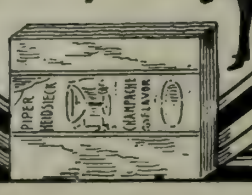

# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 44 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 30, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

THE STARR KING MONUMENT IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

Photo by Taber

# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 30, 1897


## CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 |
| The Question of Expert Testimony: by George Franklin Shiels | 2 |
| The French Mastery of Style: by William Henry Hudson | 2 |
| Things and People: by Boswell Jr. | 3-5 |
| The Comic Opera Season at the Tivoli; photos by Marceau | 6 |
| "The Associated Un-Charities": a Story by Frank Norris | 7 |
| Views of Sutter's Fort: by F. M. Braddock | 8 |
| How San Francisco Lives; by John Bonner | 9 |
| "Sutter's Fort": a Poem by Lucius Harwood Foote | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary | 10 |
| The Theatres | 11 |
| Genius and Matrimony; a Review by C. | 12 |
| Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| Finance and Trade | 14 |
| "On the Heights": a Review of Lucius H. Foote's Poems | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## "REGULATING" INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Insurance Commissioner Clunie is reported to be busily attempting to "regulate" the corporations that are unhappily engaged in the business of guaranteeing the California property-holder against losses by fire. While there has not yet arisen any public demand, great or small, for such "regulation," doubtless in circles where the ownership of property is regarded as a badge of crime, his performances will be regarded with much favor, for they promise well, in the line of destruction. It would seem to be only necessary in California to embark in a business enterprise, the conduct of which involves a contact with a large number of customers throughout the State, to immediately give birth to a desire, in the breast of some one, to "regulate" the enterprise. Complaints from patrons themselves may be infrequent; indeed there may be none at all; but the element of the community that never transacted a dollar's worth of business with the concern, seem to delight in the agitation and regard it as a holy duty to protect the citizens who are really interested, against a wrong that does not exist. It is a queer phase of human nature, but it is a phase nevertheless, that the loudest complaints against imaginary "public wrongs" emanate from those who would be least affected by the wrongs if they had existence.

The insurance situation in California is about this. Up to three years ago there was in operation here a compact under which the companies engaged in that business sold insurance at a fixed, uniform rate for each class of risk. So far as the public were informed the object and result of the compact lay in the uniformity of the rate, but of that, more anon. Dissensions arose, and the compact was broken. For three years past rates have been demoralized and cut to a point which, if maintained, would render the policy in the hands of the insured, a worthless bit of meaningless paper. Insurance that does not insure is valueless. The policy of insurance is a promissory note made payable when a certain contingency arises. Its value depends wholly upon the solvency of its maker, its cost upon the risk taken. In life insurance they have a mortality table, and men wise in such matters have long ago mapped out the course that Prudence points. It is clear as a mariner's chart, deviate from it and danger abounds on either side, and ultimate ruin is inevitable. Experience in such matters has been bought most dearly by many an unfortunate. In fire insurance they have an "experience table." It has been demonstrated that unless the past be taken as a guide to measure off the risks, the advantages and disadvantages that attend them, rates must be made unnecessarily high or unreasonably low. Neither condition is healthy nor to be desired. The man of insurance deals in probabilities, not in certainties; he has no other guide but that of experience. His own experience alone will not answer. If he base his present rates upon last year's successful business he is very likely to come face to face with bankruptcy the next. So insurance companies have established a practice, that is world wide, of coming together and basing their rates upon the combined experience of all. They agree, besides, to share common expenses for the common good tending in the direction of economy of management, the support of fire companies and trained corps of men to preserve threatened property whether it is insured or not. It is against this compact that a warfare is now threatened. All of the companies have not joined the compact. Several large institutions still cut the rates. There is no monopoly or trust. The cheaper rate that grows out of competition, is open to the insured; but not among the companies who have based their rates upon a combined experience table.

So far as investigating the solvency of these companies goes, so far as insuring to the insured a strict compliance with the laws as to investments and securities, they cannot be too rigidly enforced or too closely inquired into. Anything and everything that renders the insurance more certain should receive the most jealous care of the State. But a schedule of low rates is not one of means of guaranteeing the insured the amount of his loss. On the contrary, it has proven an effective method of rendering a policy worthless.

Insurance business is as free as the air; there is less warrant for attacking it than there is for attacking any other quasi-public institution. There are hundreds of such companies in America that are not seeking California business. Unusual profits would at once attract them to this State. They stand as a regulative force that prevents exorbitant local rates. Just as a deserted, unused canal, built at great expense recently in England, has there lowered railway rates along its line, although its waters have never been freighted with a ton of merchandise.

## A REPLY FROM THE SOUTH.

The Los Angeles *Times* in its usual dignified and able manner has answered the question propounded the South in The Wave of the 16th. We have asked the entire press of the South for an expression of its opinion upon the question as to whether that section of the State most desires a Senator or Governor. While we do not doubt that the *Times* expresses the wishes of the great body of its people, it is nevertheless important that the free and untrammelled press of the South join in the verdict and make it unmistakable. When this is done The Wave stands ready to spread the sentiment among its northern contemporaries, and we feel more than confident that they will respond with a hearty, honest approval and support. The *Times* says:

> The South wants one of its people to represent it in the United States Senate when the term for which the Hon. Stephen M. White was elected has expired. * * *
>
> There is every reason why that Senator should come from the section lying south of the Tehachepi range of mountains, and none why he should not. In order that the State should be represented at Washington by men who know its needs, varied and widespread as they are, it is right and proper that the section which embraces its metropolis should have one Senator, and it is equally just that the section which contains its second city, which is growing and expanding with gigantic strides and which must be depended upon to roll up big Republican majorities, should be accorded the second place in the upper house at Washington.
>
> This is not entirely a geographical proposition—it goes beyond that. This long and narrow State has many and varied interests and industries, and it is impossible that men from San Francisco, or any other portion of Northern California, should be able to understand our needs and desires. It is a fact that never, until the election of Senator White, has this end of the State been able to get that hearing at the Nation's capital which its importance demands; but having once secured that representation, and knowing the value of it, the South will not only ask, but demand, that she shall have one of the Senatorships.
>
> The South has been steadfast and loyal to the North in this matter, in season and out of season. It supported the candidacy of Senator Perkins for the two-year term, and again for the six-year term, with a whole-heartedness and honesty which inspired his friends and made the victory for him certain. It did not do this in secret caucus or by airy promises made on the street-corners, but did it in party convention assembled, by instructing its representatives in the Legislature to vote for and use all honorable means to compass his election.
>
> The time is close at hand when the south will have a fair right to expect a return of the compliment, or, if you please, the honorable payment of the debt. This end of the State will present a candidate for the office who will adorn it with the same brilliancy and ability as does the Democratic incumbent, and it will expect for him the same enthusiastic support that was given to the cause of Senator Perkins by the people of Southern California.
>
> As to the Governorship of the State, the south has no candidate this year. It would not be becoming, even if it were possible of accomplishment, for this section to present candidates for both the offices of Governor and Senator, and no one but a neophyte in politics would suggest such a thing. The south grows rank with varied gubernatorial timber, which ranges from saplings to giants of the forest; but there will be no logging of that kind in the next campaign. We want the Senatorship and there the south stands fast, secure in the belief that it is asking no more than its merits warrant, and promising, when the time comes, to present a candidate who will represent the great State of the Pacific with courage, fidelity and loyalty to the best interests of the whole people, north and south. The man or men who stand in the way of this ambition must step aside. It is not a propitious moment for the small man to get into the running, and, for the sake of his personal gain or honor, hope to exalt himself to the gubernatorial office and leave the position of Senator to go to a section of the State already ably represented. The south asks for its rights, and if need be—which let us hope will not be the case—will fight for them.

United States Consul Eugene Germain, writing from Zurich, Switzerland, reports large shortages in many of the leading crops of fruit in Europe this season. He therefore considers that there will be a good chance to place American dried fruits in the European markets, provided growers ship choice goods only. Transportation and other charges being high, it will not pay to ship anything but the very best. Nothing smaller than 80s in French prunes, and all other dried fruits, such as apricots, peaches and pears must be of uniform size, bright and packed in an attractive manner. Owing to the damage caused by drought to the crop of Malaga raisins in Spain, fancy clusters and first-class London layers should fetch good prices this season in our home markets.

## THE QUESTION OF EXPERT TESTIMONY

BY GEORGE FRANKLIN SHIELS, M.D.

The widespread interest in the trial of one Leutgert for the murder of his wife in Chicago, has chiefly centered upon the medical expert testimony, in which certain well-known medical men and physiologists took part on either side.

From the double-type headings of the daily papers one would gather that these gentlemen had placed themselves in an unenviable light, and that they had been held up as objects of ridicule by the sharp-witted and sharper-tongued attorneys. As a matter of fact medical expert testimony, in fact all expert testimony, as now introduced in courts of justice, can be of little value, since any clever lawyer can demonstrate such a conflict between expert-opinion witnesses, that their evidence must of a necessity bear but little weight in the conferences of well-balanced juries. But the matter to which it is desired to call attention is the attitude assumed by both the lawyers and their experts in this case of the People vs. Leutgert, and incidentally to most of the cases, criminal and civil, where this type of testimony is introduced.

The lawyers, both for the defense and prosecution, *give two or three hours a day to the deep and exhaustive study of all the branches of medicine which could possibly bear upon the subject at issue, and often they devote this amount of time for days, weeks, and even as much as a whole month.* What wonder is it that they should, with characteristic legal modesty, appear in court with a knowledge of medicine and its collateral sciences which it takes an ordinary mortal a lifetime to acquire. Proud of their prowess, forgetting the limits of the patience of judges and juries, nay the interests of the prisoner on trial and even justice itself, these Solons usually employ all means to show how deeply learned they are, and by cheap pitfalls, traps, and technical objections, do their best to harass and ridicule the expert, who, after all, has only been called to express an opinion, which opinion, like all other evidence can be considered or thrown out by the jury in their final deliberations. No better demonstration of these methods could be found than in this very Leutgert case. Fragments of bone, without any characteristic classifying markings, were given the experts to describe and classify. Bones of anthropoid apes, which most closely resemble their human homologues and analogues, and which could have no possible bearing on the case at issue, were used as stumbling-blocks to discredit the experts on either side, until not only the judge, the jury, and Chicago, but the world at large, became tired of hearing it through the columns of a daily press, which seems to exult in a minute description of all that is horrible, grotesque, and disgusting.

Now as to the medical expert testimony itself. The only questions to be answered were: "Could a human body be boiled in a vat with caustic potash and completely destroyed in the manner described?" This question was completely answered by the results of the experiments made by Doctor Bernhard L. Riese, which showed that such was the case, with the exception of the skull and large bones of the legs and arms. "Can you" (the expert under examination) "state whether the fragments of bone found in the vat were those of a human being, or of a hog, or of some lower animal?" The answer to this evidently could only be the expression of an opinion, since from all that can be gathered, it would seem that the treatment to which they had been subjected had removed all the markings which could be positively identifying. But no—these experts, through long and involved examination and cross-examinations, through taunts and insults, through personal vanity and through ill-feeling, were forced to inflict themselves on judge, jury and public for a period of weeks, in a burlesque of an examination in comparative anatomy, with a noisy, gesticulating attorney as examiner, a judge as master of ceremonies, and twelve innocent and bewildered jurymen as a committee to allot the diploma of wise men to the winners, and of fools to the losers. The diploma in this case to be written for the world to read by a number of sensation-seeking newspaper reporters.

In the meantime Mr. Leutgert was on trial for his life!

What has been said of the Leutgert case is more or less true of all cases, where this form of expert or opinion-evidence is introduced, and so long as it is introduced as it is now, just so long will we have this undignified, may I add, unjust and unseemly, conflict of opinion. It is almost laughable to hear the flat contradictions which occur when medical experts are put on the stand by contesting parties, and it must lead the intelligent mind to formulate a poor opinion of the profession. Further, since to be a doctor is to be an expert, it is easily understood how a fledgling by merely contradicting with ignorant positiveness the ripe opinion of a weighty authority, might practically destroy its value in guiding the jury.

There is only one way out of this difficulty, and that is to leave the matter entirely to the court, who could call one or a dozen experts to elucidate any technical points which might need clearing up. It may be urged that this plan places too much power in the hands of the judge, but the more responsibility and power vested in the judicial office, the more readily will the man sink his own personality, and rise to a full appreciation of the grave, dignified, honorable nature of the position which the people have called upon him to occupy.

The official report of the earnings of the Kiel Canal for the first two years of its existence is of a very unsatisfactory character. The income is far below what was anticipated. The annual tonnage was estimated at an equivalent of 18,000 vessels, which, it is said, would pass through and pay a toll of 5,000,000 marks, but the returns give 1,086,000 marks only. It is recognized that the canal is badly constructed, is full of faults, and that large steamers are avoiding it in order to save delay.

According to recently-pubiished statistics, the annual beer product of the older parts of the world is about 17,700,000,000 quarts. The contributions of the greatest beer-producing countries to this total are substantially as follows: Germany, 5,000,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 4,700,000,000; United States, 3,200,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 1,350,000,000; Belgium, 1,050,000,000; France, 840,000,000; Russia, 400,000,000.

## THE FRENCH MASTERY OF STYLE

By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

Under this title there appears in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an unusually interesting and suggestive article from the pen of the great French critic, who recently visited this country — Ferdinand Brunetiere. The essay may well attract attention, for two reasons — first, because everything that Brunetiere writes is marked by extraordinary learning, insight and orginality; and secondly, because in this case he deals with a subject which the English reader will be particulary glad to see discussed by a Frenchman who speaks with authority.

That the fact of the matter is as Brunetiere states it, no one who knows French literature at all well, from the time of Ronsard downward, is likely to deny. Whatever other characteristics we may find distinguishing that literature, whatever qualities we may miss in studying it, we cannot overlook the supreme excellence of style, upon which the critic lays stress. In the power of marshalling ideas, of organizing material, of presenting thoughts with precision, persuasiveness, grace, we must recognize in the French the masters of the modern world. For the tyro in letters who feels himself lapsing into nebulousness or running into prolixity, who flounders hopelessly in his argument, or struggles vainly to give simple and forcible utterance to what he wants to express, there is still no school, no discipline, so good as the school and discipline of Pascal, Bossuet, Voltaire and their followers in the French stylistic tradition. "Ce qui n'est pas clair, n'est pas Francais"—what is not clear, is not French — wrote Rivarol, in 1781, proclaiming in one memorable sentence (often, by the bye, credited to Voltaire himself) the informing principle, the dominant conception, of all the best French writing, in verse no less than in prose. And though to-day, when we turn to the productions of the Symbolists and the Decadents, we may be led to imagine for a moment that the ideal has been forgotten, one may rest assured that it is too deeply embedded in the very fundamentals of French culture to be permanently set aside by a handful of second-rate novelty-mongers, for whose work we may prophesy the speedy oblivion which it deserves.

But given this general fact, then what can we say by way of accounting, to some extent at any rate, for it? If French has long been accepted by the cultivated world as an "instrument of international exchange and universal communication" by reason of the "transparent and radiant clearness" which characterizes it, can we show cause for such a condition of things? Can the French stylistic tradition be analyzed and explained?

These are the questions which M. Brunetiere sets himself to answer. And to begin with, he disclaims for his native tongue any initial advantage over other languages on the score of natural superiority. Here, perhaps, did space serve, we might have the temerity to protest a little, since it seems to us that, while French undoubtedly lacks the strength and vitality of English, the sweetness of Italian, the sonorousness of Spanish, clearness, precision, were from the outset among the inherent tendencies of that particular branch of the Latin family of speech. But we will waive this point, that we may at once reach M. Brunetiere's main contention, which, briefly stated, is, that for three or four hundred years French writers and the French public have concurred in regardiug their common language as a work of art, and in treating it as such. Style, therefore, has been, he conceives, a matter of long, careful, intensive cultivation—a cultivation in which authors and readers have alike had their part. "To be artistic in one's speech . . . this everybody has been and tries to be among us." We have here, then, no isolated phenomenon, no mere fad of coteries and schools, no working ideal of a small literary class, considered as such. Style among the French is rather to be interpreted as primarily a national instinct, the impulse of which has developed, in the course of several centuries, that high standard of form which an acute and intelligent public has insisted on, and generation after generation of writers has striven to reach.

That this cultivation of language as itself a work of art has had its manifold and serious dangers, M. Brunetiere is too conservative a critic not to admit. When once language is definitely conceived in this way, we must necessarily run the risk of seeing in it, sooner or later, nothing but language—of treating words as ends in themselves. From the *precieux* down to Bandclaire, Gautier, Flaubert, and Paul Verlaine, this tendency — another expression of art for art's sake—has been more or less conspicuous in French literature—sometimes very conspicuous indeed. How shall this dangerous bias towards an idle and meaningless virtuosity be checked and corrected. M. Brunetiere contents himself with showing concretely how it *has* been checked and corrected by the real masters of French literature—and, we may add, by the masters of all other literature, in whom the sense of style has been very strongly developed. "They have understood, or been made to understand" (for the alert public and its critical counsellors may in more than one case have forced the moral) "that language, though a work of art, still continues to be, above all, a medium for the communication of thoughts and feelings that may be called their instrument of exchange, their current coin; and that, consequently, perfect art cannot be conceived or sought apart from those attributes which are the attributes of thought itself."

Readers of Brunetiere will recognize here familiar doctrine. But with the critic's own position we need not now concern ourselves. What we have for the moment to notice is, that here he gives us a two-fold explanation of the French mastery of style. First of all, instinctively and through the power of a great and ancient tradition, language is held to be a work of art; writers consistently treat it as such; critics and the wider reading public insist that it shall be so treated by them. But sccondly, writers, critics, and the reading public, have, save in exceptional cases, clearly understood that this work of art—language—has an end beyond itself—the complete and adequate expression of ideas and emotions. What is not clear is not French. True; but the clearness is not a thing to be sought for its own sake. It means that when a writer has anything to say, he shall be able to say it to the best advantage—that we shall be able to see at once through the medium of communication to that which is to be communicated. It is this combination of qualities that makes the most characteristic French work just what it is. This is the supreme lesson which the masters of French, more than the writers of any other nation, have for several centuries been teaching the civilized world.

M. Brunetiere proceeds to show the way in which, as a result of this great coherent stylistic tradition, the French language and its literature have gained special fitness for the discussion of what are now called "social problems," and the expression of general ideas. But into this part of his argument, attractive as it is, we must not now follow him. One other point, admirably made, and, as it seems to me, of extreme significance, may, however, be touched upon, because, like the foregoing topics, its bearings are not merely local and temporary, since it will appeal to everyone who is at all occupied with the larger questions of style.

French prose, our author points out (and the truth of the remark is at once apparent), is distinguished from, say German and English prose, by its nearness to conversation—to the spoken word. "We are sometimes told that we must not write as we talk. This is a mistake against which, in case of need, our whole classic literature would protest. To write as we talk is precisely what we should do, with the proviso, of course, that we talk correctly." This practice of writing as nearly as possible as they would talk—of making literature approximate to conversation—is part then, of the practice of the great French prosaists. But now, observe that conversation implies a speaker and a listener or listeners; to whom we adapt our style, by whom we desire to be readily and easily understood. And it is the habit of French writers, conceiving their art as a form of cultivated personal intercourse, to write with their eyes always on their public, to carry this public always with them in the exposition of this thought. Carlyle, Browning, Schilling, even Goethe, wrote with less regard to their readers than to themselves; if they were intelligible to themselves, they seemed to care little or nothing about the difficulty others might have in following them. "But a French writer always speaks to his reader as he would to a hearer, or to one with whom he is conversing . . . His endeavor is, not to veil his thought, but on the contrary to lay it bare. He does not try to screen it, as it were, from the eyes of the profane, but, on the contrary, he takes every pains to render it accessible to them. He does not keep his secret jealously to himself, but he desires rather to impart it to everybody—to his countrymen, to foreigners, to the world." This important fact of the sense of relationship between the French writer and his public will go far to explain many things in French style; but for the moment it interests us most because it helps us to understand more fully than would be otherwise possible, that great French tradition of clearness and precision, to which we are glad that M. Brunetiere should have directed the attention of the American world of letters.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

The launching of the Maguire boom was premature. The Congressman was certainly ill-advised, for the announcement of his pretensions has fallen woefully flat. Though most men admit the strength of his candidacy, yet its only endorsement comes from his immediate friends and his office force, Though the "Monarch" canvassed the town for interviews the paltry showing it made was the best it could obtain. It has been suggested that the gleeful energy of the *Examiner's* enthusiasm was wrought up for the purpose of destroying Maguire in advance, but this theory is untenable. Mr. Hearst is not ungrateful; the service of the Congressman was rendered at the moment of greatest need, and imposed an inestimable obligation. It has been predicted that the men to whom Maguire confides his political fortunes would excite an opposition that must eventually react on himself. The Congressman is strong before the people, if he can ever place himself before them, but his candidacy does not appeal to the men who mould conventions. The Governor has many offices to fill; it is currently assumed that Maguire would reward with place, not men who had assisted in his election, but a regiment of Tracys and Gallaghers—personal connections, who have never served their party, but, by reason of an alleged relationship, have always been a charge upon it. It is a fact also that Maguire is a self-centered man, whose mind is so immersed in problems that he fails to appreciate services rendered him. Not that he is naturally ungrateful, but he is unconscious and forgetful. Even his friends admit as much. This is the general impression about the man, and, in addition to the charge of the *Exrminer's* endorsement, which is a detriment at the moment, explains why his boom has flattened out.

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Grave charges have been preferred by Dr. Wendte and John P. Irish against the management of the Ione and the Whittier Reform Schools. Secretary of State L. H. Brown, who has been to both institutions and speaks with a full knowledge of the circumstances and conditions in each, corroborates all that has been said, and reiterates the charges in simple and direct terms. Governor Budd contributes in reply a lengthy denial, alleging mainly what improvements he has wrought in the management of State institutions, but really begging the question at issue. Is it true that boys at Whittier have been flogged till they fainted and that it is customary at Ione to whip boys with such severity as to draw blood? Is it true that the girls sent to Whittier to be reformed are allowed to and have the liberty to continue in their evil ways? These are all sensational charges and the community should be informed about them. The manner in which the several papers have gone about this affair is a surprising testimony to their lack of enterprise. It is no good interviewing Governor Budd, or re-interviewing John P. Irish. The public demand the facts, and if such barbarities have been practised, then punishment for the perpetrator. The places to enquire at are Ione and Whittier—not San Francisco or Oakland. Why do not Mr. Crothers of the *Bulletin* and Mr. John P. Young of the *Chronicle* dispatch reporters to these institutions and give us the truth? If this had happened under Governor Markham, depend on it the *Examiner* would have given us pages of horrors. Flogging has been abandoned in the army and navy—the knout is discredited in Russia. There has been a big outcry in England recently because a naval apprentice received twenty-four cuts with a birch, yet in California we are assured that boys at our model reform schools are whipped until their blood runs. It is sickening and shameful and disgraceful. Would we not shiver with horror if such a story came to us from Russia or South America?

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The assumption prevailing in certain respectable quarters that there is but one "push" and Rainey is its king, is happily a mistaken theory. The Bush street boss has a strong following, but by no means as powerful as that he possessed nine months ago. He has had to discriminate. This is the fatal necessity which curses the politician who leads men by their expectations. For every office there are fifty applicants, and a choice confers forty-nine disappointments. Rainey undertook to disburse the loaves and fishes, but not having a miraculous dispensation, hundreds went hungry away. The result is that the number of those who know there is nothing for them in his friendship is much greater than the force which has benefited by his patronage. The question of the "push" is interesting, however—there are several camps—Rainey's; then the old Buckley set, which has been reinforced by the disappointed office-seekers; the Curry-Crimmins set and the Kelly-Mahoney set—surely a charming aggregation which the respectable element of the community had well take heed of. It is improbable that these several forces can ever be persuaded to act together, for they all hate one another, and it is not impossible but that their machinations may be curbed by a new factor—the police. The antagonism between Gunst and Lees is sure to express itself in the forthcoming election. and the police will act on the side of the conservative element, from which they are entitled to expect more than from the vicious who would only curb the potency of the force for their own purposes.

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The ire of a certain section of the medical profession has been aroused by the sensational announcement of a new cure for consumption alleged to have been discovered by Dr. Hirschfelder. This physician is a gentleman of very good standing in his profession, and with a tendency towards original research. He has been experimenting along the lines of Dr. Koch's theory, and claims to have found a new process of preparing the tuberculin altering its constituents and adding to its efficiency. This is achieved by substituting peroxide of hydrogen for water as used by Koch. The peroxide of hydrogen is the variation. It seems that in certain cases in which the new lymph has been tried excellent results have been obtained.. Mr. T. H. Williams, Jr., a well known citizen, has been treated, and it is said, has been cured of tuberculosis and it is really his experience that has made so much talk. Now cometh the others who declare the "discovery" amounts to nothing whatever. Dr. Potter defines the difference between the two lymphs thus: "Professor Koch drives tuberculin through $H_2O$ by a powerful centrifugalizer. Professor Hirschfelder treats tuberculin with $H_2O_2$, peroxide of hydrogen." Next comes the committee of the Cooper Medical College, with which institution Dr. Hirschfelder is connected, to whom the alleged discovery had been referred for examination and reports. "Your committee fully endorses Dr. Hirschfelder's method but wishes to take more time to complete their formulated indorsement for permanent record." There is a pretty squabble over the affair, with lots of truth telling in prospect. I don't believe Dr. Hirschfelder is responsible for the degree of advertising conferred on him, and it is safe to assume that the world is as far distant from a preparation that will restore lung tissues destroyed by tuberculosis as science is from a lymph which will repair piles ravaged by the teredo.

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Quite the most extraordinary collection of pictures I have seen in a long time is that in the Park Museum. It is a heterogeneous gathering of early and latter day art comprising certain of the alleged master-pieces of Diehl, which are nearly as bad as they are large, together with effective examples of Corot, Diaz and innumerable unknowns. The Spooner pictures, which cover so much of the wall space, are quite without beauty or merit, and I can readily imagine their owner being delighted to rid herself of the painful necessity of gazing at them. In spite of the eminent foreigners, quite the best pictures there are by Californians. Yelland is represented by at least two interesting canvasses, while some of the landscapes by students of the Academy of Design, are far ahead of the alleged master-pieces. There is a highly allegorical early-day Keith—in his aboriginal style—which I imagine that artist would happily see dead and buried. It is interesting chiefly because it shows the rapid strides he has made since it was painted.

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Apropos of Keith—there is growing up quite a Keith school. The style and manner of the master are being adroitly copied by the rank and file, who really are producing some very creditable replicas. That Keith cares especially for this form of appreciation I don't believe, for he considers, doubtless, that the town is quite small enough for one of him. However, imitation is the sincerest flattery, in which there is some unction if less profit.

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Literary San Francisco is gradually emigrating to New York. Following Gelett Burgess and Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, Miss Geraldine Bonner has gone East, and henceforth will contribute to metropolitan journals. There is no denying that Gotham is now the literary center of America, though the *Chap Book*, one of the best periodicals in the country, is published in Chicago. Whoever writes good stories or can put together acceptable and clever descriptive articles, can find the market there that is denied here. Though there is in California material in abundance, in the "placing" of manuscripts fortune seems to favor the man on the ground. In New York, too, there is a literary atmosphere, a literary coterie which seems to be an important factor in the production of saleable copy. Every editor has his own idea as to the requirements of his magazine, and if a writer can only learn just what is expected, the junction between production and publication is comfortably effected. Besides most of the matter that comes to us weekly and monthly is written to order. Miss Bonner will certainly make a prominent place for herself. She is a cultivated and very intelligent critic—her dramatic articles have been especially good, and her stories have certainly attracted attention. Her latest excursion has been into the realm of playwriting—she has written several clever comedies that are under advisement, and, in collaboration with her father, John Bonner, wrote a dramatization of "The Cricket on the Hearth," which was accepted by the late Alexander Salvini.

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New York is to have another comic weekly, *L'Enfant Terrible*, and Gelett Burgess and Oliver Hereford are to concoct it. It is to be four pages of pure nonsense for sale at five cents per copy. The staff devotes one night each week to its conception, and is ready to launch the first number with all the honors of peace. Oliver Hereford is considered clever in both New York and Boston, is well known to readers of *Life* and *St. Nicholas*, and is the hero of as many funny stories as A. Lincoln or C. Lamb. A third terrible infant is Jeffrey Roche of the *Boston Pilot*. Part of the idea of the *Enfant* is to make the advertising as funny as the actual reading matter. The ads are to be written by

the stars and each announcement will be a joke apart. The colony of *Les Jeunes* in New York is distinguishing itself. The *Century* has taken two tales of Gelett Burgess; *Life* is to publish a Christmas story from his pen. He is doing a

DR. HIRSCHFELDER

romantic ballad for the Christmas *St. Nicholas*, and has opportunities galore on the dailies. Miss Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is doing stories and dialogues for the several publications of the great Munsey, whose latest scheme, by the way, is a 2-cent monthly on the lines, I presume, of *Tit Bits*, which seems to be the proper thing in that direction. Ernest Peixotto is in much demand as an illustrator, has six months' work ahead on revolutionary war articles for *Scribner's*, has done Concord and Lexington, and and is now at work on the Brandywine country. Miss Lundborg has gone further afield—to Paris, has set up a studio there and expects to remain some time studying mural decorations.

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There is really no sense in reviving the stupid slanders which certain disaffected people used to circulate about E. M. Greenway and the cotillions. It has been declared time and again that Mr. Greenway's leadership of San Francisco society was conducted for the benefit of his pocket. These enlightened critics made out that he profited through the champagne dealers and the caterers and that even the musicians paid him a stipulated portion of their earnings. Of course these tales were the creation of malice and revenge—at least they were proved time and again to be without foundation. Mr. Greenway has a genius for managing entertainments, and has given for the Friday Night Club quite the most brilliant and beautiful parties society has ever had. The decorations were always magnificent, the supper luxurious and the wine abundant. Just how he compassed such results with the limited funds at his disposal was the wonder of all the matrons accustomed to giving balls and parties. He used the influence of his position not for his personal benefit but to profit the club, which was served at rates far below what any other organization ever secured. The committees participating in the management with Mr. Greenway know that whatever discounts came from the champagne dealers or caterers were applied to the general fund of the club, which seldom, if ever, met the expenditure. There was generally a deficit which he loyally met and never said a word about. In his private capacity Mr. Greenway has been a most generous host. He has entertained more than any other man in San Francisco. He has given dinners and theatre parties by the dozen every season, and has spent through all the years of his prominence every cent he could make by his manifold activities. Now fortune favors him, for his Mumm agency is very remunerative, though society pays the penalty by his retirement from the leading role. It is true he is still directing the affairs of the Friday Night Club, but that institution monopolizes all his social intentions, and, alas, no one has arisen to move things in his place.

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In a recent issue a description was given of the reclamation work being done at North Beach by the Fair estate, in the course of which allusion was made to a dispute that had arisen between the estate and the Pacific Gas Improvement Company. As the completion of the seawall was effected the company found itself prevented from getting its coal barges to the gas works, and concluded that an effort must be made to retain the advantage hitherto enjoyed in this respect. Legal proceedings were accordingly commenced, and the Harbor Commissioners were prompted to exercise their jurisdiction over the water frontage and protect alleged public rights in the premises. Meantime the Fair estate, through the contractors employed on the works, has maintained a force of men on the spot to prevent any interference with the piling, barges, or any other part of their working outfit. It may be that long and troublesome proceedings in the courts will result, in which case the development of that part of the city will remain in suspense. The rights in the matter are, of course, for the law to determine, but it is very regrettable that any issue of the kind should have arisen at this stage of the matter.

The Gas company must certainly have understood what their rights were all along, and, if we are correctly informed, were at one time negotiating with the late Senator Fair for the purchase of a couple of blocks for wharfage purposes. They were unwilling to pay the price he demanded, namely $65,000 per block, and the matter then dropped, to be taken up in its present form. The action of the Harbor Commissioners at this late hour would seem to show that if the public have rights upon which the Fair estate has been trespassing, they were in considerable danger of being altogether overlooked.

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Superintendent Smith of the Botanic Gardens in Washington, D. C., lately furnished some startling facts regarding the service performed by his interesting charge in the cause of horticulture. He is a Scotchman, who has been upwards of forty years in his present position, and he says that when he first came to this country there were only seven palms of the fan variety in the United States; now there are thirty millions and the Botanic Gardens have distributed sixty thousand. With his own hands he planted the first Sorghum root that grew in America and started an industry therefrom which has yielded to one State alone an annual revenue of four million dollars. Ten years ago he gave a young lady of New Orleans a camphor plant, which is now a tree forty feet high, and has inspired the authorities to plant the streets of that city with camphor trees. A few years ago tuberose plants to the value of $10,000 were imported every year, but owing to his endeavors the people of the South are now growing enough of these plants to supply the home demand, and are exporting to the extent of $30,000 worth annually. What might not be done in California to extend the industry of horticulture?

ON THE COAST NEAR POINT ARENA
Taber, photo

When the veriscope pictures of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight were being shown in this city last summer, people thought 50 cents was an extravagant charge for a seat to view them. At the theatre adjoining the Aquarium in London, the best seats are selling at five to two-and-a-half dollars to see the same thing.

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Thus far, but few stories about the late sleeping-car magnate have been set afloat. The available biographical material is of the most general character. One learns Mr. Pullman had lived in a four million dollar mansion in Chicago, that his estate is worth twenty-five millions, that he had immense tact in selecting as lieutenants able men who could execute his ideas, that he was treasurer of the relief fund organized after the Chicago fire, and that he assisted in building the elevated railway system of New York. Besides he created at Pullman a model town, in which the problems of sanitation and municipal government were handled with a courage, daring and success unique in the world's history. All this is in addition to the creation of the modern sleeping car. It is said that the credit of that idea really belongs to someone else, but it was in Pullman's brain that it took shape and with his coin that it was built, and to the end of the world sleeping cars will be Pullmans. All this represents a distinct degree of achievement—otherwise you must guess at a reserved, self-contained personality of rare will-power and great executive capacity. His career was purely his own creation, for he commenced life as a shop boy, went to cabinet-making, then into the moving of houses, mining next in Colorado, and at last into the great sleeping-car industry, which he handled with admirable foresight and intelligence. A scion of the Pullman family is Mrs. Frank Carolan, who has become by marriage a very good Californian and a better Burlingamite. She is a very handsome young woman, who has inherited the regular features of her father. Among her friends there is deep interest as to her share of the Pullman estate, for according to the papers she is not to have as many millions as her sister.

THE CAROLAN VILLA AT BURLINGAME

The Carolan villa at Burlingame is a charming residence and is furnished with excellent taste.

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The movement for the encouragement of competing steamship lines between San Francisco and other ports of Califor-

THE "PEERLESS" CORINNE

nia, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, British Columbia and Mexico, which has been set agoing by some of the leading shippers of this city has assumed definite importance. A carefully prepared agreement is now in course of signature under which the subscribers will be liable for monthly contributions. Considerable progress has been made in securing subscriptions. It is calculated that a minimum revenue of $5000 per month is required to permit of the plans for competitive lines being put into force, and that as soon as that income is assured the associated merchants will be in a position to consider proposals which have already been made to them by the shipping interest. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company are the lines against which the movement is mainly directed, and the present action of the merchants shows that they are resolved to make good their threats of enforcing a reduction in the rates of freight.

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The loss of the steam schooner Caspar off Point Arena recalls the disaster of about a year ago when the steamer San Benito went ashore in the same locality. Serious loss of life attended each catastrophe. During the last ten years there have been no less than fourteen similar mishaps at the same place followed in nearly every instance by loss of life, which could probably have been largely avoided had there been a properly equipped life-saving station in the neighborhood. On the California seaboard there are at present only five stations in active work, three in the vicinity of the Golden Gate, one at Point Reyes and the other at Humboldt Bay. Having regard to the proved dangerous character of the coast, it is more than time something was done for the efficient protection of life and property in that particular quarter. This last case is the more distressing from the fact that the necessary appropriation for a life-saving service at Point Arena was made some nine months ago, but so far no steps have been taken to get it into active working order. The establishment of the lifeboat and signal station there needs the immediate attention of the Government.

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A talent for theatricals is rarely confined to a single member of a family. It streaks through a series of brethren and sistren, being often inherited from a play-going parent. Some one of the family makes the plunge and appears, then the rest follow suit, one after another; they become celebrated or it may only be "known to the public"—depending on their talent. California has given to the stage, innumerable young women who have attained various degrees of prominence, and notable among the theatrical families of this environment are the Boutons. There are three Boutons before the footlights. I believe Bouton *pater* and *mater* came here from Nevada, and Madeline Bouton inaugurated a career by joining the Palmer company. She was here not so long ago, in fact was in the troupe of which May Brookyn was a member, and attracted considerable attention by her cleverness. Miss Mabel Bouton, who appears with "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," at the Baldwin next week, is decidedly a pretty girl whose stage experience has been but a matter of eighteen months. She does *ingenue* roles, sings, dances, and is said to have real ability. She is decidedly pretty, is pronounced bright and interesting, and has the reputation of being quite a notable horsewoman.

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That Mr. C. D. Lane of the Utica is in London is not so well known as the importance of the fact justifies. He is supposed to be floating mines—the Utica, maybe, or mayhap the Fortuna, but at all events there is some deal on foot, and the mining community "wants to know." When he returns to California Mr. Lane will be asked to cast a kindly eye over the accounts of the great Bryan reception. The original story had it that he had offered to finance the undertaking

of the committee, which had delegated to itself the duty of entertaining the Democratic leader. But it seems their hopes were founded on a rash statement which Mr. Lane

Miss Loretta Grace
Marceau, photo

made to a friend that he would give five thousand dollars for a banquet to Bryan. Reasoning that five thousand for a banquet meant an available five thousand for something the committee went ahead, and the reception cost far more money than has been collected and there is a hiatus which will probably yawn as long as Lane lingers in London.

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A certain bibulous young millionaire is responsible for a new definition of gentility. There had been a little entertainment at the country house of this young gentleman's family, and among the guests was a friend of his brothers. They had spent a gay day together accompanied by lots of whisky and other liquid refreshments, and in consequence the party at dinner was much the worse for wear, especially the young millionaire himself. Next day he addressed his brother regarding the friend. "Jim, old man," he said, "that chap is no gentleman." "Nonsense," said the brother, "he is as good as any one else." "Take my word for it now he is no gentleman," reiterated the young millionaire emphatically. "But why," again queried the brother. "Well, Jim, at dinner last night he saw that I was drunk and yet the fellow asked me to pass him the cream."

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A notable visator to the city this week is the Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii, who arrived here on Tuesday last, with her father, Mr. A. S. Cleghorn, from London en route to Honolulu. She had been preceded by Mr. Theophilus H. Davies, who has been her guardian during her visit to Europe for the last eight years. The latter gentleman is returning to the islands at once by the steamer "Belgic,"

Princess Kaiulani

the Princess and Mr. Cleghorn awaiting the later departure of the "Alameda." Mr. Davies has stated that the report to the effect that Princess Kaiulani is an aspirant to the throne of Hawaii is without foundation; adding, that so long as ex-Queen Liliuokalani lives she will be the representative of the royalist faction. The Princess paid a visit to the ex-Queen in the East before starting for San Francisco, and is believed to be on perfectly good terms with her. While staying in Europe the Princess, who has quite lately entered upon her 23d year, has devoted herself to study and, having besides had many advantages in the way of society, is possessed of education and accomplishments, that will fit her to take the lead amongst her own people. When she left the Islands she was regarded as the probable successor of Liliuokalani, but now returns to her home as an ordinary resident of Honolulu.

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Again we have one of those romantic stories how millions awaiting undiscovered heirs have suddenly become the heritage of a young person in our midst. It seems that a score of years ago a man named Imblay Clarke, who was engaged in mining, having lost his wife, to whom he had not been long married, determined to leave California for parts unknown, and before setting out placed his baby girl in the care of people who, for a time, received funds for its support. After a while the payments ceased. It now appears that the remittances were stopped owing to the death of Clarke, who became very wealthy in Australia, and a $25,000,000 estate is awaiting claimants, at least twenty-five millions is the figure mentioned in the papers; $25,000 is more probably the fact. The daughter has continued to live in San Francisco and is now being congratulated on the discovery of the facts and her prospect of securing Clarke's fortune. In the meantime the daily press is detailing some of her plans for disposing of the vast wealth she is to receive, all of which appear to be most creditable to her head and heart. It is needless to say many other Clarke heirs are afoot in different parts of the globe and it may be that California will only have a share in the romance after all.

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The Italian-Swiss colony at Asti, in Sonoma County, has undertaken an immense experiment this month in the way of ripening half a million gallons of red wine in a great underground tank. This tank is dug out of rock in the hillside, is 104 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 24 feet deep. It is coated with two feet of cement and glazed so that wine ages as though in bottles. The tank has been covered and three feet of earth placed over the cover so that the temperature may be kept uniform. The tank has already been filled, and after three months the wine will be drawn off into small wooden tanks in a cellar. The wine was pumped in through two four-inch pipes, but it can be drawn off by gravity. The great tank contains ten times as much wine as the famous Tun of Heidelberg. It cost only $7,500.

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A great influx of miners is looked for next spring into the Peace River district, Northwest Territory, as men who have lately come down to Vancouver from there have brought in a considerable amount of gold and report that about 200 men who are working the placers along the river at present are doing well. Peace River rises in the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, a little north of the centre of British Columbia. In the northern continuation of the same mountains rises to Pelly, Stewart and other important gold-bearing tributaries of the Yukon. There is this important difference, that the Peace River rises in the eastern slope of the mountains, while the Yukon's tributaries rise on the west side. Along Peace River north are the Reindeer or Cariboo mountains, which are believed to be rich in gold-bearing quartz.

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A veritable beauty is Miss Loretta Grace, the new member of the Alcazar Company—a tall, dark, graceful maiden, who is sure to be a sensation and make a success. She is a native daughter, has talent, and strange to say, has never been to a dramatic school. Not having graduated with distinguished honors she has failed to acquire the strange tricks of manner and expression which the pupils of these precious institutions inevitably possess. Otherwise she is the daughter of John Grace, who is so well known as judge at the Ingleside Coursing Park, and her histrionic talent was discovered by T. D. Frawley. This happened at an entertainment at the Concordia Club, in which Miss Grace was a factor, and she evinced so much ability that he demanded an introduction and encouraged the debutante to persevere. Soon afterwards Miss Grace had an opportunity to join the Daly Company but there was strong parental opposition to which she succumbed. An opportunity presented itself with the Frawley troupe later, with whom she played various subsidiary roles under a *nomme de guerre*, gathering impressions and experiences at first hand. At her initial appearance *in propria persona* at the Alcazar Miss Grace made a decided hit and has now been engaged for the new company which begins its career next week. The debutante is not by any means a photographic beauty, for she is really a very handsome young woman, who, in addition to her heritage of good looks, seems plentifully endowed with sense and intelligence.

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Poor "peerless Corinne" has had the worst of it at the critics' hands this week. However, she is a philosophic young woman and while she does not like it, is really indifferent as long as the audience does not agree with the press. Otherwise it is different. Corinne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty—the latter being known to stageland as Mrs. Kimball—*the* Mrs. Kimball, who was one of the fiercest and firmest manageresses in the profession. The dusky lines of the "peerless" hair and complexion are inherited from Flaherty *pere*, who, though Irish, was a most decided brunette. Corinne has been on the stage since early childhood and now has the reputation of being like her mother—an excellent business woman. She is rich, inheriting about $50,000 from Mrs. Kimball, and no one has yet captured her hand. As to her heart, that is another story.

The New York *World* recently published a resume of the social position in that city, summing up with the conclusion that the Four Hundred no longer exists. The break-up, it

Miss Mable Bolton
Of the "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" Company
Thors, photo

was urged, had been caused by the numerous divorces in high life during the last few years, rendering it impossible for members of prominent families to continue their former associations. The Astors, Belmonts, Rives, Havermeyers, Vanderbilts, Bloodgoods and many others are thus affected, and it is pointed out that Mrs. Paran Stevens and Ward McAllister always held that no divorced woman, whether she remarried or remained single, could maintain a leading position in society. The collapse in New York is probably due to the fact that practically the sole foundation of social position there has been the posession of dollars, an evil which exists largely in our own city. The best elements in society every where are not those which are the most conspicuous.

Loretta Grace
Of the Alcazar Stock Company
Photo by Boye & Habenicht

JAPANESE MELODY

THE ENGLISH OFFICERS

EDITH HALL AS MOLLY SEAMORE

THOS. C. LEARY AS WUN HI—GEORGIE COOPER AS JULIETTE

A GROUP OF GEISHA GIRLS

TILLIE SALINGER AS LADY CONSTANCE WINN

THE COMIC OPERA SEASON AT THE TIVOLI: SOME "GEISHA" CHARACTERS

Photos by Marceau

# The Associated Un-Charities.

BY FRANK NORRIS

There used to be a place in feudal Paris called the Court of Miracles, and Mister Victor Hugo has told us all about it. This Court was a quarter of the town where the beggars lived, and it was called "of the miracles," because once across it's boundaries the blind saw, the lame walked and the poor cared not to have the gospel preached unto them.

San Francisco has its Court of Miracles too. It is a far cry thither, for it lies on the other side of Chinatown and Dagotown, and blocks beyond Luna's restaurant. It is in the valley between Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill, and you must pass through it as you go down to Meigg's Wharf where the Government tugs tie up.

One has elected to call it the Court of Miracles, but it is not a court, and the days of miracles are over. It is a row of seven two-story houses, one of them brick. The brick house is over a saloon kept by a kanaka woman and called "The Eiffel Tower." Here San Francisco's beggars live and have their being. That is, a good many of them.

The doubled-up old man with the white beard and neck-handkerchief who used to play upon a zither and the sympathies of the public on the corner of Sutter street has moved out, and one can find no trace of him, and Father Elphick, the white-headed vegetarian of Lotta's Fountain, is dead. But plenty of the others are left. The neatly dressed fellow with dark blue spectacles, who sings the *Marsellaise*, accompanying himself upon an infinitessimal hand organ, is here; Mrs. McCleaverty is here, and the old bare-headed man who sits on the street corner by the Bohemian Club, after six o'clock in the evening, and turns the crank of a soundless organ, has here set up his everlasting rest.

The beggars of the Seven Houses are genuine miserables. Perhaps they have an organization and a president, I don't know. But I do know that Leander and I came very near demoralizing the whole lot of them.

More strictly speaking, it was Leander who did the deed, I merely looked on and laughed, but Leander says that by laughing I lent him my immoral support, and am therefore party to the act.

Leander and I had been dining at the "Red House," which is a wine-shop that Gelette Burgess discovered in an alley not far from the county jail. Leander and I had gone there because we like to sit at it's whittled tables and drink its *Vin Ordinaire* (*tres ordinaire*) out of tin gill measures; also we like it's salad and it's thick slices of bread that you eat after you have rubbed them with an onion or a bit of garlic. We always go there in evening dress in order to impress the Proletariat.

On this occasion after we had dined and had come out again into the gas and gaiety of the Mexican quarter we caromed suddenly against Cluness. Cluness is connected with some sort of a charitable institution that has a house omewhere in the "Quarter." He says that he likes to alleviate distress wherever he sees it; and that after all, the best thing in life is to make some poor fellow happy for a few moments.

Leander and I had nothing better to do that evening so we went around with Cluness, and watched him as he gave a month's rent to an infirm old lady on Stockton street, a bundle of magazines to a whining old rascal at the top of a nigger tenement, and some good advice to a Chinese girl who didn't want to go to the Presbyterian Mission House.

"That's my motto," says he, as we came away from the Chinese girl, "alleviate misery wherever you see it and try and make some poor fellow happy for a few moments."

"Ah, yes," exclaimed this farceur Leander, sanctimoniously, while I stared, "thats the only thing worth while," and he sighed and wagged his head.

Cluness went on to tell us about a deserving case he had —we were going there next—in fact, innocently enough, he described the Seven Houses to us, never suspecting they were the beggar's headquarters. He said there was a poor old paralytic woman lived there, who had developed an appetite for creamed oysters.

"It's the only thing," said Cluness, "that she can keep on her stomach."

"She told you so?" asked Leander.

"Yes, yes."

"Well, she ought to know."

We arrived at the Seven Houses and Cluness paused before the tallest and dirtiest.

"Here's where she lives; I'm going up for a few moments."

"Have a drink first," suggested Leander, fixing his eye upon the saloon under the brick house.

We three went in and sat down at one of the little rouud zinc tables—painted to imitate marble—and the Kanaka woman herself brought us our drinks. While we were drinking, one of the beggers came in. He was an Indian, totally blind, and in the day time played a mouth-organ on Grant Avenue near a fashionable department store.

"Tut, tut," said Cluness, "poor fellow, blind, you see, what a pity, I'll give him a quarter."

"No let me," exclaimed Leander.

As he spoke the door opened again and another blind man groped in. This fellow I had seen often. He sold lavender in little envelopes on one of the corners of Kearny street. He was a stout, smooth-faced chap and always kept his chin in the air.

"What misery there is in this world," sighed Cluness as his eye fell upon this latter, "one half the world don't know how——"

"Look, they know each other," said Leander. The lavender man had groped his way to the Indian's table—evidently it was their especial table—and the two had fallen a-talking. They ordered a sandwich apiece and a small mug of beer.

"Let's do something for 'em," exclaimed Cluness, with a burst of generosity. "Let's make 'em remember this night for years to come. Look at 'em trying to be happy over a bit of dry bread and a pint of flat beer. I'm going to give 'em a dollar each."

"No, no," protested Leander. "Let me fix it, I've more money than you. Let me do a little good now and then. You don't want to hog all the philanthropy, Cluness, *I'll* give 'em something."

"It would be very noble and generous of you, indeed," cried Cluness, "and you'll feel better for it, see if you don't. But I must go to my paralytic. You fellows wait for me. I'll be down in twenty minutes."

I frowned at Leander when Cluness was gone. "Now what tom-foolery is it this time?" said I.

"Tom-foolery, exclaimed Leander, blankly. "It's philanthropy. By Jove, here's another chap with his lamps blown out. Look at him."

A third unfortunate, blind as the other two, had just approached the Indian and the lavender man. The three were pals, one could see that at half a glance. No doubt they met at this table every night for beer and sandwiches. The last blind man was a Dutchman. I had seen him from time to time on Market street, with a cigar-box tied to his waist and a bunch of pencils in his fist.

"Eins!" called the Dutchman to the Kanaka, as he sat down with the lavender man and the Indian. "Eins—mit a hem sendvidge."

"Excuse me," said Leander, coming up to their table.

What was it? Did those three beggars, their instinct trained by long practice, recognize the alms-giver in the sound of Leander's voice, or in the step? It is hard to say, but instantly each one of them dropped the mildly convivial and assumed the humbly solicitous air, turning his blind head towards Leander, listening intently. Leander took out his purse and made a great jingling with his money. Now, I knew that Leander had exactly fifteen dollars—no more, no less—fifteen dollars, in three five-dollar gold pieces—not a penny of change. Could it be possible that he was going to give a gold piece to the three beggars? It was, evidently, for I heard him say:

"Excuse me. I've often passed you fellows on the street, in town, and I guess I've always been too short of change, or in too much of a hurry to remember you. But I'm going to make up for it now, if you'll permit me. Here——" and he jingled his money, "here is a five-dollar gold piece that I'd like to have you spend between the three of you to-night, and drink my health, and—and—have a good time, you know. Catch on?

They caught on.

"May God bless you, young man!" exclaimed the old lavender man.

The Indian grunted expressively.

The Dutchman twisted about in his place and shouted in the direction of the bar:

"Mek ut er bottle Billzner und er Gotha druffle, mit ein *im*-borted Frankfooter bei der side on."

The Kanaka woman came up, and the Dutchman repeated his order. The lavender man paused reflectively tapping his brow, then he delivered himself: "A half spring chicken," he said with profound gravity, "rather under done, and some chicory salad and a bottle of white wine—put the bottle in a little warm water for about two minutes—and some lyonaise potatoes with onions, and—

"Donner wetter," shouted the Dutchman, "genuch!" smiting the table with his fist.

The other subsided. The Kanaka woman turned to the Indian.

"Whiskey," he grunted, "plenty whiskey, big beefsteak, soh," and he measured off a yard on the table.

"Leander," said I, when he rejoined me, "that was foolishness, you've thrown away your five dollars and these fellows are going to waste it in riotous living. You see the results of indiscriminate charity. "I've *not* thrown it away. Cluness would say that if it made them happier according to their lights it was well invested. I hate the charity that means only medicines, clean sheets, new shoes and sewerage. Let 'em be happy in their own way." There could be no doubt that the three blind men were happy. They loaded their table with spring chickens, Gotha truffles, beefsteaks, and all manner of "alcoholic beverages," till the zinc disappeared beneath the accumulation of plates and bottles. They drank each other's health and they pledged that of Leander, standing up. The Dutchman ordered: "Zwei Billzner more alreatty." The lavender man drank his warmed white wine with gasps of infinite delight, and after the second whiskey bottle had been opened, the Indian began to say strange and terrible things in his own language.

Cluness came in and beamed on them.

"See how happy you've made them, Leander," he said gratefully. "They'll always remember this night."

"They always will," said Leander solemnly.

"I've got to go though," said Cluness. I made as if to go with him but Leander plucked my coat under the table. I caught his eye.

"I guess we two will stay," said I. Cluness left, thanking us again and again.

"I don't know what it is," said I seriously to Leander, "but to-night you seem to me to be too good to be wholesome."

"*I*," said Leander, blankly. "But I suppose I should expect to be misjudged."

Just then the Kanaka woman came over to give us our check.

"This is on me," said Leander, but he was so slow in fumbling for his purse that I was obliged, in all decency, to pay.

After she left *us*, the Kanaka went over to the blind men's table, and, check-pad in hand, ran her eye over the truffles, beer, chicken, beefsteak, wine and whiskey, and made out her check.

"Four dollars, six bits," she announced.

There was a silence, not one of the blind men moved.

"Watch now," said Leander.

"Four, six bits," repeated the Kanaka, her hand on her hip.

Still none of the blind men moved.

"Vail, den," cried the Dutchman, "vich von you two vellars has dose money, pay oop. Fier thalers und sax beets."

"I haven't it," exclaimed the lavender man, "Jim has it," he added, turning to the Indian.

"No have got, no have got," grunted the Indian. "*You* have got, you or Charley."

I looked at Leander.

"Now, what have you done?"

"For answer Leander showed me three five dollar gold pieces in the palm of his hand.

"Each one of those chaps thinks that one of the other two has the gold piece. I just pretended to give it to one of 'em, jingled my coin, and then put it back, I didn't give 'em a cent. Each one thought I had given it to the other two. How could they tell, they were blind, don't you see."

I reached for my hat.

"I'm going to get out of here."

Leander pulled me back.

"Not just yet, wait a few moments. Listen."

"Vail, vail," cried the Dutchman, beginning to get red. "You doand vants to cheats Missus Amaloa, den berhaps—yes, Zhim," he cried to the Indian, "pay oop, or ees ut *you* den, Meest'r Paites, dat hab dose finf thalers?"

"No have got," gurgled the Indian, swaying in his place as he canted the neck of the whisky bottle towards his lips.

"I thought you had the money, protested Mr. Bates, (which was evidently the lavender man's name), "you or Jim."

"No have got," whooped the Indian, beginning to get angry. "Hug-gh! *You* got money. He give *you* money," and he turned his face towards the Dutchman.

"That's what *I* thought," asserted Mr. Bates.

"Tousand Tamls —," shouted the other. "I tell you *no*."

"Yes, yes," growled the Indian, plucking at Mr. Bates' coat sleeve, "you have got."

"Yah, soh," cried the Dutchman, shaking his finger at the lavender man, excitedly, "pay dose finf thalers, Meest'r Paites."

"Pay yourselt," exclaimed the other. "I haven't touched them. I'll be *any* name, I'll be *any* name if I've touched them."

"Well, I ain't going to wait here all night," shrilled the Kanaka woman impatiently. The Dutchman shook his finger solemnly towards where he thought the Indian was sitting.

"It's der Indyun. It's Zhim. Ged ut vrom Zhim."

"Lie, lie," vociferated the Indian, "white man lie. No have got. *You* hav got, or *you*."

"I'll turn my pockets inside out," exclaimed Mr. Bates.

"Schmarty," cried the Dutchman. "Can I *see* dose pocket?"

"Thief, thief," exclaimed the Indian, shaking his long black hair. "You steal money."

The other two turned on him savagely.

"There ain't no man going to call me that."

"Vat he say, vait, und I vill his het mit der boddle demolisch. Who you say dat to, *mee*, or Meest'r Bates?"

"Oh, you make me tired," cried the lavender man, "you two. *One* of you two, pay Missus Amaloa and quit fooling."

"Come on," cried the Kanaka, "pay up or I'll ring for the police.

"Vooling, vooling," shouted the Dutchman, dancing in his rage. "You sheats Missus Amaloa und you gall dot vooling."

"*Who* cheats," cried the other two simultaneously.

"Vail, how do *I* know," yelled the Dutchman, purple to the eyes. "How do *I* know vich."

The Kanaka turned to Leander.

"Say, which of these fellows did you give that money to?"

Leander came up.

"Ah-h, *now* ve vill know," said the Dutchman.

Leander looked from to the other. Then an expression of perplexity came into his face. He scratched an ear.

"Well, I thought it was this German gentleman."

"*Vat.*"

"Only it seems to me I had the money in my left hand, and he, you see, is on the right hand of the table. It might have been him, and then again it might have been one of the other two gentlemen. It's so difficult to remember. Wasn't it you," turning to Mr. Bates, "or no, wasn't it *you*," to the Indian. "But it *couldn't* have been the Indian gentleman, and it couldn't have been Mr. Bates here, and yet I'm sure it wasn't the German gentleman, and [illegible] I *must* have given it to one of the three. Didn't [illegible] coin down on the table and go away and leave it." Leander struck his forehead. "Yes, I think that's what I did. I'm sorry," he said to the Kanaka, "that you are having any trouble, it's some misunderstanding."

"Oh, I'll get it all right," returned the Kanaka, confidently. "Come on, one of you fellows dig up."

Then the quarrel broke out afresh. The three blind men rose to their feet, blackguarding and villifying one another till the room echoed. Now it was Mr. Bates and the Dutchman versus the Indian, now the Indian and Dutchman versus Mr. Bates, now the Indian and Mr. Bates versus the Dutchman. At every instant the combinations varied with kaleidoscopic swiftness. They shouted, they danced, and they shook their fists towards where they guessed each other's faces were. The Indian, who had been drinking whiskey between intervals of the quarrel, suddenly began to rail and howl in his own language, and at times even the Dutchman lapsed into the vernacular. The Kanaka woman lost her wits altogether, and declared that in three more minutes she would ring for the police.

Then all at once the Dutchman swung both fists around him and caught the Indian a tremendous crack in the side of the head. The Indian vented an ear-splitting war-whoop and began pounding Mr. Bates who stood next to him. In the next instant the three were fighting all over the room. They lost each other, they struck furious blows at the empty air, they fell over tables and chairs, or suddenly came together with a dreadful shock and terrible cries of rage. The Dutchman bumped against Leander and before he could get away had smashed his silk hat down over his ears. The noise of their shouting could have been heard a block.

"Thief, thief."

"Teef yourselluf, pay oop dose finf thalers."

"No have got, no have got."

And then the door swung in and four officers began rounding them up like stampeded sheep. Not until he was in the wagon could the Dutchman believe that it was not the Indian and Mr. Bates who had him by either arm, and even in the wagon, as they were being driven to the precinct station-house, the quarrel broke out from time to time.

As we heard the rattle of the patrol-wagon's wheels growing fainter over the cobbles, we rose to go. The Kanaka stood with her hands on her hips glaring at the zinc table with its remnants of truffle, chicken and beefsteak and its empty botttes. Then she exclaimed, "And *I'm* shy four dollars and six bits."

On the following Saturday night Leander and I were coming from a Mexican dinner at Luna's. Suddenly some one caught our arms from behind. It was Cluness.

"I want to thank you fellows again," he exclaimed, "for your kindness to those three blind chaps the other night. It was really good of you. I believe they had five dollars to spend between them. It was really fine of you, Leander."

"Oh, I don't mind five dollars," said Leander, "if it can make a poor fellow any happier for a few moments. That's the only thing that's worth while in this life."

"I'll bet you felt better and happier for doing it."

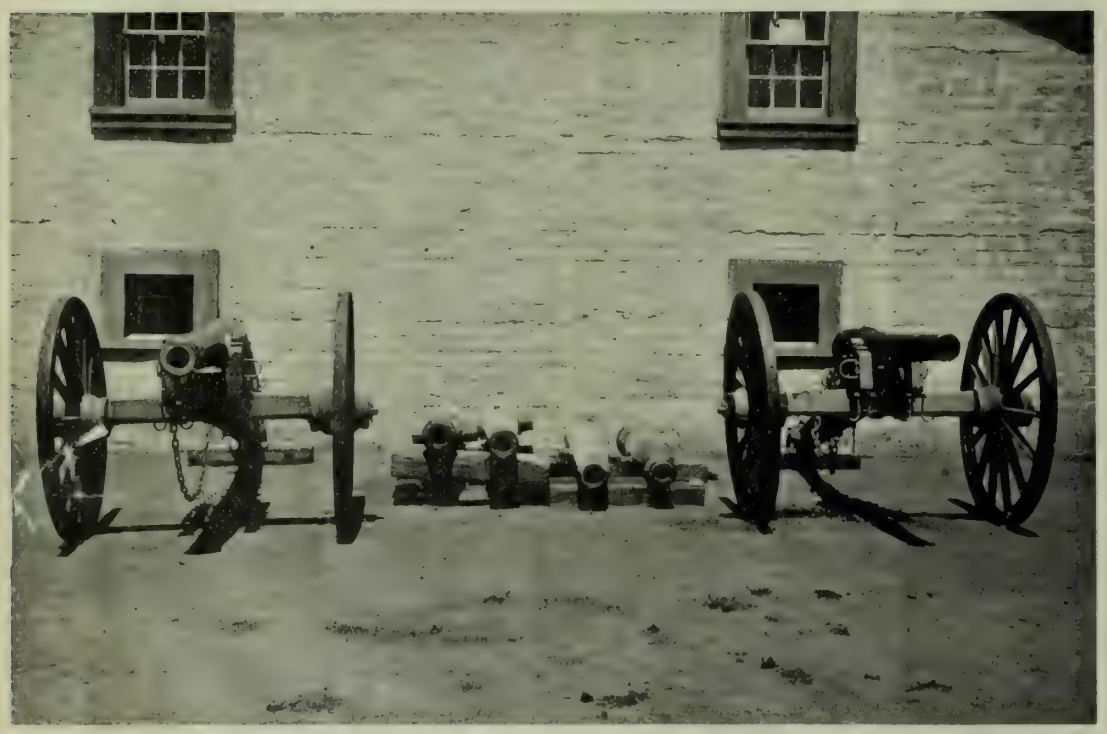
"Well, it did make me happy."

"Of course, and those three fellows will never forget that night'.'

"No, I guess they won't," said Leander.

A Primitive Cart

The Lake



Means of Defense

An Interior

Some Pioneer Relics

The Central Building

Outside the Gate

*SUTTER'S FORT AT SACRAMENTO: A PLACE OF REFUGE FOR EARLY CALIFORNIANS*

Photos by F. M. Braddock, Sacramento

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO LIVES

IV.

### The City Has a Weekly Bill for Over Forty Thousand Chickens.

It is a matter of record that when a traveler visited the old Missions, the hospitable monks stuffed a roast chicken or two into his holsters, when he left, to assuage the pangs of hunger when on the road; yet, when the Missions were secularized, the idle knaves into whose hands they fell so grossly negelected the chicken-yard, that McClellan quotes roasting fowls at the ridiculous price of ten dollars a pair. Sutter supplied them to early immigrants at a more reasonable figure; indeed, at New Helvetia the supply of ducks, quail, and sage hens was so profuse that, if he had set a fancy value on his poultry, he would have had to eat them himself.

The San Franciscan has always been a chicken eater. At the present time he consumes about 3,500 dozen chickens per week — 2,000 grown in the State, and 1,500 imported from the East, chiefly from Kansas—which, allowing a bird to a meal, implies 42,000 meals of chicken consumed each week. Dedncting the people who cannot afford chicken, the rest of the population must dine on chicken once a week. It is a luxury. At wholesale chickens are worth an average of $6 a dozen, or 50 cents each; this is counting young broilers, roasters, and hens for fricassee or soup all together. The uptown butcher and poulterer must make his profit, and housekeepers more often pay 75 cents for broilers and roasters than any smaller sum. Much higher prices are paid for such choice breeds as Mrs. Hume raises.

The old fashion of setting a hen on thirteen eggs, and waiting till she fulfills her duties of maternity, is quite passe. Old farmers who are behind the times, and raise a few dozen chickens in the season, still keep setting hens in corners of the hayloft; but the great bulk of the chickens raised in this State are evolved from the shell in incubators. Modern improvements in these substitutes for nature's machinery have reduced the business to a fixed science. All that is required for success is to keep the temperature uniform at the degree specified in the poulterer's guide; and when the pullets break through the shell, to guard them against rats. The poulterer must be sure of his eggs. Such poultry-raisers as Mrs. Hume, who has gone into the business scientifically, feed their hens according to rule, supplying them with ground bone as well as grain, and if the breed has been carefully selected, they have eggs daily through the laying season, and they can rely upon a succession of broods from the incubator.

The largest henneries in the State are at Petaluma. In that flourishing hamlet everybody raises chickens, and many people have grown rich at it. Their birds command prices which would astonish dwellers in the Central States. They sell for simply twice the price they would be worth in Kansas City; and yet, on the Missouri, poultry must be housed during the winter or their feet will freeze when they roost, and the bird will die or stop growing. Throughout the year the California chicken can forage successfully for his living, while in Missouri, Kansas and Illinois, he must be supplied with regular rations of corn. It would seem that before long, roasters and broilers must fall in our markets to something like half their present prices, while the growers will make as much as ever by increasing the volume of their output. Fancy chickens will probably continue to command fancy prices. Mrs. Hume raised a breed which she calls Plymouth Puffs, and which is worth $100 a pair.

Next to chickens, turkeys are our favorite poultry. They come from all parts of the State and from Oregon. From November 1st to the middle of January or February 1st our markets receive seventy-five cases daily, each case containing about 150 pounds of turkey. During Thanksgiving week about 500 tons of turkey are used in this city, and as much during Christmas week. The average wholesale price is 16 cents a pound. Between January 15th and February 15th many cars are received here from the North and East, each car containing twelve tons of frozen turkey. This is placed on cold storage, and is consumed in the following spring and summer, when turkeys are out of season.

When turkeys are out, spring chickens too small to broil, and roasting fowls fattening for the table, ducks come in. Here again the old fashions have gone out. The old domestic duck, which was raised in a duck-pond, and eaten when he weighed three pounds, is almost a thing of the past. Everybody is now raising the Peking duck, which at its perfection will weigh seven pounds, and with green peas and a stuffing of sage and onions, is a dish for the gods. The only present consumers of the old small duck are the Chinese. It is said that they hatch duck eggs in boxes of sand set over a stove. In the East and in England the domestic duck is much prized. It is killed when it weighs five or six pounds, and is eight months old. It is a cousin german of the mallard.

Our Peking ducks come in about May 1st and go out October 1st. They are worth $4.50 to $7.50 per dozen, according to size and condition. On October 1st the canvasback season opens, when the noble bird, in company with his poor relations, the sprig and the mallard and the teal, wings his flight from the icy north to the wild celery-ponds of California, and fulfills his destiny on the dinner-table either here or in the East. He is worth at wholesale, in an ordinary year, from $9 to $10 a dozen. There have been seasons when canvasbacks were so scarce in the waters of Maryland that our market was cleared of them, and they sold in New York for shipment to London as high as $10 a pair. As to this, O'Brien & Spotorno, who are the largest of our wholesale dealers, cock their eye and say that they do not remember a time when they conld not supply canvasback at $1.50 a pair.

It has been said that the only geese in this State are of the human variety. Certain it is that the white goose which is hawked through the streets in winter for sale at two bits, and the grey goose which is sold in the markets, do not deserve to be classed with the majestic birds which are smoked in Westphalia, or eaten roasted with chestnut stuffing on the feast of St. Martin in France. The European goose will weigh fifteen pounds and furnish a meal for a dinner-party; the Canada goose, which is consumed in the East, is almost as large. When the bones are deducted from our white goose or grey goose, a man with an appetite might eat it all, and afterward trifle with a filet. O'Brien & Spotorno sell them at $4.50 a dozen, and Providence in its mercy may possibly forgive them for the deed, though the buyer never will.

It is even doubtful whether our grey goose has a liver. The Strasburg goose, mindful of the object of its creation, follows the example of the hammer-headed shark, and runs all to liver, abstaining carefully from water, and roasting itself before a hot fire in order to contract enlargement of the organ which is to furnish pate de foie gras. The natnral kingdom affords few examples of such noble self-sacrifice and devotion to the service of humanity.

JOHN BONNER.

FELDING TIME AT THE PRESIDIO

A PETALUMA POULTRY-YARD

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The case of Private Hammond's ill treatment by Captain Lovering, at Fort Sherman, has revived many stories of hard usage of men by army officers. The New York *Sun* tells of a case that was undoubtedly unique in horror:

It was reserved for the commanding officer of an Arizona post, a one-company outfit, to inflict so barbarous punishment upon an offending soldier that the whole scale of punishments in the United States Army was revised and made hard and fast. This commanding officer was a Captain, and the affair happened in 1879. He had in his company a soldier who was a very hard case, and put in most of his time in the guardhouse. He completed a guardhouse term in the autumn of 1879, and immediately repaired to the near-by town of whiskey shacks and made himself exceedingly drunk. He returned to the post with the announced intention of raising it to the level of the desert and firing a volley over it's ashes. The Captain had him lassoed as he was entering the post. The Captain then constituted himself a summary court-martial and passed upon the case. He ordered that a hole sufficiently large to receive the upright body of a man be dug in the sand of the parade ground. When the hole was dug the Captain ordered that the hard-case soldier be stood in it up to his neck and that the sand be then repacked around him as tightly as possible, covering his arms and shoulders, and leaving only his head protruding above the ground.

The Captain's orders were obeyed. The offending soldier, still more than half drunk, was packed in the sandhole, his head alone catching the rays of the blazing semi-tropical sun, and sentry was placed over him. The sun was nothing compared to to the desert ants. The desert ants sent out their couriers to the highways and byways and dunes and hollows, and it was no time at all before some thousands of them, big, red, spiderlike and ferocious, were running over the soldier's head. They crawled into his ears and his nose and his mouth, and they caused him such unspeakable agony that he shouted in frenzy. The sentry—who happened to be the poor devil's bunkie—first disobeyed guard regulations to the extent of stooping to brush the ants from his comrade's face. Next he disobeyed orders to the extent of deliberately walking over to the house of the Captain. He took his rifle along with him.

"What do you mean by leaving your post?" demanded the Captain.

"Because I don't stand for this kind of game for you or any other man from here to hell and back," replied the sentry. The whole company, seeming to have sprung from the ground, was right behind him. "And if you don't order that man turned loose in two seconds, I'll turn him loose myself."

The Captain turned to one of his sergeants.

"Arrest that sentry and take his gun and belt from him," he said.

"I'll shoot any man dead that lays a hand on me," said the sentry quietly; but it was not necessary for him to say it, for the sergeant stood stock still with his hands behind his back. All were with the sentry.

The sentry strode across the parade ground and found his prisoner insensible. The ants had made his face look like a beefsteak. With his fixed bayonet the sentry dug the unconscious man from the sand, and carried him in his arms to the post hospital and dropped him at the feet of the post surgeon. Then he walked to the commanding officer's quarters, handed the commanding officer his gun and belt, walked out of the post, and has never been seen or heard of in the United States Army from that day to this.

When the War Department got wind of the matter the Captain was court-martialed, suspended for a year and scorched by the Secretary of War. That was the extent of his punishment.

## SUTTER'S FORT.

BY LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE

I stood by the old fort's crumbling wall,
On the eastern verge of the town;
The sun through clefts in the ruined hall,
Flecked with its light the rafters brown,

And, sifting with gold the oaken floor,
Seemed to burnish the place anew;
While out and in, through the half-closed door,
Building their nests, the swallows flew.

Charmed by the magic spell of the place,
The present vanished, the past returned;
While rampart and fortress filled the space,
And yonder the Indian camp-fires burned.

I heard the sentinel's measured tread,
The challenge prompt, the quick reply;
I saw on the tower, above my head,
The Mexican banner flaunt the sky.

Around me were waifs from every clime,
Blown by the fickle winds of chance;
Knights-errant, ready at any time,
For any cause, to couch a lance.

The stanch old captain, with courtly grace,
Owner of countless leagues of land,
Benignly governs the motly race,
Dispensing favors with open hand.

His long-horned herds on the wild oats feed,
While brown vaqueros, with careless rein,
Swinging reatas, at headlong speed
Are dashing madly over the plain.

Only a moment the vision came;
Where tower and rampart stood before,
Where flushed the night with the camp's red flame,
Dust and ashes and nothing more.

Borne to my ear on the ambient air,
Mingled with sounds of childish glee,
I heard again the low hum of care,
Like the restless moan of the sea.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Actually, Diary dear, I feel like a politician who unexpectedly has had an office conferred upon him and who can hardly express his thanks to his constituents. I am "too full for utterance." You know, I am almost afraid that some dire misfortune is imminent. I am fey with happiness. Last week I thought I was satiated with pleasure, but I find that "increase of appetite has grown by what it fed on." I simply cannot drink too deeply of this, not Pierian Spring, but ambrosial. Everyone is vieing with someone else to see how gay a time they will give us this year. We are to have balls!! Diary, actually, in San Francisco—real, genuine balls, and private affairs at that. Think of it, dream of it. I cannot realize it, and three—t-h-r-e-e. There is the Bruguiere ball on the 17th to all the debutantes. Mrs. Thomas introduces Helen at a ball on the 18th, and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis is to give one to Susie Blanding and Margaret Salisbury on the evening that we Terpsichoreans give our first cotillion. We are disgusted about it, as we cannot be ubiquitous, and are going to our own affair, be there fifty other entertainments.

Then numbers of the men are coming to us, and I do not know where they will find sufficient to go round. There are two new men this year, only two—one is a civilian, Mr. Ben Holladay, the other is Mr. Wolf, who is stationed at the Presidio. I like them both. Mr. Wolf has a very cordial manner, I might almost call it gushing. One feels that he simply lives on the smiles of the maiden with whom he happens to be conversing. Mr. Holladay is quite young, but tremendously good-looking—tall and dark. He lives at the Palace, and is one of those fortunate people who has no disagreeable profession to worry over. He can go to all our affairs, even in the morning. All of us girls are quite "crushed," to be slangy, I only hope his head will not be turned.

Now as to what I have been doing since last week.

On Friday I went to the luncheon given to us girls by Emma Butler, at the Hotel Richelieu. It was a very pretty affair but did not differentiate in any particular from the usual luncheon. It took place in the main dining room so that all the other guests had an opportunity of gazing on our many and varied charms and of comparing one of us with another. We are a symphony in tans this year—nearly every one has one tan frock which speaks flatteringly of our complexions, does it not? For my own part I do not like luncheons in public dining rooms unless, perhaps, it be the Palace, where the room is so large that one is apart from all the other guests.

Then on Saturday we all went to Bessie Ames' tea. Arthur said he never saw a goodlier collection of comely maidens than were assembled there. We debutantes are charmingly pretty this year. I must say so even be it interdicta. We all wore white organdie gowns and looked deliciously sweet and bread and buttery. It is only in the appearance, however. Some of us are "cakey," others "gamey," but bread and butter—well that went out of date with mittens and spinning wheels, I believe. There were loads of men—a most unusual circumstance at a tea, but I understand they are all coming this year. Last season they were invited merely—some of them called afterward and some did not—we girls, however, are attractive enough to even have them at our crushes. I do not know which of us looked the best' Bessie Ames looked sausy and dear. Marie Wells looked really lovely in white, Charlotte Ellinwood was very attractive, Lillie Follis is stunning, Ethel Keeny, piquante, Leontine Blakeman and Mamie Polhemus, very striking. Though Arthur says he would not like to be a Paris with only one apple, I fancy beauties even among goddesses, must have been a scarcer commodity in the days of Helen of Troy.

Then Gertie Carroll's luncheon in honor of Julia Crocker was exceedingly pretty. Several of the debutantes and a few of the older girls were there. We had no wine. Thus far this year wine is eschewed at girls' luncheons. A number of us are strictly blue ribbonites, you know. There is quite a lively amount of discussion among the older ladies as to the wisdom of having punch at afternoon teas. Mamma and Aunt Caroline are very much opposed to it and we had quite an argument on the subject the other day at luncheon. Aunt Sybil believes in punch, but insists that it should be rather mild, while Mamma and Aunt Caroline contend that it is an abominable practice luring young men to destruction. I do think there is much to be said against it. I know Arthur went to one tea last year where they had very delicious but dangerously strong punch and the results were—well, disastrous in a brother—funny in another chap. Some of the boys were quite gay and lively, you know, and Arthur told me he had a fearful headache the next day, and I never knew him to drink so much water save after a stag party at one of the clubs.

Another tremendously smart luncheon was that given in the 'Varsity Club on Thursday, by Mrs. Colton in honor of Helen Thornton. We were all there, and the table looked exquisite. Oh, I forgot about, perhaps my jolliest afternoon, Wednesday, when the ladies of the Century Club threw open their new rooms. They gave a little play—that one of Howells called "Unexpected Guests." Jessie Glascock took the principal part and carried off the laurels. Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Ethel Beaver, Alick Baldwin, Cora Smedberg and Mr. Minxner took the other parts. Mr. Minxner was easily the best of the men; he plays like a professional. Miss Annie Beaver, who is president of the club, made a most charming hostess. The club rooms are wonderfully improved, the papering is so pretty and fresh looking, one would hardly recognize the old place—pretty window seats in harmonious tones—altogether as comfortable as a man's club.

By the way, we are all going to the Woman's Exchange Benefit at the Columbia next Monday night. It is to be a very smart affair. Dozens of parties have been made up already. The Herrmanns are very interesting and clever people, you know, and all the girls are talking about some new tricks which they are bringing out.

MISS ADELAIDE PATRICK

Whose engagement to Mr. E. J. Cote has been announded

Now, Diary dear, I fancy I have told you all the events of this week. In the future the horizon just teems with teas and luncheons. On Saturday three teas—Mrs. Keeney introduces Ethel and Leontine Blakeman, at a very large affair. Afterwards those who assist in receiving are to be given a dinner. Then Mrs. Charles Fox Tay will be at home from four to seven, and Mrs. John Boggs of Colusa, who has taken the Breeze's house, is to give a reception next week. Gweneth Henley gives a debutante's luncheon to Marie Wells on Tuesday, and Mrs. Murphy is to give a luncheon at the Palace to Addie on Thursday. The Ellinwoods are to give a reception to married people and a dance on December 1st. Therese Morgan gives a tea and dinner dance on the 12th of November and Marie Wells on the 13th. And so farewell for another week.

From your loving, though weary,

MISS CRICKET.

* *

Among the most interesting of social announcements, is that of the wedding of Miss Blanche Castle and Mr. Charles David Farquharson, which is to be solemnized at the Castle house, 2424 Steiner street on Thursday next.

There is considerable talk about the San Francisco Verein's entertainment next Saturday night. It is to be a floral fete and a dance, and inagurates the club's winter festivities. Something very swell is promised.

The Casserley-Cudahy wedding was duly celebrated in Chicago, on Wednesday last, with Archbishop Riordan officiating. W. O'B. McDonough was best man, and Miss Casserley went East for the occasion. The newspapers say it was a very interesting affair, but for the intimate particulars we will have to wait.

The Bohemian Club has decided not to tie itself up to the Post street quarters. There was a big meeting the other night, and, after due consideration, it was concluded not to accept a jinks room at the cost of a ten-year lease. Mr. Lent, who owns the building, offered to add a fourth story in which there should be a great hall, provided the club would agree to remain his tenants for another decade, but the idea did meet with favor. It was looking a bit too far ahead, and it was voted down, which was very sensible. It was really only a lack of courage which prevented the institution entering into the enjoyment of the Wenban building, and the time will come when it will take possession of a home of its own. The present lease has two years longer to run, and at the end of that time the club is privileged to have a renewal for five years more.

* *

The season in Oakland has thus far at least been a disappointment. Opening with so much eclat, great were the anticipations for an exceedingly gay winter. We have, of course, the allotted number of teas, a sprinkling of receptions, dinners and luncheons; but the reign of the function has ceased as suddenly as it began. There is not even a hint of any large private affairs in the future. The Prather-Miller wedding is to be immensely smart. It is to take place on Wednesday, November 3d, at St. Paul's Church. The young people hoped to be married in St. John's Church, which is being rebuilt, but it would have meant a considirable delay. The reception afterwards is to be comparatively small, only the immediate friends having been invited. When one realizes the immense Prather-Miller connection, however, even a family party becomes of formidable proportions.

There are some rather interesting dinners to chronicle this week, among them a farewell affair to Miss Florence Sharon and a dinner by Mrs. Robert Price. The Sharon party was given by a trio of bachelors who have taken the Bugbee cottage on Lake street and have gone in for housekeeping. Mrs. Sharon chaperoned the young people who had a rarely jolly evening. Among them were Miss Pauline Fore, Niss Sharon, and Margaret Knight. Miss Florence Sharon is to leave for Washington early next week. About a dozen men and maids were invited by Mrs. Robert Price, on Friday evening, at her home on Linda Vista Terrace. The decorations were in chrysanthemums.

Of receptions, the most important was that of Mr. and Mrs. Jenks at the home of Mr. J. C. Martin. The whole house was decorated with chrysanthemums. Before the reception a breakfast was served to a number of Mrs. Jenks' friends including the bridal party. The young people had much fun, especially when the cake was cut. Miss Hutchings had the good fortune to receive the ring; the coin fell to Dr. Anna Sawyer and the thimble to Miss Davis. About two hundred guests paid their revoirs during the afternoon.

Another at home was that of Miss Blix Smith in honor of Miss Grace Hilborn on Tuesday of last week. There were a goodly number of guests. Miss Smith was assisted in receiving by Miss Kenna, Miss Murray, Mrs. Howard Bray and Mrs. Henry Gray.

An interesting series of lectures has been arranged by Mrs. John Phillips and managed by Mrs. Horace Wilson. The subjects are artistic and literary, I believe. The lectures will be given at Mrs. Phillips' house on Thursday mornings. The next on the list is "Scenes from the Life of Christ."

A very pretty home wedding was that of Miss Ethel Harte Wyman and Dr. Hilliard Wasser, which took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. S. J. Taylor, on Linda Vista Terrace. Miss Wyman is a charming looking girl, very dark, with bright black eyes and animated expression. She is a niece of Bret Harte. Dr. Wasser is a young physician stationed at the Wellington coal mines, Nanaimo. Miss Wyman wore white silk and carried bride roses. Little Miss Margaret Taylor was her sole attendant.

A cotillion club is being organized in Berkeley this winter. There are to be three germans given in Shattuck Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. John Garber, Mrs. Wm. Duff, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Greenleaf. The first meeting is to take place on Wednesday, December 1st.

A smart affair was the reception given on Friday evening by Mrs. Boone, in honor of Professor Haskell and Mr. Moore. About fifty young people were invited to meet them. Mrs. Boone looked very well in a combination of pompadour silk and turquoise blue velvet. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Ruth Rising in white organdie and Miss Florence Green, who wore a sweet little frock of green silk veiled in figured organdie. The house was decorated with ferns and flowers, which were arranged in Indian baskets with charming effect.

Among the future events is a large party to be given by the Misses Crellin on Thursday. Mrs. Clay has issued cards for an at home on Friday next. Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, who has been spending the last eighteen months in Europe, is on her way home. Mrs. Pennoyer has travelled extensively during her stay. She made Paris her headquarters and placed her children in school there. During their vacations she took them to see the various points of interest. Mr. H. M. A. Miller has gone on a short trip to Mexico. His brother, Mr. Harry Miller, is at present in Portland, Oregon, the guest of Mr. Farrell.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

## THE THEATRES

### An American Beauty That is Neither Beautiful Nor Interesting.

Some one more prodigal than prudent is burning money with the Corinne company. There was a strong odor of incinerated dollars in the dress circle and orchestra of the Columbia this week. "An American Beauty" was the attraction that failed in its purpose, and New York—poor New York! jay New York! was again libelled, for the play bills announced the opera comique as "the great New York Casino success." No one can truthfully label the production a San Francisco success, for it was a flat, dismal, weary failure. It is not even clever nonsense. The book is stupid, and the people all harmonize beautifully with the book. Gustave Kerker, whoever he may be, is responsible for the music. He gives us some things good in the way of a chorus or two, and no doubt the gentleman has it in him to do excellent work, but he took himself too seriously in this undertaking and forgot the popular ear demands something beside technically clever music. "The American Beauty" type of performance has had its day. With "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and some other types of dramatic performance, its place is now in the backwoods, not in a metropolis.

Of Corinne's company little may be said in praise. Owen Fitzgerald has a rather pleasing voice, and just escapes having a good-looking face. His walk and bearing are painfully awkward to behold, and one is constantly agitated while Fitz is on the stage, lest he may be suffering from a colic or some more serious pain—so doubled up is he. The young ladies of the company are of a very plain sort; but the fact that abbreviated skirts and no skits at all expose abbreviated limbs and no limbs at all does not add interest to the situation. But they are good girls—which is something.

Corinne herself is a curious little mixture. She has the eyes that mean much, for there are fire, volcanoes and all sorts of disturbances behind them. One might have some fear of her were it not for the mouth and chin that disclose a strongly sympathetic and kindly nature. She is not pretty. Certainly not when she smiles broadly. I cannot recall when I first saw this young lady, nor how often, but if she cares to know when she looks her best, let her actually play her mandolin before a camera, for there comes into her face then a something womanly, thoughtful, perhaps tender; at all events, more pleasing than the broad smile that is hers. One knows innumerable people who look best when talking or smiling—others when their mouths are hermetically sealed. Corinne is one of the latter. It has been a misfortune of this young lady since she has grown to womanhood to tie herself to some of the worst companies it has ever been my misfortune to know, usually accompanied by an extravaganza something worse than the performers. She will succeed in injuring herself financially and wrecking her chances theatrically, unless she cuts entirely away from present environments and makes a new departure. This advice is gratis, but it seems to be needed.

B.

* *

A charming figure is Mme. Orbasany, the lady with the cockatoos at the Orpheum—pretty and pleasing with deep dark eyes and hair to match, a picture-like costume and jaunty cap. But the fair Orbasany is merely incidental, the cockatoos are the thing—there are about a dozen of them, all remarkably well trained and well behaved. They dance about and pirouette, turn over bars and somersaults, open gates, play with cards and march in truly martial manner, and through it all the madam flits about with a little stick in her hand saying little words in Russian. The act is the most pleasing and graceful the Orpheum has had for many a moon. The Biograph comes at the end of the programme after rather weary waiting. The machine is in almost perfect condition, reproducing life most naturally.

* *

"The Ensign" appeals to the American heart

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When the Curtain Rises

The Situation in Act II

SCENES FROM "THE GEISHA"
Marceau, photo

in a rather peculiar manner; it is melodramatic and unnatural in many ways but it is good just the same. At Morosco's this week it is receiving much favor, of which considerable is due to the elaborate setting. The double deck of the U. S. S. San Jacinto is really a fine bit of stage work, and the view of Moro Castle and the Havana harbor, a pretty perspective. As for the acting, it is always acceptable at Morosco's tinged with the real melodramatic dye. H. S. K.

## THE HENSCHEL CONCERT

### The Beautiful Art of Perfect Rendering Delightfully Exhibited.

In these days of the culture of specialism, every kind of effort which arrives meets with its deserts. Be the cult either large or limited there is always in matters musical sufficient encouragement held out to those who reach the standard. If the standard is a great one so much the better; if an ordinary one, the appreciation is equal, providing, always, that the artist fulfills his or her intention. Perhaps no better examples of intentions lived up to are to be heard than the Henschels.

Singing as an art, in its pure and original state, is bound up with those eternal verities, felt by and evenly eluding the most cultivated and ignorant, and only to be appreciated in the actual performance of what is called great singing. Mainly traceable to modern life in its complex rapidity, the accomplishing of real singing grows more difficult, and the demand for any kind of song grows greater, so that the public will take the best it can get rather than wait for the best that is possible. Those pure, voluminous, liquid voices coming down in tradition to us, are scarcely heard in this generation, and are a divine accident, rather than the outcome of severe and intense study. Tone is dethroned and emotion and elocutionary style reign supreme. Models of the great school are so rare that the general public has not much chance of comparison, and all kinds of qualities are accepted which in themselves have nothing to do with beauty of tone itself. Toleration is the shield of bad art.

In the main, the success of artists of the type of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel lies in a wide sympathy and appreciation of the underlying principles of art. Not special singing art, but in the art of presenting ideas with finesse, calmness and a certain intimate simplicity. Quite frank, absolutely without pose is the desire to give a truthful, interesting and graceful idea of the contents of those gems of art, which are chosen with the finest of taste, by the way. A glance over their programme is sufficient to show that only good work comes under the crucible of these artists study. Such readings as they give are all spontaneous, there is no method of interpreting, no laboriously worked out scheme of elocutionizing, such as local performers agonize over and under. With the advantage of these gifts, combined in personnel, ease and a certain air of unconscious good breeding, the singing of these artists makes an immediate impression on the portion of an audience whose sympathy is worth having, the other portion of the house is quietly ignored. Genuine feeling of enjoyment for the intrinsic quality of the numbers illustrated, displayed so candidly and with so little of mere personal mannerism, is as winsome a charm as it is rare. Everything that good taste and æsthetic judgment can do to make a performance delightful is done, and from beginning to end the atmosphere of real art exhales over all.

Such admirable gift and talent as Mr. Henschel shows in his musicianship in sustaining, supporting and developing the numbers with his piano playing, has probably never been equalled here. The ready memory and the fluent and certain control of the piano-forte medium in itself would stamp him as a gifted artist—filled as it should be with the enclosing spirit of the compositions as they developed themselves. This playing was the solid masonry upon which the whole structure of the singing seemingly rested. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henschel enter an art world true to itself with the singing of every number, and whatever the style they have a fresh and interesting something to express.

Deep feeling, true sentiment, tender gaiety, humor, pathos and a healthy and happy sense of the beauty of emotion permeates the whole effort, to the achievement of a perfection such as many will treasure through years of artistic experiences. The public recognized that combination of joy in art and "sweetness and light" uniquely combined in this delightful musical couple.

As to the singing itself these artists are not strictly tone artists. Having at command a certain method of tone they give themselves over an reservedly to developing the delivery of their imaginative pictures with a refreshing certainty. That the quality of tone shall be ever perfection and nothing but perfection, there is no evidence, they evidently regard that side of their art as of less importance. Consummate exquisite tone does not play any especial part. Mrs. Henschel has a limit of volume, as likewise has her gifted husband, and wear has not improved in the latter what could never have been a pure negative tone. Where there is so much that is delightful and admirable only an inexorable tone sense will regret the absence of perfect tone—and the tone sense is fortunately, or otherwise, not a common one. In Mr. Henschel a flatness of timbre and in Mrs. Henschel a prima facie shortness of resonance, as well as that peculiar spreading of intonation coming from the German habit of covering the high tones, makes itself apparent to tone lovers, but does not interfere with the apparent spontaneity of effort, or the enjoyment of this artistic side of their work. The beauty of the artistic side of their work is so apparent that the public and lovers of the classic *leids*, however, will find an intense gratification coming in a form as refined and gracious as the personalities of two charming and distinguished artists can make the beautiful art of perfect rendering.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

An Interesting Delusion in Madame Hermann's Repertoire
Thors, photo

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## DRAMATIC NOTES

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen" comes to the Baldwin Monday evening with a company of sixty people, including a large chorus and a troupe of Spanish dancers. The piece is a musical comedy in four acts by J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse. Charles Dickson heads the company.

The Italian Grand Opera Company opens its season at the California, Tuesday evening, with "La Gioconda." "The Masked Ball" will be given on Wednesday, the double bill, "Cavelleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," on Thursday, and "Il Trovatore" Friday evening and Saturday matinee. On Saturday evening Puccini's new opera, "La Boheme," will be sung, for the first time in this country.

We have had cake walkers and cake walkers of many moods and manners, but the monarchs of them all come to the Orpheum next week—Billie and Willie Farrell, the world's champions, whose walking in Madison Square Garden some years ago literally took the cake. Two other new people are Foy & Clark, eccentric comedy duo. The Biograph has a number of new views and Mme. Orbasany continues with her cockatoos.

The Hermanns come to the Columbia Monday evening with a newly arranged programme of dance and mystery. Their new act of decapitation has created a sensation, and their other illusions, "The Maid of the Moon" and "The Hindoo Clock" are said to be equally as good. Mme. Hermann has invented a new fire dance and will reappear in some of her old creations. The attraction following the Herrmann engagement, which is for two weeks, will be "In Old Kentucky."

For next week the Alcazar announces a revival of The Highest Bidder. This is the piece that first won recognition for E. H. Sothern, and although played frequently since then, still possesses much interest. Wright Huntington is cast for Jack Hammer ton; Wallace Shaw, Bonham Cheviot; Charles Bates, Sir Evelaine Craine, and Gertrude Foster, Louise Thornhill. "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is underlined to follow.

At the Michelena benefit at the Tivoli this afternoon the programme will consist of the "William Tell" overture by the orchestra, harp solo "Valse Caprice" by Mrs. Marquardt, scene and aria from "Trovatore," and last act from "Lucia" by Michelena and company. The second part includes a number of Spanish songs in costume by Michelena and the Spanish Students.

Melodrama returns to Morosco's next week with the presentation of Joseph D. Clifton's well-known play, "777." The piece is of the sensational sort, full of exciting realism and dramatic effect. The scenery and costumes have been apecially prepared and the production promises to be generally satisfactory. W. H. Pascoe assumes the treble role of George Malcomb, Miss Hall, Mr. Snow and the balance of the company are suitably cast. A number of specialties are to be given.

The engagement has just been made public of Miss Adelaide Patrick, eldest daughter of Mr. A. B. Patrick, the wholesale leather merchant, to Mr. E. J. Cote, of St. Louis, Mo. Miss Patrick is a strikingly handsome girl of a decidedly brunette type and is quite a favorite among the younger set. The prospective groom is well known in business and club circles both here and in the East.

The Music Teachers' Association of California will give a concert at Byron Mauzy Hall next Wednesday evening, November 3d. The admission is by invitation only, to be obtained from members of the Association.

"The Geisha" commences its third week at the Tivoli to-morrow evening. The opera has caught on immensely and will likely run some weeks longer. "Rip Van Winkle" comes next and then the Christmas spectacle modelled after Mother Goose.

"The rummiest marster I ever 'ad," said an old gamekeeper in a Northern county, "wur t'ould Parson Sharp. He wur as blind as a bat, he wur." "And did he go shootin'?" asked one of the interested audience. "Shootin'? Yes—he shot reg'lar. But he couldn't see, he couldn't. When anythin' rose, I used to cry, 'Birds, sir!' and then I'd run behind parson, and the dogs 'ud run behind me, and we'd all go dancin' round behind t'ould gentleman, while he blazed away with both bar'ls."

Henry Russell, the composer, was once singing in public his song, "There's a Good Time Coming," when he was staggered by a gentleman arising in the audience and gravely asking, "Won't you oblige us with the date?"

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## GENIUS AND MATRIMONY

### An Interesting Book About the Wives and the Wooing of Great Men.

One may be a genius and married and yet be happy. To the majority of people who recall the misfortunes of Carlyle and the infidelities of Byron, this may seem a daring assumption, but it is proved by the author of *The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men* (Frederick A. Stokes Company). In this volume of some three hundred and forty pages, he relates the courtships and matrimonial entanglements of some of the greatest soldiers, statesmen, artists and preachers the world has had, and the conclusion is irresistible. Many of them not only loved their wives but were devoted; even sentimental husbands. Save in the instance of Byron, Goethe and Shelley, this especial set of eminent personages seem to have been more constant and gentle than their mates who were often females of uncertain temper and exasperating manner. It is impossible to generalize further though the evidence submitted is most abundant. Geniuses in selecting their spouses go about it much as other men do, and take all those chances in the lottery which nature imposes on the rest of us. If fate had endowed them with a true woman then their happiness transcended the ordinary—witness the marriages of Hawthorne and Browning. If not, they suffered as did Carlyle, Lincoln or John Wesley, whose spouse used, in her paroxysms of jealous rage, to drag him around by the hair. That unfortunate preacher realized all the terrors of the termagant. Mrs. Wesley used to watch her husband, open his letters, spy upon him—in fact subject him to every torment and insult. Not that he suffered in silence for he protested. "I dislike," he writes, "not having the command of my own house, not being at liberty to invite even my nearest relations so much as to drink a dish of tea without disobeying *you*. I dislike your talking against me behind my back, and that every day and almost every hour of the day making my faults (real or supposed), the standing topic of your conversation."

Maybe, however, Wesley was a trying personage, but he was a saint in comparison to George Whitefield who in proposing for the young woman he had decided to marry, wrote to her parents:

"This comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations to know whether you think your daughter, Miss E., is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking? If so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage unto her? You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for, I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love. I write only because I believe it is the will of God that I should alter my state; but your denial will fully convince me that your daughter is not the person apointed by God for me."

I am glad to say the maiden in question refused to succumb to this very deliberate wooing and convinced him as aforesaid. Bishop Hall had great good fortune in matrimony, though the choice of a helpmate was made for him by a friend. This is how he describes his entry into the wedded state:

"The uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of my single housekeeping, drew my thoughts to the necessity of the married state, which God, no less strangely, provided for me; for walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week with a grave and reverend minister, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her: 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.'"

The comely and modest gentlewoman made an excellent spouse and they lived in harmony together forty-nine years. The other clergymen whose experiences are detailed seem to have had better luck. Dean Stanley, who married Lady Augusta Bruce, was thoroughly happy—so was Dean Alford and Sydney Smith. But to turn from the ministry to war, one learns that the Duke of Wellington and his wife were unhappy. Some one asked the great soldier if he had not during his life inspired great admiration and enthusiasm among women. "Yes," he replied, "plenty of that—but no woman ever loved me."

As a young man he had fallen in love with Lady Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Langford, who refused his consent because Captain Wellesley had no coin. However, the lady assured him she would consider herself engaged to him, and with that understanding he went out to India. He returned eight years later Sir Arthur Wellesley and a great man, but Lady Catherine, in the meantime, had lost her beauty through smallpox. She offered her lover his freedom but he refused and they were wedded. A long separation such as this is often fatal to a sentiment, for subsequently the Duke was heard to say, "There is nothing in the world worth living for." More fortunate was Sir Henry Lawrence who found an ideal woman. She accompanied him on the most perilous journeys and assisted the performance of his duties as a good comrade might. Several pages are taken with a recital of the relations of the Duke of Marlborough and his wife. Sarah Jennings was a veritable beauty but her temper was that of a tigress. Her virtue was above suspicion because she loved her husband with a fierce and exclusive earnestness. After his death the Earl of Somerset asked her to marry him. "Were I only thirty," she replied, "I would not permit even the Emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough." Though Marlborough's personal honor is tainted, in his relations with his wife he was most tender and devoted. He writes to her: "I do love and adore you with all my heart and soul—so much, that by all that is good I do and will ever be better pleased with your happiness than my own; but, oh my soul, if we might be both happy what inexpressible joy that would be." However, on another occasion he wrote to his Duchess from the Low Countries: "I have before me at this moment sixty thousand of the best soldiers in the world commanded by the best General in Europe and I am not half so much afraid of them as I am of you when you are angry."

The most romantic of military love affairs was that of Garibaldi, who loved at first sight and won a wife at once an Amazon and a Madonna. The great liberator was tramping the quarter deck of the *Itaparica*, wrapped in sad thoughts and longing for the sympathy and love of a woman. He tells in his autobiography the episode:

"My glance fell by chance upon the houses of the Barra, a little hill thus called at the entrance of the Laguna (of St. Catherine in Brazil), on which are some simple but picturesque dwellings. With the aid of my glass, which I habitually held in my hand when on the quarter-deck, I saw a young girl. I ordered the men to row me ashore in that direction, and disembarked, and made for the house which contained the object of my voyage, but could not find it, when I encountered a person of the place whom I had known on my first arrival. He invited me to take coffee at his house. We entered, and the first person on whom my gaze fell was the one who had caused my coming on shore. It was Anita, the mother of my children: the companion of my life in good and evil fortune: the woman whose courage I have so often desired! We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other, like two persons who do not meet for the first time, and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall revive remembrance. At last I saluted her, and I said, 'You must be mine!' I spoke but little Portuguese, and I spoke these audacious words in Italian. However, I seemed to have some magnetic power in my insolence. I had tied a knot which death alone could break."

Anita was indeed a soldier's bride. She stood beside Garibaldi in battle and encouraged his soldiers to deeds of valor. Once in a ship engagement, when urged by her husband to go below for her safety, she answered, "If I do, it will be but to drive out those cowards who have sought concealment there, and then return to fight."

The marriages of great scientific men seem to have been very happy, for they selected women who assisted them in their labors. Buckland dictated his books to his wife. Galvani's wife was the first to observe the froggy convulsions which led to the discovery of galvanic laws. The politicians seem also to have had good fortune in matrimony. William Cobbett married the daughter of an artilleryman who was the most devoted of women. Edmund Burke had infinite happiness out of his marriage. Lady Randolph Churchill certainly aided the career of her husband. It is interesting to note the circumstances of their first meeting:

Lord Randolph first met his future wife at a small dinner-party in Paris. Though the young statesman was little given to ladies' society, his attention was attracted to the lovely young American through the fluency and brilliant wit by which she carried on the conversation in French. When the evening was over, he said to a friend, "That is the brightest girl I have ever met."

Lord Beaconsfield married an extraordinary woman, the widow of his friend Wyndham Lewis. She was not beautiful, but most devoted, and she had many thousands a year. Though eccentric and vulgar she was an admirable wife, a true helpmate and confidante. When she was dying Beaconsfield said, "For thirty-three years she has never given me a dull moment." Lord Salisbury married against the will of his father a daughter of the late Baron Alderson. She is a most gifted and brilliant woman who threw herself heart and soul into the career of her husband. She wrote for the magazines during the period of their poverty, and is said to have contributed some of the smartest articles the *Saturday Review* ever published. Withal she has made her husband a most devoted wife. Our own Abraham Lincoln was very unfortunate. On the day first set for his marriage with Miss Todd he failed to appear at the church. The couple were reconciled however, and on the second occasion Lincoln appeared pale and trembling. Some one asked him where he was going, and he replied, "To hell, I suppose." She was a violent woman with excellent intentions, and Abraham obeyed her sedulously. Once a gardener at the White House asked Mrs. Lincoln if he should cut down a certain tree. She consented. Then he came to the President to ask him. "What does Mrs. Lincoln say?" he enquired. "That it shall be taken away. "Then, in God's name," exclaimed Lincoln, "cut it down to the roots." One might quote all night out of this most entertaining budget of tales. Really it is a most interesting, most entertaining volume this *Love Affairs of Some Famous Men*, and worthy a wide circulation.

C.

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## BOOK NOTES

The holiday season is at hand and new books for children are appearing by the dozen. A contingent of pleasant stories prettily bound and cleverly illustrated cometh from the house of Roberts Bros. One of these is *The Resolute Mr. Pansy*, by John Trowbridge, in which the adventures of a young school teacher, who takes charge of a class of unruly boys in an out of the way village are narrated. After many trials and vicissitudes the young man tames his flock, interests them in electricity, incidentally reforms things and finally marries the belle of the village, all of which is accomplished in a very short time. The book is specially suited for boys—in particular for those interested in electricity.

*Wanolasset*, by A. G. Plympton, is something more stirring. The scene is in Massachusetts in the Puritan days, with the sanctimonious settlers and more or less savage Indians for principal characters. The heroine, a little Puritan maid called by the savages Wanolasset—"the little one who laughs"—is stolen in a raid by King Philip's tribe and carried away. She is finally rescued after much suffering and sorrow by her half-brother and a half civilized Indian. The story is well written, easily claiming attention. It is instructing as well, bringing in considerable history of the time.

A tale that will appeal to many children is *Torpeanuts the Tomboy*, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Torpeanuts is a familiar character, a half wild, wholly good-natured little girl, with a particular affection for animals.

Essentially a boy's book is *The Secret of the Black Butte, or the Mysterious Mine*, by William Shattuck. It describes in quite a realistic manner the adventures of two lads who kill bears, discover a lost mine and missing heiresses within an almost incredible space of time. It fairly teems with excitement and narrow escapes, and as everything turns out well in the end, it leaves an agreeable impression.

Something more pretentious, but also involving mines and adventures, is *The Golden Crocodile*, by F. Mortimer Trimmer. The scene is the Roaring Fork Canyon, and the banks of the Medicine Creek in the days of California's discovery of gold. The crocodile represented a mining boom, the bottom of which finally fell out, causing considerable ruin. Around this collapse the tale is written, the characters are well drawn, and as the plot is well formed and unravelled, it makes interesting reading.

Roberts Bros. have also gotten out a new edition of Helen Jackson's well-known booklet *The Procession of the Flowers in Colorado*.

A new serial by Frank R. Stockton is begun in the November number of the St. Nicholas. It is entitled *The Buccaneers of Our Coast*, narrating the adventures of celebrated pirates. Another continued story is *With the Black Prince*, by William O. Stoddard. W. S. Harwood has an interesting article *The Story of a Pine Board*, and George Kennan contributes a sketch *My Narrowest Escape*. A feature of the number is a new southern story *A Funny Little School*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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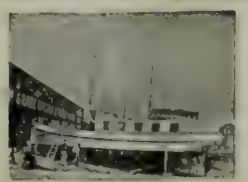
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# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## The Reliance-Stanford Football Game—Notes of the Gridiron.

The Reliance-Stanford game was chiefly interesting because of the very excellent officialing. In Mr. Tobin there was found an umpire who has a thorough knowledge of the game and a keen eye for infractions, coupled with the character and decision necessary to an instant and unchanging ruling. The contrast between the way this gentleman kept his eyes open to play and his ears shut to protest and the debating-club methods of those who enforced rules in the previous games, was refreshing. If Mr. Tobin can be persuaded to act he should be chosen as one official in all important matches from now on.

* *

The Reliance eleven has developed remarkable charity of late. Twice it has given away games, and once could only persuade the other side to accept a tie. Without overlooking the immense stiffening-up of Stanford's defense, it is not too much to say that the athletic club men played away below their best. A certain listlessness marked the conduct of their part of the game, especially on the defense, that was in marked contrast to the vim of the college men. But allowing for the listlessness of one side and the vigor of the other, it was only the most stupid kind of captaining that kept Reliance from making at least another touchdown. To be sure, the slippery foothold handicapped the light, fast-moving club backs more than it did Fisher or Cotton. When the Reliance men did get their interference formed none of them seemed able to shake loose from it to take a dangerous opponent. Time and again when the interference would smother Stanford's end and leave an opening outside the back plunged inside into the arms of the very man who would have been hustled out of the play had the runner swung out farther. The play might even have made ground with the half going inside had an interferer gone out to meet the tackle, but often he was left free, without an attempt to prevent his stopping the play. The choice of plays in the first half, too, was bad and those chosen were poorly executed. Much of the latter fault was due to the poor condition of the field, but the Reliance must have more effective offensive formations than those it brought off on Saturday. There is certainly some one to blame for not using them and for not using ordinary judgment in choosing the point of attack. The lineup that allowed a Reliance man to block his fullback's kick and gave Stanford her first points was loose, careless and illy-adapted to protect a man who kicks straight ahead as Wykoff does. Another apparent trifle that the clubmen neglected, and that Stanford was careful about, was the matter of cleats. Especially on a rainy day do well cleated shoes lend an advantage hard to estimate. Time and again when Murphy was making his pretty runs the worn down cleats on Reliance shoes refused to hold and the would-be tacklers went sprawling. The slowness of the backs, usually so fast, was partly due to this same neglect. When we consider that quick starting is the foundation of good football and that without cleats quick starting is absolutely impossible, we can see how much effect so apparently small a matter may have on the result of a game. It is in such trifles and other trifling matters in play and practice that the colleges are better than the athletic clubs. With as careful management and systematic practice the Reliance could simply sweep over either of the colleges.

* *

Mr. Wykoff has strengthened the team immensely and with Code to play quarter he would be of much more value, for on Saturday his shifting from quarter to fullback gave Stanford plenty of time to meet his kicks but, even so, after the first few tries, his coolness allowed him to place the ball to the best advantage for his side, although his kicks did not cover the distance that we had a right to expect from his form of other days. Sherman, withall he did not play his best game, showed that he is the peer of any end we have seen barring Nolan; but Sherman, in knowledge of the game, ability to get into a play at the right time, and to save himself when necessary, need not bow even to the old West Pointer, whose advantage over the little Reliance man is chiefly in physique. Lanyon played a good game, his play is consistently improving every week. His prettiest play was a steal of the ball from Murphy's arms on Stanford's fifteen-yard line. The dailies credited Murphy with a fumble. There was no fumble. Lanyon saw his chance, took the ball and enabled his eleven to score their only touchdown. Again Carl Smith played a magnificent game. When big holes were opened in Reliance center, Smith was in like a flash, more often than not stopping the play right there. The Stanford center trio, notwithstanding their reputation, did not make the openings that the lighter and less experienced men from Berkeley did a week before. Erskine, who went in at tackle in Sexton's absence, played better than any tackle has yet this year; if his work remains consistent he will probably replace Sexton; at least the fight between them ought to be close. Erskine's weight and strength offsetting Sexton's remarkable aptitude for and understanding of the game.

* *

On the day of this issue two freshman elevens will battle for intercollegiate supremacy. There is a general impression that California is to win an easy contest. Those who think so are apt to be very much surprised before sunset. On paper the record of the Californians shows that the game ought easily to be theirs, but paper records are not weighty. While Coach Nott has been keeping his freshmen hard at work together as an eleven, Mr. Brooke has been working his best men on the college to give the 'varsity practice. This week the Stanford men will work together, and all the coach's attention will be lavished on moulding them into a team. The promising individuals of the California line are few. On the Stanford eleven there are a number with reputations. Morgan and Beckley, the former who played so well last week on the 'varsity, are apt to smother any end runs the U. C. youngsters may try. Then at tackle there is Burmeister, who was a star on St. Matthew's School team of last year, a team that won the Academic Championship and showed a type of game nearer the Eastern standard than did any eleven except Stanford's victorious 'varsity. Manley from the same team is a very effective end runner on whom the cardinal relies for gains, and they ought not to be disappointed, as the blue and gold is not strongest at end. Hill, a very strong fast man who has been playing at end on the college, will probably do as well as Manley in skirting the ends, and Wilson, with a splendid academic record, will give good account of his weight and experience as fullback.

* *

Rumor comes up from Palo Alto that he has been making good gains against the 'varsity. The best men of the U. C. '01 class are McCabe half-back and captain, Fowler centre and Pringle tackle, who are 'varsity material. Premo, their crack end, has been on the injured list, but may be out for the day's game. Talman, a man of much reputation, will probably be outclassed by Burmeister or any other able man Stanford may play at tackle. Frank Smith is a light but gritty and determined fellow of value to the eleven as a line plunger and good partner for McCabe. Altogether conditions between 'varsity and freshman elevens in the two colleges seem reversed. Stanford's 'varsity and California's freshmen are weaker on the ends and behind the line than their opponents, but at centre, guard and tackle are the stronger. But there is this difference—neither freshman eleven has a first-class kicker, while Stanford's 'varsity has Murphy. The end running of Stanford's freshmen with no kicking to offset it ought to give the cardinal a victory by about one touchdown.

* *

The football managers of the two universities have found it expedient to suspend the intercollegiate agreement as to eligibility in order that Stanford may play Morgan and Berkeley Talman on their freshman teams. It seems incredible that the managers have the right to waive agreements entered into by the universities governing the eligibility of players. If they have this right the sooner the colleges withdraw it the better it will be for the health of intercollegiate athletics. The laws governing the athletic relations of the two colleges ought to be as unchangeable (not unchanging) as the laws of the Medes and Persians and beyond the power of any individuals and especially beyond the power of the athletic managers to alter in any way.

* *

There is an absurd rumor afloat that Harvard wants to secure Fickert to replace Bouvee. Even if that fine player were less devotedly loyal to his alma mater than he is, it would be impossible for him to play with Harvard, as not only the residence rule but the law barring a man who has done four year's service for another college prevents his transferring allegiance from the cardinal to the crimson.

* *

A professional baseball team calling itself the Reliance baseball team has been wearing the Reliance Club's emblem. This is a matter for Mr. Berry or some other of the club's officials to look into and remedy.

ROBERT PORTER.

---

A good many years ago, when the dealers in England began to advertise orange marmalade as a substitute for butter, a Lancashire workingman's wife concluded to give the novelty a trial. She bought a two-pound jar from a grocer, and the next morning she entered his shop in a state of high indignation. "You old villun!" she exclaimed; "what do you mean by selling me that stuff? I pretty nearly poisoned my old man with it." "How were that?" asked the innocent shopkeeper. "How were that? Didn't you say it were a substitute for butter?" "Yes, I did." "Well, it is a grand substitute. I used some of it to fry a bit of fish with, an' it made us all sick as we could be."

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A. C. FREESE,
Adminis-trator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, October 26th, 1897.

J. D. Sullivan,
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## FINANCE AND TRADE

### The Money Market—Stocks and Bonds—Trade Expansion.

*Thursday Evening.*

The present conditions of the money market display the same tendency that was apparent at the date of our last report, and there is every appearance of settled ease during the next few months, provided no disturbing political influences should arise. The expanding volume of trade this fall surpasses the most sanguine expectations, the exports during the third quarter of the current year showing an excess over imports amounting to $124,000,000, as compared with $53,000,000 only for the same period in 1896.

The local Silver market has been quiet during the interval, the demand from the Orient having been satisfied for the present. The now disclosed failure of the Commissioners to effect any arrangement in London, looking to international agreement with regard to a bimetallic ratio, has not had as depressing an effect on the value of Silver as might have been expected, probably for the reason that the result had been fully discounted.

It is worthy of notice that the new issue of United States bonds has this week been quoted 128 to 128½, the highest price yet recorded.

In the local Bond market the same good demand continues for first-class securities. Spring Valley 4 per cent bonds have been dealt in at 102¼, the best figure marked for some time past; while the 6 per cent issue of the same concern have changed hands at 118¼, a remarkably good price, seeing the bonds have only eight years to run.

The second instalment of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad bonds may be looked for on the 1st proximo, and the immense popularity of this new issue is amply proven by the fact that this lot, amounting to $200,000, has been tendered for ten times over. We understand there will be a slight advance in the figure, which will probably be in the neighborhood of 101½.

Spring Valley water stock has been by no means strong, and has sold as low as 99, at which price, however, there seem to be further orders in the market. The legal proceedings commenced in the United States Circuit court, with regard to the San Diego Water Company, are being carefully watched by water stock proprietors, and, in the meantime, tend to influence the course of the market.

Gas stocks show strength generally. San Francisco Gas and Electric have advanced from 95¾ to 96¾. Pacific Gas are steady at 93½ to 94, and Mutual Electric are quoted 11¾, strong in tendency.

Fireman's Fund Insurance stock has been bid for at 185.

Bank stocks continue firm and in good demand, the shares of Savings Banks likewise.

Street Railroad stocks are strong generally. Market Street shares, on which the dividend had just been paid, having changed hands at 48.

Powder stocks have weakened somewhat, in view of the suit in contemplation by Mr. W. T. Baggett, with the object of having the local corporations treated as a trust combination.

Alaska Packers stock has been sold at 98.

Oceanic Steamship have been down as low as 30½, but have since been bid for at 31 and are strongly held. This figure seems to us low, as the Company is doing a fine business, and in time the value of their stock should show marked improvement.

Sugar stocks are slightly lower, owing to the absence of orders, while speculators seem disposed to await the action of Congress in regard to Hawaiian annexation. In the meantime the market in this class of shares is likely to continue quiet.

Notwithstanding that all the controlling influences appear to favor higher prices again in the Wheat market, there is no very important gain to record. At the moment of writing the general opinion seems to point to an appreciable advance in values being established ere long and the closing price for No. 1 December is 1.49¼ per cental, which represents a slight improvement for the week.

Other produce markets are without material change, the most noticeable feature, perhaps, being the continued firmness of prices and the strong demand for live stock of all kinds.

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## TURF TOPICS

### Opening of the Season—First List of Stakes at Ingleside.

The meeting at Los Angeles proved quite a success, financially as well as otherwise, and the association will realize a profit of $10,000 to $12,000 on its nine days' racing. Satisfactory race-meetings in this State, when conducted in the larger centres of population, are the rule, and there is no doubt that as the class of sport improves the results will do so likewise. The object of every one interested should be to improve the tone of things, great progress having been made in this direction during the last three years.

When the season has fairly opened at Ingleside and Oakland, we shall see a surprising change for the better in every respect. What is most satisfactory is that the class of horses generally will show much improvement. There is now so much money to be won here with good animals that a larger number of the better Eastern horses have been scheduled for a winter in California than we have seen hitherto. This shows that our best purses are going to be well-competed for, which means sport in the right sense. By way of making things a little better for us than they would otherwise have been, the New Orleans fever scare has helped to a certain extent, as stables that would probably have operated there have bent their steps this way. Carloads of horses are arriving daily, and men and animals seem delighted to be on the perfect tracks and in the genial clime of California. Of the betting fraternity there is evidently to be a large gathering, and the town is beginning to show a fair sprinkling of well known men already on hand.

Monday next the ball will open at Ingleside, and present appearances are in favor of fine weather and a beginning under generally favorable auspices.

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club has now published the list of horses entered for the ten stakes which closed on the 15th instant. The result shows a total number of 391 entries, the largest number in any one race being eighty in the Crocker stakes for two-year-olds, to be run on December 29th. The smallest number of entries is twenty-five in the University stakes, one mile, for three-year-olds, to be run on the opening day, and for which the Burns & Waterhouse stable with Altamax, Colonel Wheeler, Parthamax and Shasta Water look like playing a strong hand, subject to the horses they may send to the post being fit.

The Sunny Side stakes, for two-year-old colts and geldings, to be run on November 13th, has fifty-two entries and ought to produce a good field.

Comparing the list of entries with the first list of the California Jockey Club, published some weeks earlier, it will be found that the average number of entries is practically the same.

According to the present look of matters the Eastern horses should have the best of it in the events for three-year-olds and upwards, but in the two-year-old section the California stables will probably have things pretty much their own way. Burns & Waterhouse have strengthened their hand in that direction by leasing Traverser, who arrived all well with the rest of their lot except the Morello filly Recreation, who had to break the journey, owing to an attack of sickness, but has since reached Oakland in fairly good health. It is to be hoped this beautiful mare will fully regain her strength and be able to give further proof of her undoubted merit.

The result of the late Rancho del Paso sale in New York was exceedingly disappointing. Few of the yearlings changed hands and many of those at merely nominal prices. The position of affairs on the turf does not justify the extensive breeding operations of Western farms, a view which Mr. Marcus Daly evidently holds, as he has lately effected some important sales of stallions and mares.

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## "ON THE HEIGHTS"

### A Review of the Collected Poems of Lucius H. Foote.

The prominence of individual literateurs is determined largely by environment. A writer who is proclaimed a great man in New York is great for America, whereas the fame of a distinguished San Franciscan is bounded by California. There has been a huge critical outcry over the publication in book form of certain poetical writings of Edmund Clarence Steadman, whose celebrity is a New York creation. The dailies are full of choice extracts and agreeable commendation. Yet Mr. Steadman's vogue is, in a degree, a fashion. He is the proper literary thing, and one bows to his verse when it appears as irreproachable poetry. I question whether the verdict of the English critics, who may not be aware of Mr. Steadman's importance, will fall—in with this chorus. It is highly probable they will admit the correctness of manner, but will ask the wherefore of all the enthusiasm. Contemporaneous with the issuance of this volume appears, unheralded, a collection of the verse of Lucius Harwood Foote—a San Franciscan whose writings are not unknown to readers of *The Wave*. Yet in regions where the personality of Steadman carries no weight, there will be compliments and recognition for Foote which the poems of the former cannot command.

There are many charming and graceful poems in *On the Heights*. The writer is most punctilious in his regard for form and diction. His inspiration is drawn from a variety of sources—here are lyrics, sonnets, ballads and ballades, in innumerable styles and metres, characterized by simplicity invariably, and by real excellence of versification. What is better than a mastery of manner, however, is the sense of poetic feeling which is manifest throughout this volume. In such brief snatches as "Waiting," "The Wooing of the Rose," Marie, "De Profundis," "Summer Days," there is the veritable touch, a breath of the magic that is poetry. Trailing through each of these graceful poems are the delicate threads of a story—the mere suggestion of an incident exquisitely wrought in. I have ventured to reproduce some of these—many of the others were published when written—"Guido," for instance, "Richard Lovelace," and "Lady Jane," in which there is the antique ballad flavor. "Types," too, is admirable. How many writers of the day are doing better than this:

Though her marvelous face, with its halo of hair,
Is so hauntingly fair,
There's a smoldering fire which flickers and flashes
Beneath her lashes,
And the ghost of an old Patrician disdain,
Like the phantom of pain,
Is lurking now
In the swell of her nostril, and shade of her brow.
In fine,
There is pride and passion in every line,
From her finger tips,
To the arch of her foot, and the curve of her lips.
Men have gone to their death, for women like this,
And counted it bliss.
In the hush of her chamber, this very night,
She will tell her beads in the chastened light,
And pray to the Mother of God to keep
Her soul in sleep.

"The Hymn," "To the Unknown God" is a poem that will undoubtedly attract in this form some of the attention its inspiration deserves. It is a notably fine flight, written in a metre that conveys the strenuous "pulse of automatic vibrations." The translations are especially clever. There are several from the French of Gautier, and the German of Heine that are delightfully dainty and felicitous. Indeed, *On the Heights* is certainly a volume that will give real pleasure to the lover of poetry, and I predict for it an unusual degree of critical consideration. The typography of the volume is admirable—like other products of the Roycroft Printing shop. However, here follow certain of General Foote's briefer poems. That on the Sacramento is the fifth verse of a charming poem, for all of which there is not space. The rest tell their own story.

#### El Rio Sacramento.

In ceaseless, silent sweep, between
Low-lying meadows, rank and green,
Along the marge of bastioned banks,
Its dimpled face reflect the ranks
Of gray-beard oaks; its liquid kiss
Thrills all the river reeds with bliss;
The thirsty fibrils of the vine
Reach down to quaff its amber wine;
The grasses and the willows lave
Their tangled tresses in its wave.
The silver thread has grown to be
A molten avalanche set free.
Its path the highway of the world,
Where sails of commerce are unfurled,
Emblem of Time's resistless tide,
On, and still on, its currents glide,
Until, at length, far, far below,
It weds the sea, with stately flow.

#### El Vacquero.

Tinged with the blood of Aztec lands,
Sphinx-like the tawny herdsman stands,
A coiled reata in his hands.
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,
Half brigand, and half cavalier,—
This helot, with imperial grace,
Wears ever on his tawny face
A sad defiant look of pain.
Left by the fierce iconoclast,
A living fragment of the past,—
Greek of the Greeks he must remain.

#### Summer Days.

He came when stormy March was done,
And April birds were on the wing,
When flush of sward and flash of sun
Lent light and color to the spring.

His smile made glad the summer days,
Until my foolish heart was stirred,
And as we walked the woodland ways,
I listened to his whispered word.

Now fields with bloom are not besprent,
And birds no longer pipe with glee;
He took the summer when he went,
And left the winter here to me.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow-passenger on the old-time mud-wagon coach, on the corduroy road which antedated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow-passenger was antagonizing his position, when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough, making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out, and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out, "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other feller don't object." The "other feller," who was no less a personage than at that time Colonel E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of old glory at Ball's Bluff, did not object, when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now, Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why, bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no peace of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"

Dr. Robert McIntyre, a prominent Chicago minister, went to Washington, Ia., to deliver the inaugural address in a new hall located in a fine building, the owners of which operated a private electrical plant. There was a large audience and the subject was "Patience." The speaker was well under way when the lights went out. A panic was imminent but Dr. McIntyre diverted it by continuing as though nothing had happened. Suddenly there was a burst of illumination in the midst of one of the Doctor's first periods disconcerting everyone. There was a general blinking but the speaker kept right on. Gradually he was approaching the peroration when again the light was shut off. This time he calculated the darkness would last long enough to finish in peace. "Patience," he said, "is absolutely necessary for success in the daily affairs of life. Never lose your temper. It is foolish to display such a weakness——" Just then the lights flashed up. The speaker walked to the wings, and shaking his fist at a brawny Irishman who was tampering with the wires, cried out, in a tone which could have been heard a block away: "Confound you, you idiot! Will you ever have sense enough to leave those wires alone?" That ended his lecture on "Patience."

Henry George was traveling once on a sleeping car. The porter came to brush the dust off him and "work" him for the customary quarter. There were but few passengers. George reflected on the fact that Pullman paid his poor black hirelings little or naught, and relied on their ability to brush and gouge the public instead and determined to give him all the change he found in his pocket. He thought there might be about sixty cents but there actually was $3 in quarters, halves and dimes. He gave it all to the darky, who dropped his broom and stared at the tip and then at George. "This all fo' me, boss?" he gasped. "It's all for you," replied George. The darky looked at the little, rusty, modest man and again at his handful of silver. "Wow!" he ejaculated, "it's true as de good book puts it, you nevah cain tell how fah a toad kin jump twell you sees him hop."

Many are the traps that the English language sets for the unwary. At a quiet little dinner-party the other evening the conversation turned upon housekeeping affairs and a couple of ladies joined issue across the table on the question of spice. Mrs. Straitlace was all for purity and therefore favored the goods of a certain storekeeper, who claims to supply genuine products only. Mrs. Newstyle maintained that flavor was the primary consideration, and the best of the argument seemed rather to be with her, much to the delight of her better half. At length the former lady put her foot down and said, "Well, I wouldn't deal with your man; he's such an adulterer!" "Oh!" said Mrs. Newstyle, "that's his wife's affair—I'm talking about spice with the best flavor. Their respective spouses proceeded to discuss the change in the weather.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. A brilliant idea struck the colonel. Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency? It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him. The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost *sang-froid:* "Dhirtiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr."

Bishop Wilberforce was a keen sportsman by inclination, and one fine day, when on a visit at a ducal seat, was persuaded to join a shooting party. His grace's head keeper was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and the Bishop tried to engage him in a friendly chat, but, finding the keeper's replies were short and reserved, he said: "I suppose, Grant, you think a Bishop ought not to go out shooting?" "Weel, my lord," said the Scot, frankly, "I doubt ye'll find no warrant for it in the Screeptur'. Did ye ever read of the apostles going out shooting?" "No — true," replied the Bishop; "they had no game in Palestine in those days—they went out fishing instead."

An American visitor to a London hotel, ruffled at being pressed for a settlement of his bill, threatened to leave. "You don't stir from this hotel until you have paid up," said the manager. "Just put that in writing, and I'll stay here for the remainder of my days," was the retort.


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 45 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

AMPITHEATRE AT THE HEAD OF MERCED RIVER

LYELL FORK MEADOWS, MERCED RIVER

## IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

Photographed by Theodore Solomons.

# THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897


CONTENTS


Editorials ..... 2
The Charter Convention's Work ..... 2
The Seriousness of Modern Life; by William Henry Hudson ..... 3
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. ..... 3–5
The Herrmann Company ..... 6
Gipsy Life in the West ..... 6
Italian Opera; by Lesley Martin ..... 6
"Fantaisie Printaniere"; a Story by Frank Norris ..... 7
Scenes at the Mare Island Navy Yard ..... 8–9
The World Abroad ..... 9
The Career of H. G. Wells ..... 9
A Debutante's Diary ..... 10
The Theatres ..... 11
November Magazines ..... 12
"Hugh Wynne"; a Review by C. A. Duniway ..... 12
Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter ..... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ..... 14
Finance and Trade ..... 14
New Stories Re-Told ..... 16


## POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

Every Populistic convention resolves in favor of the establishment of Governmental Saving Banks, and the newspapers, with perhaps a few exceptions indorse the proposition—not in a whole-hearted way as if the matter was understood, but perfunctorily as if it was in due course and in the line of progress. Before any strenuous support is given the movement, it will be well to look a little into methods and at possible results.

Great stress is laid on the fact that postal savings banks have been a success in England, but this has little or no bearing here. Great Britain has a debt considerably in excess of $3,000,000,000, of which only $16,500,000 is required for the support of the currency, the enormous remainder, save a relatively small proportion invested by order of courts, is always on the market at some price and usually about par, for the government avails itself of the opportunity to reduce the rate of interest whenever consols are at a premium for any length of time; thus investments for savings bank deposits are always at hand, and when money in excess is wanted by depositors, it can be provided by sale of consols with little or no sacrifice.

A very different state of things exists in this country; here the national debt is but slightly in excess of $1,100,000,000, of which at least four-fifths is held by banks as a basis of circulation, by foreigners, or as investments by order of courts, and of the remaining fifth there is no quantity at any one time on the market, and any attempt to gather up even a few millions would carry prices to a point where the net rates of interest to be realized would be little more than nominal. It will require a large sum in the aggregate to prepare for the receipt of deposits by the postal department of government, for it may be assumed that every office where postal money orders are now sold will be authorized to receive deposits and will have to be furnished accordingly, the cost of conducting the business year by year will be counted by millions. If the people do not deposit, this expense will be wasted; if they do deposit liberally, the question arises: what is to be done with the money.

According to the report for 1896, of the Controller of the Currency, the savings banks and trust companies have of interest-bearing deposits $2,500,000,000, or, to be exact, $2,493,624,433. If as alleged, the safety of the depositors requires the responsibility of the government, it follows that this sum of money will be withdarwn and deposited with the government institution, but supposing that only one-half, or say one-fourth, is so drawn and so re-deposited, what is to be done with the money? There are no national bonds that can now be purchased; will the government create a debt for the sake of paying interest? It has been said that the money may be used for building ships for the navy or for opening the Nicaragua Canal; these are works of necessity, or they are not; if they are, they should be performed with money which may be borrowed in the markets of the world at 2 1-2 per cent; while if they are not, facility in raising money is no excuse for construction.

There remains what has been suggested, that the government may invest the money by purchase of securities, or by loaning on mortgage of real estate, one or both; but to this there are very serious objections from the standpoint of good citizenship, though not from that of professional politicians. The first of these objections is that the money would inevitably be lost in good part if not as a whole. The successful handling of money requires ability and experience that is not to be found in office holders, nor even in special appointees. Money invested or loaned through government machinery would melt away like snow under a summer sun. The second objection is that the deposits would become a vast corruption fund; the devotees of party cannot be expected to administer a trust in a non-partizan spirit. A party in power with five hundred or a thousand million of dollars to place where it will do the most good may be expected to prolong its term of office without limit.

Command of large sums of money by the government would endanger the permanency of our institutions, make a farce of our presidential elections, and lower the standard of public morality. Economy is never practiced by legislators in their collective capacity, except under stress of necessity; the only limit to city, county, state or national legislative appropriations is the utmost dollar that ingenuity can provide in the way of income or resources. If history does not afford sufficient proof of this statement, give Congress a whack at saving bank deposits and the most incredulous will be convinced.

## THE ARTILLERY QUESTION.

The November number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* contains an article written by General George W. Wingate on "The Urgent Necessity for an Increase in the Artillery," which has attracted the attention and aroused the approving comment of the Eastern press. The article shows that, as the result of persistent appeals from military men, supported generally by the press and the public, a plan has been adopted by the War Department for a modern system of defence for our coasts. This system calls for about 2,000 guns and mortars, to be mounted in some 110 separate works, for the defense of twenty-five harbors. The Secretary of War has put forth the comforting prediction that by June of next year one half of this immense armament will be in position, ready for service, and that with the dawn of the new century our coasts will be practically invulnerable, if the mere existence, at certain points, of powerful guns and strong fortifications can keep us safe. As General Wingate's article shows, it will require about 29,000 artillerymen to provide one relief for the service of this vast collection of guns and mortars, three reliefs being required in action. The entire artillery force of the United States is to-day less than 4,000 men, which number includes ten batteries of field artillery, which are not available in the works for coast defense. The best of guns in the strongest of works will be quite as useless for defensive purposes, in the absence of competent gunners and cannoneers to serve them, as were the guns which our provident Government sent here without carriages on which to mount them, at the time when there was some prospect of a war with Chile. It is evident then that more gunners must be forthcoming, in addition to all our fine array of forts and guns, if we are really to enjoy that measure of security which the Secretary has promised us for the end of the century. The great gun of our day is a very expensive and very powerful engine, the proper and effective use of which calls for a very high degree of intelligence, skill and training on the part of the soldiers assigned to its service. We cannot improvise a corps of good gunners as we get together a police force or a sheriff's posse in an emergency. Even the National Guard is not available as a recruiting ground in this case; for if war comes upon us we may be perfectly confident that our enemies will not be so courteous and forebearing as to give us time to make even fair artillerists out of our militia infantry. The only possible course for us to pursue is to train our gunners in time of peace for the duties which they must discharge, but cannot learn in time of war. This course calls for a large and immediate increase in our artillery strength. It is to urge the necessity for such an increase that General Wingate has written his article. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of this article statements have been published that the Secretary of War and the General of the Army would, in their forthcoming annual reports, urge upon Congress the necessity for increasing our artillery.

General Wingate has conclusively made his case, so far as he has carried it. In our opinion he could, with great advantage, have gone farther. We found our guns useless without carriages, and we know that guns and carriages together will be quite as useless without trained men behind them. We know, further, that even if the additional men required are all provided, we shall not be much better off if the direction of our coast defenses is suffered to fall into the hands of incompetent and untrustworthy commanders. We have had an experience in San Francisco which gives ample reason for suspecting the quality and the competency of some of our military leaders—an experience which should suggest to our legislators the necessity of taking some security that, if any additional men are to be enlisted for the artillery service, they shall be devoted to the purposes for which they are now sought, and that they shall not be denied the fullest opportunity of learning their duties.

San Francisco is, at present, the only fortified harbor on this coast. Our fortifications were procured only after a long course of agitation and appeal to a languid Legislature and an indifferent public. In this agitation the commanding generals of this military department took a prominent part. Of our five regiments of artillery, one only is stationed on this coast, and the greater part of that regiment had always, until about a year ago, been stationed at the Presidio, the only fortified point in the harbor. At that time, on the recommendation of the present Commander of the Army, almost all the artillerymen were taken away from the only guns on the coast and their places were filled by a regiment of infantry. What were the motives of such an astonishing proceeding we have never been able to discover; we can only assume from the deep silence with which they have been guarded, that they were far from respectable. Such action could have been taken only by an officer profoundly ignorant of his duty or profoundly confident of public indifference as to his actions. How can the Congress or the people have any sense of security behind any system of coast defenses which is entrusted to such hands?

General Wingate is not an officer of the army, but he is a good and capable soldier. He has written his article, as he well says, "solely from the standpoint of common sense and patriotism." The journal of the Military Service Institution is a publication conducted by officers of the army, and, therefore, not a proper vehicle for the expression of opinions that may involve criticism, however true and wholesome, of their superiors. That such criticism is needed there is no room for doubt. It is frequently and beneficially meted out to other branches of the public service, but the prevailing ignorance of all things military in our country has screened the army from its influence. General Wingate, and other soldiers unattached to the army, could do no better service "from the standpoint of patriotism and common sense" than to warn their fellow citizens as well as their fellow soldiers of the evils that may befall the country from a capricious, incompetent and irresponsible administration of our army.

## THE CHARTER CONVENTION'S WORK

BY A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION

So far as the work of the Charter Convention has gone there is basis for the prophesy that the finished charter will be the most liberal and best considered of the various fundamental instruments presented for approval to the people of this city. The personnel of the convention is such as to warrant confidence in its product, made up as it is of leading representatives of many lines of business, the various professions, the different schools of belief as to municipal government. The convention is certainly non-partisan. Although appointed by a Democratic Mayor there are more Republicans than Democrats in the body, and an equal number of Socialists and Populists. Out of the twenty-one chairmen of the standing committees twelve are Republicans and nine are Democrats in national politics. The membership, in short, is such as to give the closest scrutiny and the most thorough examination into every provision and every sentence of the proposed instrument. No delicacy has been shown towards reports of committees no matter how eminent their sponsors. Ex-Mayor Ellert, Irving Scott, Dr. John Nightingale, James Denman, George K. Fitch, Sheldon G. Kellogg and other chairmen of committees which have thus far reported, have had to battle with all their might to uphold their reports. The convention is no respecter of persons, authority or hobbies. It yields nothing for the sake of peace. Every line runs a gauntlet of motions to strike out and to amend, to survive which is a certificate of worth. Each paragraph passes through the fiery furnace of debate and many there have been which have gone up in smoke or come out as dross. It is this carefulness and elaborate consideration which has made the progress of the convention somewhat slow. Nevertheless the greater part of the convention's work is now over. There are many reports still to be considered, but the lines of the new charter are well established and work from this time on will be much more rapid.

The lines of our present government will not be deviated from to any radical degree. Some there were who wished for the adoption of the Glasgow plan of government, a large council combining legislative and executive functions. But the convention thought this unadapted to our conditions and decided upon a Board of Supervisors composed of eighteen members having powers much the same as those now enjoyed by our legislative body. The Mayor is to have greater power than at present he enjoys, and corresponding responsibility. He is to appoint a Board of Public Works of three, having charge of buildings, parks, sewers and streets, a Board of Health of five, having charge of hospitals, alms houses and matters of public health, a Fire Commission, a Civil Service Commission, a Board of Education of five, and probably a Police Commission. Yet but three elective offices are abolished by the creation of these boards—the Superintendent of Streets, the County Surveyor and the Board of Education. The Board of Public Works is the Superintendent of Streets and the Surveyor plus the Park Commission and the City Hall Commission. The only new commission provided for is that on Civil Service which is to have charge of the system of appointment to offices upon merit, all the other commissioners are at present appointed by the Mayor or the Governor, and as the charter's basic principal is home rule, the power has been given to the Mayor rather than shared with the Chief Executive of the State. It will be seen, therefore, that the Mayor's powers are not nearly so extensive as those granted by many of the new charters of Eastern cities.

More attention has been paid in this charter to the consideration of the matter of public utilities, their acquisition, control and management, than in any other heretofore drafted for this city. Provision is made for the submission to the people of proposals for the purchase or building of water works, gas, electric light and telephone plants. The Board of Supervisors is prohibited from renewing any street railroad franchise and the means are provided by which street car lines may be municipally managed after the Scotch example. New franchises may be granted, but for not more than twenty-five years, and on payment to the city of not less than five per cent of their gross receipts for the greater portion of their lives.

The powers of the Board of Education are restricted, and a new body known as the Board of Superintendents is provided for, which is to be composed of educators in the department and which shall have within its functions the selection and recommendation of text books, the visiting of schools and the general organization of the educational side of the department. The Board of Education, therefore, is to have strictly the business end of the work to look after, and much

of the labor now imposed on the Board, such as the repairing and building of school buildings, goes to the Board of Public Works.

In recognition of the growing demand for more direct control of legislation by the voters. the charter provides for a system of initiative under which, by petition, the people may compel the passage of ordinances which the Board of Supervisors might not be willing to pass. The charter, by the same plan, is made subject to amendment.

It is, of course, impossible at this time to give any detailed analysis of the charter, but from this brief and imperfect outline it can be seen that the new charter will be an up-to-date instrument, the work, not of theorists, but of practical men, incorporating the best work of the most recent charters, and under which the city would be governed more economically, and with more likelihood of honesty and intelligence in administration and legislation than at present. The work of the convention is intended, after all, but as advisory and suggestive to the Board of Freeholders, which is to be elected next month. Whatever imperfections the instrument has when it leaves the convention, will doubtless be corrected by the Freeholders, and we may expect with much reason that a well worked out system of municipal government will be submitted to the people.

## THE SERIOUSNESS OF MODERN LIFE

By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

Agnes Repplier is always entertaining, and never more so than when she is playing with delicate raillery about that favorite theme of hers—the strenuous seriousness of our modern civilization. That we have lost much, that we seem yearly to be losing more, of the old-fashioned, frank enjoyment of the good things of this life; that the inherited burden of Puritanism, and the accumulated weight of latter-day speculation sit heavy upon us all; that we take even our pleasures grimly and with ever-increasing self-consciousness; such is the text to which she returns again and again; and the sermons she preaches on it, if sermons they may for the moment be called, are full, not only of humurous banter, but of sound sense and real wisdom as well. We may, of course, feel that is she is often enough guilty of exaggeration, that she looks at one side of the question only. But the exaggeration itself is always amusing, and the side she emphasizes is worthy of presentation, since it is habitually left almost entirely out of account.

In several of the papers gathered together in her recent volume, *Varia*, Miss Repplier reiterates her charge against her generation with no abatement of the old vigor. The book makes capital reading throughout, but we will here confine our attention to those portions of it in which the ideas referred to are expounded or touched upon.

The first essay that arrests attention, as we turn the pages, is one with the significant heading, *Cakes and Ale*. It is a gossipy study of the Bacchanalian element in English poetry, and is interesting from the literary point of view, so far as it goes, though it makes no claim to originality or profoundness of research. But Miss Repplier approaches her subject with a paragraph of misgiving, and closes her sketch with a rueful back glance upon the genial, pleasure-loving past. Can such a theme ever be made acceptable to the austere nineteenth-century conscience? Must every drinking-song, no matter how slight and simple, carry with it for us an ominous suggestion of downright drunkenness and bestiality? Is it no longer possible for us to enjoy, just as poetry, the frank, cheerful, irresponsible, Anacreontic verse of Fletcher or Herrick, Burns or Peacock? The answer to such questions is not far to seek. "The perpetual intrusion of ethics into art," Miss Repplier insists, "has begotten a haunting anxiety lest perchance for one glad half hour we should forget that it is our duty to be serious. Which lesson," she adds, "I had forcibly impressed upon me a few years ago when I wrote a harmless essay upon war songs, and a virtuous critic reminded me, with tearful earnestness, that while there was nothing really hurtful in such poetry, it would be better far if I turned my attention to the nobler contest which Lady Somerset was then waging so valiantly against intemperance." In these days, then, when "a vigorous censership is maintained over the ethics of literature, with the rather melancholy result that we hear of little else," songs in praise of cakes and ale have passed under a ban, and the timid critic will find it safest to leave them severely alone, since a word of incautious eulogy may suffice to bring wholesale accusations of impropriety, if of nothing worse, upon his defenceless head. Miss Reppier is not timid, and she says her say; but then, we see how she has fared.

Yet, surely, there is something rather ridiculous about all this; and we should at once appreciate the absurdity of it, were it not that, under stress of our tremendous earnestness, the sense of humor in such matters appears to be fast ebbing away. Pertinently enough, our essayist asks whether we are not apt to-day, after our solemn fashion, to over estimate the direct moral influence of every scrap of literature, to force into it too large and deep a meaning. Under the magnifying lens of modern ethical criticism, trifles light as air have ceased to be trivial, and the tiniest things have assumed vast and depressing significance. And so a bit of verse in honor of Bacchus, a few lines in which a poet in a cheerful mood, so far forgets himself and the problems of life as to sing of revelry and carousal, are seized npon with burning indignation, and handled without mercy by all sorts of self-constituted custodians of public decency. A sufficiently ludicrous illustration of this kind of over-zeal is cited by Miss Repplier. Some years ago, Tennyson published a patriotic poem called *Hands all Round*, in which he invited his countrymen to

> "First pledge our Queen, this solemn night,
> Then drink to England, every guest."

and threw out other suggestions of the same highly improper character. Not by any means a rollicking song, however, or a ribald one, was this, as Miss Repplier very justly says; yet such was the scandal given to advocates of temperance by it "that the *Saturday Review*, playing for once the unwonted part of peacemaker, 'soothed and sustained the agitated frame' of British sensitiveness by reminding her that the laureate had given no hint as to what liquor should be drunk in the cause of freedom, and that he probably had it in mind to toast 'the great name of England round and round' in milk and mineral waters." Truly, there is such a thing as showing unreal enthusiasm by makiug mountains out of molehills!

Another phase of our modern tendency towards inordinate seriousness is brought out in the paper on *Old Wine and New*—in which, by the way, it may be said at once that, despite the title, there is nothing of an alcoholic character. The attack here made is upon our now widely accepted theories of history, and it, therefore reminds us of Mr. Augustine Birrell's brilliant little essay on *The Muse of History*. Once upon a time, this Muse of History was really a muse, acted as such, and held secure place in the radiant sisterhood. Now Clio has lent herself unreservedly to the demands of onr exacting generation, and "shorn of her splendor, sits spectacled before a dusty table, strewn with acts of Parliament and acts of Congress, and forgets the glories of the past in the absorbing study of Constitutions." Divorced from what Professor Seeley contemptuously called "mere literature," she is now wedded to science—"that grim but amorous lord, whose harem is tolerably full already, but who lusts perpetually for another bride." The Romance of History? This must be dismissed to the nursery even if, with our new-fangled notions of education, we can allow it temporary refuge there. History for us, in the often-repeated phrase, is "philosophy teaching by example"; it should begin with a maxim and end with a moral; its documents are to be found in "Blue books and other statistics"; its essential products are "political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy and international law." Thus did Professor Seeley formulate his inspiiing creed, and in no uncertain words. And the creed is to-day proclaimed as the one orthodox doctrine of a large and influential school of historians, with whom it has become a matter of pride "to be gray and neutral, accurate in petty details, indifferent to great men, cautious in praise or blame, and as lifeless as mathematicians." Miss Repplier gives a telling illustration of the methods adopted by such writers. "It has been well said that Nelson's signal to the fleet at Trafalgar, that last, pregnant and simple message, sent in the face of death, has had as much practical effect on the hearts and actions of Englishmen in every quarter of the globe, in every circumstance of danger and adventure, as seven-eighths of the acts of Parliament that decorate the Statute Books. Yet Dr. Bright, in a volume of more than 1,400 pages, can find no room for an incident that has become a living force in history." The severe New Muse will have no dealings with sentiment. And so the chronicler "takes pains to omit, in his lukewarm account of the battle, the one thing that was best worth the telling."

Are we not, then, to strive for accuracy in petty details? Miss Repplier is doubtless inclined to make rather too light of the painstaking care which has become a tradition in the modern school of historians. Yet she is nearly right in declaring that the actual spot where Montrose was hanged is of little importance to any one but the specialist (though, by the by, she very neatly convicts Mr. Gardiner himself of error in just this particular).

But perhaps those of us who crave the life and dramatic interest which the historian no longer gives us, may turn to fiction for stimulation or relief? The outlook is a poor one, we must confess, when critics of weight if not authority, and novelists of acknowledged position, join in loud chorus to proclaim that fiction is no longer to be associated with story telling—that it has very different and much more serious aims, ethical, religious, psychological, sociological. What Miss Repplier herself thinks of some of the most protentous developments of the modern novel, she has told us clearly enough before this, though she adds a word or two in the present volume, in the chatty paper, *The Royal Road of Fiction*. Here, however, in discussing things *From the Reader's Standpoint*, she clinches the moral in another way, by showing how our novelists themselves are yearly growing more self-conscious, more beset by theories, and in consequence, more dogmatic and contentious. They cannot leave one another, or one another's pet theories, alone; they must needs argue, wrangle, protest and counter-protest, till a field of literature which was once sought by the train-weary reader for its pleasant freedom from the bustle and stress of existence, is now turned into a noisy battle-ground. "It is a serious age in which we live, and there is a painful sense of responsibility manifested by those who have assigned to themselves the task of directing their fellow creatures, not only in matters spiritual, but in all that pertains to intellectual or artistic life. That we need guidance is plain enough; the helping hand of patient and scholarly criticism was never more welcome than now; but to be driven or rather hounded along the sunny paths of literature by severe and self-appointed teachers, is not perhaps the surest way of reaching the best that has been known and thought in the world. Neither is it calculated to increase our enjoyment enroute." And now, to make matters a hundred times worse, the novelists themselves, unwilling to be any longer regarded as mere caterers for the public's amusement, have joined in the hue and cry. They exploit their own doctrines of art, say bitter things about rival schools, lay down critical principles, and draw up elaborate creeds.

Cannot, cries Miss Repplier, cannot they leave the poor reader alone, to chose his own books, establish his own standard, to find enjoyment where for him the fullest enjoyment is to be found? Literary creeds are of no great interest to him; the squabbles of "veritists" and "romanticists" add nothing to the sum-total of his pleasure. But the realist must have us know that there is a logical theory behind his realism; and the romanticist is ill at ease until he has made it clear that his romanticism, too, is deliberate and rational—a thing of set purpose. Could we not secure, as Miss Repplier suggests, a truce to these internecine struggles, say for six months or a year? "It would freshen us amazingly to hear nothing for a whole year about 'the soul-searching veracity of Tolstoi,'" and a great many timid people might pluck up heart to read that fine novelist, who has been rendered so alarming by his admirers. In a year the romanticist could write of young people who marry, and the realist, of middle-aged people who don't; and in the renewed tranquility of interest, each workman might, perhaps, recognize the strength of the other's position." But there is little hope for such a consummation, devoutly as it is to be wished. With novelists so desperately in earnest about themselves and their work, the critical battle is likely to be waged with ever increasing severity in the years to come; and happy the reader who can hold himself sufficiently aloof from the turmoil, who can keep his taste free and catholic enough, to go his own way, and find in the writings of the different schools that pleasure and relief, which, after all, it is the greatest privilege of fiction to provide for a heavy-laden and much-troubled generation.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

The result of the election in New York City is not surprising. It offers an illustration of stupidity on one side and of shrewdness on the other. It indicates that a farseeing political manager, with but a minority following, may so take advantage of the prejudices of a well meaning majority as to defeat all their aims and purposes. In the New York election, two factions of an element of the community reputed to be respectable, and largely in the majority, rather than bury their differences and combine against an element reputed to be bad, were more willing to quarrel with each other and permit the minority element to come out victorious. From this distance no other view of the case is possible, and no other significance is to be attached to the result. The victory of Tammany was the result of the Raines law; and it was the effort of the wing of respectability seeking its maintenance that resulted in turning over the mayoralty of Greater New York to a man notoriously a Tammany candidate, whose name was less known, and whose reputation was less great than either of his serious opponents.

A cosmopolitan city will not tolerate Sunday closing laws, will not obey them and will not respect them. It is folly for an element of the community that makes toward decency in municipal government, to wrangle over such a question, while the enemy to both walks off triumphantly with the prize.

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No one will thank Governor Budd for associating himself with Sam Rainey to control San Francisco politics. The connection between the executive and the indecent gang which is trying to obtain possession of political supremacy in this city is as obvious as the Palace Hotel. Major Harney, who is figure head in the Rainey forces, is the Governor's favorite Harbor Commissioner. For Sam Rainey himself the Governor pardoned a convict, and has appointed innumerable friends to office. The papers have made plain the connection between this boss and the Curry-Crimmins outfit, which has control of the Republican machine, so the general purpose of the combination is as plain to Budd as to the community. Why the *Examiner*, which devotes itself so streunously to lashing the mere politicians who are in this plot, should protect the Governor, is hard to understand, for if Budd withdraw his influence from Rainey, public opinion will soon cause the retreat of certain State officials who have permitted themselves to be drawn to the support of this disreputable cabal.

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The ordinary college entertainment lacks intelligence. Conceived, in most instances, by immature amateurs for sympathetic auditors, it affords amusement to the coterie and regret to the outsider. It is really a family affair, arranged on a domestic basis, with fireside heroes in the leading roles and an admiring audience applauding in advance. I have assisted at several affairs of this character, and imagined something on the same order would be developed at Stanford by the Kermess. But it is a very active and patriotic set that rules affairs there, and the entertainment proved not only an exception but was really beautiful and extremely interesting. A more admirable setting for a Kermess than the classic interior of the Museum building could not have been had, and decorated as it was with ropes of evergreens, with palms and wreaths and flowers and illuminated with hundreds of incandescent lights, it made a magnificent background for the gay and happy crowd that composed the audience. The general aspect of the gathering suggested a fancy dress ball, for there wandered among the throng soldiers, sailors, monks and Japanese maidens, fakirs, Pierrots—all manner of strange and amusing disguises, adding bravely to the color and interest of the mass. As to the entertainment—there was a clever farce comedy by H. L. Nash, in which members of the faculty participated, a vaudeville performance by the students, side shows, fortune telling in the Egyptian room and innumerable other things which I have not the space to describe. Everything was performed with illimitable spirit, and appreciated with appropriate enthusiasm, and a real success—artistic, financial and generally satisfactory—was achieved.

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Mr. James Flood is accepting congratulations over a big strike in the Allison Ranch mine. In the early days this was one of the best mining properties in California, yielding several millions of dividends ere the ledge was lost. About a year ago Mr. Flood was persuaded to take the property in hand and did so with such earnestness and vigor of purpose that a new vein seven feet wide, running between proper walls has been discovered. The ore averages $100 a ton so the Flood millions will have a substantial addition. This is Mr. Flood's first important venture in the mining field on his own account, and it seems he has had excellent encouragement to go ahead. Apropos of Nevada County, the Empire, perhaps the oldest mining property in the State, has been converted into a new mine by the discovery of a rich vein at the twenty-two-hundred-foot level, from which handsome returns are being obtained.

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The Hirschfelder controversy continues to agitate the medical community. So far as a layman can gather the difficulty seems to be rather over the manner in which the Doctor's alleged discovery was announced than in the treatment. If the Doctor has really found an intelligent modification of the Koch lymph no one has a right to feel aggrieved. He claims that the substitution of peroxide of hydrogen for distilled water intensifies in some extraordinary way the virtues of the tuberculin and makes it quite tue most effective injection yet applied to the treatment of tuberculosis. Just why this should be, why the oxygenized lymph is more fatal to the bacilli than Koch's, Hirschfelder does not pretend to explain, but claims the results are better than what others are achieving. There is no question but that Thomas H. Williams Jr. fully believes he is cured, and announces he will do something very handsome for the physician, who has saved his life. Some idea of the extent of the Doctor's researches may be gathered from the fact that during his experiments the market price of guinea pigs has advanced from 25 cents each to one dollar and a half.

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Out in his studio at Woodward's Gardens Douglas Tilden is busily modeling the new Donahue fonntain, which is to be

set at the intersection of Bush, Market and Battery streets. A design has at last been evolved by Mr. Polk and the sculptor after hundreds of experiments. The monument will be semi-circular in form, with a central pillar which will be the support of a bronze group representing the mechanical arts. At either end will be groups—science and the arts doubtless, the composition of which has not been decided. The central figure will be something like forty feet in height, and the structure will be a most graceful ornament to Market street. It is no easy task modeling a monument; the scheme has to be modeled in clay so as to get the right effect. Then the proportions must be fixed long before the actual stone and metal work can be prepared for. The monument is to cost $25,000. After it is under way, the Balboa figure ordered by Mayor Phelan will be taken in hand.

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The Stevenson fountain is certainly the feature of the Plaza, and the comments of casual passers thereon are very amusing. Two human derelicts—emaciated, disreputable—stood looking at the "Bonaventure" one recent afternoon. "Who was this Stevenson," one man said. "Don't know," replied the other, in an exaggerated English accent. "Presume he must have been some American chap who lived around here." Alas for fame. Another day a group of sailors were inspecting the fountain; one of them said he knew Stevenson, and claimed the novelist would never have sanctioned sails so full of wind as those. Really it is curious to watch the races represented around the fountain. I saw there two Chinese, a Jap, an Indian and a Kanaka taking turns at the faucet recently. A friend told me of seeing a colored prize fighter and two Italians there the other day.

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The precious fluid now flows freely in the Native Sons fountain on Market street. A great deal of fun has been poked at both the architect, Willis Polk, and the sculptor, Mr. Tilden, because there had been provided no overflow for surplus water. The truth is, however, that an accident occured in casting the bronze basin which was to receive the waste, and it had to be made over again. As for the stories about the granite not being pierced for water pipes, they were journalistic inventions, creditable rather to the imaginations of the reporters than to their regard for fact. However, this is quite the most successful monument in the city, and its good taste is generally commended.

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One gets so weary of finding fault eternally with the way the public affairs of the city are administered that it is an unfeigned pleasure, when one lights upon any stray evidence of intelligencs, honesty—this, though, seems to be an unattainable quantity—or regard for the public convenience, to record the circumstances. It is only lately that a plan has been adopted of placing on corner buildings the names of the streets in plain legible characters and in uniform style. Of course there are vastly more important matters that remain undone and neglected, but that should make us none the less thankful for small mercies, and if it be true that life is made up of trifles, the smallest of things should not be overlooked. Perhaps in time our city fathers may realize that no civilized place in the world has so disgracefully paved a main thoroughfare as Market street. For property owners to line its sides with magnificent buildings that are becoming so conspicuous in its extent is about the same thing as for a man to be walking about with a swell frock coat on his back and a dirty shirt underneath.

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And, by the way, it is a frequent cause of wonderment to discerning minds how our business development is going to keep pace with the increasing office space afforded by the large business blocks, such as the Mills building, Parrott building, Claus Spreckels building, and several other large structures lately added and now being constructed. So far, cost of rent has shown no tendency towards lessening, but there are signs that owners of such property will be forced to fix a lower scale if they expect to attract occupants of some of the older offices to fill the new edifices. That there is any actual increase of office space needed for the purpose of business concerns at all commensurate with the progress of the building work is not to be supposed, and the only way for the new places to be filled up is to offer inducements in the way of moderate rent and improved accommodation.

The traffic departments of the Southern Pacific Company has lost a capable, popular and able official by the death of Chas. F. Smurr. He was a genial, affable man socially, and

C. F. SMURR
Photo by Taber

a thorough master of the details of his business. Easy to approach, quick of mind, firm and accurate in his convictions, he was an ideal man to meet the shipper, to settle differences, to insist upon the rights of his employer and in the end leave no wounds or disagreeable impressions. Up to but a short while ago he was the picture of health and the essence of good humor. His death is a loss to the railroad, and the thousands of shippers who have come in contact with his decisive intelligence and pleasant manner will be inclined to consider that the community has also lost in his taking off.

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It is not surprising that Francis Powers' admirable Chinese play "The First Born," which proved such a tremendous success here and in New York, has failed to "catch on" in London. The residents of that little village have no acquaintance with Chinese life, and the striking realism and admirable situations which so attracted us here, when Mr. Powers first produced his clever little drama, are therefore lost upon a London audience. Of course there must be any number of people in the English metropolis that have taken in the sights and scenes of our weird little Oriental world here and many others who are closely acquainted with Chinese life and character at home, but London is so vast and its attractions in the way of amusement so numerous and varied, that it is always difficult by means of ordinary advertisement to secure attention to any particular item in the way of amusement. If it could have been possible to sandwich the performance in at some showhouse, which by the general excellence of its attractions is always sure of a crowd, the public might have eventually come to appreciate the little play. It will certainly be a pity that the virgin field, which Powers' talent opened up, should not be grasped by the English playgoing public. They are everlastingly crying out for novelties, and nothing better than "The First Born" can be offered to satisfy their demand. If it be too novel for their limited powers of judgment, that is certainly not the fault of the playwright or the actors, whose representation has been so thoroughly acceptable to audiences in America qualified to form an opinion on the merits of the production.

Inasmuch as prize-fighting is a recognized industry in this neighborhood, it is satisfactory to know, through the arduous exertions of the daily press, that the latest battle was not a "fake." In a comparatively recent event of the kind the contrary was so evidently the case that the good name of San Francisco was badly damaged in the eyes of lovers of the fistic art. This being a free country and everybody being welcome to take his pleasure in any form that the law allows, there is further satisfaction in knowing that the management of last week's fight far surpassed that of any previous exhibition, for which the executive having the affair in charge gives the full credit to the police. The records show that 4,892 persons occupied seats at the Mechanics Pavilion (the scene, by the way, of the recent convention of the Christian Endeavor Society), and probably there were some 6,000 souls present altogether to view what is pronounced to have been a first-class bruising contest between the lad from Michigan and the gentleman of color from Boston, in which the former captured $8,724, the winner's portion of the total net receipts, which are stated to have amounted to $14,540. The loser was consoled with $2,181, and the so-called club that exploited the affair retained the balance of $3,635. San Francisco, therefore, seems fairly entitled still, despite the recent slur on her reputation, to be considered "a good fighting town." And it is a good town for many better things than the exhibitions of the prize ring, Mr. Frohman, of the theatrical firmament, to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Under the auspices of the Merchants' Association, a timely and well-directed effort is to be made with the object of securing for San Francisco a full share of the commercial benefits which will accrue to this coast from the rush to the Yukon district that may be expected next spring. All information points to the number of travelers in that direction being immense, and while there will be no attempt made to foment the excitement, which led to the hurried departure of many thousands for the Klondike this late summer and fall, the systematic direction of the expected travel this way by all legitimate means is to be closely attended to. Committees of the Merchants' Association on transportation, promotion, and publicity, will handle the executive work, and everything that is done will bear the indorsement of the Association, which is composed of the leading mercantile houses of this city, and in this matter will receive the support and encouragement of the entire business community. Up to the present time Seattle has diplayed the most energy

AFTERMATH OF THE KLONDIKE EXCITEMENT

of all the cities of the Pacific Coast in developing facilities for furnishing transportation and supplies to miners proceeding to the Yukon, but, if the present movement of our local merchants be pursued with energy and judgment, as no doubt it will be, the superior capabilities of San Francisco in these respects will soon be generally appreciated. Half a century of experience in dealing with the wants of miners must give this city a great advantage, while the vastly larger resources of our outfitting establishments and the superior accommodation furnished by our hotels and restaurants will be an assurance that all who turn their steps this way can be provided for, and this without any enhancement of ordinary rates. The same conditions exist in regard to transportation facilities, and the Association will be in a position to show how these can and will be increased during the coming season. The fact that the Mint is established in San Francisco compels the smelting houses to allow full value for all gold coming into their hands, which must further tend to help this city in the position of mining headquarters in this part of the world. All that is now required, therefore, is an honest and vigorous effort to make our resources thoroughly well known everywhere.

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Disastrous news has come to hand regarding the whaling fleet in the Arctic. No less than eight vessels — the Orca, Jeanie, Fearless, Jessie H. Freeman, Belvedere, Rosario, Wanderer, and Newport — are described by navigators as having been "licked up by the ice tongue." This is a formation of ice which extends from the polar regions in a southeriy direction almost to Behring Straits, and "wags" with the wind between the shores of Alaska and Siberia. Once caught in the grinding floes of the tongue few vessels have been known to escape, and in 1871 thirty-three whaling ships were licked up by it, and many of the crews totally lost, while nothing was ever seen of the vessels again. In 1876 a similar fate attended twenty-two ships, which, with all on board, were never heard of afterwards. Every year since there have been one or two casualties of the kind, and the whaling men had begun to grow more careful, but as steam power has come into use and whales grew scarcer, the masters have again become more daring. This season they neglected the warnings of the coming winter, and there seems now no hope of the return of the vessels named from the northern seas. For the number of vessels engaged the catch is considered to have been good, representing 90,000 pounds of bone — the product of fifty whales. Since the news of the disaster to the fleet the price of whalebone has advanced in the East to $4 per pound.

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On Monday last the racing season, for which San Francisco is becoming famous, opened at Ingleside, under what have been generally regarded as most auspicious conditions. Usually opening days have been fixed for a Saturday when the attendance of the general public, as distinguished from those actively engaged in the business of racing, is always larger than on any other day of the week. The first day of the season, however, is of great importance, and judging by

THE BELLE OF WAPUNGNOBEQUITE
Photo of Piute Wickyup near Stillwater, Nevada, from copyrighted photo by George B. Fairbanks

SCHULTE'S DARING DIVE FROM THE CLIFF HOUSE BALCONY, 88 FEET ABOVE THE WATER

the increased number of people and horses that have already arrived here from the East, as compared with previous years, it is evident that the attractions of California to owners of thoroughbred horses and others who delight in seeing good racing are fully recognized. Of the appearance of the Ingleside grounds, the improvements made in the course itself, the surrounding lawns and gardens, and in its buildings, of which the internal arrangements are admirably planned, too much cannot be said; and, though a person may be indifferent to the charms of the sport, there is satisfaction in viewing the well-appointed property and observing the orderly and systematic manner in which the racing programme is carried through. This is the fifth season we have had racing in San Francisco during the winter and each year, as it has passed, has shown improvement in every respect. That a still further advance is in prospect during the season now opened cannot be questioned, and if the authorities at Ingleside and Oakland continue in their efforts to uphold the tone of the sport present promises are certain to be realized. Anyone who enjoys a pleasant outing amidst agreeable surroundings, will be certain to feel rewarded for devoting an afternoon to seeing what is going on at either of the tracks, and all the more if they can enjoy good racing.

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The raisin-growers of Fresno, Tulare and Kings counties for several years past have had to contend with a scale of prices that rendered their industry scarcely profitable. This season, however, the market has greatly improved, and the only circumstance that appears at all unfavorable to a successful issue for the present year's work is the damage caused by unpropitious weather during the curing of the crop. Rainstorms and unseasonably cold weather are said to have injured at least a third of the entire output in the Fresno district, while in Tulare County the extent of the disaster is even greater. Reports from the East are to the effect that the California seeded raisins are making rapid strides in public favor, and the efforts which have been made to push these descriptions in the market, in the face of a good deal of prejudice and doubt as to their superiority over ordinary varieties, are now being fully rewarded. The almost complete failure of the crop of Malaga raisins in Spain will greatly help the demand in home markets for the best quality of California raisins.

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Schulte, who jumped into the ocean from a plank extended from the upper balcony of the Cliff House last Sunday, looks like the son of a Viking, with his flaxen head and blue eyes and fine strong limbs. He walked to the end of the board and waited, and then sat down. Doubtless this was to give the crowds on the beach due notice that the jump was imminent. But the very typical American throng on the balconies, construed this wait quite differently, as was evidenced by their remarks:

"Oh, I don't know. That's not so warm" (pointing to the foam, 100 odd feet below).

"Waiting for someone to push him."

"Look at his knees knock. He don't come from a knee-knocking family."

"He's a yellow streak somewhere."

The probabilities are that Schulte was neither specially cool nor particularly frightened. A slight nervousness was evident, but when he was ready, he rose, stood on the end of the board facing the sea, and quietly fingered his bathing suit and adjusted it most carefully. Then he jumped—imperturtably, deliberately and with perfect nicety. His body made a beautiful, slightly curved line to the water, his disappearance therein was clean and almost soundless, and at once, as it seemed, he was up and breasting the swell toward the Seal Rocks. Making thus a gradual curve, he swam to the beach on the south through a strong sea, and was swallowed up at once by the hero-worshipping crowd.

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The statement that the proprietors of the Treadwell mine in Alaska have determined to add a further 300 stamps, at a cost of $500,000, is of great interest to the mining world. The present number of stamps is 240, and it will be necessary to provide increased power for running the stamping machinery, which will be done by putting in an electric transmission plant, capable of operating 600 stamps. When the new additions have been completed it is said that ore can be mined and milled at a cost of only $1 per ton, and possibly even somewhat less. It is invariably urged by the best mining authorities that the industry has hardly begun in California, and if it be shown that ore can be treated at the trifling cost stated, the opportunities for the employment of capital in developing the immense quantities of low-grade ore which are in reserve in this State are great. Of course large capital is needed to erect the requisite milling plant and instal electric motive power, but inasmuch as there would be practically no risk and a certain return, handsomely remunerative for the outlay, the advantages offered to capitalists will no doubt be availed of.

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In view of the failure of the Silver Commissioners' mission to Europe, we are evidently doomed to a fresh deluge of writing on the subject of the white metal. A Chicago paper expresses its surprise that the Indian government should openly declare that the divergence of the two metals has given India a great advantage as an exporting country, and a local evening paper quoting this and further remarks of the same journal, says: "The wheat-grower of India does not get the benefit of gold prices. He sells his wheat to the British shipper, who sells it in Liverpool at the market-price in gold. * * * Probably the inspiration of the dispatch from India * * * came from parties who are interested in buying wheat at its silver price and selling it at its gold price." The real cause for surprise is that editors can pen such stuff for their leading articles. Any merchants' invoice clerk or junior in a bank would scorn to show the ignorance thus displayed. The market value of every article of export or import dealt in by merchants in India, or any other country where silver is legal tender, is determined on a gold basis. There is no such anomaly as "silver prices and gold prices" in existence. If any one here thinks there is a fortune to be made buying produce for export in a silver-using country, let him try the plan in Mexico, which is handy for the purpose.

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Combinations in restraint of trade are matters that crop up in various forms. One of the latest affairs of the kind that has been leading to considerable discussion in local circles is the compact entered into between the powder companies last spring in regard to the schedule price of blasting powders. In this center of the mining industry the manufacture and supply of explosives are of considerable importance, not only California itself, but a large territory outside the State being likewise dependent upon our resources. For a considerable time prior to the first part of this year the competition between the companies engaged in the trade had rendered operations unprofitable. It something had to be done to alter the position of the affairs, if they were to continue in the business. With this object three of the leading companies formed an association and agreed upon a minimum scale of prices. One company remained outside the fold, but is now reported to have been gathered in, thus removing all chance of competition from the market. Seeing this, it has appeared to people interested in powder being as cheap as possible that something should be done to break up what is contended to be an illegal trust, opposed to the enactments of the Union and the State. So far the movement to effect the discussion which has arisen and the expressed intention of the opposition has been to create a little flurry in the stocks of the powder companies on the local exchange. Whether anything definite will be achieved by the contemplated legal measures remains to be seen.

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In cycling circles the advent of the bevel-geared chainless wheel is the absorbing topic of the hour, and the fact that it would appear to possess a greater attraction for the general riding public than for the race-rider makes the interest in the new gearing almost universal. Moreover, if the wheel proves on acquaintance to be really what is claimed for it, it is bound to be specially favored by the ladies, for there are no parts to catch in their clothes, it is elegant in appearance and having all its motive parts encased, no dust or mud can get into them, and it is easily kept clean. Ever since the introduction of the "safety" bicycle mechanics have striven to supplant the chain driving mechanism with a substitute that would give better satisfaction, and the Patent Office contains hundreds of devices calculated to revolutionize the wheel in this respect. The construction of the new wheel is simple. The gearing consists of two sets of cog wheels, one set at the pedals and the other at the rear axle. A connecting rod extends from one set of cogs to the other. The pedals transmit the power by the turning of the rod between the gearing of the pedals and the gearing of the rear axle. The cogs and the rods are enclosed in enamelled cases. For practical road riding the new machine is by demonstration a vast improvement on the chain-geared bicycle. On sixty consecutive days a rider made sixty consecutive century runs on this wheel, at times through mud and slush and water almost up to the hubs, a feat impossible with the chain wheel. A means of adjustment is provided to take up any loosenesss that may be occasioned by wear. When the wheel is put together a plentiful supply of a special preparation of the consistency of crude vaseline is distributed about the gears and acts as a permanent lubricant. A careful rider will probably not find it necessary to attend to lubricating his wheel once a twelvemonth. To the cyclist the chainless wheel promises to be as desirable as a hammerless gun is nowadays to the sportsman.

BOSWELL, JR

The accompanying photograph, for which we are indebted to the *Spirit of the Times* of New York, affords a good likeness of Star Pointer, the speed champion of the world in harness, he having been driven to a record of 1:59¼ by David McClary at Readville, Mass., on August 28th last. Star Pointer is a pacer, and his pedigree shows him to be bred in pure pacing lines, although it runs early into obscurity. He is a brown horse, standing about 16 hands, and was foaled in 1889, making him now eight years old. His performances this season in the East with his rivals, Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry, have been a source of the greatest interest to the sporting world, his victory over the first-named in a race at Springfield, Ill., on October 1st in 2:01½, stamping him as the champion racehorse in harness. It is now very generally believed that he will yet surpass this great feat.

STAR POINTER

THE KICK-OFF IN THE SECOND HALF

CALIFORNIA'S TANDEM SCORING THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL. STANFORD VS. THE U. C. AT CENTRAL PARK

THE NEW BABY HOLDS A LEVEE

THE BELLE OF THE CAMP

A CORNER OF THE CAMP

A GROUP AT THE WAGON

GIPSY LIFE IN THE WEST: SKETCHED AT THE POTRERO

## THE HERRMANN COMPANY

### How Leon Herrmann Contrasts With His Great Uncle—Key to Some Feats.

The path of the critic is more often than not a thorny one, and there seems to be a lingering feeling of self-reproach when one takes pen in hand to write unfavorable comment, however slight, on those who have been performing in the cause of charity. Add to this the pain of having to say a word in dispraise of the kinsman and successor of Herrmann the Great. But it is bad to be found out, especially in not telling the truth, and the rights of the public take precedence of all else at the hands of the critic. The opening evening at the Columbia was reserved as a benefit for the Woman's Exchange, generously tendered by the Herrmann the Great Company, ot whom Leon Herrmann and Madame Herrmann, nephew and widow respectively of the Professor, are practically the sole members. Leon Herrmann is, in a measure, an imitation in appearance, manner and speech of his uncle, but unfortunately lacks the peculiar grace and magnetic influence that made Herrmann the Great a man by himself. In the capacity of a magician, the gulf between the two is not so wide as in the personal side of the comparison, but as everyone knows, style and manuer is more than half the battle in the field of magic representation. Allowance must, of course, be made for the more limited experience of Leon. Perhaps, too, the effort required from the audience, in order to follow his Frenchified diction, may not be so severe ou their patience when he has been longer in the country, and has acquired the art of speaking English in United States, at least to some extent, instead of wholly in French.

Of Madame Herrmann, it need only be said that, personally charming, as every one knows, if her dancing, so called, may be accepted for what it is, a succession of smooth and sweeping motions, it was an excellent and delightful performance, improved since last occasion by novel spectacular effects in color that surpass anything yet seen in San Francisco.

With the exception of a trick in which the female form divine is suspended on an invisible slack wire, and put through certain evolutions of doubtful charm, the performances of Leon Herrmann were a repetition of those given here at different times by his great namesake, such as "decapitation," now styled "elixir vitae," the "artist's dream," rising cards and other magical feats. "Decapitation" in itself is not by any means calculated to create awe, as it is too apparent that the returned Klondyker's head is "received" by the mechanical chair, and that the cabinet, mirrored to create the necessary illusion, furnishes the individual whose head eventually waggles out of the movable "receiver" or helmet. In the "artist's dream," when the canvas painting is resting on the floor, the lady supposed to be pictured comes up behind the painting through a trapdoor in the stage floor, and ensconced behind the picture, is lifted by the artist, assisted by invisible pullies, on to the easel. The curtain is drawn, the lady rolls the canvas up into the stretcher and steps out from under the curtain. Returning she replaces the canvas, the artist pushes aside the curtain and finds once more only the painted canvas. The palming and other tricks which Leon undertakes are good conjuring, and, so far as actual execution is concerned, his skill is little short of his lamented relative.

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There is little in common between the old Romany tribes and the Gypsy bands of the present day. The people of the Potrero camp illustrated have most of the comforts of home; for besides their trim tents, they have huts built of boards, and their sleek horses are domiciled in a neat looking shed. The wagon used in common by the three families would do credit to a circus. As for space, they occupy a big lot on Sixteenth street and Potrero avenue, and are protected from the too ready visitation of the vulgar, by a natural hedge of great blocks of quarry rock. The inmates of the camp, too, are painfully modern in their manner and habits. Bethsheba Whorton, the most Gypsy-like of the women-folk, wears a smart green shirt waist and a dark skirt in place of the parti colored rags of romance, and her eyes are blue and not snappy black. The belle of the camp insists on primping for her picture, just as other girls do, and the little boys play with the urchins of the neighborhood and hurl the most blood-curdling slang. A week-old baby is now the chief personage of the camp. He was issued into Gypsydom by a civilized doctor, and civilized rites have celebrated his advent, for there was a christening to which the elite of that neighborhood were invited. The function was a gay one, according to a local historian.

"De kid wuz named Potrero, because he was born on dat street, see? And dey had some booze and a bloke played de cordeen; and say, youse had oughter seed de kid's pap; he was a beamin' all over his physog."

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The disruption of the liquor dealers' machine has attracted less attention than the event deserves. Though rumor has stated so, it was not because of internal dissensions that the organization was disbanded, but because its members had been made to realize that their organization was a source of danger rather than an element of profit. When the association openly endorsed an individual the community found in the fact a reason for voting against him, and so they concluded it was best to do politics among themselves rather than through the medium of a president, secretary and other officials.

## ITALIAN OPERA

### The Methods and Vocal Manner of Certain Late Importations.

If the singing of the five principal singers of the Italian Opera company now playing here, and as heard on Tuesday night, represents a good average of operatic singing in Italy, that must be a distressful country to send students of vocal art to. As an experience of everything that singing should *not* be, their performance of La Gioconda was all it should be. Everywhere this horrible contortion resulted in sound as offensive to the ear as sewer gas to the nostril. In particular the soprano and tenor of the cast outdid themselves. The lady, an opulently endowed blonde, strangulated a laryngeal whistle first on one side of her throat and then on the other, finally winding up by keeping the whole throat in motion with a rapid and vigorous visible trill of the lower jaw, at which the whole house necessarily "came down." Not to be outdone in the muscular race, the tenor of the occasion took so many reefs in the throat muscles that two large veins started up like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," and evident showers of perspiration, sluiced the makeup into an inconglomerate halo. His vocal whistle appeared to please for there was applause galore.

Of the baritone and mezzo-soprano it could be said that both had splendid material, with that robust Italian physique of which so many noble singers have been possessed. The vigor aud frequency of carrying up those hard yet fresh chest tones to unknown heights, was something to be remembered in this mezzo-soprano; and the baritone bawled with equal throat power from beginning to end of the opera. Mertens, himself, could not have shouted more lustily. Neither of these performers are passe or worn even, thanks to a remarkable recuperative power. If not possessed of temperament as understood in America, these people possess a quality which has nothing to do with vocal or dramatic art, yet compels attention and even applause from an audience, a sort of animal spirits or brio belonging to the Latin people. Their playing of the opera had nothing dignified, nothing remotely resembling dramatic realism in it, yet it maintained some interest for the average audience, and those barn-storming, bouncing gestures, and antediluvian struttings, appeared to have a magnetic attraction by reason of that compelling Italian anima. To conduct an opera through with principals incapable of uttering anything approaching a singing tone, and a chorus unspeakably awful, vocally as well as to appearance, and with a band of doubtful quality, was an heroic feat and accomplished with more than credit by Signor Kallini. LESLEY MARTIN.

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In Japan every child is taught to write with both hands.

# Fantaisie Printaniere.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

The McTeagues and the Ryers lived at the disreputable end of Polk street, away down in the squalid neighborhood by the huge red drum of the gas works. The drum leaked, of course, and the nasty brassy foulness of the leak mingled with the odors of cooking from the ill-kept kitchens, and the reek of garbage in the vacant lots did not improve the locality.

McTeague had once been a dentist, and had had "parlors" up at the respectable end of the street. But after a while the license office discovered that he had no diploma; in fact, had never attended a college of any sort, and had forbidden him to practice. So McTeague had taken to drink.

Ryer, some years back, had been a sort of small stock-dealer on the outskirts of Butchertown, and had done fairly well until the Health Board reported him to the Supervisors because he had fattened his hogs on poultices obtained from the City and County Hospital. The result was a lamentable scandal, which finally drove him out of business. So Ryer had taken to drink.

The Ryer's home (or let us say, the house in which the Ryers ate and slept), adjoined the house in which the McTeagues ate and slept. You would have thought that this propinquity, joined with the coincidence of their common misfortunes — both victims of governmental persecution — would have insured a certain degree of friendship between the two men. But this was not so at all, a state of feud existed between Montague Ryer and Capulet McTeague. The feud had originated some year or so previous to the time of this tale, in the back room of Gerstle's "Wein Stube" on the corner opposite the drum. A discussion had arisen between the two men, both far gone in whiskey, as to the lines of longitude on the surface of the globe. Capulet claimed they were parallel throughout their whole extent — Montague maintained they converged at the poles. They discussed this question at length — first with heady words and vociferation, next with hurled pony glasses and uplifted chairs, and finally, after their ejection from the "Stube," with fists clenched till the knuckles whitened, crooked elbows, and the soles of heavy-shod boots. They arrived at no definite conclusion. Twice since then had they fought. Their original difference of opinion had been speedily forgotten. They fought now, they knew not why—merely for the sake of fighting. The quarrel between them came to be recognized by the "block" as part of the existing order of things, like the reek from the drum and the monthly visit of the rent-collector.

Ryer had something the worst of it in these fights. He was a small, lean, pinkish creature, like a split carrot, his mouth a mere long slit beneath his nose. When he was angry his narrow eyes glistened like streaks of bitumen.

McTeague was a huge blonde giant, carrying his enormous fell of yellow hair, six feet and more above his ponderous, slow-moving feet. His hands, hard as wooden mallets, dangled from arms that suggested twisted cables. His jaw was that of the carnivora.

Both men thrashed their wives, McTeague on the days when he was drunk, which were many, Ryer on the days when he was sober, which were few. They went about it, each in his own peculiar fashion. Ryer found amusement in whipping Missis Ryer with a piece of rubber hose filled with gravel, or (his nature demanded variety of sensation), with a long, thin rawhide, which he kept hidden between the matresses. He never used fists or boots; such methods revolted him. "What! am I a drayman, am I a hod-carrier!" exclaimed Mister Ryer. When McTeague did not use the fist or the foot, he used the club. Refinement, such as characterized Ryer, was foreign to the ex-dentist. He struck out blindly, savagely, and with a colossal, clumsy force that often spent itself upon the air. The difference between the men could be seen in the different modes of punishment they affected. Ryer preferred the lash of the whip, McTeague the butt. Ryer was cruel, McTeague only brutal.

While common grievance had not made friends of the two men, mutual maltreatment had drawn their wives together, until no two women on the "block" were more intimate than Trina McTeague and Ryer's wife. They made long visits to each other in the morning in their wrappers and curl papers, talking for hours over a cuppa tea, served upon the ledge of the sink or a corner of the laundry table. During these visits they avoided speaking of their husbands, because, although the whole "block" knew of the occasional strained relations of their families, the two women feigned to keep the secret from each other. And this in the face of the fact that Missis Ryer would sometimes come over to see Trina with a thin welt across her neck, or Trina return the visit with a blackened eye or a split lip.

Once, however, only once, they broke in upon their reticence. Many things came of the infringement. Among others this fantaisie.

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During that particular night three dandelions had bloomed in the vacant lot behind the gas works, the unwonted warmth of the last few days had brought back the familiar odor of the garbage heaps, an open car had appeared on the cross down cable line and Bock beer was on draught at the "Wein Stube," and Polk street knew that Spring was at hand.

About nine o'clock Trina McTeague appeared on the back steps of her house, rolling her washtub before her, preparing to do her monthly washing in the open air on that fine morning. She and Ryer's wife usually observed this hated rite at the same time, calling shrilly to one another as their backs bent and straightened over the scrubbing-boards. But that morning Trina looked long for Missis Ryer and at last fell a-wondering.

The fact of the matter was that the night before Ryer had come home sober and had found occasion to coerce Missis Ryer with a trunk-strap. By a curious coincidence McTeague had come home drunk the same evening, and for two hours Trina had been hard put to it to dodge his enormous fists and his hurled boots. (Nor had she been invariably successful).

At that moment the ex-dentist was sleeping himself sober under the stairs in the front hall, and the whilom stock-dealer was drinking himself drunk in the "Wein Stube" across the street.

When eleven o'clock had struck and Missis Ryer had not appeared, Trina dried her smoking arms on her skirt, and, going through the hole in the backyard fence, entered the kitchen of the Ryer's house and called. Missis Ryer came into the kitchen in a blue cotton wrapper and carpet slippers. Her hair was hanging down her back (it was not golden). Evidently she had just arisen.

"Ain't you goin' to wash this mornin', Missis Ryer?" asked Trina McTeague.

"Good mornin,' Trina," said the other, adding doggedly, as she sat down hard in a broken chair: "I'm *sick* and *tired* a-washin' an' workin' for Ryer."

She drew up instinctively to the cold stove, and propped her chin upon her knuckles. The loose sleeve of the wrapper fell away from her forearm, and Trina saw the fresh marks of the trunk-strap. Evidently Ryer had not held that strap by the buckle-end.

This was the first time Missis Ryer had ever mentioned her husband to Trina.

"Hoh!" ejaculated Trina, speaking before she thought, "It ain't alwus such fun workin' for Mac, either."

There was a brief silence. Both the women remained for a moment looking vaguely out of the kitchen door, absorbed in thought, very curious, each wondering what next the other would say. The conversation, almost without their wishing it, had suddenly begun upon untried and interesting ground. Missis Ryer said:

"I'll make a cuppa tea."

She made the tea, slovening languidly about the dirty kitchen, her slippers clap-clapping under her bare heels. Then the two drew up to the washboard of the sink, drinking the tea from the saucers, wiping their lips slowly from time to time with the side of their hands. Each was waiting for the other to speak. Suddenly Missis Ryer broke out:

"It's best not to fight him, or try to git away—hump your back and it's soonest over."

"You couldn't do that with Mac," answered Trina, shaking her head with decision; "if I didunt dodge, if I let um have his own way he'd sure kill me. Mac's that strong he could break me in two."

"Oh, *Ryer's* strong all-right-all-right," returned Missis Ryer, "an' then he's sober when he fights an' knows what he's about, an' that makes it worse. Look there what he did last night." She rolled up her sleeve and Trina glanced at the arm with the critical glance of a connoisseur.

"Hoh," she said scornfully, "that ain't a circumstance. I had a row with Mac last night meself, and this is what he did with his fist. Just his fist, mind you, and it only grazed me as it was." She slipped a discolored shoulder out of her calico gown. The two critically compared bruises. Missis Ryer was forced to admit that Trina's bruise was the worse. She was vexed and disappointed but rallied with:

"Yes, that's pirty bad, but I'll show you somethin' that'll open your eyes," and she thrust the blue wrapper down from the nape of the neck. "See that scar there," she said, "that's the kind of work Ryer can do when he puts his mind to it; got that nearly four months ago and it's sore yet."

"Ah, yes," said Trina loftily, "little scars, little flesh wounds like that! You never had any bones brokun. Just look at that thumb," she went on proudly, "Mac did that with just a singul grip of his fist. I can't nevur bend it again."

Then the interminable discussion began.

"Look at that, just look at *that*, will you."

"Ah, that ain't nothun. How about *that*, there's a lick for you."

"Why, Mac's the strongest man you ever *saw*."

"Ah-h, you make me tired, it ain't a strong man, always, that can hurt the most. It's the fellah that knows how and where to hit. It's a whip that hurt's the most."

"But it's a club that does the most damage."

"Huh! wait till you git hit with a rubber hose filled with gravel."

"Why, Mac can knock me the length of the house with his left fist. He's done it plenty a' times."

Then they came to reminiscences.

"Why, one time when Mac came home from a picnic at Schuetzen Park, he picked me right up offun the ground with one hand and held me right up in the air like that, and let me have it with a kitchun chair. Huh! talk to *me* about Ryer's little whips, Ryer ain't a patch on my man. *You* don't know what a good thrashun *is*."

"I *don't*, hey, you can just listen to what I tell you, Trina McTeague, when I say that Ryer can lay all over your man. You jest ought a' been here one night when I sassed Ryer back, I tell you I'll never do *that* again. Why the worst lickin' Mister McTeague ever gave you was just little love taps to what I got. Besides I don' *believe* your man ever held you up with one hand and banged you like that with a chair, you wouldn't a' lived if he had."

"Oh, I ain't *lyun* to you," cried Trina, with shrill defiance getting to her feet. Missis Ryer rose likewise and clapped her arms akimbo.

"Why," she cried, "you just said as much yourself, that if you didn't dodge and get away he'd kill you."

"An' I'll say it again. I ain't gowun to eat my words for the best woman that ever wore shoes, an' you can chew on that, Missus Ryer. *I* tell you Mac's the hardust hittun husband a woman ever had."

"I just like to have you live here with Ryer a week or so, you'd soon find out who was the best man, an'——" here Missis Ryer came close to Trina and shouted the words in her face. "An' don't you sass me either, an talk about eatin' words, or I'll show you right here the kind a' whalin' Ryer's taught me."

"I guess Ryer, himself, knows who's the best man of the two, he or Mac," exclaimed Trina, loftily. "How about that last scrap o' theirs? If Mac got hold a' you once and gave you one lick, like the kind I get twenty of evury week, you wouldunt be as well off as your man was when Mac got through with um the time they fought last Washingtun's burthday, behind the brick kill. Why Mac could do for the whole three of us, you an' Ryer an' I, yes he could, with one hand."

"Ah, talk sense, will you," shouted Missis Ryer, as she moved the previous question. "Ain't Mister MacTeague drunk when he dresses you down, and don't it stand to reason that he *can't* give it to you as hard as Ryer gives it to me when he's *sober*?"

"Do you know anything about it anyways?" said Trina, excitedly, "I tell you he's a deal worse to me than Ryer ever *thought* of be-un to you. Ain't he twysut, *three* times as strong?"

"That's a lie," retorted Ryer's wife, vindicating her absent husband with astonishing vehemence.

"Don't you tell me I lie again," shouted Trina, her cheeks flaming, her chin thrust out.

"I guess I'll say what I please in my own kitchin, you dirty little drab," screamed the other. Their faces were by this time close together, neither would draw back an inch.

"No you won't, no you won't," panted Trina, "an' don't you dare call me a drab. Drab yourself; best go back to the pigs your man used to fatten on old poultices, go back to your sty, I guess it won't be any dirtier than this here kitchun."

"Git out of it then."

"Not till I get ready."

"An' I'll call you drab till I'm black in the face, drab, *drab*, dam nasty, dirty little drab. Git out uv my kitchin."

"Ah-h, let me see you put me out."

"Ah, dirty little drab."

"Ah, slattern, ah, pig-feeder."

Suddenly they tore at each other like infuriated cats. A handful of black and gray hair came away from Missis Ryer's head. Fingernail marks, long red lines appeared on the curve of Trina's cheeks, very like McTeagues conception of the parallels upon a globe. Missis Ryer, hustling Trina toward the door, pushed her into the arms of McTeague himself. At the same time Ryer, warned of this war of wives, entered the kitchen from the front of the house. He had come over hastily from the "Wein Stube" and was half drunk. McTeague had partially slept off his intoxication and was about half sober.

"Here, here, here," cried the ex-dentist over his wife's shoulder, "you two women fightin', quit it, what the bloody Hell!"

"Scrappin'" shouted Ryer from the doorway, "choke off ol' woman, if there's any scrappin to be done, I'll do it meself."

"She called me a drab," gasped Trina, glaring at her enemy from under the protection of her gigantic husband.

"An' she said my kitchin wasn't a place for pigs to live in," retorted Missis Ryer, without taking her eyes from Trina.

The men had not yet looked at each other. They were unwilling to fight this morning, because each one of them was half drunk or half sober, (either way you chose to put it), and because Ryer preferred to fight when he had all his wits about him, while McTeague was never combative until he had lost *his* wits entirely.

"What started the row, whatcha been fightin' about?" demanded the ex-dentist.

"Yes, sure," put in Ryer, "whatcha been scrappin' about, what started the row?"

The women looked at each other, unable to answer. Then Trina began awkwardly:

"Well I—well—well—a—well she told me—she said—well, she run you down, Mac, an' I didunt figure on puttun up with it."

"She tried to make small of you, Ryer," said his wife, "an' I called her down, an'—that's all, she tried to make small of you."

"Hey? What'd she say?" demanded McTeague, "out with it."

"Well, *this* is what she said," exclaimed Trina suddenly. "She said Ryer could give her a worse dressing down than you ever gave me, an' I wouldn't stand it."

"Well," declared Missis Ryer, turning to her husband, "I ain't goin' to let every dirty little drab that comes along say—say—throw mud at my man, am I? I guess," added Missis Ryer, defiantly, facing Trina and the ex-dentist. "I guess Ryer can do what he likes in his own house. I ain't goin' to let any woman tell me that her man is better'n mine, in any way."

"An' that's what you two fought over," exclaimed the husbands in the same breath.

"Well, suppose we did," said Trina with defiance.

"I guess I can quarrel about what I like," observed Missis Ryer, sullenly.

For the first time since they had entered the room the eyes of the two men met, and for fully half a dozen seconds they looked squarely at each other. Then the corners of the slit under Ryer's nose began to twitch, and McTeague's huge jaws to widen to a grin in nut-cracker fashion. Suddenly a roar of laughter shook him; he sank into a chair, rocking back and forth, smiting his knee with his palm. Ryer cackled shrilly, crying out between peals of laughter: "Well, if this ain't the greatest jolly I've struck yet."

"Fightin' over our fightin' *them*," bellowed McTeague.

"I've seen queer bugs in my time," gasped Ryer, "but the biggest curios yet are women, oh Lord, but this does beat the Dutch."

"Say, ain't this great, Ryer?"

"Mac, this does beat the carpet, sure."

"Look here old man, about them parallel lines, *I* say let's call it off. I ain't got no quarrel against *you*."

"That's a go, Mac, you're a good fellah, sure, put it there."

They shook hands upon their reconciliation, their breasts swelling with magnanimity. They felt that they liked one another hugely, and they slapped each other tremendous blows on the back, exclaiming at intervals "*put* it there," and gripping hands with a cordiality that was effusive beyond words. All at once Ryer had an inspiration.

"Say, Mac, come over to the Stube and have a drink on it."

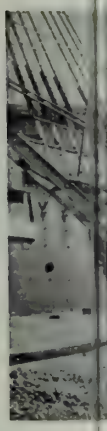
"Well, I just guess I will," vociferated the ex-dentist.

Bewildered and raging at the unexpected reconciliation of their husbands, the two women had disappeared, Trina slamming the door of the kitchen with a parting cry of "pig feeder," which Missis Ryer immediately answered by thrusting her head out of a second story window and screaming at the top of her voice to the neighborhood in general, "dirty little drab."

Meanwhile the two men strode out of the house and across the street, their arms affectionately locked; the swing doors of the "Stube" flapped after them like a pair of silent wings.

That day settled the matter. Heretofore it had been the men who were enemies and their wives who were friends. Now the two men are fast friends, while the two women maintain perpetual feud. The "block" has come to recognize their quarrel as part of the existing order of things, like the leak from the gas-works and the collector's visits. Occasionally the women fight, and Missis Ryer, who is the larger and heavier, has something the best of it.

However, one particular custom common to both households remains unchanged — both men continue to thrash their wives in the old ratio—McTeague on the days when he is drunk (which are many), Ryer on the days when he is sober (which are few).



1. Sewing sails on the Monadnock. 2. Anchors for warships. 3. Remodeled training-ship Pensacola. 4. Loading stores on a warship. 5. The Mohican being modernized. 6. The Mon
from the Philadelphia. 8. A group of Marines. 9. Deck scene on the Monadnock. 10. Lifting steel beams aboard the Charleston. 11. A new storage h
13. Bottom of the Monterey, newly painted. 17. Cleaning the quay. 15. Lunch hour on the Monterey.

SCENES AT THE MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD

9. undergoing repairs on the dry dock. 7. Taking worn out parts
12. Loading the Charleston.

## THE WORLD ABROAD

### News and Gossip From Some European Capitals.

Emperor William may be depended upon to keep the diplomatic world agog. His latest idea was to drop in upon King Leopold of Belgium and see what arrangements he could make for having Belgian territory placed at his disposal in case German military operations, say in a war with France, for instance, would thereby be facilitated. It is needless to say that such a suggestion is regarded by other powers as nothing more nor less than paramount cheek. In fact, in the face of what occurred when the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870, it seems hardly worth considering. Of course, existing conditions are different, but what has Belgium to gain by such an understanding? And is it to be supposed for a moment that, even if France took no steps in the matter, England, who acted so promptly in 1870 in promoting and securing the tripartite treaty between herself, France and Prussia, guaranteeing respect for Belgian neutrality and independence, would be likely to stand by and see anything of the kind agreed to between Belgium and Germany, without interfering? The Belgian people themselves are at the present time actively employed in denouncing a scheme that is about to be presented to Parliament for extending the system of military conscription, and as the Socialist vote has been proved, by a recent election in Brussels, to have quadrupled in the last three years, chiefly owing to the dislike of the working classes for the military laws, the people are not likely to sympathize with the designs of the German Emperor.

Henry Labouchere, Member of Parliament, and proprietor and editor of *Truth*, has been getting a dose of his own medicine from the hand of Mr. Henry Hess, editor of the *African Critic*. It is well known Labouchere has never been sparing in his treatment of his victims, many of whom have undoubtedly deserved all they got from his pen, but Mr. Hess seems prepared in dealing with Mr. Labouchere himself to out-Herod Herod. The editor of *Truth* has now acknowledged to being the author of letters published in fac-simile by Mr. Hess, which at first he declared to be forgeries, and also pleads guilty to rigging the stock market when financial editor of the *World*. Labouchere having declined further notice of Mr. Hess or his charges, the latter renews his attacks in vehement language, accusing the former of cheating and swindling and declaring that he will be driven out of public life at an early date. It has been generally recognized that in politics and finance Labouchere has never been scrupulous and has not hesitated to make unfair use of his opportunities to advance his own interests. Possessed of such instincts and endowed with exceptional ability and energy, he has been feared rather than respected; and, if his downfall can be brought about, there will be no little satisfaction amongst those who constitute the best elements in social and political circles.

There is no lack of new ideas for the coming Paris Exposition, many of them of most astonishing proportions. M. Hunt proposes a six-cornered building, 100 feet in diameter and 200 feet high, on the top of which sleigh races are to be held on artificial snow. M. Banks has the idea of a gigantic candelebra, whose three feet are to serve as promenades. M. Buff advises the erection of two fountains, one representing a man and the other a woman at 200 times the average size. M. Couchol, a patriot, would have the Eiffel tower remodelled into a statue of France, the first two stories to serve as a pedestal. M. Mazelagne proposes a house 1,000 feet in height in order to ascertain scientifically to what height houses may be habitable without danger. A pyramid 1,200 feet high, revolving around its center, is the ideal of John Richardson; and Gustave Songeux, a philosopher and philanthropist, proposes two colossal statues, "War" and "Peace," whose contrast would cause all nations to declare in favor of peace. A proposition likely to be considered seriously is that of Prince Della Rocca and Fernand Hau, to arrange an exhibition of religious art of all ages. Another likely plan is Herr Fildermann's project to construct a minature city, inhabited by people who are to live strictly according to hygienic rules.

Princess Charles of Denmark, formerly Princess Maud of Wales, grows tired of her Danish home. Though devoted to her husband the royal lady does not like his country, nor the manners and habits of the Danish. The cooking she finds conducive to dyspepsia, and the court, in her own words, "terribly dull and dreadfully religious." Its gets up very early in the morning and goes to bed correspondingly early at night, and, except on gala occasions, eats its dinner at 6 o'clock in the evening. Princess Maud, whose temperament is rather lively, has filed an objection to all this and has accordingly petitioned her father the Prince of Wales to arrange for her husband to become an English citizen and enter the British navy. The old King and Queen of Denmark are furious at the idea, and judging from paragraphs in the Copenhagen press and other straws from Denmark, Princess Maud is likely to become the most unpopular woman in the kingdom. Another complaint of the Princess is the scarcity of bathrooms in the royal palace, washing in Denmark being regarded more as a luxury than as a habit, a peculiarity not only of Denmark, but also of Norway and Sweden.

Addressing the British Medical Association recently on the subject of "The Surgeon of Old in War," Dr. Mitchell Banks, of Liverpool, made reference to Richard Wiseman, not without reason termed the father of English surgery, who was born in 1620 and died in 1676. He believed in stimulants. After describing the perilous state of a certain patient, he says: "The man swooned and complained that he could not live without wine. I complied with his desire. He drank again as he pleased; his sickness went off; his wound digested; and he cured. This I have often seen in some of our Dunkirkers at sea, who drank extraordinarily, and were full of drink in our sea fights. I could scarce ever cure them without allowing them wine, and thereby their spirits were kept up, and I had the liberty to bleed them as I thought fit." He also insisted strongly upon the immediate extraction of bullets, the neglect of which he describes as having been "the cause of the death of many a brave Souldier, and every Battel produces instances of it, to the discredit of our profession." This, as Professor Banks said, is "good surgery and straight talk."

## SCIENTIFIC FICTION

### The Career, Studies and Future Plans of H. G. Wells.

Mr. H. G. Wells, author of "The War of the Worlds," thinks that the best possible training for literary work is a scientific education. "Criticism," he says, "is the essence of science, and the critical habit of mind an essential to artistic performance." And Mr. Wells has dipped deep in the sciences. Although beginning life at fifteen as a draper's apprentice, he soon rose to higher things, and became junior master in a school and subsequently a scholar at the Royal College of Science. In 1890 he took his science degree at London University, with first class honors in zoology. Then followed a period of coaching, editing a text book of biology and a lot of other hack literary work without any particular success. Finally the *Fortnightly Review* accepted an article and in a short time he became a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Saturday Review* and *Nature*. Mr. Wells continued at journalism for some time, giving it up entirely two years ago for the writing of books.

Since then his success has been remarkable, for his works have received serious attention and general circulation. This autumn two new books are to come out. One is a collection of essays written two or three years ago, called "A Collection of Material, Mainly Autobiographical." It is devoted to certain of the greater issues of life. The other is termed "The Invisible Man," the main idea, already used by Mr. Gilbert in one of the *Bab Ballads*, being that a man is able to make his living tissues invisible. As this invisibility is not a magic quality but the result of certain applications of the science of optics, it does not extend to his clothing, or even to his food before it is assimilated. The story consists in the realistic treatment of this leading idea, the experimenter being represented as an extremely egotistical and irritable person.

Speaking of the scientific foundation of "The War of the Worlds" which has been a feature of *The Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Wells terms it a story of a possibility, and like "The Invisible Man," a piece of realism. "It may seem incredible," he says, "to a large number of people not familiar with the ascertained facts about Mars and its relation to the earth. But," he goes on, "to anyone acquainted with the possibilities modern science opens out it will, I am afraid, seem only very sober fiction indeed. If anything of the sort did happen, it would probably be a great deal worse than anything I have imagined in the story."

Mr. Wells has in the course of intermittent construction a novel of ordinary things and people. It is called "Love and Mr. Lewisham." Another work in prospect is a romance of the immediate future, a horoscopic affair somewhat on the lines of "Looking Backward."

As for the common things of earth, Mr. Wells strongly supports bicycling—he is a great believer in the educational value of the wheel. It will, he thinks, mark the greatest social revolution of the century, no less than "the aeration of the narrow-thinking, timid-living respectable class. Young people of that sort that never went abroad in other than genteel, tidy garments, and never conversed with others than those in their immediate circle of friends, have been suddenly whirled out and abroad beyond the range of what the neighbors think."

## REFITTING SHIPS OF WAR

### Busy Days at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Never has there been greater activity at Mare Island. The Navy Yard is alive with sailors, soldiers, engineers, mechanics and laborers. They are repairing and rejuvenating battleships and cruisers, torpedo-boats and gunboats, improving, replacing, repainting, restoring—but the accompanying pictures afford a clearer idea of the movement than any cursory explanation of the processes. Not only is there activity in the Yard itself, but also quite an elaborate dredging operation is being conducted in the channel which separates the island from Vallejo. Two hydraulic and one old-model dredgers are at work deepening and filling, and great will be the convenience thereof when the proceeding is completed. As to the work—experience proves that warships are delicate instruments, and that high speed machinery is very liable to get out of gear. Though the materials of which they are constructed are of iron and steel, yet wear and tear compels a constant replacing of posts and pillars and shafts and other impedimenta. The "Monterey" is still on the dry dock, and has had the benefit of a tremendous overhauling. The "Philadelphia" is at the quay, being rehabilitated after a long spell of service. Next to her is the "Charleston," into whose interior huge steel beams are being lowered by the agency of an immense derrick. Near by is the "Monadnock," on whose decks a swarm of mariners are engaged sewing on huge squares of canvass. The "Pensacola," which is being converted into a training ship and her interior rearranged, is also an object of interest. Of course, this implies substantial remodelling.

There is much to interest the casual visitor to Mare Island. One can see all forms of mechanical activity, including the erection of a huge new workshop to be consecrated on completion to some new process of ship building. Another of the sights is the great anchor rack. There are hundreds of anchors of all sizes and designs awaiting utilization. What their combined gripping power is may be calculable by some erudite mathematician, but there is mooring for a fleet. Sentries are everywhere. There is a fine intermingling of marines and workmen; tram cars, drawn by locomotives, shuffle along; the pounding of hammers, the clang of machinery, the shrieking of steam burden the air with resonance. Indeed, the satisfaction is of the eyes alone, for hearing is out of the question.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My life, this week, dearest Diary, rather resembles the career of a shuttlecock, for I have been tossed between teas and theatre parties, between theatre parties and teas, with only an occasional fall in the direction of a girls' luncheon or a dinner. To be honest, a fatal error in society, but quite safe within your sacred pages, Diary dear, I loathe girls' luncheons. They are more fatiguing than a long sermon in the summer time, more stupid than a novel without a hero. They might well be considered a homily on the modern society maid versus the early Christian. Then it was "how these Christians love one another," it now is "how these debutantes loathe one another." We do, too, some of us. Of course, several are like St. Paul—all things to all factions; others do not even disguise their sentiments and would like to return to the less civilized methods of tearing one another's eyes out.

The "tea" crowd versus the "gang"—I wonder who will come out ahead. Arthur says it is a toss up, but I think there are some of us too heavily handicapped. One feels this atmosphere of veiled antagonism at a luncheon in particular. One may be sitting next a member of the rival set with no man to stand between you and topics marked dangerous—no warning placard "beware of the dog." I assure you some glances are exchanged that were the blasting power of "She." not merely a matter of fiction would wither many a foe.

I have had a most exciting week of it. Starting with Saturday and its succession of teas, which I managed to get in, in spite of all bets to the contrary. You see, I had to receive at Ethel Keeney's and go to Mrs. John Boggs' and Mrs. Tay's "at homes". I started off by going to Mrs. Boggs' where I found nearly all the younger crowd and had a capital time. Then, on to Mrs. Tay's. It was a thoroughly pretty tea. The rooms were decorated in charming fashion, and Mrs. Tay looked exquisite in pale blue and white. She was assisted by Mrs. Bert Morrow, Mrs. Walker, Miss Deming and Miss Andrews of San Jose. Miss Andrews is an unusually handsome girl and was strikingly gowned. We had the Hungarian orchestra as an accompaniment to the conversation. Mrs. Keeney's tea was a tremendously smart affair. Everyone was there, not only the younger set, but the real old society people. Mrs. Keeney was very strikingly dressed, and Ethel and Leontine Blakeman stood beside her in the window where they received. Both girls wore white frocks and looked charming. I must say I prefer Ethel's hair parted to the pompadour she now affects—it seemed to harmonize with her features and her piquant style. This lends an air of severity I do not care for. The dinner was capital and the table delightfully fixed up. The cloth was almost hidden by masses of those dear little Cecile Bruner roses, intermingled with ferns and bows of pink satin ribbon—pink candleabra with dainty pink shades lighted up the room. The girls looked bonny in their white frocks, with Julia Crocker and Emma Butler lending a bit of color to the scene. I went in with my dear Ben Holladay so, of course, I was radiantly happy. We had multitudinous men young, old, handsome and otherwise. I think Mr. Williams, Mr. Wiltsee's chum, awfully good-looking. He is especially gifted of the gods, being rich, handsome and fascinating. On Monday was a perfect avalanche of theatre parties, which has continued throughout the week. I think I have been to the Baldwin three times and to the California once. Mr. Wiltsee took a big crowd of us on Monday and we had a capital time, with supper afterwards in his rooms. His guests were Genevieve Goad, the de Ruyters and Gus Spreckels, with a sprinkling of debutantes. On the same evening Miss Foreman and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels had small parties. On Tuesday the Carolans asked twenty-four of us—Mrs. Schmidell chaperoned the party. Then Mr. Greenaway invited the Hoffmans, the Moores, Alice Hager, Therese Morgan, the Thomas girls and the Smiths to another Baldwin party. I think when Walter Martin's invitation arrived I should have cried Enough! but luckily his was an opera party at the California. Prior to it he gave us one of his really swell spreads at the 'Varsity Club. The same crowd was again invited and we had a glorious time.

Then there were two debutantes' luncheons. One to Marie Wells on Tuesday by Gwinette Henley. Such a pretty luncheon—everything in violets. A square in the center of the table with bunches scattered broadcast and ribbons dexterously interwoven. Later a gypsy fortune-teller came in and amused us by predicting all sorts of wonderful careers. We are to have sweethearts galore and a satiety of husbands. I am to be married three times—perhaps four. Whether death or the divorce court is to release me she did not divulge. I hope the latter, as I perfectly abominate black, it is so unbecoming to my particular style. I really think that Addie Murphy's luncheon was the event par excellence of the season. The table was charming—you know how smart a Palace Hotel luncheon can be—and the menu phew! A veritable feast for goddesses. I don't eat much as a rule, but there were so many dainties that I positively gorged. Miss Stranahan, who is visiting Mrs. Murphy, was the guest of honor. She is on the Celtic order, with big blue eyes, a creamy skin and black hair and has very fascinating manners.

Then on Wednesday, Miss Colburn gave a girls' tea which we all enjoyed. I am looking forward to the first Friday Fortnightly, which is to be held on November 5th. Lillie Follis is to lead with Allan Wright. On Saturday, Leontine Blakeman is to give her tea with a big debutantes' dinner later. And on Sunday, Ethel Bent gives an "at home" at the Presidio. All the debutantes are to receive and there are to be seventy-five men, chiefly army fellows. You know Ethel has been laid up recently with a bad attack of grippe, but I am happy to say she is again convalescent. The cards for the Thomas ball are out and great are our expectations. We girls intend getting gowns that are to be positively ravishing. That is all on the tapis now, but by next week there will be another list. Till then, au revoir.

Your own MISS CRICKET.

* *

A loan exhibition and sale of needlework,

MISS ETHEL KEENEY
Who made her debut last Saturday

which ought to prove interesting, is to be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, on December 2d, 3d and 4th. Exhibitors are assured that the work will be taken care of, show cases being provided for the perishable articles. Mrs. Jos. Donohoe, Mrs. Beverly Macmonagle, Mrs. Hall M'Allister, Mrs. Wm. Taylor, Mrs. Austin Tubbs and Mrs. Robert J. Woods are among the patronesses. The exhibition is in aid of the Associated Charities.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sachs, of the Palace Hotel, gave a big theatre party at the Baldwin on Monday evening. Afterwards supper was served at the Concordia Club.

Mrs. Steinhart and Miss Hilda Steinhart gave a large "at home" on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Steinhart was assisted in receiving by Miss Cohen, Miss Bachmann, Miss Sachs and Miss Hilda Hecht. The hours were from four to seven. Later a dinner was given to those who assisted the hostess.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Kellogg, U. S. N., and Miss Ethel Pomroy, daughter of E. B. Pomroy of Oakland. Miss Pomroy is a blonde of rather striking looking appearance. She is a niece of Mr. Blake, of the firm of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, and inherits a neat little fortune from her mother.

Mrs. Elizabeth Strong Worthington gave a successful "at home" last Friday evening. Mrs. Worthington was assisted in receiving by Miss Marion Cole, Miss Dorothy Jaep and Miss Helen Higby. The affair, which was largely attended, was in the nature of a house-warming. During the evening music was given by Mr. Walter Campbell and Mr. Lucy.

The Sketch Club held its Autumnal exhibition in its new rooms, 713 Sutter street, on Wednesday evening. The rooms are large and better adapted for hanging pictures than the former quarters on Montgomery street. The club has made great strides in the past six months, the members' work being better, stronger and more professional. The canvasses of Mrs. L. Macdonald Sleeth are the best on exhibition. The portrait of Miss Henry is a capital piece of work, the flesh tints being excellent. The "woman in gray" is also worthy of the highest commendation. A landscape by Anna Frances Briggs, and a Chinese scene by Mrs. Whelan are also very well done. Miss Helen Hyde's canvas, "Divided Duties," is noteworthy for the light effects.

A big benefit concert, in which Scheel's Orchestra is to be a feature, will take place on Saturday afternoon, November 14th at Metropolitan Hall. The affair is in aid of the building fund of the Hahnemann Hospital, to be erected on the corner of Fourteenth and Lake streets.

* *

This has been a rather festive week in Oakland, the glamor cast by the Miller-Prather nuptials seems to have been reflected by a succession of events of major or minor significance. Of primary importance is the wedding of Mr. Miller and Miss Prather, and of the others the teas of Mrs. Clay and Mrs. Havens come next.

Mrs. Clay's was given in Fruitvale on Saturday of last week, and was the largest reception of the season, three hundred guests having been invited. The house was decorated in chrysanthemums and ferns. Mrs. Clay was assisted in receiving by the Misses Margaret and Sadie Sinclair and Miss Alice Stephenson. Mrs. Havens' "at home" was in honor of her daughter, Miss Marietta Havens, and was a very jolly affair. Few married people were invited, but all the Saturday Fortnightly young people turned out in full force. As many men as maids appeared, which augurs well for the popularity of the young hostess.

A charity event of more than the usual degree of interest was given by Mrs. Gorrill for the benefit of the Manse. To the uninitiated the "Manse" appears rather enigmatical, but it is a society somewhat on the order of the college settlement, with the view of teaching the children of working people useful work. Miss Fanny Smith assisted Mrs. Gorrill in receiving. During the afternoon musical selections were given by Mrs. Sylvia Chapman Martin, Mrs. Carrie Brown-Dexter and Mrs. William Piutti.

A pleasant affair was the married ladies' luncheon given on Saturday by Mrs. Hill, of Highland Park, at the Haywards Club House. Mrs. Hill is a sister of Mrs. Rosborough. The decorations were La France roses. Mrs. Hill, Mrs. J. C. Hays, Mrs. Creed, Mrs. Jerome, Mrs. Whitney and others were among the guests.

One of the jolliest parties of the season was that given to the members of the 21 Club by Misses Laura and Mona Crellin on Thursday evening. During the earlier part of the evening seven-handed euchre was played, later the young people danced until the wee sma' hours.

Wednesday last was the occasion of a young people's dinner at the Purcell's home on Webster street. The Misses Strong, Kittredge, Jessie Kimble and the Hubbards were among those bidden to the feast. Later cards were played—Miss Georgie Strong and Mr. Will English carried off the prizes.

The second meeting of the Saturday Fortnightly was held at Reed's Hall on the evening of the 30th. It was a Hallowe'en party, the figures carrying out to some extent the old fashioned customs of that occasion. The german was led by Miss Bessie Palmer and Mr. Otto Wedemeyer. Among the prettiest of the girls I noted Miss Carrie Quinan, Miss Genevieve Fore and Miss Marietta Havens.

Quite a little dissatisfaction has arisen over the Berkeley Cotillions. A secret committee on invitations was appointed by the lady patronesses and the young people who made out the list did not consult the ladies as to who should receive invitations and who should not. The consequence is war and rumors of war. The especial friends of the ladies have been neglected and a number of people of no especial degree of importance invited. Again it is a question of popularity versus eligibility. I believe there is considerable indignation among the patronesses, who according to all the ethics of social affairs should have at least been consulted.

In Alameda the season has just begun. The Cotillion Club promises to be an immense success this winter and very smart. The last dance was noteworthy for the number of pretty girls present. The ones I particularly noticed were Miss Lally, in pale pink. She is a tall blonde, with creamy skin and blue eyes. Another pretty girl, in a rather different style, is Miss Ruth Metcalf, who was simply gowned in white mull. Miss Florence Mason made an effective picture in yellow, and Miss Charlotte O'Keefe looked bright and piquant in white chiffon veiling pink silk.

Then on Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Brutton gave a house-warming and Hallowe'en party in their new house, which is as yet unfinished. It was an immensely jolly affair. All the old-fashioned games were played—the guests flew up and downstairs on broomsticks, ducked for apples, melted lead and otherwise tempted fate. Then they had all the antique country dances. The refreshments were served in the kitchen, the decorated sink forming a stand for the punch bowl. The next event of social significance is the theatrical show, which is to be held on December 2d, in aid of the Episcopal Church. "A Scrap of Paper" is to be given. Those taking part are Miss Della Cruger, Miss Marie Victor, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Charlotte O'Keefe, Messrs. Fine, George Whitney, Donne de Teller and Fred Henkencius.

**Fine Display of Art Goods.**

S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street, have just begun to show their European importations for this season, and invite their patrons and the public to view the many fine and interesting noveltses received and unpacked so far.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

Maillard's Chocolates, half- and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

**For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.**

**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch**

**Kelly's Guranteed Corn Cure, 25 cents Sold only at 102 Eddy street**

## THE THEATRES

### Brief Comment on New Shows, with Anticipations.

Were the success of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" to depend upon the first act we should have still another company designating San Francisco "a jay town." One can readily believe it clever in the original French, but translated it has failed to prove its raison d'etre. The jokes are broad without being humorous, the songs ditto. The last three acts rather redeem it, and the girls are pretty and graceful enough to give life to a worse show. They dance well and their dress adds much to the interest of the situation, or, should I say, their garters? Their dresses were long but they manipulated them to advantage, showing very neatly turned limbs. Miss Bouton is a fascinating little actress, and rather resembles Gladys Wallis, but has a feminine softness that the latter lacks. She made a tempting nurse-maid and her dancing was really charming. I did not care for Miss Anna O'Keefe; she was too tempestuous in her movements and her voice was not at all pleasing. Nor she did not fit one's idea of a Cafe Chantant singer. The men were fairly good on the whole, Mr. Dickson particularly so. P. W.

* *

The air at the Orpheum this week is heavy with color and cake, or rather with cakewalk. The world's champions in the classic art—the Farrells (Billie and Willie)—mince through their different figures, principally triangles, with confidence and precision, much to the delight and approval of the audience. Miss Farrell, presumably Willie, is a rather attractive young woman with bright eyes and good features, and tall as a daughter of the gods. She dresses well and is clever, but spoils her work at times by over-acting. Billie, the gemman of the team, plays well on the guitar and sings even better. Altogether the act is pleasing and refreshingly free from vulgarity. The little red band is in its last week, playing as well and as successfully as at the first. It will leave behind memories of the Hapsburgs, of Vienna, and the gallant little drum major pleasing to think over.

* *

After a few weeks of retirement melodrama returns triumphantly to Morosco's in the sensational play, "777." The piece is of the real old-fashioned sort. The plot centres about a robbery and a murder, for which the hero is naturally accused. He is estranged from the heroine, put in prison but escapes and after four acts of increasing entanglement finally succeeds in clearing his name, discomfits the villian and begins life with prosperity and the heroine by his side.

* *

"The Highest Bidder" is hardly a play of the period. It has some pretty scenes and is genreally interesting, but it lacks the life, the requisite energy to keep it in popular favor. But then it is not a play of the times, it hasn't been for several years, and a judgment upon its performance in these days should be given altogether to the players. The Alcazar people seem to have an easy time with their innocent work—all but Chas. Bates, as Sir Evelyn, who requires more energy to be the bad man thau do the others to assume virtue. Wright Huntington plays Jack Hammerton, giving rather an agreeable performance. Wallace Shaw gets all the humor possible out of Bonham Cheviot and is a good foil to Frederic Strong as Sir Muffin. Miss Gertrude Foster plays Rose Thornhill in her oddly gentle way and Mrs. Bates as usual is good as Mrs. Lacy.

H. S. K.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

There is a second week of the Herrmans at the Columbia. The next attraction will be "In Old Kentucky," which is now in its fifth year and apparently as popular as ever.

"The Geisha" continues with undiminished popularity at the Tivoli, with excellent pros-

**Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist. 806 Market Street**

They meet

An acquaintance is formed

Become friendly

A trifling service

Distinct progress

The first kiss

A CAKEWALK AS PERFORMED AT THE ORPHEUM BY THE FARRELLS
Photos by Marceau

## CAKEWALKING

### The Farrells Discourse on a Diversion Which Has Become a Profession.

The Farrells—Billie and Willie—cakewalk at the Orpheum and [illegible] tell you it's "the real thing." In times past [illegible] to the cakewalks at the Orpheum stage, and while they [illegible] in their way, their efforts, at the best, were only imitations, and there is always something lacking in an imitation. A white man's idea of doing a cakewalk is like an Irishman talking German—funny enough, but it isn't "Dutch."

The other evening Billie Farrell (that's the man—"Willie" was [illegible]) put the story of [illegible] thereof. He said:

"As near as I can [illegible] the cakewalking business had its origin among the French [illegible] ago."

"Say [illegible] (they [illegible]" interjected Willie.

"Yer right, gal, but we're strictly in it now [illegible] there is no little doubt but that the original cakewalk was an offshoot of some of the old French country dances. From New Orleans it spread all over the South. The plantation masters seemed to have encouraged it, probably for the fun of the thing. Later there came another reason for cakewalks, which tended to make them popular: During slave days the plantation negroes were not wedded by license, as Willie and I were—but that's another story—and it was seldom that a parson was called in.

"At a cakewalk a man might legitimately show his preference for a woman, and thus publicly claim her for his wife. So this festival became, in a sense, a wooing, an acceptance or rejection, and a ceremony. Sometimes, when two negroes took a notion to walk with the same 'piece of calico,' there was a butting match right then and there, for a negro in those days never thought of using his fists, neither did he carry a razor, and the solar plexus blow had not been discovered.

"The floor was rough and sandy. Smoky pine torches flared against the cabin walls. The slaves—dozens of them—were dressed in all the simple finery they could command. The cake was baked 'up at the big house.' There was more cake to it than those one gets nowadays. The cake we won at Battery D, Chicago, was made mostly of bricks and stucco work."

"Yes, and some fly coon swiped all the real cake," remarked Willie, and her eyes snapped fire that betokened ill to that "fly coon," were he within reach.

"But we won the honors and then we did lay that crowd out," replied Billie. "But to go on with my story. The music at the plantation was furnished by a battered fiddle and a home-made banjo, composed of sheepskin stretched over a cheese-hoop. The melodies were 'Hop Light Ladies,' 'Old Zip Coon,' 'Billy in the Low Lands,' 'Cotton-Eye Joe,' 'Run, Nigger, Run' and others. The contest ants were terribly in earnest and they 'walked hard.' Half the time the man was not certain whether or not he would win the dusky maid—she with the bandana bound about her head whom he was wooing with perspiration and fancy step. These were scenes of rude mirth and good genuine homespun love-making, gone never to return.

"Cakewalking has improved, as do most things that are constantly practiced. It has lost its old-time significance in the South. Negroes now get married, when they marry at all, in white folks' fashion. It has become, however, a pantomime dance. As now practiced the walk is divided into three kinds: the straight walk, the comic walk and the fancy walk. The fancy walk is the pantomimic variety and we make it our specialty. As we do the cakewalk it portrays, first the meeting between the man and a maiden, then acquaintance, then an approach to familiarity, then courtship, then a kiss and then an acceptance which in the old times constituted marriage."

Billie Farrell is a native of Cincinnatti, while his wife is a French quadroon and was born in Trinidad, West Indies. Her blood shows itself in the alluring postures she assumes, possibly unconsciously. She joins the African warmth to the French coquetry with something of the savage freedom of the West Indian dark life and the composite is astounding and fascinating. There is a dash and vim combined with a genteel abandon in her work that is simply charming. The [illegible] as portrayed by the Farrells, is [illegible] not in the least [illegible]. If compared with the atrocity of the [illegible] it is simply holy.

AYAFLO' MOORE.

pects of running for some weeks to come. "Rip Tan Winkle" follows, with Edwin Stevens as Rip, his original creation.

Sunday night performances of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" will be given at the Baldwin. The final week of the engagement commences Monday evening. The next attraction will be "In Gay New York," with Eddie Foy at the head of the company.

A revival of "The Lost Paradise" will be given next week at Morosco's. Special scenery has been prepared, and elaborate mechanical effects. The cast, which includes W. H. Pascoe and the regular company, will be augmented for the occasion.

Rosenthal, the violinist, who has lately returned from the Brussells Conservatory, gives a concert at the San Rafael Opera House, San Rafael, next Thursday evening, November 11. Mr. Rosenthal will be assisted by the Colonial Quartette of this city.

The Henschels will make their last appearance in this city to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at the California. The programme will consist of popular numbers, and as the prices have been specially reduced the attendance is likely to be unusually large.

For next week the Alcazar announce a reproduction of "The Ugly Duckling." The play, which was originally written for Mrs. Leslie Carter, contains a strong plot and is full of much human interest. Miss Polly Tupper, a bright and attractive Fresno girl, will make her debut in "The Ugly Duckling."

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Since the latter part of August last the San Francisco public have been privileged to enjoy nightly at the Orpheum a performance by the Knaben-Kapelle, or Hungarian Boys Military Band. Nothing of the kind has ever before been seen on this continent. The band consists of forty pieces, and the oldest of its members does not exceed sixteen years of age, some of the boys being not more than eight. One of the smallest and choicest is the little drummer who is depicted here in the uniform worn by all the little soldier musicians. Dressed in bright scarlet tunics and trousers neatly trimmed with gold braid, and turned out in the

smartest military style, from the silver spurs on the heels of their tasseled brown hessians to the white pompons of their headgear, which is a mixture of French shako and British busby, the little fellows make a glowing centre-piece on the stage, and their execution is fully on a par with their appearance. The band is now about to depart hence to Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, B. C. proceeding thence over the northeastern circuit to Chicago and New York. Mr. Gustav Walter brought them from Budapest, and is under contract to return the youngsters safe and sound on the completion of their tour in the United States.

Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

At the California this evening the Italian company will produce, for the first time in this city, Puccini's "La Boheme." On Monday evening Verdi's "Otello"; on Tuesday evening and at the Saturday matinee "Lucia" is to be sung. Wednesday "Rigoletto," Friday "La Favorita" and Saturday evening "The Masked Ball." A Sunday evening concert by the quartette and orchestra will likely be given before the close of the season.

The second festival of the California Music Festival Association commences in Metropolitan Temple, next Tuesday evening, with the oratorio "Elijah." Soloists, Mme. Genevra Johnstone Bishop, Miss Anna Miller Wood, Mr. Rhys Thomas and Mr. S. Homer Henley. The second concert will take place Wednesday afternoon, and the third and last on Wednesday evening, at both of which selected programmes will be given.

Olga Regina, Countess Von Hatzfeldt, incidentally a chanteuse, is announced as the premier attraction for next week at the Orpheum. The noble little lady has some catchy songs, and, what is more, is said to be able to sing them. Another European sensation to come next week is Mlle. Leopoldine, one of the "seven aerial wonders." The Misses Cooke and Clinton will play on the xylophone with rifle shots, and A. L. Steele is to perform on two cornets at once. A. O. Duncan, ventriloquist, is another new-comer, and also W. J. Alexander, "the Paganini of the bells."

Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, tells of having once asked Schumann how he got on with Wagner. "Well," he replied, "Wagner is a great man, but I can't get on with him at all. He talks at such a rate, I can't get a word in edgeways." Shortly after this, Hanslick met Wagner, and put a similar question to him about Schumann. "Ah," said Wagner, "I can't get on with him at all. He just looks at me with a vacant stare and never says a word at all."

### The Life of the Orange.

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## NOVEMBER MAGAZINES

### Best Articles in the Current Monthlies —Hawthorne in the Taj Mahal.

The best article in the November magazines Suppose you were condemned to read only a single article in the set—which would it be? I asked myself this question and in trying to answer it have sedulously gone through the contents of each monthly. It is hard to decide. Here is a man, for instance, who assisted at Andree's baloon ascent and took photographs which the *Century* has—Jonas Stadling is his name—that is an interesting contribution, written in a very unornamental but graphic way. You can readily see Andree jumping into the basket, calling to Strindberg and Fraenkel, his companions, to get into the basket. They wait for a lull in the wind, then the voice of the explorer is heard calling to the sailors who held the ropes: "Cut! one, two, three!" "A simultaneous snap and the gigantic balloon rose majestically out of its prison and started before the strong wind on its way to the unknown regions of Ultima Thule—a voyage more daring than any since old Pytheas, more than 2200 years ago, sailed out of the port of Marseilles for the North."

Yes, that is a most readable contribution, but how about Richard Harding Davis, on the Grecian war in *Harper's?* With the exception of Stevens of the London *Mail*, Davis is the best correspondent alive. His matter is most entertaining, most intimate, and his point of view, sufficiently general to give you a survey, and yet critical of the moot points. One really wants to know if Prince Constantine actually behaved in the manner the papers stated at the time—according to Davis, he was worse. The Prince escaped from Larissa by special train, and his chief of staff—an Athenian cotillion leader—turned a number of Greek ladies out of a railroad carriage to make room for H.R.H.'s *lingerie* and dressing cases. One of the Greek papers describing the affair said: "We are happy to state that on the arrival of the train, it was found that not one handkerchief belonging to the Prince was lost—so the honor of Greece is saved." The Greek soldier, according to Davis, has no sense of discipline, and though he may be brave enough, is hampered by his individuality. "My courier," says the writer, "who was a hotel runner, used to shake hands with the Minister of War and the Minister of the Interior, and they called him by his first name and seemed glad to meet him." Indeed, the country was like a huge debating society. Every private had his own idea of how the war should be conducted, and had a map of the country in his canvass bag. It became apparent, however, that the Turkish army, as a fighting machine, knows its business, and does possess some of those qualities of reserve, endurance and courage which are the honorable male qualities. Turning from this scathing survey to look again to the *Century*, it is interesting to gather a new impression of the Sultan of Turkey. According to ex-Minister Terrell, he is the most intellectul potentate in Europe; a gentle, intelligent, mild-mannered person, quite incapable of the cruelties of which he is accused. In the course of the conversation the Sultan explained—in his gentle way, I suppose—that Mussulmen regard as sacred, the Koran, the books of Confucius, the Talmud of the Jews and the Bible of the Christians. "How," he asks "could a Mussulman murder Armenians merely on account of their religion, when the Koran prohibits cruelty?" How, indeed?

However, let us turn to *McClure's*, which has several contributions entitled to consideration —notably a liberal extract from Mark Twain's diary, quite the most satisfying sample of the new book I have yet encountered. It tells the story of Mark's voyage from Calcutta to South Africa, and is full of crisp, graphic description and quaint, humorous touches. I have read dozens of articles about Mauritius, but Mark gives you the essence of the place in a page or so. Here is a comment on the subject of ship's beds:

"Many ships have good beds, but no ship has *very* good ones. In the matter of beds all ships have been badly edited, ignorantly edited from the beginning. The selection of the beds is given to some hearty, strong-backed, self-made man, when it ought to be given to a frail woman, accustomed from girlhood to backaches and insomnia."

One cannot but laugh over the story of Barnum and Jamrach negotiating for elephants, out of which arose the great showman's purchase of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon—one of the greatest advertising achievement of his life. Mark Twain give two versions of the episode in his inimitable style, but you are entitled to select that which suits yourself. Three other articles of importance are contained within the Thanksgiving covers of *McClure's*—the first installment of Dana's reminicences of the war. Brunetiere's impressions of America and Edison's revolution in iron mining. The death of the editor of the *Sun* makes his impressions of greater interest; and even here, where he is merely setting forth preliminaries, he is delightfully frank. He tells plainly of the little indiscretion which gave him a set back with Stanton. It seems the Secretary of War invited the editor to take the office of Assistant Secretary, and, on accepting, Dana told a newspaper friend what had befallen him. The fact was telegraphed to New York, appeared in the papers, and Stanton was so angry that he withdrew the appointment, which seems rather unjust. Brunetiere was most impressed in America by the cosmopolitanism of society, and the facility with which the races had blended. "Americans," he says, "are younger than we are, and less complicated; the personality of a true American is interior. He is at home everywhere because he is everywhere himself." He is not gossipy or keen as Bourget was, but is general and important and educational as befits the editor of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. Everyone should read Theodore Waters' description of Edison's revolution in iron mining, which tells how the great inventor solved the problem of extracting the iron ore from the rocks of New Jersey, the result of which will be to renew the steel industry in that region. What he has accomplished and the manner of it is of real interest.

To revert back to *Harper's*, there is interesting material and good authority in the essay on New Japan by the Japanese Minister; Carl Schurz reviews the career of Daniel Webster in a manner to make one realize both his extraordinary talents and his unfortunate weaknesses. The *Atlantic* gives the place of honor to Hamilton Wright Mabie's review of the Tennyson biography—a somewhat academic performance. Mr. Godkin exploits the peculiarities of American municipal government in that thoroughly critical manner of which he possesses the secret; and there is also a clever review of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversies by John Fiske. Though a readable *Atlantic* the November number hardly compares with its predecessor.

The *Cosmopolitan* is rather falling behind though it still has Wells' fine story. The final instalment of Hawthorne's Indian series is devoted to the beauties of India which he describes most eloquently. There is a superb prose picture of the Taj Mahal, the jewel of the world. It seems a pity the editor of this magazine should have done such an injustice to Mr. Hawthorne's work in his prefactory comment, for there has been nothing to justify the assertion that the articles would expose the misrule of England. The contrary has been proved. The series represent this clever and very unequal writer at his best. I extract this from the Taj:

"The old priest who acts as guide and guardian, after he has explained what little needs interpretation, lifts up his quavering voice and sends it forth in a long, undulating cry. It is not in itself a musical note by any means; but no sooner has it left his lips than it becomes transfigured into such music as cannot elsewhere be heard on earth. It mounts into the dome, wandering and returning, becoming every instant purified into more exquisite and fine-drawn perfections of enchanted harmony; and still lives and vibrates in a magical remoteness, the more ravishing the more remote; and sighs itself into silence that yet seems spiritually vocal, and is gone at last — or is it gone? If you have known what it is to love and to lose, you cannot listen to this divine vanishing without a swelling of the throat. If such be the voice of sorrow, surely she must sing in heaven. Wisely and lovely did the old builder build; for he has made the groans of bereaved mortality take wings beneath his dome, and become divinely reconciled with the soul of all beauty."

And now as to fiction — the *Atlantic* has a capital story by Madelene Yale Wynne, and also the second installment of "Caleb West," which is a first rate tale with a fine southern type in it. "Good Americans," Mrs. Burton Harrison's new serial in the *Century*, introduces some interesting people and suggests a promising situation. "Gallop's," two sketches by a new man, David Gray, are decidedly clever and humorous. "A Pair of Patient Lovers," by Howells, in *Harper's* re-introduces Mr. and Mrs. March of *Their Wedding Journey*. It is thoroughly Howellsesque—full of delicate observation, intimate touches, unobtrusively and admirably clever. "Spanish John," too, has movement and vigor, which is more than may be said for "Who Made the Match," which is poor stuff. The short stories in *McClure's* are out of place and should have appeared in *Munsey's*. Save for the Kipling stories and the William Allen White contributions, the fiction in this magazine is generally inferior. I am quite sure S. C. McClure, who is one of the most progressive editors of the day, does not himself attend to this department. The yarns read as though they were selected by the president of a feminine press club for publication in the *Young Ladies' Journal*. I may suggest to Mr. McClure, that tales by Mr. Jno. R. Spears, Cutliffe Hayne, Conan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs, Frank Norris, Quiller-Couch and Owen Wister, have the strong masculine flavor his publication requires.

C.

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## "HUGH WYNNE"

### A Review of Dr. Weir Mitchell's New Novel.

The appearance of any such piece of fiction as this two-volume story by S. Wier Mitchell is sure to excite controversy. Especially is this true when the book is heralded as "the great American novel." Historical fiction (is not the very conjunction of terms suggestive of contradiction?) is assumed to be the proper type of "*the* novel." Instantly objectors arise, among historians and among novelists. The historian protests that the truth of history must be perverted to meet the exigencies of the story. The novelist declares that his noble art must be distorted by pedantic efforts to be true to the facts of the time. What may be given as a judgment between these hostile critics? Is not the so-called "historical novel" merely a work of fiction introducing characters, events, places, which have had a real existence? And if the artist subordinates the sober narration of facts to the necessities of his work, shall we therefore condemn him and his creation? The artist can never be a mere literalist. His is the prerogative to illumine all things by the imagination. Then let the historian frankly recognize that all he can ask of the historical novelist is truth to the spirit of men and measures. The element of historical interpretation in a novel can not be measured by scientific tests—it is not history. On the other hand the litterateur must put out of mind the thought that the characters of a story were historical, merely asking that the symmetry of a work of art be not marred by slavish fidelity to facts. From the standpoint of literature, a piece of fiction is neither better nor worse because people bearing well-known names walk across its pages.

"Hugh Wynne" is the story of a Quaker lad born in the great city Governor William Penn founded. As the son of a wealthy Quaker merchant, he has all the advantages to be found in the semi-urban, semi-rural society of colonial Philadelphia. His life is made quite different from that of most Quaker youths by the fact that his aunt is anything but a meek maiden. This Mistress Gainor Wynne, with her masculine strength in business, her worldly ways in fashion, teaches her nephew to eschew the Friends' paths of peace. He learns to fence, to ride, to lay stakes at cards, finally to become a dissipated young blood. His father is disgraced by his unnatural son's drinking and fighting. There is a fine touch in the austerity of the old Quaker when he puts his boy at work as apprentice to a blacksmith, "that as the great and good proprietary decreed, thou shouldst acquire some mechanic trade." So, too, there is a revelation of the force of unrelenting integrity when the father becomes a party to a public reproof of his son in the Quaker meeting. Hugh has the manhood to realize the dangers of the life he has been leading. He forsakes his evil ways, although he can have no sympathy with the sectarian views and the conventional morality of the orthodox Friends

The hero's life is made to cover that interesting epoch of American history, the period from 1750 on through the Revolution. He witnesses the gradual rise of the strife over the constitutional rights of the colonists involved in the execution of acts of trade, the stamp act, and the other pitiful blunders of a blind ministry. He goes through the struggle of a divided allegiance to Quaker principles of peace and to his love of the soldier's life. He alienates himself from the sympathy of his stern father, and chooses to become an active participant in the war. Intrepidity soon wins for him an honorable place in the American army. General Washington, Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Lafayette, and many others of the leaders of the Americans are made to appear in the action of the story. The campaigns around Philadelphia, the sufferings of the winter at Valley Forge, the brilliant but shameful career of Benedict Arnold, the fate of Andre, the spy, the siege of Yorktown—these events are pictured with life and color. The heart-rending differences of a time of civil dissension are illustrated with a faithful pen. Washington is made to appear as one of our familiars, a great man with strong passions under rigorous control. The threads of a love story run through the fabric, but not prominently enough to constitute the chief feature of the tale.

And what is the net result of the perusal of this "American novel"? The reader feels that he has been privileged to peruse a narrative reflecting the feelings common to American provincials who were gradually led to assume the role of rebels. In this the author has been true to the spirit of history. But what about the literary value of such a narrative? One instantly thinks of comparing this book with Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke," or with the well-known works of Cooper. Does "Hugh Wynne" give promise of ranking higher than these older rivals? He is indeed a bold prophet who would answer affirmatively. One may successfully portray the features of a historical crisis and make his fiction sought after by his day and generation. But not in such a guise is *the* American novel to appear. It will have to be of such supreme artistic value in its treatment of the human passions that all thought of commendation for the setting, the stage effects, will be lost in ungrudging admiration of its simple dignity, its insight into human character, its grasp of the power of personality imperfectly realizing itself in ideals of beauty and of moral strength.

C. A. DUNIWAY.

### SONNETS OF DE HEREDIA.

The task of the translator of verse is herculean. His labor is a labor of love, and the commendation he receives is, at best, only a reflected tribute. It requires as much genius to rehabilitate as it does to create. The man who would interpret the numbers from another tongue, must not only know, but must feel; he must make manifest not only the thought, but the spirit and life of the thought. To do this successfully, he must be possessed with the fervor which inspires the creation, and keeping within the prescribed meets and bounds, he must have the felicity of expression to voice it in consonant rhythm and rhyme. An exact version will often give us a commonplace result; and thus the indefinable flavor is lost. The true artist produces corresponding effects by a happy use of equivalents.

That the *Sonnets of Jose-Maria de Heredia* (William Doxey, publisher), are all that Mr. Gosse and others have claimed for them, will scarcely be questioned. One should be conversant with the original, to know if the translator, Dr. E. W. Taylor, has given to them a befitting English garb. The work bears evidence in every line of its literal and faithful rendition; and while there are occasional faults in accent, and flaws in rhyme, these may, perhaps, be attributed to the translator's desire to be exact. That he is entitled to and should receive a meed of praise for undertaking and accomplishing such a work there is no doubt. Considered as a piece of book-making it would be difficult to excel this volume. The typography is admirable and the printing house of E. D. Taylor is to be congratulated on such a beautiful volume.

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### Irish Song.

On Innisfallen's fairy isle,
Amid the blooming bushes,
We leant upon the lovers' stile,
And listened to the thrushes:
When first I sighed to see her smile,
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,
And soft as spider's spinning,
Her cheek outbloomed the apple old
That set our parents sinning,
And in her eyes you might behold
My joys and griefs beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove
I hushed my happy wooing,
To listen to the brooding dove
Amid the branches cooing.
But oh! how short those hours of love,
How long their bitter rueing!

Poor cushat! thy complaining breast
With woe like mine is heaving,
With thee I mourn a fruitless quest
For ah! with art deceiving
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest,
And left me wildly grieving.

"Songs of Killarney" in the Spectator

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Adminis-trator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose, Deceased.

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## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Comments on the Stanford-California Freshman Game—Team Form.

Were the two colleges to line up to-day for the final game Stanford would probably win, because its defense is better perfected than California's. It is a curious thing that each college is strong in a defense not adapted to meet the offense of the other. No ends that the cardinal has yet shown could prevent the really well-planned runs of California from gaining, and as surely the compact half revolving tackle plays of Stanford would smash through California's line. Between Stanford's three who guard the center and their opponents there would not be the difference people suppose. Experience, weight, strength and reputation are all with Fickert, Carle and Burnett, but the men from Berkeley did almost as well against Reliance and showed a superior agility and aggressiveness. At tackle Barnes would be outplayed by Rice, who, to my mind, light as he is, is the best of the college tackles. He follows the ball tenaciously and never forgets to get into a play, even if he has been crowded out of it earlier.

* *

With Murphy to punt, and run in punts, Stanford would have a great advantage in a kicking game, and they would undoubtedly try such a style to get inside California's twenty-five yard line and then force a touch down by heavy tackle play. Certainly no back that California has thus far shown can make even a respectable showing in handling kicks. Karsburg is the surest handler of them but he is slow in getting under way. While excepting Harelson, the old Stanford quarter, Murphy's equal in this special work has never been seen here before. If the game were to be played to-day by aid of such mass plays and the advantage of Murphy's kicking over California's the cardinal would probably score twice. On the other hand, by Hall and Karsburg's runs around Stanford's only fairly strong ends California ought to make one touch down. So, with a month of practice before them, the U. C. has to make up a handicap of at least six points and besides make as good progress as the cardinal from this on. It is a hard task, but Yale and Princeton teams have fought out and won when as badly handicapped. It is going to be a close race and the winners and the public will know that there has been a game.

* *

Neither California nor Stanford need be ashamed of the freshmen who battled on Saturday. It is seldom that first year men leave such an impression of absolute fearless, enthusiastic play with the spectators. The cardinal-clad eleven won, and won on merit. Especially meritorious was its defense, and the superiority of its backs was most marked. Erb, Wilson and Burmeister all tackled low and hard, never allowing the runner to gain after the tackle. The chief interest in the freshman game must be aside from the playing. For while these boys approached good football more nearly than any freshman teams before them, our curiosity was to learn what men the incoming classes had brought to strengthen the football ranks of their colleges. Stanford, as she has always been, is the more fortunate. In Premo, Pringle and Fowler, California has three first-class men — men who can be made into 'varsity material. It is possible that Gurberson and Dickson may, after hard, patient coaching, become of value, but neither promises much. The first, a huge man, and very strong, does not seem adapted either in mind or frame to the game. He is mentally apathetic, while Dickson, on the other hand, is over-anxious, and loses judgment at a critical moment, although he has had more or less experience. It was over and around him that Stanford's best gains were made early in the game, because he persisted in playing close enough to be boxed in almost every play. During the second half his work was better. Though California's backs were very light they played well together on the offense and in scoring the first touchdown gave a pretty exhibition of team work. They used a tandem play somewhat obsolete in character and effective only because of the precise way in which it was launched. Their double passes were disastrous, merely going to show that experience is necessary to bring trick plays off successfully.

* *

What a shame it is that little Kerfoot is not half a hundred pounds heavier. His work was nothing short of marvelous, approaching in brilliance the best open field work that we have ever seen here, this too when opposed by an end who will probably represent Stanford on her Varsity. Hornlein, hardly any larger, came in for a lot of hard work on the defense: he met every play unflinchingly and more often than not was responsible for Stanford's failure to gain. Burmeister, who played fullback for the Stanford men, promises to be as good as the best men California has given to that position. He is beautifully built for it, and even now gets a quick powerful drive that makes his kicks hard to block and sends them sailing far when started. His strongest point, though, is the way he has of holding his feet in mass plays; a faculty that in this day of concerted, concentrated play is hardly to be overestimated. With this fullback and such men as Wilson, Hill, Morgan and Beckley, Stanford's Varsity will be strong enough to maintain its past reputation in days to come.

* *

Erb and Dole, too, although light, ought to be of use to the major eleven some time. With them, as with McCabe, Smith and Kerfoot of the U. C.'s freshmen, it seems a pity that handicap of weight should rob the Varsity of such courageous, intelligent and hard-working players.

* *

Stanford offered a further demonstration of the fact that their foot ball is more up to date than California's. The situation here parallels the story of Princeton, Pennsylvania and Yale. The two former have brought a new and improved method of attack and defense to the game Yale, conservative and cautious, is clinging to and improving what she has found good in the past. In consequence minor colleges following more modern methods, are pressing the former invincible blues close to defeat. With us Stanford has chosen to follow the newer, more effective school. What California may elect this year remains to be seen. Last year Mr. Butterworth clung to the old and the lesson he should have learned, when the blue and gold was so overwhelmed, seems to have been lost, for Yale, under his tuition, promises to be outclassed by all three of her rivals.

* *

Stanford, on Saturday, swept a half revolving mass at tackle consistently and with accuracy. That one play with Burmeister's kicking would have won them the game had it been necessary. It was not used to a very great extent as the weakness of California's left side made straight simple plays effective enough to win.

* *

Even though Mr. Nott should decide to adopt the heavy Princeton or Pennsylvania style, what he can accomplish with it remains problematic. In one season no coach can be expected to do more than hammer green players into valuable men and round them into a fairly efficient eleven. To do this and give his team style and ability to work the more complicated plays so efficient under present rules is impossible in a short three months. It is here that Mr. Brooke has the advantage. His men are, in the main, tried and know the game. It will be easy for them to pick up the game where they left it last year, and make their play far more advanced in many ways, especially as they are so well adapted in physique for just the kind of game that eastern experience has proven the best.

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Capital Paid Up $[illegible] Assets $[illegible]
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## TURF TOPICS

### The Season Opens at Ingleside — Recall Flag Question.

From an attendance point of view, Monday is not a good day on which to start a new racing season, but even if the crowd was below what Ingleside can muster on special occasions, there was a general cheerfulness that went a good way towards making a satisfactory gathering. When the course was first reached the weather was bright, though a fog came in later, and the place showed up well and surprised many who had not seen it for six months. How it looks, and what the improvements are, will be described more fully in this journal another time, when the Oakland track will have got into full swing again also, and the new racing season is well on. A lot of new work has been done on the track itself and it is a little heavy still, but after a while will probably be in fine shape for fast time. The plan of requiring numbered saddle-cloths on the horses warming up before a race, as well as during the race itself, is to be commended and will enable the general public to tell one animal from another, which hitherto has only been possible for those who know all the horses by appearance.

In the first race over six furlongs, Bellicoso, 110 lbs., got well away in a generally bad start, in which two out of the ten runners were left at the post, made all the running and won by a length and a half. Farrar & Turberville's well-named three-year-old Polish, by Bootblack out of Peerless, 105 lbs., who got away badly and traveled in the ruck, made Mr. Naglee Burk's horse exert himself in the run in. The latter looked a bit lusty and big after his absence from the course and seemed to find the journey quite long enough for him. The four-year-old mare Marquise, 103 lbs., justified the opinion of the talent by landing the $400 purse in the 1 1-16 miles, in a tight finish with Lorena II, 103 lbs., and had she not been crowded out in the early part of the race, would probably have had an easier task. In the two-year-old event we were treated to a clever exhibition of galloping work on the part of St. Cuthbert. 99 lbs., a son of St. Carlo, who won with some four lengths to spare in the hands of Holmes; Miss Remsen, 109 lbs., the quality looking daughter of Owas, second, and Catawba, 99 lbs., third, with little to spare between them, and Estro, 116 lbs., a close-up fourth.

In the race of the day, the University Stakes, $1,000, one mile, seven three-year-olds came to the post. Two false starts, caused apparently by the deficiencies of the barrier, the second leading to the jockeys travelling nearly half a mile before they understood that they had been recalled, produced considerable annoyance. When the horses did get away Fleur de Lis, 111 lbs., took up the running and for upwards of half the distance kept in the lead. Altamax, 114 lbs., however, laid handy along the back stretch, moving in fine form and rounding the final turn with a comfortable bit of space, gradually increased his advantage to fully four lengths by the time he had passed the judges' box. Hohenzollern and Horatio fought out a struggle for sesond place, which the former secured by a head. Charles Fair's promising filly Flamelia, by Flambeau, was so badly cut into by Newsgatherer as to have a hind back tendon completely severed, and there was nothing tor it but to put an end to her existence. The next event at four furlongs was taken by Hermanita, and the following race, one mile, her full brother, Ostler Joe, 112 lbs, succumbed, as he has done before, to Boots & Sons' Installator, 107 lbs., both horses ridden out and half a length being the verdict in favor of the junior. The popular black horse looks in fine fettle after his successful season in Montana.

On the second day the chief event, a $500 purse for all ages, one mile, brought out Installator and three two-year-olds. The first-named, carrying 111 lbs., made all the running, and, ridden pretty hard towards the end of the journey, won by a length, Los Prietos, 89 lbs., just beating Fonsavannah a short head for second place. The other five races brought out good fields, Don Luis, by imp. Midlothian, capturing the two-year-old seven-furlongs race in good style.

On Wednesday the San Francisco Stakes, $1200, six furlongs, which had closed with twenty-six entries, brought a field of eight runners to the post, Napamax and St. Calatine on looks and performances outclassing their competitors, and both, with 120 lbs., giving from 5 to 10 lbs. away in weight. The start was by no means good, and greatly to the advantage of St. Calatine, who succeeded in maintaining her position to the end and winning in somewhat easy fashion. Napamax was unable to get through until the paddock had been reached, when she made a big effort, under punishment at the hands of the Burns & Waterhouse light-weight O'Donnell, but the St. Carlo filly evidently had the foot of her and left the impression that she should always hold her own with the daughter of Maxim. Of course it must be borne in mind that the latter has only lately had to submit to climatic changes and the drawbacks of traveling, but the stable was very confident, and apparently believed their filly to be in good form. The Emperor of Norfolk colt, El Salado, was a good third, just in front of Yule, by imp. Inverness.

In the $400 purse for all ages, seven furlongs, half a dozen of very fair class sported silk and got away nicely together. Tea Rose, 102 lbs., with her usual quickness went to the front, where Clawson kept her throughout and secured the verdict by a couple of lengths. Grady and Ostler Joe, with 110 lbs. each, were second and third respectively, the former taking precedence of the black horse with little trouble, though the latter was traveling fast at the finish. The Ace, 86 lbs., and Elsmore, 89 lbs., made no show, but the quality-looking Highland Ball, 89 lbs., a son of imp. Inverness, kept handy until well into the stretch.

From what we have so far seen of the jockeys Piggott has certainly been improved by his further Eastern experience. Clawson, too, has fulfilled the promise he gave early in the year, while the new-comers, Woods and Holmes, are both youngsters that shape nicely. Of the older riders at present on the spot M. Martin and M. Hennessy take the lead.

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Since racing began a great deal has been said about the necessity for a recall flag as an adjunct to the starting gate at Ingleside, discussion of the subject being prompted by some poor starts on the first two days. As remarked in these columns last spring it is contrary to the principle of the starting gate to have a recall after the barrier has been removed, and the system would simply be an encouragement to horses and riders to give trouble. In Australia, where the gate was first introduced, and where fields are often far larger than we ever see here, no recall flag is resorted to, and the main argument adduced in its favor here is that those who have backed horses that are unreliable, or for some reason or other unlucky in getting away on good terms with the rest, should be protected. If the lifting of the gate be treated as final, it stands to reason that jockeys will be more careful than otherwise, and so the starter will have less trouble, which after all, is the main point. The remedy is to exercise the power of fining jockeys who try to make running starts or manoeuver horses in any way that creates difficulty at the post. If owners choose to send badly mannered brutes to the post and the public are foolish enough to back them, neither have any right to blame the starter for any disappointment that may result.

DIAKKA

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The picture shown in these colums, taken from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of London, represents the winner of the sixth renewal of the Duke of York Stakes, £2000, at Kempton Park, a handicap, one mile, run on October 9th. Diakka is a four-year-old colt by imp. The Sailor Prince, the sensational winner of the Cambridgeshire, out of Rizpah, and was bred by Mr. Lorillard, who shipped him to England, where the horse has been raced as the joint property of Mr. Lorillard and Lord William Beresford. Diakka was strongly fancied for the Lincolnshire Handicap at the beginning of the season, but was then troubled with splints which affected his going. He is now described as one of the finest movers in England, was in splendid fettle on the day of the race, started equal favorite with Mrs. Langtry's Australian mare Maluma, and accomplished a popular victory in true racehorse style.

BENEDICT.

### A Grief.

Oh, where is de goil dat inspired me to song?
She's a daisy; a peach—I don't t'ink.
I was tickled ter deat', oncet, ter take 'er along
Ter de ball, er ter skate on de rink.
As a looker, I backed 'er to take every prize,
An' now she's clean out'n de race;
I sits down and cries till I've used up me eyes
Since Mag got de bicycle face.

When I sees how her sky fringe is twisted an' blown
By de winds, till she looks like a fright—
Den I t'inks how de moonbeams at Coney oncet shone
On 'er hair dat was frizzed out o' sight.
Fur freckles, she had such a cute-winnin' way,
But de sunburn has give 'em de chase;
I'm half crazy by night an' I'm foolish by day
Since Mag got de bicycle face.

It's hard, when ye've saved up yer money ter splice
Ter call de match off, an' to quit;
Ter say dat yer love letters don't cut no ice;
Ter end de hull romance wid "nit."
But trut' must come out. Dere's no show ter conceal
De horrible facts in de case;
I'd as soon ask de joss down in Mott Street ter spiel,
As Mag, wid 'er bicycle face.

—*Philander Johnson in Life.*


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## FINANCE AND TRADE

### Ease in Money — Stocks and Shares — The Wheat Market.

*Thursday Evening.*

Since last writing the money market has shown a disposition toward ease in London, which has tended to confirm the feeling that has been prevalent on this side. The result of the municipal election in New York, however, has created a very unfavorable impression in European financial circles, and a considerable decline has taken place in American securities on the leading stock exchanges, a condition of affairs that was immediately reflected in the dealings on Wall Street.

Silver has been weak and presents every appearance of touching a lower point in the immediate future.

In the Bond market prices have remained very firm, and the good demand for first-class issues still prevails. If it shall continue, as seems almost certain, a higher range of values will be established.

The result of the abundant tenders for the monthly instalment of San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad bonds was as we predicted, the figure realized being 101½. The syndicate has handled the bonds with shrewd judgment, and there is every reason to believe the demand for these new secureties will continue unabated.

Spring Valley water stock has been steady, and after changing hands at 98¾ has advanced to 99¼ bid.

Gas stocks have been weak on liquidation, though we have to notice strength in Mutual Electric, which, reported strong in tendency at date of last writing, were subsequently dealt in at 12 on rumors of a dividend to be paid in January next or thereabouts.

Bank shares are still in good demand, without any noticeable change in quotations. Little is doing, however, for the reason that there are practically no offerings.

The most prominent feature of the market during the period under review has been the sudden advance in the value of Market-Street Railway shares from 47½ to 49⅝. Large transfers of the stock have been made and the purchases have gone into strong hands. There are rumors on the street o. increased dividends, but, though the company is well known to have been doing a large business, we doubt if these will materialize.

The looked-for break in Powder stocks did not occur, and so far the movement alluded to in another column has not had any appreciable effect on the minds of holders. Sales of Giant shares are reported at 36½.

Quite a tidy little parcel of Alaska Packers shares has changed hands at 98.

In Sugar stocks there has been some reaction in Hawaiian, which sold at 23, but a better feeling has since prevailed and there has been a recovery to 23¼ offered.

Oceanic Steamship have borne out the view expressed in our last summary, and have been enquired for at 31¼, but the shares are well held and hardly obtainable at present.

In the grain market there was a strong upward tendency in wheat at the close of last week, chiefly due to speculative movement. This, however, was but short-lived, and, with declining quotations, there is at present considerable divergence between the views of buyers and sellers. Foreign advices have had a depressing effect on American markets, especially for forward deliveries, though the local trade has in this respect shown a somewhat better feeling than existed in the interior and abroad. December No. 1 has to-day been quoted 1.46¾, fairly steady. With the reported increase in the visible supply the present outlook does not exhibit strength.


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| Bakersfield ..... | 4 40 am | " |
| Barstow ..... | 4 55 pm | " |
| Ash Fork..... | 7 40 am | Wednesday |
| Flagstaff ..... | 10 15 am | " |
| Albuquerque ... | 10 25 pm | " |
| Las Vegas ..... | 4 00 am | Thursday |
| La Junta ..... | 11 50 am | " |
| Denver ..... | 5 00 pm | " |
| Newton ..... | 12 35 am | Friday |
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| Chicago ..... | 9 30 pm | " |

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Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second (2d) day of November, 1897, an assessment (No. 63) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessmynt shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of December, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless paid before, will be sold on Tuesday the twenty-eighth (28th) day of December, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco. California.

---

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Kentuck Consolidated Mining Company

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 14 |
| Amount per share | 5 cents |
| Levied | October 27, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | December 1, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | December 22, 1897 |

AUG. WATERMAN, Secretary.
Office, room 23, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

---

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 82 |
| Amount per share | 20 cents |
| Levied | November 2, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | December 7, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | December 29, 1897 |

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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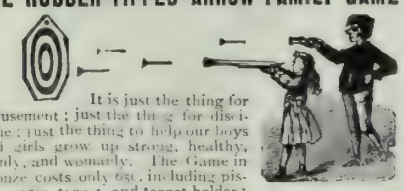

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A party of teetotal cyclists, in a recent tour, put up at a wayside inn in the neighborhood of Melbourne, Australia. The landlord was a brusque man of business, and eminently practical. Three of the party of five called for water when they were ushered to a quiet little room away from the ungodly bar. Another wanted a cup of tea, and the fifth, making a plunge, had ginger ale. Nearly an hour passed, and the weary wheelmen calmly rested without offering further patronage. At last the host put his head in the doorway and said, "I think I heard you ringing." "Oh, no—none of us rang," came the response. "Then, by—— you will either ring or pay me for a week's lodging! How do you think I live?" A few moments later the tourists were scorching away from the inn, mentally resolving to camp at a dry creek next time rather than risk the danger of such importunate landlords again.

Marie Shotwell, who supported Fanny Davenport when she opened in Boston last Wednesday night, was riding in a cable car the day she left New York. Marie has a pet dog she carries everywhere, and she is so pretty that nine times out of ten, conductors let her ride for nothing. Marie got on a Broadway car near Fourteenth street, and it was not until she had ridden several blocks that the conductor noticed the dog. "Hello, my miss," said the conductor, as he tried to put Marie off the car, "you cannot keep that dog here. There are no dogs allowed on the cars." "Indeed!" said Marie, "how do you keep on?"

Aubrey de Vere tells in his reminiscences of an Irish chieftain of the antique type—Sir Edward O'Brien. Seated one day at dinner with the poet, Sir Edward remarked: "I have just been thinking that this is the year that I have to die in." The poet replied: "Nothing of the kind, Sir Edward. I never saw you better. You will probably live another dozen years." Sir Edward was highly provoked. "Do not say that, Sir Aubrey," he rejoined; "the head of our family always dies at the age I have now reached. It is our way, and I don't want to change it." He died within the year.

Governor Brough of Ohio was a man of intense energy and great executive ability, but most sparing of words. During the Civil War a newspaper reporter applied, through the Governor's private secretary, for information in regard to the Ohio troops, both in the field and to be recruited, which it would have been highly improper, if not unsafe, for the Governor to give. The Governor said, impatiently, to his private secretary, "Give him an evasive answer." The secretary said: "Well, Governor, how shall I put it?" The Governor answered: "Tell him to go to hell!"

A Tennesseean tells this story of a darky freight hand on a southern railway. It seems that Ben, the darky, had been placed in charge of a mule, whose destination was marked on a tag attached by twine to the mule's leg. Before the animal had been pursuaded to enter a car, he, in some way, managed to reach the tag and, before Ben could interpose, the mule had the tag well chewed up. The old man looked up the local freight agent and asked in perturbation: "W'at I goin' do wid dat mewl? He done et up de place w'ere he's goin.'"

The following amusing passage took place between counsel and witness in a disputed will case. "Did your father give you no parting admonition?" "He never gave much away at any time!" "I mean to say, what were his last words?" "They don't concern you." "They not only concern me, sir," said the barrister severely, "but they concern the whole Court." "Oh, all right!" was the reply. "Father said, 'Don't have no trouble when I'm gone, Jim, 'cos lawyers is the biggest thieves unhung!'"

At an Oxford dinner party James Payn sat next to the Countess of Desmond. A learned clergyman, who bore the burden of conversation, quoted several Greek texts and the Countess asked Payn what they meant. He gave her to understand, with a well-assumed blush, that it was scarcely fit for a lady's ear. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say——" "Please don't ask any more," said Mr. Payn pleadingly; "I really could not tell you." Which was true to the ear, if not to the sense.

A Derbyshire servant gave notice of her intention to leave, informing her mistress she was about to be married. About a week before the ceremony she came to the mistress and asked if she had obtained another girl. "No, Bridget; not yet," was the reply. "Then, Ma'am, I'd like to stay on, if you don't mind." "But what about the marriage, Bridget? I thought you were going to marry the chimney-sweep?" "That's true, Ma'am; I was; but when I saw him with his face washed, I felt I could never love him."

The late Duke of York, son of George the Third, owed quite a sum of money to a dissipated clergyman named Ponsonby, and in order to pay the debt, proposed giving him an Irish living. He therefore sent him to Ireland with a note to the Bishop of Cork, which read: "Dear Cork—Ordain Ponsonby. Yours, York." In a short time the Prince received this equally concise note from the Bishop: "Dear York—Ponsonby ordained. Yours, Cork."

A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?" With a wan smile he answered feebly, "Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewheres; I think I could do with a little bit of that." "Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."


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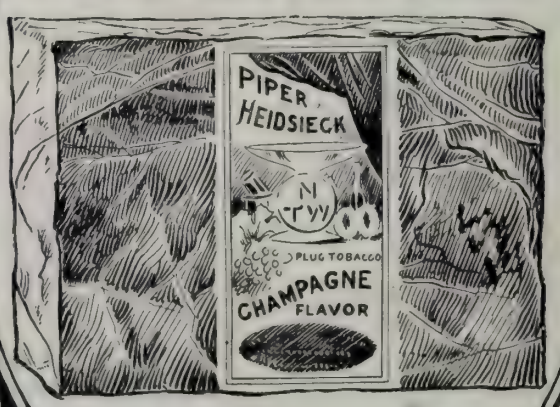


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 46 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897


CONTENTS


Editorials ... 2-3
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. ... 3-5
How San Francisco Lives; by John Bonner ... 3
The Cost of a Daily ... 6
Ostriches and Feathers; by Sarah Comstock ... 7
Scenes at Camp Morgan ... 8
"His Dead Mother's Portrait"; by Frank Norris ... 8
Views of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission Home ... 9
A Debutante's Diary ... 10
Musical Review; by Lesley Martin ... 10
Catering in San Francisco ... 10
The Theatres ... 11
Finance and Trade ... 11
"The Vice of Fools"; a Review by C ... 12
Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter ... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ... 14
New Stories Re-Told ... 16


## A SUGGESTION TO CORPORATIONS.

A gentleman well known in insurance circles, commenting upon the widely different and frequently harsh and unusual regulations imposed upon insurance concerns by the several States, asked the writer, some time ago, why this legislative discrimination might not be remedied by the Federal government. In brief, it was his idea to "nationalize" the interstate insurance business — bring it under Federal control exclusively — and so secure immunity from local impositions that are obviously intended as measures, and are calculated to induce these corporations to unlock their treasuries to the lobbyist and the legislative officer. The Legislatures of the Western States are hungrier and more daring in this direction than the lawmakers of the far East, and in California we have been cursed with somewhat more than our share of legislative highwaymen.

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It is not our purpose to discuss the practicability of our friend's suggestion; but there is a grim and menacing something behind it all that does need discussing. Fear lay at the root of this suggestion — a fear that was impossible in America twenty years ago — a fear, the mere existence of which, warranted or only half warranted, should never have existence in the mind of any man living under a government that makes a pretension of protecting its citizens from spoliation. The plan outlined by this gentleman was not a device of experimental idleness — not the utterance of a dreamy theorist or intermeddler in governmental policies. It was an idea formulated by a practical, intelligent business man, upon whose mind had broken the gray dawn of fear and distrust. In free America an American citizen was seeking to obtain freedom from legislative injustice, and for his property, protection from the public thief and plunderer. He did not deny the necessity for regulation, did not claim the right to immunity from governmental control; he merely put forth a plea for fairness, for plain, common honesty; for immunity from legislative brigandage and official rapacity. That was all. He was deeply concerned for what the future might hold. His willingness to entrust the regulating of his business to a Federal office-holder was clearly stated, long in advance of his appointment, with a knowledge of the changes that new administrations would bring, with all the attending uncertainty and doubt as to who that person might be, he was willing and anxious to submit to that supervision rather than——rather than what? Rather than remain in the clutches of the public officers of the several States.

And yet, the officer whose jurisdiction he would avoid is closer to the people and would more nearly represent their wishes than would a Federal insurance commissioner, who would in all likelihood receive his apointment at the hands of the President. It would seem, then, as though to secure immunity from official thievery or unjust impositions it is necessary to get as far away from popular will as possible. To admit this, is to confess to a most lamentable condition of affairs. Yet the fact cannot be denied that the shortest highway to popularity lies in the direction of prostituting one's abilities at the shrine of demagogy.

If a State officeholder ostentatiously parades his hostility toward corporate and other wealth, he does so for popularity's sake—nothing else. The individual who is most persistent, most rabid, and most uncompromising in his attacks on wealth, is commonly regarded as being more honest than his fellows who abstain from such cheap and unworthy practices. And there is a reason for all this. Greed, a lust for plunder, trickery, and political debauchery, which is the common practice of some corporate attaches, have blackened all their fellows, innocent and guilty alike. There are other causes producing this effect, notably an insincere press, but corporations themselves are not wholly blameless, and we propose to confine this article to their instruction.

Take the case of the insurance companies. We will suppose—we do not charge it—that a Legislature made up to a large extent of "boodlers," threatens to adopt measures calculated to visit great hardships upon individuals engaged in that business. We will further suppose that, driven to desperation; threatened with total destruction; having a knowledge that the legislation was conceived in iniquity; that it was intended to bleed them; that, if adopted, would serve no public good; that the wretches who stand sponsor for it have no opinions to change, no good motives to divert, no high ambition to serve the public weal, but are dominated and governed alone by but one desire — and that money. We will further imagine that the insurance companies, in their distress, hastily form a pool, dispatch to the capital a trusted messenger, with money sufficient to satisfy the avarice of the wretches who have stood them up — what is the result? The legislation is defeated — temporary safety has been secured, but at what price? There is a harvest of woe that must be reaped. Notice has been served on every rascal who may subsequently secure an office that these corporations may be forced to "give up." He, like his predecessor, is eager and watchful for an opportunity to bleed Once set in motion, the chain of corruption is endless, and the same old demand is repeated and repeated. These performances are never kept secret, however secretly they may have been accomplished. The honest legislator, too, is served with notice that the insurance side of the question—though it may be the only honest side to take—is the one on which money has been corruptly used. He is precluded from voting as his conscience dictates for fear of being classed with known corruptionists. He decides against his conscience and in favor of the "people," as the *Examiner* would put it; and awakens the next morning to find the press has made him mildly famous for resisting corporate bribery that was never tendered him. Like his corrupt colleague, he too sets an example for his honest successor to follow.

Here it is where the corporations have blundered, and they are still floundering in the same difficulties that beset them years ago. They are no nearer a solution of their difficulties now than then. Indeed, the outlook is worse. Every repetition of the performance above narrated has created its own mischief. So deplorable is the present state of public mind to-day, that as a remedy Federal intervention is suggested as the only means of escape.

It is not insurance companies and railroad corporations alone that suffer; nor is it in the halls of legislation alone that men give vent to their spite against such institutions. It creeps into the jury box, it is felt on the bench, it has become part of public opinion. It does not matter whether the public officer who attacks these institutions is after pelf or popularity, his hostility is sanctioned by public opinion. Public opinion is the lash that is used to beat the corporations into submission to the demands of the plunderers. The entire public does not partake of these animosities and prejudices, but enough voters do to influence an ordinary election. This condition of affairs is an inherent but not an ineradicable vice of our form of government. There is a remedy for it. Older communities have rid themselves of the distemper and we may do the same thing. It will require patience, thorough organization, education and an entire divorcement from the poltical boss and manipulator, who, after all, is most interested in perpetuating the trouble he is presumed to allay. The possibility of official wrongdoing does not grow out of the fact that the community is vicious. A community is not corrupt because its public officers are venal; nor is dishonesty a partisan trait. Honesty in the public service should be made and could be made a matter of party pride. There is no good reason why a respectable party should not discipline such of its representatives as happen to develope corrupt tendencies in official life. There has been no regulating hand to whip or guide the wrongdoer into the straight path of honesty. Men, once they are elected to office, apparently cease to concern their party, and are permitted to drift as their inclinations lead. It was nobody's business that a Legislature "stood up" an insurance compact. That a Republican or Democratic office holder "dragged a sack" from this or that corporation never has seemed to be a party affair in this State. And yet a party could render a community no higher service than this of insuring the honesty of its representatives. No factor in the community is in a better position to demand this insurance against legislative and official larceny, than the institutions which suffer most from its frequency. It has always been our contention that the corporations were most interested in securing an honest government. Such a happy condition they may materially contribute to secure, and for the common good it is to be hoped they may so direct their future energies.

## THE TRIUMPH OF TAMMANY.

It is probable that by most American citizens who hope for the evolution of a good system of municipal government in the United States, the result of the municipal election in the new city of New York was received as a grave disappointment. To many it seemed, doubtless, that a great plurality, almost a majority, of the citizens of the second city of the world had deliberately confided the welfare of their city to the hands of a political organization whose name has long been a synonym for corrupt methods in politics. If it were true that the people of New York have emphatically expressed their preference for the methods of Tweed, the result would go far to justify the political pessimism of those citizens who profess to believe that universal suffrage is a foundation too unstable to sustain a structure of good government for a great city. But there is good reason for believing that no such meaning can be read in the choice of a Tammany man to be the first Mayor of the great city.

The movement in support of Henry George collapsed immediately on the death of its leader, and his followers distributed themselves among the supporters of the other candidates, in what proportion cannot be known. This left the voters of New York to choose as their Mayor one of three men. The avowed enemies of Tammany were arrayed in in two camps, more hostile to each other than to the common enemy. Senator Platt, the undoubted "boss" of the Republican party in his state, put forward General Tracy. A great body of independent citizens, principally Republicans who objected to the machine rule of Senator Platt, nominated Seth Low as an exponent of the principal of non-partisanship in municipal affairs. As between Mr. Low and General Tracy, personally, there was probably little to choose. Both are honest men and good citizens, and, except in the point of obedience to a "machine" or a "boss," as a matter of party duty, which General Tracy recognized and Mr. Low repudiated, there was probably very little difference in their ideas of what constituted a good government for their city. Both believed it to be the right and the duty of a majority to compel a minority to be good according to the pattern of goodness approved by the majority, and such legislation as the Raines law would have been enforced by either of them, if successful, as stringently as Dr. Parkhurst himself could desire.

Against these two candidates Tammany put forth a rather obscure man named Van Wyck, who had nothing whatever to say for himself during the whole course of the exciting canvass. He was the personal nominee of Mr. Croker as certainly as General Tracy was the pawn of Senator Platt. He had neither the reputation of Tracy as a public man nor the somewhat offensive attitude of Mr. Low as a superior person. But he stood on a platform which appealed strongly to a constituency which has been long accustomed to be governed as a subject province by the Legislature at Albany. It was a platform which, in many respects, was more closely in accord with American principles than the platform of his opponents. It resented the interference of the Legislature with the right of the city to conduct its own municipal affairs, and it denied the right of the sermon-loving majority in the State to impose the torments of Sunday thirst on the beer-loving majority of the city. It pointed out the great pecuniary cost of a "reform" government and its futility except in the matter of street cleaning—a success due solely to the character of Colonel Waring and the able men whom he chose as his subordinates. There was no Bryanism in the platform, and the Tammany movement was as strictly limited to questions of municipal management as was that of Mr. Low's supporters. The Democrats who deserted Mr. Bryan and refused to stand on the Chicago platform last year found ample room on the Tammany platform this year, and most of them stood there.

Senator Platt was much more deeply concerned to punish the indepence and irregularity of Mr. Low and his followers than he was to provide a competent and honest government for the city, and Mr. Low stood for the continuance of a system which has come to be regarded as odious and tyrannical by thousands of good citizens. It is not to be wondered at, then, that Mr. Van Wyck carried every borough of the great city and came close to a majority of all the votes cast, and this without a single newspaper supporting his candidacy.

But there is no reason in this result for despair on the part of those who are hoping and working for better government in our great cities. Corruption has not won more than honesty. It does not mean that the people of New York have deliberately opened the door to another Tweed, or that the practices of the days before the Lexow revelations are to be resumed. It means that the people believe that even Tammany can improve with the times, and that they prefer to take their chances of securing a fair measure of justice and public comfort under the rule of Croker rather than to be exploited for the benefit of the political fortunes of Platt. In the days of its unchallenged supremacy Tammany was never so bad as it was painted, and the citizens of New York were never called on to submit to the many annoyances and neglects which the patient people of San Francisco endure uncomplainingly because they have never known anything better.

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO LIVES

V.

### A Chapter on the Food Fishes of Pacific Coast Waters.

If a convulsion of nature destroyed all the cattle and sheep and hogs on the Pacific slope, there would be no fear of famine, as long as people had access to the sea. The relative quality of the Atlantic and Pacific food fish may be a matter of debate, but there can be no question as to the quantity and variety of our fish supply, as Dr. Jordan, the greatest ichthyologist of the age, will certify, and as anyone can convince himself by visiting the great wholesale fish market at the foot of Broadway at five o'clock in the morning. Ever since the settlement of New England, thousands of people have earned their living by fishing the waters which reach the coast from Cape Cod to Cape Race, but we ask no odds of them.

At the time of the American occupation, who said fish meant salmon, and to this day the rich pink or yellow-fleshed fish still occupies the first place on San Francisco's table. The retail fish-dealers say that they sell more salmon than any other fish. They charge from 12½ to 25 cents per pound, according to season and grade. But the wholesale dealers are content with 10 to 12½ cents for the Sacramento salmon, and 8 cents for the inferior fish, which are brought down from Seattle. On the Columbia, the fisherman rarely get over 5 cents for their average catch. In Alaska, where the salmon pack does not fall far short of fifty million pounds a year, the par value of a salmon fresh out of the Arctic waters is a cent a pound, and the fishermen get as much of a premium as the canners will allow. No food contains more nutriment than salmon; it is especially rich in fat, but it is cloying, and people should not eat it oftener than twice, or at most, three times a week. Consumed in moderation, there is no more toothsome dish than a broiled salmon steak, or a boiled salmon with shrimp sauce.

In the East salmon is a luxury that is rarely sold for less than 50 cents a pound, and is only in the market in the spring and early summer. The favorite fish dishes at New York are bluefish, mackerel, smelts, sheepshead, and the variety of fresh water fish known as pan fish. We have no real cod here; the fish sold under that name in the markets is a poor relation. The true *gadus* does not swim south of Cape Flattery. We have no bluefish at all, though they abound on the coast of Africa and Asia. The mackerel we have, though it is not as abundant in our waters as it is on the Atlantic Coast, or on the coast of England, where the Sunday laws are suspended to permit the fishermen to cry their mackerel on the Lord's day. It is a coarse fish, better suited for whales and porpoises than men. This remark only applies to the common *scomber;* the aristocrat of the family, the Spanish mackerel, or bonito, makes a dish for the gods.

Of smelts we have several varieties. The true *osmerus*, which is so highly prized in the East, is sold here under the name of the silver smelt, and is delicious with sauce tartare. Our California smelt, which is an inferior fish, is an atherinopsis, and the breed has been crossed so that it embraces a number of other fishes which are classed as smelts, and constitute the staple boarding-house fish dish. French epicures think highly of the *eperlan*, as they call the *osmerus*, and it occupies a favorable place at grand dinners.

Here it is odds that the fish course at small hotels will be California smelt or rock fish. These last comprise many kinds of fish, of many sizes and colors, among them are sea bass; but they are generally classed by the fish sharks as *scorpenido*, or *sebastes*, or sculpins. They are a good, honest fish, though they run too much to head. The wholesale dealers class them with smelts and herring, and sell them at 5 and 6 cents per pound. They are so abundant off the Farallones that the saying is that if all the fishermen on the coast filled all the fishing boats on the coast with rock fish on Sunday, there would not be one the less on Monday.

Our choice fish, as everyone knows, is the pompano—a first cousin of the pompino of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Mexico, and much smaller in size. The supply of this fine fish is variable; sometimes it is very scarce, and the retail dealers ask $1 a pound, then again it is reasonably plentiful and can be bought for a quarter. There is nothing in the Eastern waters which surpasses the pompano in flavor.

Scarcely second to the pompano when it is in good fettle is the barracuda — the long thin fish which dashes through the watter like a streak of lightning. This is the *sphryrena* of European waters; its praises are celebrated by Athenians under another name.

The choicest of the Eastern fish is the shad, which, during its six weeks' season, is eaten at least once a day by New Yorkers. The shad was planted in our bay some twelve years ago, and has become fairly plentiful. In flavor, it is inferior to the Eastern fish, though it is not to be disdained. We have not yet risen to the height of the planked shad, but we have learned to eat shad roe, which is the choice delicacy at a Newport breakfast. Ten years ago our fishmongers threw the roes away, when they did not present them as a gift to an Eastern customer. It is with the shad as with the Eastern oyster — it has not yet adjusted itself to our waters, but that will come.

Of the large family of *pleuronectida*, we have several varieties, which sell in the market under the name of sole, turbot, and flounder. They are cheap—5 or 6 cents a pound is the average wholesale price. Our restaurants serve a filet de sole, which is excellent eating, though not equal to the sole a la normande, or the sole en matelotte that the traveler has for breakfast on both sides of the British channel, nor the turbot, which follows the turtle soup on the alderman's table in London. There is one comfort — our flat fishes are to the flat fishes of British and French waters as the pebbles of the sea are to abalone shells.

They, with the halibut of the Alaskan plateau, could support the life of the whole American people without other food. What effect such a diet, with the excess of phosphorous it contains, would have on the health, the constitution, and the morals of consumers, is another question. The peculiar instincts of the inhabitants of Cape Cod and Nantucket have been noticed by all travelers.

JOHN BONNER.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

It cannot again be said that the heavy guns which protect the approaches to the harbor of the Golden Gate are not being utilized. At Camp Morgan five batteries of the Third Artillery are entrenched, and each day for weeks past the men have been drilling with the big cannon. There is an immense amount to be learned about the handling of these modern implements of destruction, and it is only by repeated practice in manuvering, loading and aiming them, that this important knowledge can be obtained. The extraordinary course of the War Department in exiling the artillery to Angel Island where there are no big guns, and locating the infantry at the Presidio which is close beside the new works necessitates the location of a camp upon the bluffs commanding Baker's beach. A picturesque situation is that of Camp Morgan on the side of the hill above the water, in the midst of a thick grove of eucalyptus trees. It is laid out according to the latest theories. There are five streets, upon which the tents open—one for every battery, and at the lower end of each is a large awning tent which serves as dining room and assembly room for the men. Here is the kitchen, also, which is a source of particular interest several times a day. Morning and night the men cluster around the big camp fire, and there in the glow of the huge logs, spend the hours when off duty. You wonder how they ever dragged these great beams up the steep hill, but there is no lack of power and energy in the hundreds of willing hands and arms at the camp. The views on page 8 afford an interesting idea of the life at Camp Morgan—under Colonel M. B. Miller.

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The form of intelligence which a political "boss" developes in making combinations to control supervisors, is really the same as that which a great merchant exhibits in creating a "trust." It is merely the business of persuading certain industries of a community of interests to be subserved by association, and is as effective in one direction as in another. The fact is beautifully exemplified is the case of Christopher A. Buckley, for many years *the* "boss" of San Francisco. Never was there a more successful manipulator than Chris., who, though blind, handled his forces with the greatest acumen. He swayed the destinies of San Francisco for years, and if he had continued to practise moderation his lease of power would undoubtedly have been longer. But when the gray-stone was erected over his political remains, Mr. Buckley hied himself to the vineyard at Livermore, which he had acquired in the heyday of his career, and made up his mind to pass the rest of his days a peaceful agriculturist. Now Livermore valley is one of the greatest vineyard regions of the State and a vast amount of excellent wine is produced there. Never had there been much association among the growers, however, and the dealers were in the habit of pitting one against the other by way of reducing prices. As soon as the ex-Boss realized the condition of affairs, he put forth all his cleverness to forming a combination among them. The various winemakers were separately approached and the result is an association thoroughly organized, the members of which are obtaining for their product the best price going. Chris, himself, has made considerable profit out of its operations and has certainly won the respect of the California Wine Association, which goes to show that there is in the business world an outlet for that form of talent which in politics results in plunder and mis-government,

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Though Judge Wallace, of the Superior Court, has been engaged administering justice more years than any other man in the State, never until last week in the case of murder Knott has he had to pronounce the death sentence. In order to familiarize himself with the verbal formulas used in extreme cases, he decided to consult the records, and repaired to the office of the District Attorney. Together with Mr. Barnes he examined into the sentences of bye-gone jurists, and slowly prepared a concise formula of condemnation. When he came to the words, "And may God have mercy on your soul," with which from time immemorial judges have wound up the death sentence, he stopped. "Is there any judicial basis, Mr. Barnes, for this invocation of the Almighty," he asked. "There is no judicial reason, Judge, save that of precedence." "That's very true," said Wallace, "but while I respect precedent as much as any man—why interfere with the Almighty in such a matter; besides, Mr. Barnes," continued the Judge, whose differences with the Appellate's Court are well known, "I am afraid it might be construed by the Supreme Court as another invitation to reverse the sentence on the ground of want of jurisdiction by Department Six."

Though the silver question ought to have disappeared from politics, certain local interests have a purpose in keeping it alive. I am told there is being organized a Republican Silver party, which proposes to gather under its banner all the silver sentiment of California, and to utilize it for the accomplishment of its own designs. The disaffected, few of whom are honest, are for silver, and the leaders of the new movement imagine there are enough of them to make a force which they will use to dictate to the Democracy. A complete realization of the entire project will be gathered from the fact that "Lane" for Governor is the watch word of the combination. The great leg-pulling match of last campaign, in which certain dividends of the Utica proclaimed the glory of white metal and incidentally benefitted its exponents, is not yet forgotten, and the impressarios are determined to give the same bank account another chance next Winter. It is a clever scheme and undoubtedly will be profitable if Mr. Lane is as easy of beguilment as before. Perhaps he has grown tired of being financier of the white metal cause. If he has not, his friends are to be congratulated on his patience.

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Talk over the disbandment of the Liquor Dealers Association has not yet ended. Various theories are propounded to account for the sudden retirement of the organization. I am inclined to think it was due to the high licence ideas of the Supervisors. When the ffrst announcement of increased tribute came the retail liquor dealers applied at once to the wholesalers for assistance, suggesting that as they had thus far made politics for the trade they should now sustain the brunt of the situation. Of course, the high licence idea is only an artistic project to exact a little coin from the whisky insterest. With an organization in full view, an incursion was possible, but with the band scattered, it will be hard to get at any one. At all events, the wholesalers have no intention of paying for the immunity of the other fellows—hence the latest phase of the situation.

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The Winter Exhibition of the Art Association opens next Thursday evening with the usual reception. I am told to expect several good pictures, and that there are signs of substantial progress. The exhibitions of the Association are the landmarks in the life of the local art colony and are also of considerable interest to the community. There are now almost as many young artists in town as professional men. The classes at the Institute are full, morning, afternoon and night, and there is constant application for vacancies in the art departments of the dailies. Apropos of art, I hear that Alexander Harrison is to come out to the coast, and will be with us in the early future, for a week or more.

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The first exhibition of the Sketch Club in it's new home on Sutter street, has attracted to the organization more attention than it ever obtained in its old home on Montgomery street. On the walls are some very clever landscapes and portraits, a fleeting impression of which may be gathered from the photograph below. Notable among the exhibits are portraits by Mrs. Sleeth, president of the club, and by Miss Helen Hyde who has obtained some exceedingly clever effects. Miss Vesaria has some charming bits of color, showing sunset effects on the Tamalpais marshes. Mrs. Wheelan is to be congratulated on a set of Chinese pictures full of individuality and brightness. Certain colored prints by Miss Hyde, done by a process of her own, have attracted considerable attention. They are Japanesque in style, and she has sold quite a number of them. Altogether it is a very attractive show and the club is to be congratulated.

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When the late Charles A. Dana visited the Vatican during his last trip to Europe he had audience with the pope and spent an hour capping Italian verses and quoting alternate lines from the "Inferno." Soon after he returned he attended a prize fight one evening after besting his son at a post-prandial game of billiards. This very year he has added Russian to his list of languages, grown a new rose and written a monograph on the proper culture of mushrooms. In his hours of repose he has collated his experience in the civil war as "Lincoln's reporter," for McClure's magazine, which thus becames the lucky heritor of one of the greatest books of the century.

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The theatrical situation in San Francisco, so far as it is affected by the dealings and intentions of Messrs. Frohman and Hayman, engages renewed interest by the fact that the

THE SKETCH CLUB'S PICTURE EXHIBITION

Macdonough estate, as proprietor of the California theatre, has commenced a suit in New York against the Hayman Theatrical Company for damages amounting to $105,000, alleged to have been sustained by the failure of Hayman to maintain the theatre and "keep it always open and in use as a first-class theatre," in accordance with the terms of a lease granted to his company for ten years from April, 1889, in consideration of an annual rental of $13,200. The theatrical combination, which has been in chief control of the dramatic affairs of this city, has for some years past kept the doors of the California theatre closed to serve their own ends, greatly to the injury not only of the connected hotel, owned by the same proprietors, but also of many neighboring places of business. The action of the Macdonough heirs will be closely watched, and if the breach of contract can be established and exemplary damages recovered from the Hayman company, the public in general will doubtless be gratified, especially those amongst them who benefit by the theatre being kept in operation.

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The intentions of Al Hayman are unknown to his associates. Even Mr. Bouvier is not informed of the fate impending. The question, will the Baldwin close, can be answered now in the negative. It is certain, Hayman or no, that that theatre will continue to invite patronage. If the shows of the Frohmans are not vouchsafed, we shall at least have other performances to beguile our evenings. If the cost of transportion is the reason for denying us Drew, Crane and other celebreties—would it not be a profitable undertaking to organize a good stock company at the Baldwin and produce in San Francisco the plays that Frohman puts on in New York? Then, we should have a chance to see the new shows as soon as our Atlantic neighbors. Drawing room comedies and tragedies, such as Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones and the group of American playwrights write, are not costly to produce, and, given a competent force of actors and actresses, this community would prove itself as generous in its support as it has recently been niggardly. It is no use bringing to San Francisco second-rate plays and third-rate talent, and insisting on first-rate prices. On the other hand, the enormous success of the Orpheum demonstrates what may be achieved by a generous programme.

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The Gladys Wallis-Frawley controversy is rather more amusing for the community than for the principals, assuming that notoriety is unwelcome to them. The form in which both succeed in achieving it is not especially creditable and one cannot but think how little the other would have had to say had either followed the golden rule of silence. Unless some distinction is to be gained, it is safest never to be interviewed, and while the sorrows of Miss Wallis and the tribulations of Mr. Frawley have made a funny chapter, it is a pity they so sinned against discretion as to make public their opinions. We are all interested in stage folk, especially in so pretty a young woman as Miss Wallis, and we all appreciate the energy and persistence of Mr. Frawley, but really no one is the better for knowing that this trouble has had a career, or that the contestants ever before exchanged blows.

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The fate of the Mardi Gras ball hangs in the balance. Shall it be—or not?—that is the question, and the members of the Art Association are to settle it by ballot. Certain of the directors oppose the idea, because masked balls are not profitable—that is, there have been no dollars in the treasury consequent upon past Mardi Gras entertainments. Neither has there been any loss. Now economists who believe energy wasted that does not show an immediate profit declare the association is really out of pocket by these affairs. The wise point out, however, that the prominence conferred on the institution by past shows more than counteracts the loss of energy. In other words, a Mardi Gras ball is an excellent advertisement, and serves to keep the association before its patrons and the community. Besides, it adds something of color and variety to the life of San Francisco.

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The vicissitudes of fortune are entertainingly illustrated in the case of ex-Railroad Commissioner Abbott who has just sold out an interest in the Santa Rosalie mine for over one hundred thousand dollars, to go into banking in the State of Sonora. Four years ago Mr. Abbott was penniless. He had been a banker in Sacramento—he is a brother-in-law of N. D. Rideout by the way—became involved in speculations that the panic of '93 made misfortunes, and went to Mexico in the condition known as "broke." He managed to obtain an interest in the Santa Rosalie, the wealth of which he surmised, and he it was who interested John Daggett in the property, which has made both rich. Mr. Abbott remained in Mexico as superintendent of the mine and, being an active business man, took advantage of his opportunities. He realized that the country required capital for its development, and from President Diaz obtained a concession to organize a national bank for the State of Sonora, with power to issue three dollars in currency for every dollar in coin in his vaults. Such a privilege affords Mr. Abbott a great opportunity and doubtless he will become the magnate of that environment. He found no difficulty in disposing of his Santa Rosalie stock, 20,000 shares of which were taken up here in two days.

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The *Examiner* is hardly a reliable guide in personal matters affecting the British aristocracy, and I should opine that its Debrett or Burke and its gallery of celebrities are badly in need of renovation. Not very long ago it concocted a sensational story of the intended visit to San Francisco of the notorious Marquis of Ailesbury, who has been in his grave for the last three years, prompted thereto by the fact that the present holder of the title, an entirely different kind of person, had been visiting the East. The late Marquis cherished a standing grudge against his Maker that he had not been born a costermonger, and, if I remember

AMBROSE BIERCE
Who has taken to writing Fables in place of "Prattle"

rightly, displayed but one piece of good taste in his short but rapid existence, in that he saved his order the disgrace of taking his seat among the members of the House of Lords. In last Sunday's supplement a spicy review of Mrs. Langtry's amours was embellished with illustrations purporting to be portraits of her victims, and included therein, besides her much-to-be-pitied dead husband, was a representation, pictorial and otherwise, of the second Sir Robert Peel, the father of the present Sir Robert, who not very long ago was under attachment to the Jersey Lily. Scandal is never edifying, but it is abominable when it is served up to beguile ignorant readers and applied to wrong individuals whether living or dead.

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Mr. Gavigan, who is cutting such a figure throughout the charter controversy, is the same person who was selected by Buckley a decade ago to collect delinquent taxes. Immediately upon his appointment and before he had qualified, Gavigan entered into negotiations with a big shipping firm here which was in arrears for many thousands of dollars in taxes; without consultation or authorization, he compromised this account, and instead of turning the coin into the city treasury he took a flat, went in for revelry and for weeks was lost to the world. He indulged in champagne baths and various other extravagances, all of which coming to the ears of Mayor Pond, caused an inquiry to be instituted. Gavigan was arrested; was in a bad predicament, but was assisted in making good the defalcation by a certain notorious woman whose protege he was. The amount made good was about $10,000. He then departed for Mexico to avoid further complications, remained there sometime, picked up a medical diploma in a Southern State, then returned to San Francisco and entered into practice as a dipsomaniac expert. He had a species of modified Keeley cure, which he said was the "greatest yet." More recently Mr. Gavigan resumed law practice uniting the two professions with a subtle ability, being an attorney in the morning and a physician in the afternoon. The last public appearance of Dr. Gavigan was in connection with a bill to appoint a sociological expert, which he had very cleverly lobbied through the Legislature. The provisions of the measure were so drawn as to compel the appointment of Mr. Gavigan to the office created, for they exacted conditions which he alone could meet. Ingenious, yes, but the question of honesty is another issue. The scheme was killed by the press, and vetoed by the Governor. I am not in the habit of resuscitating the record of private citizens, but Mr. Gavigan makes himself unpleasantly conspicuous in a bad connection. His cause is as honorable as his career.

THE GUNBOAT "MARION," THE NEW TRAINING-SHIP OF THE NAVAL RESERVE
Taber, photo

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So the Naval Reserve is to have a real war ship to cruise around in. The Navy Department has turned over for its exclusive use and advantage the "Marion," and that good old tub will enter upon a new sphere of usefulness in her dotage. It is something for the Reserveto have an opportunity of learning seamanship on a veritable vessel. For some time Captain Turner and his men have been drilling on the old monitor Camanche, and in spite of the obsolete character of her fittinge and furniture some excellent work has been done thereon. The force proved itself alive to its chances, however scanty, and here is the reward of enthusiasm.

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The manner in which our wealthy men are subscribing to the Wilmerding School Fund is most creditable to their generosity. It will be remembered that the University Regents decided to locate the institution provided for in the will of the capitalist in San Francisco, provided a site was given free by the city. The location selected is in the Potrero, and is appraised at $16,000. So it now behovoes the collection of that amount. Mayor Phelan has taken hold of the canvass, and has personally subscribed $3000; Claus Spreckels is down for a similar sum and John Center and A. B. McCreary have given donations of $1000 each. The manner in which the Mayor throws himself into all sorts of philanthropic schemes testifies to a rare endowment of public spirit and generosity. No one has ever displayed such a fine spirit of giving, and the talent deserves encouragement and recognition.

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If Major General Nelson A. Miles and Secretary Alger have really fallen out as the telegrams indicate, the fact may interfere with the realization of the former's ambition. He wants to attain the role of Lieutenant General, and all his energies are bent to that end. During the absence in the West of the Secretary of War, Miles has officiated as head of the Department, and it looks as though he had exceeded his powers in announcing the transfer of the First Regiment to Fort Logan, returning the Seventh to San Francisco. This especial arrangement was not what the Army anticipated, inasmuch as one regiment had been at Vancouver nearly fourteen years, and in the new distribution of places it should have had the best post. It may be, however, that reports of divergences in this direction are without foundation and that the delay has been occasioned by differences of opinion as to the transportation question. It is hinted that alteration in the present distribution of the infantry and artillery regiments is imminent, which will mean the return of the former to Mare Island.

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Public anxiety regarding the crews of the whaling vessels which have been caught in the ice-pack off Point Barrow has been intensified during the past few days, and the Government has been appealed to for assistance in providing a relief ship. There would seem to be no doubt whatever that the eight vessels, the names of which were given in our last issue, will be totally lost, and the plans will therefore be confined to rescuing the crews, numbering some 400 men, from starvation and other ills during the winter. Experienced men seem to be satisfied that when the ice closed in upon them they will have abandoned their ships, and, getting their provisions together, will have made for St. Michaels, which would mean a journey of about 1200 miles. At the same time there is known to be a certain quantity of stores at the Point Barrow and Hershel Island depots, which would be placed at their disposal. At the time of writing no definite steps have been taken by the Government to detail a ship for the relief expedition, but the cutter Bear, commanded by Captain Tuttle, is not unlikely to be commissioned for the service, and the steam whaler Thrasher, now at this port, has also been suggested as suitable and available for the purpose. The local Chamber of Commerce

THE REVENUE CUTTER "BEAR"
Which is to be sent to the relief of the imprisoned whalers
Taber, photo

has telegraphed a petition to the President urging the matter on his attention. The *Call* and *Examiner* have both submitted substantial offers of pecuniary assistance and have been active in creating public interest in the schemes for relief. Newspaper rivalry has been instrumental in getting the matter pushed forward and the public have been not a little amused to watch the efforts of the *Examiner* to steal the *Call's* thunder. The latter was unquestionably foremost in drawing attention to the disastrous position of the whalers and in coming forward with offers of assistance, as well as in directing its correspondents to place themselves in communication with the authorities at Washington.

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The majority of the sugar-planters of Hawaii have refused to renew the agreement which has been in existence for the past five years between themselves and Mr. Spreckels, under which their crops were shipped to the refinery in this city. Arrangements have been made for the delivery of a large portion of the current season's crop to refineries in the East and to the new concern to be established at Port Costa. It is estimated that some eighty thousand tons will go forward by sailing ships to New York. The Sugar Trust has likewise been shut out of the deal, the local federation of planters in the islands finding that they have been able to make better terms for their produce in the open market.

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All the information that comes to hand confirms the expectation that there will be an enormous rush to the Yukon district this coming spring from all parts of the globe. Under these circumstances it is satisfactory to know that the

Canadian Government is sparing no effort to simplify the means of access to the country, so far as lies in its power. The extensive failure of so many adventurers to accomplish the journey to Dawson City by water this autumn is not unlikely to lead to a preference for the land route, and numbers of those who have returned here from St. Michaels and the lower river points intend renewing their attempts to get into the country early in the year by land. Opinions seem to be divided as to the best route, but that via Fort Wrangel and the Stickeen River is at present very favorably considered. As an instance of the vast rush that may be looked for, the Canadian authorities state their information shows that 50,000 people will probably migrate to the northwest from Australia alone. Should the gold returns from the Klondyke district in the early summer of next year show that the increased work, which has been done since the first large clean up was made this year, has resulted in a correspondingly greater output of treasure, the excitement will certainly be renewed with more force than ever, and the extensive immigration already looked for will probably be exceeded. Many experienced persons are disposed to believe that things will take this course. It is sincerely to be hoped that the adventurers now contemplating the journey to Alaska in the near future will have been forewarned by the many failures and hardships which those going this year have met with, and take all proper precautions to minimize their risks as far as possible. News from Dawson has been somewhat scarce recently, and the public are at present in suspense as to the residents being sufficiently provided with food and other necessaries for the winter. Within the last few days Mr. C. R. Hosmer, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company, has been in this city and has stated that there will be a telegraph line built early next year from Ashcroft to Dawson, a distance of 1,400 miles, and following that, in all probability, connected lines will be constructed to Juneau and other Alaskan points. Mr. Hosmer pointed out that the Ashcroft-Dawson line will follow the same route that was traversed by the telegraph thirty years ago, when it was intended to connect, by means of a cable line through Behring Sea, with a land line on the Siberian coast, but the successful laying of the Atlantic cable caused the work to be dropped.

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The preliminary work of the representatives of the United States, Russia, and Japan, looking to the protection of the seal herds, would seem to have been completed both expeditiously and harmoniously, and it only remains for their respective governments to approve their conclusions and ratify the agreement signed by the respective commissioners. In the meantime the references between the United States and Great Britain, the latter covering the Canadian interest, will be kept in progress, and Professor Thompson, the British expert, is at present in this country with the object of facilitating the adjustment of the present differences. A suggestion has been made that the views of the British government would be met by a purchase of the rights of Canada in respect of pelagic sealing. Of course, before anything of the kind could be done, it would be necessary for the lawyers and naturalists of both countries to come to a clear understanding as to what the Canadian interests really are in the premises. There would seem to be a wide divergence of opinions at present, and if the naturalists who represent the United States are correct in their judgment, the seal herds will hardly remain in existence long enough to admit of definite conclusions being arrived at, unless the rate of progression is greatly accelerated.

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A Jewish colonization experiment that will, no doubt, be watched with interest is about to be started in Nevada. The neighborhood of Wellington, in Lyon County, has been selected as the locality for the new colony and the pioneer colonists consist of twenty-six families, nearly all of whom have already left this city for the land of promise. This is situated in a valley about 22 miles from Virginia and 48 from Carson, the settlement of 5,300 acres having been secured by purchase on easy terms at the rate of $5 an acre from Morris Cohn, a well-to-do Hebrew residing at Carson, who is desirous of helping his deserving co-religionists. Nearly half the tract is already fenced in, 500 acres being laid with alfalfa and a further 1000 acres cleared for cultivation. A small orchard is already planted out and the land generally is said to be well suited to the growing of grain. A wagon road runs from Carson to the village of Wellington, where the colonists have in the meantime secured accomodation pending the erection of homes for themselves, towards which Mr. Cohn has provided a liberal supply of lumber. The colony is to be reserved for those of Hebrew birth, and it is expected that in course of time it will receive additions to its present number, some of whom have had a farming experience in Russia, Canada and in Dakota and California.

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When doctors disagree—who shall decide? It not a question of decision now, but of peacemaking. It seems there is the devil to pay among the medicos all over the Hirschfelder tuberculin and Dr. D'Evelyn's equisine, both of which were announced in the papers before being made known to the profession. This is a breach of the ethics of science and medicine, and has been partially resented by the expulsion of Dr. D'Evelyn from the County Medical Society. But there is rather more in the Hirschfelder controversy than lymph. It is the alignment of the Cooper College and its connections against the New College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Toland College, which is connected with the University of California. The Cooper organization, commanded by Dr. Lane has to make head against considerable rivalry, and being a private affair, requires to be kept before the public. Now it is a very glorious thing to have a member of one's faculty discover a "sure enough" cure for consumption, and the opportunity for its exploitation in a sensational daily is certainly to be taken advantage of. The proceeding may not be ethical, but it's business. The County Medical Society would like to enter this controversy and bar Hirschfelder as it has D'Evelyn, but the latter does not happen to be a member, so that condemnation is impossible.

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To add to the gaiety of the profession, rumors about a clash between Dr. Lane and Dr. Kenyon in the presence of Dr. Heath, the English specialist, are rife. It seems the president of Cooper College and the surgeon of St. Luke's do not love one another. Rivalries of various kinds are at the bottom of this enmity—fights for the presidency of the several medical societies, and other honors trifling to the lay mind. Dr. Kenyon was invited to hear Professor Heath lecture and went. Dr. Lane saw him and assured him he was not welcome, that he had disgraced his alma mater and sundry other things which were really unnecessary and rather out of place. The full details of the unpleasantness are in the *Pacific Medical Journal*, the staff of which is composed of members of the new College of Physicians and Surgeons. Of course there will be reprisals and retorts in other medical mediums, and the chasms which divide the profession will grow into abysses. Really, it is very sad our doctors should develop so much energy over so small an affair. The only possible good that may result is that the community may learn who not to call in when ill.

BOSWELL JR.

FICKERT CARL MURPHY

Three players whose mastery of their positions promises to assist in making the Stanford team invincible

Photos by Thors

## A CONSULAR SUGGESTION

### Proposed Asiatic-Pacific Commercial Museum at San Francisco.

Included in the Consular Reports for October is a paper by John Barrett, Minister Resident and Consul General for Siam, in which he suggests the establishment of an Asiatic commercial museum or bureau in San Francisco with the view of aiding the development of American trade with the Orient. Such an institution would serve the same purpose with regard to the Asian Pacific seaboard that the Philadelphia museum does towards the trade of this country with South America. The immense field that is open in the direction referred to is little realized by our mercantile and manufacturing houses, engaged in the import and export trade, but if the wide range from the Straits Settlements to Siberia be taken into consideration it will be found to cover fully 4,000 miles of coast line and a total population of 500,000,000, with an existing foreign trade representing $1,000,000,000—a very small portion of which is done with the United States.

San Francisco would seem to be the natural location for such a museum, to which Mr. Barrett points out all the leading cities of the Pacific Slope from Seattle to San Diego, including inland commercial centres, should be induced to lend their assistance, while Eastern States and cities would, no doubt, also be willing to co-operate, in return for the benefits to be derived from its establishment. Exhibits, samples and general commercial data would be furnished by voluntary contribution to a large extent, but, at all events, the appropriation of a few hundred dollars for the necessary work to be done in that connection at each foreign port would procure the necessary material wherewith to equip the museum at the outset.

As regards the basis upon which an undertaking of the kind should be founded and maintained, the plan adopted at Philadelphia would afford sufficient example. There the city government gives its direct support, and that would seem to be the proper course to follow here. Probably Mr. Barrett's calculation of $25,000 for the initial cost, and an annual expenditure of $15,000, would meet all requirements. United States ministers and consuls throughout the region referred to would willingly lend their assistance, and the very fact of such an institution being in existence would greatly extend their opportunities of serving the interests of American commerce. Every commercial man of any standing in import and export circles should peruse the ministers's paper, and now that the business community of San Francisco is bestirring itself to increase the trade of the port the excellent suggestion which he makes should not be allowed to prove unfruitful.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA FOOTBALL TEAM

## RONDEAU.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON

I love thee still, there's not a day
That drags it's dreary length away,
From dark December into June,
Through winter night or summer noon,
But unto thee my fancies stray.

Poor heralds of my heart are they,
Who would to thee my love convey,
And woo thee with the wearying tune,
I love thee still.

Ah, but to feel thy pulses play,
And once again my head to lay
On thy white breast. For such a boon
Though thou wert fickle as the moon,
My lips would cling to thee and say
I love thee still

## SONNET.

BY ROBERT PORTER

Unnumbered years from now when all our pride
And pomp, tears, wisdom, pain are lost to thought
And buried eons deep beneath the tide
Of black oblivion, when in all the wide
Domain of things no echo shall be caught
Of glorious deeds we deem undying naught
Of all the names that we have deified,
Or any greatest thing our hands have wrought;
Some poet musing then upon the dear
Delights that grace his love, shall sudden find
New ecstacy in song, new rapture sweep
Across his soul. For then in accents clear
He'll tune the sonnet to her praise, and bind
Love once again in song's most perfect lays.

THE LOCAL STAFF OF THE "CHRONICLE" AT WORK

# THE COST OF A DAILY

## Facts and Figures Showing the Expense of Producing a Newspaper.

When a gentleman possesses several million dollars, and is embarassed by the development of his income, he casts around for some expensive enjoyment which will curb its growth. If his inclination lies in the direction of society or travel, doubtless he will purchase a steam yacht and spend fifty to one hundred thousand a year in its maintenance. If in his heart he cherishes a literary aspiration, he may conclude to start a daily paper. After that he will have no further need to worry over surplus investments. Molding public opinion or expressing private impressions every morning or afternoon is about as expensive a luxury as any man can enjoy. The enormous cost of a journalistic enterprise is seldom realized save by a few officials of the business office. The manager knows—maybe the editor is told—the cashier finds out. The reporters surmise vaguely, erroneously, and the subscribers take the paper as a matter of course.

The tightly-rolled newspaper which is delivered on your doorstep every morning has cost an immense amount of labor and several thousand dollars. A batallion of men has been engaged during the twenty hours preceding in gathering and preparing the material, a regiment in mechanical production, and a company in distributing the manufactured article throughout the city and State. Think of the array of occupations—distinct professions, by the way—there are under a newspaper roof!—editors, critics, reporters, artists, photo-engravers, printers, stereotypers, engineers, pressmen, mail clerks, carriers; then managers and accountants to keep track of the finances, and advertising and subscription solicitors to bring in the revenue which goes to pay their colleagues. In a big gold mine one finds a superintendent, engineers, an assayer, and miners—in a big store, managers, floor-walkers, heads of departments, salesmen, and porters. But a newspaper requires as many officials as a municipality, and not one of its employees makes pretense of being anything but that for which his salary is paid He believes he does his duty to himself and humanity after his share of the big paper is performed. He generally does, too.

That San Francisco suffers from an overabundance of newspapers, just as it is cursed with a superabundance of weeklies, is undeniable. In San Francisco there is scope for but two morning and two evening dailies, and in each field there are three. The evening papers are, it is true, vastly less expensive than the morning press, being less pretentious, but they are more hampered by the absence of a copper coinage here. In spite of efforts to introduce cent prices, few people carry them, and the selling price of the *Bulletin*, *Post* and *Report* remains at five cents, though a carrier will deliver them at 40 cents and 50 cents per month at your home. The great circulations of the New York and Chicago evening journals is gained because of their cheapness, for, while five cents seems an extravagance, no one regards the outlay of a single cent when that sum purchases the latest news and the best entertainment. But for all that our millionaire cannot enjoy the possession of an evening journal at less than eight to twelve thousand per month. Of course, his white paper bills may not be so large as his rivals, and in consequence the monthly expense will be below the lower figures at first. It costs something less than three cents per pound, does this essential material, though the cost goes somewhat on the amount purchased. For instance, the *Examiner*, *Chronicle* and *Call* pay several fractions less. There is one important item fixed. Next the ink, which costs four to six cents a pound, which involves a monthly charge of $30 to $75 per month for an evening paper, and a hundred or two per month for a morning journal. Lead for the stereotypers and composition metal for the linotypes is not a great charge, because the plates are used over and over, but gas and electricity and coal and other necessities for motive power and machinery are all costly items. Thus far I am referring to the material necessities of production. Before this the millionaire must have purchased at least five linotypes, which cost him $3000 each, a press which involves a charge of $20,000 to $40,000, type for advertising, a stereotyping outfit, a dynamo, and all the furniture of a composing-room. In addition, there are editorial rooms to be fitted up, which may be accomplished economically, but there must be a brave show made in the business office, which involves handsome fixtures and desks. It should be remembered, also, that a newspaper must have a big, roomy basement for its press and process outfits, a set of offices for editorial and art rooms, and a business office fronting on the street, all of which can hardly be accomplished for less than $300 per month rent. Here, then, is the institution. We'll assume it has an Associated Press telegraphic franchise, for which it pays $650 per month.

The exigencies of the evening press require the editorial staff to report at 8 in the morning. The linotype operators commence at 8 setting up "fill" matter and copy left out over night. Each operator receives $4 per day of eight hours, and sets four times as much type as he could "stick" by hand composition. Indeed, the introduction of machines has reduced composition bills some 40 per cent—a most substantial saving, by the way. However, type bills average at least $400 per week for a six-page paper, and $600 for a ten-page paper, all of which must be paid out every Saturday. There is also the foreman of the composing-room, an experienced printer, who has $30 to $40 a week, and his two assistants $25 to $30. When the type is all set and the forms made up, they are passed on to the stereotypers, of whom there are four generally, the chief getting $25 to $30, and his assistants $10 to $15, involving say $60 more. The press department, one of the most important in the institution, requires a strong force, and the head man invariably has a good salary—$30 to $40—while his three assistants get between them, $60 more. Nor must we forget the mailing-clerk, who gets $20 or more; his assistants, who have to deal out the papers to the boys and to the carriers; the engineer, who supervises the motive power and the linotype machines, which require constant attention. However, there is the mechanical department.

The editorial department is also a costly luxury of journalism. The proprietor of an evening paper generally acts as managing and news editor—different functions on morndailies. The City Editor, who must be a clever man, commands forty to fifty dollars per week; then there are eight to a dozen reporters averaging from fifteen to thirty dollars each; the Exchange Editor usually reads the telegraphic copy and writes heads—fifteen to twenty dollars; editorial writers draw twenty-five to forty dollars, depending on their merits.

The art department involves quite an expense, though the

A BATTERY OF LINOTYPES

administration be economical unto niggardliness. The process room costs from $40 to $60 per week, for the service requires the labor of two to four men. Then the artists—there must be two—take $40 more. The *Bulletin* art room costs at least $100 per week. The literary end of an evening daily—by which I mean the editorial, reportorial and pictorial departments cannot cost less than $350 per week, though $1600 per month is nearer the average.

Let us descend now into the business office—the manager, he who supervises and directs the work of the advertising men, is paid at least $35 per week—his assistants from $20 to $30. There are two generally. Then a bookkeeper, who officiates as cashier; a clerk to look after subscriptions, say they have $20 per week each; the collector has $15 more, the boys from $3 to $5—there must be half a dozen of these to distribute and receive the papers and drive the wagons. Indeed it is a clever manager who obtains results in this department at $150 per week. These items detailed above are all bare necessaries—they do not include the luxuries—special articles, important contributions or other features the editor may feel like indulging in. However, you may accept it as a fact that it is a good month that consumes less than $10,000.

But after all that is the evening paper. Consider that it costs from $1000 to $2000 daily for the morning dailies. In every department the expenditures are greater—the receipts also. I am sure the editorial department of the *Chronicle* costs from $600 to $800 a week; the *Examiner* pays its local staff at least $1000. There are additional reporters, artists, linotype operators, compositors, besides Sunday, society, sporting, dramatic, fraternal, musical and literary editors—all of whom being specialists, command a fair rate of compensation. In fact the morning paper is a vastly expensive engine for the dissemination of news and the moulding of public opinion, and the cost of it easily runs up to fifty and ranges as high as seventy-five thousand dollars per month. You must remember that a big daily must have a Managing Editor, whose salary ranges from $70 to $125 a week; a News Editor who gets $60; a City Editor who may be paid $80, but is sure to have at least $50. There are copy readers who have $25 to $35; special writers from $35 to $50. The three foreman—of the composition, press and stereotyping departments are important men and get at least $40 each. The business manager has from $75 to $125. Then there are telegraphic tolls for the Associated Press, averaging $1000 per month, covering the cost of ordinary news service. In addition the big dailies have personal representatives in Chicago, New York and Washington who supplement with special news elaborating subjects of importance to the coast. The functions of Exchange and Telegraph Editor cannot possibly be compassed by the same man, and one finds a roomful of journalists fixing up telegraphic reports for the linotype operators. This department on the *Examiner* costs $300 per week. As for the tolls, the service varies, depending on Congress and the interest the community has in the subjects under discussion there. At least, special dispatches cost another thousand per month.

In addition to ordinary expenses one must remember also the special ones. For instance an important "scoop" often involves a considerable expenditure. It is not unusual for a city editor to pay $50 to $100 for an exclusive story to go on the front page with half a dozen "scareheads." A Sunday supplement is not produced by the regular staff, but by extra men. An average of $25 per page is the price paid for freak stories, such as the Sunday editions delight in. Serials and short stories, which are syndicated all over the country, are not expensive—rarely costing more than five or ten dollars per installment. The great men, of course, commaned more money—for instance, the privilege of publishing the latest Kipling tale will cost $20 or $30. Nor must we forget the colored press—the services of 14 men are required to assist in that process, and the cost of the colored ink tops the bills of the evening papers for that commodity. The business office, too, is a mercantile establishment—accountants, collectors, canvassers, must be on hand. Take the *Examiner* business office—the weekly costs $100; the "display ad" department consumes $110, then there are eleven clerks, averaging at least $18 per week—altogether a banking force, but rendered essential by the exigencies of the work. Then as to paper—I am told the *Examiner's* bills for that commodity foot up to $28,000 a month—rather an item, by the way.

The illustrations accompanying this article give an impression of the latter day composing-room, with its battery of linotype machines. The second picture represents the local room of the *Chronicle*, with the reportorial staff engaged in producing copy. The use of typewriters is an innovation—the idea is that this style of copy is more easily edited and more rapidly set up—the profit of machine typesetting depending on the rapidity of the linotype operator. The ordinary journalist requires some time to grow familiar with the usages of a typewriter, but the accomplishment lessens materially the duties of his calling and doubles his rate of verbal production. C.

## OSTRICHES AND FEATHERS

### Graphic Impressions of a Plucking at the Pasadena Farm.

The production of ostrich feathers is now a California industry. Not content with making wine, and raising apricots and curing raisins, but we are in the feather business—at least the south is and contributing a fair quota to the world's supply. There are now two farms in Southern California—one at Norwalk—established in 1884 by Mr. Cawston—the other at South Pasadena, which seems rather better adapted for the purpose of growth and development. To the Pasadena institution I went the other day to witness a plucking—an inimitable sight by the way. It is a great sandy tract carefully and securely fenced; provided with numerous structures and dwelling houses for the proprietor and his force of assistants. Here two hundred ostriches are gathered within the precincts of a large corral and they constitute a spectacle well worth the trip from Los Angeles.

As you draw near the fence be wary. A dozen huge bodies come plunging towards you rolling from side to side like a ship in a heavy swell, wings full spread to every breeze that blows. As many elastic necks will writhe their way between the fence rails, winding in and out, while the big brown eyes watch eagerly for the anticipated meal of sugar beets and alfalfa. You may estimate most carefully the length of the neck, feeling sure that you may go within such and such a distance and still be out of reach, when presto, the rubbery neck lets itself out like a telescope, and the two-bit cigar which you thought firm between your own teeth is glowing in a mischievous bill. There is a tale of a new spring bonnet that once visited the ostrich farm, arrayed in its new spring garniture of milliner's cherries, and went away denuded, a sadder if not a wiser bonnet.

One might write much about the habits and manners of the ostrich. When about four years old the birds are paired off, if they have not already chosen their own partners for life; they are of an affectionate and loyal nature, however, and there are more love matches among them than marriages of convenience. From that time until the end of their seventy or eighty allotted years, there is only loyalty and devotion; any ostrich husband will fight off a strange hen who comes his way, and only a lonely widowerhood ever induces him to love twice.

"What do they eat?" I ventured to ask one of the keepers.

"S'pose you thought we feed 'em on screws and tacks," he replied. "There was once a little girl who bought screws and tacks and was found feeding them to the greddy fowls, and it went hard with the little girl when she was caught at it. It might have gone harder but that she belonged to Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, who was present to apologize.

When the birds are eighteen months old, that is, soon after they reach their permanent styles of dress, they may be plucked. A plucking occurs only once in ten weeks; as often as that, the whole troop is looked over, and those whose plumes are ripe are marked as victims. No bird undergoes this process oftener than every nine months, so their lives are for the most part peacefully undisturbed, being one round of love-making and sugar beets. It is a sorry sight to see this destruction, even though pride and a haughty spirit do precede it. As ever, the wolf comes in sheep's clothing, and the plucker rattles a great sack of dry corn in a way that would make any ostrich mouth water. "Here's a fine meal," says the whole troop, and forthwith they come lunging, plunging, lurching from far and near. The demurely garbed females are worth little for plumage; when their brother took to his dashing style, he did not realize that in his glory lay his downfall. As the whole troop crowds close around the pile of corn, one of the doomed fellows is singled out, driven or coaxed a little to one side, and in a second the gate of a pen has closed him in.

It is a narrow pen, with sides joining in a wedge-shape, and into the wedge the angry bird is forced by two men who guard most carefully the while against a kick from a heavy foot. It is the work of a second to clap the stocking over Mr. Ostrich's head, and this calms him like a dose of soothing syrup. The stocking is made from a long strip of heavy blue jeans, and the sudden blinding of it bewilders the bird so that the beating wings grow still in his wonder. The long stocking is shaken and pecked at, but it cannot be worked off by any blundering vexation, and from this moment the ostrich is in the hands of his masters. Now the plucking begins.

One of the great close-held wings is turned back, revealing a wealth of black plumes, white plumes and variegated

PLUCKING AN OSTRICH

plumes. The great floating white ones, such as adorn the picture hats, are cut close to the root; if they were left until ripe enough to pull, the ends would have outlived their perfection. The scissors are sharp and merciless, and clip, clip, they are snipping off dollars and dollars with every stroke. The smaller feathers in the wings, those which are protected closer to the body, may be pulled out without, as my guide deprecated, hurting the bird *very* much. Not *very* much. Did you ever have a lock of hair pulled out with a jerk? Perhaps you know why the ostrich winces. As soon as the clipping and the tugging cease, he probably imagines the inexplicable ordeal over, but a moment more, my whilom dandy, that a daub of red paint may designate your sign post legs as belonging to a plucked bird. That done, the stocking comes off and out you go to liberty in the broad corral once more, to liberty but not to present happiness. For the shame of a plucked bird is crushing, it is long before he can rise above it, and his more fortunate companions lose no chance to twit him on his disgrace, fighting him off as often as he tries to mingle with them. His only comfort lies in having companions in misery, for several proud fellows must undergo the humiliation on the same day. The feathers are carefully stowed away by a man with a bag; the loss of one would mean loss of money. In their raw condition, uncurled and undyed, they are sold at wholesale for sixty dollars per pound, or about sixty cents for a feather, but some of the finest plumes are worth much more. The body feathers are never pulled, but gathered daily as they drop in the corrals. SARAH COMSTOCK.

THE GREAT CORRALL AT THE PASADENA OSTRICH FARM

CAMP KITCHEN

PEELING POTATOES

THE CAMP FIRE

KILLING TIME

MAIN STREET OF THE CAMP

*SCENES AT CAMP MORGAN, IN THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO*

Photos by Theodore Solomons

# His Dead Mother's Portrait

BY FRANK NORRIS.

I came to know young Drexel because of his cleverness in making a certain kind of trout-fly which he called the "Midshipman," and which is most effective in mountain streams on very gray days. Young Drexel earned his living by making trout-flies for certain sporting firms on Market street, and after his great success with the "Midshipman" (it really is a *chef d'oeuvre*), everyone ceased to call him Drexel and always addressed him as Midshipman.

The Midshipman lives in one of those very quaint and curious old houses on the corner of California and Dupont streets, at the very edge of Chinatown. There are three houses here, and they face on Dupont street just opposite the cathedral, you must have noted them—quite above the grade, built up on bulkheads, and sporting old glass verandas. There are lots of flowers and vines in the yard, and trellises, too, where once and a while you may see a bunch of grapes.

The Midshipman knows trout as you know you right hand, I making enquiries for flies and tackle was sent to find him in his room in the glass verandahed house opposite the cathedral.

We got to know each other very well. He was a blonde small young fellow, not over twenty-five, I believe; he wore spectacles—for the fineness of his work had told on his eyes—had the hands and fingers of a woman and also a woman's temperament. Besides this, he was passionately fond of German music. He dodged the roughnesses of the world of San Francisco, and lived much to himself with one or two friends, his delicate flies, an old female trout in a glass aquarium and—a small photograph of his dead mother.which he always carried with him in his pocketbook.

It did not take me long to find out that the Midshipman's dead mother was his religion, the one great influence of his life, that had kept him straight and fine and clean. She had passed out of his life when he was too young to remember her. However, he had her picture which was to him—but I have no right to repeat what he used to tell me. He always kept this picture by him, used to sleep with it under his pillow, and on Sundays had a very pretty habit of writing letters to it.

On Saturday nights the Midshipman and I used to dine together at the "Buon Gusto," over in the Mexican Quarter and afterwards used to walk about Market and Kearny streets, seeing what we could see, much preferring that form of amusement to the best "attractions" billed at any of the theatres. For on Saturday nights Market and Kearny streets of this city of San Francisco are *en fete*. It is like a country fair — all the world is abroad promenading itself. On one corner the Salvation Army is booming, on another a street-fakir is entertaining a crowd, the kinetoscope booths, the shooting galleries and small auction shops are wide open, a cable car goes by with a blaring brass band that announces a suburban amusement; from Chinatown comes the reek of punk, the blink of swinging red lanterns, and the wailing of pipes and two-string fiddles; you hear the jangle of pianos coming up through the sidewalk from the dives and dance-halls; for five cents you can look at Mars through a telescope, take a shock of electricity, "know your weight," or sit for your tintype. From the Barbary Coast to Lotta's fountain it is all gas, glitter, and gaiety. Where else but in Paris would you find the like?

It was towards nine o'clock on that particular Saturday evening that the Midshipman and I passed down the Barbary Coast on our way from the "Buon Gusto." In front of the "Bella Union" we were met by a group of some half dozen fellows whom I am ashamed to say I knew. They took possession of us at once. There was nothing for me to do but to introduce the Midshipman to them.

"Look here," said one of these fellows; "we're going into the 'Bella Union,' and you're coming with us."

"In there? I'll see you far first. It's the most disreputable dive in town."

"Yes, but we're going in for the fad of the thing. Let me tell you. We were there last night. Oh, it's raw! — raw as beef! There's an old woman there," the young brute went on, "an old woman of forty, dressed up as a girl of fifteen, that does a song and dance. She can't dance, and her voice is 'hark-from-the-tombs-a-doleful-sound.' I honestly think she's dotty. Y' know, she comes out and yowls and gambols and the whole audience hiss and hoot and groan and stamp till she goes off, and then as soon as she's off we all applaud and clap and shout 'encore!' 'encore!' till we get her back. Then she'll come out and bow and smirk, and as soon as she begins to do her turn over again we all hoot and groan till we get her off. And so on over and over again. Laugh! I nearly split my sides!"

"I'd like to split your head," said I.

"Fiddlesticks! the woman's crazy. I tell you she don't know the difference, and she's forty if she's a day. It *is* hideous, I admit, but it's something to see. Come in with us for ten minutes and we will go to some decent show afterwards. Leander is here; he'll take us all to hear Nordica in 'Seigfried,' afterwards."

"But such a beastly dive; don't want to be seen going into such a hole-in-the-wall."

"The people whose opinion counts for anything don't frequent the Barbary Coast."

I turned doubtfully to the Midshipman.

"Shall we look in for ten minutes?"

The Midshipman wavered. Nordica in "Siegfried" tempted him.

"I don't like such places—I've never been—it's not my line you know. Still, for ten minutes only, and you say we'll go to the opera afterwards."

We moved toward the box office and the Midshipman reached for his pocketbook. I was standing at his side at the time, and, as he fumbled in the pocketbook for the price of his admission, I noticed that his eye fell upon the portrait of his dead mother which he always carried there. He looked at it an instant and then around him at the vestibule, that sordid dive with its staring, vulgar billboards. From inside the theatre came the jangling of a cheap band and the raucous notes of a concert-hall singer.

The Midshipman turned about with abrupt resolution.

"No," said he to me in a low voice so that none of the others heard, "No, I wont go in. I–I *can't*, you understand," and with that he was gone.

Leander came up just in time to see him go.

"Hello," said he, "that was young Drexel with you wasn't it—the Midshipman—where did he go; what did he go for?"

"He didn't like the idea of going into this joint. He has pretty strict notions, you know, Leander."

Leander scratched his ear.

"That's a queer case," he said reflectively.

"As how; do you know him?"

"I know people that do. He thinks his mother died long ago."

"Great Scott! Didn't she?"

Leander put his chin in the air.

"It would have been better if she had."

"Come on, you fellows," cried the rest of the party, "come on, we're going in."

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed Leander, stooping to pick up a photograph that lay at our feet.

I saw what it was and tried to get it away before the others came up.

"Give it here, Leander," said I in a low voice, "It's a picture of the Midshipman's mother, he dropped it just now."

But I was not quick enough.

"Hoh," exclaimed one of the party as his eye fell upon the picture, "it's the old woman inside who does the song-and-dance turn. Come on, let's go in. Now all you fellows be sure to yell and groan as soon as she comes out."

"Let's not go in," said I to Leander.

President McKinley, who is busy upon his message to Congress spends most of the day in his office, reserving but an hour or so for a drive, his only exercise. At 7 o'clock he drives with Mrs. McKinley and at about 10 goes back to work, continuing until long after midnight.

RECESS

WHERE BIBLE STORIES ARE TAUGHT

IN THE DINING-ROOM

THE MISSION BUILDING

A CORNER IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM

WAITING FOR MEAL TIME

STUDY HOUR

A BUSY TIME IN THE KITCHEN

## THE PRESBYTERIAN CHINESE MISSION HOME

When the Blackstone of what is euphemistically called "miner's law" shall publish his treatise, he will find much in its principles that will be difficult to reconcile. In camp and on trails, where the code runs, the penalty for stealing is understood to be the hangman's rope, and there have been stories of its application to cases of theft during the present rush to the Yukon district. But accerding to latest reports, the captain of a river steamer narrowly escaped hanging because he obstinately refused to allow a large part of his cargo of provisions to be intercepted by a body of miners, whose stock was insufficient for the winter. It would thus seem that an action which is deemed criminal on the part of a starving individual is regarded as legitimate by a hungry crowd. Classification of the code will be no light task.

Whether the amicable adjustment of the existing friction between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, as set forth in recent dispatches, will be effected by the visit of Sir Wilfred Laurier and other officials to Washington time alone can show. It is understood that the sealing controversy is primarily responsible for the mission of the Canadian officials, but the importance of other outstanding matters, which have lead to complications with our northern neighbors, is at the same time to receive full recognition. In many respects mutual interest should prompt a conciliatory attitude on either side, and if no mistake has been made in guaging the spirit with which the government of this country is to be approached by the Canadian premier, there would seem to be grounds for hope that satisfactory conclusions may be reached. The labor immigration question, as effected by the existing alien laws in both countries, is perhaps the most pressing item needing settlement, especially in view of the large population of American citizens engaged in mining on Canadian soil. Trade reciprocity may be less easy to deal with, but even under that head a beginning could be made without much difficulty towards a removal of the obstructive and unfriendly character of the legislation on both sides. Fisheries and navigation disputes are of old standing and the unsatisfactory experience accumulated under the existing state of affairs should surely be sufficient to secure a better understanding for the future.

Vacher, the French "Jack-the-Ripper," who is charged with having committed seventeen murders, has confessed to twelve, claiming that he is not responsible for his actions. He says (and the statement has been proven to be true), that in his youth he was bitten by a mad dog, and, after taking some concoction given to him by a village herbalist, he was transformed from a quiet, inoffensive individual, into a morbid, irritable brute. Subsequently he underwent a painful operation for a disease which he had contracted. His crimes have extended over a series of years, throughout the whole southeastern district of France and in several instances innocent people have been suspected of and suffered for his sins.

During last month Henry M. Stanley sailed from Cape Town as one of a party of guests of the Bechuanaland Railway Company, who are to make the first run on the new line from Mafeking as far as Buluwayo. When he shall have published his reflections on the trip, as he has agreed to do for certain London publishers, journalistic and otherwise, they ought to make interesting reading. What makes this railway undertaking of special importance is that it may ultimately form part of a trans-continental system, via the Zambesi River and Lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika, from north to south. But five years ago Buluwayo was the kraal of the savage chief, Lobengula and is now a modernized town.

It is perfectly appalling to think of the wide field open to enterprising murderers, or alleged murderers, when proprietors of freak shows are believed to be willing to "sign them up" on contracts for an indefinite period at the rate of $500 per week by way of salary. This is reported to be the value of Sausage-maker Luetgert's personality for show purposes. Probably this is about as well as champion prize-fighters can do, and they have hitherto been considered top-notchers in that line.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I am afraid, dearest Diary, that this is what might be termed an off week. Think of it, four days without a single girls' luncheon or a tea. Between you and me I am glad to rest on my laurels, for when one spends one's days eating all sorts of delicacies and one's nights finishing off with Welsh rarebits or oyster suppers, the complexion soon loses its bloom and the eye its lustre.

Last Friday night I had a capital time at the Fortnightly. It really proved an occasion worth recording, and the girls looked radiant. There was a great plentitude of men, and each of us debutantes voted it "the time of our lives." Mamma said it was as successful a meeting as she had ever seen, and even the military cotillion of last year was eclipsed. Mr. Ed Sheldon led with Lillie Follis in his most skillful fashion. I don't think as a leader Mr. Sheldon can be surpassed. He seems to know how to do the right thing at the moment when it seems necessary. All the debutantes looked fetching, but I think the palm of belledom may be conceded to Miss Margaret Salisbury, who was radiant in white organdie over white satin. Lillie Follis made a striking picture in her white frock and Frances Baldwin was lovely in pale pink satin. Among the most popular of the girls was Edna Hopkins who looked piquant in pure white. Of the maidens who have passed the debutante stage, I noted Miss Alice Masten in pink and white and Miss Jessie Glascock in white organdie trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The next cotillion is to be led by Edna Hopkins and Robbie Eyre.

Then on Saturday I went to the football with the McCutcheons. You know they took a party of us—Alice Hoffman, Della Davidson and several of the boys. I saw a number of the crowd there—Marie Wells, Marie Oge, the Burton girls and multitudinous others. After that, I rushed home and dressed for Leontine Blakeman's tea. I, of course, wore organdie as did all of us—it may be termed the uniform of the debutante. It was a prettier tea, if possible than Ethel's. Mrs. Blakeman, Leontine and Mr. Blakeman received the guests who then floated around and were entertained by the other debutantes. We had all the men in town and several told me that they no longer objected to teas, the girls were so attentive. Honestly we are nicer to them than to the girls or even the matrons, but in corraling them to our teas we achieve a triumph unprecedented in the annals of debutantage. There were twenty of us at the dinner. It was a "pink" party. We sat at a round table which made it much jollier and conversation more general. I liked Ethel Keeney's dress particularly well, it was, I think, the handsomest, being trimmed with real Valenciennes lace that was charmingly arranged round the waist. Leontine looked especially well as did Marie Wells.

Later we all went to the dancing class and had a jolly time. We were the sole debutantes present —I did not know any of the other girls. It seems to me that they have an entirely new crowd, who have not the pleasure of my acquaintance. Lieutentant Kilburn led the german, which did not differentiate from the usual. The figures were on the marching order. On Sunday we were at the Bent tea at the Presidio. It was exceeding jolly and the uniforms lent an air of distinction to the scene; of course there were loads of officers, and I did not notice a single wallflower.

On Monday I rested quietly all day and in the evening went to the opera. Jack Thornton invited a number of us—all debutantes except, of course, our chaperon and an equal number of men. Charlotte Ellinwood, Bessie Ames, Leontine Blakeman, Helen Thornton, and moi-meme. We had a fine time, although we were rather sold with regard to the opera "Otello" not having been given. I always enjoy "Cavalleria," however, and in a theatre party one never cares particularly. I must say I didn't pay much attention. I saw numbers of people whom I knew. Major and Mrs. Rathbone had a box. Beatrice and Celia Tobin were with Mr. Dick Tobin, and there were others. Oh, I must tell you a joke. You know Lieutenant Magill gave a theatre party at the Baldwin to Marie Wells and Marie Oge. He only invited "Oregon" men and what was his chagrin when he arrived at the Palace (their rendezvous) to find a note telling him his friends had been ordered on board. It was too late to replace them so he had to carry off the honors alone.

Do you know, I hear that the Bruguieres have decided not to give their ball. All of us think it an outrage, as we were anticipating a tremendously swell affair. There are loads of things on for next week and this week's end is to be especially gay. Therese Morgan's tea on Friday, to which we are all invited, with dinner and cotillion to sixty. Then Marie Wells' "at home" on Saturday. She is not going to give a dinner afterwards but is going to have a bouffel supper, to which all the girls who receive and a number of men have been invited. It will be less formal than a dinner and we expect a capital time. On Monday next there is to be a big dinner at Lizzie Whittier's in honor of Gertie Carroll. On Tuesday, Lucy Jackson gives a debutantes' lunch at the 'Varsity Club. On Friday evening Mrs. Fred Woods gives a ball in honor of her daughter Maud, one of this season's debutantes. On the same evening Mr. Greenaway gives a theatre party and we girls are divided between our desires to attend both. On Saturday, Bernie Drown is to give us debutantes a big luncheon, and on Saturday, the twentieth, Mrs. Hopkins is to introduce Edna at a tea, and Mrs. Bunce gives an "at home" to Bertie. Clara Hamilton comes out this week on the same day as Marie Wells. The Eyres gave a tea on Wednesday to a number of us. The Blandings, Hoffmans, Mary Belle Gwin, Helen Thornton and the Salisburys were there. It was a tremendously smart affair. I did not receive, alas, not being sufficiently urged. Marie Messer is to give a dance and tableau about December 1st. The preparations for the Thomas ball proceed apace and some of our dresses are glorious. Now for another week adieu. Your devoted MISS CRICKET.

* *

The San Francisco Verein held it's opening ball on Saturday evening. The rooms were gorgeous in their decorations of ferns, palms and chrysanthemums. It is said to have been one of the prettiest balls ever given at the Vercin. The gowning was simply superb. Miss Bachman and Miss Schwabacher carried off the honors. Miss Bachman's frock was of pale pink tulle over pink satin with Vandykes of chiffon, arranged in the front and over the hips, following the line and solidly embroidered over the skirt and waist were opals which reflected the varied lights. The waist was stunningly cut trimmed with opals in similar fashion. Miss Schwabacher wore white tulle over white satin. The skirt was edged with gradvated ruffles to about a foot from the bottom. From there to the top, pink velvet bands graduated to the waist. The bodice was a dream. It was trimmed in pink baby velvet and fastened with black velvet bands each bearing a single rhinestone set in the centre. Dear little puffed sleeves completed this charming gown. Mrs. Abe Rothschild looked fetching, in pink, and Miss Amy Ehrmann and Miss Edith Cohn were among the most popular.

Of the married ladies Mrs. Schweitzer's gown claimed my attention. It was of purple mirror moire trimmed with peau de soie and passementerie. Mrs. M. Schweitzer was in Persian navy blue silk with white taffeta silk yoke inserted. A garniture of turquoise velvet applicqued with jet and a jeweled girdle completed this costume. Miss Rosie Newman, who is tall and slight and pleasing in appearance, wore pale pink dotted mull finished in insertion.

The value and virtue of the Paso Robles Springs have obtained very general recognition and the most distinguished and prominent people utilize it for their various ailments. During the summer the hotel has done an excellent business. John W. Macky and his son were guests there for several weeks and returned to town much benefited by the water. Secretary Godchaux and Attorney Chickering are among the recent guests.

A very pleasant crowd of people are located at the Hotel Bella Vista—the Wakefield Bakers, the George Knights, Mr. Neibling from Portland and innumerable others. During the winter Mrs. Tracy has asranged a series of hops, the first of which took place on the evening of November 11th. The house is pretty well filled up, and the cusine is even better than usual

The first meet of the Winter Cotillion Club occurs at Lunt's Hall on the evening of November 24th. It will be an assembly followed by a german to be led by George E. Bennett. Clarence L. Mitchell will officiate as floor manager. The club is now in its third season and boasts a membership of fifty couples.

* *

The sole events in an otherwise shockingly dull week in Oakland were the two at homes given by the debutantes. The first, by Mrs. de Fremery, to introduce her daughter Miss Sue de Fremery, took place on Saturday afternoon. Only the younger set were invited. Miss de Fremery is tall and dark, and was gowned in white organdie trimmed with lace and ribbons. Quite a little excitement was caused during the afternoon. A cosy corner was accidently set on fire, and it took the combined efforts of all the boys there to put it out. For a few minutes there was considerable fear lest their efforts to extinguish it should be unavailing. Miss Emelie Fairchild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fairchild, also made her first appearance at a tea. All the debutantes were present, and made a pretty picture in their white frocks. Miss Fairchild is an attractive girl, tall and fair, with very fine coloring. Miss Marietta Havens of Vernon Heights followed the example of the San Francisco debutantes and concluded her at home with a dinner. It was a very pretty affair. Among the young people who were present were Miss Florence Green, Miss Marie Messer, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Jean Howard and Miss Carmen Moore, and a dozen young men. Later, cards were played.

All Oakland turned out on Friday evening to hear the Henschels at the Congregational church. There were endless concert parties, and every seat in the church was filled. Prior to the concert Mrs. Charles Webb Howard entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henschel at dinner.

Among the most important of the coming events is the A. A. Moore reception on Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. J. K. McLean and Miss Bailey have just returned from a visit to Palo Alto. Mr. A. P. Brayton and Miss Louise Brayton are to leave this week for the Hawaiian Islands, where they anticipate spending the winter. Mrs. R. L. Stevenson is to spend the next few months in Berkeley with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne. In the Spring she intends to go to London. Of the Oaklanders at present in the East are Mr. Marshall Pierce and Miss Josephine Pierce, Mrs. Tucker and Miss Mae Tucker and Mrs. Tom Magee.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jane Mae McCrum, of Oakland, to Lieutenant Guy Warner Brown of the United States Navy.

### Fashion in Champagne.

New York cultured society has taken up the Moet & Chandon. Since the Bradley-Martin and Patriarchs ball no menu is considered en regle without this brand.—*Exchange.*

Artistic competence, combined with sound business principles, account for the great popularity of Huber's Orchestra. Address 20 O'Farrell street. Telephone care Benj. Curtaz, Main 1247.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

## "LA BOHEME."

### Consumption Set to Music—Interesting Performance of a Beautiful Opera.

Not till "Cavalleria Rusticana" had grown familiar, and "Pagliacci" was almost as well known, was it felt that Italy was once more a living factor in the creation of opera. No longer opera as known through Verdi's prime period, but composition with the spirit of the modern Italianesque strong upon it, modelled after the compelling genius of Wagner and the dramatic necessity of the time—and fulfilling the unwritten laws forcing modern work generally to yield up a tangle of quivering and adverse emotion. Puccini's opera belongs to the latter-day school in every point, and as to realism, may have stepped beyond the two operas mentioned. All the conventions of the old opera are ignored, without orchestral prelude the scenes open, and set aria and recitative are not to be found, while more than once the curtain rings down upon an empty stage. From the opening to the end the orchestra plays the principal role, and in this work the entire libretto is orchestrated, while the singers go through a vocal narrative rising into fragmentary melody of the species known as suggestive. Leading themes there are plenty, worked up into a dense mosaic, carrying a stream of musical emotion so lyric that the absence of song in the personages is supplied almost satisfyingly. At once the master hand of a great orchestrial colorist is felt and sustained with fine variety and unending spontaneity Never brassy, bathetic or overladen, this incessant play of sound atmosphere embrace every scene in a luxuriant warmth and with a novelty and prismatic shimmer of color contrasted with unerring sympathy and instinctive felicity.

Of the libretto, very little beyond a certain picturesqueness make an agreeable impression. The personages are miniature, and from an ethical point of view, low-toned and utterly wanting in distinction. Such a central motive as the love of an apparently weak and despicable poet and a girl afflicted with well developed consumption, carried out to its miserable finale, is provocative of a strong sense of nausea and malcontent that such a theme should have been chosen by a gifted, creative mind to illustrate with the poetry of the most ideal of the arts. The sickly passion is doomed from the first, and has no hold upon the real sympathies. To bring in a heroine coughing consumptively from her first scene was daring, and to her death scene gruesome realism was faithfully adhered to, but more of the hospital atmosphere than the air of operatic art resulted. However, such as the plan of the work is, Puccini's genius has completely expressed it in the tone art. A continual poignant thread is ever in the score, hopeless and clinging as is the character of Mimi herself rising here into searching lament without frenzy. Without irony this is consumption set to music. Not that this vein of emotion crowds out the bizarre effects intended to present musical Bohemia. Puccini is evidently too well balanced a genius for any wholly one-sided effect, and there are fugitive gleams letting in the hearty life of the people in clarified contrast. From the short-lived melodies he utters likewise bloom phrases memorable for their burden of peculiar Italian love-emotion heard in the text given to Mimi and her lover, and often sung in opposite unison by them. Unison in the voice parts, as well as a constant use of fifths in orchestrating, are among this composer's points of technique. This work is true to itself, and the realism it brings never flags, holding well together all the interest of such complex strands as modern opera is necessarily composed. With a great motif it seems probable this Italian is likely to compose a great work.

No great singing qualities are necessary in this opera. Signorina Montanari has personality, a possibly beautiful voice, and is without stage tricks. The Musetta of the cast, Signorina Vicini, was admirably played with refinement ot diablerie. Agostini the tenor did the usual local chord service. Nothing better than the general performance could be wished for, presuming that opera singing is not necessarily pure or correct. The company made a mistake in failing to open in "La Boheme." With the cast as given on Wednesday, it would have created a desirable impression and ought to be heard by all opera lovers.

Mendelssohn's fame to-day rests upon the real greatness in kind, of his appreciation and genius in filling out the ideal form of oratorio with musical beauty and dignity and dramatic suspense. The "Elijah" unfailingly inspires its performers and hearers with reverence and delight in the great genial creation of a truly humane artist. Oratorio may be "Thames fog dished up" to flippant and superior journalists, but in the judgment of the few it is the only logical and satisfying form uniting the poetry of verse, voice and instrument. Opera, at best, is a hectic attempt at painting the rose and forever verges on the ludicrous. In the performance of "Elijah" in question, despite their being no orchestra, the presence of a niggling piano and a somewhat hooting organ, there was enough enthusiasm in the chorus itself. The audience, too, was more homogeneous than is usual here, the alien element being conspicuously absent, and the example of so many silvered heads giving their services with an abnegation unknown to the present generation, lifted the performance out of the region of criticism into a desirable atmosphere of genuine feeling, however falteringly expressed. Madame Bishop, as the notable soloist, was said to be suffering from a cold, a sufficient excuse, though the type of her efforts assumed that strenuous vocalism made known to fame by Nordica of the fantastic facemaking. LESLEY MARTIN.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

## CATERING IN SAN FRANCISCO

### Ernst Ludwig's Return to Business—His Successful Career.

The people who give parties will be relieved to know that Ernst Ludwig is back again in the catering business. With nine caterers out of ten the supper or dinner or lunch will be mismanaged; the food will be poor or poorly cooked; the service insufficient and the help inadequate. The fact seems to be that it is only one man in a hundred who has the generalship necessary to manage a big affair, and this faculty Ernst has to a greater degree than all his rivals together. Because of it he has been a success.

There is a bit of history behind Ernst's retirement from the old firm of E. H. Ludwig & Co., and his re-entry into the catering buiness. His wife had been ill a long time and the physicians suggested that a change of air would prolong her life. So he decided to sacrifice his interest which was purchased by his partner, Chas. S. Wheeler, for less than half its value, and arranged his affairs to go East. Unfortunately the wife died; he became involved in a speculation and suffered a serious loss. The result—his return to catering. All of which goes to show that its an ill-wind which blows no one some good—for San Francisco hosts and hostesses have every reason to be satisfied.

Ludwig enters into his old field with an entirely new equipment. He has set himself up in a first rate establishment at 122 Geary street, and is prepared to meet every emergency from sandwiches and ice cream to a cotillion supper for four hundred ladies and gentlemen. The mere outsider may not know it, but considerable material in the way of crockery and glassware is essential to successful catering. The domestic outfit of most families is adequate to their daily needs, with perhaps an extra plate or so for a guest, but when it comes to the entertainment of a multitude—then you call on the caterer and he provides the service as well as the food. Ludwig's equipment of table linen and ware, of glasses and tumblers and vases and ice cream dishes is the very latest and best. He has the newest ideas about table decorations and is up-to-date in every department.

As in other businesses, there is considerable rivalry in catering. For many years Ernst had enjoyed the bulk of the patronage of society and his competitors, knowing it was impossible to rob him of his prestige, were glad to have him out of the way. Over his return to the field, they thought he had abandoned, there is naturally some feeling, about which the public cares but little, however. It may be said in this connection, that Ernest Ludwig in re-entering business violated no agreement or promise and is working in good faith and with all the old spirit and desire to do his best that has always animated him. He is in a better position than ever before to meet the demands of society and in soliciting the patronage of his former customers he does so with the consciousness of past successes and a record for good service extending over a term of fifteen years.

Dr. C. W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

## THE THEATRES

### Comment on Current Performances — Things to Come.

The bones of the departed Hatzfeldts may rest in peace, the gyrations of Countess Olga Regina will never disturb them. Her little excellency is really injuring no one but herself, and it is a pity, for she is rather pretty, with appealing blue eyes, and an amiable maidenly manner, and her voice isn't bad, but she's not a "chanteuse supreme," in fact, she's little of a chanteuse at all. Mlle. Leopoldine, aerial artiste, is a pretty pleasing figure, all in blue from her slippers to her mouchoir. She goes through some new and rather startling evolutions. But the soul of the show is the lovely Willie Farrell, the quadroon goddess with the glinting eyes—in her sketch with Billie she introduces new business—as for cake walkers —there are no others.

"The Lost Paradise" is finding much favor at Morosco's. It is a play that peculiarly appeals to the working man, well filled with his trials and tribulations and tipped finally with his triumph over a wealthy employer. Herein is the joy of "The Lost Paradise," the victory of toil and the subjection of capital. It is well played and mounted at Morosco's—the big stage admitting of many possibilities. Mr. Pascoe has an agreeable part in Ruben Warner, playing it with much vigor and manliness. Maud Edna Hall is Polly Fletcher and Lorena Atwood, Margaret Knowlton.

The performance of "The Ugly Duckling" at the Alcazar this week is interesting for more than one consideration. The play itself is not of exceptional character, but it affords the players margin for good work. Wright Huntington as Count Malatesta is agreeable and easy in his acting, and convincing as well. Miss Foster plays Kate Graydon, the unhappy duckling in a pleasing manner, with much more intelligence, it is easy to imagine, than did her now famous predecessor in the part. A feature of the performance is the first appearance of Miss Polly Tupper, a pretty Fresno girl, whose work already promises well for her future. H. S. K.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

"A Celebrated Case" will be revived next week at Morosco's, with some elaborate new scenery and specially prepared appointments.

Mme. Inez Fabbri Mueller celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of her first operatic appearance at Golden Gate Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 16th. A capital programme will be given.

After the run of "The Geisha," which enters on its fifth week to-morrow evening, the Tivoli will put on Planquette's romantic opera "Rip Van Winkle," with Edwin Stevens as Rip. Preparations are already being made for the Christmas spectacle founded on the Mother Goose rhymes.

A grand sacred orchestral concert, under the direction of Fritz Scheel, will be held at Metropolitan Temple Sunday afternoon, November 14th. The affair is to benefit the Homœopathic Hospital about to be erected on Lake and Fourteenth Ave. in conjunction with the Phoebe A. Hearst Ward for Sick and Destitute Children. This is really to be a first-class entertainment, and worth going to.

At the Orpheum next week the Morris trained ponies make their first appearance. The animals give a complete military drill and many other novel and original movements. Another feature will be Olschanky and Lonny, comedy acrobatic tumblers from the Empire, London. Countess von Hatzfeldt has some new songs. The Farrels continue, also A. O. Duncan, Mlle. Leopoldine, Cooke and Clinton, and Foy and Clark.

An olla podrida of opera comedy and spectacle is "In Gay New York" which opens at the Baldwin Monday evening. The piece is one of the Casino's successes. Burlesques on popular plays are introduced, lavishly costumed ballets and noted persons in caricature making the show interesting. The company, unusually large and capable, is headed by Eddie Foy.

The opera at the California this evening will be "The Masked Ball." "Traviata" will be given Monday, "La Boheme" Tuesday and Saturday evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" Wednesday and "Otello" Friday. "Faust" is also announced for presentation during the week. To-morrow, Sunday evening, a lyric and orchestral concert will be given by the four leading singers of the company in connection with the orchestra. The admission is reduced one half.

HELOISE DUPONT
"In Gay New York" at the Baldwin

"In Old Kentucky," with its pickaninny band and its thrilling racing scene, opens at the Columbia Monday evening. This popular play is now in its fifth year and from all indications bids fair to retain favor for many seasons to come. The pickaninny band is still one of its features, second in interest only to the great racing scene. The company, which is efficient throughout, includes Miss Affie Warner, a San Francisco girl, daughter of the well-known actor, Neil Warner.

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## FINANCE AND TRADE

### Important Rise in Market-Street R. R. Shares — Grain and Live Stock.

*Thursday Evening.*

In financial circles the general feeling since the beginning of the week has exhibited an improved tone, local politics in New York having yielded in interest to matters of wider importance. The first impetus towards a better condition of affairs seems to have come from London, which, supported by an impression on this side that the Cuban question was less threatening in appearance, led to an advance all round in the leading stocks. The position of money has not greatly changed in the interval and discount rates seem pretty firmly established for the present on the basis of 3 per cent as the Bank of England rate, this figure having ruled for the past four weeks.

Silver has advanced since the date of last report, but as we write is weaker again in appearance.

The bond market here presents no special feature, though the demand for first class issues still continues good, the recent flurry on the New York stock exchange having left the local market entirely untouched.

The transactions include sales of Market Street Railway 5 per cent bonds at 111, and San Francisco and North Pacific Railway at 104½. Spring Valley Water Company's bonds have changed hands at 99⅝, which shows an important advance for the week, and these are strong with a hardening tendency.

Gas stocks are steady.

The tone of things in regard to Bank shares continues favorable, and although there is little doing for reasons previously given, a sale of Bank of California at 242½, showing an advance of 1½ dollar per share over the previous sale, has to be recorded.

In our last report attention was specially drawn to important dealings in the shares of the Market Street Railway. The upward movement has continued with the result that the stock has now reached 51, representing a rise of seven per cent in a couple of weeks. Large blocks of the shares have been absorbed by strong people, and there seems every reason to believe that, although no further considerable advance is likely in the immediate future, the higher range of values already established will be well maintained and probably followed by a further appreciation in the coming year. As previously mentioned, the company is doing a large and increasing business.

Powder shares are noticeably weak and there seems to be no support for them in the market at present.

In the Miscellaneous list Alaska Packers have been dealt in at 98, and Oceanic Steamship have advanced, as expected, to 32¼. Reports show that there are good orders on the market for these latter and they ought to do still better shortly.

In Sugar stocks the volume of business is limited, but Hutchinson have sold as high as 35 and, though subsequently a shade weaker, are in good demand. Hawaiian find ready buyers at current rates.

In the grain market there has been a steady decline for nearly a week past, although the offerings have been by no means large. Holders for the most part appear pretty confident that better prices will rule again ere long, but the hopeful tone seems rather to belong to the extreme future section of the market than to spot and December dealings. The precise promise of the crop from Argentina seems to be the main factor influencing the minds of operators, and, if the reports of damage by frost are confirmed, there should be an early rebound in the market. At the close of business at the local Produce Exchange to-day the price of December No. 1 was marked 1.43⅜.

In the live stock market there has been an absence of the briskness that has prevailed for some time past, but quotations are maintained and the moderate supplies are readily placed.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

A certain struggling lawyer in a small Ohio town received a call for advice from a farmer. The codes were taken down and the advice administered, and $3 for fee was the charge. The client handed him a five-dollar bill. The lawyer blushed, explored his pockets, looked disappointed, turned over his papers, and then, taking down the codes again, remarked: "I'll give you two more dollars worth of advice!"

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

**Kelly's Guranteed Corn Cure, 25 cents Sold only at 102 Eddy street**

**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**Fine Display of Art Goods**

S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street, have just received a fine display of Art goods, and are ready to show their latest importations for this season, and invite their patrons and the public to view the many fine and interesting novelties received and unpacked so far.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

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## "THE VICE OF FOOLS"

### Washington Society From the Chicago Point of View.

It would be interesting to learn what *The Vice of Fools* (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago), is. Not so long ago the author, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, wrote *Two Women and a Fool*, but in that instance the inference was obvious. Experience has at least taught him discretion, for here is a confusion as to the vice and the fools. Is the vice the habit of smart talk, which half the characters have? or, is it the unfortunate manner of the heroine who falls in love with the wrong man and marries a second to obtain a political revenge? In both instances the author is to blame, because no intelligent woman could have conducted herself as Violet Duncan is made to, while the dialogue of the others bears the same relation to nature that mill work does to wood carving. Can it be the novel-writing habit that is referred to? In that view it might be easier to agree, but really the author should have been more specific.

In dubbing H. C. Chatfield-Taylor the Mrs. Van Rensaeler of Chicago, it may seem that an injustice is done the literary accomplishment of the latter. There is a touch of real talent in the frivolity of Julien Gordeu; her chiffons are in excellent style—but of Mr. Taylor, if I may call him Taylor—alas he is merely industrious. Surely he achieves that dialogue in collaboration with a Thesaurus and a rhyming dictionary. His epigrams are only alliterative generalities—they are not even truisms. His characters are personal creations devised for this performance only and impossible outside his book. Where he found either models or manners is difficult to decide. I'm sure they know better in Chicago and in Washington, where the plot happens—they have certainly better sense. However, let Mr. Chatfield-Taylor speak for himself—this is a bit of dialogue from the first chapter. Mrs. Cortland is "a New Yorker by birth, a cosmopolite by experience" and a widow of forty in fact; she was born with the tactful genius of a controlling spirit in politics, but being a woman she contented herself by controlling politicians. There she is ladies and gentlemen—but, wait, "her enemies insisted dark tints were discernible about the roots of her hair,"—the brutes but this was mere envy, caused by jealousy of her superiority. Thank heaven she did not [illegible] line. The other is Ritchie Maitland, late Secretary of the Embassy in Paris, who is in Washington trying to be Secretary in London. General Lloyd is a New York politician in love with Violet Duncan, the beautiful daughter of the Secretary of War, at whose reception the dramatis personae are introduced:

"Not exactly. He has plenty of influence in New York, and lots of money. He practically controls the delegation of his State, and is a power, if a cunning, cold, selfish, unprincipled man can be a power."

"It is evident you do not like him."

"No, he is one of the few men whom I despise."

"You are very severe."

"No, I am very just. General Lloyd killed his wife by coldness and neglect. He was overbearing, exacting and cruel. He treated her like an inferior. He neglected her, too, but I assure you he never neglects the wives of his friends."

"But he is at least a man of the world," said Maitland.

"Yes, his manners are irreproachable and his morals irredeemable."

Maitland smiled. Morality has sexual variations," he said. "In a woman it is honor, in a man honesty."

"Not exactly," she replied. "Honesty is a term you men apply to your transactions with each other. Your treatment of women is so universally dishonorable that you do not consider it even worthy of opprobrium."

"Really, Mrs. Cortland," he said, laughing, "Your denunciation of my sex is so absolute that a refutation appears useless. I confess, however, that misanthropy was the last sentiment I expected to find concealed beneath such a face as yours."

"A woman's face is invariably a mask for her fancy. Like a court masker she can only be recognized by her mouth."

"What a novel theory!" said Maitland in an interested tone. "It might be possible to tell a woman's age by her teeth I suppose, but to tell her character by her lips—that seems quite another thing."

"But I am confident that a woman's mouth is a true index of her motives."

"You must demonstrate your theory. Now, Miss Duncan for instance. What does her mouth indicate?"

Mrs. Cortland scrutinized the beautiful face of the secretary's daughter. "At present her lips lack tenderness," she said; "They are too firmly set. Love has not closed her heart to ambition."

"But is she not cold by nature?"

"No, she is cold because she has not met the man she can love."

"Who must possess the melting power of a blast furnace I should say," replied Maitland doubtfully.

"No, I think that at heart Violet Duncan is sincere."

"Sincere in everything but love."

"It is that which proves a woman's sincerity," replied Mrs. Cortland firmly. "A sincere woman loves, a fickle woman loves to love, and a selfish woman loves to be loved."

"What an uncanny person you are. I hope you cannot read men so clearly."

"All men are more or less alike. The only difference is that occasionally one has a conscience."

Maitland laughed. "Then I suppose you know me through and through by this time. Tell me the worst, I pray."

"The worst is no worse than your reputation."

"That is insulting or enigmatical, I don't know which."

"Then to be plainer I think a girl should beware of you; a married woman afraid of you, and a widow a match for you—not in the matrimonial sense."

"What a hopelessly bad reputation I must have."

"Is it undeserved?" she asked, looking him straight in the face.

"A criminal is never obliged to convict himself," he answered with a forced smile.

"Then, let us declare a truce. In the meantime you may get me an ice."

In the interim between the foregoing and a dinner at Mrs. Cortland's—the characteristics of which the following extract make plain—the plot gets a start. Ritchie Maitland decides to cultivate Miss Duncan for her influence as prompted by Komlossy, the Hungarian minister, and she makes up her mind that she does not love Jack Hardy, the worshipping army officer, who stands for virtue in the subsequent performance:

Mrs. Cortland's Sunday dinners were never dull.

They were always small, never too long and the guests were chosen with unerring tact. She abhorred functions, so the few officials who came on these occasions were invited as friends, not as functionaries. Mrs. Cortland was a leader of the exclusive set which boasted that but six senators and three congressmen were admitted within its folds. The number of cabinet minsters was proportionately large, but the administration was popular socially, as some of the so-called "cabinet ladies" entertained delightfully. None, however, was more popular than Violet Duncan. She was universally acknowledged to be the success of the administration. Violet had a standing dinner engagement with Mrs. Cortland for each alternate Sunday until Lent. This was irrefutable testimony of her popularity.

As Violet entered Mrs. Cortland's drawing-room the Sunday following her own reception she cast a hurried glance about the room. Weazen Komlossy was almost eclipsed on a distant divan by two matrons of bulging proportions. He always made it a point to talk to the woman who entertain, before dinner, so that after dinner he might devote himself to the women who amuse.

Mrs. Jack Elliott, a very pretty, very frivolous woman of twenty-five, was surrounded by a group of young secretaries and attaches, who laughed at her flighty remarks and paid her the extravagant compliments she courted. In a darkened corner Dick Willing, a good-looking, impecunious clerk in the State Department whom every girl liked, but none wanted to marry, was looking into the eyes of a young heiress to millions. This called forth sinister glances from the dark face of Count Joam de Albuquerque, the Portuguese secretary, whose monthly custom was to lay his title at the feet of this girl, with protestations of affection on his lips and predilections for the millions in his heart.

Now Maitland begins the attack on the lovely heroine. He is fascinating, remember, and very handsome, and in Paris his country people were not good enough for him. This is how the polished and charming diplomat talks:

"Have you taken them all in, Miss Duncan?" said Maitla, who had been watching her.

"Yes, I think I have."

"Then you can tell me who are wearing last year's gowns made over."

"That can be easily told by the expression of a woman's face. There is a self-consciousness in the possession of a new dress that few can disguise."

"Then there is something beside love which a woman's face cannot dissemble."

"But a woman can always conceal love when it suits her purpose."

"Not from the man she loves."

Violet laughed. "What a thoroughly conceited member of your sex you must be."

"You misunderstand me. I am merely talking theoretically, not from experience."

"I suppose you wish me to believe that you are one of those insufferable men who insist that they have never been in love."

"On the contrary I have never been loved."

"How fulsomely modest."

Maitland sipped his sherry. "One must love several times before learning how to win love."

"So you think you are a master of the art."

"I am confident of it," he said half laughing."

Violet looked into his face. His assurance was so good natured and preposterous that it was scarcely definable as conceit.

It would be diverting to comment on the extraordinary way these ladies and gentlemen of Mr. Taylor's fancy chaff one another about each other's most intimate affairs, and to outline the courtship of Maitland, which is a compound of palmistry and cynicism—but there is not space. It would be amusing to rveal the remarkable plot and to travesty the final situation, but it is unnecessary to be obvious or to point morals in the presence of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor.

C.

## BOOK NOTES

The leading article of the November *Ladies' Home Journal* is "The First Thanksgiving Dinner," by Clifford Howard. It is a well written sketch of the hardships and sufferings of the early Pilgrim settlers. Lillian Bell describes her first days in London, and George L. Weed tells of Dr. Whitman's adventures in Oregon. Reginald DeKoven contributes a waltz and Henry Kellar explains a few of his tricks.

The two latest numbers of *The Temple* contain "A Stronger Home," by Helen Campbell, and "The Captain's Dream," by Paul Tyner. Miss Campbell's sketch is a plea for the new woman and a sort of protest against unnecessary kitchen work. "The Captain's Dream" is a narration of personal experience at sea, veined with sympathy and sentiment.

Edward Maslin Hulme publishes a new booklet of verse *At Twilight* (H. S. Crocker Company), written during his under graduate course at Stanford University. The Lyrics are generally pleasing; in particular "A Twilight Song" and "When Love Shall Come."

*What to Eat*, for November, contains a number of appropriate suggestions for Thanksgiving, an article on "Servants Abroad," by F. T. Charles, and a treatise, "Kissing for Dyspepsia," by C. P. Burton.

The heroine of G. B. Burgin's new novel *Fortune's Football* (D. Appleton & Co.), is the daughter of a dead dramatist whose great play has been stolen by the villain. She is young and traditionally beautiful, and, as a sort of life work, takes it on herself to track the plagiarist to the end. This she does in a most dramatic manner, to the satisfaction of everyone but the villain. The plot is little above the ordinary, but the unravelling is rather cleverly done. Bright bits of dialogue add much to the interest of the tale.

*A Soldier of Manhattan* (D. Appleton & Co.) is a new historical novel by Joseph A. Altsheler, author of *The Sun of Saratoga*. The scene is set in the colonial period, and the story is narrated in the first person by a young American in the British army, who relates his adventures at Ticonderoga and Quebec. These adventures are all that a young and handsome hero should have—attended with the requisite risk and success. The manners of the times are utilized, military engagements are graphically described and interest throughout the tale is generally well sustained.

Another story of adventure, but of more romantic mold, is *The Clash of Arms* by John Bloundelle-Burton (D. Appleton & Co.) The scene is in England and France in the time of Charles II. and Louis XIV. The hero, a young Englishman, starts out in search for revenge upon his successful rival, and after some delay and much fighting, finally succeeds in getting it. The story, which is well connected, is entertainingly told, to the usual accompaniment of duels, top-boots, flagons of wine, swaggering gallants and the other necessities of romantic fiction.

*Paste Jewels*, by John Kendrick Bangs (Harper & Brothers), is termed on the title page "seven tales of domestic woe." It describes the typical experiences in housekeeping of a young couple during the first few years of their married life. The deceptive jewels are sundry domestics, who start out well, but finally prove themselves disappointing. There are seven sketches in the book, all of them touched with Mr. Bang's characteristic humor. The last is a study of an eccentric creature, a maid whose character deteriorated with kindness, and who found her redemption in cruel and abusive treatment.


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## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### An Analysis of the Berkeley-Reliance Footall Match.

On ground that resembled a mortar-bed more than a football field, California and Reliance each scored four points in a game that was virtually won by the clubmen. The field was so utterly unfit for play that deduction based on the playing is worthless. The only minutes that tested the worth of the elevens came toward the end of the game, when the ball was on dry ground in the west end of the field. Reliance clearly outclassed the collegemen, and every Berkeley heart went down. Fouling and holding in the line were so frequent and so general that it was almost impossible to penalize one side at a time, as the offenses of that eleven were neutralized by similar fouls of the other.

* *

Smith and Carter were the bright stars of the day, their really extraordinary play shining particularly when contrasted with the less than mediocre play of most of the other men on the field. Code, Greisberg, Ludlow and Haskell may be excepted from this charge of mediocrity. The defense of the first two was at times almost brilliant, and Ludlow has evidently found the place where he can put his football abilities to the best use for his college. Haskell got the ball out fairly, considering the condition of the grounds. In defense he was good, and used judgment in calling signals. His work in speeding plays and encouraging the players was the best any quarter has shown this year.

* *

Captain Hall handled kicks in better style than was expected, showing marked improvement in this. On a dry field he ought to rival Murphy. Unfortunately his running game from a lineup seems to have suffered. He showed a tendency to leave his interference at the wrong time when carrying the ball, and he did not always take the man he should when interfering. The impression left after the game was that Carter and Morse are in a class by themselves as halfbacks, being far the best individuals for that position we have seen here. And, that when at his best, Smith is head and shoulders above Hobbs, Carle and Fickert, who are easily superior to any other guards on the Coast.

* *

One thing is certain, that Mr. Nott's men will improve at least twenty-five per cent in the three weeks before the final match. Their offense gives promise of becoming brilliant, but it seems useless to hope for anything like a strong consistent defense from them. The men do not seem to grasp their individual duties when defending their own goal. Like all inexperienced teams they will fight hard and well for a time and then slump, letting the simplest play disconcert and demoralize them. Still with three weeks to play before Thanksgiving something better in the way of defensive play may be developed. If Mr. Nott is equal to the seemingly impossible task, and can get as good work from his men when their opponents hold the ball as when the Californians are attacking, then we may expect the blue and gold to give good account of itself against the apparently invincible Stanford eleven.

* *

Besides the California-Reliance match, three games of football were played on Saturday last that should interest all who care for the sport. They were fought by elevens from the preparatory schools in and about San Francisco. These schools and others forming the Academic Athletic League are struggling for supremacy. By a process of weeding and elimination the weaker elevens are dropped earlier in the season. The matches of last week were the first of the semi-finals. Hoitt's and Belmont Schools won the right to compete in the final series. St. Matthews School, too, will be represented, and either Lowell or the Polytechnic High School. Which one of the latter elevens will compete must be determined by a game yet to be played, as their last meeting resulted in a tie game. It seems that either Hoitt's School or Belmont will prove to have the best eleven, with probabilities favoring the former, although St. Matthews may have a bare chance in the last series.

* *

The eleven from Burlingame (Hoitt's), is heavier than any Coast school has yet had, and, coached by Mr. Lafayette, a resident instructor, it has developed remarkably effective play. Under the tutelage of Oscar Taylor, the best of California's backs, and a gentleman to whom football is an open book, Belmont school has for two seasons had a well-balanced, fast and accurate playing eleven. Between Hoitt's and Belmont there should be played a game well worth any one's watching, and, moreover, a game from which the college players might glean some lessons in play. Last year St. Matthew's School sent out the champion eleven, but the graduation of a number of their best men, notably Initzer end, Burmeister tackle, Johnson fullback, and Henion guard, has left them weak, especially as no new material has come in that can take the place of the old. However, the present light team is doing good work, and with the prestige of last year's victory may give a good account of itself.

* *

The pleasant thing about all this interest of the secondary schools in football is not, as some assure us, that college football of the future will be bettered by the men who come from them. It is that the masters and instructors have come to realize the educational value of the game, and that through it they will come more and more to realize the value all athletics have for the mind and hearts of healthy boys.

* *

The great evil of latter-day boy life is the lack of enthusiasm and the absence of that discipline of respect that Matthew Arnold declares to be the basis of all enduring society. If it were only that football demanded a daily half hour of full enthusiasm, and that the playing made a boy willing to respect authority, as embodied in his captain and coach, the game would be worth all the bruises and bumps that make it a bugbear to anxious mothers. But its value does not end here, the lesson of suiting action to thought, the impotency of the individual and the power of co-operation, the necessity for precision and the fact that precision and perfection come only to the patient, are all reiterated in the daily practice. It is a common thing to see a faltering, half-hearted boy, in one season of football play, grow to be self-reliant and enthusiastic. The best of our educators have come to recognize athletics as a power in making clean, healthy-minded men of boys in their charge, and there is no form of athletics that offers more possibilities for development than football.

* *

The future of athletics lies in the hands of those who are now high school boys. If their athletics can be kept scrupulously clean now, in the future they will keep others to the standards that they have come to know indispensable. It is, indeed, a pleasure to know that such a splendid organization as the Academic Athletic League is quietly, but insistently, doing so much for the present and future health of amateurism. The following account of the organization and its work, by a gentleman who is enthusiastic and untiring in his labors for it, is printed with a great deal of pleasure:

"Discerning sportsmen are appreciating more and more the excellent work that our California youngsters are doing to encourage high-grade amateur sport. Some years ago what was known as the Four A's was formed, with comparatively few schools in membership. This organization gave way to the Academic Athletic League of California. Sixteen high-schools and private schools are now enrolled as members. Two field-days are held each year in San Francisco or Oakland, and hotly-contested games of football, baseball, tennis and cycling are held regularly.

Nearly all the best athletes in the University of California, and not a few of those at Stanford, got their first track enthusiasm in the A. A. L. Over three thousand spectators viewed their field-day at the Olympic grounds in this city last month. Records were broken, as they always are at A. A. L. meets, and Plaw of the Oakland High School was well worth seeing when he broke the world's record for the 12-lb. hammer throw. He sent his hammer flying in excellent form. The feature of the day was the presence of a team from Ukiah High School. The Ukiah boys, by their pluck and perseverance, took back to the mountains a handful of points as a result of their efforts.

The boys of the A. A. L. are now intensely interested in their series of football games. Last year Oakland High School, after holding the football championship for several years, gave way to the finely organized team from St. Matthew's School, San Mateo. Two of the men of the latter team—Manley and Eurmeister—played for Stanford in the freshman game last Saturday, and a third—Snitzer—is doing good work at Yale. Fifteen teams have been playing out the preliminary games, and about eight will take part in the semi-finals which begin to-day. These semi-finals will be played in San Francisco, and we advise our older football enthusiasts to attend if they want to see some first-rate gridiron work. It is difficult to foretell the outcome, as yet, but if one may judge from the preliminary score, Hoitt's School and Belmont School are well in the lead, with St. Matthew's a good third. Hoitt's School relies on the unusual weight and strength of her men, together with good training. Belmont is lighter, but is said to play a quick, snappy game, developed by a first-class coach. Oakland High School has lost some good players through the establishment of the Central High School, and suffered a bad defeat from Stockton High School three weeks ago. Stockton, by the way, may prove to be a dark horse.

These youngsters are indeed keeping things lively. And the best thing to their credit is the fact that their sport is absolutely clean. The president, Mr. F. W. Hall of Oakland, is an official of the P. A. A., and to him is due in large degree the present excellent condition of the League. A good example these boys set for the members of our older clubs. We are glad to hear that at the last meeting of their Board of Directors a proposed amendment allowing men over 21 years of age to compete in League contests was voted down. An academic or scholastic league should keep older players out. As the A. A. L. stands now it is unquestionably the best and cleanest scholastic association in the United States."

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### Shifted Interest.

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So, rouse ye braves with flaunting hair,
While echoing over hill and plain
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Who heeds the diplomatic row
Conducted in soft, civil tones?
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# TURF TOPICS

## Marquise and Spunwell Each Score a Brace of Victories.

The unfortunate accident which led to the two-year-old filly Flamelia being destroyed last week, decided Mr. Charles L. Fair to retire from the ranks of owners. As he promised to be a liberal supporter of the turf, and is fond of the sport, this is a matter of general regret, and it is hoped that he may yet reconsider his determination and once more try his luck, which since he first embarked on the cares and finaucial responsibilities of ownership, has certainly been very disheartening.

A rainy spell towards the latter part of last week made the going at Ingleside heavy, and fields below the average in number. The most interesting event on Thursday, was the five-furlong scramble for maiden two-year-olds, in which a baker's dozen faced the gate and got away nicely, though the actual race resulted practically in a match between the Flambeau gelding Catawba and Atkin & Lottridge's Al Koran, the latter of which is a big colt by imp. Duncombe that looks as if he wants a little more time. The former just landed the money after holding the lead throughout- the only other runner up any part of the way besides Al Koran having been the filly Bodacia. In the mile race for all ages, the two-year-olds Fonsavannah and Don Luis were first and second, respectively, and the day's proceedings closed with a win on the part of Fleur de Lis, over seven furlongs, with Aquinas, Osric II, Horatio and The Roman strung out behind her.

Again on Friday the two-year-old events were the feature of the day's sport. In a field of fifteen Atkin & Lottridge's Spunwell, by imp. Duncombe-Spinning Time, captured the $400 purse; Lord Marmion by St. Carlo, and Novia by imp. Islington, second and third respectively, being the only other youngsters that showed the least ability to keep him company. In another five-eighths of a mile spin for two-year-olds Highland Ball justified the favorable impression formed regarding him being her closest attendants. Marquise, 107 lbs., who was chopped at the start and late in getting into her stride, made up little ground for the first half-mile, after which Wilson began to make use of her fine speed, and by the time he had rounded the turn for home had placed the little mare within a couple of lengths of Grady, who was a like distance from Tea Rose III. From that point matters became very interesting. The last named mare kept command to the paddock, but her speed being then exhausted, Grady drew up on even terms and Marquise was fast joining issue with the pair. From the betting ring to the finish it was hammer and tongs every inch of the way for the trio, and while Grady seemed to be just doing Tea Rose III on the post by a nose, Marquise cleverly scored the trick over him by the same almost imperceptible interval. It was a grand race, gallantly won by the Miser mare, and ridden capitaly by Wilson. Having regard to the ground Marquise lost at the start and the speed she showed in the run in, it is pretty evident that we have yet to see how good a mare this is. In the seven furlongs with conditions, Altamax, 112 lbs, now grown into a big powerful colt, had little trouble in landing the money, imp. Trance, 105 lbs., making the running and beating Horatio, 108 lbs., and Hohenzollern, 107 lbs., quite handily for second place.

Tuesday last was not a satisfying day. The best event was the six furlongs for two-year-olds, in which a dozen showed their colors. The field was practically cut in two by a bad start, and Bliss Rucker, 111 lbs., from whom great things were expected, was included amongst the moiety of disappointed ones. Miss Remsen, 103 lbs., soon assumed command and won comfortably, with Prestar, a fairly promising son of imp. Prestonpans, second a head in front of Catawba, 108 lbs. This race is no guide whatever in the way of form.

Wednesday gave us the best weather and track yet seen, and with the weekly free day for ladies, there was a large attendance. In a selling race for two-year-olds the imp. Duncomb colt Spunwell added another bracket to his name and won pretty much as he liked in the hands of Cawson. A seven furlong dash produced a good race between Satsuma, 110 lbs., and Libertine, 108 lbs., the former

BR. C. SPUNWELL (2 yrs.) imp. Duncombe-Spinning Time — Clawson up

by getting home in front, with Hermoso the only one in the field of nine that made him exert himself at all.

Saturday was another day of small fields, about half a dozen going to the post in each event. In the mile race for two-year-olds, Morellito, 106 lbs., and Los Prietos, 103 lbs., had things pretty much to themselves, the other four runners being altogether out-paced, though Estro, 101 lbs., made a bid for honors at the head of the stretch, but was unable to hold his ground. Piggott found it necessary to keep the good Morello colt at work to shake off Los Prietos and eventually landed him a length and a half ahead. In the Golden West Stakes $1,000 for three-year-olds, 1½ miles, six out of an original entry of twenty-seven put in an appearance, Marquise, 109 lbs., Grady, 115 lbs., being the only ones seriously fancied and Del Paso II being a moderate third favorite in the betting. As soon as they had settled down to work the two latter moved in front, with Marquise lying in the rear until well into the backstretch, when Wilson placed her handily in waiting on the leaders, who were apparently well matched. Before reaching the final run for home the Miser's daughter with little effort showed a clean pair of heels to her field and came into the straight with a couple of lengths or so to spare and running free to the end of the journey won in easy style, without showing the least signs of distress, proving himself to be an exceedingly choice piece of racing property. Del Paso II outlasted Grady and finished second with three or four lengths to the good, Atticus, Peter the Second and Billy McClosky beaten off.

As an exposition of sport Monday was the best day's racing we have yet had. In the two-year-old race, ⅞ mile, the Midlothian colt Don Luis won by sheer grit, helped by Piggott's determined riding. Colonel Dan showed up badly in this event, and seems to have no racing ambition, although early in the year he gave signs of being above the average. The mile handicap produced a first-class contest with a most exciting finish. Tea Rose III carrying 104 lbs. made the running in accordance with her usual tactics and came into the straight with a clear lead of fully a couple of lengths, Thelma, 90 lbs., and Grady, 116 lbs., securing the verdict by a short head, while Summertime, 104 lbs., made a good showing. A field of eleeven in the hurdle handicap, of very mixed quality and uncertain soundness, made the 1½ mile course in perfect safety at a fast pace, the result, The Bachelor, 140 lbs, first, J. O. C. 150 lbs., second, and Arundel, 143 lbs., third, being pretty true to form and in accordance with the ring operations.

Principle has succumbed to expediency, the Ingleside management on Wednesday last having authorized Mr. Caldwell to use a recall flag with the gate. Not wishing to inflict my own opinions further on the public I will only say that recent conversation with experienced owners, trainers and jockeys has shown me that the majority of these men are in favor of an absolute start when the barrier rises. It may as well be understood that the flag has been brought into requisition to please the general public, whose opinions on racing questions are chiefly based on the gambling instinct; and, unfortunately for the cause of sport, racing associations cannot afford, as things stand, to disregard their wishes.

Next Monday the scene will change to Oakland, when we shall have the mile Opening Handicap, and a special match at level weights between St. Calatine and Napamax. Both events promise to be interesting. The programme for the first two weeks of the Oakland meeting provides for five races daily, except on the twelfth day when six are scheduled. Exclusive of stakes the purses range from 300 to 500 dollars in each raee.

I am informed on good authority that Mr. Macdonough has refused a bona fide offer of $8,000 for his yearling colt by imp. Ormonde out of imp. Countess of Langden by Hampton, which was shipped to New York with two other Ormonde yearlings a little while ago.

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club has wisely extended the date of closing seven stakes for two-year-olds, foals of 1896, originally fixed for 15th instant, to January 15, 1898.

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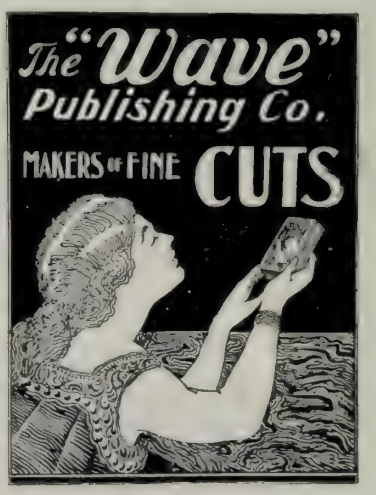

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Winter Meeting 1897-8, beginning Monday, November 15th.
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, rain or shine. Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p.m. sharp.
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| Bakersfield ..... | 4 40 am | " |
| Barstow ..... | 4 55 pm | " |
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| Flagstaff ..... | 10 15 am | " |
| Albuquerque ... | 10 25 pm | " |
| Las Vegas..... | 4 00 am | Thursday |
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### ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

Assessment ..... No. 82
Amount per share ..... 20 cents
Levied ..... November 2, 1897
Delinquent in office ..... December 7, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock ..... December 29, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF EUDORA A. CHAMBERS, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, R. C. Chambers, Executor of the will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said R. C. Chambers, at the law offices of Franklin K. Lane, rooms 201-202 Crocker Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

R. C. CHAMBERS,
Executor of the Will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November [illegible]

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ROBERT A. ROSE, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 3, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adminis-trator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose Deceased.

Date Lat San Francisco, October 26th, 1897

J. D. Sullivan
Attorney for Administrator

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the second (2d) day of November, 1897, an assessment (No. 63) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of December, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless paid before, will be sold on Tuesday the twenty-eighth (28th) day of December, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Kentuck Consolidated Mining Company

Assessment ..... No. 14
Amount per share ..... 5 cents
Levied ..... October 27, 1897
Delinquent in office ..... December 1, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock ..... December 22, 1897

AUG. WATERMAN, Secretary.
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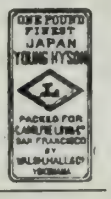


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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

A story is told of old Lord Selkirk in the days when symmetrical arrangement was considered the height of good gardening. One day he found a boy shut up in the summer-house at the end of the terrace at St. Mary's Isle, and was informed by his gardener, who was, of course, a Scotchman, that it was for stealing apples. On reaching the other end of the terrace, where there was another summer-house, Selkirk beheld the gardeners' son looking dolefully out of the window. "Eh, John, what's this? Has your boy been stealing too?" "Nay, nay, my lord," was the answer—"I just put him in for seemetery."

Though the late poetess, Miss Jean Ingelow, had written charmingly of nightingales, she never heard one sing. She was stopping at a country house in England, and made this confession. So one night the whole household went out in the moonlight especially to hear them, and after, by an effort, holding their tongues for five minutes, while the nightingales sang divinely, they were startled by Miss Ingelow's asking, "Are they singing? I don't hear anything." With a Londoner's dread of draughts, the poetess, before going out in the night air, had filled her ears with cotton wool."

The habit of the firm of Smith & Son, who control the railway book service of England in settling for publications, is to make the check payable to the title of the book "or bearer." James Payn tells of having sold a number of his novels to the cheap edition department, receiving in return two drafts—the first made out to "*Family Scapegrace* or bearer" and the second to "*Found Dead* or bearer." The bank clerk, who received the second check, looked at it carefully. "A good thing it is 'payable to bearer,'" he said, "and not to order, otherwise it would have had to be signed by your executors!"

A story of Verdi's hatred of hand-organs is told with much corroborative detail by a journalist who visited him once at Moncalieri. He says that Verdi lived in one room as sleeping-room, study and dining-room. But the composer opened the doors and showed two much larger rooms in the distance. They were filled with hand-organs. "On my arrival," the maestro said, "these organs played airs from 'Rigoletto,' 'Trovatore,' and other operas of mine, and that angered me so that I rented the lot for the season. It cost me $300, but I had peace, at all events."

A Member of Congress, wishing to conciliate an old captain of a mine, a voter, sent him a splendid pine-apple. "I hope you liked the pine-apple!" he said to the old man when he met him a few days afterwards. "Well, yes, thankee—pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em." "How did you eat it, then?" asked the M. C. "Well," said the old man, "we boiled 'im." "Boiled it!" cried the M. C. in horror. "Yes, sir—we boiled 'm with a leg of mutton."

A Roman deacon was sent for to baptize a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. "Tea," he reasoned, "contains water, the rest is but accident," and proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness, so he went in search of water, and, having found some, watered the tea down to a more reasonable color, christened the baby with it and reported the circumstance, as a case of conscience, to his superior. It had not occurred to him, having found the water, to use it by itself.

When Rubinstein was traveling through the United States on a concert tour, it chanced that Barnum's Circus followed almost exactly the route chosen by the great Russian. On one occasion, when the train was filled with snake-charmers, acrobats, clowns, and the like, the guard, perhaps noticing Rubinstein's remarkable appearance, went up to him and said, "Do you belong to the show, sir?" Turning his leonine head with a savage shake, Rubinstein growled fiercely, "Sir, I am the show!"

A witness once appeared before Judge Hunt in the Superior Court of San Francisco with his head enveloped in surgical bandages. The case on trial was one for damages arising out of a collision between two barges in the bay of San Francisco. Turning to the witness, the judge said, "I did not catch what you said you were." "I am a mariner, your Honor." "Ah, I see," said the judge in those soft tones which are so characteristic of him—"now outward bound!"

A certain struggling lawyer in a small Ohio town received a call for advice from a farmer. The codes were taken down and the advice administered, and $3 for fee was the charge. The client handed him a five-dollar bill. The lawyer flushed, explored his pockets, looked disappointed, turned over his papers and then, taking down the codes again, remarked, "I'll give you two more dollars worth of advice."

Marshall Wilder was standing in front of Wallack's Theatre in New York recently, and was pulling out a cigar when M. H. de Young of the *Chronicle* stopped in front of him. "Hello, de Young," said the humorist, "have a cigar?" "Yes," returned de Young; "what's the matter with it?"

"Now, Thomas," said a certain bishop, after taking his servant to task one morning, "who is it that sees all we do, and hears all we say, and knows all we think, and who regards even me in my bishop's robes as but a vile worm of the dust?" And Thomas replied, "The missus, sir."

A raw Scottish lad had joined the Volunteers, and on the first parade-day his sister and his mother came to see the corps. At the march-past Jack was singled out by his sister, who exclaimed, "Look, mither—they're a' oot of step but oor Jock!"


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# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 47 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 20. 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN CALIFORNIA RACEHORSES

Photos by Hodson

# THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897


CONTENTS


Editorials ... 2
An Open Letter to Mayor Phelan ... 2
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, by William Henry Hudson ... 3
Things and People, by Boswell Jr. ... 3-5
"Shorty Stack, Pugilist", by Frank Norris ... 5
Dean Farrar's Memories ... 7
The Racing Season, by Benedict ... 7
Scenes at the Ingleside and Oakland Race Tracks ... 8-9
A Debutante's Diary ... 10
The Theatres ... 11
Europe's Mother-in-Law ... 12
The Prince's Supper-Club ... 12
Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter ... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ... 14
Finance and Trade ... 15
New Stories Re-Told ... 16


## MORE MILITARY FOOLISHNESS.

Nothing could demonstrate more clearly the general ignorance of the American people as to their military condition, and their general indifference to the subject, than the result of certain resolutions adopted recently by the Chamber of Commerce of the city of New York in favor of a large increase of the artillery force of our army. In any other country in the world such a declaration from the representative commercial body of a commercial capital would have been made only after careful inquiry and deliberation resulting in a conviction of the need of increased protection. A demand for an increase of defensive strength made under such circumstances would be of very serious significance.

But the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce possessed no such importance. The Chamber was probably "worked" by some of the military gentlemen who are interested in procuring an increase of the strength of the army, with certain "merely incidental" promotions which will accrue to themselves. The commercial gentlemen of the Chamber probably passed the resolutions in a perfunctory, but kindly way, knowing little and caring less about the matter, but quite willing to oblige the military gentlemen. But the military workers, in furtherance of their self-centered benevolence, saw to it that the resolutions, once safely adopted, were advertised as widely as the press reports could carry them. When these reports reached the European commercial centers their significance was judged by the standards prevailing in all countries in which the military strength of the nation and its ability to defend itself from aggression are matters of permanent interest to the public. Judged by such standards, the New York resolutions could mean nothing but the imminence of war. They were taken as an exhibition of proverbial sensitiveness of capital in the face of danger, and the foreign capitalist proceeded forthwith to unload his American securities. The day after the resolutions were so kindly adopted and so widely advertised something like $25,000,000 was knocked off the quoted prices of the securities dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange. Some few fortunate bears may be grateful for this unexpected result, but it is safe to predict that the next detail of military workers who set out to work that Chamber of Commerce will be received with harsh language and will be thrust out like foolish prophets.

We have a Chamber of Commerce here in San Francisco, a body rich in resolutions and fertile in memorials to Congresses and Legislatures on all sorts of subjects. And our Chamber has likewise been honored by the attentions of the military workers and has responded obligingly with the resolutions so politely asked for. Fortunately, our Chamber is so well known locally, and so totally unknown everywhere else, that no calamity in Pine Street or Wall Street is to be looked for in consequence of any of its acts or omissions or declarations. The Chamber declares that it wants more artillerymen for the defense of our harbor, yet it is more than probable that the entire commercial and resolutionary body could not recognize an artilleryman unless a sample duly labelled and certified were furnished them.

More than a year ago the only fortifications of San Francisco were deliberately stripped of artillery soldiers and turnde over to an infantry garrison, by the same military men who have so cheerfully "worked" the Chamber of Commerce for a set of resolutions calling for more artillery troops. That there ever was any honest military motive for such an insane proceeding is beyond credibility; that it was a direct sacrifice of the public welfare and a deliberate injury to the military branch of the public service is only too evident. If the Chamber of Commerce had any knowledge of, or any real interest in the defense of our harbor, the voice of that body would long ago have been raised in denunciation of such a gross betrayal of a public duty. But the Chamber found no voice until requested to pipe up the demand of the military mandarins—for more military playthings. And, significantly enough, as soon as the Chamber had meekly passed the desired resolutions, an order was issued from the military mandarins sending one-half of the scant handful of artillery soldiers remaining in the defenses of San Francisco to San Diego. There are no guns at San Diego, to be sure, but to have guns without gunners in one place, and gunners without guns in all the other places that may require defenses, seems to be an arrangement well devised to exhibit the military character and the military wisdom of the collection of mandarins we have on hand.

If the Chamber of Commerce wants to form a reasonable opinion of its own as to what is needed for the defense of San Francisco, let it appoint a committee to inquire into the present condition and disposal of the force available now. And let inquiry be made as to what would be the advantage of having any additional force of men and guns if they are to be only playthings of ignorant, capricious or designing officers. Then let the Chamber find a voice of it own to express its own conclusions and its utterances will be entitled to and will receive respect. We need more artillerymen for our coast defenses, just as we need more cavalrymen and more infantrymen for our protection. But most of all we need a public opinion which will not tolerate ignorance and imbecillity—or worse—in the administration of the army any more than in the Treasury or in the courts.

## THE NEW CHARTER

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HON. JAMES D. PHELAN, MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Wave is moved to address this open letter to you in the interest of good government and honest reform in municipal affairs. While not always approving your official course, this journal has never questioned the integrity of your intentions. We have been just and fair to you. We have consistently supported you and your administration, and, in so doing, have passed without criticism official and quasi-official acts that chafed sorely against the principles we advocate. While omitting to criticise you, we have never failed to applaud your course when it deserved approbation. Neither slurs, nor ridicule, nor slanderous attacks have ever crept into these columns concerning you. Within the acquaintance of the writer, there are a score of high-minded, honorable men whose good opinion you once might claim, and whose esteem was well worth having, who now speak of you unkindly, and attribute to you unworthy, selfish and ignoble motives. The Wave refuses to partake of this unkind sentiment, and while it believes you have not always been right, and that you have sometimes been misled, affirms its faith in your honesty and sincerity of purpose. Having thus established our relations toward you, we feel free to address you as one man would another, in perfect frankness, upon a subject wherein both are equally interested.

There is soon to be chosen a Board of Freeholders whose duty it will be to frame and submit to the voters a new fundamental law for this municipaiity. The writer does not assume that you will be able to control or determine the spirit that will animate these Freeholders, but your influence should, and doubtless will be, great in shaping and directing the course of many among their number. Your high office — the active part you have taken so far in the movement, would seem to insure this much, and it is in that connection, for your own success and the success of the charter itself, this journal would address you—indeed, warn you.

This city stands wofully in need of a new charter. Few honest men acquainted with the tattered and patched up law of to-day will deny that. But the need is not greater than that which existed at the time the last charter was defeated, and the charter preceding it. A new charter was no less a necessity then than it is to-day. Yet all past efforts in that direction have failed, and not without reason. The promoters and sponsors of former charters were just as enthusiastic, and just as sanguine of success, as will be the promoters of this movement. They failed; and unless from their experience we take profit now, this charter will meet diaster too.

We may fairly start in with the proposition that the majority of the voters of San Francisco are honest men. This being conceded, it would then seem that the very essence of simple common sense would suggest the preparation of a charter that would not be obnoxious to honest men, and so secure its adoption. There are forms of "honesty," however, that are most pernicious. The Socialist who would deny you the right to own real property that was acquired by inheritance from your father, would, no doubt, hotly resent any imputation directed against his honesty. Indeed, the virtue to which he lays most violent claim, is his "honesty;" yet it would not be wise to accept the Socialist's standard of honesty to measure up the merits of our charter or to influence its scope or expand its purpose. There are other extremists who hug weird notions of property rights, and have radical ideas of municipal regulation of quasi-public institutions, who are also "honest" men, if measured by their own self-created, self-erected principles of right and wrong. But measured by the broad, universal principles that govern civilized man in every land under God's canopy, these men are neither honest nor are they just. Their "honesty" consists in unfairly taking from one man that which the law and common justice makes his; and, as did the highwayman of romance, they would distribute to the many the stolen goods they have neither earned nor created. An extension of the principle advocated by these "honest" men would soon absorb the Phelan block, the banks, and end—no man may foretell where. It is not wise — indeed, it is dangerous in the extreme to encourage or to compromise with this most pernicious sentiment. The destiny of our government is not threatened by unlettered ignorance among its voters one quarter as much as it is by the damnable "isms" that have taken root in the half-barren intellects of half-educated zealots.

The main object to be sought in framing a new charter; indeed, sir, the only rational object to be sought is the securing to this municipality of an honest and economical government, honest elections, and honest administrations. There is not within the corporate limits of this municipality an honest man who would object to a charter framed solely and simply to accomplish this broad, beneficent purpose. There is not a newspaper, daily or weekly, that would dare conspire, in the interest of bossism, to the defeat of such a charter. There is not room for a single doubt that such a charter would be overwhelmingly adopted. It would have enemies, no doubt. There are dishonest men in plenty who would attempt its defeat. Political bosses and their lambs; ballot-box stuffers and repeaters; the vile and wretched outcasts who live on the offal that floats down the sewers of municipal politics, would oppose such a charter—vigorously, cunningly, desperately—but, in the end, hopelessly. Such a charter, dominated by a broad, honest and liberal spirit, confining itself to its own business—the business of government—could not be defeated.

The political boss is full of cunning, however; shrewdness marks his every thought, and indirection his every act. He is powerful to-day simply because we have not such a charter as we mention. He does not propose to have placed before the people the clean cut issue of "honesty and economy" as against "bossism and extravagance." It is to his vital interest to make the document, which he fears, just as obnoxious, just as fearful and just as threatening to as many different interests as it is possible to do by hook or crook. In that direction lies his only safety, and there, too, lurks the danger to the charter. His cunning tells him that his efforts must be directed towards having injected into the charter as many attacks as possible on property rights, on water and gas companies, on telephone and telegraph companies, and to accomplish this end he has a most useful and active tool and ally in the probably well-meaning but hopelessly stupid ass who has devised a charter provision to knock the breath out of some large corporate interest. The heart of a Rainey warms towards the poor creature with theories and plans concerning franchises and corporations, for such measures hopelessly alienate from the charter just so many honest votes that would otherwise be cast in its favor. They frighten honest men of means, they send terror to the mind of the prudent man who has his savings invested in dividend paying stocks, they serve notice on every man of property that he too may be in danger, and in doing all this the zealot with an "ism" is simply serving the ends of the Boss, whom all decent men despise.

It would seem to be using bad judgment to imperil the fate of good government for the mere sake of indulging in hostility toward corporations. It would seem as though the first and foremost desire should be to obtain a clean-cut fundamental law. It would seem as though common sense and past experience would urge a rigid adherence to this single purpose. Such a charter could be amended hereafter. If there arose a general demand for some special provision the question could be placed before the people as a clean-cut issue without imperilling the entire charter. And we ask you, sir, in the interest of all, to use your influence, whatever it may be, toward securing a charter that will be entirely free from socialism, agrarianism or similar offensive, unwise and mischievous provisions. We ask you to advocate the policy of trusting to amendment hereafter to secure whatever of that nature may seem to be necessary or expedient. You may reply that a three-fifths vote is required to adopt an amendmeut, while a majority vote would adopt the same provision if in the original charter. Such an answer would be a lamentable confession of weakness on the part of the popularity of such measures. The advocates of these strange innovations and harsh impositions pretend to believe the community would be unanimous in their favor, and it is a pitiable confession to admit that three men out of every five cannot be expected to give their willing adherence to doctrines so loudly and patriotically advanced in the name of the "people."

We ask you, sir, to use your influence for a charter dealing with government pure and simple, and not to imperil its fate, or endanger municipal decency, by proposing a fundamental law with obnoxious provisions repugnant to a large body of respectable citizens, who equally with you are interested iu Home Rule and honest, economical municipal government.

*Editor The Wave.*

Rearing babies by the incubator system is the latest medical device. One of these institutions has been established in New York, and there are several in France. Out of 850,- babies born during a year in France, 135,000 of them have perished because they came too soon. The incubator absolutely agrees to save any child, exempt from hereditary disease, that weighs not less than 2 pounds and 3 ounces, provided the child is put in the incubator soon enough. The records of the Paris institution are interesting. Eight children who weighed less than 2 pounds (actual records say 1 kilogram, which is 2.2 pounds) died the day of their birth. Of 36 children weighing from 2 to 3 pounds, 18 were saved. Of 72 weighing from 3 to 4 pounds, 52 were saved. Of 54 weighing from 4 to 5 pounds, 49 were saved. Of 14 weighing from 5 to 6 pounds, all were saved.

The Rev. Dr. Swallow of Kentucky, recently elected State Treasurer, overwhelmingly defeating the Quay contingent, is editor of the *Pennsylvania Methodist*, and rather an eccentric person. He is tall, angular, vain, and fond of notoriety and controversy. His ways are often theatrical, and during his campaign against the State officials, whom he charged with burning the Capitol for selfish motives, he often prayed publicly, and never made a move in the proceedings without first consulting God and then his wife, whose maiden name, by the way, was Robin. Despite these consultations he was most inaccurate in his statements, and his attacks on the Governor and the courts were often vicious and never stated in the language of the New Testament.

## THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

The publication in eight volumes of the collected works of Thomas Bailey Aldrich tempts us to say a few words about some of the more striking characteristics of a writer who now occupies a secure place in the world of American letters. First of all, we may touch upon the obvious fact that the sum-total of his production seems, in these days of facile pens and feverish book-making, astonishingly small. Mr. Aldrich has been before the public for rather over forty years, and during that time, following up the early and sudden success of the *Ballad of Baby Bell*, he has written with something like steadiness and regularity. Yet in respect of mere bulk, he is easily distanced by nearly all his contemporaries. On the other hand, the lack of inequalities in the volumes now before us, is no less remarkable. We may, of course, detect in them the differences of good and not-so-good; but the gaps are not nearly so great as we are accustomed to find in reading through the works of almost any one of our poets or novelists; and it may be added that, in this case, we never pass from the not-so-good to the utterly worthless or inane. This brings us upon the most important single quality in Mr. Aldrich's writing, alike in verse and in prose. From the outset, and all through his career, he has shown himself the highly-conscientious, as well as the finely-trained literary artist. He has been consistently intolerent of the slip-shod, the imperfect, the unfinished. He has never allowed himself to be seduced into hasty production or ill-considered utterance. Scrupulous care, literary sincerity, a lofty ideal of excellence, an artistic reserve most unusual in our time—these essentials of his genius and method go far to account, not only for the perfection of his best production, but also for the wonderfully high average maintained by him throughout. He has sought to write, not as much as possible, but always as well as possible.

It should, however, be added that another element of power here to be recognized, is the exactness with which Mr. Aldrich has gauged his own capacity and limitations. He seems quite early to have realized what was within and what was beyond his reach; and he acted wisely in deciding to do the one well, rather than fail, however nobly, in the other. An old-school critic, whose main business was to find out what an author had not attempted, and then abuse him for not having accomplished it, might here complain because, as poet especially, Mr. Aldrich has generally avoided large designs, the more serious kind of subject-matter. But by this time we understand that the essential thing is, not that a writer should give us this or the other, but that, whether this or the other, it should be of his best. Mr. Aldrich's poetic themes are often slight; he rarely deals with the darker problems, the deeper issues of life; like Keats—to whom he evidently owes much—he has never regarded as part of the poet's functions to usurp the role of preacher or prophet or seer. But that, understanding his genius so thoroughly, he is fully justified in the course pursued by the results achieved, is clearly shown by the simple fact that what he has chosen to give us in verse is practically unsurpassed in its kind.

His poetry, indeed, cannot fail to be a delight to those who love refinement of thought and feeling, the subtle melodies of metre, and a style so exquisitively delicate and chaste that a phrase or syllable amiss would be enough to ruin, by blatant contrast, the effect of a whole page. We note always in his work that unerring sense of the one word which of itself reveals the master. Another equally salient quality of his verse is its high pictorial power. His word-pictures are often beyond praise; to find their equal in delicacy and precision of touch, in photography accuracy of detail combined with artistic selectiveness, would be no easy task. "A poet—that means painter too," says Mr. Aldrich in the delightful *In an Atelier*. He himself is essentially a painter, and his delicately-wrought descriptions have all the vivid effect of perfect pictures. Nothing, for example, could be more admirable than the dainty landscape of *Before the Rain* and *After the Rain;* but there is scarcely a page on which the same picturesque power is not manifested.

Among Mr. Aldrich's more ambitious poetic efforts the highest rank must probably be given to *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book* and *Judith and Holofernes*. The former is an exceedingly touching mediæval legend of rare, romantic charm and sweetness; the latter, a recent work, is marked by the more classic qualities of dignity, concentration and reserve. The two poems stand in interesting contrast as regards method and style, but the description in them, thought quite differently wrought, are equally superb. No reader is likely to forget the Friar's passage through the "dim alcoves" of the cloister, in the one, or Judith's view of the Assyrian camp at midnight, in the other.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Aldrich's poetry contains the elements necessary to insure popularity; but in his prose fiction he has, of course, appealed to a wider circle of readers. Here his finest work is, characteristically enough, to be found in his short stories—in *Pere Antoine's Date Palm*, for example, and in the whole collection originally entitled *Marjorie Daw and Other People*. Respecting *Marjorie* itself, criticism is superfluous; it is one of those surprises in fiction which, in the nature of things, cannot but be infrequent, and if at first we are a trifle inclined to resent the disillusion which the author holds in store for us, we are forced to acknowledge the consummate skill with which the materials of the narrative are handled.

Even in his prose, Mr. Aldrich is beyond all things a poet, and his novels are essentially poet's novels. It is true that in *Prudence Palfrey*, and even more notably in *The Stillwater Tragedy*, he made successful excursions into the fiction of incident; but even in these cases, though the plots are well prepared and capitally managed, we feel that much of the charm depends on the delicacy of character drawing, and the vividness with which certain phrases of New England life are portrayed as seen through a pleasant atmoshere of romance. Hence, perhaps, the even greater fascination of *The Story of a Bad Boy* and the *Queen of Sheba*, for in these works the subject-matter is itself poetical, and lends itself naturally to Mr. Aldrich's half-realistic, half-romantic method. The former of these books is full of the purest, most buoyant poetry of childhood, and like Daudet's *La Petit Chose*, with the earlier portions of which it has a good deal in common, it is to some degree autobiographical. The latter may seem to the ordinary novel reader a little fantastic; but in conception, development, style, it seems to us to merit the very highest praise.

It is a pleasure to be able to add that, while we have now before us the collected works of Mr. Aldrich, we are not obliged to believe that these volumes will represent his complete works. He is not yet an old man, and it is not time for him to lay down the pen. Such verse, such prose, as his are of the utmost value to-day, for the splendid constrast they furnish to the crudeness, the laxity, the strain of violence, of so many of our western writers. And whatever else he may now add to his contribution to American letters, we may be sure that he will give us nothing unworthy of his well-earned reputation.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

That the Charter Convention is in earnest in its desire to create an inst.ument acceptable to this community is exhibited in the character of the men it has nominated as Freeholders. They are all fair-minded and honorable citizens, of conservative habit, representing the best instincts and most important interests of the community. Doubtless there will be some criticism of Joseph Bretton, who has rather allied himself with the socialistic forces, but he is a wealthy man with a considerable stake in the welfare of San Francisco, and it is irrational to presume he would participate in an attack on property interests. There are three Populists—Dr. Jerome Anderson, Alfred Cridge and Judge Thompson. Of these, Dr. Anderson was a member of the previous Board of Freeholders; and Mr. Cridge does hold socialistic theories, but he has made no attempt to force them on the Charter Convention. Altogether that organization is to be congratulated on the excellent discretion it has exhibited, for it has pledged its nominees to nothing but the cause of home rule, civil service and economical government. The charter, as formulated, undoubtedly contains provisions which further consideration will eliminate, but it is merely submitted as suggestive. There is no intention or suggestion of dictation. The nominations will be made in the name of the Citizens' Charter Convention, and will be endorsed by the Non-Partisan and by the straight Democratic Convention.

***

There is an impression current throughout the city that rather more politics is being done in this charter fight than the obvious necessities of the situation require. The enthusiasm of the Raineys, Currys and Crimminses is never motiveless, and the inspiration is invariably a monetary one. Corrupt influences are evidently concerning themselves in the approaching contest, and it behooves all who are interested in good government to look out. The fact that the bosses have offered the names of a number of excellent and honorable men as candidates must not blind the community to the fact that Rainey, Crimmins and Curry have inspired their selection. We know that Mr. Reinstein is not a creature of Rainey, but he is a friend of the Governor, and unquestionably Mr. Budd of Stockton, who desires to figure in local politics, persuaded him to accept this boss nomination, as he also did Mr. Henry Fortmann. However, these facts will all be made patent during the forthcoming campaign, That there will be a strong fight may be expected, and there will be such a lining-up of forces as has never been seen before. I wonder if the powers remember the lesson of previous Freeholders' elections in which there has ever been manifested a strong independent vote. The best men have had the offices, and the Non-Partisan indorsement has generally been accepted by the citizens. It must be remembered that this election will be held under the new primary law, which will make more difficult than ever before the enforcement of boss control.

***

The disaffection in the ranks of the local Republican party which resulted so disastrously for candidates of that designation at the last municipal election has grown more pronounced. The two factions show no inclination towards harmonizing, and each is preserving its organization and machinery. The County Committee proper, is in the hands of Curry and Crimmins, who are associated with John D. Spreckels, while Kelly and Mahoney are supreme in the other set. At the last election the regular wing cast 13,000 votes, while the other had 11,000, so the margin of superiority is very small. Since Kelly has not been consulted in the negotiations with Rainey, it is probable his faction will act on its own behalf in such a way as to give striking testimony of its power. With the regular Democratic machinery in the hands of Governor Budd and Sam Rainey, and with a set of particularly corrupt men dominating the other side, the future of the Non-Partisan party is assured.

***

If Sam Rainey is to make a charter for us what will become of the city. His policy is made apparent in the Board of School Directors, which he controls through his connection, Dr. Ragan. The jobbing and mismanagement of the combination is quite the worst on record. Since the beginning of the year 126 new places have been created. Prior to this, the department had been afflicted with a superabundance of teachers, but now they are falling over one another. Appointments to positions in schools have been made the basis for all sorts of trades and were freely offered in the lobby at Sacramento during the legislative session. The carpenter shop is full of men who know nothing about tools, but who were given place for political services. In the meantime the school houses are falling into ruin, for there is no money left in the fund for their repair after the teachers' salaries have been paid, and besides there does not seem to be a single man in the shop capable of fixing a loose plank in place. This disreputable debauchery of the public service will continue as long as Sam Rainey is permitted to be a prominent factor in affairs. What the consequence of turning over the city to him would be may readily be estimated from the evidence h e submitted.

***

The Klondyke's the thing. Which city shall control its trade—San Francisco or Seattle? For once there is a strong fight being made here for this business. The ship yards around the bay are running day and night, turning out craft of all sorts; dozens of steam schooners are being fitted up to run between the Golden Gate, Dyea and St. Michaels. For the moment no other trade seems to merit consideration. It is impossible to get carriers for the development of business in other directions, for the cry is "Alaska and the Yukon." When the excitement dies down, as it is sure to do, there will be sailing craft galore which will be forced to look for support from other fields. It may be, then, an effort will be made to develop our long-forgotten trade with South America.

***

Considering the general superiority of the Italian Opera Company, now at the California, to its French predecessor in which society took so much interest, it is surprising there should be so few theatre parties there. While the tenor is not a de Reszke nor the prima donna a Patti, still it is a fair combination of singers and seems to have given considerable pleasure in the City of Mexico. The tout ensemble is far ahead of the French combination with the exception of Feodor and Albers, who were more capable vocalists than the Italians. Thus far the bulk of their support has come from the Latin Quarter, and it is safe to say that Little Italy is wildly enthused over their performances. The character of the patronage and auspices under which a company makes its appearance, is a potent factor in deciding the degree of support it will command in San Francisco. Let it be a society production with much artistic preliminary advertising, and it will enjoy good houses, but if the preparatory puffing is clumsy and there is no personal interest excited, you may depend, unless the performance is of extraordinary merit; it will be neglected by our *haut monde*.

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Quite a distinguished personage has been among us, Mr. Richard Peters of New York, a prominent member of the innermost fashionable circle of the metropolis. He has been in California for some weeks, visiting at first with Mr. and Mrs. Charley Baldwin at Mountain View, and very recently has been entertained by James L. Flood, who took him, Phil Lydig and Clarence Mackay on an expedition to his great cattle ranch at San Diego. This is a veritable principality of some three hundred thousand acres and embraces the most diversified country in California. There are all sorts and conditions of game and I am told Mr. Peters, Mr. Mackay and the host made fine bags. On Thursday morning Mr. Flood organized for Mr. Peters a party to visit the Country Club's preserves. He is a very bright, intelligent man, the son of a wealthy Philadelphian. His sister, who was the belle of the Quaker city, married Craig Wardsworth, a son of the War Governor of New York.

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There is no question that the year of prosperity has begun. This is the gayest season society has seen in years, and more balls, parties and dances are being given than the town has dreamed of in a decade. There seems to be a general loosening up of money bags. Business, both wholesale and retail, has begun to pick up; from the country money is flowing into the Savings Banks and there are coins innumerable for investment if the proper occasio.. be only afforded.

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The deepest regret is expressed over the death of Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, which occurred on Wednesday last. She was one of those thoroughly kind, good and gentle-natured women who are a blessing to the world and to their families. Though her illness has kept her retired from the world for some years, Mrs. Barnes had long been a factor in society and her friends entertained for her the most genuine esteem and affection. The expressions of sorrow at her demise are general and sincere. She belonged to a well-known New York family and leaves, besides her husband and her two sons, three brothers, two of them residents of Santa Barbara.

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The formal incorporation of the Utica mine and the listing of its stock is taken by the initiated to mean that Alvinza Hayward has decided to retire from mining. He is old—seventy-five years—and is suffering from those ills of the flesh incident to such an advanced age. His has been a fiercely active life, but his intellectual activity has proved stronger than his physical vigor. He cares no longer to visit his various properties. It is three months since he has been to the Utica, and he proposes, I am told, to invest his money in some other form of endeavor from now on. The Dead Horse in Tuolomne county, one of his best properties, is offered for sale, and the other interests will follow—quietly, indeed, for Mr. Hayward does things without fuss. The other associates will doubtless retain their stock, especially C. D. Lane, who is a veritable enthusiast on mining, and cares more for delving after ore than for the silver question. I wonder to whom prospectors will go with their schemes with Hayward out of the way. He has had first chance at every promising property found during the last decade, and never hesitated to spend money to develope what seemed to him a good lead.

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The disposition to sarcastic comment which Judge Coffey indulges in his court room, is not a commendable habit, though it often results in a laugh at the expense of some presumptuous lawyer. It is a favorite theory among men of judicial eminence that the amusement of the bystander is an excuse for the impertinence of a witticism. However, an energetic lawyer who was pleading a bad case with much enthusiasm and feeble logic, was stopped in the midst of his eloquence by the Judge. "Mr. Soandso," he said, "you are most unflattering. You seem to argue on the basis that the Court is only an ordinary ass. In order to accept your reasoning and believe what you pretend to believe, the Court would have to be an extraordinary ass."

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Though there has been little support for art or artists these latter years of depression, the influence seems to have been inspiring rather than discouraging. There is to be noted a real improvement in the canvasses of our leading

men and a distinct advance in the work of the younger artists- The show of pictures at the Hopkins Institute makes this clear, and it was made evident at the recent exhibition of the Sketch Club. The most conspicuous feature of the latter show was a series of portraits by Mrs. Sleeth.

PORTRAIT BY MRS. F. V. SLEETH.
From the Sketch Club's Exhibition

They evince an excellent quality of talent—good color and clever handling. The best, to my mind, is the head of Miss Henry of which I was unable to make a reproduction. The portrait which accompanies this is charming in coloring and has been especially commended. Mrs. Sleeth is president of the Sketch Club, and has devoted much time to art, with the encouraging success that has been demonstrated. At the Morris and Kennedy gallery recently I saw a capital portrait by R. L. Partington—really a clever piece of work and also a fine pastel study by Kunath—Eve—which is well worth looking at.

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M. H. de Young of the *Chronicle* has just returned from a prolonged stay in Europe, and proposes to give us the benefit of his society for some moons to come. During his absence he did not forget the Park Museum. He picked up quite a number of interesting and curious objects which will be added, as they arrive, to the collection. A score of big cases are already on hand, and among the things they contain are a number of ancient Germanic relics, parchments, elaborately carved trunks, a beautiful set of iron crosses, a set of weights dating back centuries, and an elaborate collection of tea kettles, together with a new set of medals, Russian, Austrian, Italian, Belgian, Polish, English and Roman. To the collection of medallions of the Pope he has made several additions, so there are now two hundred and five in all. Mr. de Young has also found some valuable pieces of armor. These were picked up in Paris at a curio dealer's sale at prices far below those ordinarily ruling. Among the finds are a set of Chassepot rifles, needle guns, Italian guns and sabres, and a cuirass worn by Napoleon's old guard at Waterloo. Some new ivories, keys and locks will supplement the interesting collection of these objects which the Museum now boasts. Of course, these acquisitions represent in each instance a long and elaborate bargaining, in which lies the pleasure of the purchase for the buyer. Mr. de Young is a born collector, and has gained the reputation of being one of the most adroit buyers of curiosities in Europe, and the Museum collection in the park attests his skill. It has been fashionable to scoff at this collection, to declare it made up of imitations and fakes, but it is holding the attention and interest of the public to a greater degree than any other object in the park. Considering the extreme brevity of its existence, and the moderate sum expended in its creation, the showing is excellent. In some features it has no rivals—ivories, for instance, locks and South Sea Island curios, while the collection of birds, though by no means the largest, is really one of the best in America.

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Mr. de Young's private collection has also been enriched during his stay abroad. He has added a number of fine ivories and rare miniatures to his cabinets and was able to complete his sets of decorations, which rank now as about the best in the country. He also got two very fine pictures, a Gainsborough landscape and a head by Denner, the latter a most admirable painting. The latter was obtained from Sedelmeyer, the great Parisian dealer, who in forty year's experience, has only had two canvassess by this master. There are two in the Louvre, two more at Munich and three at the Hermitage at St. Petersberg. Mr. de Young's is a fine specimen—a female head, notable for the microscopic fidelity of the painting and the perfect art of the modeling.

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Colonel H. G. Otis of the Los Angeles *Times*, preserves an uncompromising attitude towards the news and lives up to the dictum of the late Dana, that whatever is good enough for the Almighty to let happen is not too bad for publication. Matthew Gage tells a story about Senator White and himself defending the Colonel in a libel suit, the verdict of the jury being against them and the *Times* for $1,000. It seemed to the lawyers that the decision would establish a bad precedent, inasmuch as the success of one plaintiff in a libel suit would encourage a host of such prosecutions. So Mr. Gage kept the story out of the *Express* and White undertook that the *Herald* would be equally silent. This being accomplished they came with a statement of the situation to Colonel Otis and were ready to accept congratulations. "Look here, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "there is something due the public in this. If I had won I'd have told Los Angeles all about it—isn't it my duty to tell them that I've lost? I'm gratified and I thank you, but the *Times* is a newspaper and the news goes, hurt whom it may." Of course this meant that White had to explain to the *Herald* and Gage to the *Express* the way the Colonel felt, just to prevent the *Times* having a "scoop." At least that is what *The Capital* says on the subject.

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The end of the Fair controversy is by no means at hand, though the Craven case be over. New contests have been filed by the daughters and son of the late millionaire, alleging that the trust will was evoked by deception, fraud and misrepresentation. At the moment this is not an unfriendly move but is made in view of contingencies which, if consummated, would seriously interfere with the plan of campaign. It is not impossible but that the Supreme Court may reverse the decision of Judge Slack which upset the realty trust and that would set the entire property back into the hands of W. S. Goodfellow and his fellow executors, whose power to administer the revenues as they themselves thought fit would then be legally unassailable. In the absence of the Craven will there would be no other recourse for the heirs, hence the institution of these latter suits, which are really a basis of further defiances. However, if Judge Beatty and his colleagues agree with the conclusions of Judge Slack that the trust is worthless, six million of dollars will at once be distributed to young Mr. Charley Fair and his sisters, and doubtless the residue of the property will continue to be administered from the office of Mr. Goodfellow, who seems capable in the connection. If, however, the trust is sustained and then the will is contested and broken there are other wills behind it to be submitted in due course. Altogether the prospect of long sustained litigation is most encouraging.

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The system of private vengeance which prevails among our Mongolian fellow citizens is no respector of persons. To the feuds of the *tongs*, priests as well as laymen are sacrificed. The latest victim of the gentle controversy between Sam Yups and See Yups is a priest of the Temple of the King of the City, who, on Sunday afternoon was stabbed to death in the presence of his joss. Of course, the assailant escaped, and among the authorities mystification reigns supreme. It seems the priest of this temple has fallen under the ban of the warring clans because he admitted the rivals to worship there. He refused, it appears, to choose between Sam Yups and See Yups, and for his impartiality, has a knife in his heart. Both insisted that he bar the other, and promised dire punishment if he went his own way, but, being an obdurate divine, this priest of the Temple, he did go his own way, and is now with the gods. Quite medieval it sounds, this practice of summary vengeance, but Chinatown is full of just such episodes, which is one reason why it is such a capital background for the stories that no one seems to write, save, at intervals, Frank Norris.

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The extraordinary illiberality of some good people excites the regret of the writer. At a recent meeting of the University Regents it was decided that the library at Berkeley should be open on the Sabbath as well as on week days. The suggestion emanated from Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who, as a Regent, has a vote and a voice in all pertaining to the 'Varsity. It is impossible to imagine a more pacific and less mischievous method of passing the day of rest than to spend it reading, and one might imagine the general religious organizations of Berkeley would rejoice at this refuge from temptation. But no, the Young Men's Christian Association and the feminine Christian Association object strenuously, and actually take the attitude that the sanctity of the Lord's day is ruptured by the new ruling. It is preposterous attempting to reason with Christian youths and maidens so misguided, but their's is the spirit which would ban cakes and ale because of their own virtue—the same spirit that dictates Raines' law and prohibition. Will they never learn, these zealots, to have respect for individual liberty, and for that sovereign right of the citizen to go fishing and quaff lager and even read novels on Sunday if he so choses.

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The parole system, inaugurated some three years ago in connection with the State Prisons of California, has proved a capital innovation. There are now out on "leave" from San Quentin sixty men, and from Folsom forty more, who every month report to the Wardens their doings, the statement being vised by the sheriff or constable of the environment in which they reside. In spite of the statements so often made before ministers' meetings and in freak journals, that it is impossible for an ex-convict to obtain work—every one of these men is engaged in some legitimate calling, and a few of them have been successful enough to save money. They are leading honest lives, and are proving the beneficence of the system which has afforded them the opportunity to regain their position in society. The Prison Directors contemplate further extensions of this parole system, of course hedging the privilege with proper precautions.

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So Al. Hayman has executed his threat, and in earnest has shaken the dust of San Francisco from his feet. Literally he has spurned us, condemned our taste, derided our press and declares boldly he will have none of us. This is serious. According to the newspapers, the Al Hayman Co. retires and its leases are offered for sale. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. have made an offer for the property, and from latest accounts, a contract is in course of preparation which will make the Columbia combination theatrical dictators for the coast. It is no light task they are essaying. Hayman declares his institutions have been managed at a loss, that he and Frohman are out $100,000 through companies which have played in San Francisco to empty benches. The California costs $1200 per month, and its lease has six years yet to run. It is said that the trend of traffic has so entirely deserted the northern end of town that it would be impossible to restore to the institution its ancient prestige. Recently the Columbia combination has had an interest there, and has engineered several successful musical entertainments, but the rent is a fixed expense, and virtually must be met out of the earnings of the Baldwin. The question of attractions is a salient one—if the Frohman shows are not available, what will the combination play? There seems no lack of confidence on the part of the aspirants that they will be able to meet all engagements. Their idea would be to keep the Baldwin for the very best class of attractions, playing at the Columbia such shows as "My Friend From India" and "Lost, Stolen or Strayed," which are really burlesques and appropriate for a smaller house, at the dollar rate.

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That Hayman did make money here is undeniable, but the amusement business is now divided among many institutions, all of which contrive to make a living and something over. Besides, there has been experienced on the coast, a period of depression unexampled in our history. There you have two causes for the condition. For the third, let Mr. Hayman look to his management. He is playing at the Baldwin, companies that belong to the California, besides he sends us alleged New York successes, stripped of of the actors whose prestige created their fame. When there has been a good show at his house, a performance worthy of the price, the cry has been standing room only. It may happen that the negotiations with the Columbia people will fall through. Then it devolves on Hayman to accept the situation with such good grace as he can command. It would be amusing if the entire explosion turned out merely a stage effect introduced to stir the community to a realization of its situation.

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The excursions of the Cross-Country Club are not accorded that attention by the press which their interest deserves. The organization has been in existence eleven years, and its members have tramped the highways and byeways of all the bay counties, with profit both to their minds and bodies. The accompanying picture, from the camera of B. D. Bent, give a reliable impression of both the Club and the regions into which its activity takes it. Last Sunday the destination was the Big Carson Spring, reached from Fairfax Station by a good trail over a country dotted with generous growths of manzanita and chemisal. The spring gushes from the center of a rock some seven feet high, set in the center of a barren hillside and flows down into Lagunitas Creek over a bed covered with immense boulders and bridged by innumerable fallen redwoods. The scenery is really very fine, and the walk—about fourteen miles—by no means tiring. The Cross-Country Club has some forty-five member, twenty-one of whom are safe to attend its excursions which take place on alternate Sundays throughout the year. On the 28th it goes to Redwood Peak, Alameda county.

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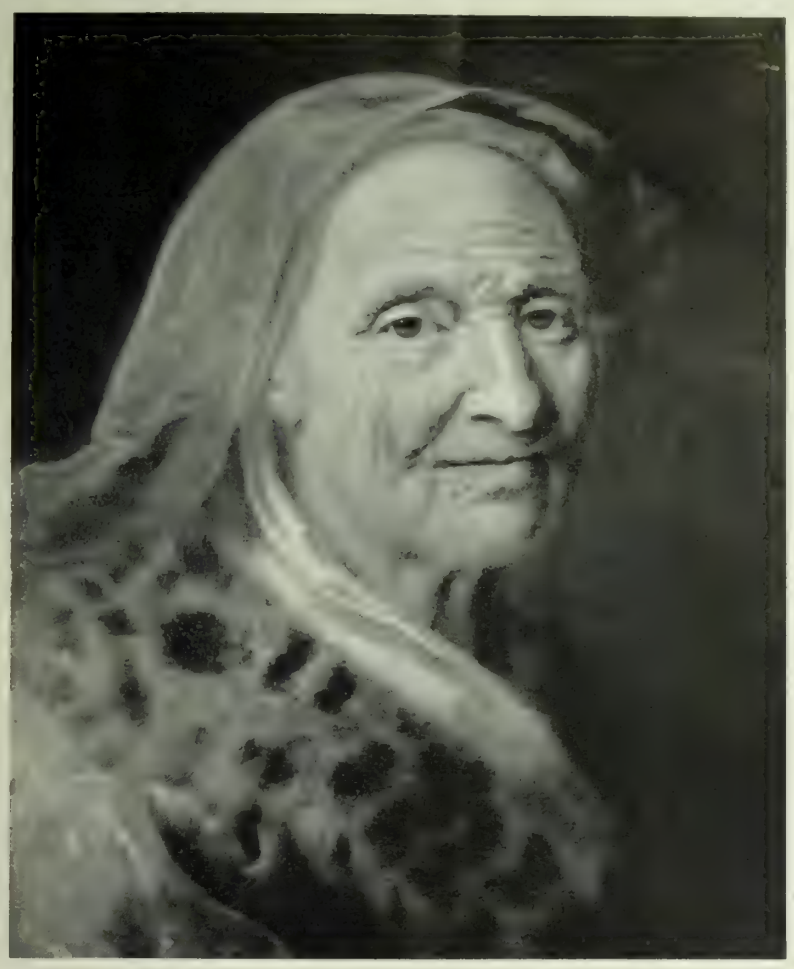
Anyone dependent on the daily sheets for illustrative enlightenment on football matters must be left with the impression that the present generation of university students who take part in football games are of Indian extraction. Indeed, the pictures that have been published of athletic teams of genuine descendants of the red men are far less suggestive of their origin than the pictorial makeup of the white men is of the kin of Pocahontas and Sitting Bull. The lawyer in default of a case is privileged to abuse the counsel of the opposition, and I presume that on the same principle, when an artist is not a master of his work, he feels at liberty to guy his subject and impose upon the readers of his journal by the feeble ridicule under which he attempts to shelter his incompetence. There was a time when every form of sport or outdoor amusement was submitted to this elevating process in the United States, but in those parts of the country where people prefer to be considered within the pale of civilization and insist on being treated accordingly, that style no longer obtains. Possibly the youthful exuberance of spirit which expresses itself in unearthly yells and other tinges of ruffianism on and off the football field, may lay the contestants open to the spurious form of comic treatment in which the newspapers indulge, but that is a matter

THE CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB ON BIG CARSON CREEK
Photo by B. D. Bent

which the public goodnaturedly accepts, and would doubtless prefer the truth in sketch and description from the journals to the wretched efforts whereby it is beguiled. The style of the past having been ushered in again for the present season, we fear there is now no hope, for this year at least, of any change from a hateful, played-out fashion. Nevertheless, there is a great opening for any spare enterprise or decent sensibilities in editorial circles, and one that, if availed of in a clever and sportsmanlike way, would be certain to achieve credit for the journal that made the new departure. Why should the public be supposed to appreciate recurring caricatures of athletic meetings any more than they would of — shall I say — a yacht race or a prize fight? The former contest is always treated truthfully and in good taste, and the latter is for the most part also made a serious subject, save perhaps when a colored person is elegantly satirized for his skill and pluck either as conqueror or conquered.



A Head, by Balthasar Denner, in the Dresden Gallery

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The increase of the naval force of Great Britain in the Pacific by the addition of the two new first-class cruisers "Powerful" and "Terrible," is a significant fact. The strength of the British navy on the China station has hitherto been represented by one great battleship, four first-, three second-, and one third-class cruiser, one dispatch vessel, seven gunboats, two supply vessels, and one coast-defense ship—the latter stationed in the harbor of Hongkong. When this collection of vessels is considered, together with the ships on the Pacific station, the entire outfit represents a formidable aggregation, and implies a strong determination on the part of Great Britain to prevent any interference with her interests and naval prestige in the Far East. Unless present appearances are deceiving, the day is not far distant when Russia and Japan will be brought face to face with each other. The former power is resolved to secure by fair means or foul a more southerly terminus than Vladivostock for the trans-Siberian railroad, and the only course that seems open to the government of the Czar is to acquire a foothold on Korean territory with a port open throughout the year. Japan will be watchful to prevent this consummation, and England may be expected also to have something to say on the subject when the time comes. In the interval the policy of the latter is evidently to make a display of power in that region conspicuously greater than her present territorial interest, and at the same time to protect her lines of communication and transportation for military purposes in the Northern Pacific in case of need. The rise of Japan as a naval power has already been enlarged upon somewhat in detail in a previous issue and was subsequently pretty fully indicated by the writings of Mr. Cramp, the eminent ship-builder of Philadelphia, who, it is needless to say, is a competent and well-informed authority on the subject.

BOSWELL JR.

D'Arcy Thompson, professor of zoology in the University of Edinburgh, who is representing England in the sealing controversy, is a typical Scotchman, tall and broad, with sandy hair and beard and blue eyes. Professor Thompson studies Greek for a pastime, is a delightful personage, and possesses the manners of a courtier. He has much praise for American universities, the idea of free education especially pleasing him.

The simultaneous transfer of the Russian and German ambassadors Nelidoff and Von Jeltsch from Constantinople to Rome, indicates much diplomatic activity in the Italian capital during the coming winter. Russia's idea is to assure Italy of the friendship of France should she withdraw from the Driebund. To checkmate this scheme Germany sends Von Jeltsch who is said to understand the Russiad diplomat's peculiar methods.

# Shorty Stack, Pugilist

By Frank Norris

Over at the "Big Dipper" mine a chuck-tender named Kelly had been in error as regards a box of dynamite sticks, and Iowa Hill had elected to give an "entertainment" for the benefit of his family.

The programme, as announced upon the posters that were stuck up in the Post Office and on the door of the Odd Fellows' Hall, was quite an affair. The Iowa Hill orchestra would perform, the livery-stable keeper would play the overture to "William Tell" upon his harmonica, and the town doctor would read a paper on "Tuberculosis in Cattle." The evening was to close with a "grand ball."

Then it was discovered that a professional pugilist from the "Bay" was over in Forest Hill, and someone suggested that a match could be made between him and Shorty Stack "to enliven the entertainment." Shorty Stack was a bedrock cleaner at the "Big Dipper," and handy with his fists. It was his boast that no man of his weight (Shorty fought at a hundred and forty) no man of his weight in Placer County could stand up to him for ten rounds, and Shorty had always made good this boast. Shorty knew two punches, and no more — a short-arm jab under the ribs with his right, and a left upper-cut on the point of the chin.

The pugilist's name was McCleaverty. He was an out and out dub — one of the kind who appear in four-round exhibition bouts to keep the audience amused while the "event of the evening" is preparing—but he had had ring experience, and his name had been in the sporting paragraphs of the San Francisco papers. The dub was a welter-weight and a professional, but he accepted the challenge of Shorty Stack's backers and covered their bet of fifty dollars that he could not "stop" Shorty in four rounds.

And so it came about that extra posters were affixed to the door of the Odd Fellows' Hall and the walls of the Post Office to the effect that Shorty Stack, the champion of Placer County, and Buck McCleaverty, the Pride of Colusa, would appear in a genteel boxing exhibition at the entertainment given for the benefit, etc., etc.

Shorty had two weeks in which to train. The nature of his work in the mine had kept his muscles hard enough, so his training was largely a matter of dieting and boxing an imaginary foe with a rock in each fist. He was so vigorous in his exercise and in the matter of what he ate and drank that the day before the entertainment he had got himself down to a razor-edge, and was in a fair way of going fine. When a man gets into too good condition, the least little slip will spoil him. Shorty knew this well enough, and told himself in consequence that he must be very careful.

The night before the entertainment Shorty went to call on Miss Starbird. Miss Starbird was one of the cooks at the mine. She was a very pretty girl, just turned twenty, and lived with her folks in a cabin near the superintendent's office, on the road from the mine to Iowa Hill. Her father was a shift boss in the mine, and her mother did the washing for the "office." Shorty was recognized by the mine as her young man. She was going to the entertainment with her people, and promised Shorty the first "walk-around" in the "Grand Ball" that was to follow immediately after the Genteel Glove Contest.

Shorty came into the Starbird cabin on that particular night, his hair neatly plastered in a beautiful curve over his left temple, and his pants outside of his boots as a mark of esteem. He wore no collar, but he had encased himself in a boiled shirt, which could mean nothing else but mute and passionate love, and moreover, as a crowning tribute, he refrained from spitting.

"How do you feel, Shorty?" asked Miss Starbird.

Shorty had always sedulously read the interviews with pugilists that appeared in the San Francisco papers immediately before their fights and knew how to answer.

"I feel fit to fight the fight of my life," he alliterated proudly. "I've trained faithfully and I mean to win."

"It ain't a regular prize fight, is it Shorty," she enquired. "Pa said he wouldn't take ma an' me if it was. All the women folk in the camp are going, an' I never heard of women at a fight, it ain't genteel."

"Well, I d'n know," answered Shorty, swallowing his saliva. "The committee that got the programme up called it a genteel boxing exhibition so's to get the women folks to stay. *I* call it a four round go with a decision."

"My! itull be exciting," exclaimed Miss Starbird. "I ain't never seen anything like it. Oh, Shorty, d'ye think you'll win?"

"I don't *think* nothun about it. I *know* I will," returned Shorty, defiantly. "If I once get in my left upper cut on him, *huh!*" and he snorted magnificently.

Shorty stayed and talked to Miss Starbird until ten o'clock, then he rose to go.

"I gotta get to bed," he said, "I'm in training you see."

"Oh, wait a minute," said Miss Starbird, "I been making some potato salad for the private dining of the office, you better have some; it's the best I ever made."

"No, no," said Shorty, stoutly, "I don't want any."

"Hoh," sniffed Miss Starbird, airily, "you don't need to have any."

"Well, don't you see," said Shorty, "I'm in training don't dare eat any of that kinda stuff."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Miss Starbird, her chin in the air. "No one [illegible] ever called my cooking stuff."

"Well, don't you see, don't you."

"No, I don't see. I guess you must be kind of getting whipped if you're so afraid of a little salad."

"What!" exclaimed Shorty, indignantly. "Why I could come into the ring from a jag and whip him, 'fraid! afraid. I'll show you if I'm afraid. Let's have your potato salad, let's have it. Heah! I'll show you if I'm afraid."

But Miss Starbird would not immediately consent to be appeased.

"No, you called it stuff," she said, "an' the souprintendant said I was the best cook in Placer County."

But at last, as a great favor to Shorty, she relented and brought the potato salad from the kitchen and two bottles of beer.

When the town doctor had finished his paper on "Tuberculosis in Cattle," the chairman of the entertainment committee ducked under the ropes of the ring and announced that: "The next would be the event of the evening and would the gentlemen please stop smoking." He went on to explain that the ladies present might remain without fear and without reproach as the participants in the contest would appear in gymnasium tights, and would box with gloves and not with bare knuckles.

"Well, don't they always fight with gloves?" called a voice from the rear of the house. But the chairman ignored the interruption.

The "entertainment" was held in the Odd Fellows Hall. Shorty's seconds prepared him for the fight in a back room of the saloon, on the other side of the street, and towards ten o'clock one of the committeemen came running in to say:

"What's the matter? Hurry up you fellows, McCleaverty's in the ring, already, and the crowd's beginning to stamp."

Shorty rose and slipped into an overcoat.

"All ready," he said.

"Now mind, Shorty," said Billy Hicks, as he gathered up the sponges, fans and towels, "don't mix things with him, you dont have to knock him out, all you want's the decision."

Next, Shorty was aware that he was sitting in a corner of the ring with his back against the ropes, and that diagonally opposite was a huge red man with a shaven head. There was a noisy, murmuring crowd somewhere below him, and there was a glare of kerosene lights over his head.

"Buck McCleaverty, the Pride of Colusa," announced the master of ceremonies, standing in the middle of the ring, one hand under the dub's elbow. There was a ripple of applause. Then the master of ceremonies came over to Shorty's corner, and, taking him by the arm, conducted him into the middle of the ring.

"Shorty Stack, the Champion of Placer County." The house roared; Shorty ducked and grinned and returned to his corner. He was nervous, excited. He had not imagined it would be exactly like this. There was a strangeness about it all; an unfamiliarity that made him uneasy.

"Take it slow," said Billy Hicks, kneading the gloves, so as to work the padding away from the knuckles. The gloves were laced on Shorty's hands.

"Up you go," said Billy Hicks, again. "No, not the fight yet, shake hands first. Don't get rattled."

Then ensued a vague interval, that seemed to Shorty interminable. He had a notion that he shook hands with McCleaverty, and that some one asked him if he would agree to hit with one arm free in the breakaway. He remembered a glare of lights, a dim vision of rows of waiting faces, a great murmuring noise, and he had a momentary glimpse of someone he believed to be the referee; a young man in shirt-sleeves and turned-up trousers. Then everybody seemed to be getting out of the ring and away from him, even Billy Hicks left him after saying something he did not understand. Only the referee, McCleaverty and himself were left inside the ropes.

"Time!"

Somebody, that seemed to Shorty strangely like himself, stepped briskly out into the middle of the ring, his left arm before him, his right fist clinched over his breast. The crowd, the glaring lights, the murmuring noise, all faded away. There only remained the creaking of rubber soles over the resin, of the boards of the ring and the sight of McCleaverty's shifting, twinkling eyes and his round, close-cropped head.

"Break!"

The referee stepped between the two men and Shorty realized that the two had clinched, and that his right forearm had been across McCleaverty's throat, his left clasping him about the shoulders.

What! Were they fighting already. This was the first round, of course, somebody was shouting.

"That's the stuff, Shorty."

All at once Shorty saw the flash of a red muscled arm, he threw forward his shoulder ducking his head behind it, the arm slid over the raised shoulder and a bare and unprotected flank turned towards him.

"Now," thought Shorty. His arm shortened and leaped forward. There was a sudden impact. The shock of it jarred Shorty himself, and he heard McCleaverty grunt. There came a roar from the house.

"Give it to him, Shorty."

Shorty pushed his man from him, the heel of his glove upon his face. He was no longer nervous. The lights didn't bother him.

"I'll knock him out yet," he muttered to himself.

They fiddled and feinted about the ring, watching each other's eyes. Shorty held his right ready. He told himself he would jab McCleaverty again on the same spot when next he gave him an opening.

"*Break!*"

They must have clinched again, but Shorty was not conscious of it. A sharp pain in his upper lip made him angry. His right shot forward again, struck home, and while the crowd roared and the lights began to swim again, he knew that he was rushing McCleaverty back, back, back, his arms shooting out and in like piston rods, now for an upper cut with his left on the——

"*Time!*"

Billy Hicks was talking excitedly. The crowd still roared. His lips pained. Someone was spurting water over him, one of his seconds worked the fans like a windmill. He wondered what Miss Starbird thought of him now.

"*Time!*"

He barely had a chance to duck, almost double, while McCleaverty's right swished over his head. The dub was

swinging for a knockout already. The round would be hot and fast.

"Stay with um, Shorty."

"That's the stuff, Shorty."

He must be setting the pace, the house plainly told him that. He stepped in again and cut loose with both fists.

"*Break.*"

Shorty had not clinched. Was it possible that McCleaverty was clinching "to avoid punishment." Shorty tried again, stepping in close, his right arm crooked and ready.

"*Break.*"

The dub was clinching. There could be no doubt of that. Shorty gathered himself together and rushed in, upper-cutting viciously; he felt McCleaverty giving way before him.

"He's got um going."

There was exhiliration in the shout. Shorty swung right and left, his fist struck something that hurt him. Sure, he thought, that must have been a good one. He recovered, throwing out his left before him. Where was the dub? not down there on one knee in a corner of the ring? The house was a pandemonium, near at hand some one was counting, "one—two—three—four—"

Billy Hicks rushed into the ring and dragged Shorty back. "Come back to your corner. It's the rules when he's up to go right in to finish him. He ain't knocked out yet. He's just taking his full time. Swing for his chin again, you got him going. If you can put him out, Shorty, we'll take you to San Francisco."

"Seven—eight—nine—"

McCleaverty was up again. Shorty rushed in, something caught him a fearful jar in the pit of the stomach. He was sick in an instant, racked with nausea. The lights began to dance.

"*Time.*"

There was water on his face and body again, deliciously cool. The fan windmills swung round and round. "What's the matter, what's the matter," Billy Hicks was asking anxiously.

Something was wrong. There was a lead-like weight in Shorty's stomach, a taste of potato salad came to his mouth, he was sick almost to vomiting.

"He caught you a hard one in the wind just before the gong, did he?" said Billy Hicks. "There's fight in him yet. He's got a straight arm body blow you want to look out for. Don't let up on him. Keep——"

"*Time!*"

Shorty came up bravely. In his stomach there was a pain that made it torture to stand erect. Nevertheless he rushed, lashing out right and left. He was dizzy; before he knew it he was beating the air. Suddenly his chin jolted backward, and the lights began to spin; he was tiring rapidly, too, and with every second his arms grew heavier and heavier and his knees began to tremble more and more. McCleaverty gave him no rest. Shorty tried to clinch, but the dub sidestepped, and came in twice with a hard right and left over the heart. Shorty's gloves seemed made of iron; he found time to mutter, "If I only hadn't eaten that stuff last night."

What with the nausea and the pain, he was hard put to it to keep from groaning. It was the dub who was rushing now; Shorty felt he could not support the weight of his own arms another instant. What was that on his face that was warm and tickled? He knew that he had just strength enough left for one more good blow; if he could only uppercut squarely on McCleaverty's chin it might suffice.

"*Break.*"

The referee thrust himself between them, but instantly McCleaverty closed again. Would the round *never* end? The dub swung again, missed, and Shorty saw his chance; he stepped in, upper-cutting with all the strength he could summon up. The lights swan again, and the roar of the crowd dwindled to a couple of voices. He smelt whisky.

"Gimme that sponge." It was Billy Hicks voice. "He'll do all right now."

Shorty suddenly realized that he was lying on his back. In another second he would be counted out. He raised himself, but his hands touched a bed quilt and not the resined floor of the ring. He looked around him and saw that he was in the back room of the saloon where he had dressed. The fight was over.

"Did I win," he asked, getting on his feet.

"Win!" exclaimed Billy Hicks. "You were knocked out. He put you out after you had him beaten. Oh, you're a peach of a fighter, you are."

* * * *

Half an hour later, when he had dressed, Shorty went over to the Hall. His lip was badly swollen and his chin had a funny shape, but otherwise he was fairly presentable. The Iowa Hill orchestra had just struck into the march for the walk around. He pushed through the crowd of men around the door looking for Miss Starbird. Just after he had passed he heard a remark and the laugh that followed it:

"Quitter, oh, what a quitter."

Shorty turned fiercely about and would have answered, but just at that moment he caught sight of Miss Starbird. She had just joined the promenade for the walk around with some other man. He went up to her:

"Didn't you promise to have this walk around with me?" he said aggrievedly.

"Well, did you think I was going to wait all night for you?" returned Miss Starbird.

As she turned from him and joined the march Shorty's eye fell upon her partner.

It was McCleaverty.

* * *

The Chambers of Deputies in France will have before them the subject of bull fighting. For some time the sport has been in vogue in the south of France and recently a successful effort was made to introduce it in the north. At Roubaix, near Lille, a fight on a large scale under the patronage of the municipal council came off before an immense crowd. These exhibitions are not imitations of the real article, but according to all the traditions of the bull ring. The hold it has taken upon the French people, especially in the South, may be gauged by the fact that a revolution nearly resulted in Nimes from the attemps of the authorities to stop the spectacle.

* * *

If the King of Siam should come to the United States, he ought to prove a "good thing" for hotel-keepers. When en route to Europe he made a short stay in the island of Ceylon, and at Colombo his hotel bill, which included one dinner, breakfast and luncheon, came to $1,100. At Kandy, for rooms, one dinner, and one breakfast, he was charged $1,300 by the hotel.

## DEAN FARRAR'S MEMORIES

### Reminiscences of Tennyson and Browning His Friends the Bishops.

Dean Farrar made a serious error in entitling his book of memories *Men I Have Known* (Thos. E. Crowell & Co.). It should be *Men Who Have Been Good Enough to Know Me*. His tone throughout is decorously deferential. He wonders, at regular intervals, at the good fortune which has enabled him to become intimate with so many prominent and notable gentlemen, and he is highly solicitous lest it might be suggested that he is making "copy" out of his acquaintanceships without proper excuse. So, laboriously the Dean tells us in the introduction, that there is nothing "necessarily vulgar or trivial in such a refined and modified Boswellism as may seem to be involved in slight Reminisences," and adds "that no one would disdain more absolutely than myself the ignoble chatter of mere petty gossips and, above all, of that petty malign detraction which seems to have a strong attraction for small minds." So it is not to make a saleable volume, that these memories of the Dean have been written out but to show posterity how the geniuses of his generation appeared through his spectacles. In this effort to entertain and yet to be perfectly proper, however, he has produced a priggish book that is really an advertisement of his own place among his contemporaries. He will not have you overlook the fact that he went to Tennyson's house frequently, and quite often met Browning at dinner and had some very slight communication with Darwin and Huxley and Cardinal Newman. Here are letters from all these gentlemen—generally in answer to some invitation or inquiry, and he transcribes the dedication of Lord Lytton's translation of Horace, in which fulsome testimony is paid to his "Intellect enriched by the variety of culture which gives renown to the scholar, etc." This is not adduced "out of vanity," mind, "but only to show the kindness of Lord Lytton's heart."

Dean Farrar is a successful clergyman, gifted with the talent of keeping himself before the public, and the ability to initiate that form of controversy which will attract attention to the controversialist. It is really a journalistic type of mind, its prototype is that of W. T. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*—the smart person who wrote *If Christ Came to Chicago*. Being a conservative and decorous clergyman, sensationalism befitted not his chosen role, so Dr. Farrar identified himself with movements. He it was who inaugurated the crusade against Hell. He wrote a popular life of Christ, and lectured in America. Altogether the Dean is a smart man, who knows his business, and has conspicuously "arrived." He has been Head Master of Marlborough School, was Canon and is now Dean of Canterbury. If his memories are not otherwise valuable, they afford an insight into the arts of prominence as he practised them. To turn to the book itself, however, one cannot but feel how much more interesting the Dean might have been, especially about Bishops, had his pose concerned him less. Really, it is not Tennyson he tells us about, but merely his personal relations with the poet. His style is a loose journalese, and he is quite without that power of graphic presentation which is so essential in a work of this character. To commence with Tennyson—with whom he seems to have been decorously friendly—really he adds nothing to our knowledge of the poet's personality, though he tells us he suggested the theme of St. Telemachus. It is not uninteresting to know that Tennyson thought he had put some of his best poetical work into the "Princess," and regretted not having constructed a stronger and more serious frame work. There are several accounts of walks and talks, for instance this: "I shall never forget how one evening we did not return from our walk until it was nearly dark, and our footsteps disturbed the many birds which sheltered themselves in undisturbed security in the densely flowering shrubs and trees which surrounded the poet's home. As the birds uttered their various notes, he stopped with delight and said, 'There! that is a blackbird; and that a thrush; and that a robin; and that a blue-tit.' He thus showed both the keenness of hearing and his intimately familiar knowledge of the 'voices of the birds.'" Wonderful, was it not, that Tennyson should have known a blackbird when he heard it? He tells of Tennyson plucking a blossom in his garden one day and commenting in the good old strain about how utterly ignorant we all are about the laws which underlie the life of even a single flower. Most important of all is the description of the marriage of Lionel Tennyson and Miss Locker Lamson, at which the Dean officiated. He describes it with a real society air, and an amusing delight at the number of celebrities who gathered for the occasion.

Browning, the Dean seems to have met often but all he can remember of the many conversations they apparently had together, is of certain Mahomedan myths which the poet narrated with great skill. He told Dr. Farrar that in the poem, *La Saisaiz*, he had "given utterances to some of my deepest convictions about this life and the life to come." Also that he had written the poem about "The Good News From Ghent" during a sea voyage from Messina to Naples. The desire for a swift gallop was in his mind and being denied the pleasure of a ride he took one in imagination—hence the swinging measure of the poem. Browning never offered any explanations of the serious difficulties of his style and the Dean never had the courage to invite any from him. Whenever casually asked for an explanation the poet used deliberately to put off the query with remarks he did not always intend to be understood too seriously. He was once questioned about the origin of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." He said that it was suggested partly by a lonely castle turret which he had seen in the Alpines, and partly by an old piece of tapestry owned by his father on which was represented a horse, which looked as gaunt and ghastly as the one described in the verse. The lesson lay enshrined in the poem itself, but if anyone desired to profit by it, he must find it for himself. Browning really resented bitterly the neglect to which his work had so long been subjected. He told often the story about a copy of "Bells and Pomegranates" falling into the hands of John Stuart Mill, then in the height of his power and importance, who was much impressed with the poetry and the originality it contained. He wrote to the editor of *Tait's Magazine*, then a leading literary organ, asking if he might review the book in the forthcoming number. The editor replied that the previous issue had contained a review of "Bells and Pomegranates." Browning read the review which was as follows: "'Bells and Pomegranates' by Robert Browning—*balderdash*." That episode, the poet believed had delayed his fame at least twenty years.

Rather more graphic are the impressions of Mathew Arnold, whose boys the Dean taught at Rugby. They met frequently, and were evidently friends. He paints the author of *Literature and Dogma* as a most lovable man, full of humor, with a delightful wit, and very fond of his home. That superciliousness of which his contemporaries so often complained did not characterize his demeanor when among his intimates, but his personality was revealed in all its charming simplicity and dignity. Quite a good story it is the Dean tells about Huxley and Arnold conversing one day about dinner-parties. The former said that, as a rule, he did not care at all about going out. "Ah!" said Arnold, "I rather like it. It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you!"

One feels Dr. Farrar is on his own ground when he comes to talk of Dean Stanley. The most interesting memory of that great cleric is of his speech at an important meeting of the clergy in the National Society's rooms at Westminster, convened to denounce one of Bishop Colenso's archdeacons, and incidentally Bishop Colenso himself. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and the Archbishop of York sat beside him. It was at a time of great controversy throughout the English Church, and the liberality of Colenso's theories had excited extreme wrath among narrow-minded churchmen. The unfortunate Bishop had been toasted and roasted by his colleagues, when Dean Stanley arose and pronounced a glowing eulogy on the absent dignitary, recited that he alone among colonial bishops had taken the trouble to learn the language of his episcopate; that he had translated the Scriptures into the Zulu tongue, and that he never came home to England save to assist the oppressed and needy. "Sneer at Bishop Colenso," he said, defiantly, at the close of his speech; "Bishop Colenso's name will be remembered and honored when" (with a sweep of his arm) "when every one of you are dead, buried and utterly forgotten."

The persecution to which Colenso was subjected is again alluded to in the chapter on the Bishop himself. Colenso told Dr. Farrar that he found it difficult to get servants, and that his laundress had actually declined to wash for him because by doing so she lost customers. Once when Farrar had been preaching in a large West End church, the Bishop invited him to his house and they walked out together arm and arm. There passed around an awe-struck whisper: "He's walking with Bishop Coleson.

Of course the Dean knew Cardinal Manning and had some intercourse with him—but their communications were, for the most part, epistolary—a specimen of the Manning handwriting being submitted, of course. He adds a story of Bishop Moberly's about the great convert when at Oxford. It seems Manning was a youth full of eager ability and self-confidence. Once in construing a difficult passage Thucydides, he made a mistake which Moberly corrected. "Oh, sir," said Manning, "my rendering is, I assure you, quite tenable." This was said with such an air of conviction that Moberly was silent and proceeded to analyse the passage again. Meeting the young man later in the quadrangle he said "How could you defend your translation of that passage in Thucydides? It was quite wrong." "Oh, sir," said Manning, with a smile, and entirely unabashed, "didn't you observe that I had not looked at it before." Manning and Moberly corresponded after they had both left Oxford, and about the time rumors were being circulated about the former's conversion to Romanism, the latter received the last charge which Manning published as Archdeacon. It was an argument on the Episcopalian side of the controversy, and Moberly wrote that he was glad to receive it inasmuch as it disproved the rumors about his leaving the English communion Manning replied: "In my charge I have only stated the case of the Church of England, I wish it were tenable." Shortly afterwards he became a Catholic. C.

## JOB.

BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Majestic Mourner! when thy spirit moaned
  Itself to music on thy peerless page,
When thy great grief in mighty measures groaned,
  And when Fate flung to thee her galling gage,
  Oh, what a soul-sustaining heritage
Was hidden in the fortitude that owned
  How vain and weak it were a war to wage
With Him, the Lord, who sits in Heaven enthroned.
Thy flesh was fed to foulness, Sorrow clad
  Thy soul with sackcloth, and thy forehead frowned
    With the black ashes of a heart consumed.
But through it all, Oh Man of Uz, thy sad,
  But sure philosophy thy trials crowned
    With perfect peace that out of sorrow bloomed.

* * *

Speaking of the prosecution of the native press in India for seditious writings, the London *Times* says:

The tone of the native press has improved since the prosecutions instituted against the worst offenders. The necessity of these was clearly proved. Not so long ago the Hindu *Advocate* of Lahore held the English people up to public contempt, commenting on Sir Edwin Collen's statement in the Viceroy's Council that the profession of prostitution in India was not looked upon as one of unqualified shame. The *Advocate* denounced Sir Edwin Collen, and described one half of the English race as bastards, stating that female chastity was exceptional, and unchastity the rule.

The most liberal-minded person can hardly blame the Indian Government for calling a halt when things got as bad as that.

* * *

It is said that John Wanamaker, whose establishment in Philadelphia gives employment to 4,000 clerks and is believed to return a profit of at least a million dollars a year, occupies as his own private office a little room 10x12 feet and does his work at a $25 desk. He is of opinion that the great store erected in New York by A. T. Stewart, and which Wanamaker now owns and carries on, is better suited for the purpose than any of the modern structures which are erected for a similar trade. The building cost Stewart nearly $3,000,000. Mr. Wanamaker says that he has tried all kinds of advertising, but that he now uses the newspapers almost entirely.

PARADE FOR THE OPENING HANDICAP AT THE OAKLAND TRACK

The horses are coming out in the following order: Libertine (H. Shields), Senator Bland (Holmes). Ostler Joe (H. Brown), Shasta Water (Clawson), The Roman (Morse), Chartreuse II (McNichols). Satsuma (Jones), Imp. Trance (McHugh), Grady (Hennessy), Thelma (Gray).

## THE RACING SEASON

### Modern Turf Projects in California—The Ingleside and Oakland Tracks.

At the beginning of the present month the racing season, which extends through the fall, winter and spring, was opened in San Francisco under most favorable auspices, and to all appearances there is a steady growth of public interest in the affairs of the Turf. In the last three years California has seen a great development in the racing business. In 1893-4 the first of the series of annual meetings was conducted at the then existing Bay District track, under the management of the California Jockey Club, the successor of the old Blood Horse Association, and the venture proving successful, a repetition followed in 1894-5. It then becoming certain that the site of the old Bay District track would soon be required for building purposes, a movement was made for the establishment of other racing facilities, which eventually resulted in the formation of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club to operate a track at Ingleside. This was accordingly built, and the first meeting conducted there, in 1895-6, proved a success, both from a financial and sporting point of view. The California Jockey Club continued to race at Bay District, the only difference being that, instead of their meeting being a continuous one, as had formerly been the case, they raced every other two weeks only, the younger club closing their track when the senior institution went into session. Thus amicable opposition and friendly rivalry was brought about, and has since continued with unquestionable benefit to both concerns and their patrons, whether the latter are closely identified with the Turf, or merely spectators while the races are being run.

For the season of 1896-7 the California Jockey Club was obliged to relinquish the old headquarters of racing in California, where so many memorable contests had been seen between both running and trotting horses, and established itself on the site of the old Oakland track, which, improved and beautified in accordance with modern requirements so as to be changed beyond all recognition, became the scene of the first meeting under the present regime. The California Jockey Club found the change in every way advantageous and, sparing neither expense nor pains to attract the public and please the horse-owners, its first season at Oakland was a pronounced success. At the outset the majority of people seemed to think that the necessity of making the trip across the bay would deter a great many from attending the races there, but this judgment has proved wholly incorrect, and only went to show once more that majorities are not always right and that the race-habit is not fully understood. In point of time Oakland has the advantage of Ingleside, so far as transportation is concerned, and the trip across the bay is as a rule a pleasant one, while the little run by special trains on the other side is but momentary. The service to Ingleside has been improved this year by the running of street cars on a three-minute schedule without change, but the special trains of the Southern Pacific are specially slow ones and the regular race-goers complain very generally that it should take so long to cover the five or six miles from the city to the course. The Pacific Coast Jockey Club certainly has a claim to better treatment on the part of the railroad. The best way of all to enjoy a visit to Ingleside is to drive out, but of course that is a pleasure which comparatively few can allow themselves. However, all said and done, both tracks are favored as to the routes by which they are reached, and if the people who complain here had to submit to the delays and discomforts of reaching the races in other places they would probably find themselves speechless with disgust. Californians are sometimes better off than they think, and at other times they are just as mistaken the other way. However, in the matter of getting to the races they have an uncommonly easy time.

In this present issue is included a large number of sketches illustrating the features at both our tracks, and whether the reader be an ardent race-goer or has never been present on either of the courses, we believe the scenes and incidents depicted will be of considerable interest.

Everybody knows that a large number of people consider the Turf an iniquitous institution, just as some condemn the theatre and other forms of popular amusement; but, fortunately, the community at large is not regulated by the more narrow-minded section. It is the abuse of these enjoyments that constitutes their evil effect, and if more people could only be got to see that the sport of racing has far greater inducements to offer to those who will cultivate a legitimate taste for it than the mere opportunity of gambling, the Turf would take higher rank than it does. This is most needed in this country, for in Europe, especially in England, admittedly the leader in racing matters, numbers of men and women of the highest distinction, interest themselves in its affairs solely for the sake of the pleasure and not the profit, to be got out of so doing. To attain this end here the tone of the sport must be kept as high as possible and everything that tends to demoralize it must be carefully watched for and cut adrift. In this respect the last three years have seen a great advance here. There is reason to hope that the improvement will continue, and that as time goes on the best class of people will identify themselves more and more with the Turf in California.

In the half century of its existence as a State, the most wonderful results have been achieved in the way of horse-breeding and the industry is of the greatest importance. In order that it may continue to full advantage, the maintenance of first-class racecourses is s positive necessity. The owners of the existing tracks in this neighborhood, are as fully alive to the situation as it is possible to be, and if their policy in the past be any indication of their plans for the future, we may hope to see both racing and horse-breeding continue hand in hand as a source of untold benefits to California. Nothing does more to advertise the State as one of the most desirable portions of the universe, and to furnish employment and delightful recreation for the manly section of its inhabitants and visiting residents. Even if the inevitable gambling adjunct be considered, it is noticable that since racing became permanently established here there is far less indoor gambling than there used to be. Whatever evil there be is unconcealed, and, as far as possible, under control, roguery in any form being scotched whenever discovered.

The accompanying sketches suffice to show the convenient and elegant manner in which the Ingleside and Oakland tracks are equipped, and in some degree a fair idea can be gained of the orderly and systematic way in which the racing is administered. Pictures, however, necessarily fail to convey the full measure of life and spirit that pervade the gatherings on the course and, as has been urged before in these columns, no one who can enjoy pleasant surroundings, even if they have no liking for racing contests, will find themselves unrewarded should they pay a visit to the tracks while the sport is in progress. In Kentucky and other parts of the country, where there are well kept and laid out tracks, that are not nearly so beautifully located and completely designed and finished as our tracks here, people resort to them as they would to parks for recreation, even when no racing is going on.

Concluding these remarks with a short description of the tracks themselves, it may be observed that the Ingleside track is situated on the Ocean House Road about five miles from the heart of the city, and is conveniently reached by special trains on every race day from the Townsend street depot of the S. P. R. R., and also by electric car on the Mission extension road. For those who prefer to drive or ride out the road through the Park, past the asylum ou to the Balboa Boulevard, will be found delightful.

The course itself is 85 feet wide at the homestretch, the turns and back stretch being 70 feet in width. The grand stand will seat 4,000 people, and below is the vast betting ring with the paddock, containing twenty-six stalls, jockeys' room, secretary's office and other necessary adjuncts close at hand. A separate clubhouse for members of the Jockey Club is annexed to the grand stand, and the whole of these elegantly finished buildings are approached by well laid-out avenues and surrounded by charming lawns, gardens and shrubberies. The stables afford room for 1,000 horses, and consist of several blocks of well-finished buildings, the drainage and sewerage throughout the track being admirably engineered.

The Club entered upon its third season on November 1st, and racing will continue every alternate fortnight until about the middle of May, 1898, giving at least five races each day with purses of $400 to $7,500 in value.

The president is Senator S. N. Androus, vice-president, Henry J. Crocker; secretary, F. H. Green; these gentlemen, with E. Corrigan, W. S. Hobart, M. F. Tarpey and J. Malowansky constituting the Board of Directors, with their business office at the Palace Hotel.

The Oakland course is situated at Emeryville, and is reached by ferryboat from the foot of Market street, passengers proceeding from the Oakland mole by a train journey of seven minutes to the station at the track. In its appointments it is very similar to Ingleside and equally dommonious in every respect.

The Board of Directors is composed of the following gentlemen: Thos. H. Williams Jr., President; D. M. Burns, First Vice-President; Henry Ach, Second Vice-President; M. A. Gunst, Louis Lissak, with R. B. Milroy, Secretary; and the company has its business office at Sutter and Kearny streets.

BENEDICT.

## IN THE NIGHT.

BY ROBT PORTER

In the night,
In the endless hours before the dawn
Lie breathless and listen,
Listen and hear—
Hear the lilt, the monotone that swings
From off the quivering hoop of Life.
Wrung from the aching,
Wrung from the weary,
The loveless,
The loved.
Anguish deep from the heart of things,
The cry of unknown souls,
Unborn, and yet in fear.
The song of useless endeavor,
Unending endeavor and useless achieving,
Of passionate striving, and pulseless attaining.
Then
The heart of the lotus
The touch of Nivvana
The vision of sleep that is endless;
Strivingless drowsiness,
Fullness of feeling and numbness of thought
Promiseful, smiling, inscrutable death;
Masterful death
Quietness, restfullness, peace.

Tod Sloan, the American jockey whose riding has excited so much comment in England, has apartments at the Hotel Cecil, with his valet, and goes back and forth by train to the various race meetings. Sloan had $2000 on St. Cloud II for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and, as jockeys are not allowed to bet over there, the Jockey Club's attention has been called to his proclivities. It is urged that if he remains in England he must be stopped from betting.

Pope Leo made eight hogsheads of wine this year from the vineyard he had set out in the Vatican gardens. A small part of the wine is reserved for his own use, another portion is sent to churches to be used at mass, and the rest is sold. The Pope is proud of the profits of his agricultural enterprise, and intends to plant more vines in the Vatican and at Castel Gandolfo.

1. Club House. 2. Light Weights. 3. Watching a race from the paddock lane. 4. Weighing out. 5. Judges' and Timers' Stands and Signalling Boards. 6. Press Room. 7. A glimpse of the Grand Stand Balcony. 8. Leaving the Paddock for the Course. 9. A winner returning to weigh in. 10. Jockey Clawson promises to win.

INGLESIDE TRACK: THE PROPERTY OF THE PACIFIC COAST JOCKEY CLUB

1, Jockeys returning tô the paddock after a race. 2. Lining up at the gate. 3. Starter Ferguson improves his mind while waiting for the horses to come to the post. 4. The Home-stretch. 5. A corner of the betting ring. 6. Carriage entrance. 7. Grand Stand: Judges' Stand in the foreground. 8. Covered walk from the Railway Station to the Grand Stand.

OAKLAND TRACK: THE PROPERTY OF THE CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I am afraid, dearest diary, if this whirl of gaiety continue your poor little Cricket will have to take a rest-cure or some such other heroic treatment. I am so worn out that I can neither eat nor sleep, except out of order. I peck at a few dainties at luncheons and suppers, and take forty winks in the carriage when whirling between places. Papa says that I am no longer even rational and avers that this shall be my last as well as my first season. Even Leila is utterly fatigued, and she has only been invited to the larger affairs.

The week commenced with Therese Morgan's reception and dinner-dance on Friday. Dear me, I can hardly describe what a capital time I had. The tea started at five sharp when we girls were all in attendance. Our costumes were more elaborate, I think, than at the other affairs, and some of us changed afterwards for the dinner. The house was superb in its decorations. The drawing-room was hung in gorgeous scarlet hibiscus, the dining-room with those brilliant-hued ladyapples on branches. Mrs. Morgan, Therese and Ella received the guests. Mrs. Morgan wore black velvet and lace, a very smart gown. Ella was in pale pink and white. Therese's gown was a dream made of white chiffon spangled in opals which caught the different lights and reflected them. I never saw her look more stunning; Edna Hopkins was piquant as ever in white chiffon; Margaret Salisbury wore white with long sweeping ends of chiffon depending from the shoulder, which looked effective; Helen Hopkins wore a fetching frock of pale green and white striped silk trimmed with graduated ruffles of chiffon. After the tea we all tripped upstairs to the garret which was transformed into a banquet hall. The tables were all round and each adorned in pink, the covers of some novel bamboo cloth. The decorations of ferns with lights peeping through the bamboos had a most picturesque effect. Later we danced. Therese and Mr. Greenway led the German. The figures were pretty and on the marching order, the favors charming little arrangements in the form of paper jockey caps for the men, umbrellas and fans for the girls—I shall keep mine as a souvenir of one of the smartest affairs of the season.

On Saturday I rested all the morning, took a massage treatment and a milk and oil bath. In the afternoon I felt remarkably fit and ready for the several teas. I first went to Clara Hamilton's, a pretty affair with bevies of young people. None of the older set were invited. Alice Hoffman, Addie Murphy, Miss Stranahan and Florence Josselyn assisted in receiving. Thence I hastened home, donned my "war paint," as Arthur calls my organdie gowns, and rushed down to Marie Wells' where I assisted in receiving. I was a little late and found a perfect horde of people. Shoals of men—more even than at Leontine's, where they almost outnumbered the girls. The house was literally massed with flowers—roses of every hue were placed in the reception rooms—the banisters banked with chrysanthemums, the dining-room gay with scarlet berries and buds. Mrs. Wells, Marie and her cousin Marie Oge were in the window. Mrs. Wells wore a stunning gown of green silk; Marie Wells was in organdie, a love of a frock covered with lace arrayed in divers designs; Marie Oge's costume was somewhat similarly built. Both of them looked really beautiful and I had to make my calculations as to the belles of the season once again. Mary Belle Gwin also looked especially well in pale blue silk. Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman and Charlotte were among the prettiest of the girls. Afterwards a number of the men came in and we had a buffet supper. It was such fun and so delightfully original. We danced until the bells warned us of the approach of the Sabbath. On Sunday, in the afternoon, I went to the Scheel Concert which was packed, and in the evening retired to get a few hours beauty sleep. A lot of the boys came in in the afternoon and were disgusted to hear of my absence but when music beckons I fly—it hath charms more potent than even the bright eyes of my favorite youth. I have not told you his name, dearest Diary—I may later. Now, I myself, can hardly say.

On Monday in the afternoon I went to the farewell concert of the Henschels, and had a most enjoyable hour or so. Everyone was there. I saw Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, the Moodys, Mrs. M. H. de Young and countless others. Then home and an hour's rest before dressing for Mrs. Carroll's dinner at the 'Varsity Club. It was a genuine function—no other term can be used. The table decorations were in excellent taste, and the gowns of the girls immense. I shan't say aught of the menu save that even my peckish appetite was stimulated. The handsomest of the frocks were those of Mrs. Whittier, a confection of white chiffon over taffeta, with reseda crepe laid on in cords. The skirt had graduated cords. The waist was banded with them. Over the shoulders and in the center were straps of insertion of embroidered chiffon, with the crepe running through. Gertie was in white and looked well. Therese Morgan's gown also pleased me—it was of white taffeta trimmed with lace. On Tuesday I had a most exciting day of it. First there was Lucy Jackson's lunch at the 'Varsity Club, when we all wore our loveliest frocks. Lucy looked stunning, I admire her anyway, she is so tall and well made. She was in light green silk with a big picture hat. I don't think Leontine Blakeman ever looked so well as in her costume of royal blue trimmed in mink. Helen Thornton was in dark green and red, and Clara Hamilton in pearl grey silk. The table was decked in jacqueminot roses. In the evening I went to a big theatre party given by Mr. Greenway at the Baldwin. There were about thirty of us, and we simply made things hum. The Baldwin fairly resounded with our mirth—afterwards to supper at the 'Varsity, when Walter Martin distinguished himself. He is the funniest of youths, and has quite superseded Addison Mizner as King of the Brownies. He is quite bright, too, graduated with honors from Georgetown, if you please. But he tells the funniest tales. I don't always understand the wit of them, but he looks so ludicrous when he is relating a commonplace incident that the most dignified of the matrons is bound to laugh. Another man who has caught the popular favor is M. de Haven, a young French cavalry officer—a friend of Baron von Schroeder. He does not in the least resemble the French type as most of us understand it. He is tall, slight, with blue eyes and curly brown hair. I like his accent immensely and his gestures are positively irresistible—his shrugs more entertaining than most fellows' epigrams.

Oh, I have not told you of the girls Mr. Greenway entertained. There was Ethel Patten in black satin and purple velvet, Lillie Follis in pearl grey. I always admire her gowns, they are chosen with more real relation to the wearer and to the occasion than the clothes of most of us buds. Mamma is always scolding me for my carelessness in not discriminating between my dresses. Had I my way I should never wear aught but tailor built frocks, but mamma says there is a future and—I am not so plump that frills add too much to my contour. Then, late as it was, I went to the Wood's ball. Leila had gone earlier with papa and mamma, so Aunt Sybil chaperoned me. I found everything going swimmingly, and the boys enthusiastic about the supper. One or two told me they had taken no less than six different girls down and had a fresh supply with each! Maud Woods was in white and looked ever so bonny. The Van Winkles were all there. Ethel Murphy wore a smart frock and looked very chic; it was of white silk trimmed in pearls. Florence Josselyn also was daintily gowned in white lace trimmed with lilies of the valley. I could not help admiring Marie Messer, she is so graceful, and dances like Terpsichore herself. Helen Thornton was in white silk, Bertie Bruce in white with blue ribbons.

On Wednesday evening was the Thomas ball. Were it not a trial to your patience, dear Diary, I should again go into ecstasies, but I can't help it. It was a perfect affair, and we all had capital fun. The debutantes were there en masse, all in their white frocks. Who was the belle? I do not know, or perhaps I should not like to say. I know Helen Thomas' frock was the second prettiest in the room. It was of white satin, embroidered in pearls. Marie Wells was adorable in white organdie and lace. Lillie Follis and the Carolans were pleasing pictures. Oh, but I cannot discriminate—'t would be easier to pick out the plain girls, I think. On Thursday Bernie Drown gave a violet luncheon, at which we debutantes were well represented. Bernie wore a stylish frock; Gertie Oge also looked well—she is enjoying the last weeks of her season here as she goes East in December; she wore a green and white check silk with points of pleated chiffon. Florence Stone, Bertie Bruce and many others were there. In the afternoon to Mrs. Lents' and Mabel Bacon's teas. Both were jolly affairs, though they did not differentiate from the usual. At Mrs. Lent's there was more of the older crowd; at Mabel's, the younger set was conspicuous. Yesterday there was Mrs. Newhall's tea, which I shall tell you of next week.

A catalogue for Saturday—the Carrolls, Hopkins and Bertie Bruce's. Next week promises to be equally gay. There is Charlotte Ellinwood's ball on Tuesday. Then the Doll Show at which we are all to receive—all we buds, I mean. We anticipate an event of social as well as financial importance. All the youths have promised to save their shekels, and try and make our especial dolls win the prizes, and now, adieu, dear Diary; were it not for conscience' sake my confidences would be shorter. Till another sennight, your much fatigued

MISS CRICKET.

* *

They have begun playing Polo at Burlingame. The field is in excellent condition and there is every prospect of a lively season. Indeed, the Club has expended a large sum in the purchase of raquets and balls and has enough to stack a regiment. There was a good game last Sunday, three against three, and this afternoon and to-morrow will be devoted to practice. To the joy of everyone concerned, Walter Hobart is around again and has lost none of his old enthusiasm. But polo is really subordinate in interest to golf. The new links are well situated, and last Sunday all the ladies whose husbands are members of the Club turned out for practice. There was quite an array of matrons and damsels. Among them I noticed Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Harry Howard. The vogue of golf is yet in its infancy, but we shall doubtless see as great an excitement here as they have in the East over the ancient and venerable game.

The San Mateo Hunt Club begins its season next week. The first meet takes place at the Burlingame Clubhouse at three o'clock Saturday, November 27th, and it is proposed to meet every Saturday with an occasional bye-day on on Wednesday. Mr. Hobart will officiate as M. F. H., and I judge the following this season will be very large, inasmuch as quite a number of the gentlemen who paperchased at San Rafael are determined to try hunting at San Mateo under less artificial conditions.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is again in town, but it is understood that his trip is purely business. He is accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Amsden and by her daughter, Miss Voorhies, a charming and attractive young lady. Their stay in town is to be brief; thence they go south via Bakersfield visiting Mr. Haggin's extensive properties en route.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Lester have returned from the East and are now quartered at their Van Ness Avenue mansion. Mr. and Mrs. Charley Baldwin who have been living very quietly at Mountain View are talking of going East in the early future.

There are expressions of life and occupation in the Flood mansion on California street, the drawing of blinds, the general brightening up of windows and the reappearance of the front door, all of which indicates the return of Miss Flood and her determination to occupy her California-street home.

As a function it would be difficult to excel the opening ball of the season of '97 at the Concordia Club on Saturday evening. The affair opened with a performance which was entertaining and well handled. This was followed by the dance in the ballroom of the club. The decorations were magnificent. The walls were hung in white and red bunting intermingled with pink roses and smilax. It was the occasion of the first appearance of a number of the debutantes, who proved exceedingly attractive. The palm of belledom may, I think, be conceded to Miss Gertrude Ettlinger. She is an exceedingly pretty girl with dark eyes and wavy hair, which she arranges in pompadour fashion. Her dress was striking—of white mousseline de soie spangled in silver. On either side of the skirt was a lattice of ribbons. Around the bottom of the skirt and edging the corsage was chiffon. A design of silver spangles was arranged on either side of the waist and skirt. It was the gown of gowns for a debutante, and Miss Ettlinger is to be congratulated. Another of the buds is Miss Edith Cohn, who wore a white frock of filmy material. I admired Miss Clara Rosenbaum, particularly. Her gown was of white taffeta covered in pink mull, over which was draped white chiffon, giving a suggestion of the pink through it, like the under-side of a sea-shell. Pink corals were arranged in lines both in the back and front of the corsage, and a necklet around the high collar. Lace ruffles with dewdrop centres followed the lines of the figure. A jabot was arranged over the shoulders and the skirt trimmed with draped ruffles. Miss Rosenbaum is from Stockton, and is already very popular. Miss Newman also wore a striking costume of moire chiffon. The skirt was arranged with apron cut in Vandyke fashion, edged with a ruffle of chiffon. The whole front was covered with a lattice of white ribbons. Around the bottom was a double filling, between the edges of which was arranged a garland of pink rose petals. The waist was edged with ruffles of chiffon, the rose petals following the line of the corsage. Miss Norma Bachmann also looked stunning in pink. Miss Daisy Schweitzer looked very charming in a white taffeta covered with point d'esprit and trimmed with baby roses; the waist was arranged *a la bebe*, with bows of silk and a long pink sash. The skirt had flounces graduating edged in tiny ruffles. Of the married ladies who were conspiciously handsome, I noted Mrs. Ed Rothschild, Mrs. Blum and Mrs. M. Koshland. Mrs. Blum's gown was especially worthy of comment. Of green moire plaid, the skirt had two flounces around the bottom coming up high in the back and edged with frilling; the waist had a muslin front inserted in fine narrow chantilly lace; gorgeous jewelled passementerie was arranged round the front and shoulders and green velvet caps edged with black frilling covered the top of sleeve.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Miss Ethel Moore and Miss Carmen Moore gave a big reception on Tuesday evening to the young people of Oakland. It was a rarely pretty affair. The grounds surrounding the house were hung with Japanese lanterns and the house was massed in chrysanthemums and ferns. During the evening the young people danced or wandered round at their pleasure. All the debutantes were present and many of the belles of the past few seasons. Among the prettiest of the girls I noted Miss Lillian Strong in white, Miss Thom of Yokohoma, a tall, slender blonde, who wore a pink and white gauze gown; Miss Carmen Moore in white organdie and lace. Miss Sallie Quinan in white, Miss Smith of Claremont, who was radiant in white brightened with cerise velvet and a big white picture hat. Miss Randall in white moire chiffon and pink ribbons, Miss Luita Booth in white and Miss Alice Moffitt in a lovely gown of white and pink. Mrs. Moore was assisted by Mrs. Frank Smith, who wore a stunning gown of Persian silk and necklet of diamonds.

* *

The social life of Oakland this winter is most erratic. The usual entertainers are either wantdering in other States or have taken a back seat, leaving their former places unoccupied. Even Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has confined her efforts to small and informal entertainments. Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce have been in Oregon, and the younger married crowd have thus far shown no enthusiasm in the direction of social gaieties. Since the failure to reorganize the Deux Temps Cotillion Club, the dancing element, with the exception of the Friday Fortnightlies, has remained passive. I do not even hear of a new cotillion club being under way, and the debutantes of this season are having a very monotonous time. Mr. and Mrs. George Grayson gave a dinner recently to some of the older married people which proved enjoyable. Judge and Mrs. Garber, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. J. Owens and Mr. and Mrs. McNear were among their guests. Another dinner was given on Monday evening by Mr. George McNear to a number of his business associates and their wives.

Mrs. G. B. Beck gave a candy pull to the members of the Friday Fortnightly on Saturday last, when the young people had a capital time. Mrs. Beck is a fine hostess, and consequently popular. Bicycle rides continue to retain their popularity—a very jolly evening was spent last week by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Paten, Mr. and Mrs. Hodes and Mr. and Mrs. Stahl. They went to San Leandro, where they had supper, and later returned home. The roads are in excellent condition at present, which, of course, adds to the enjoyment of wheeling.

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### THE DOLL SHOW.

The Doll Show of the Doctor's Daughters at at the Maple Room Tuesday and Wednesday, will be an innovation in San Francisco society. For several seasons the idea has been successfully carried out in New York formerly at Sherry's and later at the Waldorf, where the exhibit was made in the great ballroom. Having outlived its novelty, the show is now one of the fixed affairs in New York, and is as firmly established as were the codes and rules with the ancient Medes and Persians. In the last exhibit held in March the leading American dressmakers contributed dolls costumed in the modes of the season, the best dressed models in the different rules receiving prizes donated by noted New Yorkers. Aside from its social feature, which is half the thing, the exhibit offers splendid opportunities for modistes and manteaux makers to introduce new fashions, and for ordinary people of society to gather to themselves ideas of the proper thing in gowning.

The San Francisco show promises to be little if any behind its metropolitan predecessors. Much interest has been evidenced ever since the conception of the idea, and considerable rivalry is agog among dressmakes and milliners generally who are preparing models. In society anticipation is even keener, and during the two days of the exhibit the Maple Room will present a smart appearance. As for the Doctors' Daughters and their work—both deserve much consideration. The society is organized to alleviate sickness and suffering among the poor and to assist generally the unfortunate. Such an object is laudable enough to receive the support and substantial attention of the charitably inclined.

### Fashion in Champagne.

New York cultured society has taken up the Moet & Chandon. Since the Bradley-Martin and Patriarchs ball, no menu is considered en regle without this brand.—*Exchange.*

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch**

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**Frederic J. Lane, D. D. S., has removed to 522 Sutter street, San Francisco.**

## THE THEATRES

### Incongruities of "Gay New York"—The Cleverness of Mr. Foy.

There is a rattling, lively, fetching, swing to "Gay New York," that begins with the rising of the curtain on the first act, and does not lag or halt throughout three acts replete with whimsical, impossible, ludicrous and amusing nonsense. A song and dance in front of the Waldorf Hotel is made the most natural thing possible. A young lady dressed as young ladies do at the age of twelve, affianced to the ancient Duke of Mulligatawny, is not at all incongrous. A song and dance on a church steeple would have been possible and in perfect harmony with the surroundings. A bevy of chorus girls in abbreviated skirts, a young lady in blue tights, Virginius and his daughter en costume, a composite Trilby and Svengali all parading through the Grand Central Depot, New York, are among the things you grow accustomed to in this very impossible performance.

The music of the burlesque is by Gustave Kerker, he who performed the same office for "An American Beauty;" but Mr. Kerker has given us something more popular in the way of tuneful airs, in the piece now on the Baldwin stage, and the company far and away surpasses that accompanying the other "Casino success" headed by Corinne. The Klaw-Erlanger people cannot be charged with wasting time in a pains-taking search for beauty with which to equip its chorus. De Wolf Hopper never blunders in this direction, and and at the Hopper performances, if you admire the fresh faces of the chorus, you are simply paying tribute to the excellent judgment of the very clever comedian himself.

You are offered in the second act of "Gay New York, a "kaleidoscopic view" of New York's latest theatrical successes. There is a suggestion or two from "The Lady Slavey," some of Yvette Guilbert and a travesty on Belasco's "Heart of Maryland," which fairly brought down the house. There is a neat Hebrew turn by York and Adams. To the tune of "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," they offer up the story of a Hebrew whose business was on the point of collapsing, to whom came the inspiration of kerosene and

SENORITA BEATRIX FRANCO
Of the Italian Opera Company

matches, whereupon, the "Hot Time in Old Town" followed. Messrs. Gregory and Curley the two Casino scrub-women, won several well-merited recalls. One thing crowded upon another so rapidly, and the people were withal so clever, that it is difficult to discriminate. Eddie Foy was, naturally enough, head and shoulders above the rest. The last time Eddie came West, he was trying his abilities at impersonating a "Miss Brown," in farce comedy; but it was a chilly, frosty, failure, financially, and artistically, too, for that matter. I might say some unkind things of Mr. Harrison's style of brazen comedy, but will not. I have on railway trains and elsewhere met some fresh young fellows, just budding into drummers, who were built along this young man's lines. All in all the company is very acceptable, crowded houses prevailed during the week. If given the power to "cut;" one characteristic of the performance would disappear. Theatre-goers, as a rule, do not approve of the man in the gallery who holds a shouting dialogue with the actor on the stage. Neither is there any necessity for old Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins stalking down the center isle of the dress circle shouting for their daughter. Cutting out this species of unnecessary diversion, would also, very properly, remove Mr. Johnny Brown and his lewd antics from the proscenium box. Such eliminations would not lessen the interest of the audience, and might have a tendency toward elevating the tone of the performance, if such a thing is desirable.

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The trained ponies at the Orpheum are dainty little creatures with well-combed tails and fat, sleek sides, and their intelligence seems to be in proper proportion, for they trip and waltz about, march in military manner, and do a lot of other things, including a wrestling bout, in really amusing fashion; and through it all the house looks on amused to the fullest extent of the law. Professor Morris is a natural-born trainer, and his little animals are things of beauty and of profit. Olschanky & Lonny, comedy acrobats all the way from the London Empire, are amusing and clever in their work. Countess Von Hatzfeldt is also receiving approval—something she saw little of last week. She has a new song—her own composition—a pretty thing; but her gown, or rather dress, is a wonderful distortion—both strange and fantastic.

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It is a good performance they are giving this week at Morosco's, touched with considerable animation. The play, "A Celebrated Case," is a favorite of many seasons, and will likely continue so as long as melodrama itself. The scenery, as usual, is a feature of the production, being pretty and pleasing, and well-arranged, and the costumes look fresh and new.

H. S. K.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Miss Beatrix Franco, of the Italian Opera Company at the California, is the fortunate possessor, not only of a beautiful voice, but also of a thorough musical education. In 1881, Miss Franco, who is a native of Mexico, accompanied her father, a general in the Mexican army, to Milan on a Consular mission, where she began, a year later, a three-year's course in musical theory, at the great conservatory in that city. When she had arrived at the age of sixteen in 1893, she commenced studying the art of singing, and, a year ago, made her debut at the *Teatro Nacional* in the City of Mexico, as Azucena in Trovatore, winning immediate approval from th· leading critics of the capital. In view of the Mexican standard in matters musical, Miss Franco's success was of special significance. The young cantatrice then continued her studies until September of this year when she was engaged by the Del Conte Company, now so successfully appearing in this city. Miss Franco is a langorous beauty of genuine Mexican mould, with dark, dreamy eyes, clear olive skin and a most engaging personality. Her voice is a rich contralto under perfect control, and full of sympathy and dramatic expression. Her favorite roles are in "Aida," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Linda," "Trovatore," "Carmen" "Mignon."

At the California to-morrow (Sunday) evening the Italian Opera Company closes its third week with a production of "Fra Diavolo." Monday, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be sung for the first time in this city. Tuesday, "Ernani," Wednesday, a repetition of "Manon Lescaut." Thursday and Saturday matinee "La Boheme," Friday, "Force of Destiny" and Saturday evening, "Carmen," with Montenari as the bewitching cigarrero. For Sunday night a farewell concert is announced.

A dramatic event of real interest is announced for next week at Morosco's in the production of "The Great Diamond Robbery," the play that set New York agog several seasons ago with Mme. Januschek and Blanche Walsh in the principal parts. The piece is full of genuine thrilling interest from beginning to end, the cast comprising 22 characters. The most elaborate scene in the play is a represen tation of the Hoffman House bar in New York City.

For its attraction next week the Alcazar offers Mrs. Pacheco's lively comedy "Incog." The piece is well known in this city, having been played so successfully for several seasons by Charles Dickson, who, by the way, will personally direct the Alcazar production. The cast includes Wright Huntington, Wallace Shaw, Gertrude Foster, and Mrs. F. M. Bates. Frederick Paveding is on his way from the East to join the Alcazar company.

The first of the Channing Auxiliary lectures comes off at the Unitarian Church, next Tuesday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, and the second the Tuesday following, Prof. Bernard Moses speaking on "Life in the Ancient Capital of Japan," and "Japan Under the New Regime." On January 4th, 11th and 18th, Prof. Edward H. Griggs continues the course with "Goethe's Faust," "The Spiritual Philosophy of Tennyson," and "The Relations of Poetry to Painting and Music."

A testimonial concert will be tendered to Prof. J. Sancho by his pupils at Native Sons Hall, Tuesday evening, November 23. The programme, almost entirely consisting of Spanish music, will be given by the El Turia and La Giralda mandolin clubs, Prof. Arrillagas Flores de Espana, Susie M. Blair, violinist, Edythe E. Henderson, vocalist and dancer, Jas. A. Snook, basso, and the Andalusian Serenaders.

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THE ANDALUSIAN SERENADERS
Who make their debut at Prof. Sancho's concert next Tuesday evening
Elite photo

The San Francisco Symphony Society has completed arrangements for a series of symphony concerts, to be directed by Fritz Scheel, which promises to be the most successful ever given in this city. They are to take place at the Tivoli, on alternate Thursday afternoons, beginning December 2d. The orchestra is to consist of fifty musicians.

"The Geisha" enters on its sixth week at the Tivoli Sunday evening. A new set of costumes, imported from the Royal Opera House in Tokio for Augustin Daly, will be shown a few nights next week when several special performances will be given. "Rip Van Winkle" has been in rehearsal for some time and will follow "The Geisha."

The Orpheum offers for its principal attraction next week, Servais Leroy, illusionist and magician. Other new-comers are Harry Edson and his trained dog Jack, and Mlle. Grevian, transformation dancer. The Biograph has been retained for another week and will show the Haverstran Tunnel.

"In Old Kentucky" is being played to large and delighted audiences at the Columbia. The second week of the engagement commences Monday evening. An extra matinee is on for Thanksgiving. The next attraction will be Louis James in his new play "A Cavalier of France."

Sunday night performances will be given at the Baldwin during the run of "In Gay New York." The piece, which has made a great hit, will be continued two weeks longer. A special matinee will be given Thursday.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" relieve Throat Irritations caused by cold or use of voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

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## EUROPE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

### Queen Louise as a Mischief-Maker—The Czarina's Great Influence.

It is rather the fashion in some places to decry the degree of women's influence in politics, and to underestimate the feminine power behind the throne. Since the fall of the Empire in France, and the decline of the salon, women in the Republic have officiated but little in the direction of affairs. As the wives of ministers and embassadors, their position is social rather than political, and the powers that be show a strong desire to keep them out of the government. But, strange as it may seem, the rest of Europe is under the sway of the royal petticoat, and the hands that hold the scales are the grandmothers of the great powers—Queen Victoria of England, and Queen Louise of Denmark. Queen Louise is a truly remarkable woman, who has fully earned the title of the Royal Matchmaker. A daughter of Hesse Cassel, married to the sovereign of the smallest kingdom in Europe, she has managed to secure empires and monarchies for each of her children. Her eldest daughter is the Princess of Wales, her second, the dowager Czarina of Russia; one of her sons married the richest princess of Europe. Her second son is King of the Hellenes; her third, Waldemar, married Princess Marie Louise of Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris. In this way she is related to nearly all the ruling houses. Born a manipulator, in her declining years her passion for intrigue has grown paramount, and it seems now that nothing would give her greater happiness than to have all her relatives at loggerheads. Her most recent machinations have been directed against the Anglo-Franco-Russian friendship, and thereby hangs rather an interesting tale.

The courts of Russia and Denmark are no longer one happy family as in the days when Alexander sat upon the throne and the Imperial Russias spent all their holidays in the quiet Danish court at Copenhagen. The Dowager Czarina, who inherits her mother's intriguing propensities, is no longer persona grata at St. Petersburg, and there is no great love lost between her and her son Nicholas. The Czar is completely under the sway of his wife, the daughter of Princess Alice of England, later of Hesse, and Darmstadt is their place of retirement when resting from the affairs of state. This has roused the wrath of Queen Louise, who credits the change to the influence of her rival mother-in-law, Queen Victoria. Naturally enough she set about making trouble and the victim selected to operate upon was Princess Maud of Wales, Queen Victoria's favorite grand-daughter, who had married her grandson, Prince Karl of Denmark. Living at the court is Princess Marie of Orleans, who as sister-in-law of the Dowager Czarina and a daughter of France, is a devotee of the Franco Russian alliance. To her went the Queen with a tale of the abuse heaped upon the Russians by Maud, who called them semi-civilized barbarians. Marie rushed to the English Princess and hurled invectives upon her head. Things were waxing warm in the Danish court and both Princesses asked King Christian for justice, while their husbands besought the Queen to make peace between the belligerents. Princess Maud reported her miseries to her mother while Marie of Orleans made havoc with English interest at the Russian court. King Christian sent for the Princess of Wales, beseeching her as a Dane and a daughter to pour oil on the troubled waters. The Prince and Princess of Wales appeared but sided strongly with their descendant. Instead of compelling an interchange of apologies, they advocated Maud's return to England offering Prince Karl a place in the British Navy. King Christian is evidently opposed to this scheme which he avers will offend the Danes, for Karl is a general favorite and the populace have shown strong admiration for Maud. Besides the King is ill and his death will probably cause further confusion, for Queen Louise is as hale, hearty and mischievous as ever and what she may do without the restraining influence of her husband is what is worrying the diplomats.

While this family feud rageth between England and Denmark, another of perhaps deeper portent has been developed at Darmstadt. As I remarked previously the Czar and Czarina spend their summers in the dominion of Hesse. Quite recently, in Carlsruhe, the statue of the old Kaiser Wilhelm was unveiled, and the Grand Duke of Baden and his wife called on the Czar, supposedly to invite him to be present on that occasion. He curtly refused to receive them, and all Germany considered itself slighted. One theory was that the Czar expected to please France by decling to see the statue of its conqueror reared in a capital so near the French frontier, but it seemed inexplicable that he should also insult both that conqueror's daughter and son-in-law in refusing to see them. The Duke is much esteemed in Germany, for he is a solid, sensible man, and the best representative of the Teutonic type of ruler. There is another explanation of the incident and a woman is at the bottom of it. It appears that the Czarina has a grievance against the Duke, which dates back to the time of the Franco-Prussian war. The Duke of Baden, openly objected to the way news was sent from the front by the Grand Duke of Hesse to his wife, Princess Alice of England, at Carlsruhe, and by her to the English court, from where it found its way to Paris. The Hessians were furious about this accusation and since that time a feud has existed between them and their neighbors of Baden.

The Czar, when away from home and his muscovite advisers, is dominated by his wife and her brother, Ernest Ludwig of Hesse. The latter is a splendid young fellow, who alone among the princes of his generation has never been ruined by debauchery or over education. He is a genial, attractive, level-headed man, and the Czar adores him. He thinks his sister a perfect intellectual wonder, and Nicky and he regard her cleverness as something phenomenal. It is in her capacity as daughter of an English mother that she has put this insult on the old ruler of Baden. In a quarrel between two German capitals—one the most aggressively imperialistic and neo-Teutonic in the Empire, the other with two grandchildren of Queen Victoria on its throne, the Czar is brought forward as a combatant on the English side. The weight of the incident may be overestimated. The Czar has official pressure to meet as well as domestic, but it is readily seen that the fireside influences about him are English in sympathy rather than German. In other words, the Czarina is more Princess Alice's daughter than the Emperor William's cousin. For the rest, the episode renders it certain that Russo-German relations are bound to become even more strained during the coming winter, though the Kaiser is learning Russian.

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## THE PRINCE'S SUPPER-CLUB

### Late Gossip from London — Court Mourning and Jubilee Gifts.

Great were the anticipations of an exceedingly gay winter this year. All sorts of social events were promised, royalty was to have made an especial effort, and now the Duchess of Teck's death has nipped all our hopes in the bud. I hear that the period of court mourning is to be unusually long. There is even a suggestion of mourning drawing-rooms. You know the Queen is never so happy as when we are all "in the trappings and habiliments of woe." She clings to melancholy and hugs grief to her heart. I suppose it is the consolation of her declining days. Curious, is it not, but age seems to positively revel in sadness. In spite of all this, I have been enjoying life lately. True, the weather has been foggy, the streets more or less slushy, but one never worries over natural events in London. I have a short skirt, goloshes and a mackintosh and fly hither and thither. Or if the occasion demands a smarter frock, I jump into a hansom and drive to my destination oblivious of everything—even the passing accident.

The exhibition of the Jubilee presents has most recently claimed my attention, and I must give you some of the details. The gifts were displayed at the Imperial Institute under the direction of Sir Alfred Jephson. I cannot begin to describe the beauty of the collection. The Prince of Wales' present occupied the place of honor. It is a life-size portrait of himself and the Duke of Connaught by Edward Detaille. The Princes are in uniform and in the background is a Highland regiment. The work is spirited and military and the likenesses of the Princes are not aggressively flattering. The Princess of Wales and her children gave a gorgeous diamond brooch, which I should really like to own. It was charmingly designed and the stones were rarely exquisite in their purity of color. The remainder of the Queen's children united in presenting her with a big chain necklet with crown and dates in diamonds. I admired the Emperor of Russia's donation of an open pendant heart of diamonds with the number "60" in the center. The German Emperor and his family gave a silver vase with figure of Brittania, and the Emperess Frederick a chrysopase paper-weight set in diamonds. The Emperor of China's gifts were porcelain vases, embroidered curtains and sacrificial wine vessels. Her Majesty's Eastern Empire is well represented. There is a buhl clock from the Nizain of Hyderbad. The other potentates sent jewelry of all descriptions imaginable and of every design beneath the sun. There was an immense crowd at the exhibition; all London flocked to see the Queen's gifts. I noted some immensely smart people jogging elbows in most democratic fashion with their butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers. The exhibition is for the benefit of the Hospital Fund, which I am sure will make a goodly sum out of it.

Oh, I must tell you about the new Supper Club which has recently been organized by the Prince of Wales' set. It is quite the swellest club in London, is to meet on Saturday nights, and is in future to be the "hall mark" of all that is smartest and most rapid of the upper Ten Thousand. I hear that Grafton Galleries are to be the place of meetings and 12 o'clock the time when gaieties begin. The Earl of Ava, the heir of the Marquis of Dufferin, and brother of Lord Terence Blackwook (who married Miss Flora Davis, of New York), is one of the promoters. The Grafton Galleries are in the heart of the west end of London. In the octagon gallery the hosts will receive their friends, His Royal Highness opening the affair. There are about two hundred on the list of membership, and each gentleman will have the privilege of bringing one lady.

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## BOOK NOTES

In *The International Studio*, for November, James Stanley Little writes at length on "Frank Brangwyn and His Art," the article containing eleven illustrations. Mortimer Mempes contributes another of his unique letters from Japan, and Count Birger-Marner discusses Swedish art at the Stockholm Exhibition. A series of sketches on wood carving is commenced by G. Frampton, A. R. A., and Gleeson White continues his work on Glasgow designers. The number contains four full page supplements; also, a portrait sketch of Mr. Brangwyn by Phil May.

*Seven on the Highway*, by Blanche Willis Howard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), possesses the virtue of being unique. The book contains seven stories or sketches, the majority of them fancifully portraying thought rather than action. The first sketch, "Marigold Michel," is pretty and fantastic, daintily written and full of charming and original ideas "The Youth that Never smiled," and the other sketches are interesting, especially "Puss in Boots" and "All Sails Spread for Monkeyland."

A book of genuine delight is F. Hopkinson Smith's *Gondola Days* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It consists of a number of sketches in pencil and pen, descriptive of Venice and Venetian life. The piazza of San Marco, the caffes, old gardens, along the Riva, open-air markets, and memories of the past, all are touched upon with rare poetic feeling and charming appreciation. The illustrations are in Hopkinson Smith's happiest manner, and add greatly to the beauty of this admirable volume.

*The First Christmas Tree* by Henry Van Dyke, illustrated by Howard Pyle, has been re-issued in attractive holliday form by Scribners. The story of the days of the God Thor and the coming of St. Boniface, is as interesting now as on it's first appearance, and, in view of the festal season, is peculiarly appropriate. The illustrations are photogravures from Mr. Pyle's drawings and are striking bits of work; but the chief charm of the new edition is it's typography. The binding in it's rich green with gold lettering and raised cover design making a pleasing appearance.

Another successful effort of the Scribners is *A Capital Courtship*, by Alexander Black, author of *Miss Jerry*. The sketch which has been expanded and otherwise added to for book publication, is termed a *Picture Play*, and was written for oral delivery before audiences. It is a brightly written tale of clever doings of rather clever people. The illustrations are from life photographs by the author, who had among his sitters Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, Daniel Lamont, Speaker Reed, Sir Julian Pauncefote and Commodore Melville.

Charles Egbert Craddock's last story, *The Juggler*, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has just appeared. It differs very much from Miss Murfree's preceding work, which was essentially a thing of dialect and adventure. *The Juggler* contains adventure enough, but the familiar dialect is quite in the background. The hero of the tale, a traveling mountebank, is an agreeable young man with a soul above his surroundings. He undergoes his troubles and trials in quite a different view from that of the average hero, and in the end departs this life with tragic accompaniements.

Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene has made her new book, *Stuart and Bamboo* (Harper & Bros.), somewhat of a social study. It is full of contrasting conditions, refinement, commonplace mediocrity, intellectual culture and human nature in the rough—a wide range of good material. But Mrs. Greene has hardly succeeded in her use of it. As a novel, her work is not to be considered—as a study of life it possessess little value. The dialect is poor—about as poor and inconsistent as dialect can possibly be.

A book of more purpose and success is *John Leighton, Jr.*, by Katrina Trask (Harper & Bros.). Leighton is a young man who protests against the narrowness of his father's religious belief, and in reward for his interference, is thrust out upon the world to provide for himself. This he manages to do, incidentlly passing through the different stages of agnosticism, reaching a more definite belief, much to his inner satisfaction. The divorce question is ably handled without undue relapse into ethics, making the book of additional interest. In this time and tide of so much vapid meaningless work, *John Leighton, Jr.*, is in many ways a welcome relief.

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## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Reliance-Stanford Game—The Great Thanksgiving-Day Event.

The Reliance Club has come to its own at last. A team of veterans, trained faithfully for a week, sent the club colors flaunting above the Cardinal. The score, ten to nothing, gives no expression to the difference in value of the elevens. What a magnificent lot of men these Reliance fellows are; not only giants with all the agility of well-trained athletes, but also tried and experienced foot-ball players to whom every principle of the game is known. The score of Saturday might easily have been tripled had this lot of men been playing together since the first of the season; for, while their interference and team work were excellent, what perfection might have been attained in a season's practice can only be surmised. The game was, in some respects, very distinctly the struggle of athletic club football against college, for on the Reliance team there were but two men in any degree indebted to college training for their football ability. Excepting Serman and Cade, who each fought four years for his college, no man who played on Saturday had ever received tuition from a college coach enough to alter his style in any degree. It would be very difficult to pick from all the football players at present on the coast an eleven to defeat this of the Maroon.

* *

Hobbs, at center, proved himself even more effective a player than he did at guard. He clearly outclassed his opponent who has had much skillful coaching, and made himself a decisive factor of the game. Sheehy and Smith, at guards, were great although opposed by men almost as good. Sheehy had rather an easy time with Fickert and simply toyed with the tackle who dropped in to take that guard's place, when the latter swung out of the line for the guard's back play. Smith, too, was very noticable, but had a much more formidable opponent in Carle. Behind the line Reliance had Carter and Moss, which means they had the best halfbacks we know; and as well, they had the uncertain spectacular Seawright, who happened to be in one of his brilliant moods, and gave an exhibition that stirred the spectators to excitement and applause. What this team might accomplish by the use of the guard's back play, so ineffectively launched at them by Stanford, were they using it against the same team, would be very interesting to note. Should they attain equal rapidity and skill in getting it under way, I believe there are few rush lines that would not yield to their immense weight and strength utilized in this most telling of modern plays. It is this guards back play, by the way, that will win the Thanksgiving-day game.

* *

Had California guards such as Smith and Sheehy, perhaps they might stop it as quickly and as conclusively as Reliance did time after time; but, not having such guards, and with the handicap of a team apt to be disconcerted by unusual plays, this attack of Mr. Woodruff's will probably help the Cardinal over California's line more than once. It must be remembered, too, that when Captain Cotton's men line up next Thursday they will have had ten days' more practice than they had on last Saturday, and that the accuracy gained in ten days may almost double the mechanism and efficiency of such semi-mass plays.

* *

It is not only in the ability to put more weight and strength into attacks on the line that Stanford will have great advantage everyone realizes how much better Murphy is than any kicker that California has. In addition to this, the greater experience of Stanford men ought to render the Cardinal's defense vastly superior, although in the matter of tackling there are few on the Stanford eleven who might not take a lesson from the way most of the Berkeleyans bring men to the ground.

* *

Another obvious fault of the Cardinal line is its tendency to play high, a fault that if not corrected may result in an unexpected touch down. If the teams were more evenly matched and the ends overran kicks as they did on Saturday, what runs such errors would allow California's backs to make might win the game, but with the advantage so greatly against them there is little chance of such misplay proving fatal to the men from Palo Alto, although Hall is a dangerous man in a broken field.

* *

Earlier in the season Stanford promised to have a decided superiority in the handling of kicks, but the conditions seem now to be reversed. California's men cover more ground, are surer and get away quick and fast. It is too bad that Hall is burdened with the captaincy of the eleven this year. His own game is suffering in consequence as a captain's game almost inevitably does. Could he but overcome a few very bad habits his game would be better than the best any man has done here for many a day. He is a wonder in an open field, and if he only would follow his interference he could skirt any end that plays in these parts. And if he only would not, once in a while, slow up to give that last man the straight arm more touchdowns would be to his credit.

* *

At one time it seemed that circling Stanford's end would be a play that California could bring off constantly with a fair certainty of gain, but the reappearance of Smith in fine defensive form seems to belie the promise of the earlier games. It will take interference as effective as a cyclone to round his end more than once or twice in a game. Reliance, big, burly and fast gave it up after a few unsuccessful attempts.

* *

So far as individuals go, Stanford has guards, one tackle, one end and one man behind the line that are better than the men California has to offset them, while the Blue and Gold has one tackle, one end and two halves that are superior to the same players for the Cardinal. At center there is little to choose, the little ought to be in favor of McDermott, the man from Berkeley. In everything but kicking Haskell is a better quarter than Murphy. The advantages of Stanford are particularly adapted to the style of play chosen, and even if the separate men were inferior the vast margin in her favor from Murphy's excellent kicking coupled with the fact that this eleven has practically played intact for two seasons, ought to give Stanford the victory. So when it is considered that not not only do these advantages lie with the Cardinal, but also that she has a very divided factor of personal superiority, not so great a one as generally supposed but still one to be reckoned with as decisive, Berkeley's hope of winning must lie in the knowledge that Fortune's smile is given most often to those who woo her fighting with close shut teeth on the last redoubt. ROBERT PORTER.


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Baldwin Theatre
AL. HAYMAN & CO. (Inc.) . . . . . Proprietors
To-Night, Sunday Night, and all next week
Holiday Matinee Thanksgiving Day
Klaw & Erlanger present the Immense Burlesque Extravaganza Success
In Gay New York
An Increasing Round of Fun and Frolic!
Seats two weeks in advance

California Theatre
Fourth and Last Week
ITALIAN GRAND OPERA CO.
Monday, First time here
MANON LESCAUT
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Columbia Theatre
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO., Lessees and Managers
Beginning Monday Next—Good-Bye Week
Extra Matinee Thanksgiving Day
It still beats 'em all! The best production ever given here!
"IN OLD KENTUCKY"
Coming. The Prince of Players LOUIS JAMES

Orpheum
Week beginning Monday, Nov. 22d
American debut of the European Sensation, SERVAIS LE ROY, Europe's Greatest Illusionist and Magician
HARRY EDSON AND HIS DOG JACK,
Most wonderful act of its kind extant
MLLE. GREVAIN, Famous Transformation Dancer
MORRIS' TRAINED PONIES, Greatest Animal Act ever seen at the Orpheum
OLSCHANSKY & LONNY, Comedy Acrobats
OLGA REGINA, Countess Von Hatzfeldt
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Retained for one week more, THE AMERICAN BIOGRAPH—the Great Haverstraw Tunnel Scene
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MRS ERNESTINE KRELING : Proprietor and Manager
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Every evening until further notice, the success of the season—the Japanese Musical Comedy
THE GEISHA
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Superb Cast! Beautiful Scenery! Splendid Costumes!
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Week of November 22d—A Legitimate Farce
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Last four performances of A Celebrated Case
Monday, November 22d, Eighth Week of the Eminent Eastern Actor, W. H. PASCOE, in the Great Sensational Melodrama
THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY
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# TURF TOPICS

## Review of the Sport at Ingleside and Oakland Tracks.

In the $500 purse for all ages, 1⅛ miles, on Thursday of last week a field of very fair quality sported silk, consisting of Installator, Buck Massie and Ostler Joe, 112 lbs. each, Wheel of Fortune 104 lbs., Aquinas 95 lbs., and Los Prietos 82 lbs., the owner of which last must surely believe he has a stayer. Unfortunately this affair was marred by an objection to Ostler Joe, who got first past the post in a hard drive with a length to spare, resulting in his disqualification for fouling Wheel of Fortune, to whom the race was awarded. Ostler Joe paced with Buck Massie alongside him for half the distance, when the latter dropped back a couple of lengths. Rounding the final turn Clawson brought up Wheel of Fortune on the rail, but as he drew near home Ostler Joe swerved onto the Wheel and appeared to cause her to dwell, at the same time Buck Massie coming up on the outside and getting over the line a short head behind the mare. The award caused some grumbling, as Ostler Joe had made the best show in the running, but the decision itself could not be questioned. Beyond a runaway victory of Tea Rose III, in a five furlong sprint and an easy win by imp. Devil's Dream in the mile selling race, the day's sport calls for no further comment.

Friday's programme was a strong one, the first item a six furlongs sprint for non-winners this year bringing out thirteen, about half of which number only presumed to contend in the running. Matt Storn's Ben Ali filly Easel got out in front at the start and keeping a couple of lsngths in hand the entire journey left Rufalba and Hazel D. to battle for second money, which the former landed by a hand. Count of Flanders, 116 lbs., a choicely bred youngster by St Carlo out of imp. Countess of Langden, easily captured the six furlongs event for two-year-olds, Fonsavannah, 111 lbs., a wiry, well-conditioned son of Fonso second, being a couple of lengths in front of Lord Marmion, 106 lbs., who had led into the stretch but failed to stand the pace thereafter. The $500 purse, one mile, was well worth seeing. Six runners faced the flag and got away fairly well. San Tuzza, 111 lbs., made the running round the first turn, when The Roman, 105 lbs., went to the head of affairs, with the useful Australian mare Trance, 111 lbs., on the outside a bare head behind, and so they travelled to the paddock, when the riders of the trio began to work in real earnest. McHugh on the mare seemed to be producing the desired effect and for a moment victory appeared within her grasp, but a few cuts from Ames, who was obliged, owing to the nearness of Trance to his mount, to use his left hand, brought the Boots' horse up and landed him a game winner by just a nose. Argentine, 111 lbs., was third, McLight, 114 lbs., Sweet Favordale, 111 lbs., and San Tuzza beaten off. The honest Judge Denny scored a creditable win in the 1 1-16 miles selling race and was bid up to $1500 as against an entered figure of $400, thus making Louis Ezell, the owner of the second horse, Personne, a greater gainer by the race than the owner of the winner.

The wind-up for the fortnight on Saturday was not favored in the way of weather but we had a good day's racing nevertheless. The smart Midlothian colt, Don Luis, with H. Martin up for the first time this season, gained rather a hollow victory over seven furlongs; Spunwell, who had won his two previous essays, second, and the attractive-looking Outlay third, Estro fourth and the remaining five out of it. Judge Denny, 102 lbs., provided H. Martin another opportunity for success in the mile handicap, though Shasta Water, 97 lbs., gave him a mighty close call at the finish. Grady, with 117 lbs., ran an honest horse, but his weight forced him to be content with third place, Devil's Dream, 93 lbs., who made a show up to the straight, being a bad last. A jumping affair, 1¼ miles, caused some surprise by the victory in his maiden attempt over the sticks of the St. Carlo colt Our Climate who only a few days ago captured his first bracket on the flat. The event of the day was the Sunnyside Stakes $1200, seven furlongs for two-year-old colts and geldings, in which nine youngsters, all but two of which have been winners, faced the starter. The lot got nicely away. Hermoso, 113 lbs., taking command for the moment, was soon passed by Ed Gartland II, 103 lbs., and the latter came into the stretch with a handsome lead and looking all over a winner. Eddie Jones, however, on Los Prietos, 110 lbs., who had whipped in the crowd the best part of the way, was coming through in great form and with a fine burst of speed, had passed Wilson on Ed Gartland II before he knew it and gained the verdict by half a length. Fonsovannah third, Morellito, 113 lbs., the favorite, fourth, and Bliss Rucker, 118 lbs., immediately behind and some ten lengths from the winner.

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Monday was opening day at Oakland and an auspicious one it proved. The weather was delightful, the attendance large and the sport fully up to expectations. The six furlongs match for a private sweepstakes, with $400 added by the California Jockey Club, between the two-year-old fillies, Napamax and St. Calatine, with 115 lbs. each, was a gift to the former, with Piggott in the saddle and Ames piloting the St. Carlo filly. From what I saw standing at the post when they started, the latter boy failed to get his mount nicely set in the breakaway, which, as Piggott made the pace very hot from the fall of the flag, was much against St. Calatine's chance, and though she kept on even terms with the Maxim filly to the head of the stretch it was only by straining every effort leading to collapse at the head of the stretch, from which point Napamax drew away and won hands down by four lengths in 1.14. Napamax proved to be very lame as she came back to the judges' stand. The event of the day, the Opening Handicap, $1,000, one mile, brought out a field of ten, all but a couple of which received some support in the ring and finishsd where they belonged. The start was quite a piece of gallery work and Mr. Ferguson received an oration from the stand. Libertine, 112 lbs., had the rail; H. Shields took him out in front at once, followed by Senator Bland, 118 lbs., Shasta Water, 100 lbs., and Satsuma, 110 lbs., the last named ridden by E. Jones. Ostler Joe, 114 lbs., imp. Trance, 104 lbs., and The Roman, 105 lbs., continued the order until almost half the distance had been run, Libertine sailing along at a splitting pace from three to four lengths ahead of the field. Still keeping his lead he rounded the stretch when Satsuma began to overhaul him and gradually wore Galen Brown's handsome horse down and secured the verdict by a head. Libertine came again just opposite the stand and made a game struggle, but to no purpose. The Roman was third several lengths away, a few inches only in front of Senator Bland, the rest of the field, except Shasta Water, being out of the hunt. The Roman was taken out very wide at the turn and made up ground fast in the stretch. As Shields came back to scale on Libertine, with his eyes on the result and time boards, his face was a study, as well it might be when he was beaten in 1.39½, a fraction over the California record.

I do not know that Tuesday needs much notice. It was a disastrous day for the talent, even a 1 to 4 favorite going down, and not until the last race did any sort of a favorite come to hand, and then it was hardly a first choice. The two-year-old race at six furlongs was won in a walk by the imp. Prestonpans colt Plan, a slashing-looking sort of youngster that carried 92 lbs., George Lee, 97 lbs., second, and Estro, 101 lbs., third. Colonel Dan, 98 lbs., once more deluded his party and declined to prolong the undoubted speed which Salvator has given him so as to get home in front. Installator, 112 lbs., administered half a length's beating to Wheel of Fortune, 104 lbs., in a mile and a sixteenth, the time—1.46¾—being the California record. A mile selling-race with five runners resulted in a victory for Personne, 92 lbs., who came on with a wet sheet in the run in; Lady Hurst, 99 lbs., second, beaten a nose, and Marquise, 115 lbs., third, a head behind her. Time 1.41¾.

Wednesday saw the two-year-old Count of Flanders picking up a $300 purse at his leisure at six furlongs, and Tea Rose III doing likewise over five and one-half furlongs.

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On the 17th instant Mr. A. B. Spreckels' horses in training were sold here by public auction, in consequence of his retirement from racing, though he retains his interest in breeding. Tnirty-one head, which, by the way, it took a full three hours to sell, realized an average of $410, certainly good considering there were no really choice animals in the lot, and that youngsters are at present to be had so cheap. George Palmer made $1075 and Marcel $800.

BENEDICT.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

# FINANCE AND TRADE

## The Stock and Share Market—Grain Notes.

*Thursday Evening.*

The prevailing ease in the money market, not only locally, but also in New York and London, has strengthened the demand for leading investment stocks. In the less desirable section of securities things have been somewhat off, and as there are some signs that money may become slightly dearer in London in the immediate future, the speculative tendency is decidedly dull.

Silver has been buoyant here during the past few days, but at the moment presents a somewhat weak appearance. The future seems full of uncertainty in regard to the white metal.

In the local Bond market there has been quite a brisk demand for the best issues, and the quantity offering exhibits continued scarcity. The most active securities during the interval have been the bonds of the Southern Pacific Railway of Arizona, of which sales have taken place at 99⅞ and 100. With nearly five months' accrued on these bonds present quotations seem very low, and we are advised that in all probability they will take an upward direction.

In the Stock market Spring Valley Water has again touched 100, and is in good demand. Gas and Electric have receded to 94 during the week on persistent rumors of opposition, but the tone is again much firmer, the closing quotation being 95¾ bid. Mutual Electric took a jump to 16, but subsequently had a sudden break and was traded in as low as 12¾. We are given to understand that the earnings show up pretty well.

In Bank Shares there is nothing of importance to note beyond the fact that the good demand previously recorded still exists. The arrangements for the transformation of the Nevada Bank into a National Bank are well nigh completed.

Market-Street Railway shares are steady at 50¾, and in good demand at that figure.

In Powder shares there is nothing new in regard to the general situation. Giant have been sold from 35 to 37½, and may now be quoted about 36½.

In the Miscellaneous market Sugar stocks are steady, with quite a firm tone in Hutchinson, for which 35 has been bid, without eliciting offers of the stock. Oceanic Steamship has been the medium of sales at 32½.

In the Grain Market wheat has seriously declined in sympathy with the steady drop in prices at importing points. At the time of writing there is a general feeling of unsettlement pervading the market, more especially in regard to futures. Dealings are comparatively small at present, but any improvement would probably be followed by considerable offers. The latest transaction in No. 1 December was concluded at 1.38.

## FRANK H. GOULD.

There are, it is true, innumerable lawyers in San Francisco, more, perhaps, than the city requires, but there is ever a welcome for a new man, if he is outfitted with real brains. Sooner or later the best talent of the country bar comes to San Francisco to seek the broader field and the larger opportunities of the metropolis. After many years of work and success in Merced and Stockton, Frank H. Gould has opened a law office in San Francisco, and had the opportunity of showing his capacity in the case of O. M. Welburn, in whose defense he was associated with Gavin McNab. The closing argument made by Mr. Gould was a fine

FRANK H. GOULD

piece of oratory, and was distinguished not only for eloquence of language but for logic and vigor of reasoning. Few men at the local bar are capable of such an effort, and it is not surprising that, in consequence, Mr. Gould's name has been very prominently mentioned in connection with other important cases soon to come to trial.

Mr. Gould's settlement in San Francisco is really because of his appointment as Building and Loan Commissioner. He has been Speaker of the House at Sacramento, and was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committe which elected Budd Governor.

**A LARGE BENGAL TIGER TO MATCH THE CELEBRATED LION.**

A large engraving of a tiger, in colors, from the renowned picture of the famous animal-painter, Rosa Bonheur, has been engraved at great expense to order for Charles Lyons, the London Tailor. Can be had at either of his three stores, at the nominal price of 10 cents; by mail 20 cents. Free to customers.

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Thoroughbred Sales
Friday, November 26th
YEARLINGS, ALSO STALLION
Imp. Cyrus
From PALO ALTO STOCK FARM, at 7:30 p.m.
Occidental Horse Exchange
Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26th and 27th
Three and Two-Year-Olds from Santa Anita Stud
Property of E. J. BALDWIN, Esq., at 12:30 p.m. at grounds of
California Jockey Club, Oakland
Wednesday, December 8th, YEARLINGS BY THE GREAT MORELLO, property of I. B. Chase, Esq. at 12:30 p.m. at grounds of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, Ingleside.
For Catalogues, apply to
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California Jockey Club
OAKLAND TRACK
Winter Meeting 1897-8, beginning Monday, November 15th.
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p.m. sharp.
Ferry leaves San Francisco at 12 m., 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2.30 and 3:00 p.m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track. Buy your tickets to Shell-Mound. Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p.m., and immediately after the last race.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR. President.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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| Bakersfield ..... | 4 40 am | " |
| Barstow ..... | 4 55 pm | " |
| Ash Fork..... | 7 40 am | Wednesday |
| Flagstaff ..... | 10 15 am | " |
| Albuquerque ... | 10 25 pm | " |
| Las Vegas..... | 4 00 am | Thursday |
| La Junta ..... | 11 50 am | " |
| Denver ..... | 5 00 pm | " |
| Newton ..... | 12 35 am | Friday |
| Kansas City..... | 7 05 am | " |
| Chicago ..... | 9 30 pm | " |

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S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Nov. 30 1897, at 2 p.m. Special party rates.
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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, 2 p.m. November 3, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 29; December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a.m. Nov. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

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ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment ..... | No. 82 |
| Amount per share ..... | 20 cents |
| Levied..... | November 2, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office..... | December 7, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock..... | December 29, 1897 |

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF EUDORA A. CHAMBERS (sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers) DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, R. C. Chambers, Executor of the will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said R. C. Chambers, at the law offices of Franklin K. Lane, rooms 201-202 Crocker Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

R. C. CHAMBERS,
Executor of the Will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November [illegible], 1897.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ROBERT A. ROSE, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Adminis-trator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, October 26th, 1897.

J. D. Sullivan,
Attorney for Administrator.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second (2d) day of November, 1897, an assessment (No. 63) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of December, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless paid before, will be sold on Tuesday the twenty-eighth (28th) day of December, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Kentuck Consolidated Mining Company

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment..... | No. 14 |
| Amount per share ..... | 5 cents |
| Levied ..... | October 27, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office ..... | December 1, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock..... | December 22, 1897 |

AUG. WATERMAN, Secretary.
Office, room 23, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

When the notorious forger known as "Jim the Penman" (on whose life a play was written some years ago) was transported to Tasmania, he was ushered along with the other malefactors into the office of the governor of the penal settlement, and told to write his name on a form supplied for that purpose. In those days education was not as common as it is in these times, and the official in charge told "Jim" that if he was unable to write, he (the official) would write the name and the forger could add his mark. With a curl of his lip the forger remarked: "If I couldn't write I shouldn't be here, old chap," and proceeded to sign his name, whereupon the astonished functionary was so taken aback that he apologized for his remark.

A lady cyclist, who rides in knickerbockers, tells an amusing story at her own expense. A friend of hers, a well-known physician, employs as coachman an Irishman who, when about the house, assists the servants by attending the door. One day the doctor, on his return from his mid-day round, was informed that some one had called during his absence to see him, and, when he went to the stable, he said to his man, "They tell me, Patrick, that some one called for me. Was it a lady or a gentleman?" "Begorra, sir, you've got me!" was the reply. "The divil a one of me knows which it was! It talked kind of tender-like, and looked sort of mild and quiet, but it wore as nate as pair of knee-pants as a man could wish for!"

Holman Hunt began life as clerk in an auctioneer's office. The windows of the salesroom were made of ground glass, and as he had little to do he spent much of his time in drawing flies upon its roughened surface. A blot of ink sufficed for the body, and some delicate pencil strokes for the wings, and, at a distance, the deception was perfect. Day by day the number increased, and one morning his employer came in, stopped before the window, and exclaimed: "I can't make out how it is. Every day that I come into this room there seems to be more and more flies;" and taking out his handkerchief he attempted to brush them away.

The late Duchess of Teck narrowly escaped marriage with Plon Plon, the gay and rakish cousin of the third Napoleon. The Emperor broached the subject to Palmerston on the occasion of one of the latter's visits to the Tuileries. Free trade was much in the air at the time. "A marriage between Your Majesty's cousin and Princess Mary!" exclaimed Palmerston, "I am afraid it is out of the question. The Prince is somewhat too much of a free trader, and though England may be pleased to see most duties abolished I doubt if she will want to abolish conjugal duties."

At a dinner-party the coachman had come in to help wait on the table. Among the guests was a very deaf old lady. Coachman, in handing vegetables, comes to the deaf party. "Peas, mum?" says Jehu. No answer. "Peas, mum?" (louder) Still no answer from the D. P., but placing her ear-trumpet to her ear, lifts it interrogatively to the man, who, glancing down and seeing the tube, ejaculates: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" and down went the peas into the ear trumpet.

A multi-millionaire was invited to dinner at a fashionable house in Belgravia. A number of the "swells" who like to meet multi-millionaires had also been invited. However, Crœsus did not turn up, and, after waiting for more than three-quarters of an hour—such was his importance—the company at last went in to dinner without him. A day or two later the host met the man of wealth. "You had forgotten all about my invitation, I suppose?" he said. "Oh, no," replied the multi-millionaire —"I wasn't 'ungry!"

An English paper tells a story of the Rev. Mr. Watkinson, a Wesleyan preacher. Some time ago he was staying with a good woman who was yearning for the good old times and mourning the degeneracy of modern days and customs. The Wesleyan ministers of the earlier part of this century, she said, rose early, and dear Mr. Wesley was in his study at 4 o'clock in the morning. "It is not to be wondered at," was Mr. Watkinson's dry reply; "were Mrs. Watkinson anything like Mrs. Wesley I should be up at 2 o'clock."

Louis Philippe of France introduced to the Duke of Wellington one of the French marshals whom he had beaten in the Peninsula. The marshal partly turned his back to the Duke, which greatly displeased Louis Philippe, who apoligized to the Duke for his marshal's rudeness. "Forgive him, sire," said the Duke; "I taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

Sterne once declared in regard to the widely respected maxim, *de mortius nil nisi bonum*, that there was nothing right about it but its Latin. This view was evidenty shared by a certain Edinburgh minister, who, being asked to preach the funeral sermon of a miserly brother cleric, chose as his text the words, "And the beggar died."

A local preacher, being anxious to interview Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, called at his house, but was informed by the servant-maid that the great preacher was engaged. "Tell him," said the caller, "that the servant of the Lord wishes to see him." "Ah," replied Mr. Spurgeon, "tell the servant of the Lord I am engaged with his Master."

A late instance of the Irish humor is an Oxford tutor's letter of condolence to a bereaved parent. The tutor wrote: "I am sincerly grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death. But I must inform you he would have had to go down in any case, as he had failed to satisfy the examiners in classical Moderations."


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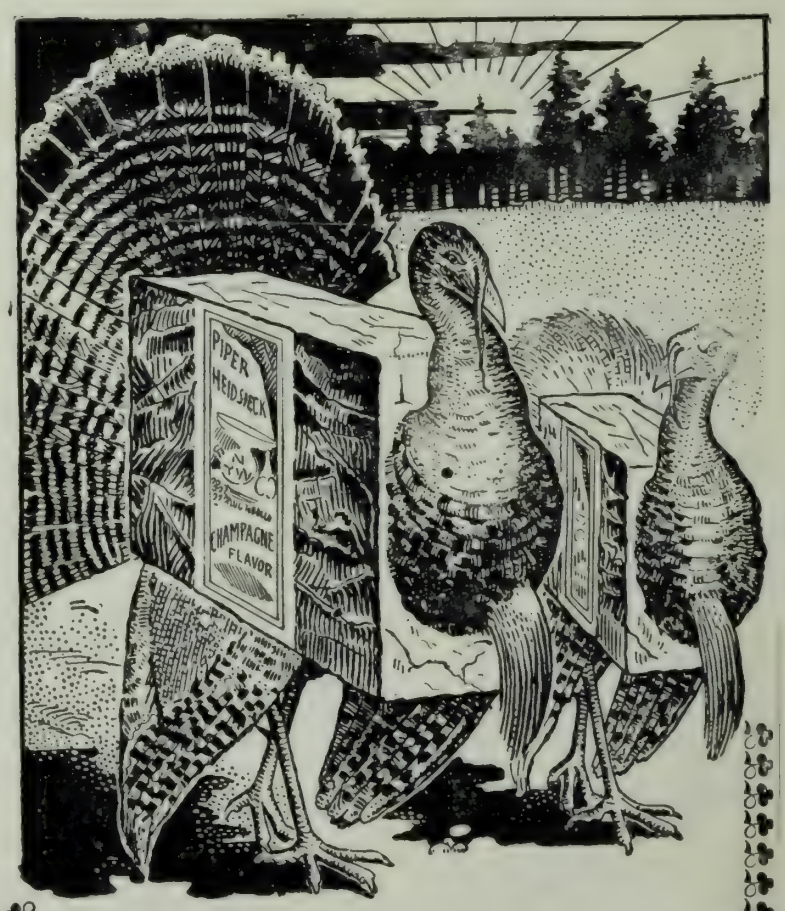


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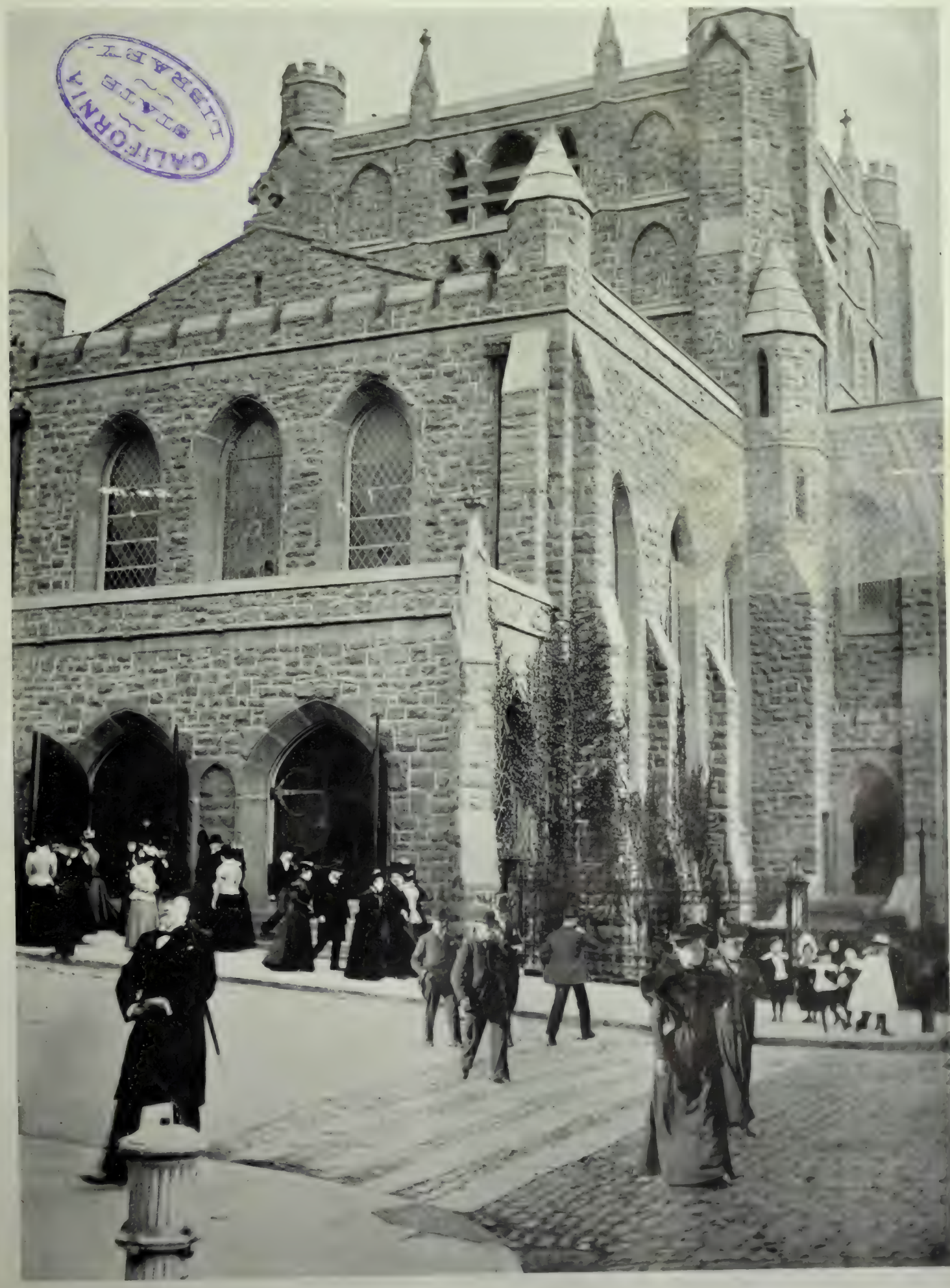

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1897


## CONTENTS


Editorials ..... 2
Japan According to Hearn, by Bernard Moses ..... 3
Henry James' Latest Novel; by William Henry Hudson ..... 3
The End of the Act; by Frank Norris ..... 3
Things and People, by Boswell Jr ..... 3 5
Cultivation of Pineapples, by Sarah Comstock ..... 5
The Isabella Regina, by Frank Norris ..... 6
Dolls at the Doll Show; photos by the Peters Studio ..... 7
The Art Exhibit at the Hopkins Institute ..... 8
Marchesi's Memories; a review by C ..... 9
A Debutante's Diary ..... 10
The Theatres ..... 11
The New "City of Paris" ..... 11–12
Amateur Athletics; by Robert Porter ..... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ..... 14
Finance and Trade ..... 14
New Stories Re-Told ..... 16


## ANNOUNCEMENT.

*The Sportsman's Edition of The Wave will be published next week. It will be a first-rate paper, illustrating the Country Club, Miramonte Club, Olympic Gun Club and other institutions, and otherwise will be full of scenes and pictures of hunting and fishing as both are practised in California. The letter press, consisting of stories and articles on duck shooting, fishing and kindred sports, is contributed by the cleverest writers in San Francisco.*

## POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

The annual report of the Post Master General, which will be submitted to Congress next month, has already (at least in part) been given to the newspapers for publication. He warmly advocates the establishment of postal savings banks, and attempts to support his position by arguments which, with all due respect for his official position, demand some review when seen from a California standpoint, or any other remote from the money centers of the East.

The statement that many millions of dollars are secreted because of want of confidence in securities obtainable and in existing institutions, is an assertion as to California not supported by evidence. The only hoarding of late years was during the Presidential election of 1896, and then through fear that the United States Government would make silver coin a legal tender for all amounts. Before meeting with success in soliciting deposits for its postal savings banks the proposing depositors will require that the Government give satisfactory assurance that it will repay in gold coin, and as it hesitates to so stipulate in respect to its bonds it is more than doubtful whether it will so contract as regards deposits. There has never been any fear in this State that individuals or institutions would of their own volition, repudiate their gold contracts whether expressed or implied, but the same confidence is not had in the Government of the United States, nor can it be had while nearly one half of the voters of the nation at every election record themselves as in favor of free coinage of silver, with the attendant conditions that it shall be legal tender for all amounts and under all circumstances. People die suddenly and without preparation in California as elsewhere, but probate proceedings in case of their estates do not disclose moneys on hand or secreted to any extent. The various kinds of banks, savings and commercial, hold in the aggregate individual deposits to amount to $206,481,600. As the population of the State is only 1,500,000 this gives $137 for each man, woman and child, Chinamen and other supposed non-depositors included. This large average deposit does not imply want of confidence in monetary institutions in this locality.

The remarks relative to the formation of the habit of saving, and the instilling of the feeling of patriotism in the minds of the people, are childish in their simplicity and have a goody-goody twang; they announce in substance a discovery that "saving" is the secret of wealth, ignoring the fact that Dr. Franklin wrote the "Prompter" and edited "Poor Richard's Almanac," and that a republican form of government is not now a first experiment, and that the United States of America has a history. But all these things are of minor importance; they discourage postal savings banks, but are not themselves objections to their formation.

The Postmaster-General mentions that postal savings banks have been successfully operated in foreign countries, but ignores the fact that their success is due to the facilities the governments have for investing the depositors' funds in the national debt obligations known as "consols" in England and "rentes" in France, with which in America we have nothing to correspond. That postal savings bank funds can not be invested in the debt obligations of the national government is admitted when it is said, that for investment "bonds of States, counties and municipalities and real estate furnish an illimitable field." This is suggestive—let us think of it. Who is to buy the bonds? Who is to make the loans on real estate acting for the government? Doubtless those duties will be performed by a commission and a place on that commission will be the best gift at the disposal of the administration for the time being. The presidency of the United States, with its beggarly salary of $50,000, will be at a discount, for the position of commissioner will be worth twice that amount. Not only this, but the commission will have the election of the President; with the placing of $500,000,000, or even much less in its hands, the commission will have the power to control elections in all doubtful States, and it will not fail to exercise this power if composed of politicians, and of whom else may it be expected to be composed. Assuming that men could be found who would handle the money honestly and impartially, there would still remain the fact that the commission would have funds to invest only when money is plenty and bonds consequently high, and that to meet demands it will be compelled to sell securities when times are hard and bonds low, a loss resulting on every investment made.

Still the most serious objection remains. By inference all deposits will be sent to Washington, and will be invested from thence, or from money centers in the East, and of necessity the investments will be in great measure local. In other words, money will be gathered up in the outlying sections of the country where it is scarce and is much needed, to be transferred to points where there is already an excess, realizing the passage of Scripture which says: "To him that hath it shall be given and from him who hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." Shall the money centers already plethoric be further congested, and shall the extremities now and always in need be drained of what little they have of the life blood of commerce?

This is what is suggested—let the people consider the proposition.

## THE CHARTER QUESTION.

The *Examiner* has attempted, in its own way, to answer the open letter addressed to Mayor Phelan, which appeared in these columns last week. The gist of The Wave's letter may be succinctly stated:

1st. San Francisco needs a new charter.

2d. A charter simply favoring civil service and honest and economical government could only be objectionable to dishonest men.

3d. The majority of San Francisco's voters being honest such a charter would be adopted by an overwhelming majority.

4th. A charter attacking property rights, intended to punish corporations, laden down with strange and evil provisions tending toward socialism, would be defeated, because it would repel all honest men who give thought to the problem of government, or who have interests that would suffer by such attack.

The Wave took the position that it would be far more practical, infinitely more politic and more decent, for the framers of the charter, in the interests of good government, not to imperil the fate of the instrument by loading it down with obnoxious provisions, offensive to honest men.

The inference to be drawn from the *Examiner's* editorial is, that it believes it is much better to indulge in these innovations and take the chances. That rather than have a certainty of good government, it is wiser to endeavor to catch the support of the Populist and Socialist by permitting them to incorporate some of their wild theories in our fundamental law. This has been tried before, and charters have been defeated before. Such will be the fate of the present charter, unless wise and more politic counsel prevail. It is a "toss up," however, which side of this controversy is being most brutally mangled and butchered—the proponents, as represented by their journals, or the opponents' side represented otherwise.

## GRANT ON PROTECTION

The New York *World* of recent date publishes an interview with Ulysses S. Grant Jr., of San Diego, on "prosperity and protection," in which are embodied some utterances that will be echoed with approval by a large majority of the voters of America. Mr. Grant says:

"We protect the *goods* that are manufactured, but we must extend the principle further and protect the men and women whose toil and skill produce the goods. Not only American industries, but the American industrious must be benefitted; otherwise protection is only a mockery to those who labor, while to the manufacturer it is a never failing source of wealth."

Mr. Grant's distinguished father also qualified his protectionism. What the son offers as his opinion, sets forth in very plain terms a conclusion that has been forcing itself upon the American people. The manufacturers certainly, under present arrangements, enjoy unusual advantages over labor itself. The manufacturer purchases his labor in a free trade market, and disposes of the product of that labor in a protected market. He may draw upon the hives of Europe for his craftsmen, and may, too, if he chooses, to reduce the wage scale to the European level. There is no "tariff" on labor, no "protection" against the incoming of the foreign craftsman; but in the "article" manufactured we exhaust our protective energies. The interview further reports Mr. Grant as not favoring the modern trusts and as declaring:

"If then modern industrial giants are diverting the benefits of protection which were intended for all, we must stop it. The Republican party should not rest under the charge of legislating for the benefit of the trusts. It should inquire into this charge, and, if it is true, the wrong should be righted."

It is very probable this question will be brought into greater prominence during the coming session of Congress, and that the Republican party will purge itself of the charge to which the gentleman refers. The opponents of protection have ever urged that it operated to create trusts and to concentrate immense wealth in the hands of the few. It is a healthy and a cheering sign that men high up in party ranks are giving this subject their serious consideration.

The closing lines of Mr. Grant's interview are significant. "The doctrine of protection," said he, "is intended to sustain life in American industries that are weak and struggling for existence. Beyond that point, considerations of revenue and the welfare of the masses only should move us."

## FOOTBALL FATALITIES.

The annual protest against football brutality has again made its appearance, and the New York *World* has adduced three columns of statistics of the killed and maimed in support of its statement that the game is the most deadly known. Eight dead, two hundred and eighty-six wounded is the record for the season in America, says the *World*. At first sight the figures seem rather appalling. But it may well be asked, on the other hand, if any advantages have been gained to offset the list of casualties. When Lexington was fought, a man or two was killed and quite a number wounded, yet Independent America was the direct result. History can tabulate in figures quite as accurate as those of the *World* the actual loss in dead and wounded of that battle, but we haven't as yet invented a system of reckoning with which to calculate what was gained thereby. It is easy to estimate the casualties in a season of football, but unfortunately the advantages attained are abstract qualities not reducible to figures. The casualties affect scattered *individuals* all over the country, the advantages are applicable only to the *race* of young men in general. And these advantages are practically inestimable. More than any sport yet invented, football demands obedience to the captain of the team, courage in the execution of his orders, judgment to determine when the play called for is to be modified or even entirely changed, intelligence acting with lightning rapidity, coolness that must steady the man in the midst of the most intense excitement, high physical qualifications of endurance, and—during the months of preparation—abstinence, temperance and rigid sobriety. Best of all, perhaps, it fosters and encourages what tacticians call *esprit de corps*, a certain enthusiasm for impersonal objects, an adherence and loyalty to abstract unselfish ideas, perhaps the highest emotion of which man is capable. For it must be remembered that football is the most unprofessional sport that exists. The men composing the teams undergo months of terrific hardship, and at times actual suffering, without hope or even thought of ultimate material recompense, working solely for the "honor" of the thing. Courage, discipline, obedience, intelligence, the power of accurate thought in the midst of great excitement, and patriotism are precisely the qualities demanded of the soldier—let us say of the general. The strength of a nation is in its young men. We have not yet got beyond the fighting period of civilization, we Anglo-Saxons. Who can say, with absolute certainty, how soon we may be obliged to call these same young men of the lime-lined gridiron to our frontiers and seacoasts, and set them there, with their eyes upon their rifle sights to play the game in very deadly earnest. Wellington said the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton. There are plenty Waterloos yet unfought, and when their day comes the general who can command the greatest number of strong and enduring young men, possessing the qualities of courage, obedience, discipline, intelligence and patriotism, is going to win out in the end. Just as surely as the captain of a strong, obedient, well disciplined and intelligent eleven will make his touchdown.

That the list of killed and wounded in this season's football is so large is, of course, deplorable, and it is yet an undecided question whether or not the elimination of mass plays and the sudden concentration of a number of men upon a single point would not be a marked improvement. The piling up on a runner after "down" has been called, should be, beyond doubt, severely penalized by the umpire. But it must be remembered that the essential of football is its roughness; to eliminate that feature would be also to eliminate the incentive for courage, discipline and obedience, which rather than touchdowns, are the ends to be obtained.

There are many who clamor for the "open" English game as less brutal than the American-Rugby contest. The actual appearance of the English game, all running and kicking, would lead the spectator to believe that its danger had been reduced to a minimum. The facts of the case do not, however, bear out this theory; for in England during the season of '96 there were no less than twenty-one players killed upon the field.

## JAPAN ACCORDING TO HEARN.

By BERNARD MOSES.

The leaders of the westernizing movement in Japan seem to conceive of the civilization of Europe and America as consisting chiefly of modern science and machinery; and with this conception their attempts to copy this civilization lead to the development of an extremely practical spirit. In some instances they are so thoroughly absorbed in revolutionizing the physical characteristics of their national life, that, for the time being, they appear to be given over to the baldest form of materialism. An exeellent antidote for the impression made by these phases of Japanese life resulting from imitation of the West may be found in the writings of Lafcadio Hearn. He is an orientalized European. He comes to Japanese civilization as one comes to a new religion. His zeal is the zeal of a new convert, and he interprets his observations under a rare enthusiasm for things Japanese. His latest book, called "Gleanings in Buddha-Fields," contains striking illustrations of the writer's strength, and also illustrations of his weakness.

When he writes of real things, as in "Notes of a Trip to Kyoto," or in the sketch entitled "In Osaka," everything he touches becomes idealized. Under his hand nothing remains commonplace. The streets, the bridges, and the canals of Osaka may not have appeared in reality to be extraordinary, yet after reading these pages the traveler will be likely to regret that his visit in that city was not longer. Mr. Hearn has evidently adopted Japan without qualifications. His interest in the people and their surroundings is always awake, and his judgments are tempered with an active sympathy; and it is not merely the Japan of history and tradition that attracts him, and that is illumined by his glowing fancy. Even the commercial traveler, the newest product of modern social conditions, is exalted and idealized. According to Mr. Hearn, "he is dressed with the most correct taste in the latest and best mode; he can talk to you equally well in French, German or English; he is perfectly courteous, but able to adapt himself to the most diverse characters; he knows Europe; and he can give you extraordinary information about parts of the far East which you have visited, and also about other parts of which you do not even know the names. As for Japan, he is familiar with the special products of every district, their comparative merits, their history. His face is pleasing—nose straight or slightly aquiline—mouth veiled by a heavy black moustache; the eyelids alone giving you some right to suppose that you are conversing with an Oriental. Such is one type of the Osaka commercial traveler of 1896. "Should you meet the same man in his own city, you would probably find him in Japanese costume—dressed as only a man of fine taste can learn how to dress, and looking rather like a Spaniard or Italian in disguise than a Japanese." Evidently the Japanese commercial traveler is not often encountered by the tourist in Japan.

In spite of the growth of industry under modern conditions in Japan, Mr. Hearn finds that old Japan is not rapidly disappearing, and that "it cannot disappear within at least another hundred years." And this conclusion accords with his evident sentiments; with his wish that the civilization of Japan and all its ancient traditions and aspirations may abide, not merely because of the romantic element in its history, but because, in his view, it contains solutions for the future. He is impressed with "the vastness of the Buddhist concept of the universe," and with the thought that Buddhism has "not offered itself to humanity as a saving creed for one inhabited world, but as the religion of 'innumerable hundreds of thousands of myriads of *kotis* of worlds.' And the modern scientific revelation of stellar evolution and dissolution then seemed to me, and still seems, like a prodigious confirmation of certain Buddhist theories of cosmical law." The man of science to-day, he says, "is obliged to consider the relation of our own petty sphere to the great swarming of suns and systems as no more than the relation of a single noctiluca to the phosphorescence of the sea. By its creed the Oriental intellect has been better prepared than the Occidental to accept this tremendous revelation, not as a wisdom that increaseth sorrow, but as a wisdom to quicken faith. And I cannot but think that out of the certain future union of Western knowledge with Eastern thought there must eventually proceed a neo-Buddhism inheriting all the strength of science, yet spiritually able to recompense the seeker after truth."

In the essay on "Nirvana," Mr. Hearn clearly distances his reader. Here are fifty-five pages of words neatly arranged in the order approved by grammarians; but when we have read them, we recognize how profoundly true is the statement made by certain other Buddhists, that "Nirvana" may not be comprehended except by the initiated. Yet we have here another attempt to explain by logical processes an affirmation of the Oriental speculative imagination, which in its sublime flight rises to regions into which the plodding logical thought of the Westerner can hardly enter. But this book, like Mr. Hearn's writing generally, is quite worthy of attention for its excellent form, and for its fine appreciation of a civilization whose spirit is passing.

*(Gleanings in Buddha Fields, by Lafcardio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.)*

## HENRY JAMES' LATEST NOVEL.

By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

If the ideal which Henry James set before himself in writing *What Maisie Knew* (H. S. Stone & Co.), was to show that he could be at once prodigiously clever and prodigiously dull, the book must be pronounced a very remarkable achievement. At first, indeed, we were almost inclined to regard it as a huge practical joke—say, an attempt to find out just how much a long-suffering public will accept in the way of the unnecessary, the trivial, and the tiresome, provided only it is guaranteed by the name of some writer of established reputation. But Mr. James is far too serious in his conception of the novel, if not in his treatment of life, to indulge in that kind of unseemly jest. Wherefore, we concluded that the only way to account for the existence of such a volume, curious compound of the brilliant and the tedious, is by recourse to the great Jacobite Theory of Fiction. Like *The Spoils of Poynton*, only, unfortunately, on a yet larger scale, *What Maisie Knew* is simply a fine example of that art of How not to tell a Story which is not worth Telling, in which Mr. James has now for some years past shown himself so admirable a master.

The theme of the book may be given in a few words. Maisie is a child who has not, in Heine's phrase, been as careful as she might have been in the choice of her parents. Her father (according to her mother) is "beastly"; her mother (according to her father) is a "nasty horrid pig"; and though these connubial courtesies are inspired by irritation, they go far in each case towards hitting the mark. These delightful and pleasantly-spoken people get divorced at the beginning of the story, and by compromise between the litigants, it is arranged that Maisie shall live with each of them "in rotation for six months at a time." In this way she becomes the bearer of many charming messages between the ex-husband and the ex-wife. In course of time the father marries the child's new governess, and the mother marries a man about town. But even these fresh relationships prove unstable. For after a number of minor flirtations, Maisie's mother's husband elopes with Maisie's father's wife! What Maisie herself gets to know under such circumstances, may be easily imagined; what becomes of her in the last complication will be discovered by the patient reader when he reaches the four hundred and seventieth page. It needs only to be noted that Mr. James tells this sordid and entirely uninteresting tale after a fashion that by this time is only too familiar. Now we have pages of elaborate analysis, in which every mood, thought, feeling is dissected with the most wearisome minuteness; and now we come, as it were accidently, upon scraps of jerky conversation, in which important items of information are conveyed by broken sentences, disjointed phrases and the merest innuendo. To make matters worse, the style is to the last degree intricate and involved; there is not a paragraph in the book that gives us temporary rest from its labored cleverness.

The characters themselves have nothing of the flesh and blood of common humanity. One and all, with the possible exception of Mrs. Wix, who is sometimes realizable and rather amusing, they belong to world of the shadowy and unsubstantial. Mr. James has made his greatest effort with Maisie, and there, naturally enough, his failure is most complete—naturally enough, we say, for how should we expect him to understand a child's mind, or to reveal its play of thought and feeling with the methods he has chosen to adopt? As it is, we cordially agree with Mrs. Wix—Maisie is "too unspeakable."

Of course, the story does not really end—that would be against the Jacobite theory; end the book does, at length, and we are duly thankful. Intellectually brilliant it doubtless is; its ingenuity is often amazing. But our final impression in laying it aside with a sigh of relief is, that its brilliancy, its ingenuity are, after all, wasted. It is with regret that we say this, for we greatly admire much of the author's earlier work. Our only satisfaction is in feeling that, if we cannot now hope to go back to the *Americans* and *Roderick Hudsons* of the past, we may at least believe that in *What Maisie Knew* Mr. James has really done his worst.

*("What Maisie Knew," by Henry James. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, publishers.)*

## THE END OF THE ACT.

By FRANK NORRIS.

The house was crowded to the doors. There was no longer any standing-room, and many were even sitting on the steps of the aisles. In the boxes the gentlemen were standing up behind the chairs of large plain ladies in showy toilets and diamonds. The atmosphere was heavy with the smell of gas, of plush upholstery, of wilting bouquets and of sachet. A fine vapor, as of the visible exhalations of many breaths, pervaded the house, blurring the lowered lights and dimming the splendor of the great glass chandelier.

It was warm to suffocation, a dry initating warmth that perspiration did not relieve, while the air itself was stale and close as though fouled by being breathed over and over again. In the topmost gallery, banked with tiers of watching faces, the heat must have been unbearable.

The only movement perceptible throughout the audience was the swaying of gay colored fans like the balancing of butterflies about to light. Occasionally there would be a vast rustling, like the sound of wind in a forest, as the holders of librettos turned the leaves simultaneously.

The orchestra thundered. The French horns snarling, the first violins wailing in unison, while all the bows went up and down together like parts of a well-regulated machine. The kettledrums rolled sonorously at exact intervals, and now and then one heard the tinkling of a harp like the pattering of raindrops between peals of thunder. The leader swayed from side to side in his place beating time with his baton, his hand and his head.

On the stage the act was drawing to a close. There had just been a duel. The baritone lay stretched upon the floor at left center, his sword fallen at some paces from him. On the left of the scene, front stood the tenor who had killed him, singing in his highest register, very red in the face, continuously striking his hand upon his breast and pointing with his sword at his fallen enemy. Next him, on the extreme left, was his friend the basso, in high leather boots, growling from time to time during a sustained chord, "*Mon honneur et ma foi.*" In the center of the stage, the soprano, the star, the prima donna, chanted a fervid appeal to the tenor, who cried, "*Jamais, Jamais!*" striking his breast and pointing with his sword. The soprano cried, "*Ah mon Dieu, ayez pitie dn moi!*" Her confidante, the mezzo soprano, came to her support, repeating her words with an impersonal meaning—"*ayez pitie d'elle!*" "*Mon honneur et ma foi,*" growled the basso. The contralto, dressed as a boy, turned toward the audience on the extreme right, bringing out her notes with a wrench and a twist of her body and neck, and intoning, "*Ah, maheureuse! mon Dieu, ayez pitie d'elle!*"

The leader of the chorus, costumed as the captain of the watch, leaned over the dead baritone and sang, "*Il est mort, il est mort, mon Dieu, ayez pitie de lui.*" The soldiers of the watch were huddled together immediately back of him. They wore tin helmets much too large, and green peplons, and repeated his words continually.

The chorus itself was made up of citizens of the town; it was in a semi-circle at the back of the stage—the men on one side the women on the other. They made all their gestures together and chanted without ceasing, "*O horreur, O mystere! Il est mort, mon Dieu, ayez pitie de nous!*"

"*Edgardo,*" cried the soprano.

"*Jamais, Jamais,*" echoed the tenor, striking his breast and pointing with his sword.

"*O mystere,*" chanted the chorus, while the basso struck his hand upon his sword hilt growling, "*Mon honneur et ma foi!*"

The orchestra redoubled. The *finale* began; all the pieces of the orchestra, all the voices on the stage commenced over again very loud. They all took a step forward, and the rhythm became more rapid till it reached a climax where the soprano's voice jumped to a C in *alt*, holding it long enough for the basso to thunder, "*Mon honneur et ma foi*" twice. Then they all struck the attitudes for the closing tableau, and in one last burst of music sang altogether, "*Mon Dieu, ayez pitie de moi,*" and "*de nous,*" and "*de lui.*" Then the orchestra closed with a long roll of the kettle drums, and the soprano fainted into the arms of her confidate. The curtain fell.

There was a roar of applause. The gallery whistled and stamped. Everyone relaxed his or her position, drawing in a long breath, looking about them. There was a general stir; the lights in the great glass chandelier, clicked and blazed up, and a murmur of conversation arose. The footlights were lowered, and the orchestra left their places and disappeared underneath the stage, leaving the audience with the convictiou that they had gone out after beer. All over the house one heard the shrill voices of boys crying out: "Op'ra books—books for the op'ra—words and music for the op'ra."

Throughout the boxes a great coming and going took place, and a interchange of visits. The gentlemen out in the foyer, stood about in groups, or walked up and down smoking cigarettes, often pausing in front of the big floral piece, that was to be given to the soprano, at the end of her "great scene," in the fourth act.

There was a little titter of an electric bell. The curtain was about to go up, and a great rush for seats began. The orchestra was coming back and tuning up. They sent up a prolonged medly of sounds, little minor chirps and cries from the violins, liquid runs and mellow gurgles from the oboes and wood-wind instruments, and an occasional deep-toned purring from the bass-viols, a bell rang faintly from behind the wings, the house lights sank and the footlights blazed up. The leader tapped with his baton; a great silence fell upon the house, while here and there one heard an energetic "Sh! Sh!" The fourth act was about to begin.

## THINGS AND PEOPLE

The Christmas number of The Wave, will be devoted to illustrating "Cosmopolitan California," and will endeavor to convey an impression of what Robert Louis Stevenson meant by calling San Francisco the "smelting pot of the races." The life of the foreign population of our city will be cleverly suggested by photographs, and the cover will be after a design by George H. Piper, sculptor of the Stevenson fountain in the Plaza.

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The annual football contest undoubtedly adds to the gaiety of the town. On Thanksgiving-day one sees along the streets of San Francisco the brightest and most representative gathering of the youth of California—scores of the prettiest and most charming maidens imaginable, wearing the cardinal of Stanford or the blue and gold of Berkeley, and hundreds of young men in their best Sunday clothes, whose faces beam with expectation and the anticipation of excitement. The aspect of the crowd gives the casual observer his best impression of the upgrowing generation of native sons and daughters—surely as comely a generation as the world can show. Is it the climate, or the result of the blending of races, that is to be thanked for the bountiful and beautiful physical endowment with which our boys and girls are blessed?

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Everything continues to point to a most successful racing season in San Francisco this winter, and it is most gratifying to hear the complimentary expressions of opinion of Eastern visitors upon the way in which our Turf affairs are handled and the completeness of our racecourses at Ingleside and Oakland. At the former place the charming clubhouse should be an attraction to society, and I understand that the Directors and Secretary Fred Green intend to spare no effort to make things as pleasant for visitors as possible. The drive out to Ingleside is really delightful, and carriage-folk should certainly take the road in that direction when the races are on and gather at the Club rendezvous to watch the sport. The new steeplechase course will be a great addition and afford opportunities for variety in the contests. People used to take more interest in the sport of racing for the pleasure and excitement that the running, apart from the gambling, is capable of affording, and with the greatly improved conditions that now exist there should be a return to the spirit of former times. This is noticable in the East, and, as we are well in the van of progress in racing matters in California, society here should not be backward in stamping good sport, in which first-class horses are participating, with its approval.

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Though it is said Sam Rainey lacks the magnetism of his old colleague Buckley, there must be some fascination about the man to have seduced Auditor Broderick from the paths of political virtue. Until this summer, Broderick rejoiced in an enviable reputation for devotion to the public service. Though not insensible to the value of popularity he had the manner and attitude of an upright official whose purpose and privilege it was to serve faithfully the city. But he has listened to the siren temptings of the Democratic boss, and

seems to have cast his fortunes with the push, and in consequence he has fallen out of the ranks of the faithful, and his name will never again do to conjure with in a Non-Partisan convention. The Auditor was never elected because he was Broderick, but because the electors believed him an honest man. Now his conduct in the matter of auditing the salaries of the County Clerk's office is indubitable proof that he has departed from the standard of the people and enlisted under the banner of the bosses. With the idea of making a grandstand play he sent men to Mr. Phelan assuring him that the extra salary demands of the County Clerk were illegal and need not be paid, if the proper order came to him from the Mayor. Mr. Curry had pledged himself to run his office for $6,000 per month, and was exceeding the allowance by $4,500. The law under which the extra

Mrs. J. Hubert Voss
From the portraite by J. Hubert Voss

amount was paid, he was assured, was unconstitutional However, when the Mayor proceeded to take the fellow at his word, the Auditor declined to do his duty, protesting that if the constitutionality of the matter was to be tested someone else should take the responsibility. And this is the man who had been termed the "watchdog of the treasury."

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The presence in San Francisco of J. Hubert Vos, the eminent Dutch artist and his beautiful Hawaiian bride, has had both journalistic and social recognition. The portrait of Mrs. Vos that hangs in Vickery's gallery affords evidence that the skill of her husband has not been overestimated, for it is a fine rendering of an admirable subject. It is often the case that commonplace prettiness backed by social prestige is dubbed *beauty*, but there is no question of the rank of Mrs. Kaikilani Graham of Honolulu. She is superbly tall, imposing, yet graceful, and the face seems to suggest a most interesting blending of types and nationalities. Certainly, she is the handsomest woman of Hawaiian extraction I have ever seen. Hubert Vos has achieved prominence in Europe as a portrait painter and originally came to America as Art Commissioner from Holland to the World's Fair. He has rendered the young Queen of the Netherlands on canvas and has been knighted by way of recognition of his talent. A large dinner was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Vos at the Red Room of the Bohemian Club last week and they are being very generally entertained prior to their departure for Honolulu.

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The Bohemian Club is to the front again as an encourager of local talent. This is as it should be, for there is hardly an artist of prominence in the city who is not an "owl." In the early days of December the club's quarters on Post street are to be transformed into a temporary art gallery, and all the painters of San Francisco will be invited to compete for a prize of two hundred dollars. There are to be two ladies' days during the exhibit, upon which the members are permitted to invite a limited number of ladies. Altogether the affair promises to be quite an event. The prize is to be awarded, not by a committee, but by a vote of the whole club, though whether this franchise is to be extended to the visiting "lady friends" of the members has not yet been decided. All the clever men will have specimens of their handiwork upon the walls, and the exhibit promises to be a treat of unusual attractiveness.

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The merits of the picture exhibition at the Hopkins Institute are directly dealt with elsewhere, but this is the proper place to mention the presumption of a certain Jules Mersfelder. The canvases of Mersfelder have been given space and opportunity in the exhibition to which their merits or originality do not entitle them. In fact their presence is an impertinence, inasmuch as they are copies of pictures in the gallery of Irving M. Scott. The large canvas in the main gallery is almost a replica of Keith's "Oaks," and the inspiration of a second in the conservatory is drawn from another famous work. That the artist has chosen excellent models is unquestionable, but what right has he to exhibit with his signature compositions whose motifs he has appropriated? In fact the idea and manner of both canvases are stolen and the distinction accorded them in the Institute is the consecration of a theft. An interesting question of artistic ethics is here involved—should the association hang such pictures? Is it not encouraging Mersfelder, who seems to have a certain talent, to further depravities? Certainly it is unfair to Keith whose compositions are thus misused.

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Mersfelder's mothods of projection are characterized by a supreme audacity. He has been a daring adventurer in the field of art and has resorted to extraordinary subterfuges to persuade customers to his studio. Not so long ago this gay young gentleman wrote to Irving M. Scott, a letter surcharged with pathos and famine, in which he declared himself on the verge of suicide. Indeed the manner of his proposed taking off was described in detail, and of course he attributed all his misfortunes to the brutal indifference of this community, to art and its disciples. Mr. Scott, much moved, rushed to Keith with the baleful missive, explaining he could not bear to go alone to survey the scene of tragedy. Keith put on his hat, and together they sought Mersfelder's studio. The gentleman, nattily attired in a velveteen coat, was lolling in an arm chair; the air was loaded with tobacco smoke; a fire burned brightly enough in the grate, and the atmosphere was most comfortable. With a fine indifference, Mersfelder greeted them, and, without an allusion to his alleged straits, proceeded to show off his pictures. Really it was magnificent cheek, but imagine a man with that audacity being able to paint.

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Apropos of art, there is an impression among the painters that the Hopkin's Institute is not a grand picture market. The term "*impression*," is used advisedly, for it seems a certainty that but few canvases displayed there are disposed of. This is not the fault of Secretary Martin, whose heart is in the cause, nor yet of the directors—in fact it is hard to say where the failure lies, save with the public. Our millionaires do purchase pictures from the art stores—why not from the studios? Wherefore not of the Hopkins house? I suppose it is purely a matter of salesmanship, this business of selling canvases. The successful dealer must proclaim loudly and emphatically, the value of the portrait or landscape, for in the absence of violent endorsement, the purchaser is not impressed.

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When J. J. Gottlob retired from the service of Manager Leavitt of the Bush-Street Theatre, half a decade ago, there succeeded him a quiet, blonde young man who looked rather juvenile for the responsibility. But Mr. Broadhurst seemed to know what he wanted, speedily made friends and had many regrets expressed over his departure for fresh fields. Now he returns to San Francisco a successful playwright, having in the four and a half years that have elapsed since his departure from this region, written "The Speculator," which Thomas Q. Seabrooke has been playing in for two seasons, "The Wrong Mr. Wright," in which Roland Reed has scored such a success, and "What Happened to Jones," which has already had a twelve weeks' run in New York. Mr. Broadhurst is ambitious, likes California, and believes there is more available literary and dramatic material on the Coast than in the East. He is at work on an idea that he believes offers the basis of a serious play, and it is to write it he is in San Francisco. Otherwise, he is clever and quick-witted, with a very keen sense of humor, as becomes a man who has produced so many farces, and looks preposterously young to have scored two New York successes.

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Really our Chinese fellow citizens find it difficult to keep the peace. It seems the Consul has almost given up hope of controling the warring clans, and has dismissed his special policemen, because they failed to locate the murderers of the priest of the Temple of the King of the City. I presume it will be necessary to discover other and more able sleuths for the task, for I cannot imagine a Chinese consul lacking a corps of guardians. If the diplomatic powers that be in Chinatown are really troubled by prevailing conditions, they will undoubtedly begin the infliction of vicarious punishment on the friends and relatives of the malcontents in China—a proceeding antagonistic to our Western sense of justice, but most effective to the Oriental. They know how to punish obstreperous Mongolians in the Empire, as the accompanying cut—the interior of a Shanghai prison—shows. The position enforced by the neck decoration is most uneviable.

Punishing Chinese in Shaghai

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The Presidio is to be bounded by a stone wall—a stout and salient structure meant to exclude unwarranted trespassers, and keep in unruly soldiers. It is no light task constructing a masonry protection to the great reservation, and there has been a new scanning of lines and surveys, so it may be run just right. The process brought to light a curious discrepancy between the maps by two eminent engineers, who had been entrusted, at different times, with the laying out of the property. Both knew their business, but the results were different, though each had started his lines for the same place. The conflict was explained, however, when an ancient cannon was dug up close to the base. Its iron mass had deflected the magnetic needles in the surveyors' compasses—hence the trouble.

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Hitherto it has been the younger *masculine* generation of California who, turning their faces eastward, have attained the success denied to them in their native land. This week's budget of news, however, chronicles the good fortune of two California women in reaching and holding the ear of the public. Miss Geraldine Bonner is the last to have joined the procession of bright spirits who have journeyed from San Francisco to New York. Even before her arrival Miss Bonner is reported to have been offered more work than she could conveniently handle. *Lippincott's* and *Harper's Magazines* have opened their exclusive pages to her, and it may not be long before he name may appear in the ranks of the *Century's* contributors. That Miss Bonner has not wholly severed her connection with California publications we may infer from her last two very able articles in this city's *Argonaut*.

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The other California girl whose name, or at least pseudonym, is now before the public, conceals her identity behind the stage name of Lee Ford. Miss Leila Burton is, however, well known in this city—more, however, as a debutante of society than of the drama. "Her First Appearance" took place in the charity play of "Caste" at the California Theatre last spring. Miss Burton assumed the role of the leading female character, and acquitted herself with a brilliancy that surprised her audience and argues well for her future career as a professional. She will, we shrewdly suspect, find her "niche" in the interpretation of emotional parts. Miss Burton is under the supervision, if not the actual management, of Mr. Bouvier of the Baldwin Theatre, while Mrs. Frances Edgerton fills the position of chaperone and leading lady. The young actress' debut took place on Tuesday night of this week at Portland, Oregon, Miss Burton appearing as Sadie in "The Late Mr. Castello," and from all accounts seems to have made an unqualified success. It is the intention of her management, as soon as this success is assured, to star Miss Burton in San Francisco and the East. Miss Burton's family are well known in this city, her sister, Miss Kathro, being one of the season's debutantes, and her father, Colonel George H. Burton, is Inspector-General of the Pacific District United States Army. The cut represents Miss Burton in her *debut-role* of "Sadie" in the "Late Mr. Castello."

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Quite an affair this Doll Show given by the Doctors' Daughters in the maple room of the Palace Hotel. Being the first we have had in San Francisco it ranks as an original idea and one—to judge by the numbers that are in attendance daily—that has turned out to be quite a card. It has assumed the importance of a "function." One sees there people that one knows; the same people that would have foregathered at the Horse Show had it been held this year. Now that they have taken our horses from us, we must perforce go back to first principles—and to dolls. The dolls are really very prettily and smartly gowned. The Emporium, Mme. Baer and Mme. Leuenberg, have carried off the more important prizes, but before such an array of toilets and "effects" the judges must have been hard put to it to decide. There is a class for dolls dressed by children, costume dolls that are the Midway Plaisance of the show.

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An ominous coincidence has followed upon the death of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. When the news of Mrs. Cooper's tragic ending became known in the East her two sisters at once came on to San Francisco to attend the funeral and to take charge of the affairs of Mrs. Cooper and her daughter, Hattie. They remained here for some time, and were the recipients of much attention on the part of the Century Club. Some time ago one of the ladies was called East by the death of her husband, leaving her sister, Mrs. Skilton, behind. But a short time ago Mrs. Skilton received a dispatch announcing the dangerous illness of her husband, and urging her immediate return. Mrs. Skilton left the city at once, and arrived at her home in the East just in time for her husband's funeral.

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What uncanny power is it that influences the government in favor of Special Agent Thrasher, who tried so hard to convict O. M. Welburn of embezzlement? He has just secured the suspension of three deputies in the Internal Revenue office, because they failed to substantiate the evidence of his very accomodating witness, Dillard. As I have explained before, the attack against Welburn was an effort to conceal the inside history of the Norton suicide, and the criminal carelessness of both Deputy Loupe and Special Agent Thomas, who had participated in the poker games in which much of the cashier's ill-gotten gains were dissipated.

LOUIS JAMES IN "A CAVALIER OF FRANCE." TO BE PRODUCED NEXT WEEK AT THE COLUMBIA

An irascible man, Thrasher found his scheme blocked, and, in order to succeed. suborned the services of Dillard with a raise of salary and a promise of permanent employment. This man was ready to swear anything, and did, but his pliancy was so obvious that its object was defeated, and Welburn was acquitted. Furious, because of defeat, Thrasher demanded from Collector Lynch, the dismissal of the deputies who had not perjured themselves. Of course the modest request was refused, whereupon, the special Agent wrote to the Department and temporarily succeeds. The whole affair is most undignified and places the Government in a false position. The sooner Secretary Gage, whose policy is ever opposed to such high-handed proceedings, hears of the disreputable and unjust actions of his agent, the better for the character of the Department.

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San Francisco has long been considered as one of the best cities for sports of all kinds in the world. Lately we have seen a phenomenal revival of pugilism, and by the time these lines are public the great 'varsity football game will have been fought and won. Among other sports that are exciting more and more attention every week is that of swimming, and no doubt the construction of the Lurline, and, notably, the enormous Sutro Baths, has had much to do with the awakening of the acquatic spirit. Sutro Baths are invaded every Sunday by an army of swimmers and bathers, while the Lurline draws a numerous clientele throughout the entire week. Swimming-clubs have also started up and appear to be in a flourishing condition. To be noted among these clubs are the "Lurline," the "Dolphin," the "Golden Gate," the "Triangle," and the "California" swimming clubs—the latter professional. These organizations are much interested. in a swimming contest to decide the American championship for a quarter of a mile between H. F. Brewer, who already holds the American championship, and E. B. Stolle, whose best time for the distance is six minutes and thirty-four seconds. The match which is to be held at the Lurline Baths on the sixteenth of December promises to be exciting and spirited.

BOSWELL, JR.

The demand for bachelor apartments in New York during the past year has been on the increase so much that several new buildings have been specially constructed for the purpose. The big hotels are also making special offers for the patronage; one of them has set aside 300 rooms on two floors which are to be given over to unmarried men at a price remarkably low in view of the luxury and convenience, which, by the way, includes a valet service. The boarding house industry has been seriously affected by the change, but whether it will continue permanently or not is a matter for conjecture.

Mr. Fletcher is a very earnest exponent of a kind of Christian Science, a believer in auto-hypnotism. His style is marred by coined words like "fear thought," used in an attempt to separate "worry" from "forethought;" and "egociation" as an antithesis of egotism. He considers that "appreciation" is a word of greatest importance, and should mean *the brightest form of intelligence*, and makes a statement to which few will agree—that even the Lord's Prayer can be epitomized within the prayer: *Father teach Thou us Appreciation*. His theories about the eradication of fear, anger, envy, jealousy, etc., have long been fully known to the world. They are in the beautiful rules for conduct which the Rosicrucians followed. Mr. Fletcher's book is superior to some upon the same theme, but his gospel is presented in far more attractive form in the works of W. F. Evans, in Prentice Mulford's White Cross series of pamphlets; and in Drummond's essays.

Mr. Fletcher gives us some striking phrases as: Altruism is a powerful magnet; good men are true as steel. A crusade against fearthought would, within one generation, make asylums unnecessary. Forethought invites success; fearthought invites failure. Pessimism is poison. But he uses offensive captions, such as "Don't Be a Sewer," "Thou Shalt Not Strike a Woman," and "I Can't *Not* Do It," and there is less excuse for the inelegance since he seems aware of it. The Appendix A., by Dr. William H. Holcomb, is entertaining. He says the body is the mind translated into flesh and blood. At this time of a yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans, it is interesting to read of a time when there were supposed to be innumerable evidences of the non-contagion of yellow fever which strangely enough have now about ceased to exist, and suggests that the public and the professional mind may have been so hypnotized by repeated and violent asseverations that a non-contagious has been transformed into a contagious disease. He advocates mental and moral sanitation, but we have long heard the gist of it in the old Irish ballad about "Take it aisy, an' all will go well if your heart's in the right place!" It is all summed up in seven words by Solomon "As a man thinketh, so is he."

## OUR LATEST PRODUCT

### Successful Cultivation of the Pineapple at Los Angeles.

Mr. Finney and his turnip are an old story. "And it grew, and it grew." As for Mr. Rapp and his pineapples—"and they grew, and they grew."

There is something new under the sun. Which being interpreted, means that J. B. Rapp, of Colegrove, is just marketing the first of a new California product. Five years ago he brought a few pineapple plants from Florida and set them cleverly in a sandy corner of one of his cherished acres, and told them to knuckle down and get to work. Then he cultivated tenderly and irrigated diligently and looked for results. But months swept by and results came not, and Mr. Rapp stood puzzled in the midst of his contrary crew and stroked his beard in doubt. They remained contrary for four mortal years. Then they gave in like sensible pineapples and bore fruit. Yesterday when I arrived at the farm this pioneer of a new industry had just left for the city with a basket of big pines which would bring him from 25 to 60 cents apiece. Now let the Hawaiian producers tremble and Florida still more, for home industry without the risk of frosts will be a dangerous competitor.

If Mr. Rapp's theory be correct, then all that made his plants so slow in bearing was the process of acclimatization through which they were passing during their first years in this new soil. Now, the plants which he has slipped from his older ones, are prompt in responding to cultivation, and begin bearing within three months. It must have been a red letter day to the patient old German when he saw the first pink bud nestling in the heart of the sprawling shrubs. At present he has almost one quarter of an acre devoted to the experiment. His place lies a few miles to the west of Los Angeles, on the first hint of a sunshiny, sea-blown slope, where the air is the cleanest air that blows, and good with the smell of lemon blossoms. The ground is sandy and apparently uncompromising, but this soil is said to be what the young strangers like, and here they bristle and spread and multiply in right wholesome fashion, bidding fair to be fruitful and replenish the earth all in good season.

The first sign of fruition is shown when the tiny bud begins to unfold down in the midst of the great spikey leaves. This grows straight up, and in due course develops into a longish head, shaped like the mature fruit. Blossoms soon break out all over it, and dainty little blossoms they are, more like wee pointed tongues than ordinary flowers, and gowned in a Frenchy shade of mauve. You men do not quite comprendre? Never mind. There are some things that men need not know. Mrs. Rapp creased her big German-clean apron and displayed them proudly. Then she took me on further, to where the flowers, which, by the way, have a curious habit of blooming a deep purple in hot weather and a very pale shade in the cold, had dried away, and left the shrivelled scales that we know on the marketed fruit. The bunch of spikes springs forth at the top and the pineapple is a miniature of what it will be when ready to eat. It is slow of development, however. The youngest fruit that I saw will not be ripe before next spring, and about six months is allowed for the full growth, from bud to ripening. As soon as the pine has matured and been plucked, the mother plant dies away, leaving the young suckers at the sides which will bear later on. These may be planted apart and so a new growth started. About a third of the whole space which Mr. Rapp has devoted to his experiment is set out with this new growth. The tops, too, will take root and grow.

Several varities are being tried and all are now yielding. The Sugar Loaf flourishes a tremendously long stem and boasts of the best flavored fruit. The Smooth Cayenne is brought from Honolulu and is the only variety without stickers set along the edge of the leaves to warn off the unwary. Black Jamaica is here, and Red Spanish won me above all, with the tint of autumn leaves thawing its severity. This bears the smallest fruit, but is the most flourishing. Its products market for 25 cents at wholesale, the dealers making about ten cents profit on the handling. Smooth Cayenne and Sugar Loaf bring as high a price as 50 or 60 cents when at their best.

The pineapple plant is about 2 feet high, in both California and Florida. Mr. Rapp has set his out in rows five feet apart, the plants within the row separated by three feet, but in future he is only going to leave four feet between the rows, judging that this will give them ample space to feed. Until now, the enterprise has been purely experimental, but this year, with pineapples on all the plants, in every stage of development (for the bearing knows no season, but goes on throughout the year), the planner of it all is laying schemes galore. Twelve months hence he will have a whole level acre and a half planted to pineapples, and then, good luck to you, Mr. Rapp! If the fruit is as sweet and the price not more dear, then we are ready, one and all, to patronize home industry.

SARAH COMSTOCK.

Los Angeles, November 13th, 1897.

The latest theory of sleep connects the phenomenon with the nerve cells. It was supposed once that they were continuous and formed a permanent line of communication for ideas to pass over. Now it is said that they are only contiguous; that they connect one with another by means of prolongations. Sometimes they contract and draw in their prolongations, and then they are shut off and isolated. That is sleep. Sometimes a few of the nerve cells remain connected and exchange ideas; that is what dreams are. When you're awake they're all connected, and as you go to sleep they contract and shut off the current.

Emperor William of Germany is devoting much of his time to the study of the Russian language. The letter which he wrote to the Czar during the latter's stay at Darmtadt was in excellent Russian.

THE PINEAPPLE PLANTATION AT COLEGROVE

# The Isabella Regina.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

*The rear coach of a passenger train between any city and any [illegible] suburb.*

CHARACTERS.

*Alfred. Angelina. A Conductor. A Train Boy.*

Angelina: How far are we from the city, Alfred?

Alfred: I don't know. We must cross the bay first. We go as far as Rockport on the train, you know, and we take the ferry for the city there. We're not far from Rockport now (looking out the window), be there in about twenty minutes.

Train Boy (in a Gregorian chant): Cigars-cigarettes-chewing-gum-'n-tabacco.

Alfred: Here, boy. Give me an Isabella Regina—I say Angelina, you don't mind if I buy a cigar do you—Sidney Spence told me this boy sold a cigar I musn't fail to try. Of course I won't smoke now.

Angelina: Why of course I don't mind, Alfred. It was only cigarettes you promised me about.

Alfred: I won't buy one if you say not.

Angelina: But I *want* you should, I love to see you happy.

Alfred: My angel. (To the boy.) Two for a quarter?

Boy: Twenty-five cents straight. (Alfred gives him twenty-five cents, and puts the cigar in his upper vest pocket).

Alfred (proudly): Angelina I haven't smoked a cigarette in a week, and you know I can get twenty-five cigarettes for what I pay for one cigar.

Angelina (with enthusiasm): You are heroic; you are noble, Alfred.

Alfred (magnificently): Pooh!

The Conductor: Tickets.

Angelina: Tickets, Alfred.

Alfred: You forget, we are traveling on a pass, Angelina.

Angelina: That's so, I had forgotten. Don't it make you feel grand to travel on a pass, Alfred, just as though you were a Personage.

Alfred (with superb indifference): Not a bit.

Angelina (gazing at him with admiration): That's because you're so used to it.

Alfred (with nonchallance): I suppose so, perhaps; I never think much about it.

The Conductor (near at hand): Tickets. (Alfred hands him the pass with exquisite unconcern, yawning and looking out of the window.)

The Conductor: You must sign this pass, sir.

Alfred (biting his yawn in two and turning to the conductor in some confusion): What, I—I thought I did pass the sign, I mean sign the——

The Conductor coldly): Well, you didn't. Sign in ink—don't use your pencil

Alfred (helplessly): But I haven't any ink. (The conductor silently hands him his fountain pen.)

Angelina: How can you sign, Alfred, when the car shakes so.

Alfred: I don't believe I can.

Angelina: It will be all jiggelty, like that signature on the Declaration of Independence. Don't you remember, the one that's so shaky, I can't recall the name. Was it Hopkins or Hancock? it's dreadfully jiggelty. There was a fac simile of the Declaration of Independence on the wall at the seminary, and Miss Mix used to tell us that Mr. Hopkins—or Mr. Hancock's hand shook so because he was afraid of the British. I *can't* remember whether it was Hopkins or Hancock. (To the conductor.) Do *you* remember.

The Conductor: What!

Alfred (handing him the pass): There you are. (The conductor takes up the pass and is moving away.)

Alfred: Hey there, conductor. (The conductor pauses.) You didn't give us any ferry tickets. I thought you always gave passengers tickets for the ferry, when you took up their railroad tickets. You always have before.

The Conductor (loftily): We only give ferry tickets to passengers travelling at regular transportation rates, we don't give 'em to holders of passes. (Moves on crying "Tickets!")

Alfred (excitedly): But I say—here—hey there conductor.

Angelina: What's the matter Alfred. (Alfred gasps, turns pale and rolls his eyes wildly.) Alfred, my own boy, what is it. You are ill. Oh, I said you shouldn't eat so much of that terrapin stew.

Alfred (fumbling rapidly in one pocket after another): Nothing, nothing, I—I—I (miserably) I'm afraid I haven't any money.

Angelina (blankly): Oh!

Alfred (distracted): How are we going to get across the bay to the city. We'll be at Rockport in a few moments. I gave my last change to the train boy for that Isabella Regina. I thought our pass was good to the city. Angelina, we are lost. I haven't a cent.

Angelina: Nor I. And I *made* you get that cigar. It's I that have brought you to this. Oh! Alfred, it's all my fault.

Alfred (bravely): No, *I* am the one to blame, I, only.

Angelina: No, no. It's only your heroism that says that. It was all on my account.

Alfred: I won't allow you to say that Angelina.

Angelina: But you wouldn't have bought the cigar if I hadn't made you. I insisted. You see if you had got cigarettes yesterday instead of your after-dinner cigar you would have got twenty-five cigarettes for what you paid for that one cigar and you might have had a few cigarettes left by now and wouldn't have had to buy that Isabella Regina cigar and-then-you-would-have-had-a-quarter-left-and-we-could-have-got-over-to-the-city—and, *oh!* I'm so unhappy. (Chokes back a sob.)

Alfred (wildly): Angelina you break my heart, stop, I'll throw myself from the train in another moment.

Angelina (clutching him hysterically): Alfred, you shall not. Calm yourself. Oh, what's to become of us now. (Alfred starts suddenly as an idea occurs to him, his pallor increasing.)

Alfred (with terrible calmness): And this next boat in the last to-day.

Angelina: What do you mean.

Alfred (still with horrible calmness): If we don't get this next boat, there is none other we *can* get till to-morrow morning, and we'll be obliged to stay over in Rockport all night.

Angelina (repressing a shriek): Alfred don't *say* it. It *can't* be true. What's to become of *me*. Everybody *knows* we came away together to spend the day out of town, and, if we stay away all night—why—why—oh, what is going to become of us now. This is—this must be some horrible dream.

Alfred (in desperation): And all for the want of a quarter. I shall go insane in another minute.

Angelina: Oh! I know I shall.

Alfred (looking about him): we must get a quarter.

Angelina: There's that old gentleman across the aisle, Suppose you go to *him*. You could ask him to accomodate you with twenty-five cents, and you could give him your note.

Alfred (wildly): Ha, ha, my note for sixty days. What's the interest on twenty-five cents for sixty days.

Angelina: May be you could *sell* him something. *I* know (clapping her hands), sell him the *cigar*. The *Isabella Regina*.

Alfred (with enthsiasm): Saved me again, Angelina; you

"The Singing Nymph"
A Miniature by Miss Edgerly
Photographed by Arnold Genthe.

are my good angel. (Rising.) I'm going to try. Wish me God-speed, Angelina. (They clasp hands.)

Angelina: I *know* you will succeed.

Alfred: I go. (He approaches the old gentleman, and engages him in a few moments interview, unheard by Angelina.)

Alfred (returning): Crushed! He don't smoke.

Angelina: What did he say.

Alfred: Said he was the third vice-president of the Anti-Nicotine League.

Angelina: We're lost.

The Brakeman (opening the forward car door with a yell): Next staishn's Bra-rah-rah! (Remainder unintelligible.)

Alfred: We are almost at Rockport, what *can* be done.

Angelina: Can't we *hire* a boat and row across the bay?

Alfred: And how would we pay the hire, I should like to know.

Angelina: If I only had some jewels to give a boatman. Just like they do in novels! Don't you remember that poem:

"A chieftain to the highlands bound
Cried boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver crown
To row us o'er the ferry."

We had it to scan at the seminary, and "tarry" and "ferry" don't rhyme, nor "bound" and "crown." I never thought of that before.

Alfred: But what's to be done. (The train whistles for Rockport and begins to slow down; the passengers collect shawl-straps and satchels; the conductor reappears.)

Angelina: Here's the conductor's Alfred. Let's appeal to the conductor. Tell him you haven't enough money to get across the bay with, and ask him for tickets and tell him you'll send him the money to-morrow.

Alfred: He never would relent. Didn't you notice what a frigid brutal manner he had. He's just in the railroad's employ, and paid to collect fares. It's nothing to him that we can't get across the bay. He is a minion; what the newspapers call "the tool of the corporation."

Angelina: *I'll* talk to him. I'll throw myself upon his—

Alfred (severely): Angelina!

Angelina: —his mercy.

Alfred: No, I'll face him.

Angelena: Not alone, Alfred. I'll be at your side. (The train stops with a backward jerk and a prolonged hiss of relaxed air brakes. The other passengers leave the car. Angelina and Alfred approach the conductor.)

Alfred (in a low tone to Angelina): I—think I'm a little afraid of him; he acted like such a bear about the pass.

Angelina, Be brave, Alfred.

Alfred (to the conductor, assuming a careless tone and speaking very loud): I say, about those tickets across the ferry; I find myself in a very embarrassing situation (explains at length).

Angelina: And this is the last boat to-day, and—and—we're not—we're *going* to be married but—

The Conductor (easily): Why, that's all right (handing Alfred the tickets), 'might happen to anybody.

Angelina (fervidly): Oh! thank you so much. It's very kind of you.

Alfred (loftily as he pockets the tickets): I told you, Angelina, that I would fix it some how.

Angelina: Yes, Alfred, I should have known that I could have relied upon you.

The Conductor: Better hurry up you'll miss the boat.

Angelina (to the conductor, as she and Alfred move away): Thank you, again, so *very* much.

Alfred; He *was* a brick after all, wasn't he?

Angelina: He was a *gentleman*, Alfred.

Alfred (turning back): Wait a minute. I have an idea. (Approaches the conductor and offers him the Isabella Regina.) Have a cigar, sir.

The Conductor: Thanks, I will.

## ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBIT

### Fall Work of the Local Artists on View at the Hopkins House.

The exhibit of the Art Association at the Hopkins Institute is a little disappointing this year. The average is good, but one looks in vain for those few canvases that in former exhibits startled one by some point of unusual excellence, or exceptional felicity of subject and treatment. We make this statement even while bearing in mind the fact that many of the pictures are part of a loan exhibit, and as such ought to stand far above the display of local talent.

In the loan exhibit the most striking canvases are De Forrest Brush's "Indian and Lilly," Siddon Mowbray's black and white illustrations, and the military composition of Detaiele's—No. 20 on the catalogue. The color and detail in Mr. Brush's picture are really admirable, and the yellow leggins of the figure form an excelle it note in the arrangement. The face of the Indian does not impress one forcibly and hardly seems to be a portrait. You feel as though the artist had painted it entirely from imagination, not from life. It is too much like the typical Indian to be like any *one* particular Indian. Siddon Mowbray's illustrations were done in the time when a wood engraving was still a means of reproducing artists' magazine work, and are sober, serious and extremely conscientious efforts, devoid of any brilliancy, but accurately drawn and carefully studied. There is this same lack of brilliancy and invention in the Detaille of the exhibit. It is little more than a minute study of uniforms of the first Empire, and the Napoleon astride of a chair seems absolutely out of character. It is one of those pictures which neither succeed nor fail, for the reason that they do not attempt anything. "Abel" (No. 118) is, however, a rather fine failure, and as such, infinitely superior to the tame mediocrity of the Detaille. There is an effort here to arrive somewhere—the artist has set a goal for himself. There is a good deal of Henner in the blurred treatment of the shadows, but even our own Charles Peters can handle moonlight better. The figure of Abel in comparison with that of the woman is absurdly large. Aitkins, Lucia Matthews, Fred Yates, Keith, Inez Bates and Douglas Tilden represent the "local talent," while Miss Edgerly has on the walls a miniature on porcelain entitled "The Singing Nymph," which is one of the most beautiful subjects conceivable. The miniature is a positive gem, and will, no doubt, find its way into some collector's gallery before long. It is a pity that the head should be a little out of drawing. One is forced to admit that the tilting back of the head would have narrowed the forehead to a greater extent than is seen in Miss Edgerly's picture. Yates shows some strongly-painted portraits, executed in a style that suggests Bonnat. There is a swing and movement about Mr. Yates' brush work that is exhiliarating—almost breathless—while his likenesses, as for instance, that of Mr. Horace Hill, are life-like in the extreme. Aitkins is not up to his standard of last year, though his "Live Oaks" is a very fetching bit of work. Keith shows a huge landscape in the style of the French school of the early part of this century — vigorous and breezy. The sky, however, near the horizon is altogether too deep in tone. Lucia Matthews has some pastels done in a "poster" manner that are admirable and full of promise. Nos. 190 and 191 are especially charming. The full length portrait that Mr. Greenbaum exhibits, and that is here reproduced, is a strong sober piece of work. Mr. Greenbaum was fortunate in the matter of models. The young lady's face is expressive and unusual, almost too much so for *fin de siecle* costuming.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

Lord Salisbury emerged from the shades of silence with the Lord Mayor's banquet, and has added to his opportunities since in delivering himself on public affairs. Some of the leading London journals have followed by urging him to drop the reins at the Foreign Office, others going still further and advising the country to seek a new Prime Minister. In consequence, the more or less veracious London correspondents of the daily journals in this country have proclaimed approaching confusion in Conservative circles. It is not unreasonable to assume that Lord Salisbury's capacity for work is not so great as it was, but his influence and judgment are probably unimpaired, and this is the main consideration so far as his party is concerned. Persons who are not familiar with the process of government and the administration of its various departments in Great Britain are apt to lose sight of the fact that the men who handle the business of the country are the permanent under-secretaries. In matters of policy, of course, direction is given by the responsible Ministers, but in foreign affairs especially the subordinate hands control the procedure. When the outside public read the effusions of Dilke, Ashmead-Bartlett and that ilk, they are apt to think that these men know it all, but if they could have five minutes conversation with the under-secretaries of the departments charged with the affairs that are under discussion, they would probably change their opinions. Have we not our own Senator Morgan? Whatever may be said, with only partial light on the subjects of late most debated, Lord Salisbury is entitled to credit for having preserved the peace of Europe this summer, and surely that is something worthy of a statesman. Should he succeed, with the co-operation of Lord Elgin, the Viceroy of India, in effectually subduing the turbulent tribes on the northern frontier, and strengthening the alliance with the Ameer of Afghanistan, besides recovering the Soudan finally for Egypt, all of which looks at present extremely probable, he will have rendered invaluable service to his country. The late howl against the Premier probably takes rise in Radical hate and inside party jealousy, and should not be mistaken for the feeling of the nation.

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*DOLLS AT THE DOLL SHOW*

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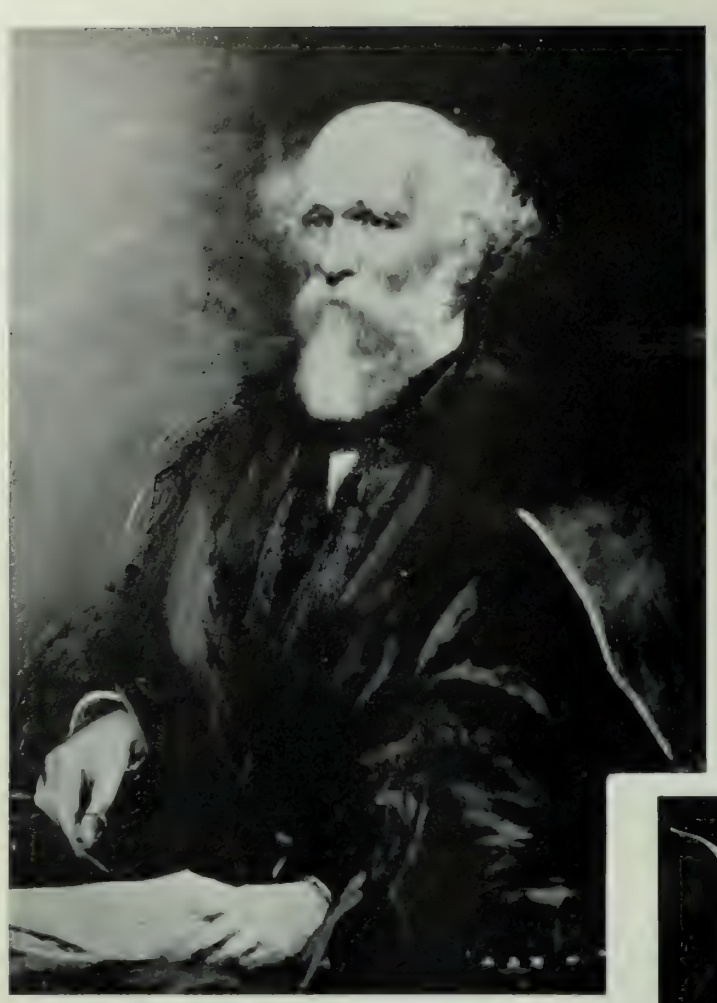

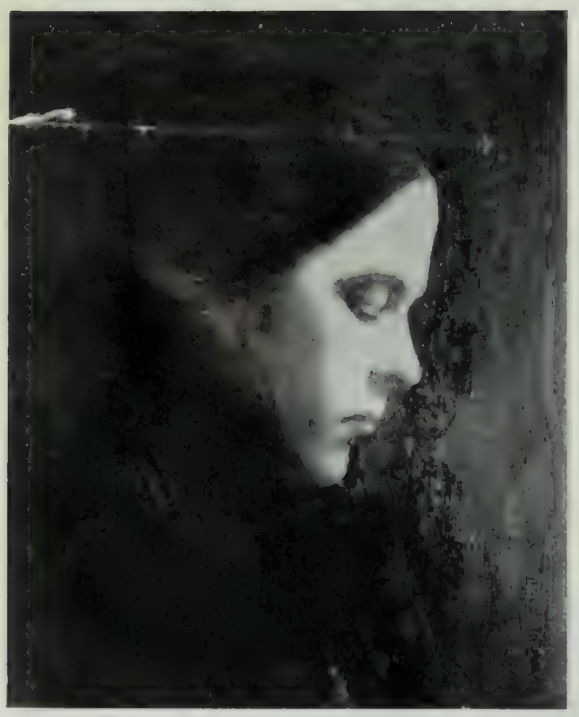

1. Professor Joseph La Conte, William Keith. 2. Landscape at Monterey; J. Stanton. 3. A Head; C. C. Judson. 4. The figure of the Phelan Monument; Douglas Tilden. 5. Portrait; Jos. Greenbaum. 6. "The First Sorrow;" A. F. Matthews. Little Red Riding-hood; Fred Yates.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION AT THE HOPKINS INSTITUTE

Photographs by Theodore Solomons

## MARCHESI'S MEMORIES

### Famous Pupils of a Noted Teacher — Melba's Debut.

The writing of reminisences is an art by itself. One can imagine Henry James would excel at delineating exactly, analytically and graphically the characteristics of his contemporaries, but the majority of men and women to whom it is given to know celebrities are quite incapable of telling anyone else about them. It is easy and fashionable to deride the taste of J. A. Froude, who refrained from editing the sarcastic flings of Thomas Carlyle at his associates, but the book of memories which resulted is a priceless work. Albert Vandam, who wrote *An Englishman in Paris*, has mastered the trick of conveying to the reader the character and personality of his subjects. One must be intimate and gossipy and yet not intrusive, but it is the fear of the latter accusation which prevents men like Dean Farrar from telling us about their friends the things which really make the difference.

Here is Madame Marchesi, the instructor of the most famous singers of the last quarter of a century—she who taught Ilma de Murska, Gerster, Emma Nevada, Calve, Melba and Eames—certainly no one ever had better material for memoirs, but really the book is a very decorous autobiography with no flavor of intimacy and but little of personality. *Marchesi and Music* (Harper & Brothers), is really valuable because of the exposition of the art of singing it contains. She contrasts the methods of instruction in vogue fifty years ago with the system of to-day, and tells of her own experience with Garcia, who was also the instructor of Jenny Lind. It seems that the great Swedish cantatrice did not make a very favorable impression. Garcia said: "After I had tried her voice I said to her, 'Madamoiselle, you have an originality of style which requires training, but either your voice is worn or you never had one.'"

He told her to rest a few weeks and suggested that she listen to the lessons of Nissen, her countrywoman, who was then his pupil. There was a great improvement when next she sang and Jenny Lind proved Garcia's most attentive scholar. He never had to explain anything twice to her, but the famous shake in "Lucia" cost her infinite trouble and many tears.

After graduating with distinction, Marchesi, then Fraulein Mathilde Graumann set forth to conquer the world as a concert singer, winning *en tour* an enviable success. She married, went to innumerable important houses, met all the musical celebrities, but while the narative tells us all about her doings, there is little that may be quoted for its intimacy. Finally, tiring of travelling and its triumphs, she settled in Vienna as teacher of singing at the Conservatory. There is much to interest the musician at this stage of the book because she enters into details as to her method. Here Ilma di Murska came to her—the Hungarian nightingale—who, when she entered the conservatory, had a sweet, flexible and high soprano voice and also two children. A most eccentric young lady, Ilma insisted on bringing to rehearsal a large Newfoundland dog, and indulged in excesses which undoubtedly shortened her life and career. This was later, however. Gabrielle Krauss, one of the most famous of prima donnas, formed her style with Marchesi. She was delicate, pale and timid but conquered her shyness and was at last known as "La Rachale Chantant." But there is not a familiar touch in either of these sketches. Our author is more interesting about Etelka Gerster, introduced her by a director of the conservatoire, who had heard the girl sing in a private house in Kaschau, Hungary, and had been much struck with her voice. She was a fair, smiling maiden and her gift was evident. Marchesi did everything for her but says the beautiful high notes which were afterward so much admired, her shakes, cadences and delivery were gained by her pupil's tremendous perseverance. Gerster made her debut in 1873 and in 1874, Patti came to Vienna and conquered the city by her delightful singing. The cantatrice was invited to visit Marchesi's studio, and came there on the great teacher's birthday. The rooms were full of flowers, and the *diva* was surprised at the quantities of beautiful blossoms. At the piano sat Marchesi giving Gerster a lesson. Patti had caught the notes of the girl's voice and begged her to sing something. Etelka, after same hesitation, rendered delightfully the cavatina from "Linda," winning praise from the *diva* for her fine delivery and the charm of her *mezza voce*. She advised her to steer courageously for her goal, but who would then have supposed that the two would make an operatic tour together in America, and that Gerster would become the successful rival of the great singer. After winning all the prizes at the Conservatoire, the young girl sang before Verdi and then went to Paris to play Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet." Strange to say all sorts of difficulties were placed in her way, the result being that she retired and went to Madrid to succeed Nilsson. Alas, it was a sad experience. "Rigoletto" was the opera, and at the rehearsal, the young *diva* had won golden opinions. But when she appeared, there was a chorus of hisses and yells—"Nilsson! Nilsson! we want Nilsson!" the audience shouted. The poor debutante trembled and nearly fainted, but there was no choice for her. She sang the part through and retired. Subsequently, through a friend of Marchesi's, she was invited to sing at court, and there made a great success. The rest of her career was most happy and in the course of years she retired to a beautiful country place near Bolonga. Here she has a mansion in the midst of a beautiful park, on a hill covered with vines and cornfields, the little river Reno skirting the edges of the property.

Madame Marchesi again left Vienna and finally settled in Paris, where she has since lived and brought out so many wonderful artists. Of those who are especially famous is Emma Calve, whom Marchesi first met in '82 through a letter from Gevaert, director of the Brussells Conservatoire. She was a pretty, dark-eyed girl, but her voice had been almost ruined by improper training and overwork. This was in 1882. She rested for a few months and then began her studies. After two years she was engaged by the Italian Opera Company and made her debut in "Aben Hamet." Then she joined the Opera Comique, where she remained till '86. At this period she was still timid and rarely did herself full justice. Since then Calve has become one of the greatest singers of the day. As her letter to Marchesi shows she is grateful to the teacher who had made her success possible and freely admits her debt.

The most interesting and perhaps the most famous of Marchesi's pupils are Melba and Emma Eames. Melba, her instructor says, is to-day "without a rival on the lyric stage. As a vocalist she more resembles a bird than a human creature, and it is impossible to conceive anything more musical or more flexible than her marvelous voice which is as clear as a silver bell. I am only repeating after the critics that as regards taste, style or realization this pupil of mine is superior to any living singer." Melba is a Melbourne girl, and when but six years of age, sang "Coming Thro' the Rye" at a charity concert. Her mother, a wise woman, never let her sing for fear of straining her voice, but the girl learned the piano, organ and violin. She was married at sixteen to a son of Sir Charles Armstrong but there were difficulties and she returned to her father's home. Her lovely voice attracted attention and she was advised to go to Paris to Marchesi. The latter recognized the remarkable qualities of the Australian girl's voice and at once put her to work. She became one of the most industrious and pliant of scholars, and before her graduation had signed a three-year's engagement with Maurice Strakosch, which his death cancelled.

Emma Eames, it seems, was born in China, and never saw her parents home, Boston, until she had arrived at the age of eight years. She began to study with Marchesi in 1886, and worked steadily until 1889, when Gounod engaged her as Juliet in his new opera. The circumstances of her debut are these: Gounod met M. Marchesi and told him he was looking for a Juliet. "Has your wife one among her pupils? If so, bring her to me. I shall be at home to-morrow at eleven," he said.

Next day Marchesi and the young American went to Gounod's house in the Place Malesherbes. The family had assembled to listen. Miss Eames sang several songs from the opera and the great composer was delighted. "Here, indeed, is my Juliet," he declared. Then he commenced to rehearse her at once, he singing and playing the part of Romeo. She was engaged in February and in March, 1889, made her debut on the stage of the Paris Grand Opera House—an unprecedented honor.

Our Sibyl Sanderson is also a pupil of the great teacher. On her arrival in Paris, years ago, she was presented to Marchesi, who tried her voice. "Your voice has not been properly brought out," she said. "I cannot take you in hand unless you consent to study at least two years with me." Miss Sanderson was in a hurry. "Oh, that's too long. I have no time to lose." Massenet took charge of her, brought her out in "Esclarmonde," but on her return to Paris in 1890, Marchesi, at the composer's request, took charge of her career, with happy results, as Sanderson shows, in an epistolary acknowledgments of her debt. C.

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## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Where shall I begin this week, dearest Diary? Shall I just attack the multitudinous teas, or give you the smaller events as a sort of appetiser, as it were? On Friday, Leila went to Mrs. Ed. Dimond's luncheon, at the 'Varsity Club; then we both went to the Newhall tea—each was sufficiently smart, neither on the especially elaborate order. In the evening I went with Arthur to the second meeting of the Friday Fortnightly. Edna Hopkins led the German with Bobbie Eyre, and managed admirably. I like the Hopkins girls—they are so well-bred, and not in the slightest degree gauche. Let me see whom I especially admired among the girls? Well, Annie Voorhies looked very pretty, and of course, I received my just meed of praise. Lillie Follis, also, looked well—she is the most uncertain of all the girls,

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood
Who made her social debut at the Ellinwood ball

with regard to appearance—sometimes she is stunningly handsome, and again she just misses being plain. Helen Thomas pleased me too.

On Saturday there were teas interminable. I received at the Hopkins'. It was a really swell tea, almost a function—lines of carriages simply baricaded the street during the hours of the reception. Edna wore a perfectly stunning frock, which I must describe in detail. It was of white satin, covered with pink muslin, veiled in chiffon. The underskirt of the pink was pleated, and over it fell a skirt of sun-pleated chiffon—a ruffle was arranged all round the bottom. The waist was of the pink, with yoke edged with jeweled trimmings. A short half puff fell over the antique Florentine sleeve. Her sash was of La France pink Roman silk, edged with fringe. The girls who received were Carrie Taylor, in pink; Miriam and Francis Moore, in pale blue; Margaret Salisbury, in white; Therese Morgan, in white; Alice Hager, in white corded silk (a stunning gown), finished with turquoise-blue velvet. The house looked pretty, but I did not especialy admire the decorations. There was a conglomeration of different hued flowers which lacked harmony. The dinner afterwards was one of the jolliest—so informal—and we had ever so much fun. Oh, you should have seen the lovely brooch Mrs. Hopkins gave Edna as a souvenir of her first appearance. A big pansy of diamonds with a ruby in the center. Huber played during the whole affair. Mamma and Leila took in the other teas—the Carrolls and the Bruces. Leila said she enjoyed Gertie Carroll's tea surprisingly well. Leila is terrifically blase about teas, and has to be dragged to them. Gertie wore a lovely gown of pink and white silk, wonderfully built, with endless varied effects—an importation that Elizabeth brought her from Paris Ebizabeth Whittier was in a pale blue, and looked very sweet. Mrs. Carroll wore black velvet with jeweled trimmings. Lillie Follis, who assisted, was in white. They had hordes of men there, and Leila said she thought that they seemed to enjoy the festivities more, if possible, than even the debutantes. Walter Martin was among them, looking proud of his title of "King of the Brownies." They also went to the Bruce's tea. Bertie Bruce, Charlotte Ellinwood, Bernice Drown were in white. Bertie carried a lovely bunch of red roses.

On Sunday a number of the boys came in and we discussed things in general and the belle of the season particularly. They told me many home truths and advised me what not to do. Let me see what I remember—I must appear to feel complimented when they flatter me; I must not say smart things or be pert; I must not seem too shocked at anything, and whatever happens should not show embarassment. Dear me! Then I must be agreeable to all the bores and not allow any man to "rush" me. One chap said patronizingly, "Your sole deficiency, if I may call it such, Miss Cricket, is that you are too natural. Be a little more like other people." Is not that dreadful—a nice boy, too. Aunt Sybil agrees with him but Papa says he only hopes I shall always remain his wild, hoyden daughter. I am afraid I can't change and honestly, Diary dear, I adore myself just as I am.

On Monday I made several duty calls, and on Tuesday morning went out to the Golf Links to practice. We girls are becoming quite enthusiastic. Bessie Ames, Elinor and Therese Morgan, Ethel Patton, Minnie Houghton and I are the most constant in our attendance. I am not an expert, in fact, none of us do particularly well. Minnie Houghton, so far, is easily the best player and uses her club quite skillfully. It is lovely out at the grounds, though, with the gorgeous view of the ocean and the faint echo from the Presidio band is wafted over when the wind is in the right direction. In the afternoon I made more calls, then early in the evening went to the Doll Show at the Palace. It was an awfully pretty sight and the dollies made me wish I were a child once more instead of a blooming debutante with aspirations towards belledom. The Maple Room was simply crammed with people all in their best bibs and tuckers. I must tell you about some of the dolls—Mme. Baer's bride would have been my choice. Such a dream of beauty with clothes fit for a princess. Mme. Luenberger's prize doll was also excellently gowned and the Emporium doll was too sweet. Miss Blair was delighted with the success of the show. The voting was in charge of Mrs. Stow Ballard, Miss Alice Owen, Mrs. Judge Slack and Miss Spinney. I hear that Mrs. Joe Tobin bought the pretty tailor-made doll, and Mr. Thomas Williams bought Mme. Luenberger's ball doll.

After I went to the Ellinwoods and had a capital time. The house was hidden under stacks of flowers and greens. Charlotte never looked half so well as she did in her frock of white satin covered with white tulle and bunches of lilies of the valley on her shoulder. Mrs. Ellinwood wore a yellow gown and, in spite of her delicate health, seemed bright and cheerful. Charlotte was assisted in receiving by Ethel Keeney, Leontine Blakeman and Emma Butler. Ethel wore a charming frock of white with blue ribbons. Leontine was in a creamish pink silk veiled in gauze and trimmed with roses. Mamie Polhemus wore a chic frock of striped silk, Florence Josselyn was in pale blue, and Marie Wells in pink silk. During the evening the older people paid their devoirs and at ten o'clock the dancing was started. There were simply swarms of men, who floated around seeking partners and half the time finding none. The girls had really a capital time. The affair was kept up until the wee sma' hours.

On Wednesday I went to Bernie Drown's luncheon at the 'Varsity Club. This was her third this season. She has invited a series of her friends—I like the idea so much, it is eminently preferable to a tea, and one really meets the girls. Then to Julia Crocker's wedding. It was a very small one—only a few of the intimate friends were invited as well as the relations. The decorations were delightfully arranged and Huber's orchestra made the air melodious. But the presents! The house looked as if Shreve's had simply been poured in and stored there. I have never seen handsomer gifts. Henry Crocker gave a chest of silver, Mrs. Van Fleet every imaginable thing in cut glass, a complete set. Then Mrs. Pope gave solid silver ice cream set in the new rose pattern, and Mrs. George Pope a terrapin set. George Pope was best man and Annie Buckbee bridesmaid. It was a lively wedding, and Julia seemed ever so happy. They have gone to New York for their bridal trip.

In the evening I helped Miss Jennie Blair at the Doll Show. Marie Wells, Lillie Follis, Marie Oge and I were at her booth. Emily Carolan, the Hopkins, the Morgans and Carol Crockett assisted Mrs. Fred Tallant. We had splendid fun as you can fancy.

On Thursday I had a day of it—phew! I can hardly think of it now calmly and quietly. We went to the football game, of course. Everyone in town was there. All the girls and men in a most excited condition—wearing either the blue and gold or the red. We simply shrieked ourselves hoarse, and when either appeared to have the advantage, we lost all sense of decorum and positively howled with glee—or sorrow as the case might be. Then, afterwards, home to dress for Fred Greenwood's dinner at the Bohemian Club. There were about thirty of us invited, and we all appeared in force. The dinner took place in the red room. That finishes my doings for this week. Let me see what is there in the future. On Friday Mamie Polhemus' tea, with a dinner later, to "we us," who receive with her. The usual crowd—Ethel Keeney, Marie Wells, Leontine Blakeman, Kathro Burton and Bessie Ames. Then on Saturday the Thornton reception followed by a dinner to thirty. The Salisburys, Therese Morgan, Leontine Blakeman and Ethel are among those to receive with Helen. Next Monday the first meeting of the Monday Evening Dancing Class. On Tuesday Mrs. Mountford Wilson is to give a tea; on Saturday week Mrs. Mark Requa and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalen Long announce an afternoon reception. That is the extent of my news, save that our dear Mr. Wiltsee has gone East. He is only to be away ten days, however, so we are not so low spirited as we might be. Oh, I forgot Ed Greenway is to have a big theatre party on Wednesday, and Edith McBean on Saturday to the Columbia in honor of Edna Hopkins. So now adieu for a sennight.

Your adorable, MISS CRICKET.

* *

The exhibition of needlework and laces in aid of the Associated Charities, to be held in the Maple Room of the Palace, December 2d, 3d. and 4th., is already receiving considerable attention. Aside from its charitable purpose, the affair will be interesting because of the nature and variety of the exhibit, all sorts of handsome laces and finely-wrought linen being entered for display. The exhibit will be given under noted patronage, and, as the support of society is assured, the event will be something out of the ordinary.

A very swell function, was the football cotilion given by Mr. and Mrs. I. Strassberger at the Verein, on Friday evening, in honor of the first appearance of their daughter. Mr. Strassberger is the President of the San Francisco Verein. The German was an immensely pretty one, all the figures being typical of the movements on the gridiron—the decorations carried out the same idea. Footballs, tin horns and similar emblems, were placed round the room, and the colors of Stanford and Berkeley were used everywhere. Mrs. Strassberger wore a stunning gown of lavender striped silk covered with embroidered mousseline de soie. The waist was trimmed in real lace and chinchilla: Miss Strassberger was simply gowned in white. Among the handsomest of the girls I noted Miss Elsie Hecht in nile green silk covered with mousseline de soie, spangled in gold and emeralds—the waist was similarly embroidered with green, white and gold, with shell trimming arranged round the corsage. The skirt had ruffles round the bottom and a front piece of shell trimming. Miss C. Sachs, also, looked very effective in a gown of pink and mousseline with accordion pleated ruffle, graduating round the bottom of the skirt. The apron was embroidered in pink periwinkles. The waist was similarily embroidered, but in the center of each periwinkle was placed a dew drop—a band of satin round the waist and flounce of graduated monsseline finished this costume.

Miss Bachmann looked really lovely in nile-green silk covered with chiffon. The skirt was draped on one side with panel of accordion-pleated mousseline. The waist was of chiffon covered with dew drops—with broad velvet band of pearls and rhinestones round the corsage. A girdle of velvet surrounded the waist. The favors were horns and bonbons for the girls, and football pins for the men. Miss Strassberger and Mr. Marco Hellman led the German.

A capital affair was the dinner dance given to Miss Alice Greenwald by her mother last week. The tables were charmingly arrayed, and later about eighty young people danced. The Greenwald home is one of the swellest on Van Ness avenue, the rooms being most artistically arrayed. But then Willis Polk and Bruce Porter architected and decorated it, so what would you have otherwise.

A quiet, though very pretty wedding, was that of Miss Annie Lawler, daughter of Dr. Lawler, and Mr. Walter Wells. Miss Lawlor is a very pretty girl, with brown eyes and brilliant coloring. She made her debut last winter. Mr. Wells is a son of Mrs. Emma Wells, and a very enterprising young business man. Mr. and Mrs. Wells have gone to Honolulu for the winter.

The engagement is announced of Oliver M. Morosco and Miss Annie C. Cockrell. Mr. Morosco, who is treasurer of the Grand Opera House, is unusually popular both in and out of business circles. Miss Cockrell, the granddaughter of Senator Cockrell of Missouri, is a handsome brunette, and possesses quite a name in church and society circles as a vocalist and pianist of no little proficiency. The ceremony will take place Wednesday, December 15th, at the Church of the Advent.

* *

Oakland is still stagnating, the events of interest appearing merely on the edges of the horizon. There is the Saturday Evening Dancing Class on the 27th, the Berkeley Cotillion on Wednesday of next week, and the Requa reception on Saturday. I hear that great are the expectations with regard to the Berkeley dances. They are to be smart to a degree and quite the "red letter" occasions of the year. All the maidens are to appear in fresh toilettes.

At last a little enthusiasm has been evolved

Miss Clara Hamilton
Who made her debut at the Hamilton tea

in the direction of card clubs, etc. I hear of two new societies for the purpose of whist playing. The In and Out Whist Club, an organization composed of Oaklanders and those living in the suburbs. The members are young married couples, and have capital times. The last meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone near San Leandro. Another whist club composed of women has been arranged; it is known as the Wheelock Club, and the members are, from the most part, skillful players among the Oakland ladies. The meeting of last week was held at Mrs. O. A. Chase's home. The Girls' Club of Twenty-one met at the home of Miss Mary Whitney on Tuesday afternoon. The young people played whist, Miss Lillian Downey of Berkeley carrying off the prize. Miss Violet Whitney is to leave Oakland next week for London where she will pass six months with her aunt.

One of the most enjoyable events in Oakland last week was the Kipling afternoon at the Ebell Club. Mrs. Cockroft presided, and the afternoon was passed in discussing the characteristics of Rudyard Kipling and his place in English literature. Mrs. Burchard, Mrs. Kate Bulkely and Mrs. Howard Bray read extracts from the author's works. The morality and art creed of Kipling were treated by Miss Grace Musser and Miss Elsie Lee.

A few luncheons of minor importance were given during the week. Mrs. W. H. Stanley entertained Mrs. J. W. Summers at a violet luncheon on Wednesday prior to her departure for Fresno. About twenty young married people were invited. Another violet luncheon was given by Mrs. Fred Merritt in East Oakland on Saturday. Among those invited were Miss Flora Sedgwick, Mrs. Dargee, Mrs. Will Meek and others. The dancing party given by Miss Julia Leigh, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Adams, was quite the jolliest affair of the season. Miss Leigh was assisted in receiving by Miss Abbie Clift, Miss Olive Middleton, Miss Kate Chabot, Miss Taft and several other of the debutantes. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Lohse, Miss Olive Middleton and Miss Kate Chabot.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller are still at the Yosemite on their honeymoon. Mr. Gordon Stolp is in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Prather has gone to Santa Rosa. Miss Bernice Macdonald left on Tuesday for Europe, where she anticipates spending some time visiting the various points of interest.

## MUSIC

### An Analysis of the Music and Orchestration of Puccini's "Manon."

Contrasting "La Boheme" with the second work of Puccini given here the result leaves a strong feeling of preference for the musical setting of the story of so-called bohemian life. More ambition suspires from "Manon Lescaut" in libretto and orchestrating, especially in the orchestration, and there is an evident striving after reaching at less occasional, deeper emotions. But the similarity of tawdry personalities illustrated with music, mainly fainting into poignant langour, hold good in each case. An absence of ethic purpose of any kind is in all the personages. Bedaubed with roccoco and typically stagy-French virtue, sustained in the nature of vehement posing, the figures in "Manon Lescaut" have no chance of a sympathetic reception. The heroine herself is libretted out of the pale of grace, frailty in opera is scarcely remarkable, but convicted of unsuccessful attempt at theft and no amount of orchestrating will rehabilitate an unhappy death into dignity. To have conveyed a grandeur of terror and agony into the death of this impenitent Magdalene would have stamped Puccini as a great tragic master. The plan of the libretto intended this in a fribbling way, but the composer's individuality and inspiration apparently could not rise higher than some pathos and the finely felt poignant sentiment of doomed attachment most tenderly expressed in "La Boheme."

Of that atmosphere of higher realism never lifted from "La Boheme" there appears, on a first hearing, only fleeting breaths in "Manon." Wherever dolorous love sentiment is to be delivered the composer becomes true, voice, part and orchestration emerge into charity; but no opera can be built up on this talent alone. Tosti, the ballad-writer, has this side of expressiveness developed to a mania by the way. When dramatic music of a fierce or strident quality is to be made, this composer uses the Wagnerian manner degenerated into sound color of the brass foundry boiler factory type. Intended to arrest, this kind of tone painting becomes almost ludicrous, and strongly supports the view that this libretto was scored and orchestrated with skill, perhaps, but no gripping emotional conviction.

"La Boheme," with its delightful score, carries distinct sincerity throughout, "Manon Lescaut" impresses the methods of its creator and the lack of genuine inspiration. Many a worked-up scene with music modulating to unrelated keys, in the same breath chromatic and enharmonic, besprinkled with plenteous piquant consecutive fifths and octaves, all proving a certain genius, but giving evidence that real musical emotion was absent, display the heterogenious style of modern art, and its falling away from the golden purity and richness of the divine masterpieces of the earlier time. Perpetual novelties of harmonic treatment, of orchestral color, end in making a miniature effect, not at all happily contrasted with wobbly blares of brass. Likewise the excessive strain after musical formlessness adds to the general feeling of incoherent emotionalism, evidently a prize point, so inducive to a sense of that jaded strife, which is outside the realm of high-purposed art. In grafting on the

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end-of-the-century-bizarre music to the elderly French romance a certain ill-starred struggle arises, another bar still to any possible unity. Nothing in the least congenial to French art is observable in the style of Puccini, being distinctively of the sensuous Italian type. Of the construction of the opera the last two acts were the strongest, though apparently capable of compression. Manon's death became tedious and the prison scene suffered from the same ailment. The orchestral intermezzo arrives, as a whole, at the highest point of sincerity and completeness attained by the composer in this work, and the number is orchestrated with the felicity belonging to this master's equipment. For the most part the voices take up that musical narrative, touched with tender or languid passion, which never breaks into robust, self-confessed, absolute melody but which ever veils the genuine features of the best beloved of music's charms.—melody.

Should fate, or the hard usage Signorina Montanari subjects her voice to, deprive her of that gift, she appears to have in her the best power of an actress. Natural, quiet, simple in gesture, yet without restraint, her dramatic pictures of Manon Lescaut and, above all, of Mimi are something to be remembered here, where the acting in opera is mere rant and fustion. What Sembrich in an interview vouches for, that there are no singing masters of value in Italy must be true, judging from the efforts of this company. How this same Signorina Montanari escaped being a real singer with so much voice and talent is a mystery not explained in any other way. The misguided efforts of Agostini, the unfortunate tenor who was worked to death during the season here, were likewise a drain upon the sympathies of those interested in the real art of singing.

LESLEY MARTIN.

## THE THEATRES

### A Fine Melodrama at Morosco's — Mysticism at the Orpheum.

Mysticism is reigning supreme at the Orpheum this week with much satisfaction as the result. Servais Leroy is a clever master of legerdemain and his box trick is startling, to say the least. Marie Katherine von Zieber, operatic vocalist, is very smartly gowned and sings several selections in an admirable manner with better execution than enunciation. Harry Edson and his dog Doc are very well received and give a clever exhibition of the combined capabilities of man and beast. The Morris trained ponies are still in popular favor as are also A. O. Duncan and the Biograph.

The quality of melodrama is not strained in "The Great Diamond Robbery," nor is that of its production at Morosco's. The play's motive has been used many a time before, but the manner of its presentation is novel and agreeable, and some of the lines, especially Mother Rosenbaum's, are good in particular. The honors of the piece belong to Mr. Pascoe, Miss Hall, and Miss Atwood, with a goodly share for Mr. Stevens. Mr. Pascoe as Dick Brumage is versatile and effective, and Miss Hall as Mrs. Bulford plays the adventuress strikingly well, and wears some very smart gowns. She looks remarkably handsome in the last act. Miss Atwood's Mother Rosenbaum is really dramatic and well sustained, even comparison with Janauschek, the original of the part, detracting little or nothing from her work. Manager Morosco deserves a word of commendation for his enterprise in securing this play, a stroke of policy the virtue of which too few San Franciscans are sufficiently aware.

Mrs. Pacheco's merry farce, "Incog," is given at the Alcazar this week in a mirthful and satisfactory manner. The piece is of the sort that will always receive popular attention, even with only a fairly good company. As the Alcazar people are more than fairly good, their performance may be said to be generally good and even throughout. Wright Huntington has an easy manner that fits well in the lines of Tom Stanhope, and with Wallace Shaw as the General, takes first place in critical consideration.

H. S. K.

* *

## DRAMATIC NOTES

Next Thursday afternoon will see the first concert of the San Francisco Symphony Society, at the Tivoli. Herr Scheel has chosen, wisely, a programme made up of Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony, "Phaeton" Symphonic Poem by Saint-Saens, Goldmarks "Sakuntala" Overture and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Scherzo of Mendelssohn. All these numbers have been given here, and with the magnetism of Herr Scheel's personality to carry it along, the performance should be of the best, as there are gathered together all the best local orchestral players. In the way the seats were sold, a rare display of enthusiasm was shown bespeaking the best interest and support the community is capable of.

With the assistance of Mesdames Keesing and Langstroth, Misses Ella McCloskey and Rose Broderic, Mr. Fleishman and Mr. Landsberger the programme of Dr. A. G. Regansburger's benefit concert, for December 8th, promises especial interest. Likewise the assistance of the Press Club quartette, Messrs. Frank Coffin and Homer Henley and Mr. Adelstein the lutist, adds great strength to an array of the best local ability. Dr. Regansburger's gratuitious service for a number of years, deserves this acknowledgment before his departure for Alaska, and it is to be hoped a large audience will testify its appreciation.

The Oakland Charity Company which has been recently reorganized, will present Augustin Daly's comedy "Love in Harness" at the Macdonough Theatre, Friday and Saturday evenings, December 10th and 11th, for the benefit of the Reliance Club. Beaux and belles of Oakland and San Francisco are in the cast, and from all reports, the performance promises to be an agreeable entertainment. Socially, the affair is likely to be as notable as any of its predecessors, the smart set already showing many indications of interest.

The Orpheum announces four new attractions for next week. Of these the most notable is the Vesuviana Quartette, direct from Naples, the members of which are all singers of European reputation. The novelty of the bill is Fordyce and his musical puppets. Stanley and Jackson, comedy artists, produce their sketch "Before the Ball," and O. K. Sato, the juggling comedian, gives a clever grotesque performance.

Louis James opens at the Columbia Monday evening in his new play "A Cavalier of France." The piece is by Espy Williams, and is written in a romantic vein, the scene occurring in the time of Catherine de Medici—a period full of adventure and interesting romance. These dramatic possibilities are happily arranged in "A Cavalier of France," forming well connected scenes, exciting situations and strong dramatic climaxes.

Following "In Gay New York," which terminates its Baldwin engagement Sunday evening, December 6th, the Italian Opera Company, now at the California, will commence a two weeks engagement, presenting the great works of Verdi and Puccini. The opening opera is to be "La Boheme." During the season regular Baldwin prices will prevail.

The end of "The Geisha" comes next week at the Tivoli, the fiftieth and final performance taking place Sunday evening, December 5th, with appropriate celebration. "Rip Van Winkle" will follow for a brief run, after which we are to be treated to the Christmas spectacle "The Tales of Mother Goose," written by Edwin Stevens, with music by Max Hirschfeld.

The recently organized Orpheus Musical Club, comprising 125 musicians, will give a grand symphony concert under the direction of Fritz Scheel at the Columbia, Thursday afternoon, December 9th. A feature of the programme will be the symphony "Rustic Wedding" by Carl Goldmark.

Next week's play at Morosco's will be "On the Mississippi," a typical Southern melodrama by William Haworth, author of "The Ensign." The plot of the piece is connected with the famous Ku Klux and its final dismemberment effected by the hero, played by W. H. Pascoe, after many and varied adventures.

The Italian Company presents "Manon Lescaut." at the California this evening and tomorrow (Sunday) evening closes the season with a good lyric and orchestral concert.

Owing to its great success "Incog" will be continued at the Alcazar for another week. Nat Goodwin's comedy, "The Nominee," is announced as the next attraction.

Coming musical attractions to this city are Mme. Sembrich, the famous soprano, and the celebrated Italian Banda Rossa.

The next musical evening at Byron Mauzy Hall occurs Thursday, Dec. 2d, under the direction of Willard J. Batchelder.

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I move among the ghosts of dead delight,
Here where we kissed good-bye in dumb distress,
Parted and passed into the gathering night.

After long days the music of her feet
Comes floating down the old familiar ways;
Not all the flutes in Lydia were so sweet,
Nor pipes in Arcady, after long days

I see her starry eyes, and in her curls
The golden sea that beats about her brow,
I see the sunbeams sport like Nereus' girls,
I see the glad blood in her cheeks; and now

Her soft arms clip me with a strong caress,
Her soft lips thrill me with one tenderest kiss,
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## THE CITY OF PARIS

### The Big Dry Goods Concern, and the Men Who Control It.

It is not generally known and appreciated, that San Francisco can boast of a dry goods store that, though not as large from a point of view of ground covered as the mammoth institutions of the Bon Marche and Magazin du Louvre is, nevertheless, easily comparable with these historic houses in the richness of its its materials, the freshness of its styles and patterns and the brilliancy of its novelties.

The "City of Paris" is quite one of San Francisco's institutions, and since it has moved into its new quarters on the corner of Geary and Stockton streets, is really one of the sights of the city. The building is an admirably built pile of steel and granite and constructed especially for the "City of Paris," and to meet the needs and demands of so large a business as is handled by that firm. It occupies a fifty varae lot on the corner of Geary street fronting on Union Square, and its seven stories are built around an interior well, in true Parisian style, so that all the departments are perfectly supplied with light.

Mr. Gaston Verdier, president of the company, personally superintended the construction of the interior of the store, and a glance at the highly finished mahogany counters, fittings, etc., will afford ample demonstration of Mr. Verdier's judgment and good taste. The lighting is, of course, done by electricity, and is up to date in every detail. Mr. Verdier located the silk department in the "light well," where the more costly and brilliant fabrics are on display and sale, and the effect produced is a confusion of rich coloring that, under the strong over-head light, is almost dazzling. In connection with the silk department is the dark room, an original idea on the part of the management, where customers may view silks and satins by artificial light. Another departure from the ordinary, has been the construction of a boudoir for lady customers. The appartment is beautifully furnished, and a maid is always in attendance. It is a capital place at which to make appointments.

The great store is under the management of Mr. Gaston Verdier, President of the Company, who resides permanently in Paris, in order to be on the spot when the newest and best fabrics and fashions are produced. Mr. Verdier also has his own silk manufactory in France. Mr. Geo. Moreau, vice-president, acts as the company's representative in New York, whence he makes semi-annual trips to Europe, while Mr. Rainey is the business manager of the San Francisco branch of the concern. Mr. Rainey, however, is constantly traveling between this city, New York and Paris, in order to be in constant touch with the other heads of the institution.

The first floor above the great store is devoted to the dressmaking establishment where some of the most fetching toilets, and stunning tailor-made gowns, worn in San Francisco, are fabricated, and we are given to understand that one of the best and most thoroughly equipped millinery establishments in the United States, is soon to be added to the other departments.

The business office of the "City of Paris," is in itself as large as many a small-sized store. It occupies half the width of the main floor, and is enclosed by elaborate and artistic grill work of mahoghany and latticed brass finishings. This department is under the supervision of Mr. Julius Hay and Mrs. I. Hynes, the secretary of the company.

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## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### A Contrast of Methods in the Two University Football Teams.

No matter what the out come of Thursday's game may be California does not deserve to win. In fact, only justice would be done if the blue and gold were crushed under a score much greater than that of last year's ignominious disaster. A contrast between the spirit evidenced by the student bodies of the two colleges can bring nothing but dismay to any thinking alumnus of California.

The magnificent support afforded the team and its coach at Palo Alto, culminated in a grand football rally, a meeting where hundreds of enthusiastic supporters of the eleven gave their enthusiasm full sway. If there was a man of the Cardinal team who did not gain strength, determination and zeal to do his mightiest for victory, he was less than human. Every man became an embodiment, a personification of the college spirit. His power to work and dare and endure was infinitely more, now that a thousand of his fellows by word and deed had proclaimed him the guardian and defender of the college honor. Compared to this strong, manly policy how petty and mean seem the bickerings and bitterness that developed at California.

To such an extent did this spirit show itself that the eleven had to be taken away from the discouraging, disintegrating atmosphere of the Campus. Will California never learn? Will they always persist in the unmanly folly that year after year brings them face to face with defeat? What possible chance to crush a common enemy has a nation of warring clans? What chance, save perhaps blind luck, can California, with her policy of senseless critical contention, have against the united policy that gives Stanford her winning elevens. Every year since intercollegiate ball has been played the same trouble has cropped out at Berkeley. Some player, assuming himself to be the greatest player in the college, has proclaimed the inefficiency and partiality of the coach. And every year a numerous body among the students has taken up the battle for the malcontents, and spread far and wide that the college had no confidence in the coach. When they had not one excuse they found another, till every one has come to expect California to make her coach and captain scapegoats for the poor showing that an eleven, confronted by such a lack of college spirit, must almost inevitably make.

Shortcomings Frank Butterworth may have shown while coaching California, but certainly the constant nasty criticisms directed at his work did not help to strengthen his hands or make it possible for him to get the loyal devotion that a coach should have from his men.

They do things differently at Palo Alto. It is not many years ago that a coach there proved himself a great deal more incapable than Butterworth could possibly be, and much less of a gentleman. No one heard his name lauded about as Butterworth's was last year. None of the nasty, petty insinuations were spread abroad to rob him of influence and power among his men. Wise heads in the faculty got a grip on the young man and kept him to his coaching as well as could be. Then all the competent graduates were requisitioned, and how they worked. When Thanksgiving-day came and a game that a full season's competent coaching would have made the cardinal's, became a tie, there were no recriminations or accusations for the coach. He was sent home, and everyone went to work the next year to repair the damage his neglect had done.

One would think that California would realize, especially with last year's lesson so lately given, that no coach can do the eleven or himself justice unless the college give him undivided support. Yet the treatment accorded Mr. Nott has been, to say the least, very unfair. After the game last year California was very humble and very determined. They were swamped, and worse, their three best men were to go. Oh, well, make the best of a bad situation. If only they could find some one to take hold and give them an eleven that would not be beaten worse than 20—0 how fortunate they would be.

Wisdom, through some inadvertence, was allowed to creep into the football councils and Nott was given charge of the coaching while Haskell was elected captain. In about ten months, though, the bitterness of defeat had gone and the old California folly began to appear. Haskell, one of the bravest football men California has had for some time, was deposed from the captaincy, and deposed by an athletic committee against the wishes of the coach. In fact the coach was ignored in the matter. No doubt Haskell had faults and grave ones but a wise policy would have pointed them out to him and aided in their correction rather than to change captains in mid season.

The probable fact is that fraternity and anti-fraternity politics was at the bottom of the whole matter, and has been responsible for a great deal of talk about dissatisfaction among the men that existed only when lighted by personalities and fanned to heat by college politics.

When California learns that success will come only when some one is allowed to formulate a definite policy and receives the loyal and unquestioning support of every man in college, faculty and student she will have an even chance to beat Stanford with regularity.

Football is above all sports the supremest expression of a college community's social life. This dry rot of unreasoning criticism is spread through the whole college fabric. Were it not for this pernicious habit, men who know nothing of football would not presume to criticise Mr. Nott, and demand that the grandstand player replace a man that the coaches experienced eye choose as the better.

Men who have no idea of the policy and general plan of play the coach has in mind would be laughed off the Campus if they began to criticise and question the coach's ability, and hissed off for villifying him. The college, having put its football interests for a season in one man's hands has no right to criticise that man until his policy has been thoroughly tested by a full season's work. When the game is over criticisms are in order, but before that every college man ought to be working shoulder to shoulder with the man chosen to lead. It is every man's duty to see that the coach has every opportunity to make whatever plans his judgment may dictate as effective as possible.

* *

The sincerity of the Olympic Club in its new stand for amateurism, has had a decided confirmation during the past few weeks. Under the aggressive leadership of Howard Taylor a boxing tournament has been arranged. The proposal to offer $75 prizes was made to the board, coupled with the argument that boxers could be induced to compete for trophies of less value. Mr. Taylor took the stand that the club should offer nothing of greater value than the amateur rules allowed. At the same time saying that in such a course lay the club's only chance to find if there were any bona fide amateur boxers. The board of directors warmly supported him in his position. It must be gratifiying to all sportsmen to know that the list of entries is a large one made up of many competent boxers who will look on the prizes they may win as trophies of contest and not as so much value to be made into cash at the earliest opportunity.

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## TURF TOPICS

### The Oakland Races — Organization of Breeders and Ownes.

The racing at Oakland has continued to meet with popular favor, though so far only a few of the best class of horses have sported colors. The track has been in very fast condition, the penalty for which is likely to be sore understandings in the case of many animals.

Since last report Judge Denny, this season a well-trained horse, has equalled the coast record of 1:53 for 1⅛ miles, carrying 104 lbs. and winning handily, with imp. Trance 99 lbs. second and Installator 118 lbs third. The same day Bliss Rucker redeemed himself somewhat by carrying 108 lbs. to victory over six furlongs, the only runner-up being Free Lady 108 lbs.

The following day the other Salvator two-year-old in the Burns & Waterhouse stable, Colonel Dan, who has been so unreliable an exponent of speed hitherto, scored a win in the hands of his stable boy in quite easy fashion. and created a jockey. Lord Marmion 103 lbs. beat a lot of ten that, with the exception of the Morello youngster El Moro 113 lbs., were not of much account. In the all-aged purse of six furlongs the two-year-old Fonsovannah 101 lbs. cleverly defeated Libertine 121 lbs. in 1:14, a result that was in no small measure due to the well-timed run of Clawson in the latter part of the stretch, when H. Shields was taking things somewhat easy on the old horse.

On Saturday the mile race for three-year-olds and upwards showed four only on the card, of which Senator Bland and Buck Massie, 112 lbs. each, alone commanded notice, Grady 112 lbs. and Mercutio 108 lbs. being practically friendless. Buck Massie had the entire confidence of those who have seen him perform in the East, while that part of the crowd who knew something of the Senator's prowess in Montana did not hesitate to support him. Buck Massie took up the running and kept a good lead for half the journey, when Senator Bland ranged alongside him, soon after which the son of Hanover gave evidence of having shot his bolt, and the Montana horse finished the remainder of the journey at his leisure, Buck Massie keeping second to the end and finishing three lengths in front of Grady. Time, 1:41½. Senator Bland gave every sign of fitness, but the same cannot be said of Buck Massie. In the 1⅛ miles selling race, Clawson waited at the tail of seven others of moderate pretensions and bringing Don Clarencio, 90 lbs., up with a rush when he reached the straight scored a win by a clear couple of lengths.

The second Oakland week began with fair fields, but no improvement in class. Free Lady and El Moro both won in two-year-old events quite easily, and St. Calatine likewise in the race for two-year-old fillies. This is a big, loosely-built mare that will not stand much more racing at her present age, and as she has undoubted galloping ability, it should pay to put her aside until she has furnished a little more.

On Tuesday the overnight rain had made the track sloppy, but the fields were good on the whole, though lacking quality. Colonel Dan, ridden by Meany again, scored another win over six furlongs in all-aged selling purse, the runner up being Spunwell, who was giving him 5 lbs. and took some beating.

Wednesday afforded fair sport, the Owners Handicap, 1¼ miles, being the feature of the programme. The entries were Senator Bland, 97 lbs., Satsuma, 97 lbs., Ostler Joe, 85 lbs. and Judge Denny, 85 lbs. As the barrier went up to an even line Ostler Joe and Judge Denny went out in front, the latter hugging the rail round the first turn. Well into the back stretch Senator Bland moved up and by the time the half-mile post had been reached was in command and lying down to work in fine form, with Judge Denny in immediate attendance until entering the straight. At this point Satsuma made a bold effort to reach the chestnut, but without avail, and the latter had no difficulty in catching the judge's eyes first past the post with nearly a length to spare. Satsuma second and Judge Denny third, three lengths behind. Time, 2.08. The track had a wet and sloppy surface, but the footing being firm was but little slow. Still the time made was excellent and the Senator convinced every one that he is fully as good a horse as his admirers claimed. Of course the weights carried by the horses were but feathers, but there is little reason to doubt that in Senator Bland Mr. Marcus Daly has bred a really good horse with speed and staying qualities. It is to be hoped he will thereby be encouraged to uphold his interest in the turf, which seems latterly to have rather lessened.

In an all-aged mile event the two-year-olds Plan, 84 lbs., and Fonsovannah, 87 lbs., had matters to themselves and the former scored the trick, though swerving three or four times badly under the whip in the straight. Clawson claimed a foul and Fonsovannah certainly suffered in the run in, but the objection was not sustained. Morinel, 100 lbs., made a clever win by a neck in the two-year-old fillies race of six furlongs, the St. Carlo filly, Tiger Lily, 107 lbs., being second.

---

Turf circles have been considerably agitated during the past week by a very unfortunate outcome of the formation of a new association to represent the owners and breeders of California. Ill-feeling and misunderstanding ensued between the new organization and the California Jockey Club authorities, resulting in Mr. Charles Boots, the leader in connection with the new undertaking, being compelled to vacate his stalls at Oakland. The trouble is now quiescent, but the incident is a cause for deep regret to men who realize that the cause of sport is injured by dissensions amongst those who have most to gain by the maintenance of good feeling on all sides. Mr. Boots has a large measure of public sympathy as a man who races for sport and never bets, while at the same time it is felt that the racing associations which have given hostages to fortune and sunk large sums in making racing on an extensive scale possible in this State, must not have their interests jeopardised. Ih that case the whole fabric would fall to the ground. If the owners will proceed amicably with the with the Jockey Clubs, organization should be convenient and beneficial, but in Turf affairs, anywhere and at any time, internrl quarrels are always disastrous to the cause.

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Mr. Charles Kerr's yearlings from the Antrim Stock Farm sold very poorly as compared with previous seasons, eighteen head realizing an average of $170 only.

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While these columns are in the press the sale of Mr. E. J. Baldwin's two and three-year-olds from Santa Anita is in progress, to be continued to-day at the Oakland track, and on Wednesday, December 8th, there will be six yearlings by Morello, the property of Mr. J. B. Chase, put up for auction at Ingleside by Messrs. Killip & Co. The plan of selling racing stock at the tracks would seem to be a good one to follow, at least it proves so elsewhere.

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Some of the Eastern journals have mixed things rather in their Horse Show illustrations. Even the reliable *Spirit of the Times* has transposed the hackney and French coach stallions, while *Harpers's Weekly* entitles a picture of what looks like a young Shire horse, "First Prize Hackney Stallion, Royal Standard." It may be mentioned that Royal Standard was awarded the champion prize at the Chicago Horse Show for champion coach stallion of all breeds, thus securing a victary for the hackneys over the French and German coach stallions, the best of which in the country were exhibited against him.

---

Comfrey, the three-year-old winner of the Cambridgeshire this year, and who started eleven times during the season, winning nine times, second once and third once, is a remarkable instance of successful inbreeding. His sire Despair is by See Saw and his dam St. Frida is by Cylinder, a son of See Saw.

BENEDICT.

## FINANCE AND TRADE

### The Bond and Share Market — Grain Notes.

*Wednesday Evening.*

The current week having been broken by the Thanksgiving holiday, our notes will be brief.

In the bond market prices rule higher than ever. Southern Pacific of Arizona have advanced to 100½ to 101, for the first time in many years. The tendency of first-class securities, generally, continues upward.

Gas stocks have fluctuated considerably, from fear of opposition from a new company, but so far the rumors have not been traced to a reliable source. For the moment stocks seem firmer.

In Bank shares nothing is doing. Prices are very firm. A few shares of Anglo-Californian have been sold at 55½, 55¾, which seems a low basis. Savings Banks show further strength, and German have been bid for at 1530.

Market-street Railway touched 52½, but have since relapsed to 51¾ bid, the sudden jump having brought out realising orders.

In Sugar stocks, Hutchinson is strong at 35 to 35½, owing to rumors of an increased dividend. Hawaiian have sold at 24.

In the Grain market wheat has considerably improved its status, and local quotations are assuming a nearer approach to a parity with values in other centers. The advance since last report has been considerable, and December No. 1, at the close of business to-day, was dealt in at 1.46½, with the outlook decidedly favorable.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat requires immediate attention. *Brown's Bronchial Troches* will invariably give relief.

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Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Sir Charles Dilke, though a radical, is prone to say hard things about his compatriots. Between Sir Vernon Harcourt and himself there was a passage at arms recently in which the leader of the Liberals upbraided Sir Charles for his desertion of the party. "Call it a party," Dilke replied. "It reminds me of nothing so much as a collection of molluscs lying on the seashore waiting for the tide to flow in on them."

### Fine Display of Art Goods.

S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street, have just begun to show their European importations for this season, and invite their patrons and the public to view the many fine and interesting noveltses received and unpacked so far.

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

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For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, 2 p.m. November 3, 8, 12 16, 20, 24, 29; December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a.m. Nov. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a.m. November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, 10 a.m. the 2d each month

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing

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Australia

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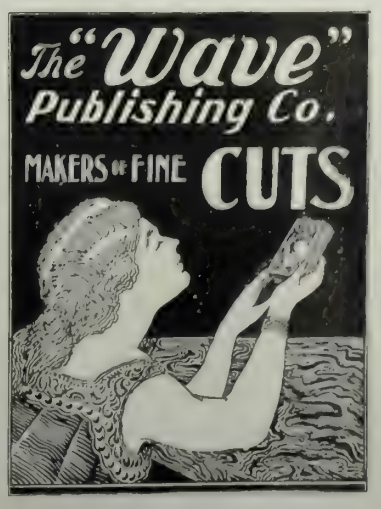


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### ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Belcher Mining Company**

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 87 |
| Amount per share | 25 cents |
| Levied | November 2, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | December 24, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | January 14, 1898 |

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office, room 35, 3d floor, Mills Bldg., San Francisco

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company**

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 82 |
| Amount per share | 20 cents |
| Levied | November 2, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | December 7, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | December 29, 1897 |

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF EUDORA A. CHAMBERS (sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers) DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, R. C. Chambers, Executor of the will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said R. C. Chambers, at the law offices of Franklin K. Lane, rooms 201-202 Crocker Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

R. C. CHAMBERS,
Executor of the Will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 2, 1897.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ROBERT A. ROSE, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Robert A. Rose Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, October 26th, 1897.

J. D. Sullivan,
Attorney for Administrator.

BEST & BELCHER MINING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second (2d) day of November, 1897, an assessment (No. 87) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of December, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless paid before, will be sold on Tuesday the twenty-eighth (28th) day of December, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE
**Kentuck Consolidated Mining Company**

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 14 |
| Amount per share | 5 cents |
| Levied | October 27, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | December 1, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | December 22, 1897 |

AUG. WATERMAN, Secretary.
Office, room 23, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

A LARGE BENGAL TIGER TO MATCH THE CELEBRATED LION.

A large engraving of a tiger, in colors, from the renowned picture of the famous animal-painter, Rosa Bonheur, has been engraved at great expense to order for Charles Lyons, the London Tailor. Can be had at either of his three stores, at the nominal price of 10 cents; by mail 20 cents. Free to customers.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Mons. Blanc, founder of the Casino at Monte Carlo, though immensely wealthy, was very close in small affairs. He never played but once. It was on a very hot day, and his wife demanded that he buy her a parasol. They went to a store and she selected one that cost $16, which, with a disgusted gesture he paid. That afternoon when the Casino opened, M. Blanc appeared and placed $2 on the red, at one of the *treute et quarante* tables. He won, pocketed his winnings and left the original stake on the table. For a second time he won and had got his $16 back. Not content he wagered again, but lost, then doubled his stake and won again, and then set about playing for the two louis he was behind. He played and lost, broke a thousand-franc note, then wrote a check and finally when the last deal was called M. Blanc seized his yellow cane and started for home. There he found his wife playing "patience" with a pack of cards, the offending parasol lying on the table. "Madam," said the old gentleman, "do you know what that thing has cost me?" Mais oui, mon ami. "It cost you $16." "Madame," rejoined he, "you are mistaken, I have just paid the bill—$18,000. That is all."

In the Tennyson memoirs there is a story about a friend of the poet—an Irishman named Edward Fitzgerald, the specialist of whose humor it was that the more comical were his words the more solemn his face became. After a large evening party at Tennyson's, a number of the guests remained to smoke and talk, among them a gentleman celebrated for his passion for titles. On this occasion he exceeded himself. All his talk was of the rich and great. "Yesterday, when I was riding with my friend, the Duke of——;" "On Tuesday last the Marquis of —— remarked to me." It went on for a long time; the party listened, some amused, some bored. Edward Fitzgerald was the first to rise. He lighted a candle, passed out of the room, stood still with the lock of the door in his hand, and looked back. He could change his countenance into anything he pleased. It had then exchanged in a moment its usual merry look for one of profound, nay hopeless, dejection. Slowly and sadly he spoke: "I once knew a lord too, but he is dead!" Slowly, sadly, he withdrew, closing the door amid a roar of laughter.

While it is considered smart in England to captain or colonel a militia regiment, there is no honor attaching to the rank and file of that service. Its members are drawn from the scum of the population. Apropos of this, a story is told of a couple of detectives from Scotland Yard, who appealed to the commanding officer of a regiment for permission to attend his inspection of the corps, as they had reason to believe that a criminal for whom they were searching had taken refuge in its ranks. The colonel readily complied, and told the two detectives to follow him up and down the line. They eyed each man narrowly, and finally stopped with a rather puzzled expression on their faces at the extreme end of the right wing before an elderly man with several stripes of long service and good conduct on his arm. "Why, surely," whispered the colonel, "you have got nothing against that man He is one of the veterans of the regiment. What makes you look at him so hard?" "Why, sir," replied one of the detectives, "it is just because he is the only man in the entire regiment whom we don't happen to know."

Frank Daniels is telling a story about a minister who was in constant terror of his barber, who occasionally got so badly intoxicated that he was not fit for shaving any one. The minister went to the barber's chair in fear and trembling. One day when the "tonsorial artist" was a little more nervously drunk than usual he made a slip and cut the divine's cheek badly. "There! my dear sir," shouted the minister, as he jumped out of the chair, "Now you see the effect of drink!" "Yes," said the barber, "it is apt to make the skin tender."

While Mark Twain was ill in London a few months ago a report that he had died was circulated. It spread to America and reached Charles Dudley Warner in Hartford, Conn. Mr. Warner immediately cabled to London to find out whether it was really so. The cablegram in some way came directly into the humorist's hands and he forthwith cabled the following reply: "Reports of my death greatly exaggerated."

A Scotch hotel-keeper, at whose house Tennyson had stayed, was asked—"Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Na," was the hotel-keeper's reply; "but he was a shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet!" "An' wha' may he be?" "Oh, he is a writer o' verses, sich as ye see i' the papers!" "Noo, to think o' that! Jeest a pooblic writer, and I gied him ma best bed-room!"

Once when Whittier the poet was visiting the home of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in Boston, a woman forced her way to him, and, clasping both his hands in hers, exclaimed: "Mr. Whittier, this is the supreme moment of my life!" Whittier stood first on one foot and then on the other, withdrew his hands and clasped them behind his back, and replied, prosaically, "Is it?"

Sir George Harvey, the English artist, used to tell as his favorite story of one Scotchman meeting an old man, who was a friend of his, and saying to him: "I hear ye're to be married." "Yes," was the reply, "I wanted to have somebody to close my een." "Well, said the first Scotchman, "I tried thot, an' I had mine opened."

The late Archbishop Tait had a large and kindly tolerance for human stupidity. A bore had written him a series of letters in regard to some question of church discipline, to which for some time the archbishop did not reply. Finally he turned them over to his secretary and said: "Tell the fellow he is an ass—but say so *kindly*."


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# THE WAVE

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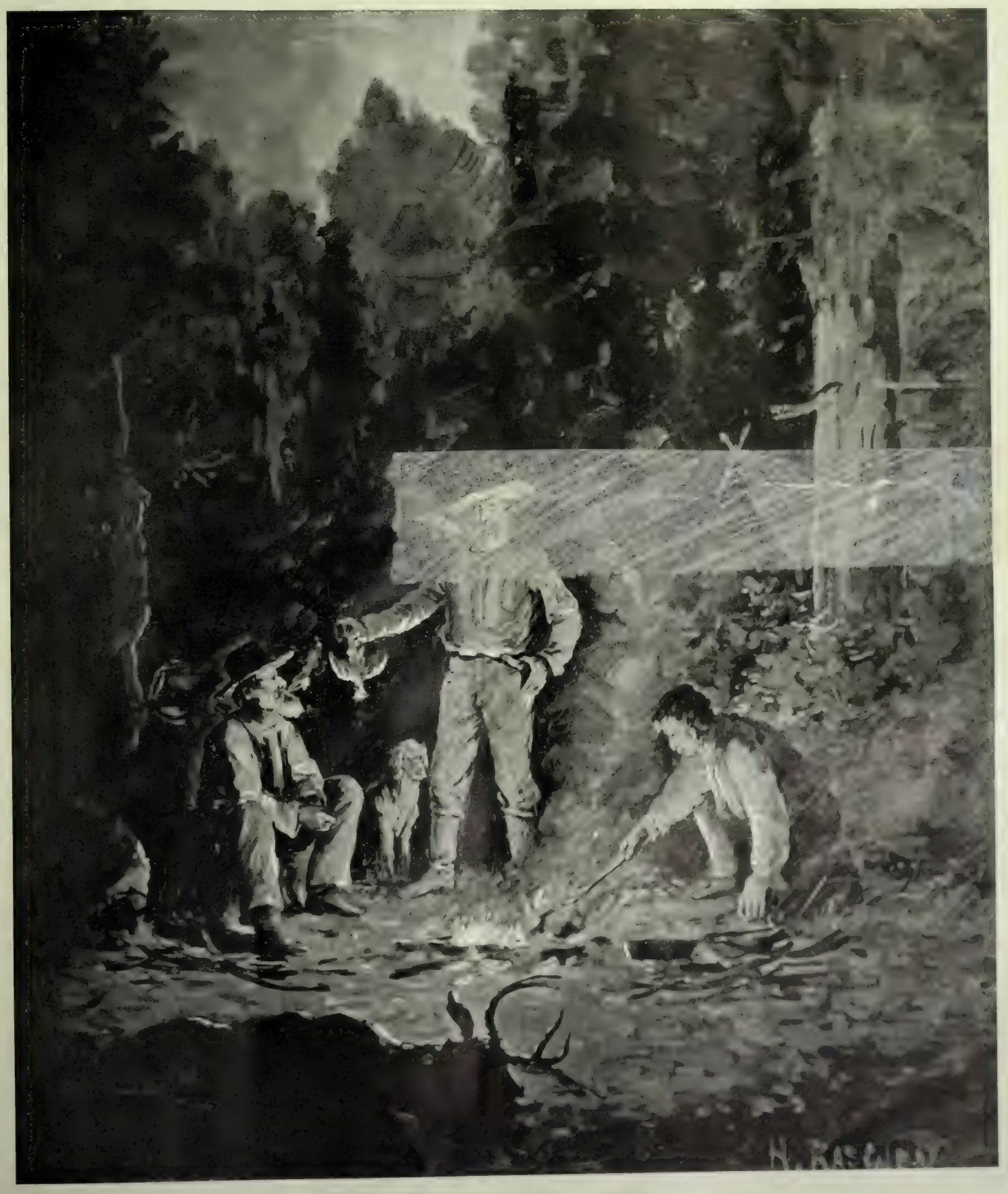
# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 49 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 4, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS



A HUNTERS' CAMP IN THE REDWOODS

By H. Raschen

# THE WAVE

Is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.50; three months, 75 cents. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $5.00 per year. Sample copies free on application.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 210 Post street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, New York.

The Wave is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

For advertising rates and on all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address The Wave, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 4, 1897


CONTENTS


Ducks and Hunters, by M. J. G ..... 2
A Great Preserve, by G. L. B. ..... 2
Fishing in Monterey Bay, by Charles W. Hibbard ..... 3
Hunting for Deer, by Carl Purdy ..... 3
The Mira Monte Club, by F. N ..... 3 4
The Tale of a Duck Hunt, by Dan O Connell ..... 5
The Olympic Gun Club, by Merton C. Allen ..... 6
The Verona Kennels ..... 7
The Domain of the Country Club ..... 8 9
A Group of Famous Dogs ..... 10
Thanksgiving at the Almshouse ..... 11
A Debutante's Diary ..... 14
Turf Topics; by Benedict ..... 15
Finance and Trade ..... 15
The Theatres ..... 16


*The Christmas Edition of The Wave will be one of the most original and characteristic publications ever made in California. Eschewing all stereotyped scenic effects, it will present at least eight full pages of photographs representing the home life of the various nationalities that have adopted California as their home. The set will make an admirable exhibit of that city which Stevenson called "a vast smelting-pot of races and metals," and the pictures are quite the cleverest ever caught of the subjects. The cover, a beautiful design in four colors, is by George H. Piper, sculptor of the Stevenson Monument.*

## THE SPORTSMAN'S EDITION.

To-day The Wave appears in a new dress—for the moment—a rough outing dress, involving leggins, canvas shooting-coats, game bags, or wading boots, creels, and the like. We go a-gunning up and down the California coast, less for sport than for the entertainment of the sportsman himself. It is our [illegible]n time to time, to make such excursions out of the [illegible]nd rut of our policy hitherto, and get a smell of the open and a touch of green earth outside the city.

Sport and sporting in California is a recent growth, due, one is strongly inclined to believe, to the influence of the two great universities hard by. If one pauses to consider the difference between the young man of 1887 and his prototype of to-day, one cannot but note the difference and observe that it is for the better. The change comes of indulgence in outdoor sports—that much is said and signed. The city has now and is still gaining the reputation of being the best sporting town in the world—limiting the term "sport" to the amateur variety, of course—the sport for the sport's sake. Climate has much to do with this. There is no day in the year when a man may not shoot something or fish something within six hours' travel from the City Hall, and where else between the five oceans can horses be raced the year round? You may have an early breakfast to-morrow morning in the heart of the residence quarter of the town, not out of sound of the rumble of the cable cars, and before noon, if only luck be with you, you may be playing a two-pound trout, or flushing a flock of quail, or landing a three-foot salmon, or stalking a four-prong deer, or even winging a noble canvasback. Practically, there is sport from one year's end to another, for when the season for one kind of game closes that for another opens.

## DUCKS AND HUNTERS

### Habits of the Speedy Sprig and the Cautious Canvasback.

The shooting of wild duck, I hold to be one of the most pleasurable of outdoor pastimes, provided birds are fairly plentiful and weather conditions favorable. It's a good sportsman who has learned to stop a teal duck traveling down the wind and in a hurry to reach his destination. There are hundreds of sportsmen on this coast who can accomplish that trick nine times out of ten, while on the other hand there are thousands who go shooting day after day in the season and have repeatedly missed such shots simply because they were too slow in shooting and neglected to allow for distance and speed. The teal and Black Jack are lightning travelers when they are on a journey, and they are more frequently missed by hunters than any bird that flies.

In duck shooting, opportunities for all manner of shooting are afforded, and as a rule the men who are good calculators of distance and speed return with the heaviest bags. It often happens that a sprig duck, when about to drop into some favorite pond is missed by the best of shots. The reason for this is that the hunter, unless he be an expert in duck hunting, will shoot either over or under the bird and says things unfit for publication when the bird sails away without loss of a feather. A sprig, when just about to alight, has a peculiar up and down motion. It will pause for an instant, then drop, then ascend, pause again and finally fall with a splash.

The tyro will generally shoot about the time the bird is in the act of either ascending or descending with the result that a miss is scored. In leaving a pond on detecting danger near at hand, the sprig will often escape from the cleverest marksman, for instead of winging off left or right, as is the case with most ducks when frightened, the long-necked pin-tail rises apparently straight, but with each beat of the wings he drops backward and the inexperienced hunter too often makes allowance *over* the bird. The most successful way of shooting a sprig—that is when the bird is ascending from the water with his breast toward the hunter—is to shoot directly "on." Readers can try this and report results.

The royal canvasback is another representative of the family of broad bills that will deceive good shots at times. When the Northern invader is in a hurry for his diving ground he fairly bores the atmosphere, traveling at the rate of 125 miles per hour. The bird does not appear to be moving so fast, in fact a butter-ball flying in the lead of a "can" would appear to be traveling with twice the speed of the king of ducks, but in a race of a mile the "can" would win by half the distance. The canvasback, I repeat, is frequently missed because the shooter does not "lead" the bird enough. A fast-flying "can" distant 40 yards from the gun should be lead at least nine feet, and in making even this allowance the wind is not to be considered.

But the royal "can" has his idiosyncrasies. At times he is the stupidest of birds and can be easily bagged again and again. At other times, however, you will find his lordship cunning as an old fox and almost impossible of capture. It is a beautiful picture to see a flock of "cans" when they are high in the air and journeying to some distant feeding ground, wheel on seeing the decoys in open water, circle two or three times over the inanimate birds and then shoot down and into the pond like so many bullets.

Market hunters never think of such a thing as shooting into a flock when the birds drop in the water. They either wait until the "cans" cluster after inspecting their locality and then fire into the band or remain quiet until the celery-eaters commence diving, picking them off one by one as the birds come to the surface.

This is not, by any means, a sportsmanlike way of shooting birds, but the market hunter gives very little attention to that consideration. It is quantity and quality that he is after.

Market shooting is prohibited by ordinance in several counties of this State and there is no doubt that in the very near future the sportsmen of every county will arrive at the wise conclusion that if they intend to protect the game of their respective localities from the grasp of the pot hunter, they must interest themselves with their supervisors looking to the protection of such game by an ordinance that will prevent shipment out of the county.

The market shooter does not enrich any county, while on the other hand visiting sportsmen spend thousands of dollars during the shooting and fishing seasons wherever they can enjoy favorite conditions.

Of course, the county which has been visited by market hunters for any number of seasons has no game. Its people must not, therefore, expect to see sportsmen nor their money during the game shooting season.

But notwithstanding the great slaughter of birds by market hunters year after year, local sportsmen should not imagine that the growing scarcity of wild ducks in the bay marshes is occasioned altogether by so-called market shooting.

The opening up of the great plains country between Merced and Bakersfield by the farmers has had much to do with this scarcity of ducks in such marshes as are within easy reach of local sportsmen. Generally after the first good rainfall, when the young grain puts in an appearance, wild ducks depart from the marshes near the bay for the open country in the Southern parts of the State. There they can enjoy perfect quiet and good feeding in the immense grain fields, large parts of which are washed or even inundated by the overflow from irrigating ditches.

It was because of this growing scarcity of wild ducks that sportsmen have banded together and have leased large tracts of marsh lands patrolled by game-keepers, much to the chagrin of local hunters who were shut out from the enjoyment of a favorite sport. For a period lasting four seasons the so-called preserve clubs of the Suisun marshes were harassed by poachers, who entered the preserves on all sides and killed game in open defiance of the law. Several warm debates between keepers and poachers resulted, but with the exception of the death of one keeper, who was shot by a market hunter near Suisun about four years ago, nothing of a serious nature has occurred.

The club members have had many hunters arrested, and many a long and tiresome battle before the courts has ensued. The poachers won the first important victory in the Supreme Court of Solano County, before Judge Buckles, but when an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of this State, the trespassers found to their sorrow that some of the Supreme Court Judges were members of preserve clubs and of course favored "preserves" of all kinds. The poachers finally retreated in good order; they gave up the fight and followed in the footsteps of the sportsmen by forming clubs and leasing grounds, over which they are now shooting without interference.

The market hunters, however, on seeing that their occupation was about to suffer, took time by the forelock and leased some of the very best quail and duck shooting lands in the Southern counties, thereby shutting out the local sportsmen of the towns. This ruse aroused the anger and ill-will of the country sportsmen and the latter have labored long to "oust" the market hunters, and so effectual were their efforts that the Supervisors of the counties where the hunters have located, passed ordinances preventing the shipment of game out of the county.

It is difficult to imagine how the war between the market hunters and the sportsmen of the interior towns will end. The hunters are determined now to fight every inch of ground. They say that they have a perfect right to prevent any person from trespassing on the lands leased by them and that the local ordinances preventing the shipment of game out of the county are undoubtedly unconstitutional.

At any rate the local markets are glutted with game of all kinds, which proves beyond question that the market hunters are not idle. Tons of wild game are dumped into the bay by the commission merchants during the hunting season, and for two reasons viz., first, because the demand for game is sometimes so small that the merchants, when they are overstocked, cannot dispose of the birds at popular prices, and rather than sell them to the poor at a small consideration, or send them to some of the charitable institutions of this city, they unload the game into the bay. Besides this the market hunters ship game to the markets sometimes in such poor condition that the birds are unfit for table use and, of course, they are consigned to the bay.

There is no question that market hunting is injurious to the game interests of this State, and should be stopped if possible. The men who shoot for market are generally of the undesirable element who shun manual labor. The sooner they are compelled to earn their own living in legitimate manner the better it will be for the country at large.

In conclusion I will say that it would be to good advantage if all market hunting were forbidden by law. Following this would come the abolishing of preserves. Let every man who goes into the marshes for pleasure have equal rights. So long as he conducts himself like a gentleman he should not be denied the opportunity of shooting wild ducks wherever he finds them.

M. J. G.

## A GREAT PRESERVE

### The Magnificent Hunting Territory of the Country Club.

Bounded by the Pacific Ocean and Tomales Bay on three sides, and with its eastern border skirted by the pretty stream known as Olema Creek, there lies in Marin County, five and thirty miles from the city, a principality of 76,000 acres, belonging to the Old Shafter and Howard families, tenanted by the Country Club and dedicated to sport. By nature a preserve abounding with wild game and fish, systematic protection is now afforded to the indigenous species and additions have been made as opportunity has offered of other sorts, which, it is hoped, will, under careful propagation, increase and multiply.

To describe the beauties of this vast estate would need the pen of a Muir and the poetic soul of a Kipling. The wild romantic glens revelling in a wealth of creeper, vine, fern, and every description of flower by way of undergrowth, with giant oaks, pines and laurels towering overhead; the gorges of Bear Valley, with their abrupt and precipitous sides, seem to defy the assaults of man, and suggest ideal haunts for the wary game; and yet the territory is as thoroughly overlooked and patrolled from a game preservation point of view as any deer forest or moor in Scotland. It was in the year 1890 that certain members of the Pacific Union Club interested in shooting and fishing took steps to form a separate institution for sporting purposes, and secured the shooting and fishing privileges of the Shafter and Howard ranches for the new organization, which was formed as the Country Club. Plans were at once made for the accommodation of members visiting the Marin County preserve in search of sport, and a pretty and comfortable clubhouse was built and suitably fitted up, many improvements and additions having been made since, rendering it a thoroughly agreeable place of residence. The house, with its kennels and outbuildings, is situated on the divide in the centre of Bear Valley, and affords the most charming views over the surrounding country. The membership of the club is limited to 100, the list being a full one at all times, and the house will accommodate thirty persons at least.

The angling capabilities of the club property are practically unlimited, for, in addition to seven natural lakes varying from five to sixty acres each in extent, there are a number of beautiful streams already well-stocked with trout. These natural advantages can be greatly added to by the construction of dams and reservoirs as means are available.

As all sportsmen are aware, the quail of California is, of the feathered tribe that inhabits this Coast, the bird that affords the best sport to the expert hunter, and in the interior of Marin County the quail is found in the greatest abundance. Ducks and snipe thrive in the marshes, while deer roam through the woods of the Country Club's domain. That it may not be supposed that the members take delight in nothing that will not furnish material for satisfying the desire of man to kill, it should be mentioned that they have stocked their estate with some of the choicest wild song birds of Europe, and their keepers are instructed to do everything in their power to protect both these and the native species, so far with results that have been most satifactory.

It would be impossible to conceive of anything more delightful to the blase battuc marksman of older countries, who has bred in him a taste for genuine sport, than the privilege of stalking the natural coverts and mountain sides of the Country Club's estate in search of wild game. And while enjoying the advantages that would be before him in the way of making a bag to compensate him for his toil he would have the assurance of practically all the comforts and enjoyments which an old-world country house so liberally affords. At the clubhouse good cheer and all the resources of civilization are at the disposal of members and their guests, with society as congenial and jolly as any sportsman could wish for. The pleasure of social life are no small part of the Country Club's attractions and from the day of its birth its shooting contests at Del Monte and elsewhere in the State have been famous for the entertainment they have afforded and the high standard of skill in marksmanship exhibited by its members. Of late years the members have devoted themselves with more and more assiduity to the sport afforded by their preserves, where the continued protection of the game has greatly tended to improve their opportunities.

Of Country Club life, with the scenes and surroundings amidst which the sportsman spends his days and nights, the accompanying sketches will serve to give the reader a fair idea, but of the surpassing beauties of nature, their infinite charm and variety, neither pen nor camera can give any adequate description. Among the show spots is one that is perhaps unique. It is where a thousand feet or more above the sea there nestles a placid lake like one vast opal, the depths of which have never yet been plumbed, for below the heaving waters of the ocean form its bed. A narrow gulch opens from this lake to the sea, and through its portals flock myriads of gulls to disport themselves on the bosom of the lake during the day, nightfall or the coming of strangers driving them seaward to where may be their homes. The true sportsman is ever a lover of nature, and while such institutions as the Country Club exist and thrive that instinct will have endless opportunity for development.

## FISHING IN MONTEREY BAY

### A Great Body of Water Which Swarms With Food Fish.

The Bay of Monterey, lying almost directly south of, and one hundred miles distant from San Francisco, divides the counties of Monterey and Santa Cruz, and is, in many respects, entirely unlike any other body of water to be found up the length of the Pacific coast.

Its protected location insures to it a climate that is practically one continual summer, and its sheltered waters are rarely troubled by any invading wind, and even when, outside, the waves are dashing high over Point Loma.

Although its shores blossom with a tropical verdure, seemingly out of place in northern climates, and its scenic beauties are elsewhere unsurpassed, it is from the standpoint of the icthyologist, that it proves most remarkable.

In its blue waters, rich in abundance of food, are found more varieties of fish than in any other body of water on the shores of the Pacific. As some scientist has aptly said: "Monterey Bay is the meeting ground, the rendezvous of the finny tribe; the northern limit of the southern and the southern limit of the northern fishes. From the tiny "Goby" to the giant whale they are found, in every variety of form and color, and in numbers as countless as the sands over which they swim.

There is for the scientist, fish that are strange and rare; for the epicure, those that are toothsome, and for the sportsman, those that are as gamey as the most sportsmanlike angler could wish for. Size, gameness and edibility are seldom seen together, but this rare combination is found in Ininnat, the finest of the salmon species, and one of the best known, and most numerous, in the bay of Monterey.

These magnificent fish, with their silvery irridescent hues and pink delicious flesh, several times each year, come in from the ocean to the shallower waters of the bay, where they rest and bask in the quiet of the harbor, and fatten upon anchovies, sardines and other varieties of small fish, that fall a prey to their greater speed. Their appearance is usually preceded by the arrival of immense schools of sardines, whose numbers are often sufficient to blacken the water over an area of many acres. Directly upon their track, the salmon follow with appetites that seem unapeasable. Hovering upon the outskirts of the sardine school, they dash into it again and again. Sometimes the smaller fish thus preyed upon, seek safety by settling far down toward the bottom, sometimes towards the surface, where they may be seen by thousands leaping from the water. At times, however, the school moves shoreward, where its impetus carries it far up the beach. In this event, a receding wave often leaves thousands upon thousands of sardines wriggling on the tide mark, and only a certain number are rescued by the next incoming breaker. No matter in what direction the sardines attempt to escape the attacks of their pitiless enemies, the result is disaster. Forced upon the shore, they are maimed and bruised by the rocks, and left to die upon the beach. Seeking fancied security on the surface, they prove shining marks for ten thousand sea gulls hovering over the water. Looking for safety in the depths, they meet their fate in the yawning mouths of various monsters that lurk among the rocks below.

At these times the most interesting and attractive sport is offered to the angling enthusiast, as the salmon will now bite freely if the lure used be the sardine of which he is so fond. The sardine must be freshly caught and placed upon a hook having a swivel attachment, so that when drawn through the water it revolves with great rapidity. Just why a salmon can be induced to choose this particular sardine when millions are in sight in every direction, seems utterly unexplainable; but the fact remains that they do, and during a good salmon run no limit can be placed on the number which may be taken by one properly equipped with tackle and patience.

Above all, the tackle must be strong, for a thirty-five pound salmon at the end of three hundred feet of line is capable of as wicked a fight as the most skillful angler cares to engage in. Fishing is always done from boats here, and the necessity for a skilled oarsman is, of course, indispensable when a salmon is "struck." To a city man unaccustomed to exercise this necessity is made apparent at once, for in trolling for salmon the boat must be sent through the water hours at a time at a high rate of speed, and to flabby muscles is impossible. Besides this, there are shoals and other dangers to be avoided, known only to one well acquainted with the surroundings.

There are dozens of nets, the property of the market fisherman, scattered in all directions, which must be cleared; first, for safety to the net and secondly because of the annoyance consequent upon fouling them with the hook. Nor will it do to cross the wake of another craft, for this means tangling of the tackle and if not actual warefare, at least, an expression of language unfit for publication.

The "strike" of a salmon is unlike that of most large fish. It is more like a "tug" at the line, and for a moment he apparently yields to the speed of your boat, as if undecided what course to pursue. This undecision, however, is but momentary, for the salmon, suddenly realizing his danger, jerks viciously at the line. Here comes a frantic rush that sets the reel "a tune," a slackening of the line and from the crest of a following wave there is a swirl of foam, and your prize leaps high in the air, his broad sides flashing like silver, as he angrilly shakes his huge head in a vain endeavor to dislodge the hook.

To successfully bring to gaff a thirty pound salmon, requires not only the highest skill, but strength as well, for the constant strain upon the rod continuously for half an hour, leaves one at the end of that time trembling from very weakness.

The long wharf in the quaint old town of Monterey is a scene of great animation and interest when a "salmon run is on." The sides of the wharf are lined and dotted with patient anglers intent upon securing anchovies, sardines or other small fish for bait or food, while throngs of visitors wander up and down watching the fun. Thousands of sea birds are always on the wing, while occasionally, a hundred feet above your head, an awkward pelican labors slowly by; but as you watch him there is a sudden change, his keen eye has sighted breakfast in the wave below. With set wings and long neck extended, he drops through space with the speed of meteor. He is all grace now, and cuts the water clean as a knife, leaving scarcely a ripple as he disappears beneath the surface. His high and skillful dive is invariably successful, yet he is not always fortunate in being allowed to enjoy the prize, for his reappearance is a signal for an attack from scores of gulls who bury him completely from sight, and often succeed in robbing him of the well earned morsel. The sea gulls, whose plumage is a combination of soft drabs and greys, are everywhere; wheeling and circling through the air in graceful curves, floating calmly upon the gently rolling water, poising upon the edge of some unused boat or floating while they rest as motionless as decoys.

Scores of boats are skimming over the bay in every direction, propelled by the long, powerful, sweeping strokes of the boatman, while a salmon line attached to either oar trails out far behind. These are the hand lines of professional fishermen, who disdain the use of a rod. Away out toward the heads for miles distant the bay is dotted with all varieties of crafts, their occupants bent on the capture of the salmon, either for pleasure or the market.

All that has been said of the fishing at Monterey is equally true of Santa Cruz, Soquel and Capitola. All have their champions and their imaginary advantages, but there is probably little to choose in favor of one or the other. Admittedly there disadvantages and drawbacks to the pleasure of salmon fishing as there are to all other pleasures, as for instance, the necessity for rising at a most unseemly hour, a sudden and unexpected gale, or an attack of "Mal de Mer," but these possibilities are of little concern to the true sportsman who loves sport for sport's sake.

CHAS. W. HIBBARD.

## THE MIRA MONTE CLUB

### Where the City's Younger Sportsmen Hunt Duck, Deer and Quail.

About two years ago three or four of the younger men of San Francisco, finding their tastes ran to out-of-door sports with the rod and gun rather than to to indoor city ciub life, conceived the idea of forming a country club and acquiring property for the purpose of preserving game and fish for the benefit of the members. The idea of having a bachelors' club in the country, where one could go and seek rest from the whirl of the busy city, as well as the whirl of the ballroom, was a novel idea.

The conclusion of the whole matter was the Mira Monte Club, organized in the summer of 1895, and composed of the following named members: Jas. B. Burdell, president; H. B. Houghton, vice-president; Nat. Wilson, secretary and manager; W. R. Whittier, Edward Pringle. George Martin, James Follis, Milton Latham, Laurie Adams, W. Fairbanks, W. K. Hill, F. A. Wickersham, F. A. Greenwood, J. Downey Harvey, A. H. Whitney and Doctor Galen Burdell (honorary).

The last named gentleman made the club not only possible, but prosperous, by very generously leasing, for a term of years some fifteen thousand acres of admirable duck, quail and deer country at Burdell Station, on the line of the S. F. and N. P. Railway, about 35 miles from the city. Of these acres 2000 are marsh, in which are situated the duck ponds and snipe patches. The balance is upland and is covered with oak, chaparral and fern. The quail are thick in here and it is no unusual thing to start up a buck or doe in the more isolated corners. However, the deer are not now as plentiful as the Miramonte Club intends they shall be, and as yet the members are limited to two deer per season. Fishing, as well, is more of a hope than a reality at Miramonte. However, the tract is seamed with waterways and in the higher grounds there are veritable mountain streams where trout would thrive. The management of the club are now considering this question and the streams are to be stocked with McCloud and Eastern trout.

The clubhouse is located on a knoll covered with live oak about half a mile from the station. There are no better appointed bachelor quarters within a radius of a hundred miles of the city than those afforded by the Mira Monte clubhouse, and quite a feature of the life of the place is the occurrence of house parties made up to pass a day and a night at the club. The house is built in an admirable Spanish style, one story in height and flanked with deep wings. The interior is divided into the huge living-room, dining-room, kitchen, billiard room, and twelve bedrooms for the use of members. At the lower end of the "Island" the club has erected its stables and kennels. There is no occasion or necessity for the maintenance of any regular pack by the club and these kennels merely serve for the accommodation of game dogs of the individual members. Here also are kept the floats, the four launches and half dozen ducking boats for the members' use.

The location of the Mira Monte preserves is such they enjoy a blessed immunity from the poacher and nefarious pot-hunter and market hunter. On all sides their land is either inaccessible of approach, or is protected by the tracts of the Olympic Gun Club and the Petaluma Gun Club.

Twice a year the club holds a competitive shoot open only to members. The first, which occurs in June, is a clay pigeon shoot for the club medal. The other shoot is rather unique and is held in February. It is a shoot for all manner of pests, from the blue jay to the wild cat that destroy or drive out the legitimate game. Points are given on certain birds and animals, so many for a hawk, so many for a wild cat. The club divides into two parties and that party scoring the highest number of points is treated to what the daily papers call "an elaborate menu." Altogether the Mira Monte Club is a capital organization, and in the matter of amusement and recreation (principles upon which it was founded), has attained results far beyond the organizers' fondest hopes.

F. N.

The height of luxurious traveling has been reached by the Czar and Czarina. The Empress's private car is upholstered in pale blue satin. The electric lamps are all in the form of lilies, and it contains writing and tea-tables made of mother-of-pearl. The nursery is the next apartment, and is as comfortable and handsome as the same rooms in any of the Czar's palaces. There are dining-rooms and drawing-rooms and several sleeping apartments; in fact, this train is a miniature palace. The wheels are covered with indiarubber tires.

The editor of the *Volkswacht*, of Breslau, who commented upon the frequency of railroad accidents in Germany, has been indicted for "insulting" Herr Thielen, the Minister of Public Works.

## HUNTING FOR DEER

### A Fourth of July Experience in the San Hedrin Mountains.

It was the afternoon of the third of July [illegible] our party of four which had left Ukiah the day before [illegible] unloading a spring wagon at Box Springs on the [illegible] high up on the sides of the San Hedrin. There were four of us, and not a tenderfoot in the crowd. All had hunted the deer and roughed it often before.

Mendocino County on a July day is not a refrigerator, and the shade of a fine oak by the spring was enjoyed as Will and I built a camp fire and got a late dinner, while Jim and Charlie threw the pack-saddles on [illegible] and began to get an outfit, which had been curtailed as much as possible at the start, in shape for a pack over a hard trail. There were, of course, our rifles and hunting-knives, and blankets, a coffee pot and frying pan, a round of tin plates, cups, spoons and forks, a good supply of salt, pepper, sugar and bread, and flour to make flapjacks when it was gone. As for the rest, there was coffee and bacon—for what old hunter could disassociate deer liver from bacon? and sometimes—well, sometimes one doesn't get the deer.

San Hedrin is one of the highest of Mendocino's mountain ranges, and rises fully five thousand feet above the ocean, and only seven hundred feet less above Ukiah, which is faintly visible thirty miles away.

A few miles over a rough trail through chapparal, Will guiding, brought us to a beautiful pine opening, surrounded by heavy brush, with abundant feed, and near the upper side an ice-cold spring gushing out from the mountain side and rushing down in a little rill to join the Eel River miles below. To be sure, the slope was a little steep to make a bed stay where you put it, but pine needles make a fair mattress, and we could not complain of our camp. Evening was at hand and all hurried to unload and stake the horses out, and then each took his rifle for a short hunt before supper. I went below camp into the chemise, and saw a deer, but it was too dusky, and I missed. Charlie was luckier in another direction, and when we gathered into camp as the daylight faded away a young buck hung from a bush, and deer's liver and bacon, and coffee and bread, with abundant gravy, formed a supper not too hearty, but we slept well.

A man who would still hunt deer in July cannot sleep late, and long before daylight we were up and off breakfastless. The party scattered, and as the light broke over Snow Mountain in the east, I could have been seen toiling up a steep trail near the top of the Rocky Ridge of San Hedrin, trying my best to keep up with Will Thomas, who is a very racehorse on a mountain. I am a pretty fast walker myself, and being a trifle over six feet, cannot plead shortness of legs, but Gavin McNab, the San Francisco attorney, and Thomas, are the two men I could never keep up with. As it was I could only keep him in sight until he turned a ridge. Just as the sun rose I heard the crack of his rifle, then another shot far below, then Will again, and a third rifle opened far to the right. Evidently the boys were in it and I wasn't. I made a run to catch up to Thomas, inspirited by the repeated popping of Winchesters, and when I gained a high point I saw him seated on the edge of a cliff, and could see the smoke of his rifle, followed by the sharp crack as he fired time and again at something which I could not see on the debris at the foot of the cliff.

Just then a big buck who had been sunning himself in a patch of chemise, rose up majestically to see what all the to-do was about, at a distance of about two hundred yards on the next point, and I began to take part in the Fourth of July celebration. My first shot hit him, and he jumped, and I continued to pump lead as he went over the brush. He stopped heavily on a rocky point, and a last lucky shot sent him tumbling and rolling down the steep rocky hill until he lodged at the foot below, and all this while below and to the right the boys were cracking away as if ammunition were no object, and Will still sat to the left popping away, and at last I saw the cause.

Every hunter knows how hard it is to shoot down a steep place. He had sighted a deer at long range at the bottom of this mass of debris which had broken from the great cliff. At each shot, the deer, hearing the bullet whistle above him, had done a few jumps up the hill, and by the time my deer was dispatched, which took less time than the writing of it has taken, his buck, by gradual procession, was at the foot of the cliff, when a last shot sent him tumbling back down the slope horns over heels. I went over to where Thomas was, and as we stood congratulating ourselves on our luck, he stopped suddenly and fell to his knee, and the next I knew a third buck went tumbling down the talus to the left, and still we heard the cheerful crack of the Winchester to the right. By the time we had hung our three in the shade and got to camp, we were well primed for a late breakfast. We found the other boys in camp, and our morning's work figured up nine bucks.

A feast on venison had been well earned, and was thoroughly enjoyed. We had had our fun, and now came the hard work. Thomas and I took two horses and went for our deer. It was late before we reached the top of the cliff, and dusky as we went down its precipitous sides. By the time the deer were cut and sacked it was dark, and I will not soon forget how we felt for a foothold on that steep cliff in the dark that night, knowing that a misstep might mean serious injury or death, nor the breath of relief as we stood at the top. Late in the evening we made camp at a fine spring on the north side of the mountain, and rolled ourselves in our blankets. Deer were started in the morning, but we had enough, and resisted the temptation. The next day or so were spent in jerking the venison over improvised scaffolds, and we returned to Ukiah well satisfied with our hunt.

CARL PURDY.

Two peers carry on the trade of milkmen in London, and there is also a titled fruiterer. He is no other than the Earl of Harrington, who keeps a shop at the Trafalgar Square end of Whitehall. His lordship's name is not up, but he acknowledges the connection by calling the establishment "Elvaston," after his castle in Derbyshire.

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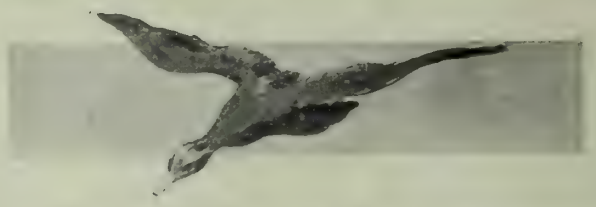

*THE MIRA MONTE CLUB PRESERVES*

1. At the Traps. 2. View in Living Room. 3. Some of the Members. 4. Front of the Club House. 5. Approach from the Marsh. 6. At the Waterfront.

DUCK-HUNTING ON THE MARSHES

Photos by Bushnell

# The Tale of a Duck Hunt.

By DAN O'CONNELL.

On the northern boundary of the preserves of the Tamalpais Club, and close to the seaward flank of the old mountain, lies a pond, weedy and sheltered, and much beloved by the tempest-tossed duck. Here, when the winds are high, and the surf is loud, they settle down among the long reeds, and hold noisy converse close under the sloppy banks. The pond would be called a mere by a poet or a professor, and by the sportsman, a place admirably suited for the assassination of the mallard and canvasback, if one does not mind the discomfort of a camp in the willows close by, or a very early drive from one of the club's tents on the Bear Brush ridge.

My friend and I chose the former, and with a cart, well provisioned, made an early start from "Victor's," that spot on the San Rafael road dear to all sportsmen. Victor himself has departed for the happy hunting grounds, but the "Hunter's Resort" still goes on, and Billy Brown, the gaunt yet handsome phantom of the hills, still holds his wigwam within its confines.

It seems an uncomfortable matter to camp out on a November night, but it all depends upon the way in which it is done. Now, the first thing is plenty of covers. Then a small bag of shavings for kindlings, will save some trouble and profanity when the wood is damp. There is no necessity of bothering about a coffee pot. Fill a couple of stone Vichy bottles with good strong coffee, made in the house and sweetened to taste. Those may be heated at any time in the camp fire, for the stone bottle will not crack, and if hot water should be required for any other purpose, such as the toddy direction, the stone bottle will be found much more convenient, because less bulky than the kettle. The rubber blanket at this season, is almost indispensable, and a woolen cap to draw over one's ears at night will save a snuffle in the morning.

It was almost dusk when "my pal and me" took the horse from the cart and prepared for the evening meal, close to the surf-beaten shores of the willows, that beach where, in summer, young women campers take ankle baths in the waves.

We soon had a blazing fire, and on the coals a broad fryingpan well lined with bacon grease. It does not do to be too epicurean in camp, but a dish of browned onions does most nobly garnish a broiled steak, and, by the beard of the prophet! inspires a gentle craving for the red coin of the country.

"Worthy descendant of Commins the great of the sea girt Tramore," I said, "mark you yon gaunt shadow. It is a coyote, Francis, and he sniffs that steak which, in the reposeful content of a plenteous dinner, we have forgotten to tree." And as we strung it up the sly robber gave a prolonged howl and bark as he scampered off, and cursed us right roundly in the coyote dialect. Lulled by the soothing sob of the sea, which, in a sort of runic rhyme, kept time with the snoring of one of the party, we slept by the great camp fire, for wood is plenty and easy to procure in those latitudes.

But he who would shoot the duck must be up betimes, so we had our stone bottles in the embers long before aurora of the rosy fingers trifled with the gates of the dawn. A raw egg with a dash of vinegar salt and pepper is a most excellent stomachic for an early riser. Then, perhaps, though it sounds sinful, about half a pannikin of water stoutly laced with smoky Scotch does much to mellow the beginning of the day.

As the eastern horizon was barred out by the big mountain,

FORWARD CAST BY W. D. MANSFIELD
Who has the world's record for fly-casting

we could detect only in the zenith the gray hand of morning. Then we were sitting by the pond, well hidden by the ledge, with our decoys bobbing about in the most natural and guileless manner ten yards ahead of us. The whistling rush of the first flight keys up the duck hunter finely. Too dark to hold on those rapid, ghost-like visions, he bobs hither and thither, not daring to possibly mar the entire sport of the morning by a useless and ineffectual shot. So the rule prevails, and it is a good one, not to shoot as long as you can see the flash of your gun or, in other words, to wait until the morning light is broad and clear.

Whist! whist! and a noble pack of mallard are upon us. I see the muzzle of Frank's gun on the other shore of the pond, and just as the birds are circling down to make a companionable meal with our decoys, we let them have it. Again before they can clear the pond, we give them the other barrels, and mark the result of six ounces of No. 6 shot, so quickly and honestly distributed. Only three birds, and one only winged, so I give him the coup, as he is fluttering toward the bank. No time to collect our birds now, for here comes a brace of "cans," greasy and delicious rascals, bent on some fresh weeds for breakfast. They steer my way, and holding well ahead, I let go at the drake and make a clean miss. Whew! I had hoped to catch them both in the same shot, but Frank has tumbled one, and delivered an ineffectual barrel at the other as it speeds seaward. We have barely time to reload, ere that "can" again returns, faithful fellow, seeking his mate. This time I am more fortunate, and the true lover's soul is sped to that duck's paradise where the close season lasts through all eternity.

A flock of green winged teal pelt in upon us like rocks, and we give them a hot reception. Only one, to four barrels. St. Hubert, what big spaces lie about a flock of teal. I spy a solitary mallard hurrying inland on some important business. He is high up and would be called well out of range. But we have not had a shot for ten minutes, so I hold four feet ahead of him, and whack an ounce of No. 5 shot after him. He stops, and with neck outstretched points upward in a straight line. Then there is a pause for a second, and he falls like a stone thirty yards behind me. Curiosity to note the reason for this strange proceeding leads me to retrieve him at once. There is but one wound on him, a single pellet had passed through the eye, and sent him rocketing like a pheasant. I treasure this experience as a proof that there is always a chance to score even in the longest shots. I get back to my blind in time to pay my compliments to a flock of widgeon, five of which drop to our united fire. And now the birds come in slower, and we grow miserly in dealing with them. No more wild shots, nothing but the dead sure things will tempt us. Up rises the bold glowing sun over the crest of Tamalpais, and our sport is over. How looks the bag? Thirty birds to our two guns—not a hoggish bag, but quite enough for one morning. And what a breakfast. A brace of cold baked quail, which have been stuffed with forcemeat and mushrooms, lamb chops on the coals, a panful of onions and potatoes fried together, and a bottle of dry fragrant sauterne to prepare the palate for a generous cup of black coffee and an unctuous, gum-tickling cigar. Peace be to the shades of our victims. Their plump bodies make a pleasing picutre surveyed through the smoke of the weed of Cuba.

James Knox Taylor, recently appointed Supervising Architect of the Treasury, is a native of Illinois and about forty years of age. He began his career in St. Paul as an apprentice in the office of E. P. Bashford, later entering the Boston Polytechnic. Associated with Cass Gilbert, of St. Paul, he planned and built some of the finest buildings in that city. Mr. Taylor left St. Paul to become the partner of Mr. Boyden of Philadelphia, with whom he continued until he entered the Supervising Architect's office about four years ago.

PARLORS IN THE HOME OF THE OLYMPIC GUN CLUB

## THE OLYMPIC GUN CLUB

### Evolution of a Successful Shooting Organization.

The shooting fraternity in California is well represented by clubs in various parts of the State. Conspicuous among organizations of this character, is the Olympic Gun Club of this city. The reputation of this institution has, within a few years, extended to all parts of the United States. As a shooting organization it stands preeminent at the top in California. On its roll of membership are to be found the names of many of the most noted shots of the West. Within the past week wonderful records have been made by J. S. Fanning, a member of the club, who is now shooting in the far East.

The real strength of the Olympic Gun Club lies in the fact that it is something more than a mere trap-shooting organization. Through a magnificent club house and numerous entertainments, it appeals to its members on the social side of their natures. The social element includes many men prominent in business and professional life, who, while they never shoot, take a warm interest in the club, and follow closely the work of its shooting members before the traps.

The Olympic Gun Club has attained its present notable position through a mild process of evolution. It first came into existence as a part of the Olympic Athletic Club. The original shooting body in the Olympic Club was called the Olympic Trap Shooters. It was organized in June, 1894, and maintained an entire existence during that season. With the close of trap shooting for the year, interest in the club was suffered to wane and dissolution followed.

The Olympic Gun Club of to-day sprang from the ashes of the first failure. It was formally organized in March, 1895, and the following officers were elected at that time: President, Harlowe H. White, Secretary-Treasurer, S. G. Severn; Captain, Phil B. Bekeart; Executive Committee, M. C. Allen, H. C. Golcher and G. H. T. Jackson. During the trap season of 1895 regular club shoots were held monthly under the auspices of Captain P. B. Bekeart. The championship medal for the year was won by Clarence Naumann, still one of the club's cracks, and the second medal was captured by President White.

In the summer of 1895 members of the Olympic Gun Club conceived the idea that the interests of trap shooting would be greatly advanced through the organization of a State association of gun clubs. A meeting was promptly called and the result was the organization of the California Inanimate Target Association, which now includes gun clubs from every section of the State where the sport of trap shooting has gained a hold. The Inanimate Target Association was a success from the start. It is the largest purely shooting organization in the world, and enjoys the distinction of having held the biggest blue rock tournaments on record. The Olympic Gun Club was honored by the selection of M. C. Allen, one of its members, as first president of the State association. Mr. Allen has held the office ever since and his club has been otherwise prominent in the association. As the result of five tournaments, the Olympics have won in six-man team competition, the *Overland Monthly* trophy three times, and the club championship trophy twice. The *Overland* trophy is now the permanent property of the Olympics, and another victory will confer permanent ownership of the championship emblem.

The success of Olympic shooters has not been confined to State shoots. Otto Feuctner now wears a medal given him by the club as a reward for breaking 96 blue rocks out of 100. Another medal was presented to J. S. Fanning for the establishment of a coast record of 72 consecutive breaks. Clarence Haight is the present champion of the California Wing Club. Olympic members have also been prominently to the fore in State live bird shoots, and within a few weeks past J. S. Fanning has made in the East live bird scores which entitle him to rank with the leading experts of the country.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP OLYMPIC GUN CLUB TEAM, STOCKTON MAY 31, 1896.

The organization of the Olympic Gun Club underwent a decided change immediately following the San Jose tournament of October, 1896. Up to that time the organization had been continued as a part of the Olympic Athletic Club. For various reasons it was deemed advisable to sever connections with the parent body and to establish the gun club as an entirely separate and distinct organization. This course was followed, and within thirty days the club had leased a handsomely appointed clubhouse at 1309 Van Ness avenue. Within a month the membership had increased from forty to over one hundred and fifty. The clubhouse became a center of shooting interest and activity, and prospered from the start. Trap shooting grounds were laid out at Ingleside, grounds which in matter of location and equipment are not excelled anywhere in the country. During the past year the club grounds have been the scene of many notable shooting events both at live birds and blue rocks. Even greater activity is promised for the season which is to open next spring and continue until the advent of game shooting in the fall.

Some idea of the beauties of the Olympic clubhouse may be gathered from the accompanying illustrations. The place is elegantly furnished and the parlors constitute one of the most attractive clubhouse interiors in the city. Opportunities for entertainment and social enjoyment are unlimited, and the entire establishment is pervaded by an atmosphere of sportsmanship and goodfellowship which constitutes its chief charm.

During the winter the club house will be the scene of entertainments of various characters. The first of the series was held last night and proved a great success. Card, billiard and pool tournaments are in prospect. A duck preserve was leased early in the season, and in course of time the club expects to have ground where the members can enjoy quail and deer hunting.

The progress of this club during the past year, has been little short of wonderful. It has proved a strong factor in the advancement of shooting interest, and seems destined to exercise a still stronger influence for good in the future. The present officers of the club are as follows: President, Harlow H. White; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, M. C. Allen; Financial Secretary, C. F. Grant; Treasurer, A. A. Borlini; Directors, W. J. Owens, Clarence Haight, E. T. Allen, C. W. Hibbard.

MERTON C. ALLEN.

TROPHIES WON BY OLYMPIC GUN CLUB TEAMS

## NOTED DOGS

### Antecedents and Achievements of Certain Aristocratic Canines.

Every sportsman knows how rich are the kennels of California in fine dogs. The several dog shows have revealed the resources of the State in that particular, and made known to the world the fact that we in this western region have as much reason to boast of possessing fine canine stock as to vaunt the ownership of the best breeds of horses. There is not space to detail here the history of the Dog in California, but only to mention the characteristics and descent of certain fine dogs represented on page 7.

Minnie E., the property of Mr. P. A. Williams, is a promising bitch, black and white in color—in this respect almost the counterpart of her sire, Emin Pasha. a dog known to all leashmen, and progenitor of many of the very best puppies now in the slips. Her dam was Valley Queen. Minnie E. has already achieved distinction by carrying off when only eight months old the first special prize, over all greyhound puppies, at the San Francisco Kennel Club's Bench Show this spring.

Imp. Woodcote Venom is the property of S. Christenson, and was sired by Amphion II., a full brother of Champion Grand Pride; dam Kit, one of the greatest producing dams in England. Woodcote Venom has achieved great distinction at the various bench shows since his arrival in California, and has defeated the best bull terriers in the west At the Oakland Bench Show the dog was given first place in the open class and was awarded the gold medal offered for the best bull terrier. At the San Francisco Show Woodcote Venom took the handsome cup offered by Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn for the best bull terrier, dog or bitch. He has also won first prizes at San Jose and Stockton. Besides, he has six winnings to his credit in England where he was shown as a yearling. The progeny of Woodcote Venom bid fair to become as famous as their noted sire.

A beautiful dog is Belle, an English setter, white, black and tan, with whose assistance Mr. F. W. Van Sicklen does his hunting. Belle is by Reed's Dick, and her dam was Coleman's imp. Flora, is about seven years old, and is the dam of Davis' Belle, and Rudolph's Dick R. She is an excellent shooting dog, of kind disposition and is highly prized by her owner. She was bred and trained by Victor Guerineau of Manzanita Station, Marin county.

Regloo, Jr., the property of Dr. W. R. Cluness, Jr., is by Regloo out of Victoria Alton, and was whelped December, 19, 1895. Though not yet two years old, he has been shown several times on the bench with the following record: 1st, puppy, Stockton, 1896; 1st, novice, San Jose, 1897; 2d, open, San Jose, 1897; special, best California bred, San Jose, 1897; 1st, open, Oakland, 1897. He is a deep orange color with black and white markings, stand 34½ inches at the shoulders, and weighs 186 pounds.

Champion Silver Plate has a most remarkable series of winnings, and is pronounced the most typical English setter bred on the Pacific Slope. Her owner is Sam'l F. Hughes, who has every reason to be proud of her record. Champion Silver Plate is lemon and white in marking, and is bred on excellent blood lines—sire Fred W., dam Champion Countess Noble. She was 1st, puppy, at Los Angeles in '93; won the Hermann Oelrichs gold medal in '96; 1st, open, Stockton, '96; 1st; Open, Oakland, '96; 1st, Challenge, at Sacramento, San Jose and Stockton, '97—a most enviable record, without considering her several winnings prior to '96 which were equally notable.

Saddle Bags is a typical pointer, an excellent shooting bitch of nice disposition. She was sired by Duke of Vernon, dam Hornell Bess, and was whelped in October, '91, and is the dam of the great Speedy. famous for her field trial runnings in Australia and New Zealand. Saddle

THE BILLIARD ROOM

Bags is the property of H. Alexander Colvin, is liver and white in color, and won the second prize at the P. K. C., 1896.

Defender is really a notable dog, and has been pronounced by no less an authority than the *Amerecan Field* by far the best terrier on the bench. He is the property of Dr. Fred W. D'Evelyn, is a splendid worker, combining the best blood of the most noted winning terriers for many generations. Among his winnings are 1st, puppy, Crystal Palace, London, '96; 2d, open, Crystal Palace; 3d, limit, Birmingham, '95; 3d, open, and 1st, novice, Oakland, '96. Defender was whelped December, '94—sire Russley Sting, dam Gyp.

A splendid specimen of the Irish water spaniel is Dan C., the property of Joseph W. Salz, who imported him from Canada. His sire was Musha, dam Shellia, and he is pronounced by the best judges one of the finest dogs of his class in America. Dan C. has quite a considerable list of winnings both in Canada and in California, including first in special S. F. K. C. Bench Show, '97.

George P. won the greatest Derby ever held on the Pacific Coast, being victorious over Countess Noble, Jim P., Doc P., Johanna and many others, equally well known. He is the property of Mr. J. Downey Harvey, and is a very high class dog. George P. comes of excellent stock, imported from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and bred by W. R. Pape, the famous gunmaker. His sire is Old Black Joe, dam Black Bess, and in addition to his victory at the great P. C. Field Trials in '93, was second in F. T. class S. F. K. C., '97—a decidedly brilliant record.

In the field trials of 1895 there was a prolonged contest over the merits of Nimrod and Alex. Hamilton's Glenbeigh Jr. and finally, precedence was given the former. The points of the two dogs diverged so slightly that the decision was not rendered until two hours after the heat, and the general opinion was that a tie would have worked no injustice to either dog. Glenbeigh Jr., sire Glenbeigh, dam Lady Max, is a very stylish, fresh rangy pointer of the heavy weight class, and is among the "top notchers" of the coast among Field Trial dogs. He came second in the trials of '95 and '96 in San Francisco, and scored second also in the Pacific Coast Trials of '95, a most excellent record.

Glenbeigh is the property of Howard Vernon, and is a very high class Field Trial dog. He is exceptionally fast, stylish, a great ranger, quite biddable and possesses a good nose and lots of bird sense. Though not a bench winner, Glenbeigh has achieved distinction at field trials, having won the All Age Stake at the Pacific Coost Trials at Salinas in '93, came second in the All Age Stake, Kennel Club Trials in '92, and first in Prize Pointer Puppy Stakes, National Field Trials in '91. Glenbeigh is by Grouse V., dam Rita.

One of the most interesting features of the Country Club preserves is the Cocker Kennel, the property of that enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. Frederick R. Webster. The prowess of Mr. Webster at the traps is well known, and it is highly appropriate that he should appreciate the dog. This feeling he has evinced by the erection at the club of a magnificent kennel which is now populated by about forty cockers. At the head of this array is King Bee, sire Robin, dam Woodstock Nellie, both decendants of Famous Obo, through Champion Obo and Obo Jr. Right worthily does King Bee bear himself among his distinguished descendants, for the majority of the occupants of the kennel are his progeny—a living testimonial of his greatness as a sire and progenitor. As to the appearance of this distinguished cocker, a glance at page 7 shows King Bee as he appears in life.

NOTE.—For the excellent photographs of the dogs on page 10 we are indebted to the Marceau Studio and the Bushnell Studio.

# THE VERONA KENNELS

## A Veritable Paradise for Dogs in Mill Valley.

There are possibly larger kennels in the United States than the "Verona," but there are certainly none that are better equipped and more carefully appointed. These kennels are situated about forty miles from San Francisco, on the Niles division of the S. P. railroad, and are owned by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and Mr. J. E. de Ruyter. It is not necessary to affirm that the kennels are not professional in in any sense of the word, and the dogs are never sold for profit. Mrs. Hearst has a fancy for thoroughbred dogs, and Mr. de Ruyter is an enthusiastic sportsman.

It's a good thing to be a canine at the Verona kennels. The house itself is a large, two-story affair, built expressly for the harboring of blood. The floor is of asphalt, and the walls, to the height of some three or four feet, are coated with the same substance. There is no speck or trace of dirtiness visible, and, if the biblical proverb be true, Verona is the godliets of localities. Each dog has his own particular and especial kennel, which he knows and affects, never, under any circumstances, making the mistake of entering that of his neighbor. He sleeps upon a canvas bed, four inches above the asphalt, which can be removed whenever the kennels are washed. The dogs are not fed in their kennels, but enjoy the privilege of a big dining-room, semi-circular in form, and with a radius of nearly twenty feet. The floor here is asphalt, as well, and is provided with drains. Besides this, one is shown the hospital, the drug-room, the bath-room and the quarantine-room, where the distemper cases are "isolated." There is even a convalescing-room, flooded with sunlight and especially warmed. Around the house are the yards, each one provided with a bath, where, during the day, the setters, pointers and collies, that make up the population of the kennels, live and have their being.

The younger dogs are exercised and broken to the gun, in what is called the exercising yard, close by. It is great sport for the youngsters, and a dog's first day in the "yard" must be, from a canine point of view, as notable an event as a boy's first day at school. There are three broods of quail in the yard, which is some 150 feet square and thickly covered with brush. These quail are used chiefly to train the puppies, and accustom them to the game.

The great dog of the Verona Kennels, and the head of what is called the English Setter department, is known almost the world round, wherever game is shot over dogs. His name is Iroquois Chief, and as yet is comparatively young. His pedigree, however, is longer than many a continental baron's. Countess K. is another famous English setter almost as well known as the Chief. She is the pet of the place and alone of all the dogs has the freedom of the house. Iroquois Chief is by Antonio out of Can Can, who was by Count Noble out of Belle Lloyd, who was a daughter of the great Gladstone. Antonio himself was a descendant of Gladstone through the bitch Juno, so that the Chief's lineage is beyond fear and beyond reproach. Every one of five of his sires—bar two—have been winners in field trials, and Iroquois Chief himself won the Monongahela All-Age Cup last year.

SOME NOTABLE HUNTING DOGS. WICKLOW, FLORA, FLOSS AND ALEX C.

Countess K. is by Dan Gladstone (Gladstone–Sue) out of Flosine, by Carl R. (Leicester–Dart). She won third place in the Pacific Coast field trials, and second place in this year's field trial at the San Francisco Show.

The Scotch collies are another feature of the kennels, but as yet their breeding has not been of long enough duration to attain such splendid results as in the case of the setters. Champion St. Claire Laddie is the head of the stud, and was bred by the celebrated fancier Lieutenant Robert Peel of England. With such a start and with such favorable conditions of soil, climate and financial backing, there seems to be nothing in the way of the realization of the hopes of the owners of the Verona Kennels, i. e., to make their establishment finest of its kind outside of Europe.

THE VERONA KENNELS

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The shawl of shawls belongs to the Duchess of Northumberland. It formerly belonged to Charles X, of France, and was manufactured entirely from the skins of Persian cats. Many thousands of cats' skins were utilize, and the weaving occupied some years. The shawl measures eight yards square, but is so fine that it can be compressed into the space of a large coffee-cup.

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At the invitation of the Sultan, the New York *Herald* has sent a commission to Turkey to investigate the condition of the Armenian Christians. The commission consists of Rev. Dr. Hepworth, who writes the sermons for the *Herald's* Sunday issue, and an assistant familiar with the East, and they are to have the support and solicitude of the Sultan.

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Asparagus causes asthma, according to Dr. Deschamps of Paris, and must be added to the list, that contains roses, musk, tea, ipecacuanha, cats, fried fish, oats, malt and rice dust, feathers, and wool.

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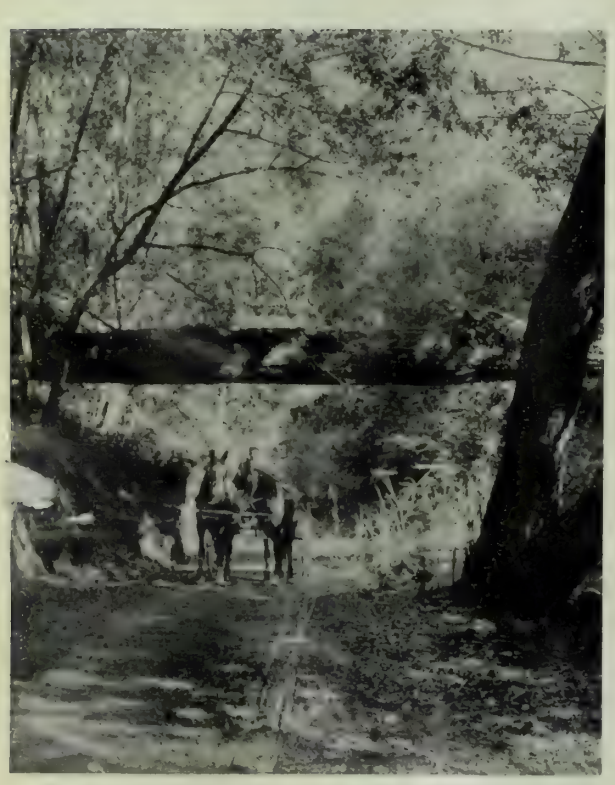
M. Zola is embarrassed in the trivial details of his daily life by a host of superstitious fears and a belief in good and evil omens. While most people regard thirteen as unlucky, to M. Zola seventeen, or any combination of figures that foots up to that amount, is filled with dire portent.

A Group of Important Puppies

Hunting Duck on the Point Reyes Marshes



On the Road through Bear Valley

A Duck Hunter

Ths Club's Coast Line

Feeding Time at the Kennels

THE DOMAIN OF

Photos by

Dogs and Game

or Quail

A Successful Shot

The Country Clubhouse

President Oxnard and Party Starting on a Hunt

HE COUNTRY CLUB

rles Weidner

## A GROUP OF FAMOUS DOGS

See page 6

1. Minnie E. 2. Champion Glenbeigh. 3. Imp. Woodcote Venom. 4. Champion Silver Plate. 5. Glenbeigh Jr. 6. Regloo Jr. 7. George P. 8. Defender. 9. Saddle Bags. 10. King Bee. 11. Dan C. 12. Belle.

Photos by Marceau, and Bushnell

Pensioners Sunning Themselves

The Men's Dining Room

The New Laundry, installed by the Troy Laundry Machinery Co

The Mysteries of the Cuisine

An Impression of the Buildings

The Old Ladies' Dining

Handling the Mince Pies

THANKSGIVING AT THE ALMSHOUSE

## FLY-CASTING

### A Sport That Requires Accuracy, Delicacy and Grace.

There is no sport known that requires greater accuracy, finer delicacy and more perfect grace, than the casting flies. The expert flycaster is to the ordinary fisherman, what Ysaye is to the county-fair fiddler. The object to be obtained, is the deception of any unusually alert, wary, timid and sensitive fish. The tackle now provided by the best sporting firms of the country, is of an almost gossamer fineness and lightness, the best long-distance casters, use a rod eleven feet in length and weighing about six ounces. The line is braided silk, double tapered, and the gut leader between seven and nine feet long. To handle tackle such as this, a man must, of necessity, be skillful. There is no such thing as a successful bungler in trout fishing. The clumsy man is pre-ordained, by the nature of things, to a light creel. The clever, highly-trained angler, who has perfect command over rod and reel, and who can drop a fly on the surface of a pool fifty feet away, without *splashing*, and can make *the fly, and not the line*, first reach the water, will catch trout in any country of the world.

There are no hard and fast rules as to the manner of casting a fly. The best local flycasters each have different methods. Some, there are, who favor a whole arm and over-head cast; the body moving but very little from the perpendicular. Others cling to a side cast, with a forearm and wrist movement. However, the champion long-distance caster of the

BACK CAST BY W. D. MANSFIELD

world, Mr. Mansfield, of this city, puts his whole body into play, when casting or retrieving the fly. The best discription of Mr. Mansfield's method, would fall short of the impression conveyed by the snap-shot photograph of him, in action, as published in this issue. The power and energy of his style is splendid. In casting this thread of line and pinch of down, Mr. Mansfield uses the same energy as Hickock, of Yale, might have displayed in his best days of putting the shot. It is small wonder he holds the world's record. All flycasters have, of course, their own favorite theories, but hold in common with Mr. Mansfield that in the forward cast the rod is held perfectly horizontal, to avoid friction of the line against the guides, and in the back cast, the tip of the rod is never lower that an angle of forty-five degrees.

A flycaster may be judged from three points of view. He may cast merely for length, or for distance and accuracy, or, if he be a consummate master of his art—for it is no less—he may cast for accuracy and delicacy. In distance casting, the tackle employed has already been noticed. When casting for distance and accuracy, in a competition, buoys are fixed at 50, 55 and 60 feet from a platform on which the casters stand, and as long as a man drops his fly nearer to one of these buoys than the other competitors, nothing more is demanded of him. He may cast in a manner that would frighten a grampus or fail to deceive a bullhead.

So long as delicacy is not a factor in casting

DR. E. N. LOWRY

competitions, they are of little benefit to the angler. What is called "dry fly casting" for accuracy and delicacy is the contest that makes the most imperative demands upon the angler's skill, demands that include strength of wrist and arm, nicety in judgment of distance, calculations for wind, and, above all, exactness and perfect control of the muscles of the wrist and hand. The tackle is a 5½ oz. rod, light tapered line and gut leaders nine feet in length. When casting in this event the expert stands balanced and naturally on both feet, though sometimes, especially in the case of long forward cast, the feet are spread and a position assumed not unlike that of a fencer "lunging." Little by little he lengthens his cast, when his fly touches the water it does so *before the line*, falling as lightly as a falling thistledown. Should he allow his fly to splash or his line to touch the water so many points are counted against him. In "retrieving," that is in drawing the fly from the water, there must be no ripple made, the fly must rise as would a natural fly, without a splash, otherwise the caster is again penalized. To retrieve properly the expert fly fisherman gently lifts his tip before swinging back his rod, drawing rather than snapping his fly towards him. To cause the fly to touch the water before the line he will, if you observe him closely, raise his tip just before the fly touches the surface. It is the most difficult feat in fly fishing to do this at precisely the right moment and with precisely enough action. In order that the fly may strike the water gently and without a splash the caster, if he knows his art, never aims directly at the spot where he wishes his fly to alight, but rather a yard or so over it, allowing the bit of feather to float down of its own weight.


#### Take Care

of yourself or some day you will have to be cared for. You must get out of this climate to a more equable one occasionally, to keep yourself well. Byron Hot Springs offers the best

H. G. GOLCHER
of the Flycasters' Club

chance imaginable—in the foothills, out of the fog, mist and wind. There you will find the best Mineral Springs on the Coast. Excellent for blood, skin and stomach troubles—for external and internal use and without a rival.

#### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars—free.

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We will sell by order of Gustave H. Umbsen, Referee of the Estate of Thomas Mootry Jr., three properties of the Estate, as follows:

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Second — S. E. corner of Page and Octavia streets; improvements bringing in a total monthly rental of $67; lot 27:6x120 feet to Hickory avenue; three frontages.

Third—S. W. corner of Bay and Dupont streets; improvements renting for $57 per month; lot 89:6x113 feet.

For further particulars, catalogues, etc., inquire at the office of G. H. UMBSEN & CO., Auctioneers, 14 Montgomery street.

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## DEER AND DUCK CLUBS

### A Brief Account of the Tamalpais and Teal Clubs.

About ten years ago, when Mr. Throgmorton was in possession of the land that extends from Richardson's bay to the ocean, to shoot a quail without permission upon this tract, was considered a high crime and misdemeanor. There was no railroad to Mill Valley then, and deer were shot in the swamp below the house of Roger McGee. Now the Tamalpais Sporting Club has leased the big ranch, and has made out of it an ideal shooting and fishing preserve. To tell an eastern man that within an hour's journey of San Francisco he could shoot wild deer, would astonish him not a little. Yet such is the case. Nor is it necessary to travel to the slopes of the Tamalpais mountains to accomplish this feat. Deer are shot in the gulches to the southward, and have been seen even within the city limits of Sausalito.

John Berger is now president of the club, whose membership does not exceed fifty. There is no attempt at display, and all the funds of the association are devoted to the preservation of game and fish. A pond, fed from the stream that takes its rise in a mountain gorge, is positively the most "sporty" piece of water in the State. In high tides grilse can make their way into this pond, and thus it gives both winter and summer fishing. Steelheads of over ten pounds have been taken in this most productive sheet of water. There is not much "sporty" fishing to be had there, but the patient plodder, at almost any season of the year, may rely upon a fair basket.

The shooting of quail over these preserves is always good in the season. It is hard work, for the hillsides are steep, and when the birds are at all wild, and must be followed from one canyon to another, the hunter who wants to make a big bag, must be sound of wind and sure of foot. With the exception of the pond by the willows on the northeast of the preserve, there is not much duck shooting to be looked for. Deer and quail are really the staple of the Tamalpais Club.

One of the oldest, and certainly the best managed duck shooting clubs in the vicinity of San Francisco is the Teal Club on the Suisun marshes. The officers of the club this year are Charles Josselyn, president; Downey Harvey, Herman Oelrichs, Fred Webster, Aleck Hamilton, Fred Sharon and Baron Von Shroeder. The Teal Club has purchased the 1250 acres on which it shoots, and is therefore clear of all law suits regarding trespass, etc.

The members have spent over $25,000 in making ponds and canals and planting the wild celery, so dear to the canvasback. The club's station is the Drawbridge, Suisun Marshes, and the clubhouse formally stood close by this drawbridge. Recently, however, it has been moved further into the marsh, and considerale money has been expended in making it comfortable. This club has a very efficient staff of keepers, who lighten the burden of getting into the blinds before daybreak. Canals are cut from pond to pond, and after a substantial breakfast, seated in a light canoe, the hunter is poled by the keeper to his destination. The birds are always flying at the Teal Club, and the average bag is twenty-five birds to the gun.

DAN O'CONNELL.

### A Great Institution.

The development of home industries is today deemed of all other considerations the most important for the welfare of this State, and it has become the duty of everyone who can contribute to their extension to exert himself to the utmost. For its age there is no commonwealth in the Union that can show greater progress in the art of literature and the mechanical processes allied thereto than California. Amongst the concerns engaged in the latter field, none is of more importance than the American Type Founders Company, whose extensive works are equipped with the highest grade of machines used in modern type foundries, its offices and show-rooms being at 403-4 Sansome street, in this city. The type now used for the purposes of this journal was recently supplied by that company, and is made by it from the celebrated copper alloy metal, which is unsurpassed for durability and perfection of finish. Readers of this paper will doubtless have noticed the greatly improved appearance of the Wave during the last couple of months, a result that has been obtained by the use of an improved quality of paper and the clear and elegant type furnished by the American Type Founders Company. Essentially a home industry concern, the largest of the kind on the coast, employing upwards of 100 hands, and enjoying every facility for transacting its business to the best advantage, it is in a position to fill the orders of its customers in a manner calculated to afford entire satisfaction.

### Splendid Array of Artistic Beauty.

One of the daintiest effects shown this year in calendars is that of the California wildflowers in colors. This was brought out exclusively by Cooper & Co., the Market-street stationers, who have made an extra effort this year, and have succeeded in getting together the largest variety of cards and calendars that have ever been shown on the coast. All the leading publishers of the East are well represented, and some very elaborate as well as simple and delicate designs are mingled together, making an array of artistic beauty seldom seen.


The music of Huber's Del Monte Orchestra adds greatly to the success of all entertainments. Telephone, care of Benjamin Curtaz, Main 1247.

**Kelly's Guranteed Corn Cure, 25 cents**
**Sold only at 102 Eddy street**


### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey has been the favorite with connoisseurs.

Maillard's Chocolates, half- and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

### Fine Display of Art Goods.

S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary street, have just begun to show their European importations for this season, and invite their patrons and the public to view the many fine and interesting noveltses received and unpacked so far.

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

The best French claret for connoisseurs can be had at reasonable prices, direct from the large vineyards of Chateau d'Arsac. For particulars, address Jules F. Pages, 1316 O'Farrell street.

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**BYRON MAUZY PIANOS**
308-314 POST ST.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

My principal thought, Diary dear, since Thanksgiving has been—what a marvelous escape we had on that momentous occasion. We were, luckily, so near the entrance that our exit was merely a matter of a moment. But the others! I can hardly bear to think of how awful it might have been—what a tragedy was narrowly averted. Some of the girls were panic stricken. Poor Helen Thomas had hysterics. Mrs. Selfridge fainted and had to be carried out. Genevieve Goad had a very narrow escape, but her escort, with true chivalry, held up his arms and kept the weight of the boards from falling on her. The lads looked, as they tumbled through the roof, like peanuts falling out of an overloaded bag. From that moment our interest in the game ceased. O! Diary dear, it was a shocking walk over, and I almost felt like discarding the blue and gold. Arthur, too, is quite disgusted, and says the boys had better devote their time to croquet and challenge the members of the Old Ladies' Home to a game. I wish the boys minded defeat more, but they seem to applaud themselves for bearing it so philosophically. Poor Mrs. Atherton is still laid up from her injuries, and is dreadfully cut up and bruised—some wretched panic-stricken creatures threw her off her feet against the bench in front. But it is best not to dwell upon it.

Thanksgiving this year was fraught with sorrow for many of us. Poor Mamie Polhemus returned from the game to meet death on the doorstep. Her mother and father had driven out to order flowers for her tea, and on the way home, in the carriage, poor Mr. Polhemus breathed his last. It was doubly sad when one thinks of all her pleasant anticipations so cruelly nipped in the bud. It made me miserable, and then to see in some of the papers reports of her tea which never took place, side by side with the death notice of her father.

But enough of the sad side of life, let us once more return to our frivolities. On Saturday, of course, I received at Helen Thornton's tea, and had a capital time. Mrs. Thornton looked so stunning in grey taffeta, and her sister, Mrs. McLean Martin, looked splendid in black and white. Helen wore an exquisite frock, a combination of white and pink. There were no furbelows about the tea. Few decorations and no music, and yet we all agreed that it was essentially smart in every particular. The dinner was, generally, conceded to have been the prettiest yet given. The table was covered with baby roses, which were scattered over the cloth, and intertwined with broad bands of satin ribbon. I enjoyed every moment of it. The men were awfully nice. Mr. Hussey particularly so. You know he is on the Oregon, and left for the North on Thursday morning. We girls are simply prostrated with grief over his departure. He is quite handsome, has big baby blue eyes and a Vandyke beard—I always admire men with Vandyke beards, they would positively make a streetsweeper look distinguished. Then Mr. Hussey had a pretty way of complimenting all the girls—would speak odes to our eyebrows instead of writing them as was formerly the custom. Another man I regret is Mr. Magill of the Oregon; he is such a fine, manly chap, free from any kind of nonsense, the sort of fellow that is worth while cultivating. He would make a good friend, and tell you wholesome but nicely gilded home truths, in a way that would completely fascinate you. I am so sorry the Oregon has gone. I don't think we ever had a ship here whose officers were so thoroughly likable, so truly hospitable, and on Wednesday afternoon, when I went to say farewell, I nearly wept.

On Monday night I had my first experience of the Monday Evening Dancing Class. You know it met in Golden Gate Hall and we had a blissful time. I wore my loveliest frock, and found each of the debutantes was robed similarly. I never met a nicer lot of men—all clubmen, none of the extremely youthful order. I was so pleased, especially when I found myself just as popular as I have been with the boys. The Dibblees, the Taylor boys and Harry Stetson are among those I like best, and Nat Wilson is tremendously funny and keeps one in a perfect gale of merriment. Of the debutantes, who by the way were not particularly well represented, I noted Leontine Blakeman, Therese Morgan and Ethel Keeney looking especially well. Ethel wore a fetching frock of white silk and chiffon which was excellently cut. Therese Morgan wore a gown I should really like to have owned. It was of pink taffeta silk covered in some soft gold spangled gauze, and looked like the petals of a rose. Carrie Taylor looked very well in white. Mollie Thomas made an effective picture in black and Alice Hoffmann never looked more striking than she did in her gown of palest blue, charmingly fashioned. The supper was excellent and we girls did the fullest justice to it by going out several times during the evening. I really think the Monday Evenings are going to be my favorite parties. The lady patronesses are so agreeable, and every one seems to take the trouble to give us girls a good time. On Tuesday we all went to Mrs. Mountford Wilson's tea. It was strictly a ladies' gathering, not the shadow of a man appearing during the afternoon. The house was prettily decorated and the gowns worn by some of the matrons were perfectly lovely. Mrs. Mountford Wilson wore blue taffeta, Mrs. Russell a stunning costume of figured silk. Among the girls who received were the Carolans, Carrie Taylor, the Hopkins girls and Caro Crockett.

Then on Wednesday morning I went to a meeting of the King's Daughters. You know a few of us girls are to have a fair in about two weeks at the Century Club. Ethel Lincoln, Ella Morgan, Helen and Bertha Smith, Sophia Coleman, Eleanor Wood and a few others are getting it up. We are going to sell the things not at the usual "fair" rates, but really cheap, so expect to do well. It is for our beds at the Children's Hospital, you know. Another exhibition and sale of work I am tremendously interested in is the Lace Show that is now on and finishes this evening, in the Maple Room at the Palace. It is quite as fashionable as the Doll Show, and the goods for sale are really beautiful. Then there is an exhibition of old Japanese embroideries and pictures. A number of us girls are to pour tea on this occasion. On Wednesday evening I went to Mr. Greenway's dinner. It was a red affair and the table decorations were in excellent taste. There were about twenty-four of us chaperoned by Mrs. Ed Schmiedell. The Hopkins girls, Lillie Follis, Therese Morgan, Gertie Carroll, Mollie Thomas, Edith McBean and Frances Moore; the Dibblees, Gus Taylor, Harry Stetson, Larry Van Winkle, Southard Hoffmann and Harry Poett were the men. I sat next Harry Poett, and he took advantage of my debutantish stage to "jolly" me the whole time. He caused me at first a few qualms, but Arthur's education has stood me in good stead and by the end of the dinner I think I was a little bit ahead of him. He looks like a cherub, but it is not only his satanic majesty that assumes a pleasing shape.

This is rather an off week with regard to entertainments. The debutantes are now nearly all introduced successfully. Gertie Palmer is the last of those whose events are in the future. She is to come out on Saturday.

Poor Elise Clark, I fear, will not be able to make her appearance at all. She is so ill. I am sorry, as I am sure she would have been among the favorites. She has become a prey to eurasthenia, and has to be absolutely quiet.

Next Friday Ella Goodall is to give a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Whittier. Among her guests are Mrs. Knowles, Gertie Carroll, Ella and Therese Morgan and Mary Belle Gwin. On Saturday Mrs. Gaston Ashe, Mrs. Mark Requa and Mrs. Long and Mrs. George Palmer give teas. There is also the Junior Farce, so we shall have a full day of it. Nex week on Tuesday Helen Hopkins gives a debutantes' luncheon and Mrs. Chauncey Winslow a tea in honor of Mrs. Jones of Santa Monica. I hear that the Cinderella dances or the Wednights are to rival everything ever given. Few girls have thus far received cards. I hear they are chiefly for the benefit of the young married people. I am one of the lucky ones, however. The first is to take place December 22d. And so goodbye. Your own MISS CRICKET.

P. S.—I find, Diary dear, on looking over my confidences that I have omitted to mention one or two items of considerable interest. On Tuesday evening Mr. Patterson gave a very jolly theatre party and supper to Miss Leontine Blakeman. Several of us were invited and had a fine time. Mr. Patterson, you know, is a recent arrival from the East, and at present is stationed at the Presidio. He is an awfully nice chap and all of the girls are falling victims to his unnumbered charms. Like all nice men, however, he is about to leave for San Diego. I don't know what we debutantes will do now that our favorite men are all departing. The Terpsichoreans give their first party on Wednesday next at Native Sons' Hall. We expect to have the best kind of a time and hope to make this club the most popular of all. Mrs. Keeney, Mrs. Blakeman, Mrs. Alvord, Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Patton are the patronesses. They are all enthusiastic, and we have sent out 170 invitations, so shall have a nice number for dancing. The Presidio hops from now on will take place on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month instead of on Fridays as has hitherto been the custom. Mrs. Wm. Whittier is to give a big dance on December 15th. Was I not stupid to forget so much, but I suppose sorrow over the departure of the Oregon has befuddled my brain.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fries gave a rather unique entertainment recently. It was called a "Gala Night in Monte Carlo." The whole house was arranged to represent the famous gambling resort at Monaco, with the roulette tables rouge-et-noir games and others. It was a capital affair. About fifty people we invited. Miss Elsie Hecht, a sister of Mrs. Fries, was the guest of honor.

### A Mystic Romance.

In Kentucky lived fair Jessie
Falconer, a matron ready
In the household and the garden,
F. F. V., slim-fingered, steady.

John Gray loved the handsome Jessie,
Pedagogue was he and haughty,
Read Mort d'Arthur, had ideals,
And he would do nothing naughty.

Brave was John as any hero,
Quick of eye and strong of muscle;
Fought an editor and panther
In a rough-and-tumble tussle.

Long he tried to ease the heartache,
Strove in vain against his mania,
Wed at last another woman
In the State of Pennsylvania.

Jessie heard the news with sadness,
But in sorrow did not languish,
Sold some land and built a mansion,
Wore fine clothes and checked her anguish.

In the choir unseen these lovers
Now with skill their gold harps handle,
While ideals round them glitter,
Here a lighthouse, there a candle.

*Nashville Banner.*

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

## TURKEY AT THE ALMSHOUSE

### A Generous Thanksgiving Spread for the City's Pensioners.

Up in the pretty hills that gather the waters of the big reservoir, where the air is pungent from neighboring eucalyptus forests, the bright sun melted the mist very early on Thanksgiving morning and disclosed an animated scene. Little old fellows and old big fellows were hobbling about, washing faded coats that had seen handsome days, renovating scarfs and mending shirts. Little and big old ladies were busy with their mending and their prattle, and in the kitchens the bustle was incessant. Everyone looked cheerful and even merry. Among the 976 inmates of an institution in where, presumably, only the unsuccessful and resourceless seek asylum, it would, indeed, be strange if there were not many in whom cheerlessness and discontent had become chronic. Yet even these, if one might judge, were not altogether untouched by the gladness of the air and the infectious spirit of the holiday. And if the heart of the public pensioner is touched on Thanksgivingday that he is not homeless and shelterless, how much greater must be his satisfaction at the prospect of such a dinner as was in preparation. Rumor might indeed have had it that that there were but 100 turkey ready for roasting, when the

A YOUTHFUL SPORTSMAN
PHIL. BEKEART JR.

fact is that there were exactly 135. It might also have been unknown, save to the initiated of the kitchens, that there was cranberry sauce galore; fresh vegetables were in abundance, and more mince pies than would be needed to shingle the roof of the big new barn that Capt. Reddy has in contemplation. But that a Thanksgiuing dinner and a good one was in progress—that knowledge was the property of every one of the 976, and one might read in the general air of pleased anticipation that beamed in the faces of the little and big old fellows and the little and big old ladies.

The old folks who had nothing to do were out in the sun, on the long benches that line the spacious gardens and open areas in the rear of the buildings. These outbuildings, by the way, have lately been taking on quite a different air under the energetic hand of Superintendent Reddy. The old laundry has been replaced by a fine new one with modern machinery made by the Troy Laundry Company. The walls are of stone quarried from the neighboring hills by the little old men. Give them time enough, and these veterans of every craft will build anything, and in utilizing their moderate labor, the Superintendent not only improves the institution at the smallest expense to the city, but furnishes much needed congenial occupation and recreation to the little old men.

You should see the fire brigade drill. Formerly there was little or no provision against a conflagration. Now, water in large mains is available, and a hose and hydrant system recently put in by Miller, Sloss & Scott, enabling the brigade to buckle with any ordinary fire. It would never do to trust those trembling fingers to make the important connection between hose and hydrant. But the trained brigade is prepared to do the coupling with the celerity of a squad of the fire department. One of the greatest dangers—a frightful calamity, indeed—has been arrested for all time at the Almshouse.

But to the dinner. It came, and it came speedily. There is a chef in each of the two big kitchens and his assistants are all little old men. The were cutting bread and filling pitchers of milk, and carrying mince pies from the pantries to the tables, where they were cut in generous slices. Then the tables were set and the steaming portions set at each place—a dinner fit for a king. And, by the way, I must not forget to mention that the William Cluff Company furnished all the groceries for the dinner.

The little old ladies were waiting outside of the ladies' dining-room—for the men eat in two other rooms. These old ladies *are* ladies—most of them, well bred and decorous, and they tried very hard to look non chalant, just as if the odor of cranberry and turkey was not already in their nostrils. Still, when the door was opened by a smiling domestic, there was very little time lost in filling up the room. Occasionally a member of the second table would get in by mistake and have to go out again, which she always did very courageously. By eleven o'clock the men's dining-room was filled, and by half-past the ladies were trying their teeth—efficient and otherwise—on wings and wishbones. It is a delightful room that ladies' dining-room. The tables are long and the chairs comfortable, and the sun pours in from the south and touches the thin gray hair on many a bowed head to crown of silver. Just a few in the infirmary could not come in, but, if one might judge from the laden trays that passed through from the kitchen, these poor woman who suffer under illness as well as indigence were not forgotten.

### The Frog.

Once on a time and in a place
Conductive to malaria
There lived a member of the race
Of Rana Temporaria.
Or, more concisely still, a frog
Inhabited a certain bog.

A bull of Brobdingnagian size,
Too proud for condescension,
One morning chanced to cast his eyes
Upon the frog I mention,
And, being to the manner born,
Surveyed him with a lofty scorn.

Perceiving which, the bactrian's frame
With anger was inflated,
Till, growing larger, he became
Egregiously elated,
For inspiration's sudden spell
Had pointed out a way to swell.

"Ha! he!" he proudly cried, "a fig
For this, your mammoth torso!
For I shall shortly be as big
As you or even more so!"
To which magniloquential gush
His bullship simply answered "Tush!"

Alas! the frog's success was slight,
Which really was a wonder,
In view of how with all his might
He strove to grow rotunder;
And, standing patiently the while,
The bull displayed a quiet smile.

But ah, the frog tried once too oft,
And, doing so, he busted—
Whereat the bull discreetly coughed
And moved away disgusted.
As well he might, considering
The wretched taste that marked the thing.

*—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in Life.*

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

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**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch**

**$2,000.00**

Maybe you won't like Schilling's Best tea and baking-powder.

Maybe you will. Money back if you don't.

The Christmas furniture here ready to be looked at when you are ready to look.

You are welcome to look.

Plenty of time to **buy** later.

Learn **where** to buy now.

All our prices are marked in plain figures — look at your leisure. Salesmen will not disturb you nor press you to buy.

We've just issued a little booklet about enameled beds. It's free. Call when passing, or drop a postal

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**METROPOLITAN TEMPLE**

Next Thursday Evening, December 9th.

ONLY RECITAL IN SAN FRANCISCO

MR. ALFRED A. FARLAND

**Banjo Virtuoso**

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## TURF TOPICS

### A Review of the Last Days at Oakland and the First at Ingleside.

A noticeable feature of the new season, is the poor representation obtained in the early stake events. On Thanksgiving-day, in the Athenian Club Cup, $1,500, 2¼ miles, at Oakland, only five starters came to the post. Wheel of Fortune, 105 lbs., ridden by H. Martin, annexing the plunder without much difficulty, in the slow time of 4:07. Marquise, 96 lbs., was second. Charlie Rief, 83 lbs., Wawona, 96 lbs. and Don Clarencia, 80 lbs., making no show in the running.

On the concluding day, at Oakland, the, Naglee Selling Stakes, $1,250, seven furlongs, brought six to the post, and furnished an exciting finish with Double Quick, 100 lbs., wedged in between the Burns & Waterhouse couple, Shasta Water, 94 lbs. and Colonel Wheeler, 99 lbs. The two last ran first and second, in the order named, with a short head only between them, and Atkin & Lottridge's horse the same distance behind Colonel Wheeler. The two St. Carlo fillies, St. Calatine, 112 lbs. and Tiger Lilly, 105 lbs., showed their heels to three others, in what could hardly be styled a race, at six furlongs, the strongly fancied Punter, 112 lbs., failing to travel in their company for the last half of the distance. In a five-furlong scramble for two-year-olds, Free Lady, 105 lbs., downed eleven others, of which Sir William, at the same weight, alone gave her any trouble.

The first fortnight at Oakland, produced an excellent attendance throughout, and on Thanksgiving-day it was said the numbers were the highest on record. The railway mismanagement of the crowd on the occasion at the ferries, is certainly entitled to the distinction of a record.

Monday last saw the renewal of the Ingleside meeting on a slightly heavy track and with Starter Caldwell instructed to dispense with the recall flag. The day's programme was promising as to class. Magnet was pulled out, although with a doubtful leg, and managed to get home, giving lumps of weight away to an indifferent lot. Fonsovannah once more scored a triumph over Morellito, this time in a mile at even weight, and Souffle, 106 lbs., got home just in front of McLight, 107 lbs., in a 1 1-16 mile race, Marquise struggling in gamely but a head behind the latter. The last mentioned good little mare looks jaded to what she was at the beginning of the season, and it was a sickening sight to see her flogged up to the barrier by the starter's assistant.

Tuesday was spoiled by fog and the running in some of the races was only partially visible. Wednesday showed a great improvement, and a good card was varied with a 1½ miles hurdle race, which Captain Piersal well ridden by Tim Murphy and served by his light weight and and good style of going took in good form, Our Climate, 137 lbs., of ten others being the only one to make a race with him. The Presidio Stakes, $1000, 1⅛ miles, with five runners only, was won somewhat easily by Shasta Water, though Horatio, 108 lbs., ran well and gamely. Sam Hildreth's George Lee, 105 lbs., won at seven furlongs in a pretty fair field of two-year-olds.

To-day the new steeplechase course is to be used for the first time and promises to be a source of sport during the winter.

BENEDICT.

## FINANCE AND TRADE

*Thursday Evening.*

The prevailing tone in business circles is not by any means as buoyant as that of a month or so ago, but there is a good deal of quiet activity that will produce results when the rush to Alaska begins in the spring. The money market is fairly easy. Silver is strong locally at 59½, its firmness seeming to be due to short supplies; conditions, however, are highly speculative.

All descriptions of bonds command the highest prices known for years; the supply of first class material is giving out and becoming scarcer than ever. We note a sale of 5000 California Street Cable 5 per cent bonds at 115. Market Street Railway 5 per cents are in very good demand and scarce, though these bonds have attained their highest level and will probably be still dearer. Quite a lot of Spring Valley 4 per cents changed hands at 102¼. The most active securities have been those of the Southern Pacific R. R. S. P. of Arizona advanced from 100½ to 102½ during the week and it certainly looks at present as if they will go still higher. S. P. Branch also sold at an advance and are scarce.

In the stock section of the market Spring Valley Water is firm at 99⅝ bid. Gas holdings are barely steady. In Gas and Electric a sale at 95xd was recorded and more are offering at the same figure.

Nothing is doing in Bank shares of any description, though the firmness previously reported still continues.

Market Street R. R. shares still fluctuate between 51 and 52, sales having been made at the latter figure. We are told the earnings of the lines are very satisfactory and the stock looks like being very popular in future.

Alaska Packers drooped on rumors of a big block of stock being in the market. We can ascertain no real reason for the weakness and there will no doubt be an early recovery.

Sugar stocks have been selling at somewhat lower rates, owing to realization orders in anticipation of the impending meeting of Congress. A fluctuating market may be looked for while the annexation question is in debate, just as the course of the proceeding affects the public mind.

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## THE THEATRES

### Louis James as a Cavalier—Colored Melodrama at Morosco's.

One naturally expects an overflow of intrigue when the De Medicis figure as arch villains. But in the play Mr. Louis James is presenting this week, the author was evidently not satisfied that even a Medici could plan rapidly enough to meet Mr. James' facility as a good angel. Even when every character is supplied with an individual plot or mystery, as the omnipotent Cavalier of France, Mr. James finds plenty of time for wooing, after he has raveled out the tangled webs of villiany, spread to enmesh himself and friends.

Mr. James has a certain robust virility, that has won him reputation as an actor of heroic parts. His is the strength that swings a broadsword, rather than the agility that wields the rapier, and cavaliers of France were never broadswordsmen. He is always sincere and forceful, but he lacks the fire and devil—the Salvinism—that might lift his part far above the ordinary, for the author has put many good lines into the mouths of his people. It is true that by substituting quantity for quality of intrigue, Mr. Smith has made his play pure melodrama, but into his melodrama he has written not a little true beauty and pure wit.

The supporting company is better than usual. If Miss Emerson develops as her simple, convincing work promises, we will have an actress of rare ability. Among the men Mr. Johnstone as the King, and Mr. Gardiner as Chicot the Jester, gave their parts a finish that did much to make the performance a pleasure to the audience.

Mrs. Wells, as the plotting Queen mother, was regal in carriage and bearing. In her acting she lived up to the character, but the lady's sweet, and almost saintly face, seemed sadly out of place on the shoulders of Catherine De Medicis. R. P.

* *

The original pickaninnies are lending much life to "On The Mississippi," this week's play at Morosco's. The lively youngsters sing and gambol about in the most approved Southern fashion, lighting up somewhat a rather gloomy drama. Other features of the piece are the Ku Klux Klan, an interrupted lynching bee, and an exciting jail break. W. H. Pascoe as Grant Sherwood is well enough, but would be much better if he knew his lines. Maud Edna Hall has little to do, but does it acceptably in a black trained dress and a long black boa.

* *

The new features at the Orpheum are furnished by Fordyce with his group of playing and singing puppets, an extremely clever exposition, O. K. Sato, the juggler, who is both smart and comic in action, and what is billed as the "musical sensation of Europe," the Vesuviana Quartette, of which all that need be said is that their performance is hardly likely to become the musical sensatiou of San Francisco. The efforts of Servais Le Roy, the magician, continue to be well received, and the trick ponies are still an immense success.

* *

## DRAMATIC NOTES

The fiftieth and last performance of "The Geisha" will be appropriately celebrated at the Tivoli to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Monday "Rip Van Winkle," Planquette's romantic opera, will be given. As the piece has been in rehearsal for some time an agreeable performance may be expected. Edwin Stevens will appear as Rip, one of his best characters. The opera is on for only a limited run, as the Christmas spectacle, "The Tales of Mother Goose," is due for the holidays.

The Orpheum has a number of new people for next week. The six Picchianis Sisters, who head the list, are said to be the most sensational lady acrobats in the world. They come from the Cirque Salamonski, Moscow, Czita, the great gypsy violinist, is another novelty, and still another are Paulinetti and Piquo, character gymnasts. The De Fillipis, eccentric dancers, who will be remembered pleasantly, complete the number.

Louis James commences his second and last week at the Columbia, Monday evening, with "Othello"; Tuesday and Saturday "Spartacus" will be given, Wednesday, "A Cavalier of France," Friday, a repetition of "Othello," Thursday and Sunday evening and Saturday matinee, "Julius Caesar." The Lincoln Monument League Fund will benefit on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" will be the next attraction.

The Italian Opera Company begins a supplementary season at the Baldwin, Monday evening, with "La Boheme," which will be repeated Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. "Otello" is announced for Thursday and Saturday evenings. During the second week productions are to be given of "Manon Lescaut," "Ernani" and "Aida." No advance in admission is to be made.

The concert of the Orpheus Musical Club, under the direction of Fritz Scheel at the Columbia Thursday afternoon, promises to be of exceptional interest. The programme consists of Goldmark's symphony "Rustic Wedding," overture to "Mignon," Saint Saen's "Danse Macabre," Wagner's "Albumlatt" and the Liszt-Muller-Bergham "Rhapsodie."

Patriotism will run rampant at Morosco's next week in the production of the naval melodrama "Old Glory." The scene is in Chile during the anti-American agitation some years ago, and the navy in question is represented by the "Baltimore."

The Frawley Company will open at the California for two weeks commencing December 20th, presenting among other plays "An International Match."

For next week the Alcazar announces a revival of Nat Goodwin's great comedy, "The Nominee." As the piece is well suited to the Alcazar people a satisfactory performance may be expected.


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ESTATE OF EUDORA A. CHAMBERS (sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers) DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, R. C. Chambers, Executor of the will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said R. C. Chambers, at the law offices of Franklin K. Lane, rooms 201-202 Crocker Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

R. C. CHAMBERS,
Executor of the Will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco. November 5, 1897.


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Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second (2d) day of November, 1897, an assessment (No. 63) of twenty-five cents (25c.) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of December, 1897, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless paid before, will be sold on Tuesday the twenty-eighth (28th) day of December, 1897, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. M. JAFFE, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco. California.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Kentuck Consolidated Mining Company**

Assessment.....No. 14
Amount per share .....5 cents
Levied .....October 27, 1897
Delinquent in office .....December 1, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock.....December 22, 1897

AUG. WATERMAN, Secretary.
Office, room 23, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Belcher Mining Company**

Assessment.....No. 57
Amount per share .....20 cents
Levied.....November 20, 1897
Delinvent in office.....December 24, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock.....January 14, 1897

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office, room 35, 3d floor, Mills blg., San Francisco.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company**

Assessment.....No. 82
Amount per share .....20 cents
Levied.....November 2, 1897
Delinquent in office.....December 7, 1897
Day of sale of delinquent stock.....December 29, 1897

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Duncan B. McMillan, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Duncan B. McMillan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
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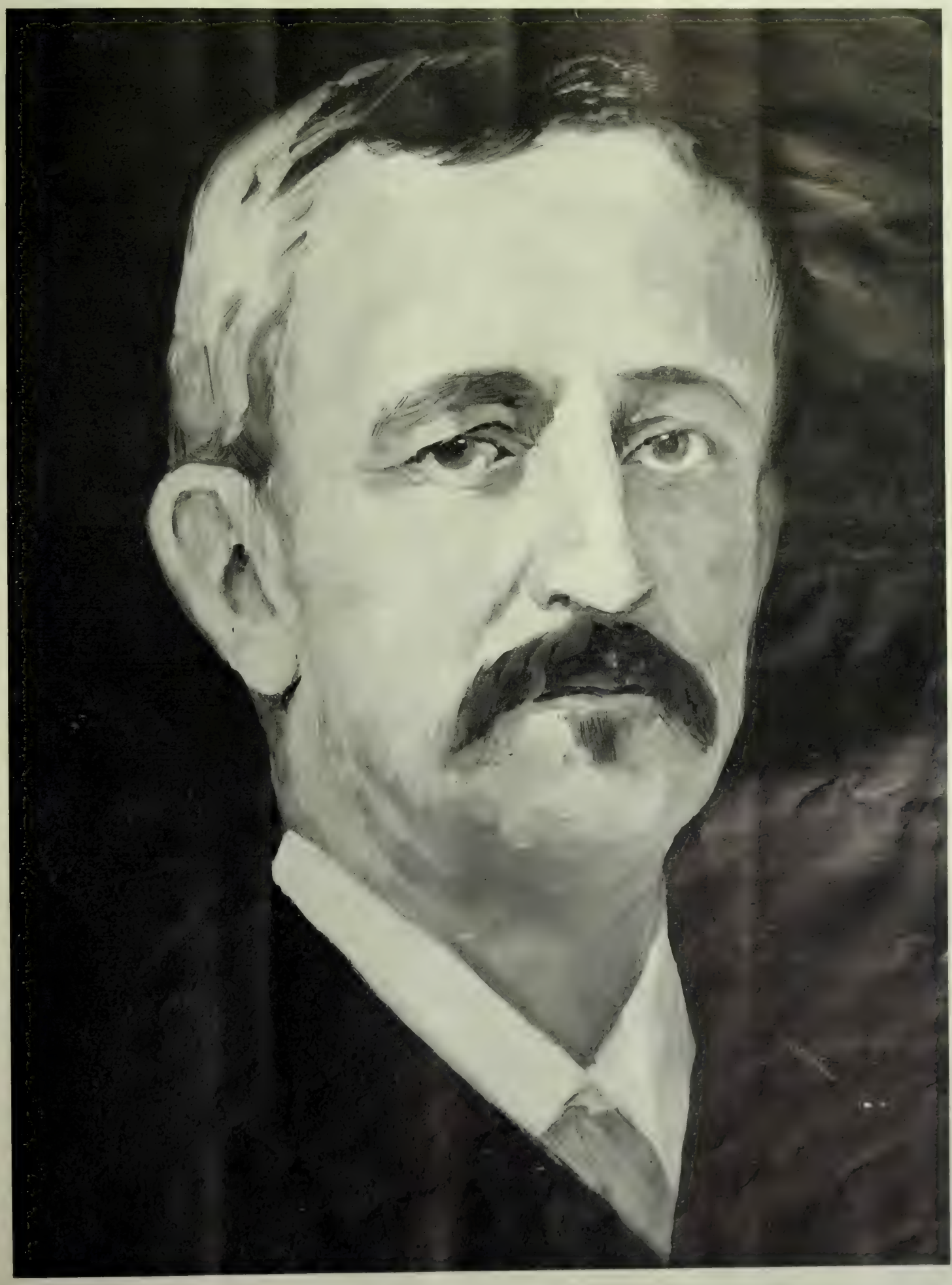
# THE WAVE

VOL. XVI. No. 50 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 11. 1897 PRICE 10 CTS



GENERAL THOMAS H. HUBBARD

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From a study by J. D. Strong

# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 11, 1897


## CONTENTS


Editorials ..... 2
Professor Hudson's Essays; by John Bonner ..... 3
The Spain of To-day ..... 3
Who Shall Bear the Standard? by Arthur Pillsbury ..... 3
The Libraries of San Francisco ..... 4-5
Things and People; by Boswell Jr. ..... 6-7
Clancy's Reign of Terror in South Park ..... 7
Holiday Literature; by F. N. ..... 8
American Life: a Review ..... 9
A Debutante's Diary ..... 10
The Theatres ..... 11
The Christmas Magazines ..... 12
The "First Born" in London ..... 13
Turf Topics; by Benedict ..... 14
Finance and Trade ..... 14
New Stories Re-Told ..... 16


## HAPPINESS BY CONQUEST.

There is a man named Horace Fletcher who has written a queer little book called *Happiness as Found in Forethought Minus Fearthought*. He calls Fearthought the self-imposed or self-permitted suggestion of inferiority. He says that a sense of one's inferiority will poison one's happiness, will make one *un*-happy. This, instead of actual trouble, Mr. Fletcher says, is the cause of unhappiness, for trouble in his philosophy does not exist. "Fearthought of trouble is as near as one ever gets to the condition, for the reason that whatever has come has ceased to exist, except in the memory." But how about happiness then, for happiness when it comes has ceased to exist, except in the memory. We suppose that Mr. Fletcher would hurdle that obstacle by retorting that anticipation and remembrance of happiness *is* happiness, all the happiness that one can get on this side of the hole-in-the-ground.

There is something in this Fletcher theory when you stop and think about it a moment. The difficulty is that Happiness is not a constant quantity. It all depends upon your point of view, on your temperament, on your condition. One man's idea of happiness may mean a good wife, another man's may mean a beef-steak. Or the same man may have a different idea of Happiness at different times. To-day it may be a good wife. Cast him away upon a desert island, or "concentrate" him in an interior Cuban village and in a week he will entertain pronounced views as to that beef-steak.

We are all scrambling along after Happiness, when you come to that, and it's curious that after some seven or eight thousand years of the scramble we should have no more definite idea of what Happiness is or means. And if we attained Happiness we should be unhappy that we could attain nothing further. It is a queer situation. "Hopeful determination," says Horace Fletcher, "will go far in the way of procuring Happiness" But the words Hope and Determination imply the overcoming of certain things, certain obstacles, certain *un*happinesses. One is inclined to believe that that is more nearly the right idea, that Happiness is *overcoming rather than attaining*. One can never attain and yet be happy, but there are plenty of chances of overcoming things. One never can quite exhaust them. One is often led to speculate if even the Octogenarian, brought to his last bed, with the hole-in-the-ground none too far distant, has not some idea of overcoming the enemy that has the grip of him, of recovery from *that* particular illness anyway. At least he has the chance of trying.

With an idea so vague as Happiness, and with so many billion of men and women entered for the scramble, it is hard to make formulas upon the matter that will fit everywhere. One believes "to overcome" will apply. One even hazards a further step—the bigger the thing you overcome, the greater will be your happiness. This again is relative, of course. Happiness is in a way a colored light, thrown on the stage of the world's action, sometimes illuminating a Hoyt farce, and sometimes a Shakespearean tragedy. There is Happiness, one is bound to admit, even in the successful leading of a paper german, there are obstacles enough to be overcome, as anyone who has tried it can tell you. But when Mr. Andree shall read from his sextant the latitude and longitude of *his* farthest North—as we all hope he has done already—he, too, in thinking of the obstacles he has overcome, will experience that same feeling which we must call by the same name of Happiness. It is a difference, an enormous difference, but a difference of degree not of kind.

Successful overcoming of obstacles—that's the real fun you can have for your money, nor will anyone admire you so much as for this. The feeblest of us feel a thrill for the successful hero. We like the vicious, wicked determination that suggests the thorough-bred bull dog, we cannot but applaud the fellow who sits down in his closet and thinks and plans a certain action or course of life, and who grips his teeth together and clenches his fist till the knuckles whiten and says, "By God, I'll put it through," and *does* put it through *just* as he had planned it. I say we cannot help but admire that fellow, whether he has planned a cotillion or a train robbery or a Congo expedition. But whether we condemn or applaud, whether we put him on a waxed dancing floor, or in the penitentiary, or on a lecture platform, it is all one with him. He has overcome his obstacles. He has known Happiness.

F. N.

## A QUESTION OF PROTECTION.

Our able evening contemporary, the *Bulletin*, resents any reference to our national protection policy that is not surrounded by a gilt frame of eulogistic praise, and adorned with warm, clinging adjectives of approbation.

To declare the Dingley bill perfection, and to say that we have reached the point of governmental policy that needs no mending or amending, is to offer ourselves up to well merited ridicule and criticism that may not be readily answered. The Wave has not, as our contemporary declares, charged that our "protection policy was iniquitous because employers of labor were permitted to purchase labor in the cheapest market and sell their goods in a market made higher by protection." We merely mildly pointed out that this was the fact, and it is the fact, the *Bulletin* to the contrary notwithstanding. We also pointed out that the manufacturers and proprietors of protected industries were and are to-day, availing themselves of the "unprotected" condition of labor; and were and are drawing upon the cheap labor of Europe for their craftsmen, their operators and their miners. These two statements are beyond disputing. They are plain facts, known to the world, and no amount of sophistry will cure the vice or lessen its evil.

Our argument was not directed against protection so much as it was toward increasing its efficiency. Properly applied, properly guarded, we have no quarrel with the shibboleth that runs "Protection to American Industries," but we do incline very strongly toward the amendment which Mr. U. S. Grant Jr. suggests "Protection to American Industries and protection to the American *Industrious*." But the *Bulletin* says:

"The argument against protection was sound to the extent to which it was based upon facts. If the employers were permitted to purchase labor in the cheapest market and sell the product of labor in the higher protected market, the protection policy would be unjust to the laborer. His services would be exposed to the severest competition, while the goods he consumed would be increased in price by the protection afforded the producer."

This is an exact statement of the condition of affairs as they really exist to-day, to mend which we urge further legislation for the protection to American labor itself. The mere fact that a St. Louis labor union has declared against the proposed restriction of immigration, does not lessen the necessity for the application of the remedy. The wrong is with us nevertheless, and the Republican party should not hesitate to perform a solemn duty. As well might the physician hesitate to administer some world recognized specific, because his patient did not believe it would effect a cure of his complaint. The labor union of St. Louis may have been made up of Populists or Democrats anxious to perpetuate evils that may be charged up against the party of Protection. In any event their vote upon this question stamps them as being sadly lacking in a true knowledge of their true interests.

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The election of General Thos. H. Hubbard to the first and George Crocker to the second vice-presidency of the Southern Pacific Company marks the result in corporate affairs of the lamentable death of Chas. F. Crocker. While no special significance is to be attached to the elevation of General Hubbard from the office of second vice-president to that of first, or the succession of Mr. Crocker to the second vice-presidency, yet the subject is one of common interest and the personality and appearance of General Hubbard has been but inadequately dealt with by the daily press. General Hubbard comes of sterling American stock, and has a record sufficient to excite admiration. He is the youngest and only surviving son of John Hubbard, who was twice Governor of Maine, and is a graduate of Bowdoin College. In the year 1861 he was admitted to practise in New York, but at the outbreak of the war, entered the Union Army as Adjutant of the 25th Regiment of Maine Volunteer Infantry, in which capacity he saw considerable service in Virginia. After the expiration of his term of service he returned to Maine and recruited and reorganized the 30th Regiment Maine Volunteer Infantry. As Lieutenant-Colonel of this Regiment he served in the Red River Campaign, participating in all of its battles. He was mentioned with especial commendation by Admiral Porter for his services at Alexandria, which resulted in the saving of a fleet of Federal gunboats at that port, was commissioned Colonel of his Regiment in May, '64, and was mustered in as Colonel in June of the same year. Under General Sheridan he served in the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, and subsequently in Savannah, Georgia. Notably a brave and efficient officer, he distinguished himself in every position in which he was placed. After the close of the war, General Hubbard resumed the practice of his profession in New York City, where his ability and character have won him a leading position at the bar. As a lawyer he is strong, able and competent, highly accomplished, and deeply read, a man whose identity stands for all that is honorable and upright in the legal profession.

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*("Happiness" by Horace Eletcher. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)*

## WHO SHALL BEAR THE STANDARD?

BY ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY.

The probable Democratic candidate for Governor of California is already before the people. He has put himself in nomination, moved that nominations do close, and that the nomination of himself by himself be made unanimous. The motion will probably carry, and James G. Maguire will no doubt receive the Gubernatorial nomination of the Democratic party of California without opposition. There is no quarrel to be picked because of this proceeding. It is well to recognize that Judge Maguire is a man of ability of a certain kind, that he is popular with the people, and will be a hard man to beat—with the exception of Stephen M. White, the hardest that the Democrats could put up.

It will deepen the interest of Republicans to state that there are evidences to show that, back of Judge Maguire and in co-partnership with him in a purpose to carry this State for at least the head of the Democratic ticket in next year's election, there is as desperate a gang of political ruffians as ever marred the methods or blackened the fame of any commonwealth—a gang who are every one of them fighters, afraid of nothing, and who will scruple at nothing in order to gain their end. Some of these are alleged Republicans, though the allegation is not true. They are boodlers, who know no principles and no party as they know no religion and no God.

Three years ago the Republican party was confronted by this same gang, and the gang was victorious in all that it contended for—the Gubernatorial office,—but in that campaign the Republican party was handicapped by being handed over to the indiscreet custody of a San Francisco boss, a misfortune that is not likely to befall the party again until the memories of its members fail and the humiliation of having sacrified a respectable but chestnutty candidate has been forgotten.

Next year's campaign is likely to prove of more than State importance. The existence of a Republican majority in the United States Senate is likely to hinge upon the event and only Heaven knows what eventually may not hinge upon the existence of a Republican majority in the United States Senate.

The Republicans of California should plan to win the next campain, and it is not now too soon to plan or too soon to begin to work in accordance with a plan in order to win. It will not be a walk-over, no matter who is the standard-bearer. Affirmative legislation on the currency question is likely to characterize the coming session of Congress, and after affirmative legislation there is apt to be a revulsion of popular feeling, and, in American politics, a tidal wave toward the negative of the controversy. Action and reaction tend to produce this result, and only a positive and paramount Republican educational force can overcome the tendency. These facts are not recited with the view of producing a scare, but party patriotism will sanction neither the underestimation of the voting strength nor the advantage of position of the party in opposition.

The rank and file of the Republican party ought to choose the Gubernatorial candidate, but until the Australian ballot system, or something akin to it, has been adapted to the use of State conventions, there will exist no adeqate mechanism for ascertaining the preferences of the rank and file of any party, and the product of a State convention will be in the future, what it has been in the past—the result of conscienceless trafficking for nominations for local candidates without regard to popular will, an equitable distribution of offices as regards locality, or the well-being of State or party.

It would seem that the exigency calls for a conference, in executive session, of the best men in the Republican party in California, a conference of say one hundred men selected with due regard to character and geographical distribution, who, before attending, should take the pains to inform themselves as to the state of feeling of the people at home. Such a conference was held at the opening of the last campaign and gentlemen who came some hundreds of miles to learn what their opinions ought to be on questions of National policy went away enlightened. Had that conference been held six months earlier it would have prevented the party getting into an equivocal position on the silver question and would have saved speakers the nautiation of publicly dieting on crow.

These conferees should be men of character and not mere politicians. The mere politician has no opinions in advance of issue joined, and, not having studied public questions for an hour, if he ventures opinions he generally finds himself baying on the wrong scent. These are they to whom the party owes all its confusions, all its humiliations, all its defeats. Their space will be more valuable than their presence.

This conference should be held early in the coming year, in San Francisco, and a half dozen patriotic Republicans should join in calling it and in preparing a place in which it can be held.

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The new carriages entered in the New York Horse Show are simpler in color than those of last year, and display a leaning toward old patterns. The cabriolet has the front seat lower and the lines plain and sweeping, and differs further from previous patterns in its decoration, which is less gaudy, being jet black with light trimmings. Favorite colors in broughams are dark green and dark blue, flashy shades not being seen. High colors are still used in shooting carts and traps of that class, and red and yellow are as popular as ever. Large breaks, mountain wagons and four-in-hand traps are much as they were last season, many of them painted in high colors. The glass side wagonette omnibus is growing in favor, and also the open 'bus for four persons, the pattern being lower than formerly, and the vehicle looking compact and comfortable. The lack of display and the leaning toward plainness may be seen in harnesses as well as vehicles. The new designs differ from last year's only in the style of stitching, in place of yellow, blue and white stitching only black being used. Silver was in vogue almost exclusively last year, but this season there has been a reaction in favor of brass.

## PROFESSOR HUDSON'S ESSAYS

BY JOHN BONNER.

Prof. Hudson, though a young man, has made himself well known to all lovers of English literature by his lectures and magazine articles. He knows his English library well, and it is to his guidance that many of our people owe their acquaintance with old English fiction and old English verse. The volume now before one contains papers on old London with dear old Pepys strutting round in his three-cornered hat, which may not be altogether new to the well informed; but the paper on Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Manley contains information which is both interesting and novel to any but bookworms. They are a very curious pair of ladies.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

They flourished in the interval between Madame de Seudery and the Earl of Orrery. Mrs. Behn's own life is a romance in which blood and thunder are blended with *la belle galanterie*. She was the daughter of a British officer, who, when she was sixteen, was appointed Governor of Surinam, and took her with him to his principality. Her baptismal name was Aphra; among her intimates, she was known as the divine Astraea. Her father died at sea, and the fair Aphra would have been a derelict, but for a native prince who took her under his protection. How old she was then, we have no means of knowing, nor are we informed how long the affair lasted. We are told that the prince's name was Oroonoko, and that he was not by any means a negro; we are also informed that her relations with him were strictly platonic, which goes without saying. It seems that she left him before she was twenty, and returned to London, where she married a Dutch merchant named Behn; as to whom she significantly remarks that "they are mistaken who imagine that a Dutchman cannot love." Tender as his affection may have been, he died when his wife was twenty-five, and the fair Aphra then appears among the fair and frail consolers of Charles the Second.

He did not make her a duchess, as he had a way of doing with the mistresses of his heart, but he made her a court spy, a calling for which she well adapted by her wit and beauty and keen intellect. She went to Antwerp, and spied upon Admiral de Ruyter, who, after a season of rapture, declared that he could stand one rival, but when it came to three, he would draw the line. The bluff Hollander turned his back on her, and she went back to England, where she found a king who thought less of a pretty woman than of a sergeant of cavalry. Then Aphra fell back on the refuge of the destitute—literature. She wrote plays, poetry and novels—being as fecund as Lope de Vega, and far more immoral. Observation of the British public convinced her that they like pepper in their literary meat, and she gave it to them, being able to draw upon a much larger experience than Wycherley had at command.

Her novels, of which there were a flood, showed fancy and a sense of the picturesque; but they were all flavored by the same sauce piquante. Yet they were read at the time by ladies of the best society and the highest culture. It has always been a question whether women who listened to the play of Wycherley and Farquhar could be virtuous; and the question is still unanswered. Mrs. Behn put a still harder strain on the delicacy of her female hearers or readers. Professor Hudson says that Mrs. Behn makes "mere physical appetite, the passion which rages like a fury from hell, the point of all her stories; she centers their entire interest in the gratification of this passion." She is "always ready to indulge in scenes of the utmost coarseness and pictures of the most revolting brutality." Yet her books were read, and her plays witnessed in an age which saw the publication of Paradise Lost, and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. Are we to infer that in the seventeenth century women in England were all bad, or were divided into two classes—the refined, modest, and pure-minded, and the companions of Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Appra Behn stands alone. France, Italy and Spain have all produced licentious writers; they are producing them still, but it is not easy to recall the name of one female writer of any age in these countries whose works might have been prohibited by the police. Professor Hudson reproduced an anecdote of Walter Scott's, in which he makes a grand-aunt of his confess that in her youth she heard Appra Behn's novels read aloud for the amusement of large circles consisting of the first and most creditable society in London. Evidently Mrs. Behn knew her public and knew what they wanted. The amazing thing is that there should have been such a public in an age which produced Winthrop's diary, and the letters of Mrs. Hutchinson and Roger Williams.

The restoration was a foul period, as even the reader of Pepys must perceive; but when we read the sentence passed on Mrs. Behn by an impartial critic like Professor Hudson, we are compelled to suspect that it was even fouler than we supposed. There was broad talk in the days of Marguerite of Navarre, but not of the Heptameron nor of its many mitations, could a critic say, as Mr. Hudson does, that it describes woman as uniformly salacious, taking no interest in writings which are not descriptions of the gratification of animal passion.

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The first shipment of ripe oranges to the East this year was sent from Coviana, Los Angeles County. Porterville has had the distinction for several years, but this season was beaten by almost one week.

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*("Idle Hours in a Library" by W. H. Hudson. Wm. Doxey, publisher.)*

## THE SPAIN OF TODAY

### A Glimpse Into the Wheels and Springs of Madrid Politics.

That history repeats itself is in itself a repetition that has become stale with usage, yet the saying applies neatly to the situation that is rapidly being prepared by the people and government of Spain. Senor Sagasta and the Queen Regent are to-day looking into the resurrected and double headed spectre that confronted Napoleon Le Petit in the spring of '70. Foreign war or domestic insurrection? That is the question the spectre asks. Napoleon chose the former alternative with Sedan, and the Metz surrender as the result. Will Sagasta defy augury?—go counter to precedent? He is devotedly attached to the Queen and the little King, and is prepared to go to extremes to save the dynasty. Insurrection is rife from the Pyrennees to Gibraltar—a foreign war is the only thing to avert it. War with whom? The United States would be glad to know.

THE KING OF SPAIN

The situation in Spain is grave enough, complicated enough, to have taxed the capabilities of the late James G. Blaine. Spain ceased to grow, as one might say, about five hundred years ago. The people are thoroughly mediæval in their institutions, their opinions, and above all, in their religious convictions. Fancy a political party pledging itself to re-establish the inquisition! Yet that is the promise made by the leaders of the Carlists. But the contradictions and inconsistencies of the Spanish people are legion. In Spain the nobility are the democrats and the middle classes the aristocrats, while the great body of the people are completely under the domination of the Carlist priests, and cast their votes according to their instructions. Under ordinary circumstances the middle class is the support and mainstay of the government. But in Spain it is precisely this middle class that foments discord, opposes authorities, attacks the government and overthrows ministries.

A child is on the throne of Spain under the regency of a woman, while the real power of the kingdom is in the clergy's hands—a priest, a child, and a woman. One asks where are the men, the statesmen, the politicians, the party leaders? They are to be found in the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of the women of Madrid, the Madrilenes (a class notoriously dissolute) and completely under their pernicious influence. These carpet politicians, these statesmen of the teacup, know little and care less as to what goes on outside of Spain, or even outside Madrid. When the son of Don Carlos visited Spain some two years ago he was able to spend three months in the southern part of the kingdom traveling from the chateau of one adherent to another without the knowledge of his movements reaching the ears of the government until long after his departure.

No country in Europe, that is to say, no country in the world, is so ruled by feminine influence as is Spain at the present day, Cabinets are formed and dissolved, ministries overthrown, policies dictated, administrations thwarted, to suit the caprice or to satisfy the petty spite of some great lady of Madrid's *Haute Societe*. That the Queen Regent is unpopular with the Madrilenes is a point to be noted and considered. Perhaps in all Spain she is the one woman who is possessed of political intelligence and foresight, whose breadth of view commands a prospect never attained by the petty intriguers who surround her. Senor Sagasta, who is Spain's nearest approach to a statesman, is her devoted friend, and, as before stated, is ready to preserve the throne to her dynasty at all hazards, even at the terrible risk of war with the United States.

But Sagasta is unsupported. Senor Moret is the only man of the present ministry upon whom he can place the least reliance, and he is a visionary, clinging to the belief that political problems can be solved and financial situations coped with by clever articles in periodicals and journals. The whole status of the government can be summed up in one word—weak! Spain is weak financially, weak politically, and deplorably weak (where she should be strongest, if she is bent on war with the United States), in her military organization. The army is discontented, uneasy, and frequently on the point of actual mutiny. Advancement and preferment are attained as often as not by positive and unconcealed disloyalty to the government whom the soldiers are pledged to support. Officers are promoted by favor, and not by service. Our friend, the late Captain-General, returning home after a career of the most brilliant and conspicuous mismanagement, corruption and defeat, but with an increased bank account of $125,000, is perhaps a fair type.

It may be asked if the Queen-Regent, with all her intelligence and largeness of view, is blind to this state of affairs. She, more than any one else, is in a position to judge. One asks if there has been any indication on her part of her knowledge of approaching calamity. If she has ever acted as though she were preparing to "stand from under," in the event of a smashup?

A few months ago a special messenger, returning from London to Madrid, was attacked and robbed in the vicinity of Irun. In his dispatch-bag were found envelopes addressed to the Queen of Spain by the Bank of England. These envelopes contained receipts signed by the Bank for a greater portion of the Queen's jewels and her personal fortune in bonds and securities to the amount of $2,000,000.

SPENCER MASTERS.

Madrid, November 8, 1897.

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The Interstate Commerce Commission has issued its usual abstract of statistics of railways for the year ending June, 1897.

The total railway mileage of the United States is shown to be 182,776.63 miles, an increase of 2,119.16 miles, of which California is credited with 202.05 miles. In the hands of receivers are 151 roads representing a mileage of 30,475.39 miles. To operate the entire railway mileage of America there are employed 35,950 locomotives. The number of cars of all classes in service aggregate 1,297,649.

The number of men employed in the railway service amounts to 826,620. The aggregate amount of wages and salaries paid was $468,824,531.00 or 60.65 per cent of the total operating expenses.

The amount of railway capital on June 30, 1896, was $10,566,865,771, which, assigned on a mileage basis, shows a capital of $59,610 per mile of line. These figures do not include current liabilities which would increase the amount per mile to $63,068.00. These figures rather dispute the charge that our local railway concerns are capitalized and mortgaged beyond the average.

On the side of passenger traffic the showing is most interesting. The number of passengers carried during the year was 511,772,737. The number of passengers killed was 181, and the number injured 2,873. The figures show a marked decrease in passenger business.

Freight business however shows an increase and amounted to 765,891,385 tons, an increase of 69,130,214 tons.

The amount of gross earnings after deducting operating expenses was $377,180,332. The income from other sources, mainly from leases and investments, was $129,024,731, making a total income of over five hundred and six million dollars. The net income available for dividends and surplus, however, amounts only to about eighty-nine and a half millions. The cost of transportation in American railways is much lower than in Europe. A comparison of rates obtained from another but quite as reliable source, results very favorably to the American railroads, and even the abused Pullman company service is much cheaper than similar service in Europe.

The following table is interesting.

New York to St. Paul, 1,314 miles, 40 hours, $31.50 railway fare, $7 sleeper fare; New York to Denver, 1937 miles, 64 hours, $48.75, $11; Paris to Constantinople, 1,857 miles, 56 hours, $71, $28; Paris to St. Petersburg, 1,600 miles, 59 hours, $56, $25; Calais to Brindisi, 1,380 miles, 56 hours, $66, $26; New York to Omaha, 1,400 miles, 41 hours, $32.75, $7.50; Paris to Lisbon, 1,175, 48 hours, $48, $22; New York to Chicago, 960 miles, 27 hours, $20, $5; Leipsic to Rome, 945 miles, 35 hours, $44, $15; Washington to Chicago, 921 miles, 24 hours, $18, $5; Ostend to Vienna, 821 miles, 29 hours, $33, $10; Paris to Madrid, 810 miles, 28 hours, $34, $15; Paris to Vienna, 790 miles, 26 hours, $30, $7.50; Washington to Jacksonville, 760 miles, 20 hours, $21, $5; Paris to Rome, 775 miles, 34 hours, $33, $10; Paris to Berlin, 663 miles, 20 hours, $24, $8; Paris to Frankfort 375 miles, 15 hours, $10, $5.

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The number of hats vacant in the Sacred College of Cardinals is reckoned at twelve, and it becomes a sort of necessity to appoint new members to the cardinalate. Four Italian prelates are named as likely to be promoted on this occasion; two of these, at least, are regarded as certain. These are Monsignor Francesco della Volpe and Monsignor Agostino Ciasca. The former is majordomo to His Holiness; the latter, secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda Fide. Both may be said to have been for a considerable time in the position which generally ends in the cardinalate. The other Italian prelates mentioned as likely to receive the red hat at the next consistory are the archbishops of Turin and Naples.

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Ten Eastern capitalists have bought a tract of 8000 acres in Colusa County for the purpose of cultivating beets. A sugar refinery of 400 tons daily capacity is to be erected. It is claimed that in a few years' time enough sugar will be produced on the Pacific Coast to ship in such large quantities to Chicago and other Western points as to reduce rates and compete successfully with the trust refineries.

A VIEW OF SOUTH PARK (see page 7)

In the Mercantile Library

Doorway of the Mercantile Library

Reading Room of the Mechanics Library

In the Mechanics Library

THE MAIN HALL

CHILDREN'S READING ROOM

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## SAN FRANCISCO'S LIBRARIES

### Three Institutions That Supply Books and Reading.

That San Francisco is well equipped with library facilities was the conviction of Mr. Jellison, the librarian of the Mechanics' Library of this city, after an inspection of the libraries of the large Eastern cities. Though the work of our local dilettante may not be appreciated as some—principally the dilettante—aver; though we may be a "jay town" in our mistreatment of the wandering minstrel, nevertheless we may lay the flattering unction to our souls that Culture lives and moves and has vigorous being in the metropolis of the West; for the city's generous suffrage, and nothing else, has permitted the growth of three large and splendidly equipped libraries, such as would do credit to any recognized centers of civilization, art and letters. We not only read as many novels per man or per woman, but we peruse as many periodicals, burn midnight oil over as many philosophical disquisitions and scientific treatises, and finger as many maps, diagrams and patent reports, as Boston, New York and even Chicago.

Nor are the advantages, which our libraries offer, monopolized by the more favored classes of our population, for the Free Public Library has a much larger patronage than either of the others. During the last year there were considerably over half a million books used, while in the Mechanics' Library there were but 167,000 volumes issued.

The Free Public Library is the especial blessing of the poor and the unemployed, though all classes of our people are members, and find access to its well filled shelves occasionally necessary. The children go to the Free Library after school; men and women with plenty of time and little to do throng its cheerful reading rooms at all hours. Young authors who, while they may not live in the traditional garret, could not afford the dues of the subscription libraries, study and ponder and write, and the world of literature and art and invention will ultimately be the richer for the privilege these enjoy. Our residents of the last decade will remember the ill-lighted, draughty hall above the old California Theatre on Bush Street where the Free Library had its home for many a year. And ill-lighted and draughty was old Mr, Perkins, its librarian at that time—a man of gruff forbidding personality, and of small patience with the little tads who borrowed from him Oliver Optic, Castleman and Alger. Then the library moved to the Larkin street wing of the New City Hall and, soon after, to its present fine quarters on the McAllister street side of the same edifice. Here the arrangements are in every way modern and convenient. Since Mr. Cheney resigned to assume charge of the Newberry Library of Chicago, taking with him, by the way, his assistant Mr. Rudolph, who was the inventer of the remarkably efficient system of cataloguing now in vogue, his place has been taken by Mr. George T. Clark. Mr. J. Lichtenstein, who is his assistant, has a special fitness for the work. The Free Library has now nearly 76,000 volumes, about 8,800 of which are on the shelves of the Free Branch Libraries which have been established in those parts where they may be expected to do the most good.

The Mechanics' Library is perhaps the best known, the largest and the most popular of the several proprietary or subscription libraries of the city. Organized in 1854 on a liberal educational plan, it has steadily grown till, at the present day, it occupies a leading place among the proprietary libraries of the United States. Its volumes number some 75,000, these include, besides the American Reports, a full set of the British Patent Reports. The holding of annual fairs by the Institute has been a means of recruiting its membership, but no more so than the policy of freedom of access to all its books—and as a result very few are stolen—the splendid system of lectures and classes in the fine and technical arts which has been in vogue for many years, and

the practice of keeping closely in touch and studiously catering to the wishes of its members. An instance of this are the changes in the arrangement of the rooms which were made a few years ago. One of these changes seemed not to meet with approval, whereupon at great pains a vote was taken, the fact disproved, and the reading room was again elevated to the lighter upper floor of the building.

At the present time the Mercantile Library is the third library in San Francisco, if we average such elements as external appearance, number of volumes, members and popularity. In some respects, however, it might well be considered the first library of the city. Its externals are unmeasurably superior to those of the other libraries, occupying as it does its own mansion of statley and classic style, situated at the intersection of the two driving avenues of the city, and housing its rare collection of works in a single square chamber richly furnished and ideally lighted. The Mercantile Library, too, is more than a library. It is an historical monument of San Francisco. It represents to our modern era, the perpetuation of that romantic time when the birth and growth on the sand hills of Yerba Buena, of a center of civilization and culture, was the fond work of a handful of pioneers. The Mercantile Library has fallen from its high estate in a worldly sense. Its existence with a depleted membership and under the handicap of a remote location, is not an easy one to maintain. Some years ago an effort was made to bring about its amalgamation with one or the other of the two more prosperous institutions, but the sentiment, the almost filial fidelity of its members, antagonized and defeated the plan. So, having builded for itself a castle befitting its aristocratic antecedents, the proud old Mercantile waits its fate with a sad dignity, believing and trusting still that a prosperous and brilliaut future is in store for its later days.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

*The Christmas Edition of The Wave will be one of the most original and characteristic publications ever made in California. Eschewing all stereotyped scenic effects, it will present at least eight full pages of photographs representing the home life of the various nationalities that have adopted California as their home. The set will make an admirable exhibit of that city which Stevenson called "a vast smelting-pot of races and metals," and the pictures are quite the cleverest ever caught of the subjects. The cover, a beautiful design in four colors, is by George H. Piper, sculptor of the Stevenson Monument.*

Apropos of the literary tone which pervades our issue of this week, it may be well to speculate briefly on the "clerk at the desk" in the prominent circulating libraries of this and other cities as a factor in the disseminating of the popularity of a certain book and a moulder of literary taste in a community such as this. It is instructive and—more or less—edifying to stand for half an hour at a corner of his desk any day in the week between the hours of eleven and half-past twelve. A never ending procession of girls and young women file before the autocrat asking invariably one of these questions: "What's something new?" "Tell me something good?" "Which of these books is the best?" The answer is given with an assurance that admits of no controversy or hesitation. Of course, the demand is for fiction and the young woman departs with the autocrat's choice under arm, serenely persuaded that she has something good and "new," and quite the best thing going. The "clerk at the desk" might be said to exert an influence in the feminine community second to none; "what he says goes." If *he* says a book is black, *she* says it is good. If the oracle proclaims the same book white, *she* says it is better. He is the maker and creator of taste. Why not play upon *her* weakness and *his* power. Why do not some of the enterprising publishers

GEORGE CROCKER
Recently elected Second Vice-President Southern Pacific Co.

—or authors for that matter—tip the autocrat a twenty or so to boom their particular novel. Young doctors are known to tip hotel clerks in this fashion. Why not "see" the autocrat of the public library desk in the matter of popularizing your "novel" or "collection" of short stories. There is perhaps, an idea here. It would be "American enterprise" surely.

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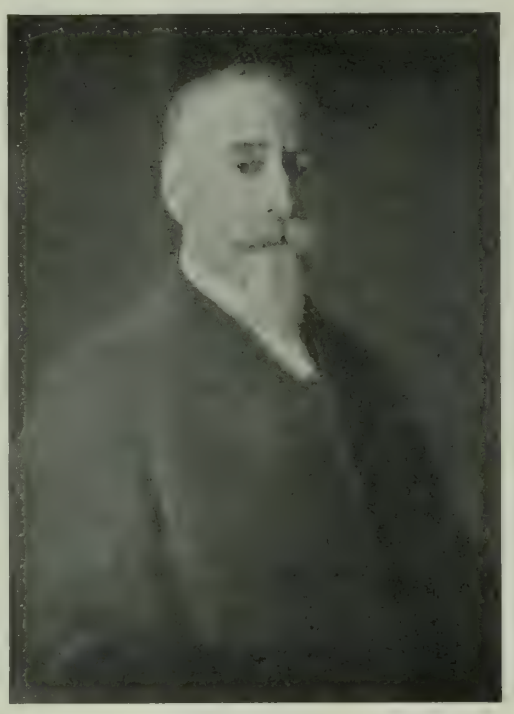
Inspiring reports travel back to us from the work of *Les Jeunes* now in New York. As far as can be learned not



GENERAL HOWELLS
From the painting by Jos. D. Strong in the Bohemian Club exhibit

one of the younger literary set has gone from San Francisco to Manhattan that has not promptly found his or her niche, or at least a place to stand on and cry their little message. They cried it out here in their native city, it would seem, but a cry from the West to the East does not carry far. It was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Now that the *Jeunes* have been elevated to their several niches in New York we are beginning to hear them—better, we are beginning to listen to them. Miss Geraldine Bonner, so I am told, is to have a story in the Christmas *Harper's* and Burgess contributes beautiful little yarns to the holiday *St. Nicholas* and to *Life*. By the way, I understand that the *Enfant Terrible* which the "Lark man" publishes jointly with *Oliver Herford* has made its appearance, and rather more than justifies expectations. It is a four page weekly, full of nonsense on distinctly French, or rather Parisian lines.

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Every now and then one hears a good deal of talk about the younger literateurs of San Francisco and their circles and their successes in the East or even in London. But there is not much said of our middlemen in the matter of literature, to wit, our publishers, at least, not as much as should be. Doxey, Robertson, Dodge, have all of them published editions of story books, pamphlets, essays, poems and Xmas books, etc. Robertson and Dodge have just recently put out some Xmas calendars that for printing, binding, quality of paper and downright clever artistic drawings are quite as much up to date as the most critical could desire. Doxey, of course, is the best of all, *The Itinerant House* from the "Sign of the Lark" was as fine a piece of bookmaking as anything that Houghton-Mifflin could produce, and Prof. Hudson's book was no less beautifully bound. Whatever the California authors may say of their native public, they surely can find no fault with the way the native publishers dress the children of their fancy.

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It is said that Archibald Clavering Gunter owed the success of *Mr. Barnes of New York* largely to his own cleverness and to a ruse played upon a New York book dealer who was enterprising. Mr. Gunther published the book at first at his own expense, with the result that he soon had an enormous quantity left on his hands. In his dilemma and seeking to create a demand for the copies, he wrote letters to various bookdealers in and about New York asking for copies of the book in the name of fictitious purchasers. Soon the local supply was exhausted, and the small dealers turned to one of the larger book firms in New York asking for a fresh lot. This dealer in turn wrote to Mr. Gunther and rebuested him to forward a certain number. "Will you take all I have," answered the author. The dealer inadvertently replied that he would. Promptly the next morning a dray backed up to the curb in front of the dealer's store and a thousand copies of *Mr. Barnes of New York* were left in his place. To get out of what he believed to be a bad bargain the bookdealer made almost Herculean efforts to push and advertise the book in order to get the enormous stock off his hands. He induced a demand for Mr. Gunther's novel. The book began to sell. It, and its successors have been selling ever since.

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Quite an assembly of the city's notables foregathered in the rooms of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday and Saturday of this week to view the exhibition of the work of the city's painters. The club has ever been a patron of art and the artists acknowledged the patronage and the implied obligation by a display of canvasses that quite took away the breath. The Hopkins house has never called out better work than that which now hangs upon the walls of the clubmen's Post street home. Huber's orchestra was on hand on both days, and on Saturday a lunch was served. All the "fashionable element" presented themselves as well for the sake of seeing the club as for seeing the pictures. The crush Saturday afternoon was monumental, and in the parlance of the advance agent, "hundreds failed of admittance." It is to be hoped that the Bohemian Club will follow up the lead so auspiciously opened, for more people of "class who buy" would attend a club exhibit than one held at the Hopkins house. An unusually large per cent of pictures bore the white label of "sold." Indeed, I am told that Charles Rollo Peters—who has made quite an enviable hit with his moonlights—sold every picture he exhibited.

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The prize offered by the Bohemian Club in its exhibition of the work of local artists has not yet been decided at the time of this writing. However, in our opinion Charles Rollo Peters should stand the best chance of winning. We even venture to predict that he will win. His moonlights have been easily the feature, not to say sensation, of the exhibit, and it was around them that the crowds of visitors on Wednesday and Saturday was the densest. Mr. Peters, as everyone knows by now, has made a specialty of painting moonlight scenes in and around the old town of Monterey. So successful has Mr. Peters been in his efforts that the noise of his fame has reached across the seas to London. He has had a call from one of the biggest of London dealers, and is soon to transport himself and his moonlights to the English capital. The dealer has assured him of a great hit, and will give him a special exhibition. I hope and thoroughly believe that Mr. Peters will have a great vogue in London where the clamor is always after "some new thing." His work certainly is original, and his "After the Gringo Came" and "Chez Nous" are perhaps two of the best canvases ever done west of the Mississippi. By the way, here is a chance for the amateur and the collector before he leaves. Mr. Peters intends to dispose of a collection of curios, chiefly Napoleonic in character, which he will place on exhibition at some convenient and central downtown locality. I have seen this wonderful collection, and I can assure the amateur that it is quite worthy of any musee of the continent.

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Almost every Californian, and certainly every San Franciscan for two generations, knows and loves "Uncle George" Bromley. Few of us here, however, know his brother, "Ike" Bromley, who is, in the affections of New York clubmen, what "Uucle George" is to Bohemia. Like his California brother, "Ike" is a wit of the first order. The other day, at a meeting of the Yale Club of New York, he delivered an address on "Individuals," and during the course of his remarks referred to a well-known American more celebrated for his large fortune and gorgeous wardrobe than anything else, whom we will call "Brown of Bridgeport." "And now," said Ike, "we come to Brown of Bridgeport. Like the lilies of the field, he toileth not, and he very seldom spun; and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Brown of Bridgeport——and I pause to remark that it was exceedingly creditable to Solomon!"

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The election of George Crocker to the second vice-presidency of the Southern Pacific is generally commented on as a distinction fittingly conferred. There is no question but that he will prove a valuable factor in the counsels of the great corporation. He is quick-witted, decisive and capable, and has inherited much of that uncompromising vigor of character which distinguished his father. Mr. Crocker is interested in affairs generally, is ambitious and positive, and undoubtedly will be heard from in the future.

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There has been a veritable renaissance at Burlingame of late, a revival of the interest in out-of-door sports, and the clubhouse and grounds are filled with an unwonted throng of members. Golf has suddenly become the great attraction and the links are thronged from day to day with enthusiastic golfers, and the vocabulary of the club bristles with such technicalities as "stimmie," "cleek," "niblick" and "putting green." The hounds are in fine fettle at present and have been had out over the course on several occasions. Two meets have already been held—one at San Mateo in front of Mr. Hobart's house, and another at Millbrae. The third is to be held next Saturday at Burlingame itself. Each Saturday and Wednesday the polo teams try conclusions on the great field near the railroad. Altogether Burlingame is just now one of the largest and jolliest of California's winter outing places.

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The condition of affairs now prevailing in the Pacific-Union Club is unfortunate, to say the least. Though the project to move the institution to Van Ness avenue has twice been carried, and though bonds to pay for a handsome new building were liberally subscribed for, the Board of Directors,

THE BASKET MAN: BY SOLLY WALTER
From "California Chinese Calendar"
*Copyright, 1897, by A. M. Robertson*

setting the will of the majority at naught, refused to take action, and now the scheme has fallen by the wayside. Its supporters are tired of its advocacy and have lost interest in the institution, and its opponents, having won, are appar-

ently satisfied with their success. Between chagrin and fatuity the club languishes. It must seek fresh quarters a year hence or take a ten years lease, which no one wants. No decision has been arrived at, and the membership list which numbered six hundred, has fallen to about three hundred and fifty. What is worse, both the University and Bohemian Clubs are drawing from the parent institution its younger and more progressive members, and nowadays you rarely see more than a corporal's guard in the big sitting room of the institution. Indeed, the directors have ordered the dining-room closed and meals are served in the breakfast-room. Heavens, how the glory of the institution has departed. It is not so long ago that membership in the P. U. was a mark of high social distinction, when it was the afternoon gathering place of the *jeunesse dore*, where there used to gather at dinner every night a coterie of chosen spirits, who discussed the vintages of clarets and the bouquets of hock with all the airs and graces of connoisseurdom. But many of this old crowd have gone the way of all flesh—the others grown tired of the familiar auspices, seek their pleasures elsewhere. There is room for a solid, conservative club here, for just such a club as the Pacific-Union used to be before it began to grow old and tired and sleepy. Mayhap a process of revival might be accomplished by some active, vigorous president, but it seems improbable, to judge by past failures, that a veritably energetic man would be given a free hand by the several cliques to work out a new destiny for the institution.

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Many races make up California, and innumerable are the varieties of life that prevail within our boundaries. George Dougherty, a Trinity college man, who has rccently come to San Francisco, after a protracted sojourn in the upper ranches of Mendocino county, has many a story of the populace of that region, which he declares consists of the undefeated wing of Lee's army, which had retired from the conflict after Appomatox, and without bowing its neck to the yoke of the North, had taken bullock carts and come West, settling among the redwoods. Dougherty, who had long been out of work and was ready and willing to turn his hand or brain to aught that came, found in a Ukiah paper, an advertisement for a teacher to take charge of a newly created

A Nimble Duo

Two blithesome maidens who figure in "A Milk White Flag" at the Columbia

little red school house, in a distant corner of the county. He sent in an application and was invited to meet the committee, and after a long and toilsome journey found himself in an up-country saloon, confronted by a set of grave and reverned grangers, plentifully be-chin-whiskered and all alive to the dignity of their commission. Dougherty states his business, and the spokesman began to interrogate him. "What kind of larnin' do ye teach?" he asked, and "where did ye have yer schoolin'."

"Trinity College, Dublin," was the reply. "An' I guess I can teach your boys and girls, as much reading and writing, 'rithmetic and geography as they need know."

There was a pause. The spokesman looked at his associates and then rather suspiciously at the applicant.

"You say you teach 'gography?' do you teach *round* or *flat*."

For a moment Dougherty was non-plussed. He was silent. Then struck by the stolid seriousness of the committee as it waited nervously for an answer, he realized what they meant.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in a matter of that kind of course I'd defer to the wishes of the committee."

"That was in '95," adds Dougherty, "and for two years past, I've taught in Mendocino connty that the earth is flat.

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Rather a good *mot*, is that which is going the rounds of mesdames of the Century club. It is a *mot* just touched with enough asperity to give it the piquant taste demanded by such wits as are to be found by the score within the arcanum on Sutter street. It happened, so I am told, during the course of a committee meeting, and was precipitated by the remark of one of the "prominent members" who bangs her hair, and rejoices in the double distinction of being the daughter of her father and the wife of an ex-president of the State University—quite a personage in fact. I believe the lady in question remarked, with a mildly apologetic air, at the conclusion of a paper she had read. "My! If I keep on at this rate, I actually believe I will deceive you ladies into believing that I am a bright woman." What must have been the good soul's concern, when, instead of the fervid protestations she had hoped to provoke, a muffling silence ensued, broken only by one of the ladies—known, I think, in educational circles—who exclaimed sweetly: "My *dear* Mrs. ———, please don't allow your conscience to trouble you on that head. You've never deceived me for an instant. The "retort courteous," with a vengeance.

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The Heathen Chinee is peculiar. Mr. Bret Harte discovered him long ago. But his vagaries and peculiarities are ever new. More especially in the Christianized than in the unregenerate sample. One of the ladies of Berkeley, the wife of a judge, once prominent, is happy—or otherwise—in the service of the former type, a harmless imbecile, who sings, in shrillest falsetto, "Pull for the Shore Sailor," while baking the bread, and renders "There Were Ninety and Nine," while preparing the lyonnaise potatoes. We are to suppose that his Christianity "comes out strong," on special occasions, and at times of unusual excitement. The following story, whose authenticity is like Cæsar's wife, happened but a week or so hence. The judge's wife was the hostess at what the society reporters elect to call an "elaborate dinner." The Chinaman, who occupied himself with the lady's gastronomic welfare, was bidden to do his best, and did, in fact, respond nobly to the call—too nobly, in fact, for, being evidently of that stripe of Christian who believes in putting his religion into the trivial affairs of every-day life, Ah Sing made, and caused to be served at desert, a frosted cake upon which was traced in raised letters of pink paste a beautifully lettered edition of the Lord's Prayer. But the hostess was equal to the occasion, and showed herself a thoroughbred even if she could not forsee the potentialities in a Christianized Chinaman. The cake was sliced and served. One can guess, however, that it proved something of a damper upon the post prandial gaiety of the occasion. Imagine feeding upon a quadrant of jelly cake with such fragmentary inscriptions—like slabs from an ancient tomb—as "Lead us not into temptation," or "Forgive us our trespasses," or—rather appropriate this—"Give us this day our daily bread."

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It is a conceded fact that the worth of a new mining district is at first overestimated, and that afterwards, by a natural reaction, often ridiculously underestimated. It now transpires that the disquieting reports brought back from Peru by certain American prospectors, have been somewhat too somberly colored. The fact is, that there is gold and plenty of it to be mined in the Carabaya district of Peru, though not in such fabulous quantities as at first intimated. This much, however, is certain, that under existing conditions—such as the difficulty of evea reaching the district, the want of communication, and the vexatious impositions of the Peruvian government, Carabaya is no place for individual prospectors unbacked by capital. The mines cannot be properly worked until the introduction of machinery, and no machinery can be introduced until roads are built. The trouble in reaching the district may not be overlooked. Three days by rail, four by muleback and two on foot, through a rocky and often dangerous country, is something more than a pleasure trip. Comparatively speaking, the country is not opened up at all, though veins and deposits exist everywhere, and not a river runs that does no contain gold. The country is not favorable for prospecting, as it is thickly covered with forest trees. Nearly every class of wood exists from ironwood to mahogany, but as the wood has to be sawn by hand they are as yet of little use. There is no fever in the country, but the danger element is occasionally supplied by the "Cunchos," a certain tribe of the Indians, who have been known to attack and massacre isolated parties. The miners are all Indians, and it may be put the other way, about, that the Indians are all miners. For coarse gold they are very expert, but lose nearly all of the finer ore. A peculiarity of the Carabaya mines is that they all need timbering, and the vein proper is enclosed in a casing of decomposed slate, very difficult and slippery to handle, which, also, usually contains gold. The climate, however, is exceeingly good, the rainfall heavy, the temperature varying from 70 to 90 degrees Fahr. in the shade, in the daytime, and 100 to 130 degrees in the sun. Articles of food have to be carried in on the backs of Indians. As game is scarce, dried potatoes and dried sheep's flesh appear to be the staples.

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President Jordan of Stanford has been recently talking to the students of his college in a rather manly, straight-from-the-shoulder fashion. He has spoken to them about drinking and their frequenting saloons. But we have yet to hear some official reprimand from the Berkeley faculty in the matter of the behavior, or outrageous misbehavior, of a band of young gentlemen from the U. C., members of one of the fraternites that fosters and encourages its reputation for sportiness, exclusiveness and general rapidity in the manner of its living. These fellows presented themselves at the intercollegiate football game, on Thanksgivingday, in a half intoxicated condition, which they were at some pains to modify, by speedily becoming wholly, entirely and irretrievably intoxicated. They drank from flasks, did these gay and debonair gentlemen, and when the flasks were emptied, gayly and debonnairly threw them out upon the grounds. One of them became so extremely drunk that he tried to sit in places where there were no seats left, and was mishandled by a girl's escort and thrust forth into the space in front and in full view of the bleachers, an edifying and instructive spectacle for gods and men. However, I am slow to believe that this sort of thing is customary among the U. C. boys, and am sure that it is condemned and deplored by the better fraternities and better men.

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A rather good joke is going the rounds of the clubmen o town, having Mr. Dobberton, the sculptor, for its principal character. In Willis Polk's diningroom, in the house on Russian Hill, there is, over the mantlepiece, an inscription in German, to the effect that the moon cares not however loud the dog bays. *Was Kummertz den Mond daez die hunde bellen.* At a dinner lately given by the young architect, a discussion arose as to the proper translation of the inscription. While the discussion was at its height, Dobberton entered, hurriedly, in the capacity of belated guest, and was appealed to in chorus for his opinion. The good man was not a little excited at the medley of voices, and hastened to respond without reflection: "What's die matter mit der moon dat die dog should park?"

BOSWELL JR.

## KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

CLANCY'S REIGN OF TERROR IN SOUTH PARK

South Park, as everyone knows, is between Second and Third and Bryant and Brannan streets in this city. It is some aspect in wealth, and along its center for nearly the length of the block lies a park from which the locality takes its name. Years ago this was an aristocratic neighborhood. The houses are the substantial, though small, mansions of that day, with their curved facades, their odd balustrades and porticos and a rueful suggestion of vanished prosperity. The park is still hedged by a real stone coping; and its trees are older and sweeter of shade than those of the newer and more pretentious plazas of the city. But principally, the grass grows not less green than it did when it was pressed by feet of men and women who are now grandparents. Its flowers are, perhaps, more plebeian than formerly, but they are as fresh as ever, and the sun shines gayly on the park in spite of the smoke of the near-by factories and shops that drove away the older residents.

It would appear to the average observer of kindly disposition as a blessed and fortunate circumstance that since the removal of these older inhabitants their residences on either side of the pretty little park have come to be occupied by the humbler toilers who constitute the population of the district south of Market street. That in the mansions of the old-time rich, the new-time mechanics, laborers and shopkeepers of the city live and rear their numerous children. The nearness of the houses to a place of grass and flowers and sunshine would—to any one unacquainted with the habits of one Clancy—seem a true beneficence. But Clancy, who is a foreigner, and fond of exercising the petty "autority" delegated to him, at once dispels this humane illusion. Clancy is the keeper of the park. He cuts the grass, waters the flowers, and especially, he throws a shillalah of formidable girth at all those juveniles who walk upon the turf. Sometimes Mr. Clancy is absent, and the more adventurous of the children play at will in the park. But the timid ones are perpetually haunted by a dread of Clancy's stick, and no amount of persuasion can tempt them to leave the adjacent gutters which as a playground in the only alternative of the park.

The fact of the matter is, that here, where if anywhere in the city of San Francisco, the little children have need of a playground, such makeshift for nature as a park and the pitiful blessing of a little sunshine, is denied them. Suppose they trampled the grass and picked the flowers, what harm would be done? Suppose that Clancy had to work a trifle harder in consequence. He would at least save the exertion he now puts forth when he throws his cruel stick. If the city of San Francisco can afford to maintain a Golden Gate Park, where all who will may roam over the grass, it seems not unreasonable that it should permit the children of Third street to indulge in the dissipation of romping on the grass in South Park.

Prominently attractive among the brilliant array of Christmas novelty books is *Cupid's Game of Hearts*, published by the Dodge Book [illegible]. The story is told by letters, newspaper clippings and a telegram, so admirably reproduced, that it is hard not to believe in their genuiness. It is a pleasant, sprightly tale, involving a bogus count, a ruined capitalist and, of course, a young man and a girl, of the stalwart American type. It makes most delightful reading [illegible] assembly of Christmas gifts. The illustrations are by Stella Alys Wittram, and are full of dash and what the French call *chic*.

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At a bazaar in Windsor in aid of the Royal Albert Institute, Princess Christian sold photographs of Queen Victoria, signed with Her Majesty's autograph, for $5 each. The stock was sold out in a few minutes, whereupon the Princess remarked: "I do not see why we should not petition mamma for some more." A messenger was then dispatched to the castle and the Queen supplied more signed photographs of herself. Her Majesty continued doing so during the three days which the bazaar lasted, and even then the demand for her photographs was not satisfied.

Bismarck has of late grown moody and seclusive, to such an extent that even his own family can hold but little communication with him. He has refused to follow his physician's advice to winter in Egypt as the only way to obtain relief from his neuralgia. Gladstone's temperament is in

The Maker of Pipe Bowls, by Sally Walter
From "California Chinese Calendar"
*Copyright, 1897, by A. M. Robertson*

direct opposition. He is cheerful, contented and unmindful of worldly troubles, and, according to Lord Roseberry, who recently visited both statesmen, has five more years of life in him than his German contemporary.

## HOLIDAY LITERATURE

### The Chinese and California Girl Calendars —Remington's Great Sketches.

There comes to hand a batch of Christmas calendars, artist's publications, almanacs and an alphabet, all of them of an excellence that astounds you.

The best local people first. Solly Walter strikes the Chinese note, in a calendar illustrated by pen pictures of Chinese life, that are very fetching. Mr. Walter has had wit enough to see the possibilities in the life nearest to hand, and has caught it, and reproduced it in his calendar, with a fidelity and appreciativeness that is bound to make his effort successful. One would especially recommend his calendar to eastern folk—did it need recommendation. The little sketches and drawings are of the intimate life and daily customs of the San Francisco Mongol, as we see him, and as perhaps he is seen nowhere else. Mr. Walter is a careful and accurate draughtsman as well as an artist, and his calendar is bound to be popular. That the public have appreciated the effort we may infer from the enormous sale, and from the fact that the publisher, A. M. Robertson, reports that the first edition is already exhausted.

A CHINESE MERCHANT: From "California Chinese Calendar"
*Copyright, 1897, by A. M. Robertson.*

Solly Walter has long been before the public of San Francisco, as an illustrator and a maker of pen and inks, but in her calendar, Gertrude Partington makes what is really her first bow to the Western world. She will bow to the world—The World—east of the Mississippi, before long. So much is said and signed, if the drawings in the "California Girl Calendar" are an earnest of her work. There is a touch of Remington—Frederick the Great—in her drawings, and, indeed, I remember when I first saw the cover picture of the hunting girl, I looked for F. R.'s cachet in the corner. The hunting girl is capital, even though one questions the great size of the horse's shoulder in comparison with the rest of his anatomy. Upon reflection, I cannot remember a single California illustrator, not even Peixotto, who has done any better figure work than this, unless it be, perhaps, Guy Rose. Best, and most exhilarating of all, Miss Partington is free from the influence of Gibson. In that, alone, she is to be congratulated. Again, Miss Partington knows how to draw a pretty girl, and that's a gift quite independent of all technical skill—a gift of which even such men as Kenyon Cox and Will Low are lamentably destitute. With all the accuracy of the drawing, and the freedom and security of the pen-movement, it's a very dear and lovable face underneath the old slouch hat, and the same is applicable to nearly every girl in the book.

Kemble has a "Coon Calendar" which, despite the greater fame of the man, is, to my notion, infinitely less pleasing than that of Miss Partington. It's a colored affair, published by R. H. Russel of New York, and will sell, no doubt, largely by reason of Mr. Kemble's previous reputation. Mr. Kemble's humor is too obvious, too direct to be very funny.

R. H. Russell & Son published two Christmas picture books: "An Alphabet" and "An Almanac of Twelve Sports." Both are illustrated by William Nicholson, and the "Sports" has verses, by Kipling, to face each page. Both are thoroughly artificial, and strain hard after effect, but the result is pleasing. Mr. Nicholson has touched a new note in the jaded gamut of poster art. His style is the style of the Japanese sketch artist, with a suggestion from wierd, mad Blake — heavy shadows that are one with the background, and dwindle gracefully and suddenly in fine, curved, sweeping butlines. There is a certain originality, or, rather, bizarre effect in the drawings, and the color schemes are beyond praise. One has to hold the page at arm's length, however, to get the proper effect. The verses by Kipling are written in a vein of pungent grim humor, the one on boating being especially fine.

*Copyright, 1897, by Dodge Book and Stalationery Co.*

THE CO-ED

FROM "THE CALIFORNIA GIRL CALENDAR," BY GERTRUDE PARTINGTON

But one keeps Remington's "drawings" to the last for the sake of the final word. There is only one Remington—Frederick the Great—as one elects to call him, and there never will be another. Fresh from these stunning pages one is tempted to place him even above Gibson, though comparisons between the men are impossible. The drawings make one feel rather proud of being American and western. You would like to open the book before the eyes of your French friends in Paris, or your English chums in London. The drawings make a panorama of the brutal, unleashed, splendid life that goes thundering along from Idaho to Texas. The life of the broncho-buster, the Indian, the half-breed and the soldier—brave, vigorous and finely American. And the drama of these pictures! "The Charge of Roman Nose," for instance. The "Fight Over a Water Hole," with its hit horses—the one so horribly, stiffly dead, and the other broken-backed and floundering. There is not a picture that is not crammed to the margin with action or suggestion, and there is many an oil "painting" on the walls of European galleries, that has not the pathos and feeling and truth of the 12x8 halftone reproduction that closes the volume, "The Twilight of the Indian." Remington's horses should be accorded a place in the world's art, beyond the mere transitory popularity of magazine illustration. Perhaps no artist that ever lived understands horse action so well as this American illustrator of ours; and, as for character, one has only to compare them with the stuffed, melodramatic lay figures of Rosa Bonheur to note how absolutely true they are, how thoroughly faithful to nature, how indisputably equine.

FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

"A MISDEAL"

*Copyright, 1897, by R. H. Russell.*

## AMERICAN LIFE

### As Rendered in the Latest Novels by W. D. Howells and Brander Matthews.

If one were to classify types of American literature—though the "classifying of types" is a hateful business at best—one would be tempted to some such arrangement as this: I. *Fiction.* Class A.—All American fiction writers less W. D. Howells. Class B.—W. D. Howells less all American fiction writers. One would even hesitate at classifying the "Dean" as a writer of literature at all. There should be some new name for an effort like *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy*, "a transcript of real life" might do, but one is bothered as to terms just as Mr. March was bothered to accurately define the architecture of the pavilion in the opening of *The Conspiracy*. The title is misleading; the word "conspiracy" might lead the unhowelized reader to forsee something of plot; but the "Dean's" latest transcript (?) of life is plotted about as much as a multiplication table. It is not even written—it's struck off in the hit or miss way, which with Mr. Howells never misses. One is is inclined to like *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy* better than The Epic of the Jay, *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*. Continuity of action, that is, things happening day by day, is always desirable in Mr. Howell's kind of novel. When one has to jump a week or two, or a month or two, or a year or two, between chapters, one demands the impetus of a violent and headstrong "plot" to carry one over the break. There were a good many of these jumps in *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*, and the reader, running as he read, arrived at the end fagged as a hurdler at the tape. But *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy* entices one along with beautiful evenness, the events—or rather, since we are dealing with Howells—the incidents of one chapter-end run over into the beginning of the next chapter; there ls no pause, no break, no intervals of time longer than absolutely necessary for the characters to go to bed. The "conspiracy" had to be short. This sort of thing cannot be kept up for more than a couple of hundred of rather heavily-laden, deeply-margined pages. It is really a long short story—or, if you prefer it, a short long story—a little segment, as one might say, nipped delicately out of the round of life, but with certain suggested radii—in the way of moralizing and philosophizing—that run back into the centre and heart of things, charming, suggestive, but geometrically true.

The character in *The Open Eyed Conspiracy* that pleases one most most is Mrs. March. The "Dean" created the American wife—of the kind that have been long married, the middle-aged American wife, Mrs. March is delightful, deliciously inconsistent, bossing her husband till she bewilders him into the sorriest scrapes and then immediately placing the whole burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. If the affair of Mr. Kendricks and Miss Gage had resulted disastrously, Mr. March would—naturally—have been to blame. The merit of its successful and charming consummation was—with equal naturalness—assumed by Mrs. March. Mr. March's whimsical and good-humored toleration of his wife's vagaries is—after the characterization of the lady herself—one of the best features of the book.

As a picture of American life at the end of the nineteenth century, the little story is veritably historic. It is real without vividness, interesting without violence, picturesque without dramatic effect. The "Dean" is too much of the bon bourgeois to take any pleasure in "scenes." The nearest approach to a "scene" is the hop given at the big hotel, where Mr. March, with ludicrous remissness in his capacity of chaperone, allows Kendricks and Miss Gage to dance together the whole evening, and afterwards connives with them shamelessly to doctor the young lady's dance card with the names of fictitious "partners" in order to deceive Mrs. March.

It is the custom of reviewers at this point to conclude their critique by a paragraph of summaries beginning wtth the words, "On the whole Mr. Howell's book," etc., etc., asserting that "it would be unfair to the author to tell the story of the plot" (just as if the reviewer had any such intent), and concluding with a little flourish of rhetoric to the effect that the "book must be read to be appreciated" (as though possibly it might be appreciated without being read). But there is no story in the *Open Eyed Conspiracy*. It is merely a few connected incidents of life at an American watering place, terminating in an engagement between a young fellow from New York—a very human, ordinary sort of young New Yorker, not at all like the howling aristocrats of Mr. Davis that make one feel uneasy and commonplace and obtuse—and a young American girl from a small town on the Atlantic seaboard. The situation is as old as Saratoga itself; the manner of its treatment is all Mr. Howells.

(*An Open Eyed Conspiracy: Harper & Bros.*)

* *

Professor Brander Matthews is out with a fresh lot of short stories under the rather feeble title *Outlines in Local Color*. They are supposed to represent certain phases of Manhattan life, and the characters and scenes vary from the kind of people to be seen at the Horse Show, and who figure in the best story in the book *Men, Women and Horses*, to the servants who afford the reader *A Glimpse of the Under World*.

But the stories are lamentably superficial. They might happen equally in Paris, Chicago or Johannesburg. Outlines they are, without doubt, with a certain amount of color (color in the literary sense of the word is not difficult of attainment by even a tyro). But the color is distinctively not localized, except in the tale already mentioned that envolves the New York Horse Show. Mr. Matthews is a looker on, he is not an observer. Possibly the fault lies with the title and not with the stories. The word "local" is what offends. Mr. Matthews calls for our consideration of New York life, thunders and trumpets for it. Of the twelve stories that make up the collection, seven, barring the names of the streets, localities and public buildings, could happen in any large city the world round.

There is the reek of the Manhattan asphalt in even Mr. Harding Davis' yarns and a reflected glitter of electrics, that is New York to the life. Even if R. H. D. had laid the scene in Vienna we would not believe him. It is easy to see that effect for which Mr. Matthews is striving—brief little snapshots of the big city's life, to be read and considered as a whole like a series of pictures in a cinematograph. They are phases of New York life no doubt, these *Outlines*, but they are not significant phases. The story *A Letter of Farewell*, for instance, has no reason or excuse for being. It shows nothing, it *points* nothing, it gives no new light upon an old situation, nor is it a new situation seen in a new light. The story is a fair sample of those that make up the volume. *In the Watches of the Night* could have been told in half the space with double the effect, while *The Vigil of McDowell Tutro* impressess one merely with its falseness to probability. *Men, Women and Horses*, though slight as to motif, is the most convincing and pleasing story of the lot. A cleverer writer than Mr. Matthews would, however, have concealed the point of the story till the very last paragraph.

The illustrations by Smedley, as we remember them in the larger compass of the magazines were capital. Their reproductions on the smaller pages of the novel are about as bad as any we have seen in this year's crop of new books.

(*Outlines in Local Color: Harper & Bros.*)

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

## THE YOSEMITE IN VERSE.

From our stand point it is difficult to form an honest estimate of *The Voice of the Valley* (Wm. Doxey, publisher). As his compatriots in the East have done before him, and are still doing, the author has gone forth to commune with nature, and has given voice to his sensations. The poem is purely Oriental in conception, and is not governed by any known rules of prosody. We find a series of utterances, exclamatory in character, without continuity, and clearly the result of an ecstatic condition. That Yone Noguchi sees with a poet's eyes, and feels with a poet's heart is evident. He sings as the wind sings, and the wonder is that he could do it at all in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In no sense artistic, his unwonted forms of expression will attract attention, and perhaps excite admiration. Walt Whitman essayed the same role, and strange to say, found an audience on two continents.

As a piece of book-making, *The Voice of the Valley* certainly deserves the highest commendation, though that is conferred when it is said that it maintains the high typographical standard which Mr. Wm. Doxey has set in previous publications. Here are a few of the opening lines of the first poem:

O thunderous opening of the unseen gate solemn
Heaven's Eternal Court!
Behold, clouds, tenants of the sky, sweep down from
the Heavens unto a secret palace under the
Earth!—
Aye, mighty Yosemite!—a glorious troop of the un-
suffering souls of gods
Marches on with battle-sound against the unknown
castle of Hell!—
Aye, a divine message of Heaven unto Earth—the
darksome house of mortals—to awake!
Hark—the heart-broken cry of a great Soul!—

## BOOK NOTES

The first of the "Just So" stories by Rudyard Kipling is begun in the December *St. Nicholas*. The illustrations are by O. Herford. Ruth McEnery Stuart contributes 'An Old-Time Christmas Gift," a tale of slavery days, and Frank R. Stockton continues his pirate series. "The Court Jesters of England," by Amelia Wofford, is an interesting historical sketch, and two new serials of special interest to boys are "The Lakerin Athletic Club," by Rupert Hughes, and "Two Biddicut Boys," by J. T. Trowbridge.

The Christmas *Ladies' Home Journal* issues a supplement, "The Lost Chord," the only correct version of that song ever published in this country. Lilian Bell continues her English papers, and a new series touching upon Washington official life is commenced. Mary E. Wilkins contributes a New England sketch, and Hamlin Garland the first installment of a new story, "The Doctor."

The hero of *God's Foundling*, by A. J. Dawson (D. Appleton & Co.) is a young man with glinting fair hair. He is twenty-three, a medical student, and in more ways than one is agreeable and acceptable. The foundling in question is a young woman who is unfortunately orphaned shortly before the first chapter. She naturally dresses in black, and appropriately carries about a pale but charming face. She falls in love with the aforementioned medico, who returns the affection, but before things terminate happily the course of love runs rather rough. All this is ordinary enough, but the telling of it is bright and interesting.

The title of *The Lost Gold of the Montezumas*, by W. O. Stoddard (J. B. Lippincott Company), suggests adventure, the illustrations continue the idea, but in the realization of it in the tale one leaps all ordinary bounds. It is literally steeped in adventure, fairly reeking with Indians, and bowie knives and Spanish doubloons. The Alamo figures prominently, and a number of now historical characters, Crockett, Bowie, Houston and Santa Anna. The balance of the cast is well filled with Mexicans, Indians, Americans and half-breeds. All these people get together with different degrees of affection and as a result rather lively times ensue. The book is essentialy for boys, and, as it is good as any of Mr. Stoddard's preceding works, it may be set down as a success.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood has made *The Days of Jeanne D'Arc* (The Century Company), an interesting narration of the trials and triumphs of the Maid of Orleans. Mrs. Catherwood has versed herself pretty thoroughly in the ways and times of the maid by travel as well as by study and research. The result of all this laudable endeavor is exhibited in the book, which makes a pleasant, smooth and agreeable piece of work. Mrs. Catherwood makes her Joan a pathetic as well as a heroic figure, capable of exciting love as well as popular affection. She has also written the book in modern English, for which discretion much commendation is due.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

## BARNATO'S BUSINESS ABILITY

### The Great Fortune Achieved by Him in Stock Speculation.

The late Barney Barnato was really in his way a great man. He had a splendid mind for finance, and could conceive and execute a great plan in the broadest lines. One of his business principles was that every enterprise in which he engaged should be made to produce a profit, never consenting to set off the loss on one undertaking against the gain on another. From the very beginning Barnato exhibited in his operations in Kimberley an immense capacity for work and unceasing vigilance. When the first breathings came to Kimberley of the Transvaal gold discoveries, he betook himself to the spot, and, convinced that gold was there, bought up all the likely ground, until the holdings of his firm became, and still remain, the largest on the Rand.

To his marvelous business instinct Barnato added an immense capacity for figures and a genius for the Stock Exchange, which made him the most important operator in Kaffirs, until no one could bring out a new venture, no matter how good it might be, without his help to make the market, and in every good thing that was floated he had to be considered and consulted, and finally let in, to secure his help. This resulted, as he frankly admitted, in his making more money by aiding or frustrating the plans of others—operations in which he never appeared at all—than by the long years of unremitting attention to his own projects. In acquiring his fortune it was not a question of luck with Barney, but unsparing, unceasing toil devoted to every detail of his business—an unique power of concentration and a marvelous grasp of detail. In all his mining or industrial operations there was not a single feature of the working, a single apparatus or process used, with which he was not perfectly familiar. This intimate knowledge stood him in good stead, for in Johannesburg and in London, when angrily denounced by speculators suffering under apparent loss, his intelligent explanations of conditions always resulted in a withdrawal of charges and a renewed vote of confidence.

With increasing work the strain upon him became more intense. One morning, after a breakfast with several financiers, the talk turned to general topics, and finally to boxing. Suddenly turning to one of his guests, Mr. Barnato gripped his arm fiercely and said: "D'ye know what would do me good? Twenty minutes with the gloves every morning. But I can't do it now. I have hardly time to live." A few days later, and with as sudden an interruption, he said: "D'ye know, there is one thing I don't like? I never felt my work too much for me before. I could come home, leave it all behind me, go to bed and forget it. I can't now. I go to bed with it, sleep with it, dream of it, and wake up with it. I don't like it, I tell you."

Barnato was [illegible] studying men in their hours of relaxation and knowing what everyone else was doing. He never met a man without analyzing [illegible] as to what extent they might benefit the interest of his firm, and he never [illegible] anything else he desired to remember.

But in all his ventures and social relaxations he lived a life of appalling solitude and loneliness. Barney made friends with men that he might use them for his own interests, not for personal pleasure, and in return he never expected nor could he realize, that any man would look differently upon himself. To him all mankind were [illegible] chessmen for his game of life, and leeches who would suck what they could from him and hang wherever possible.

Had he lived longer the awful solitude would have worn away. It had commenced to disappear with the birth of his two children, by whom the later years of his life had been brightened.

The music of Huber's Del Monte Orchestra adds greatly to the success of all entertainments. Telephone, care of Benjamin Curtaz, Main 1247.

The registered trade-mark, "The Cat and Barrel Band," of Boord & Son, London, has been in constant use by them since 1851 on their Boord's Old Tom Gin and Orange Bitters. All persons found printing or using the same will be duly proceeded against by their agents, Messrs. Charles Meinecke & Co.

**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p m

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.


# Two Leading Gifts

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## California Girl Calendar

**50c.**

The "California Girl Calendar," by Gertrude Partington, is without question the leading calendar of the year. The sale of this beautiful collection of drawings by California's leading artist has been really phenomenal.

*Town Talk* says: "Gertrude Partington's pen and ink sketches deserve to rank with Gibson and Wenzell's American Girls."

## DODGE BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.

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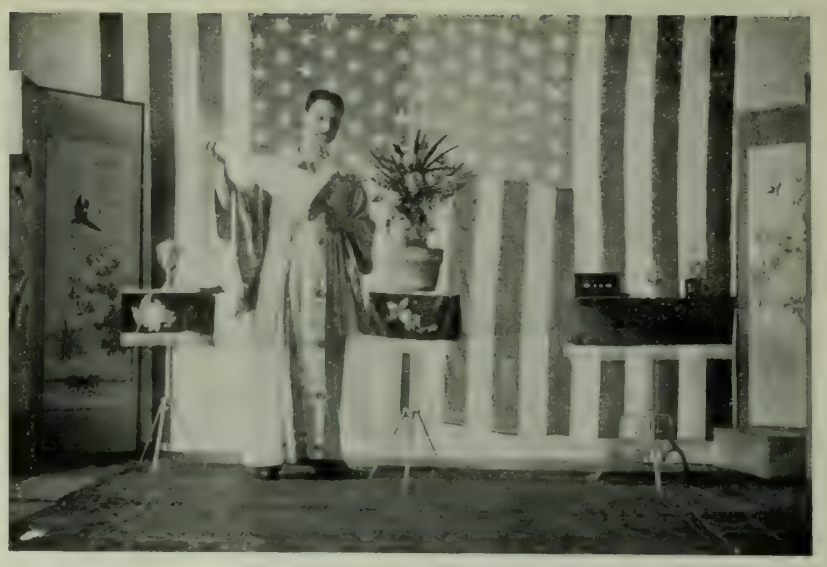

THE HINDOO MAGICIAN GROWING FLOWERS FROM SEED

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE EMPORIUM AND GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

This, Diary dear, is the month of balls—Terpsichore reigns supreme from now until the end of January. Let me see. This week we have two big dances—the Terpsichorians, on Wednesday, which I shall describe later, and the first Assembly, on Friday. Between you and me, dear Diary, I am terrorized at the thought of the Assembly. I don't know how it is, but nearly all of us debutantes feel nervous about it—Leila says she was exactly the same when she came out. I suppose it must be that because, in a way, so much depends upon one's success there—it is like running the gauntlet—If you are a belle there, your laurel crown cannot be torn from you—and if a failure, your social grave is dug. I am going to wear a poem of a frock, and that augurs a battle half won. The days of the Familiar quotations about "beauty unadorned" and "youth" and all that sort of thing, passed into oblivion when the debutante took her stand as a social factor. It is only King Cophetua who ever made a beggar into a princess, and I am sure he regretted the fact but once—and that was for the remainder of his life.

I, myself, realize what a disadvantage girls labor under who have not had a grandmother, even here, where some of us have already forgotten whether we are genuine F. F. V.'s or merely quadruple plate. I wish, however, that we girls had more real friendship, one for the other. It is surprising what a thin veneer of politeness covers our real feelings. Positively, some of the girls would cheerfully consign their former schoolmates to a social oblivion more Cimmerian in its darkness than Hades is supposed to be. I do not understand the feeling, myself, but suppose I am so certain of my own position that I cannot fancy it being asssailed, in any way, and besides I am sufficiently attractive to float or sink without let or hindrance from either party. Several of the mothers are most ardent partisans, and instead of advising their daughters to be charitable, or at least neutral, urge them on to snub the other set. The most amusing part of it all is, that no two of either crowd will agree on which of the others shall be ostracised. You go to one house and find that this girl is positively gushed over, while her friends are left out. In another house this maiden is voted anathema, and two or three others receive an ovation. But enough of this gossip. If the girls would only realize that each is her own worst enemy, and that in union lies not strength, possibly, but certainly the most pleasure they would not so frequently condemn where they should condone. As for the mothers—well, surely they are old enough to have learned the becomingness of Charity. I wonder how many have plucked the motes from their own eyes before seeking the beam in their sisters.

Now for the fun of the week. On Saturday I went to several of the teas. I first went to the Requa-Long reception, at Piedmont. It was a very smart affair with numberless Oaklanders there. 'Busses took us to and from the cars. Mrs. Mark Requa and Mrs. Long were assisted by Ethel Moore, Nina Pringle, Luita Booth, Jessie Glascock, Ella Morgan and Belle Mhoon. From there, I went to Mrs. George Palmer's tea at which she introduced Gertrude. It was a jolly affair, and the rooms were positively packed with men and maids anxious to congratulate Gertie. She looked charming in a soft, white organdie trimmed with lace. May Palmer also looked well in pink veiled in chiffon. She was assisted by Reed Hutchins in white, Bertie Bruce and several others. From there I went to Mrs. Gaston Ashe's reception. Mrs. Ashe was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Will Ashe, Mrs. Harry Durbrow, Marie Wells, Leontine Blakeman, Ethel Keeney and Genevieve Peters of Stockton. All the girls wore white frocks and looked ever so pretty. Mrs. Ashe was also in white. Mrs. Will Ashe in grey silk. The decorations were red berries, which gave an air of Christmas to the festivity. There were surprisingly few men, and those of the older crowd. By the way, I thought Princess Poniatowski looked positively stunning in a gown of black velvet, with big picture hat covered in plumes.

On Monday night I went to Helen Hopkins dinner and had great fun. I sat by Larry Van Winkle, who amused me vastly by his tremendous information about things and styles. He criticised the form of everything, from the cut of the girls slippers to the lines of their profiles, and I was highly entertained. I like Larry, too. It's fine to get his ideas about what actually constitutes "good form." It is very few men who make an effort to be really correct about such things, and really he is quite instructive. Only he cannot bear to be interrupted when he is launched on the subject. The others at the dinner were the Hoffmanns, Lillie Follis, Caro Crockett and Edith McBean, Mr. Berry, Harry Stetson, Nat Wilson and Southard Hoffmann. On Tuesday Edna Hopkins gave us girls a luncheon, and we had a deliciously gossippy time, and tore all our dearest friends to tatters. The table was so pretty—what one might call a symphony in green and white. Gertie Carroll, Lillie Follis, Addie Murphy, Florence De Long, Margaret Salisbury, Therese Morgan, Helen Thomas and Miss Cadwalder were there. I am getting over my dislike to girls luncheons. They lack the responsibility of a dinner where one has to be more or less agreeable, but at a luncheon one rather shines by reason of one's ability to say sharp things about people. On Tuesday afternoon I went to Mrs. Chauncey Winslow's tea. It was smart to a degree. The music was excellent, the decorations charming, but, alas, the inclemency of the weather kept two-thirds of the guests from putting in an appearance and materially affected the success of the affair. Mrs. Winslow looked so well, too, in a pink gown. Mrs. Jones of Santa Monica wore pale grey brocade and pearls and diamonds—most effective jewelry. Mrs. Oxnard was in blue taffeta and black and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels in pink. The girls who assisted were Laura McKinstry, the Misses Sprague, Alice and May Hoffmann, Ella and Therese Morgan and Della Davidson. On Wednesday afternoon I received at Helen Thomas' tea, which was a pretty affair. No men were bidden, but we girls looked lovely, so that they missed a "beauty show." Daisy Van Ness, Therese Morgan Edna and Helen Hopkins and Mary Belle Gwen assisted Helen. In the evening we all went to the Terpsichorean dance.

I cannot tell you what a capital time I had at the Terpsichoreans' first party. It was simply an enchanting dance and the girls all looked lovely. It would have been difficult for even the least attractive maiden to have been a wallflower as the men were in the majority, and that to a great extent. The hall is fine, large and commodious, so nothing prevented our all dancing without treading on one another's toes or tearing our frocks to pieces. The Native Sons' Hall is prettily decorated so it was left in its natural state save for a few palms and potted plants which were placed in the musicians' stand. All of us appeared early as the music stopped at twelve sharp, and we wanted to have as much fun as possible. Who looked the prettiest? Well it is hard to say. Alice Hoffman was lovely in pale blue silk and chiffon; Mary Belle Gwin made a pleasing picture in cerise colored silk; I thought Marie Wells looked charming in pure white silk trimmed with rings of ribbon; Leontine Blakeman wore an exquisite pink gown which became her excellently well, and Ethel Keeney was even more attractive than usual in yellow. Muriel Atherton was especially admired. She wore white silk with steel trimmings and looked bonny. I admired Marie Oge so much, she was sweetly gowned in white organdie and lace; Charlotte Ellinwood wore a pretty gown of white liberty silk. The Terpsichoreans were received by Mrs. Thornton, who looked awfully well in pale gray brocade, Mrs. Keeney, who wore white brocade embroidered in roses, and Mrs. Blakeman in mauve brocade and jet. And so our first Terpsichorean is over, and it was as successful as its best wishers could have hoped. I only wish it were still in the future. I always like to have my particularly bright red letter days in anticipation.

On Thursday Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a dinner to about sixteen of us. It was immensely smart, and I felt especially elated as Bobbie Eyre took me in. That is really a great honor, for Bobbie has assumed great importance this season, and his attentions are bestowed as a species of social "hall mark." Some of the girls whom he has not taken up are furious, and actually declare Bobbie regards himself too seriously and call him "Airy Eyre," but it's pure jealousy. I really think, Diary dear, that a man who goes round so much as Bobbie does, has a right to assume the airs of a connoisseur—especially as he approves me. But while I'm on the subject of popular men I often wonder why more of the fellows do not follow in the footsteps of George De Long, who is really the most popular man in society. He listens to a girl when she is talking the most drivelling idiocy as if the fate of a nation hung on her words. One cannot help admiring him too as he is manly, plucky and not in the least bit of a snob.

On Friday night there is the Assembly. Saturday is an off day. I can't think of a thing that is to take place on that day. By the way, Alf Clement gave a big theatre party to Morosco's on Monday with supper afterwards. Next Monday Mrs. Henry T. Scott gives a dinner-dance to Edna Hopkins. There are to be eighteen at the dinner and about forty at the dance—all the younger crowd. Then on Wednesday she is to give another to her niece Mabel Champion, to which Leila has been invited. Then Mrs. Morgan gives a married ladies' luncheon in honor of Mrs. Jones of Santa Monica on Wednesday. The Stubbs girls give a tea on Thursday. Minnie Houghton is to give a dinner to Mr. De Haven prior to the Assembly on Friday. I hear of several other dinners for Friday—the only debutante one, however, is Gertie Carroll's.

The cards are also out for Marie Messer's dance and tableaux on the 20th. I wonder when the Tevis ball is to come off? Poor Susie Blanding has been out of it all this winter. She has been taking the rest cure for the last two months. Mrs. Tevis, too, is far from well and actually dreads the thought of the ball. I wish I could persuade papa to give one, but Leila has to have her house furnished and is always coming to him for money, and there is her wedding, so poor little Cricket has to eat out her heart in patience. And so adieu.

Yours ever, MISS CRICKET.

* *

Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop gave a charming children's fete at her home on California street, early in the week, in honor of her daughter, Miss Hermine Lathrop. The decorations were in green and Christmas berries, making a pretty holiday effect. About forty little ones enjoyed the entertainment which consisted of games, dancing and a dainty supper. Mrs. Lathrop was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, Mrs. A. F. Wedman, Mrs. Frederick McWilliams, Mrs. Maroni and Mrs. Trevor.

The event of last week in Oakland was the Requa-Long reception on Saturday last. There were about two hundred and fifty invited. The house was massed in chrysanthemums and ferns. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Pringle, Miss Booth, Miss Moore, Miss Glascock, Miss Herrick, Mrs. Geo. McNear, Miss Watt and Miss Annie Miller. During the afternoon many of the guests wandered through the grounds and admired the flowers.

Few brides have received as much attention as is now being accorded to Mrs. Harry East Miller. Ever since returning from her honeymoon she has been the recipient of teas, dinners and luncheons. On Thursday, Miss Juliet Garber gave a pretty little luncheon to the bride and bridesmaids at her home in Berkeley.

At present there is vast enthusiasm over the Golf Club started by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith of East Oakland. Several meetings have already been held, and Mr. Edson Adams has offered the use of his grounds for the Links. Among those who are taking a vital interest in the affair are Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt, Mrs. Pedar Sather, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McNear Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Taft and others.

An event of much interest is the wedding of Mr. John Adams and Miss Tiny Haskell. Miss Haskell is a San Francisco girl, and is bright, attractive and clever. Her style of beauty is rather of the gypsy type, for she is slender, graceful, dark and piquante. Mr. Adams is a brother of Mr. Edson Adams, and is a fine business man. He is also much interested in horseflesh. The wedding is to take place at St. Luke's Church on the 16th.

The Macdonough Theatre was crowded to the very doors on Saturday, it being the occasion of the Junior Farce. The programme was an interesting one. It opened with a little curtain-raiser that was amusing, especially to the college boys and girls. The farce which followed, however, was farther reaching, and did not require an audience of friends to make it a success. Mr. Harold Symmes has proved his ability to write a really amusing composition. The dialogue was crisp and smart—the situations amusing. The boys and girls who took part also deserve commendation. Mr. Donnell covered himself with glory, and his appearance was the signal for wild applause. Mr. Durbrow appeared as natural as possible. Miss Tirrell, as the heroine, carried off the honors of the occasion. She looked pretty and graceful, had charming frocks and seemed as easy on the stage as if she had been born there. She delivered her lines, too, in excellent style, and enunciated with almost professional distinctness. Miss Simpson sustained her part well, and made an effective society woman.

There are many events in the future, chiefest among them, a dancing party by Mr. and Mrs. Van Loebensell on Friday evening in honor of Miss Craig and a card party at Mrs. Folgers on Tuesday.

The first meeting of the Berkeley Cotillion Club even exceeded the anticipations of its best wishes. There were about two hundred people present. The ballroom was decorated in palms and ferns. Among the girls whom I especially noted were Miss Florence Green, Miss Marie Rose Deane, Miss Smith of Claremont, Miss Ethel Moore and Miss Davenport.

Attractions continue to follow hard after one another at the Emporium. The life and gayety of the place are invitable. This week Veruello, a very wizard of Hindoo magic, grows plants and flowers whenever he pleases (while you wait), and does a world of marvelous feats. Santa Claus in Klondike costume smiles invitingly on the children, while the Venetian Ladies' Orchestra from the Orpheum nightly discourses melody in the rotunda.

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## THE THEATRES

### Plays of the Week, and How They Were Presented.

After the storm comes the lull, and so at the Tivoli, where "Rip Van Winkle" has followed "The Geisha." The audience has stayed out doors, and, although nearly all the public favorites are on the stage, the piece fails to draw. Perhaps the manner of its staging is the strong point; certainly the personnel of the chorus is not, and with few more people in the seats than behind the footlights, the effect is little else but melancholy. Stevens as Rip, the village lout, falls sadly short of the conception, but in later years, after his sleep, is a passable ancient. Leary as the innkeeper is good, though we thought his Anglo-Dutch at times showed a trace of the pigeon-English he has been cultivating for some weeks past. Tillie Sallinger was a pleasing Gretchen, and Edith Hall, as Kathrina, was sprighlly and in place. But the redeeming feature of a dreary representation taken altogether was O Mimosa San—we should say Florence Wolcott—as the Meenie Van Winkle of the second period. She looked as pretty as need be and sang likewise. Arthur Boyce, in the role of a spirit in the Kaatskills, afforded a welcome relief in his singing to the general want of harmony in the operatic efforts, and Phil Branson made a fair burgomaster. From no point of view, however, can the revival of Rip Van Winkle at the Tivoli be deemed anything but a failure.

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* *

The five Picchiannis Sisters and their big brother, at the Orpheum, are six healthy, well-muscled young people, who, aside from their clever tumbling, are quite amusing in their affected by-play. Their act is well executed but possesses more merit than novelty. Czita, the violinist, is rather a calm zingara, as peaceful and gracious as a winter moon. Her eyes are dreams, and her dark hair tumbles over her embroidered back, right ripplingly. Her costume is pretty and her playing pleases the audience. The De Phillipis are delightful dancers—the madame in particular—she is deliciously piquant and Parisian—pierouetting about in a most sylphlike manner. The bolero is good and the French solo as well, but the Cuban affair is too obviously a bid for public approval, little of which it manages to receive. The De Phillipis should leave shoddiness alone and pay more attention to their art.

* *

The coming of Frederick Paulding will aid substantially the fortunes of the Alcazar. Mr. Paulding's ability and experience are good qualities in a stage manager, and, better still, in an actor, and as Mr. Paulding is to assume both positions in the Alcazar company, well balanced performances may be expected. "The Nominee" is coming off this week in a rather lively manner. Wright Huntington plays Jack Medford on his own lines and according to his own lights, both of which are finely illuminative. Mr. Paulding's Leopold Bunyon is a good bit of work. Mrs. F. M Bates plays a mother-in-law of the real stage sort and gives her lines with considerable energy.

* *

The fires of patriotism are well looked to at Morosco's this week. "Old Glory" is an American piece of the most pronounced nature, literally teeming with stars and sentiment, eagles and bravado. Through four whole acts old glory flutters with increasing credit, and finally, at the apotheosis, gracefully descends in benediction upon the united lovers. The scenery is good—the plaza at Valparaiso, in particular making a pretty picture.


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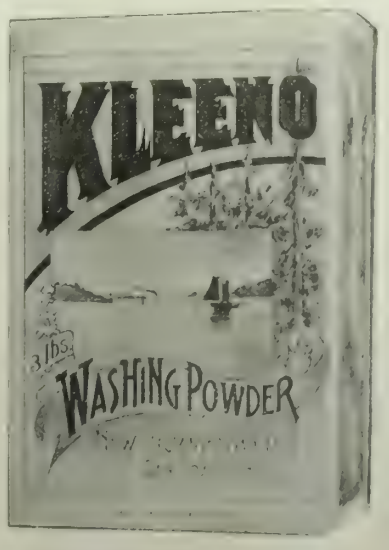


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## DRAMATIC NOTES

For to-morrow (Sunday) evening at the Baldwin, the Italian Opera Company announces a special programme consisting of "Cavalleria Rusticana," the 3d act of "La Boheme," 4th act of "Trovatore" and several symphony numbers by the orchestra. The second week commences Monday with "Manon Lescaut," which will be repeated at the Saturday matinee. Tuesday "Trovatore" will be given, Wednesday "Ernani," Thursday and Friday "Aida," and Saturday a miscellaneous programme, including the new Italian opera, "The Little Hayden," its first production in this country.

Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" comes to the Columbia Monday evening, and for two weeks will flutter to the gratification of the Hoyt-loving public. The piece is well in the lead among its peculiar kind, and is more or less breezy from beginning to end with infectuous humor and catchy melodies. The company includes John W. Dunn, George Tallman, Mary Marble, Lansing Rowan and Lillian Dane. "At Gay Coney Island" comes next.

Mme. Sofia Scalchi appears in concert at the California, Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th. The programme will include an act each from "Trovatore" and "Martha," given with all the stage accessories. Mme. Scalchi will be supported by Mlle. Marie Toulinguet, late of the Mapleson Company; Signor Guarini, tenor, Signor Achille Alberti, baritone, Mlle. Marie Du Bedat, mezz-soprano, and Signor Gallia, pianist.

Fritz Scheel is arranging an exceptionally fine programme for the second symphony concert which comes off at the Tivoli Thursday afternoon, December 16th. Among the numbers to be given are the overture to Euryanthe, Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, C Minor, Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Gotterdammerung" and Bacchanale from Saint Saen's "Samson and Delilah."

John Kernell, of the one time popular Kernell Brothers, makes his appearance next week at the Orpheum. Mr. Kernell has a bountiful supply of new songs and funnyisms. Another feature will be Prof. Ed Doherty's Canine Circus, a collection of ten cleverly trained poodles. Czita, the violinist, is retained, also Paulinnetti and Piquo, the six Picchianis Sisters, the Vesuviana Quartette and Servais Le Roy.

Mr. Thomas Magee will talk upon his adventures in the Klondyke at Native Sons' Hall, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library. Mr. Magee has had some interesting experiences in the North and his telling of them should attract a large audience. As the library itself is worthy of much consideration, financial and otherwise, the affair promises to be very well patronized.


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Mr. Otto Bendix, assisted by Mr. Guilio Minetti, gives his third recital at Byron Mauzy Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th. Cesar Franck's Sonata for Piano and Violin is down on the programme, also Liszt's Sonata in B Minor and Saint Saens' Introduction and Rondo.

Preliminary to its Eastern tour, the Frawley Company will play two weeks at the California commencing Dec. 20th. "An International Match" will be given, also "The Railroad of Love" and "Shenandoah."

A play of much interest will be given next week at the Alcazar in "Will She Divorce Him." Matrimony is the motive of the piece, and in its different phases the question is given much consideration.

Next week at Morosco's the comedy-drama "Bootle's Baby" will be given an elaborate production. The cast includes Mr. Pascoe as "Bootles," Miss Hall, the heroine, and Miss Atwood, Bella.

"Rip Van Winkle" will be continued at the Tivoli until next Saturday evening, when it will make way for the holiday spectacle, "Mother Goose" or "The Strange Adventures of Jack and Jill."

Mr. C. P. Neilson's exhibition of sketches at his Alameda studio closes next Thursday. The affair has been very well attended, the pictures receiving much favorable attention.


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## CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES

### Covers That are Merely Coverings — Lew Wallace's Blank Poem.

To commence with, the covers of the Christmas magazines are inartistic. *Harper's* and the *Century* are done in two colors and are both unsatisfactory. Even the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which ordinarily presents itself in kaleidoscopic array at this time of the year, emerges in most commonplace garb. Wherefore this dullness? Surely the enterprise of Editor Bok is not to become less significant; wherefore should the guiding spirit of *Harper's* preserve all the beauties of art merely for the decoration of Lew Wallace's poem. Hast read "The Wooing of Malkatoon"? One gathers an unpleasant impression that the author is attempting to out-Arnold Sir Edwin. The quality of the verse is journalistic; it lacks distinction and all those virtues of thought and diction, which make "Sohrab and Rustum," for instance, a great poem. In the description of the lovely daughter of the dervish, there is no touch of eloquence, and one asks why, after Othman had seen the maiden's face.

> Above a fallen veil, a gleam of white
> Made whiter by the blackness of the hour
> Through which it shone.

Why he required "the throbbing of his heart" to know "her beautiful"? However, the Orient and Wallace have their own mysterious ways of stating simple facts. Not unnaturally, Richard Harding Davis' contribution follows the verse of *Ben Hur*. He is really most entertaining, is Mr. Davis; it is capital stuff. The description maintains the proper level of newspaper eloquence—brilliant at times, but facile, particularly clear but quite undistinguished. And yet, I doubt if anyone has written a better account of the great celebration. It is far ahead of this writer's article about the Russian coronation. Mr. Caton Woodville's pictures, however, are poor extracts from the fine photographs of the great show—far below the *Harper* standard. Apropos of pictures, why has Mr. Siddons Mowbray made his "Annunciation" angel so hopelessly plain? She is a large, high-waisted Juno, who looks as if her limbs have been pinned into place. Palpably her wings are too small. However, the text was not inspiring, for if ever a Christmas poem bore evidence of being written to order, it is "Annunciation," by Harriet P. Spofford. "Spanish John" arrives at its conclusion in this number, and will emerge next in book form. It is a spirited narrative, far above the average adventure tale. Owen Wister in "Destiny at Drybone," attempts too much in grafting the death and funeral of Mrs. Lusk, on the romance of Lin, McLean. That episode overmasters the plot, and is rendered with less art than this writer has accustomed us to look for. He fails to give the impression of reality, though I've not the slightest doubt the facts are absolute.

The December *Century* is an excellent number, and the pictures, especially the frontispiece, and the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, engraved by Timothy Cole, are a delight. The "Merry Christmas in the Tenements" article, which is the *piece de resistance*, has any number of clever illustrations in it, done by Jay Hambidge. The editors have a treasure trove in "Tennyson and his friends at Freshwater"—that excellent excuse for pictures which a memoir affords—photographs of Freshwater, together with the Home Farm and all the surroundings of the poet's manor. The accompanying reading matter is thoroughly entertaining for all who care for reminisence. There are more "Gallops," brief, clever stories of the hunting set at Westchester, New York, I presume, capitally turned — indeed, the best society stories since Van Bibber's, only infinitely more natural. The second installment of Mrs. Burton Harrison's story "Good Americans," is equal to its predecessor. The plot brings one deep into the ranks of the social elect of Gotham and introduces two most fascinating young women, a collection of important matrons, and a certain rising attorney who is suddenly introduced into society. Really, this lady's Afternoon-Tea Novels are ever so much better than those of Julien Gordon's, her pre-eminent competitor. She has a fluency of style and a breezy enjoyment in the personalities of her creations which Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger has never caught.

By the way, some of the best current criticism of fiction is to be found in the *Atlantic's* department "Notable Recent Novels." The department in *Harper's* is pure puffery—here the publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., proprietors of the magazine, are subjected to the same form of truth-telling that is dealt out to the books of Macmillan and Appleton. Thoroughly just and accurate are the estimates of *Captains Courageous*, *St. Ives*, *Hugh Wynne*, though Davis' novel is let down rather too pleasantly for its deserts. The *Chap Book's* critiques are especially entertaining, though they often err on the side of flippancy. Though its editor is sometimes blind to a merit, the unpardonable sin of praising a poor book in never committed. I was much amused in the December issue, with a delightful notice of Professor Henry Thurston Peck's book of essays. That pretentious person is at full length in the *Cosmopolitan*, and is as injudicious as ever. While stigmatizing the sins of the daily press in publishing scandals, he keeps hinting, throughout his article, at big stories which the good taste of journalists had kept out of type. Another smart essayist, Zangwill, is in both the *Atlantic* and *Cosmopolitan*—in the latter booming his co-religionist Max Nordau, whose last novel he declares an epic. In the former, he presents a species of composite photograph of Heine in his declining days, "From a Mattress Grave," expressing in the imaginary conversation manner, disputed impressions of the poet's individuality. A clever piece of work but rather machine-made in its effect.

The types of essay furnished the *Atlantic* by such men as Henry G. Chapman, J. S. Tunison and Francis Walker to the *Century* make good reading and are excellently put together. They have an air of original research, and a conciseness of statement that are refreshing.

Apropos of the *Cosmopolitan*—the *War of the Worlds*, the brilliant story by H. G. Wells, is ended. The men from Mars succumb to the attacks of earthly bacteria, which their systems do not enable them to withstand, and fortunately for humanity they collapse. Certainly this tale is the most powerful imaginative flight Wells has made since the *Time Machine*. Indeed, this work has a more vital quality of interest. Otherwise the *Cosmopolitan* is pictures. The process department seems to have triumphed over the literary. A set of pretty French actresses are made the excuse for an article on "The Well Dressed Woman"; a series of views of Tiflis, Sebastapool and the Steppes furnishes a contribution on "Russian Humanity." The war with Spain gets in all the ships of the American navy. Really, Mr. Walker, this is an uncommonly cheap method of editing a magazine.

C.


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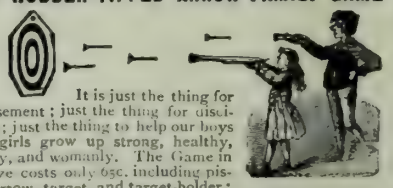
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New York, May 16, 1890.

That Herr D'Albert's judgment as to the superior merits of the Knabe pianos was confirmed by further experience, appears from the following letter:

**Eugen D'Albert to Wm. Knabe & Co.**

(After his concert tour, 1892)

After having played two months continuously on the Knabe pianos, having used them exclusively on my concert tour just finished, it is a pleasure to me to be able to confirm my opinion, expressed two years ago, declaring them *the best instruments of America*—the experience I now have had with these instruments has only increased my admiration for them. EUGEN D'ALBERT.
New York. May 16, 1892.

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## "THE FIRST BORN"

### A Correspondent Describes Its First Night in a London Theatre.

A race across the Atlantic to see which company would first produce its Oriental play in London, was much advertised in the papers, and when, a few days later, an announcement was made that the "Cat and the Cherub" was to open at the Lyric Theatre on October 31st Powers' friends thought it was all over with his piece, for it was not to arrive until the 31st and would open at rather an unknown theatre — the Globe — off the Strand, on the first of November.

I went there, Saturday, to see how the seats were going, and found they had all been sold, and that a number of Chinese from the Legation had taken places. Monday morning I again went down there to see if the company had arrived. Chinese lanterns were being hung in the foyer, the orchestra was practicing Chinese music, and the actors were having their solitary rehearsal. The scenery lay around in a semi-detached condition, and there were heaps of Chinese placards, hats and baskets piled promiscuously in every available resting-place. But in the face of all this confusion the company preserved its coolness. One would think from the air of Mr. Powers and Miss Buckley and the rest that a first night in the biggest city in the world was a trifle of no consideration whatever — that their play had already won world-wide reputation. As I made my exit through the lobby I heard the box-office manager say to one of his assistants:

"Put a sign out, "No tickets for to-night in any part of the house." This was indeed encouraging. After explaining elaborately to a struggling super that a sliced potato is the best thing to put in the Chinese lantern before inserting the candle, to guard against the paper taking fire, I walked down the Strand. All along I met sandwich-men with placards advertising "The First Born." So London had every chance to know about what was going to happen.

The hour had come. Those who had been unfortunate enough to dine early witnessed an impossible curtain-raiser called "A Night Session"— a most suggestive and inartistic piece of nonsense. Clang! clang! clang! went the Chinese gong. Then a steady stream of men began to arrive, and rapidly the house filled up. Then the fish-horn commenced, and more clang-clang of the gong. Curious sounds, strange voices, rent the air, and then the curtain was drawn up, to display a huge piece of Chinese embroidery displaying great gilt dragons — once again clang, clang, clang — the embroidery disappeared, and, lo! the first scene — the street scene in Chinatown. It brought up an intense memory of the Alcazar, and for a moment I imagined myself back again in San Francisco. It is unnecessary to describe the staging, with which you are familiar, but when an English audience becomes as enthusiastic as these people did tonight, one feels confident of the merit of the performance. Upon the death of little Chan Toy the shouts of applause were almost deafening, and even after the curtain had been raised the third time the applause still continued.

More clanging and an intermezzo of Chinese music signalized the final act. One catches more of the real atmosphere of Chinatown in this scene, because it really gives us the Chinese swing to it, showing them as we see them. The air was heavy with the odor of the punk — and that in itself quite produces a Bartlett Alley feeling. It was a strong and sentimental scene, and the nervous tension of the audience demonstrated how great its interest was. At the appearance of Man Low Yek and his hasty death, a thrill went through the spectators, but as Chang Wong held him up at the alley door and greeted the officer who passed, there were but few except those who knew the Chinese at home who could appreciate the apathetic and cool manner of the murderer. Again the curtain fell and there resounded a burst of applause deeper and louder than I ever thought an English audience would accord an American company. Mr. Powers was recalled several times, also Miss Buckley, who had quite won even the dramatic critics. Mr. Powers was too tired to make a speech, but his manager came out to thank the people in his and Mr. Frohman's name.

Such was the reception tendered to "The First Born" in London. KATRIONA.

Our correspondent's impressions as to the success of "The First Born" were not outborne by the results. It was withdrawn after a week's run. The critics seem to have preferred "The Cat and the Cherub," Chester B. Fernald's sneaky adaptation. Clement Scott of the *Daily Telegraph* says: "In 'The Cat and the Cherub' we had drama; in 'The First Born' we have detail . . . It was Chinatown in a London fog," etc. The *Morning Post* pronounces the play a success, but does not enter into a discussion of its merits. It praises the "splendid acting of Francis Powers and Miss May Buckley." The critic of the *Standard* considers there is more tragic tension in 'The Cat and the Cherub,' but states the play could not have been better acted. George Bernard Shaw in the *Saturday Review* says the plays are nothing but "Wilkie Collins fiction disguised in pigtail and petticoats." He thus defines the separate merits of the two: "'The Cat and the Cherub,' which claims to be the original, is much the more academic of the two. It is a formal play, with comparatively pretentious acting parts, and the local color is blended into the dramatic business in the most approved literary manner. In 'The First Born' there is comparatively no art at all. We see the affair as we see a street row, with all the incidents of the Chinese slum going on independently — vulgar, busy, incongruous, irrelevant, indifferent — just as we see them in a London slum whilst the policemen is adjusting some tragedy at the corner."

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Five or more races daily, rain or shine
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Prices, including Reserved Seats, $1.50, $1, 75c.
Seats on sale at Tivoli commencing Monday, Dec. 13

## TURF TOPICS

### Ingleside Racing—Success of the Gate Without a Flag.

The glorious weather we have been having was broken by heavy rains in the early part of the week, which, though invaluable to the country, were against comfortable training and racing operations.

The new-comers W. B. Jennings & Co. annexed a couple of purses in succession on Thursday week with Miss Lynah and imp. Tripping, the latter a racy-looking three-year-old by Saraband. This was her initial appearance, and in a race at 1⅛ miles, with 100 lbs. up and Clawson in the saddle, she just outfinished Satsuma, 112 lbs., on the post in 1.55, Judge Denny, 107 lbs., several lengths behind. The fast Islington filly Novia spread-eagled a field of fourteen maiden two-year-olds at 5½ furlongs, and Dr. Sharp, another smart two-year-old, picked up an all-aged purse cleverly at five furlongs.

The next day Spunwell, getting away nicely with Plan, others in somewhat ragged fashion, picked up an all-aged purse, and in an event for two-year-olds at seven furlongs the two St. Carlo youngsters, St. Calatine and Count of Flanders, had the finish to themselves, Fonsovannah, who landed third, running a disappointing race.

Saturday last furnished excellent sport with a large attendance, no doubt encouraged to some extent by the first steeplechase fixture on the new inside course. The race was run over the short course up and down hill, 130 feet less than two miles, with fifteen obstacles, all of the same type, close-planked fences with brush at the top, the full height about 4 ft. 9 in. Seven horses of all sorts put in an appearance, but only three negotiated the entire distance, the others being done with early in the proceedings. Silverado, ridden in good form by Alf Stanford, won easily from Mestor, Reno getting home about 150 yards behind the latter. The display showed that this style of contest is not much understood by Western horses and horsemen, but judging from the excited interest of the spectators it should be a good draw fsr the gate. There are lots of horses here that, if properly schooled and put to the business, will be far more in place than in trying to catch the judge's eye in flat races.

The Rancho del Paso stakes, $1500, 1¼ miles, brought only three runners to the post out of an original entry of forty, namely, Senator Bland, 115 lbs., Judge Denny, 107 lbs., and imp. Tripping, 93 lbs., and truly the unexpected happened. The first named was an odds-on favorite, the English-bred mare, Tripping, a good second favorite, and the black Fonso horse an outsider running for the benefit of the small bettors who like to punt on such chances. The Senator and Tripping made the running at a fast pace, neck and neck for the first mile and a quarter, Piggott lying back six to eight lengths with Judge Denny. At that point the last-named found his opportunity, and quickening his pace but slightly, soon brought the others back to him. On entering the straight the race was practically over and the Judge finished up in a comfortable hand gallop with some ten lengths to spare, Tripping taking socond place. Time, 3.04½. It seems to me that there was a good deal to be learnt from this race, first and foremost that condition and style of going were insufficiently studied in estimating the chances of the competitors. In these respects Judge Denny outclassed his opponents, so far as my judgment goes. He has an easy, collected way of moving that gives him a great advantage, especially over a distance of ground. In the next place, the best horse in the world may be beaten if he sets out to make an end-to-end race; this has been proven over and over again. And amongst other things the condition that suffices a speedy horse for a short cut will not get him home on a long route, and that this fact is too often overlooked by our trainers, who set over-much store on the qualty of their charges.

On the same day we saw the worthy Magnet dumped on this last rock in a mile race cleverly won by imp. Trance, the latter since ruled off with her trainer Dan Halliday for in-and-out running. Magnet is utterly unfit for racing in point of soundness and condition and sobbed his protests bitterly after the finish. What spite has his owner against this good horse to be forcing him to try and draw oat-money with a weak fore-tendon and a fat inside? Surely the horse is entitled to a happier existence.

Monday gave us a really good day's sport. In the mile race for a $500 purse of five runners a ridiculous exhibition was made of the good filly St. Calatine, carrying the feather weight of 77 lbs. and with an undeniable chance of scoring the trick. She was rushed to the front and completely settled in the first half mile so, that by the time the turn for the stretch had to be made Satsuma, 112 lbs., overhauled her without difficulty. Well into the stretch The Roman, 103 lbs., made a bold bid for victory, but could never quite get up, and the former gained the verdict by half a length in the fast time, for a rather cuppy track, of 1:40. Mr. Boots is certainly unlucky with The Roman, a high class horse that is so often only just beaten. The Pontico colt Dr. Sharp scored a fresh bracket with top weight 115 lbs., 7 lbs. more than anything else, in a race over five furlongs with a field of eleven, and is undoubtedly one of the best two-year-olds now running here.

Tuesday was the only bad day in the way of weather we have had this season. Rey el Santa Anita, the American Derby winner, exported to and now returned from England, was pulled out of a mile race against an inferior lot of horses, and, with little disadvantage in the way of weight, refused to do better than run second. Novia scored again for Mr. M. F. Tarpey in a six-furlong sprint, beating ten others, of which several have shown speed.

Wednesday we had a rather heavy track and the fields were comparatively small. That very smart little racehorse Count of Flanders showed his heels all the way over seven furlongs to half a dozen others, of which Fonsovannah again performed disappointingly. Lucky Dog reveled in the soft going, but ran none too kindly at the finish of 1 1-16 miles, though nothing had been able to get to him. The Palace Hotel Stakes, a steeplechase over the full course of 2½ miles, not 4 miles as nearly all the papers stated, was a farce and practically nothing more than a feeble attempt to school horses. Mr. Corrigan's Sam Tate, ridden by Hueston, made the trip with one mistake only, by which his rider was for the moment brought to the ground, and was declared the winner. There is a wide field open for horses that can and will jump and men able to pilot them over a country, to earn some money.

It is gratifying to note the successful starting of Mr. Caldwell during the present Ingleside meeting effected by the gate alone, unhampered by a recall flag. The result seems to have satisfied even those who clamored for the flag so persistently that the gate alone is the right system. It would be better for horses and jockeys if the same practice were followed at both our tracks.

The California Jockey Club has added to its popularity by announcing that until further notice the daily purses at the Oakland track, exclusive of special stakes, will average at least $400. Scratchieg forfeits will also be divided between second and third horses at the rate of 60 and 40 per cent respectively.

The recent sale of yearlings from the late Simeon G. Reed's Oneonta Stud, realized an average of $350 per head, the best prices paid being $900 apiece for two by imp. Duncombe and imp. Watercress, respectively.

The small consignment of yearlings from Mr. J. B. Chase's farm, in which five sired by Morello are included, will be put up for auction at Ingleside to-day.

The Burns' Handicap, $10,000, the largest stake offered on this Coast, has closed with 87 entries.

BENEDICT.

### Calendars in High Art.

The Christmas Cards, and especially Calendars for this year, far excel the productions of seasons past, and artists everywhere have competed for honors as well as the rich prizes offered for new and original effects. The consequence manifests itself in the vast display to be seen at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street, where small, delicate cards of the amateur are mingled with the works of celebrated artists.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

Maillard's Chocolates, half- and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

## FINANCE AND TRADE

*Thursday Evening.*

In business circles the tone is dull for the time of the year with no great improvement looked for this side of Christmas. The late term of suspense preceding the delivery of the President's message to Congress, has been followed by a renewal of activity in the stock markets of New York and London, and a higher range of values has been established in all the leading lines of stock. The money market remains unchanged, the sentiment expressed by Mr. McKinley on currency matters meeting with the tacit approval of the financial powers. Silver is weak at the moment and after advancing to 60 has now receded to 58, in consequence of the announcement that the Government of India are to resume their sale of exchange in London.

In the local bond market there is no lessening of the demand for first-class issues and the scarcity continues. Southern Pacific Railway of Arizona 6 percents, have followed the course we predicted, and closed to-day at 104 to 105- With the coupon due next month they still seem cheap. Other Southern Pacific issues are also higher.

In the stock market Spring Valley Water has been dealt in at 100 and is in good demand.

Gas and Electric seem to have touched bottom at 95, and there seems to be no credence given to the rumored opposition previously referred to.

Market-Street R. R. has moved up as high as 52⅝.

In Sugar stocks there have been lively fluctuations as looked for, with numerous transactions, especially to-day. Hutchinson sold up to 39¾, Hawaiian at 23¾ to 27¾. The latter has been listed in New York and an active market is likely to follow. The supply oi all sugar stocks is very limited and if buying orders come in prices must go higher.

In the grain market, wheat has sagged in consequence of the advance of freights from 29 to 35 shillings, a large proportion of the available tonnage having been engaged for the Oregon crop. With any decline in the cost of shipping, business would once more become lively at this port. In the meantime, December No. 1 is quoted at 1.40.

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Books are the most eminently proper Christmas Gifts—they are the one thing that can be given to any friend with perfect propriety. We have the largest and most completely stocked bookstore in the West—there are few larger in the world. Books gathered from the leading publishers especially for the holiday trade form at least one-half of this great stock. Books for grown people, books for children—any book that is published. Here are a few:

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5 vols.; half calf, $13.50; our price $6.75.

**Hugo: Les Miserables**
4 vols.; ¾ Morroco; Crowell publisher; $20; our price $10.

**Irving's Works**
8 vols.; half calf; Crowell publisher; $20; our price $10.

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[illegible]
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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with waterworks. As he halted at the top of the bank to give a "blow" before proceeding to peddle the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up, and after passing the time of the day, asked: "How long have been hauling water for the village, my good man?" "Tin years or more, sor," was the reply. "Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?" "From tin to fifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor." "Yes? Now I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether?" The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied: "All he water that yez don't see there now, sor."

May Irwin tells s good story about crossing the Atlantic once with a lonesome-looking young man, of whom it was whispered among the passengers that he was a bridegroom. He kept to himself throughout the voyage, and it was assumed that the bride remained in her stateroom because of illness. The general curiosity became strong concerning the hidden lady, and a committee of ladies was appointed to call on her. They found the young man alone and disconsolate in his stateroom. The leader of the committee said: "You are a bridegroom, we believe?" "Yes; I was married last week." "Where is your wife?" "Oh, she didn't come along. We found that we didn't have money enough for both of us to take a trip to Europe, so I am making the voyage alone, and, to tell the truth, I am a little lonesome."

When Andrew D. White was our Minister to Germany nearly twenty years ago he received a mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the West, who enclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to give a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince and Bismarck, and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

A gentle and affectionate clubman, who came home at rather an unearthly hour the other night, was asked by his wife what time it was. "Half past eleven, my dear." As he spoke the timepiece rang out three o'clock. "What's that?" said the justly indignant wife. "Coming in at this unearthly hour, and then telling a story about it!" The clubman sighed. "To think," he cried, with upraised hands, "you'd believe that little five-dollar French clock before you would the word of your own faithful husband!"

A highly respectable lady, of Episcopalian tendencies, who lives on Pacific Avenue, was informed by her cook that she proposed to get married. "I hope, Mary, you have given the matter serious consideration?" "Oh, I have, ma'am, was the earnest reply. "I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to one of those asterologers, and to a meejum, and they all tell me to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't one to marry reckless like, ma'am!"

A clergyman in the West Country had two curates, one a comparatively old one, the other very young. With the former he had not been able to work agreeably; and on being invited to another living, he accepted it, and took the young curate with him. Naturally there was a farewell sermon, and we can imagine the feelings of the curate who was to be left behind when he heard the text given out, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

The late Dean Vaughan, eminent among English clergymen, had been preparing some colored clergymen for mission work, and asked them to dine with him in the Temple. On that day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the drawing-room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was very odd. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "and what's odder still, I've done nothing all the evening but turn Christy minstrels away from the door."

A clergyman, famous for his begging abilities, was once catechising a Sunday-school. When comparing himself — the pastor of a church — to a shepherd, and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children: "What does the shepherd do for the sheep?" To the amusement of those present a small boy in the front row piped out: "Shears them!"

There was a good deal of amusement at one time at the expense of Wellman, the Yankee Arctic explorer, over the disingenuous remark of his wife, who, being asked when the report came of the loss of the expedition, whether she was not uneasy, replied, "Oh, no, not at all. Mr. Wellman told me not to worry over any such reports, as he would be very likely to start them himself as an advertisement."

Alphonse Daudet, who is the most happily married of French authors, is noted for obtaining much of his material from life. After a very sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife one day, he remarked, "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," she replied, "to form a chapter that will slip into one."

Lord Alvaney, a wit of the Regency, and Beau Brummel were enemies. When told that Brummel had fled to Boulogne to avoid the prosecution of the Jews who were suing him for debt, Alvaney remarked: "Brummel has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment."


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VOL. XVI. No. 52 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 25, 1897 PRICE 10 CTS

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MARCEAU

# THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 25, 1897


CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Editorials | 2 |
| Things and People; by Boswell Jr. | 3-4 |
| "A Dream Fulfilled"; by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins | 4 |
| Scenes at the Melbourne Cup Meeting | 5 |
| Scenes at the McCloud River Salmon Hatchery | 6 |
| Uncle Sam's Babies | 7 |
| Racing in Australia; by G. L. B. | 7 |
| Music; by Leslie Martin | 7 |
| Views of the Sanitary Reduction Works | 8 |
| Tod Sloan in England; by Benedict | 9 |
| A Debutante's Diary | 10 |
| The Theatres | 10 |
| Mons. Le Roy Explains; by Justin Sturgis | 12 |
| Reviews in Brief | 12 |
| "An Elopement"; a Story from the French | 13 |
| Turf Topics; by Benedict | 14 |
| Finance and Trade | 14 |
| New Stories Re-Told | 16 |


## THE LAST CALL.

On Monday next the voters of San Francisco will be called on to discharge again the highest and most important duty that devolves upon them as citizens of this city. In a country in which the sovereignty is vested in the people themselves the highest exercise of that sovereignty is shown in the enactment of the fundamental laws by which the people establish the methods and means by which they are to govern themselves. The Constitution of the United States is the direct act and ordinance of the people of the United States, and to the provisions of that Constitution every other act and instrument of government throughout the entire nation must conform. The Constitution of our State is the direct expression of the sovereign will of the people of the State, and every detail of the State Government must be devised in accordance with and in obedience to that expression of the people's will. So in the smaller, but not less important, field of municipal affairs the sovereign will of the citizens of the municipality ought to be looked for from any popular system of municipal government.

The citizens of San Francisco are about to choose from among themselves fifteem men to whom shall be confided the duty of expressing, in the form of a new charter for the city, what they believe to be the desires of the people for a better municipal government. The first duty of a good citizen at this time is to do all that it lies in him to do to secure the choice of fifteen honest and competent men for that work. It is of very small importance what may be the several opinions of these fifteen men on the questions of the tariff or the currency, or on any other questions which can be discussed and determined only in the national legislature. Such questions have no relevancy to the duty which will be confided to the fifteen chosen Freeholders. But it is of very great importance that the men chosen should be acquainted with the conditions which make it impossible to secure an honest and responsible government under our present organic act, that they should be sufficiently clear-sighted to devise means of eliminating those conditions without imposing others equally destructive of the desired end, and that they should be honest in their effort to secure for the people what the people undoubtedly want. No man can fulfill these conditions who has ever participated in or profited by the corrupt practices of the rings and bosses whose rule has so long disgraced our city. No man can be trusted to make an honest effort to put an end to such corrupt practices who is willing to accept the confidence and support of the very rings and bosses who have been guilty of them, and whose first and most natural desire is to provide for their continuance.

We believe that the honest people of San Francisco are a great majority of the whole, and we believe that a charter honestly framed for the sole purpose of providing an efficient, economical and progressive government for our city will receive their overwhelming support. We believe that if a charter is submitted to them which is really an instrument of government and not a mass of detailed legislation; which distributes the municipal powers among the several independent, but responsible departments of a symmetrical government, without attempting to anticipate and provide for the petty details of routine administration; which places in separate hands the duty of raising and apportioning the public revenues and the duty of expending them as appropriated; that provides that responsibility for the misuse of power shall be clear and inevitable, and, finally, that makes no distinctions between classes of citizens, by inviting assaults on the accumulations of industry or by appeals to the greed of the unthrifty—such a charter, we confidently believe, will be ratified by a majority against which all the powers of political darkness will find themselves powerless.

The first and most important duty is to secure the choice of fifteen capable and honest Freeholders at the election on Monday. The ordinary municipal election compares in importance with the coming election as a change of a servant or two compares with the building of a new house and the setting up of a new household. If we cannot have good Freeholders chosen at this election we may as well give over all hope of getting a good charter to submit to the people. With no other desire than to improve every chance of improving the result, after careful examination of the candidates before the people, The Wave submits to its readers this list selected from both tickets as worthy of their suffrages:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jerome A. Anderson. | Rueben Lloyd. |
| Joseph Britton. | John Nightingale Jr. |
| James Butler. | John C. Nobmann. |
| H. N. Clement. | Joseph O'Connor. |
| A. Comte Jr. | Lipmann Sachs. |
| Joseph D. Grant. | Edward R. Taylor. |
| L. R. Ellert. | C. B. Stone. |
| Isidor Gutte. | W. M. Pierson. |

## SCENE MOUNTING OF THE FUTURE.

Suggestions from a laic and his opinions may not always be devoid of value nor deficient in interest to the initiated in any of the professions or arts, fine or otherwise. For it is often permitted to the layman to stand often far enough off from the production of his more deeply versed brother to judge of general effects, unhampered by consideration of detail and untramelled by the limitations of technicalities whose value—though the initiated would probably deny this—is often disproportionately exaggerated. In a recent speech at a dramatists' dinner in London, Henry Arthur Jones remarked:

I have been watching real life for more than thirty years, and it has never offered me any one single scene that could be put on the stage. The drama can never be like real life, chiefly because the playwright has to concentrate all his action within the merest fraction of the time that would be taken in real life, and because he has to concentrate all his action in a few small definite stationary scenes. The necessity of concentrating his action brings the dramatist every moment into contact with the thousand inessential facts and worthless trivialities which are the adjuncts of real life everywhere and at all times. There is no way of representing these trivialities on the stage; they have no place there; they merely bore the spectator and take away the time and patience which he is ready to give to weightier matters. Notwithstanding the impossibilities for the dramatist to imitate real life, he should, of course, give an illusion of real life, and the art of creating this illusion is the art of the dramatist.

As the stage—using the word in its narrowest, most literal and material sense—as the stage is now constructed and set, the restrictions upon portraying real life realistically, as defined by Mr. Jones, are, no doubt of great force. However, one is oftentimes inclined to wonder if a day is ever coming which shall witness and inaugurate a New Drama and a New Stage, a sort of revolution in stage mounting. As matters stand now the mounting of plays—even of the very best, are absurdly disappointing, canvas flats representing solid stone, that wobble at a touch, doors that open only one way, landscapes and ploughed fields that bulge and billow in a draught of air, absurd arrangement of artificial lights, hard wooden floors, resounding hollowly to the tread, doing duty for grass plots and solid earth. The veriest tyro, the most ignorant backwoodsmen would not for an instant be deceived by the most carefully mounted scene in all Bernhardt's repertoire. He is not even expected to be deceived. Then why should it be done at all? Scenic effect is not all necessary to the interest of a play. The greatest dramas ever written, "Œdipus Tyrannos," "Hamlet," "The Cid" and so many others, dispensed with everything but the veriest essentials. The front of a temple or palace, with three doors, sufficied for Sophocles. Signs and placards were all that Shakespeare depended upon. Corneille managed with scarcely more than a raised platform. Fancy Corneille, Shakespeare and the Greek in the pit of a modern theatre. It is not improbable that the first criticism of latter-day methods from the lips of the ancient masters would be to the effect that the clumsiness of the mounting (pretending so much and falling so wretchedly short) distracted attention from the action of the play itself, was more—much more—of a hindrance than a help. Half measures are bad measures, and sometimes are ludicrous enough. *L'Africaine* as performed at the Paris *Opera*, contains one scene in which Vasco da Gama puts his ship about. The effect is stupendous, sailors hauling and chanting at the ropes—the helm hard over—the yards swinging around—the bowsprit describing an arc on the horizon. The whole superstructure of the imitation ship moves around, masts, cabin, rails and all. *The deck, that is to say the floor of the stage, is absolutely stationary.* Vasco da Gama on the bridge turns with the turning ship, his crew, like so many Casabiancas, are rooted to the moveless deck. The effect intended to be sublime, is only ridiculous.

When Patti and her opera troupe appeared for "positively the last time" in this city, the operas of "Trovatore" and "Aida" were given on succeeding nights in the order named. The same scenery was used for both operas. The identical Gothic flats and wings that had represented a feudal hall in "Trovatore" were made to do duty for the throne room in the prehistoric Egyptian palace of "Aida."

A system and theory of mounting plays that can permit such monstrous incongruities to overcome us like a summer cloud without our special mention is manifestly wrong. Do away with the present idea of scene setting entirely, return to the simplicity of the Periclesian Greeks, or develop a new system.

It would not do merely to change the mounting of plays. The style of play must adapt itself to a change as well. One ventures to predict that the next century will see a new theater, wherein the principles of panoramic art will be applied to scene painting. There will be no footlights, but instead a powerful overhead light and lesser side lights. The back or the stage will be shaped (for outdoor scenes), like the inside of a dome, the audience will sit farther from the stage itself, grass mats will take the place of green baize, and the wings so arranged that the spectators at the side of the house will be unable to see around them. A new style of play will come into vogue that will be nearer to real life in just such proportion as the novels of to-day are nearer to it than those of the last century. The melodramatic, even the mildly dramatic, will decline—the tendency has alway been in that direction—and things will happen on the stage—Henry Arthur Jones to the contrary—exactly as they have happened in real life, as they do now in Howell's novels. Either this, or we shall burn our painted flats, discharge our property men, tear up our costumes and return to the pure, chaste unadorment of the classical, where the action is everything and the scenery n'

## ERNEST RENAN.

By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

The year which is now fast drawing to a close h been remarkable for its contributions to the higher a-ture; indeed, I am inclined to think that, when its inal accounts are made up, we shall find it to have been c i the whole, so far as English and American letters are concerned, a rather poor and unprofitable one. But it is memorable for several noteworthy achievements in biography, and among them, for the recently-published *Life of Ernest Renan* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) by Madame James Darmesteter, better known probably to English readers under her maiden name—A. Mary I. Robinson. This is an admirable piece of work, and may be cordially recommended to those who desire to know, as a living personality, one of the most fascinating, and at the same time enigmatical figures of our time.

For it is not a mere biography in the ordinary restricted sense of the word—not simply a record of outward happenings and results, digested into chronological sequence. It is, after Sainte-Beuve's manner, a "portrait." Biographical details are given; events have their due place. But when we close the book, we know something more about the man than that he lived thus and died thus — succeeded here, failed there. We are left with the strongest sense of his wonderful genius and individuality, and, turning to his works, find ourselves the better able to answer the two questions which, it has been well said, we have a right, in such cases, to put: first, "How was this mind formed and what was the genesis of the thought it expressed?" and secondly, "What lasting and fruitful element has it contributed to its generation and those which come after?" And these questions, as James Darmesteter (the late lamented husband of the writer of this book) once said, have special interest for the student of Renan, because of the strange complexities of his character, the apparent contradictions of his thought, and the enormous influence exerted by him over the intellectual life of his age.

Renan used to speak of himself as a kind of hippogriff, belonging to no race of mortal herds. He meant that in his nature were blended the Latin and the Celt. Born in Treguier, in the Cotes du Nord, of a family of sailors, he was "as Breton as Merlin himself," with the dreamy qualities, the subtle melancholy, the superstitious bias, of his race. Almost certainly he exaggerated his debt to a Celtic ancestry, Madame Darmesteter avers. Perhaps so. But we may doubt whether he went far wrong in declaring that to his education among simple priests and simpler peasant-folk he owed something at least of his marvelous power "of reviving spiritual conditions different from those of our own day." "In order to comprehend a religion," he was wont to say, "we must have believed it—and have left it." For a time he loved the Catholicism of his forefathers—so different from what he was presently to find in the brilliant world of Paris—with a fervor and devotion which seemed to make the priesthood his ultimate destiny. And when the crisis in his life came, and he was swept out of the Church, though then the Irish side of his character came uppermost and his keen, ruthless logical faculty asserted itself, he remained always at heart very near indeed to his boyish faith. The idealist within him was never killed by the skeptic, the poet by the scientist, the Celt by the Latin. He left the Church, not as Lamennais before him had left it, in storm and anger; he left it in all kindliness of feeling, because, while it still possessed his heart, it no longer mastered his reason. We may make what we will of Renan's late work on the *Origins of Christianity* and the *History of the People of Israel*. We are free to differ from his special conclusions, and to criticise the methods he employed. But we cannot fail to see that in coming in this way upon certain circumstances in his life, we get close to one of the great elemental factors of his power. We are accustomed to say that, per-

haps supreme among the stylists and artists of his time, Renan is able to rehabilitate the past for us, to revivify long departed conditions of culture, by his literary skill, and by that alone. Of a surety, the literary skill counts much—who can read a dozen of his pages and doubt it? But James Darmesteter adds another illuminating consideration when he says: "When he wrote the history of past beliefs, he had only to interrogate himself to find again in his own consciousness the secret of their nature and their power."

For many readers, who concern themselves only in a casual way with the development of thought, Renan's name is practically synonymous with dilettante skepticism. Skeptic he of course was, in the strictest sense; for he was a man of advanced judgment, perhaps too much afraid of taking sides, too prone to put a question-work everywhere. But his life had nothing of the dilettante about it. His vast and accurate scholarship—that scholarship of the German savant which underlies even his most delicate and fascinating work—would suffice to show this, even if we had not, as fortunately we now have, the record of a life full of strenuous exertion and ceaseless and varied activity, of duty bravely done, and discouragement and sorrow nobly borne. He died at his post, still in harness in spite of the ravages of long disease. "I have done my work," he said to his wife; "I die happy." And again: "It is the most natural thing in the world to die. Let us accept the laws of the Universe. The heavens and the earth remain." These are not the words of the dilettante—of the trifler who has idled through life, indifferent to its realities and its responsibilities.

An error of somewhat different character, arising not from entire ignorance, but from superficial reading of Renan's works, is to be found in the oft-repeated assertion that for him, as for some other great teachers of our time, science was the whole of life. The explanation of this misconception probably lies in the fact that his constant emphasis was not upon the good, but upon the True. *Veritatem dilexi* are the words engraved upon his tomb, and they sum up the inspiring aims and purposes of his long career. "When the scientific sense awoke in him," says James Darmesteter, "and he beheld the world of history transfigured by it, he was dazzled by it, and the influence lasted throughout his life." But it is a grave mistake to suppose that he, therefore, ever lost or neglected the exquisite moral sense which had been nurtured by his early training and environment. It was part of his seeming inconsistency of thought, that he chose so often to express his stoical ethics in the phraseology of Epicurus. But of him there remained, when all was said, one certain thing only in a world of uncertainties—Duty. Good is good, evil is evil—that antithesis was never touched by his skepticism; that for him was the one fundamental and everlasting fact of human life.

# THINGS AND PEOPLE

A positive flurry of excitement has gone through the city on the occasion of the publication of the address by the Golden Jubilee Committee, and San Francisco is suddenly wakening to the excellence and magnitude of the celebration of the semi-centenial anniversary of Marshall's discovery of gold. Already the designs for the floats which are to be such a prominent feature of the street parade have been decided upon. These designs are to be emblematical or commemorative of such historic ideas and subjects as the raising the flag at Monterey, the discovery of gold, missions, a pioneer train, the aborigines, navigators, civilization, agriculture, etc. A mining exhibit is promised, which is to be the largest ever seen in the State, and elaborate are preparations now under way to make that promise good, Mine-owners have especially interested themselves in the exhibit and are endeavoring not only to show actual plants of mining machinery in full operation but also to surround the plants with appropriate acessories, properties and even painted scenery in order to emphasize realistic effects. One of the most interesting exhibits will be made by the Risdon Iron Work. This is no less than a lake of quicksilver in which iron anchors and cannon balls will be floating. The North Bloomfield Mining Company intend to have a section of their mine reproduced exactly, with drifts, pumps and giants working full steam ahead, while another and especially timely exhibit will be a model of the Chilcoot Pass and a relief of the country around the head waters of the Yukon. Arrangements have also been made to secure a large number of curios and relics of the early days of California's mining boom. Taking it by and large, the Jubilee is to be a notable and noteworthy event and an admirable reminder of the fact that in her brief career as Territory and State California has contributed $1,500,000,000 to the world's wealth in precious metal alone.

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Among the politicians there is a solitary topic of interest—the forthcoming Freeholders' election. Monday is the important day, and the result will prove more than most people imagine. The contest is clearly one between all reputable citizens and the bosses. If the business men and manufacturers have that respect for their real interests which their fervent protestations might seem to convey, they will see to it the Charter Convention's Freeholders are supported. On the other ticket, it is true, are some excellent men, such as Joseph D. Grant, Reuben Lloyd, C. B. Stone and William Pierson, but they cannot leaven their accompaniments or sanctify the auspices of their nomination. That the "push" element will rally at the polls may be depended on—it is with them a case of bread and butter, but will the business man, the great merchant, the wealthy manufacturer rise to the emergency and see to it that their employees record their votes. If the campaign has developed a sense of the tremendous importance of the election, then there will be a big vote, and the "push" ticket will surely be defeated. If "down town" maintains its pristine indifference and the politicians and their friends alone vote, the result will be the victory of Rainey, Curry & Co. It is really their ticket against the field, because no voter will take their nominees for choice. The campaign has discredited them sufficiently for that. Besides this, the composition of the Charter ticket shows keen political foresight and a shrewd sense of local values and relationships. At least nine of its members have considerable individual strength and the prestige of former service. They are a body of very respectable and conservative citizens, who may be trusted to make a charter acceptable to the great body of our citizens. It will have to be a noxious instrument to fail of passage, for the community is tired of present conditions.

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Though the charter campaign has been a late fight, considerable of energy has been developed at the last. The best kind of campaign literature has been circulated, and the forcible representation which the *Examiner* and the *Bulletin* are making daily must tell on their readers. Though the *Call* is behind the "push" ticket, its fight on their behalf is neither vigorous nor intelligent. It is handicapped, of course, by the fact that the Merchants' Association supports the Charter Convention, and that organization is composed of the advertising forces of the city. The *Chronicle's* support is of the most lukewarm character for a variety of political reasons. and the *Post* seems to favor the Charter nominees as against the "fusionists." At all events there is no great confidence among the politicians, and it will not surprise me to hear that the followers of Rainey & Curry have voted for Charter nominees. That Martin Kelly can deliver his army of followers under the circumstances now existing is highly improbable, and their tendency will be to oppose the Curry forces. Considering all the contingencies, the prospect for the Charter ticket is by no means as hopeless as some people would have us believe.

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One cannot but think regretfully of the downfall of Auditor Broderick. The Non-Partisan indorsement and the independent Republican vote "north of Market street" elected him last winter, for "south of Market street" rallied strong for Deane. Yet he is now "lined up" with the boss forces, and has deliberately and publicly allied himself with those interests which the community believes alien to good government. He can never again be elected, because the "push" have no use for him personally, and, after this, he cannot command the support of the respectable voter. So he will have to retire, or will be ignominiously defeated. Mr. Creswell has certainly lost prestige in the same connection, though the current impression accords him more honor than it does Mr. Broderick, because he is a man of agreeable personality and a zealous official. As for the Grand Jury report, that was sheer nonsense. The City and County Attorney's work has rarely been in better shape, and never before has it been handled with half the zeal and ability of the present administration. It is to be presumed that both Broderick and Creswell yielded to certain influences, and would have acted otherwise had the pressure been less. No clever political boss will ever put his connections in the invidious position of deciding against the people. It destroys their usefulness by making them objects of suspicion. The whole affair with the journalistic comments thereon, has aroused an impression that someone is trying to steal something, and that has kindled the people whose indifference might otherwise have been depended upon. No abuse of power by an Election Commission has ever succeeded in San Francisco, and as long as the love of a square game holds out here, it never will.

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Though there is a certain joy in knowing about things, there is a compensating dis-satisfaction when the standard is not maintained. Take the musician, for instance, who derives an exquisite pleasure from well-attuned harmonies—dissonance is a torture to his highly educated ear. For the epicure whose taste has been trained to the appreciation of subtle flavors, a poorly cooked *entrée* becomes a tragedy. It is equally true that the musician who delights in the mysteries of Schumann has a profound contempt for the lover of Sousa, and the epicure regards as a savage he who prefers boiled beef to a canvas-back. Apropos of the group of disappointments peculiar to gourmets rather a good story was told me. A very discriminating gentleman, who had been a member of the Hasty Pudding Club when District Attorney Barnes was its president, and who owns a million, a *chef* and a cellar, consigned to Mr. Barnes a young friend who was coming to San Francisco for the holidays. It was a reasonable assumption that the friend knew of the delicate mysteries of the table, and Mr. Barnes prepared accordingly. He invited the young man to a late breakfast at the club, and called the steward into consultation as to the rarities which might be placed before this most particular guest. There were phesants, which were oredered, an antique sauterne, and then, quoted the functionary with much impressment: "By the way, we have just had in a dozen eccrevisse, the delicious fresh-water eccrevisse from Oregon. You ought to have them, too." Of course, they were pre-empted and special directions given for their preparation. The guest came—a bright, healthy young fellow, who had been seeing some cowboy life in Arizona, and together they strolled in to breakfast. There was an oyster cocktail first, then the eccrivisse. The presumtive connoissuer gazed curiously at his plate, experimented with his fork, and then remarked:

"I say, Barnes, how do you eat these d——d crabs, anyway?"

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The Bohemian Club celebrated the advent of Christmas tide by jinks, low, high and others, that I hear were of particular and notable merit. The sire of the High Jinks was Mr. Wm. Sproule, the club's president. M. A. Newell assumed the responsibility of the "Jinks that were low," and H. J. Stewart discharged the duties of musical directorship. Interspersed with the speeches of the High Jinks were vocal numbers by Donald Graham, Thomas Rickard and Frank Coffin. Mr. James E. Runcie closed the programme by an address that I am told was quite the event of the evening. The Low Jinks was an uproarious farce written on the "First Born" and called, of course, "The Second Born." S. A. Cloman, H. W. Dimond, J. E. J. Archibald and George de Long, made the "world a little better and happier" for the nonce in their interpretation of the roles of Dr. Po Lo. Lee Shore (wife of Bum Long), Hop On (a mush bowl mender), and Men Low Park (a merchant). The programme in itself was an achievement, and rejoiced in such an array of names as High See, Sing Low, Way Bill and Get Sum. The mounting for the farce was excellent and, but for the smaller size of the stage, one could easily have fancied one's self back in the Alcazar building during the run of Powers'—now world-renowned—drama.

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The revival of the interest in swimming as an amateur sport has been the cause, or perhaps the effect, of an interesting contest recently held at the Lurline Baths in this city. The contest was a quarter mile race between H. F. Brewer and E. B. Stolle for the championship of America, and was held under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association. Brewer held the previous record at 6:23 3-5, which was the [illegible] (though 5 57 has been done with the tide in England). In the recent contest Mr. Brewer beat out Stolle handily, winning by 70 feet, the time being 5:45. Brewer, champion [illegible] now reputed in America, is but nineteen years old, and weighs 160 pounds in his swimming trunks. Indoor swimming is becoming more and more [illegible] but until the waters of the bay and ocean become very sensibly moderated in temperature, there will be little surf or bay bathing indulged in.

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Up at the Hopkins Institute is a canvas of the celebrated French painter, Bourgougne, (known also in connection with his designs for the Sevres work), which has not received the attention it should deserve as a matter of course. The work itself is a study of peonies displayed in a vase. Besides having striking photomatric quality in rendering light, the color contrasts are done with extreme fidelity making valuable a subject in itself somewhat slight. Raised out of the category of useless flower pieces, this is a real work of art and possessing a dignity of its own. Doctor Bazet is the owner.

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The *Post's* contention that only a millionaire newspaperman could afford to produce such editions as the Christmas *Examiner* and the "New Era" *Call* is not well founded. There must have been at least $20,000 of special business in the latter paper, and the Monarch had a most prosperous appearance. Indeed, its advertising columns made a showing calculated to satisfy Mr. Hearst, and large enough, I imagine, to offset the cost of the color printing which does not come so high as the uninitiated believe. From the typographical and picturesque point of view it was the best holiday number the *Examiner* has produced since it began making a feature of colors. The front page was a beauty, and worthy a heavier quality of paper. However, I was disappointed in the prize yarn, and Bierce was not at his best. Of the poems, that of Alice Rix was the most poetic, and Gertrude Atherton's Round Valley effect seemed the smartest tale in the number. There must have been a dearth of available fiction when the editors had to use such a slight sketch as that of Justin McCarthy's—which was not worth the paper it was printed upon. The decorative art throughout the supplement, however, was far ahead of the literary quality, and herein lay its inferiority to the "New Era" *Call* which no one will have time to read, but which really contains some excellent ideas. In fact, it was most creditably edited, and, outside its fiction, which is infinitely worse than the *Examiner's*, it is well worth keeping. The articles about California industries by Henry Muller, Claus Spreckels, Horace Davis, Clarence Wetmore, J. W. Kerr and Henry Crocker, come from authorities on the subjects treated, and are worth preservation. The "New San Francisco," the pages on our commerce and industries are full of good information, and, besides, are set out in exceedingly swagger style, the decorations being clever, if a trifle architectural. I am speaking of the special features, of course—of the pages up to 26—the rest of the number is advertising and local news. The colored cover seems to have been crudely printed and, considering the quality of the paper used, the half-tone of the building are unnecessarily bad. The other half-tones through the number are even less successful, that of the Spreckels mansion being so black that it gave no impression of the magnificent interior. However, it is impossible to obtain results with these engravings unless a highly calendered paper is used. On the whole, the "New Era" was a fine paper and really hard to excel.

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Just of what a Christmas number should consist is purely a matter of opinion. Ought it to have what is called a Christmas flavor?—holly and red berry decorations, Santa Claus in colors, snowflakes, stockings and misletoe boughs? Or, should it be merely a compendium of stories and pictures to be read during the leisure days that follow the great anniversary? We all know that Christmas has become rather a celebration than a commemoration—it is the harvest feast of the year rather than the Christian's holy day. The present feature of it is just the opportunity to make glad the hearts of our own or someone else's children, and to repay with books or gifts the obligations which our friends have conferred on us through the twelve months that have gone by. But, it is of Christmas journals that I have to write—we have had an infliction of them in town here, besides the invasion from England and from the East. I have turned over the leaves of the whole category of them, but, thus far, the stories of the English numbers are unread—at least by the writer. Experience has shown him they are seldom worth perusal. Tales written to order and with an enforced Christmas flavor, bear all the marks of their manufacture and lack both the sprightliness of inspiration and the briskness of movement which distinguishes the "contributed" from the "ordered" story. However, it is safe to assume *Figaro's* yarns are worth the price, and *Black and White* generally has a choice story of adventure. The *Sketch* set non't look brilliant, but *Town Topics* offers half a dozen rattling yarns, well up to its flamboyant standard. *Life* is rather conventional, and its cover is by no means a notable production. However, Gelett Burgess' story is quite good, though not equal to the delightful fairy tale he contributed to the *St. Nicholas*, and the Mayer pictures are capital. I shall remember the number for Droch's witty characterization of *Quo Vadis* as a compound of Barnum's circus, the Seeley dinner and the Bradley-Martin ball. That is a gem and quite the best criticism of this much-belauded tale. As for my local contemporaries—they have clung to their ancient idols and given California scenery ad nauseam. The same old landscapes stare at us out of their foolishly decorated pages, and one languidly wonders why these editors fail to scheme out a new idea. Surely the Yosemite, Big Trees, Boulder Creek and the scenery of San Francisco, the Sierras and Marin County have been sufficiently reproduced to have earned the privilege of exemption from Christmas numbers.

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Opinion seems to be divided as to whether the much-boomed *Enfant Terrible* promised by Oliver Herford and Gelett Burgess will ever appear or not. No paper ever got better free advertising, not even the *Lark*, whose coy mod-

esty made it friends all over the United States. The latest papers to take this "Terrible Infant" seriously are the London *Sketch* and the *Academy*. I am told that a dummy of the first number has, however, actually been prepared by R. H. Russell, the New York publisher, who has been so successful with Gibson's, Remington's and Nicholson's books, and that John Lane is to have the English rights. The first number of the *Infant* will contain a satire in Bab Ballady verse, entitled the "Bohemians of Boston," a skit on the League of the White Rose, the latest fad of the ultra-Anglomaniacs, to which Jacobite organization Bliss Carman, Herbert Stone, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Ralph Adams Cram and others belong. Of the *Infant's* "Orchid Club" it is said that:

> "Fitz-Willieboy was so *blase*
> He burned a *Transcript* up one day!"

and the climax of the poem shows how

> "Fitz-Willieboy M'Flubadub,
> The Regent of the Orchid's Club,
> Had written on the window-sill,
> This awful legend—'Beacon H—ll!"

There is promised, also, the excruciating story of the "Winchester Repeating Hen," whose terrible title promises much. The sheet is to be about the size of *Life* and set in large French type. The "Rules of the Nursery" outline the policy of the Governors (and Governesses.) No one, not duly elected an Honorary Infant is to be allowed to contribute, except upon payment of the regular rates ($10 per column), and other regulations will make the *Infant*, like the *Lark*, *sui generis*. Meanwhile the ingenious governors are flooding the country with stories of Oliver Herford's wit. Perhaps the best one that has come out of late is the retort of that typical "Minister's Son," when he was accosted by an enthusiastic acquintance and slapped gayly on the back. Sir Oliver looked up in his gentle, near-sighted way and replied: "Excuse me. I don't know your name, sir, but your manners are very familiar."

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Apropos of the *Lark* I hear that John Lane has recently ordered one hundred copies to be sold in England, where it is beginning to be found out, and his New York agent is buying up copies of the first volume, now almost out of print. "Les Jeunes" held a reunion last week in Mr. Burgess' rooms, to bid farewell to Bruce Porter, who has just sailed for England, whence he is to go to Southern France to work. At the *Lark* dinner were also Bliss Carman, Oliver Herford, Ernest and Mrs. Peixotto, Miss J. W. Tompkins, Miss Geraldine Bonner and Miss Carolyn Wells, the clever "Princess Perilla" of the whilom "Bird." There was talk of organizing an Omar Khayyam Club to meet in the Wilderness of New York, to whose monthly feast each member is to bring Verses, a Bough, a Loaf of Bread, a Jug of Wine and, not the least attractive auxiliary, one *Thou* "to sing beside" him! John Lane has promised to publish the Rubaiyat there read, in booklets. Mr. Porter Garnett, a San Francisco Omar-fiend, whose Glose (one of the few ever written in English) is to be found in Mosher's Symposium, *In Praise of Omar*, was elected a member of the Club.

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The body of William Guldensuppe, the murdered New York bath-rubber, after lying seven months in pickle and exhibited to two juries last week received an imposing funeral in New York. These interesting remains lay in state in an undertaker's shop on Broadway, and were viewed by a crowd of between ten and twelve thousand persons. On the pillow of the white satin-lined casket reposed a *photograph* of the missing head, and the other quarters of the body, which had been dissected by Mrs. Nack's saw, were dressed and collected in the most elaborate style of the embalmer's art. There were more spectators than at the funeral of Henry George. An interesting detail of the funeral procession of the latter was the fact that among the pall-bearers of the great socialist were five multi-millionaires who marched alongside the catafalque many blocks to the tune of "*La Marseillaise!*" evidently unconscious of the double significance of the occasion.

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We are debonair on occasion, it seems, among certain members of the faculty at the U. C. and Stanford University. Men of the world quotha, drinkers of the blood of the grape viveurs, terrible fellows amongst the women. Oh, my? We give dinners to one another, it appears, where we do off the pedagogal cap and gown and do on the rakish beaver and the necktie of a thousand glittering strands. *Faut ouvrir l'oeil alors*, when we "get together amongst ourselves" and put the unaccustomed cigarette in the exact middle of our lips and forget to expectorate, and quaff the foaming breaker of Napa soda, and deny not the soft impeachment when we are joked about our conquests of feminine hearts. Fancy now! It is told that such a merry rout of roisterers foregathered last week around the dinner table of a certain club of this city. Some of the faculty of Berkeley were dining professors from Stanford, and all was merry as a married belle. The popping of the Napa soda corks was as the discharge of musketry, and the blue haze of cigarettes hung in the air like the smoke of battle. Not Don Juan and his boon companions banqueting before a raid upon a nunnery were more terrible than these rakish *professors* of Berkeley and Stanford. Feasting, Napa soda and song beguiled the passing hours until black coffee was served. Then it would appear that as a post-prandial relaxation two of the merrier of the younger professors, feeling their youthful blood run high, addressed themselves to the *shaking of dice* —for love, merely, just to see who would throw the highest figure, There were no stakes. These gay Lotharios, of jaded nerves and lost illusions, disdained such a trifling stimulus. They shook dice for fun. It was awful, but it was true. To them while thus engrossed came Professor Bradley of the U. C., world-worn, world-weary veteran of a thousand classrooms, who knows the sham glitter of the bauble, the brief effervescence of the bubble and the hollowness of strange sins, and he, putting an arm round each of the bacchanalian dicers, oe'r heated with Napa soda, sagely wagged his head at them and murmured with a sad smile, "*Jeunesse doré; jeunesse doré.*"

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Of a far different mould from those wild dare devils of the higher departments of the universities mentioned above is the Herr Professor Albin Putzker, captain-general of the German department at the State University. The sentiment and romance of the German fairly seethes and bubbles in and around the Herr Professor. The very atmosphere about him is cloyed and sweet, not to say sticky, like the air around the doors of a candy store. In calling the roll of his classes it is a little *plaisanterie* on the Professor's part to employ German prefixes of address before each name, Herr so and so and Fraulein such a one. Unfortunately the cosmopolitan mixture of races—and of names—that is so marked in California, occasionally interfere and sadly destroy what one might call the unities in the little joke of the Herr Professor's. There are those of Italian extraction in the German classroom, and eke those of Celtic lineage, to so pronounced extent that the jocose Professor is forced to the incongruity of calling for recitations from *Fraulein Fitzpatrick* and *Herr Baccigalupi*. There is even a legend amongst U. C. students to the effect that on one occasion (being something excitable by nature and not always sure of his Anglo-Saxon compounds) the Herr Professor addressed the lady student in question as Fraulein Patzfitrick. The story goes that the Fraulein lingered after the dismissal of the class to make certain inquiries about her work of the Herr Professor. This disposed of, the tactful head of the German department smiled his affablest and enquired suddenly, "Fraulein Fitzpatrick, were you aefer in loaf." The Fraulein is upon record as having responded that her nearest approach to that beatitude was a childish amour for a lithograph portrait of James G. Blaine. "But," observed the Fraulein, "I learned afterwards to admire him, but not to love him." The Herr Professor was speechless for a moment. Then he launched the following phrase, which surely ought to be preserved to posterity. With an impressive gesture and in great excitement the Herr Professor cried: "Fraulein Patsfitrick, I would rather bee myselluf und bee loafed, than bee Meest'r Blaine und bee admire-ed."

BOSWELL JR.

# A Dream Fulfilled

BY ELIZABETH KNIGHT TOMPKINS.

Edith!"

"Yes." An unnatural note in her voice responded to the meaning in his. That "Edith" had conveyed much more than a mere form of address. Besides, it was the first time for nine years that he had called her by her name, and some long-disused chord vibrated at his intonation of the familiar syllables. He hesitated; then continued:

"We can never be friends if we ignore the past as we have tacitly agreed to do these last three months."

"I know that," she answered quietly in her usual voice.

"There are too many 'keep off the grasses' now. If we once talked it all out, things would fall into their proper places and we should no longer be afraid of going where we weren't intended to go. What do you think?" after a minute, as Edith did not reply.

"The question, in my mind, is whether it is worth the pain," she said presently, in a low voice.

"Is my friendship so little then—or the pain so great?"

"I should like to be friends with you, Harold," she went on, evading a direct answer. "I have not many friends and I find myself very much in sympathy with you; but—" Here she stopped.

"But?" he inquired. She bent her head over the fire.

'It was all very real to me once," she said at length, "and, to tell the truth, I am a little afraid to touch those old places even now."

"You have not forgiven me yet." This was an assertion, not a question.

"You are mistaken. I have, utterly and entirely. I realized years ago that you were not in the least to blame. In fact, it was only my vanity that ever resented it—my resason never did—though I confess I tried to make it. I knew it was all my fault. I only wish I were angry at you. It would give me more hope," she broke off with more feeling in her voice than she had heretofore shown.

"Hope of what?"

"That I still have it in me to feel something of what I once did."

"In one sense it was your own fault," Harold went on, taking up the question at a different place. "I would have married you if you would have let me, and I have no doubt that we should have been very happy together after a little."

"If I had not died in the interim. Simple affection in return for what I gave you! You spoke without thinking."

"Yes, I spoke without thinking," he repeated. "I might have grown to love you, though," he added after a second.

"You never would have," she asserted with decision. "I had shown you all that was best of me in the first week that we were engaged; and after the novelty of knowing that I loved you had worn off, I only bored you. No," she continued, stopping Harold's protest with a movement of her hand, "it is perfectly true. I do not blame you in the least. I would have bored my present self if I had known myself then. I was so crude, so ignorant, so intense, so undeveloped in every direction but one. I should have made you dislike me in time because I could not have helped being perverse and exacting. After I realized, as I did in a few days, though it was some time before I would acknowledge it to myself—after I had realized that what I had taken for love on your part was simply a momentary response to your discovery of my love for you, the little self-confidence I had left me, and I was wholly at your mercy."

Harold rose from his chair and walked across the room and back, taking up his stand by the mantelpiece.

"You speak as if you had loved me very much," he said. "But you never showed it to me, not even that first time, when I found you crying. I was conscious of it, but more through intuition than anything else. One or two little caresses were the most I ever got."

"Oh, the poor little thing!" Edith exclaimed, in self-pity. "I was so shy and so ignorant! It used to frighten me to death to have you kiss me, and yet, I was always longing to have you 'scare me again.' Do you know, it excited me so that it used to make me sick from head to foot to have you put your arm around me. If you had loved me, I should have soon learned to be responsive, but I discovered the truth so piteously soon."

"Edith," Harold began, slowly, "I haven't any right to say this to you—forgive me for it—but you must have suffered terribly at the end if you felt like that. I give you my word, I had no idea it was so serious. I supposed that it was a girl's fancy, and that you would get over it quickly, you were so young. And nobody knew about it except your mother. I wouldn't have let you release me if circumstances had been different."

"Do you want to know just what I felt for you?" she asked in a low, intense voice. He nodded his head, but did not speak. Edith leaned back in her chair and looked up at him where he stood.

"You were my life, my God, my religion. I gave you everything I had given me to give. I have never had even a fancy for another man. My love for you died hard, but when it went, it took with it all my capacity for intense feeling of any kind." He put his hand over his eyes as if to shield them from the light of the fire.

"It is quite dead?"

"Yes, quite dead. Of course, there is something that separates you from other men for me. There always will be. I have a sincere feeling of friendship for you, the growth of the last few months, but that is all."

"I cannot tell you how this hurts me, not only on account of what you have suffered, but because of what I have missed."

"You missed nothing that you would have valued. My love for you was too intense, too unproportioned, to bring happiness to anyone. I was proud, but I knew perfectly well that my love would have made a doormat of my pride for you to wipe your feet on. No man could stand such adoration and not be made a tyrant."

"Not if he loved the woman equally well?"

"He couldn't have. Women who can command love never do love like that."

"Nor men," he responded with a sigh. He sat down again in the big leather chair beside hers, and reaching over, took her hand in both his.

"Forgive me, for I knew not what I did," he murmured.

"Don't mind, Harold," she said gently. "It was a great experience, and I am glad that it happened to me. Everything in my inner life that is worth having has come to me through that. Even at the time when I used to get out of bed and lie on the cold floor with the agony of it, I would not have given it up for all the happiness in the world—never for one second."

"But if it has kept you from marrying, from having love returned as well as given in your life, Edith? There must have been many others who have wanted you."

"No; there has never been but one. I suppose I could have had others, but I have taken so little interest that they couldn't find anything in me to love. I have had men friends, of course, but we talked of books and problems, and they never, one of them, have seen the human, the emotional side of me, or even known that there was one to see. I am afraid there is not any longer," she added.

"But that one? Do you know—it is ridiculous—but I feel jealous of him."

"Do you remember that little poem of Alice Meynell's, about the one man whom she lets come near enough to her to be refused.

> 'My sacred Nay
> Was never cheapened by the way.'

Well, I tried to love one man, with this result. I couldn't, but we are still friends."

"Do I know him?"

"I shall not tell you. Yes, I am sorry not to have any love in my life. I often long for children of my own, but less and lees intensely all the time. I am horribly blase, Harold. Pity me if you want to. I don't mind it from you."

"Edith, dear, listen to me. I have never forgotten you all these years. You whom I did not love were remembered while women whom I have loved have been forgotten. It is inexplicable, but true. I have often wondered about you of late years, about what kind of a women you had grown to be. I knew you had never married. I felt sure that you had become a fine woman, but what I never suspected was that you had become the woman of my dreams. How is it that you have all the virtues, all the faults even, that I like best."

"It is very natural," Edith answered with a tremulous smile. "You talked to me a great deal about your ideal woman, and I suppose it helped to turn me in that direction."

"I never once suspected that I should meet you to love you," Harold went on. "It is a long time since I have loved a woman," he added pensively.

"And you love me now?"

"I do—not as you loved me—one doesn't at my age—but deeply and strongly."

How strange!" Edith said musingly. "To have the dreams of one's youth come true in this way! How many of those nights when I couldn't stay in bed were soothed by dreams of your coming to love me. I used to plan how I would tell you that it was too late and heap scorn upon you—at least, I did sometimes. But all the time I knew in my heart that I should do something very different."

"Is the scorn coming now?" Harold asked laying his cheek on the hand which he still held.

"Oh, I stopped planning that part years ago. It is true that it is too late, though. Oh, the pity of it! To have it come now when I don't want it, when all the best years of my life have been spent in an agony of longing for it. Oh, Harold, how could you make me suffer so!" She drew the one he held away and, burying her face in both hands, began to cry quietly. Harold got up and sat down on the broad arm of the chair, putting his arm around her.

"Is it quite true that you do not want it?" he asked. "Edith," he said brokenly when she did not answer. "My dearest girl, it is not too late. You could not feel it all as you do if you did not love me yet. It shall be the work of my life to make it all up to you."

She let her head sink back on his shoulder with a sigh of content.

Every fall the Great Salt Lake is several feet lower than in the spring, but this year the line is two feet below the average. The water itself is said to be losing its saline nature and is rapidly turning into an inland sea of fresh water. This is accounted for by the clogging of the salt springs on the north end of the lake, and the continual enlarging of the fresh water springs in other points along the shore. Another peculiar change that has taken place in the lake is the gradual upheaval of the bottom. In recent years its greatest depth has not exceeded forty feet, while the average depth is only from twelve to twenty. Fifty years ago the bottom could not be sounded in places.

## THE MELBOURNE CUP MEETING, 1897, OF THE VICTORIA RACING CLUB

1. Crowd on the course after the Melbourne Cup—winner's number up. 2. Gaulus (Gozo-Industry, by Musket), winner of the Melbourne Cup—Steve Callmer, jockey. 3. Caulfield Cup finish—Amberite wins. 4. V. R. C. Stewards—Lord Brassey, Governor of Victoria, with his arm in a sling. 5. Melbourne Cup finish—Gaulus wins. 6. Weighing-in after the race for the Melbourne Cup, Gaulus first, and his full brother, The Grafter, second. 7. First run past for the Melbourne Cup. 8. Hurdle Race on Oaks Day. 9. Amberite, by Carbine, winner of the Caulfield Cup.

"Expressing" Eggs and Milt

An Opening in the Rack

The Barrier Across the Stream

Farmers Carrying Away the Fish After Spawn-Taking

The Stripping Platform

Gates in the Barrier

*SCENES AT THE M'CLOUD RIVER HATCHERY DURING THE SPAWN-TAKING SEASON*

## UNCLE SAM'S BABIES

### A Day Spent at the Salmon-Hatchery on the McCloud River.

An interesting place this Government Salmon Hatchery at Baird Station, California, and most interesting are the sights to be seen there at this time of the year. They are taking the eggs from the fish now and the whole process of the operation, from the time the big fifteen or twenty pounder is seined till the moment when stripped of eggs or milt, as the case may be, he or she is tossed back into the stream a bewildered, terrified, thrashing fury of scales and fins, is as unique a spectacle as one would care to see. This hatchery, one of the most important salmon hatcheries in the world, is situated on the McCloud River, in Shasta County.

We were up early in the morning. It was cold and gray and rather dismal, and we stood shivering on the bank while the seive was being set. Out from the "stripping platform" across the stream stretched the rack that blocked the progress of the upgoing salmon. It was a simple affair of cleats, with intervals wide enough to permit the passage of "grilse" only. The pool lay very quiet and gray in the early morning light, smooth as a billiard table. Not a fin cut the surface, never a fish "broke," the water was without a ripple. One looked down into its depths and searched in vain for any slow-moving indistinct shadow, with waving fins and gleaming flanks. It was impossible to imagine that close at hand, between those two banks where the river talked and talked incessantly, deep down there in grey water were lying the great fish, the king of the game that swims—tremendous ruddy fellows, crested and scaled like warriors, fighters, as all sportsmen know, very bulldogs for courage and pluck and downright ferocity.

There was a great pile of brushwood on the shore. Somebody touched it off, and in a few moments we were warming ourselves at a huge bon-fire that laid a path of red and gold across the stream. Meanwhile the boats had gone to the far side of the pool, setting the net. The signal was given to haul in and the windlass began to groan and lament. Slowly the line of corks contracted, drawing up to the stripping platform where by now we were all collected watching for the first sign of fish. The semi-circle of corks grew smaller and smaller and still no sign. The pool might have been a swimming tank for all the evidence of life given by the fish. The windlass yelled like a lost spirit. It was cold and gray and very desolate in the early morning light. The circle narrowed still further, then suddenly and without warning I saw one of the most thrilling sights in Nature. The "break" of a twenty-pound salmon, the single sudden leap, clear of the water, the flanks all flashing, the fins raised, the great flange of the tail flipping from the still, smooth water like the paddle of a side-wheeler. Up into that gray morning light he went turning in mid-air with a grand curve, as it were the sweep of a scimitar from a cloud of smoke. then down again in a churn of foam and chasing ripples. The heart leaped with his spring, it was as exhilirating as a charge of cavalry. The morning was no longer desolate. Suddenly another scimitar slashed through, then another and another, the whole pool was alive with a score, with fifty, with a hundred flashing blades, and the noise of the troubled water was like a little cataract. Then as the net drew in and in we could see them beneath the surface, see the red bodies of them coming and going by the hundreds, panic-stricken and furious. It was a thing to see and remember and tell of. No man could have stood there on that stripping platform and watched it and not have become thence forward a confirmed and hopeless angler.

The net was hauled up till the space it enclosed was one writhing, quivering mass of fish, and the dipping began. Men with dip nets ladled out the twenty-pounders with as little unconcern as though they were fingerlings. The males and females were sorted in reference to their "ripeness," "ripeness" being understood as readiness to spawn. The "ripe" males were tossed into one of the live boxes and the "ripe" females into another, while those who were not yet "ripe" were deposited in still a third. How the handlers of the fish knew the difference I could not discover, they seemed to go upon a general indefinable appearance, that was neither shape, size nor color, but they never made any mistakes. When the boxes were full the egg taking began.

A salmon was dipped from the pen and handed to the spawn-taker. It was a splendid, solidly built female that looked capable of splintering the toughest rod "Murphy" ever made. She thrashed and fought and quivered like a colt in the snubbing pen, as two men heavily gloved seized her, the one by the head and the other by the tail. A little pan containing about a pint of water was set ready. Then the "stripper" came between the handlers and as the salmon was held over the pan "expressed" the spawn from her by pressing downward upon the abdomen. Meanwhile a male salmon had been similarly handled, and as the eggs from the female ran out into the spawning-pan, the "milt" was pressed from the male and the two—spawn and milt—fell into the spawning-pan simultaneously. A third man took the pan and stirred the contents with a long feather, mixing eggs and milt together.

The spawn once taken the male salmon was returned to the pen, to be used day after day until his milt was exhausted. But it was all over with the female. A few moments afterward she had given up her spawn, she was dead and thrown out upon the river bank. By evening there were over a hundred female salmon on the bank. These were given away to the farmers and villagers of the neighborhood, who came down to the river in buckboards and gigs.

The eggs and milt were gently stirred with a feather in the spawning pan as they were expressed from the fish, and the pan was then placed upon a shelf under a dark curtain, where it remained for about a minute and a half, when the contents were poured into an iron bucket full of water, the eggs being placed therein before adhesion took place. Next came the process of washing the eggs, after which they were ready to be carried to the hatchery. The hatchery is a series of narrow troughs, into which are fitted wire baskets to permit a stream of fresh water to pass over the eggs continously. In about three weeks, so I was told, the eyes of the young salmon appear from the egg, then the tail, and in a short while the new-born salmon is strong enough to keep his head to the current.

The certain monotony of taking the spawn was relieved toward the end of the afternoon in rather pronounced fashion. A fifty-pounder—quite the largest fish I ever remember to have seen—made his appearance in the net. A magnificent fellow, quivering with rage and terror, lashing about with his tail till three men gave over the effort to keep him still long enough to "express" his milt. They were obliged to strait-jacket him, as though he were a "dangerous" case in an asylum. A huge hollow trough—provided for just such unmanageable cases—was brought out and the big fellow was buckled into it, but it took more than one trial to master him. It was heart-breaking to know that eventually he would be thrown back into the river. Once a fish such as he has been captured it seems almost a crime to permit his escape. You would like to have had him stuffed, or his head preserved and affixed over your mantelpiece as a refutation of mendacity.

ARNOLD MELDRUM

## RACING IN AUSTRALIA

### The Melbourne Cup an Event That Commands Intense Interest.

It is recorded of an Irishman that when asked to describe the chief characteristic of the people of Erin, he said they were the most cardrivingest nation in the world. Probably if an Australian had to specify the leading feature in the character of the colonists he would say, and say truly, that they are the most horseracingest people on the face of the earth. A village school boy in England on being asked what were the races that had dominated "the right little, tight little isle" since the invasion of the Romans, replied, "Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket and Doncaster." We know that race characteristics are not eliminated by change of sky, and with all the advantages the climate and general surrounings of life in the colonies have to offer to people who will devote themselves to sport it is not surprising that it flourishes in Australia and New Zealand in a marvelous way. We see plenty of racing here in California, but never anything for enthusiasm that can approach the Australian side of racecourse life.

The great event of the year is the Melbourne Cup, for which people congregate together from all the different colonies, and, indeed, travelers from all parts of the world endeavor to arrange their peregrinations so that they will reach Melbourne at the time of the great gathering. The Flemington racecourse is by many considered the finest property of its kind in the world, and with a crowd of something like 200,000 people present on Cup Day, from the Governor of the colony down to the humblest member of society, it is a sight that cannot be matched anywhere else. The course is located in a natural amphitheatre, a hill rising back of the grand stand, and affording a perfect view of the whole ground. Special trains and steamers, in fact, all kinds of special transportation, are brought into requisition for the occasion. Ladies don their best frocks, imported from Paris to a great extent, and every clerk and shop girl who has the price of a new hat or bonnet and enough to buy a ticket swells the crush that day. The entire week is one constant round of festivities, to which the leading papers devote space for elaborate decriptions, some of them issuing special supplements containing, among other things, pages and pages detailing the toilets of the ladies at Flemington and at the fancy dress ball at Government House.

On another page will be found a series of pictures illustrating the race for the Melbourne Cup this year, run on November 2d, and regarding which we have been able to obtain the following information. The meeting of the Victoria Racing Club began on Monday, November 1st, with the cup fixed for the second day. Twenty-nine horses went to the post, the value of the stake being £3,000, and the distance two miles. While there were a few horses of high class among the runners, the quality generally was not considered quite up to the average. The position of favoritism was held by an imported English horse, Positano, 5 years, 105 lbs., and though he was known to be short of work, some of the best judges considered the race a gift for him.

The race was not run at a break-neck pace, the leaders pulling hard as the stand was passed the first time round, but along the back stretch the rate of going was quickened considerably, and for the rest of the journey fully sustained the reputation of the race for good time. Two hundred yards from home The Grafter, 4 years, 105 lbs., was in command and looking like the winner, when his stable companion and full brother (who had been nearly last at one time) (Gaulus, 6 years, 106 lbs.) drew up on him and a great struggle ensued. The Grafter held on under severe punishment, but Gaulus would not be denied, and secured the verdict by a head, the three-year-old Aurum, with the heavy impost of 118 lbs., being third four lengths away. Time, 3:31. Steve Callinan, the jockey who rode the winner, is but a lad, being only twenty years of age. He has been a successful rider in the colonies for some time past, and has now steered Gaulus to victory on four occasions.

Mr. W. Forrester, the owner of both first and second, is a popular turfman in the colonies, who has hitherto not had the best of luck, having twice before run second for the Melbourne Cup, once with Rhonda and in 1890 with Highborn, a horse of high character, which if the writer remembers rightly, was imported by Lord William Beresford to India and won the Viceroy's Cup at Calcutta, the great event of the year in that part of Queen Victoria's realm. Gaulus started at 14 to 1, Aurum 20 to 1 and The Grafter 33 to 1, and Mr. Forrester, who won about £10,000 by the victory of the first-named, would have been a much larger winner had The Grafter got his head first past the post. Gaulus and The Grafter are by Gozo, a son of Wild Oats by Wild Dayrell, their dam Industry by Musket, out of Pearl Ash by Lord Clifden, and both were trained by Noah Beal, who has handled the Warwick Farm horses for many years, though Mr. Forrester manages his own stable.

Had Aurum, a son of Trenton, won he would have covered himself with glory, but he has made a grand name for himself in a succession of duels with Amberite, the son of Carbine, whose excellent picture is also presented herewith. The respective merits of Aurum and Amberite, both grandsons of Musket, have been the topic of the sporting world in the antipodes of late, but the former seems to have the most friends. He was recently sold to Mrs. Langtry, and has probably been shipped to England by this time. A colonial sporting paper well remarks that is the place for him, as the value of a good horse there is five times what it is in Australia. Aurum's owner, Mr. W. R. Wilson, came all the way from [illegible] on purpose to see his great colt run, but was unfortunately laid up and could not be present. He was consoled in a measure by winning the Oaks on the following Thursday with Bravo, a daughter of Trenton, also bred by him.

Nadejda, the Commonwealth Oaks, the winner of the Melbourne Cup, [illegible] now in England doing well, and is expected to be ready to tackle for the celebrations at Ascot next summer. The photographs published herein are from the gallery of Messrs. Wall Brothers, St. Kilda. G. L. B.

## MUSIC

### The Afternoon Symphony Performance Scalchi's Magnetism.

With such an attentive and solid audience as gathered at the Tivoli in evidence, it might be held that San Francisco is really interested in the serious and enduring side of music. Nothing [illegible] the head of "Light" music entered the programme. As to novelty, the Bacchanale, from "Samson and Delilah," was the absolutely new number, and arrived at some efficience in giving a dash of the non-classical to the scheme of the numbers Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Euryanthe Overature and two Wagner numbers made up the other material, not at all the kind to regale the popular appetite with. So that the sustained interest in the carrying out of the plan proved sincerity and a leaning to the dignified. If there was no special enthusiasm evoked there was at least absorbing interest.

The great C Minor Symphony has been given many times, and perhaps under better auspices, as far as the make-up of the band itself is concerned, especially as to the strings, and Herr Scheel, himself, has indicated more intense effects and a broader sympathy with the work itself; but the beauty and splendor of such music is not to be dimmed by a lax performance. Ethic grandeur and sensuous and noble charm never found more convincing voice then here, where the human sympathies are touched in the turn of every phase. The real Beethoven music makes other masters of the modern school suffer in comparison. Siegfried's "Rhine Journey," from Gotterdamerung, coming directly after the symphony suffered considerably, and as music, made an impression of things turgid, colorful and purposely incoherent. Not to be anti-Wagnerian, the Tanhauser Overture has done immense service to the musical world and the programme-makers, but its freshness is departed, and not to hear this work would be of benefit. Every novelist has used this overture in describing opera at least once, every orchestra has blustered over it until all the ideas are become obvious and the melody a weariness to the ear.

Saint Saens' Bacchanale was a number developing that quality of interest belonging to a composer of the "indefatigable" class, and probably fitted to give distinction to the dramatic action. Herr Scheel's band was under better control in this number.

Once again has Madame Scalchi, in singing for a local audience, expressed that rare personal magnetism, a quality which outlasts gifts of voice and specific talent. In her finest singing days that singer owed as much to her own power of attraction as to her superb voice. Great as was that vocal gift, it was never coupled with astonishing command over the resources of vocal art. Ten years ago, from a technical standard, Madame Scalchi's singing was less effective than it is now, although there was voice enough and to spare. On Tuesday night, with but a remnant of what her organ had been, this Italian singer was more interesting, from an intelligent point of view, than in the days when she, by sheer natural endowment, divided the applause with Adelina Patti. Always the same volubility, the same facility in using the open voice, made the principal feature of Mme. Scalchi's singing. But there was always the same peculiar color of chest and medium voice, touched with a dark and faintly brassy tint—so attractive to some ears. A certain aplomb and a distinctive sense of humor very rare in the eternal feminine, coming with a gracious tact of iniative, make up part of a real nature, fitted to hold the admiration of the public. Returning to Madame Scalchi, her playing of the role of Nancy in the act given was filled with as delightful a quality as ever.

No distinctive personality was associated with Madame Scalchi. Mademoiselle Toulinquet sang in good American Italian displaying one of those hard, open voices, not yet worn and partially flexible, but without a ray of emotion or musical imagination. The other members of the company disdained to rise in this variou styles above the morasses of the commonplace.

LESLEY MARTIN.

The Czarina of all the Russias is now considered to be one of the most gorgeously gowned women in all the courts of Europe. Yet it is a well-known fact that when she first made her appearance in St. Petersburg as wife of the Czarewitch she was criticized by the grand ladies of the most magnificent court in the world for the peculiar plainness of her ball, dinner and reception gowns. Alexandra was unpopular with the female portion of the court at best, and never an opportunity of humiliating her was allowed to pass where it could be taken advantage of without the offenders being discovered *ben entendu*. A story has come from all this. Alexandra was from an impoverished German kingdom where charity, nevertheless, was indulged in to some extent. On one occasion, a few weeks after her marriage, she sent out letters to the *grend dames* of St. Petersburg informing them that they would confer a special favor upon her if they would contribute some warm clothing towards the maintenance of a number of poor families in which she was interested. For answer Alexandra received as gifts three magnificent dresses, court, ball and carriage costumes. As at that time she was dressing with the most unostentatious simplicity, the insult was unmistakable. Alexandra had the dresses sold and gave the proceeds to the poor. Nothing was said, but a week later she appeared at a diplomatic dinner attired in perfect taste, but with almost barbaric luxury. Ever since that occasion she has maintained the reputation of being the most beautifully dressed consort in Europe.

## SANITARY REDUCTION

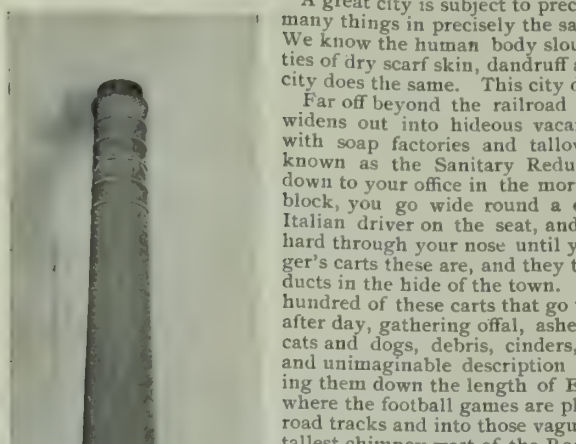
### How the Refuse of San Francisco is Incinerated.

A man named Victor Hugo said once that Paris threw some fifty or sixty million francs into the sea yearly, and he meant by this that the sweepings of the city were in a sense *munera pulveris*, and we all remember Mr. Bunyan's man with the muck rake, looking for gold in the pile of straw and offal.

A great city is subject to precisely the same laws and does many things in precisely the same way as a human being. We know the human body sloughs off appreciable quantities of dry scarf skin, dandruff and the like continually. A city does the same. This city does.

Far off beyond the railroad tracks, where Eighth street widens out into hideous vacant lots, blotted and spotted with soap factories and tallow chandleries, are what is known as the Sanitary Reduction Works. On your way down to your office in the morning, at almost every other block, you go wide round a dripping grisly cart, with an Italian driver on the seat, and you try not to breathe too hard through your nose until you get well away. Scavenger's carts these are, and they take the place of pores and ducts in the hide of the town. There are some three or four hundred of these carts that go the rounds of the street day after day, gathering offal, ashes, rags, bottles, sacks, dead cats and dogs, debris, cinders, tin cans, every imaginable and unimaginable description of castaway things, and carting them down the length of Eighth street, past the place where the football games are played and on across the railroad tracks and into those vague, hideous regions where the tallest chimney west of the Rocky Mountains grows out of the soil like a gigantic pine.

The reduction works are a private enterprise. There are thirty-seven furnaces burning night and day. Twenty-nine consuming the "heavy" and eight—called "auxiliary"—consuming the "light" garbage. "Heavy" garbage is all organic matter. The "light" is made up largely of tin cans, rags, ashes, etc. Anyone who may so desire can load a wagon with debris and bring it to the works, the works



*THE SANITARY REDUCTION WORKS*

**Views of the great establishment on lower Eighth street where the refuse of San Francisco is destroyed.**

charging 20 cents per cubic yard at the gate for burning the stuff. But by far the greater number of carts are driven by Italians who have regular routes, and who, by the way, make very good money in the business. One is told that many of them are even property holders. "Light" garbage is burnt separately from the heavy, and the wagons dump according to the character of their loads. Once dumped, the stuff is picked over. The Italians—no other nationality, it seems, will do the work—pick over the heaps, by hand, largely, and such stuff as bottles, cans and jugs are treated separately. In such quantities tin is valuable and solder is not so very much below silver in price. Then there is the brass, then there is the copper, then there is the iron, melted and run into "pigs." There is no difficulty in selling such metal at good market figures.

At first it is hard believe what advantage there is to be gained from a cart full of nasty rotting vegetables, and old fuzzy bones, and melon rinds and mashed fruit that reeks to Heaven. But when the stuff is burned it makes the best fertilizer known to agriculture. So that nothing is really lost or need ever be lost. What comes out of the earth goes into it again and so on to infinity. It is the dust to dust theory over again, only made practical and immensely profitable.

Five hundred tons is the figure of San Francisco's daily refuse and garbage. The sweat, as one might say, of the city in its exertion of one day's toil. Five hundred tons of perspiration. It is Gargantua over again and outdone. Five hundred a day is is 156,000 tons a year, counting 312 working days to the year. For there is never any pause, Sundays are like week days, and the crews work in two gangs, one for the day and the other for the night, so the thirty-six furnaces are always burning. Perhaps one would wonder at this point as to the enormous quantities of coal and fuel used to fire these ceaselessly burning furnaces. The company does not pay one nickel for its coal; its fuel is at hand and inexhaustable; it has a constantly renewed supply of five hundred tons of refuse daily upon which to draw, which is consumed at the rate of 20 cents per ton. Refuse is good fuel, admirable even when once you have noted the tremendous draught that can be created at the base of the enormous chimney. Eight pounds to the square inch is the amount of the pressure, and when a furnace door is opened one can hear the air sucking in through the cracks of the building toward the open mouth of the furnace making a roaring noise like a gale in a vessel's rigging. The electric plant which is connected with the works and that furnishes the light by which the night work is carried on, is also run by the same means.

The force of men all told is between 80 and 100. They are divided up into firemen, feeders and pickers. The firemen are almost all Americans, the poker men and pickers Italians to a man. The poker man's duty consists merely in feeding the refuse into the hoppers of the furnaces, but the pickers are counted upon to sort the heaps. It often falls to the lot of this latter class of help to come across more than one article of value, perhaps of even very great value, a lost watch, perhaps, a bill, a diamond ring. There is absolutely no limit upon the variety of the wagon's contents. The picker-boss is supposed to report all such finds to the management, and a little later, when the works are running more smoothly, a "lost and found" department will be organized. This in time will be quite a feature of the place, and one of the most interesting exhibits imaginable could be made from the city's dumps. When you come to think of it, it is almost inevitable that every small article lost within the confines of the city will sooner or later find its way to the refuse heaps.

Dead cats and dogs as a matter of course take their last ride in the scavenger's cart and are accorded honorable cremation at the hands of the company, but occasionally when the carts are dumped "a live cat" terribly excited fights its way out of the cloud of dust and ashes, while the same load may contain an oil painting not illy done and in a fair state of preservation, as attested by one or two that are shown on the walls of the works and that have been rescued as brands from the burning, as one might say.

The reduction works of San Francisco are the largest in the world (it now represents over $150,000 invested), and covers a greater area than any others that have hitherto been erected. The process is known as the Thackeray patent incinerating and fertilizing system, and was invented by Charles Thackeray of this city. The fact that Mr. L. R. Ellert and his associates had the business foresight to see potential fortunes in a city's refuse is perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole affair.

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Wherever two or three were gathered together in Germany last week in obvious enjoyment of a joke, says the *Saturday Review*, it was safe to conclude that they had got serreptitious copy of the suppressed number of *Kladderdatsch*, with Brandt's cartoon illustrative of the effects of the Emperor's last army speech on the great soldiers of the past. The German *Punch* represented Alexander, Leonidas and Napoleon in the nether regions having a laugh over a copy of the *National Zeitung*, containing the wonderful declaration that only a good Christian could be a brave soldier or could fulfill his duties to his king. The devil enjoys the fun as well as his guests, and in the background "der alte Fritz" is hobbling up with a look in his eye that bodes no good to his babbling Imperial successsr if he ever comes within reach of the terrible crutch. *Kladderadatsch* has been very bold lately, but this was too much, and so for a couple of days the police were out in swarms, seizing all visible copies of the offending sheet in cafes and reading-rooms. Bismarck in his fighting days often seized whole editions of newspapers, but then he was respected and feared by nine-tenths of the nation. What is the use of seizing comic papers when nine-tenths of the nation is laughing at you already?

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M. Brunetiere's recent interview with the Pope, according to the Paris *Figaro* lasted about three quarters of an hour. It is said that while His Holiness received the French critic cordially, there was a certain reserve manifested, on account of M. Brunetiere's impressions—rather too vivid in the Pope's estimation—of the democratic tendencies of the Catholic Church in America. He is said to have listened to the Frenchman much more than he spoke, and left the audience with the impression that M. Brunetiere would profit spiritually from it and put it to the best use.

## TOD SLOAN IN ENGLAND

### Remarkable Success of the Great American Light-weight Jockey.

Perhaps the most striking feature of international sport during the now closing year has been the sensational achievements of the American jockey, Tod Sloan, just at the latter part of the racing season in England. Previously a jockey or two from this side had put in an appearance on English courses, with the result that anything but a favorable impression had been created of American syle and ability in handling horses in a race. When, therefore, Sloan arrived on the scene nothing very different was expected, and early opinions on his horsemanship, derived from seeing him in an exercise gallop or two at Newmarket, were not at all flattering. This might naturally have been looked for, Sloan's seat and manner of handling a horse being so entirely different to the long-settled methods practiced in the old country, and which are conformed to by all skillful horsemen, there at all events. That the reports regarding Sloan, which became public on his first arrival, were sometimes rather lacking in accuracy may be inferred from the fact that my files of a leading sporting journal show a protest was entered at his being described in some of the papers as "a black." It is a popular belief there that all American jockeys are "blacks," only the well-informed being aware that nowadays a colored rider is the exception on the American turf. The existence of old pictures chiefly contributes to this idea, confirmed by the fact that Sims, who preceded Sloan, was a colored boy. The career of Sloan is probably better known to most readers than to myself, but I may mention that, although not a Californian, he first made his mark in this State, where he is as well known and liked as in any part of the United States. Until he began to land winners at the old Bay District Track some three years ago he had scarcely been heard of. That Sloan personally should have met with appreciation in England is not in the least surprising to those who are acquainted with life there. The people are always ready to recognize talent, no matter to what nationality it belongs, especially when set off by correctness of deportment and a tone of behavior that implies self-respect. All those who have any acquaintance with the subject of my sketch are fully aware that for his walk in life he is a shining light in these respects. Making every allowance for the tales of Sloan's position in the English sporting world being much exaggerated, there is not the least doubt that he has been a most creditable representative of his country, not only as a jockey, but also as a private individual.

TOD SLOAN
Elite, photo

But the point to get at now is how and why Sloan proved so successful in winning races in which he rode. In order to satisfy myself with sufficient conclusiveness as to this it would be necessary to have a detailed account of each race to refer to, but I am sorry to say this data is not at present within my reach. In its absence I am inclined to believe that in a great measure his superior work may be attributed to the exercise of certain faculties which he enjoys by natural endowment and has developed so as to be of service to him in his chosen profession. The most striking characteristics of Sloan's performances in the saddle have always appeared to me to be his light hands and exceptional alertness at the post, enabling him to produce the right impression on his mount, whereby in very many instances he has his horse well set and comfortably in his stride before other jockeys around him have got fairly going. This promptitude of thought and action on his part may further be observed during the course of a race, and when combined with a knowledge of pace, which he undoubtedly possesses in a marked degree, it is not difficult to understand that a rider so equipped is in a position to give points to most of his competitors—really clever jockeys being the exception. And here, I take leave to say, is where I think lies the strong point of the American when compared with the Britisher, speaking generally, not only in jockeyship, but in every field in which the two contend. Any advantage to be gained by quickness of thought and action will as a rule rest with the American.

Everyone who has had any experience of racing in England knows that it is by no means usual for races to be run at top speed from end to end, as they are for the most part in this country, and the result is that many a horse subjected to waiting orders passes the post in the ruck, when, if his jockey had been allowed to go to the front while he could, the result would probably have been entirely different. When Sloan began to ride in England it was for American stables only, the owners of which in all probability adopted the system of making the running from the beginning, instead of reserving their horses for strong finishes, of which they may or may not prove capable, as is too frequently the English practice. In this respect also, if my assumption be correct, Sloan's experience stood him in good stead. Even his greatest supporters do not maintain that his style of riding conduces to the best results in a bruising finish on an animal that is nearly all out and dropping to pieces, for then only a man who can sit right down, use his legs, and lift his horse stride by stride can produce the required effect. I do not say that Sloan is altogether incapable of achieving this, because on a few occasions I have seen him do it wonderfully well, considering the peculiar manner in which he squats on a horse's shoulders; but more often than not, when his horse has ceased running free, he is completely at a loss. In finishing (the most essential part of the art of jockeyship), he is deficient. I should not be at all surprised, however, if when we see him in the saddle here again, he shows us that he has picked up a wrinkle or two under this head, although he is represented as saying he has found he had nothing to learn from English jockeys. Still no one, clever or experienced as he may be, is ever fully educated in horse matters, and I have too high an opinion of Tod's ability and common sense to believe he is of the contrary opinion.

Being able to recall the feats of many first-class men in the pigskin, amongst them Fordham, Custance, Grimshaw, John Osborne, Wells, Tom French (the most finished horseman I ever saw), Fred Archer and Tom Cannon—all leaders of old and but few now living—Charles Wood, Mornington Cannon, Watts, and Tom Loates, of modern days on the English turf, I do not deem myself unqualified to form a judgment on how best to ride a determined finish. The most remarkable piece of work in this respect that I can call to mind was when Formosa won the St. Leger at Doncaster (it is too long ago to mention the year). I then saw Fordham lift the mare in her last stride on the post a distance apparently equivalent to at least two of her strides just previously. Could this be done by a rider sitting, as Sloan was described by a competent judge in England, on a horse's neck, whispering into his left ear and dragging the animal along after him? If not, Paul Jones would have got the verdict that day. I remember the occasion the more vividly because the cleverest horse-watcher at Newmarket had named the first three horses to me on the morning of the race.

I do not think it will be hazarding much to guess that Tod Sloan's head-piece has been the prime factor in his success. Even assuming that he was well served in the matter of mounts, he has shown astounding cleverness in riding to victory on courses with which he had no acquaintance and entirely different to anything he was accustomed to. In fact, it is amusing to think that he turned this very circumstance to account when he won a two-year-old handicap at Northampton. The course takes a bend for the last 400 yards, and Tod, who was on the rails to the left, instead of keeping the usual route round the curve, took a bee line, and caught the judge's eye first past the post about the middle of the track, forcing those who were close on his right to pull round inside and do the best they could. These tactics are not admissible in England, and an objection was raised, but overruled. The opinion was generally expressed that had an English jockey adopted the same manoeuvre he would have been disqualified.

To sum up, I think that Sloan's performances in England should have an invaluable teaching for those concerned with racing there, and set them thinking whether the average English jockey does not need sharpening up a bit. That the brain-power of the best English jockeys is not superior to, if the equal of the American, as represented by Tod Sloan, seems hardly to admit of question. Of course, in many instances it has been a case of a man riding against boys, and a man who has been riding races pretty nearly the whole year through for some time past, which has given him great experience. But if horsemanship, as exemplified in seat and style, has to be determined, I cannot subscribe to the belief that Sloan has made a discovery in race-riding beyond the ken of the generations of fine horsemen that the British turf has produced. Let us hope, however, that he will still further emulate the deeds of Chifney and Custance, and one day get astride his Pegasus in the fields of authorship. His turf and social experiences on two continents should be entertaining reading for his many admirers. Greater wonders the celebrated American lightweight has already accomplished, for, as an English journal (I think it was the *Daily Telegraph*) cleverly put it, who would have thought when Dickens published his American Notes that a Yankee jockey would ride Little Dorritt in the colors of the future King of England?

BENEDICT.

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An extraordinary example of the efficacy of the thumb impression method of identification has happened in Bengal. Some months ago the manager of a tea garden in the Dooars was brutally murdered, the murderer getting clean away, as the crime was not discovered until some time after its commission. For some time the police were at fault, until it was discovered that the murderer, in rummaging among some papers of the deceased, had smudged a Bengali atlas with his thumb. The atlas was forwarded to the Bureau, where the thumb impressions of criminals are kept, when it was discovered that the impression on the atlas corresponded with the thumb recorded of a noted criminal then at large. The man was arrested on this evidence, and other evidence subsequently accumulated to connect him with the crime.

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The wheat king of the world resides in Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant, named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Beunos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with the grain.

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The ladies' dinner of the New York Vagabond Club was bewildering in its anomalies. It was a Christmas dinner, but the chairman was not a Christian, but a Hebrew rejoicing in the memories of the Ghetto. Mr. Zangwill made a brilliant speech, with some slashing passages on the Little Englander line.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

You know, Diary dear, what an advocate I have always been on the question of large families. How I have raved about the pleasures of a vast household of young people. Have I not often dilated upon the diversions they might have among themselves? But, alas, Diary dear, like too many of my theories, when put into practice the large family is a snare—a delusion—a fatal error, in fact, a willful tempting of a too beneficent Providence. These sentiments sound treasonable at Christmastide, when the large family is proverbially at its best. The truth is, however, that they are merely seasonable. Papa is, as you know, the head of his family, at least is point of wealth, which is our way of measuring things nowadays. So at holiday times all the relations assemble under one rooftree. Phew! Then the fun begins. The men are right enough; they go down town and keep out of mischief—or if they do otherwise, we are none the wiser. But the women! Aunt Hilda is the worst. A gentle, patient sort of a creature who seems to be apologizing all the time for existing. But the shots she fires at dear mamma. The comments she makes on the housekeeping, the reckless extravagance of the servants! I positively believe she examines the hooks in the closets to see if they are kept bright aud shining. There is also Aunt Elizabeth who appears to think mamma has usurped her place in papa's affections. The wallows over that man and condoles with him about everything. Then the cousins! I have had to conceal all my pretty frocks, they are so keen on trying them on, and, as for my jewelry, the moment I heard of their arrival I hurried with it to a safe deposit.

Why do one's aunts and uncles ever marry? Or if they must, what do they mean by inflicting their undesirable offspring on their unsuspecting relatives. For my own part I think the tie of relationship should begin and end in the family. No aunts, uncles nor cousins for me. One father and mother, a couple of brothers, and perhaps (but I shall not insist on this) a sister. Some girls seem to like their sisters. But Leila! She is enough to put one out of conceit with the whole genus. I labored under the delusion that I was moderately pretty until Aunt Sophia arrived with her trio of graces. Since then my sun has set.

"I suppose, dear, that with her pretty gowns you make Cricket look passable at parties. Dress is a wonderful beautifier," I heard her say to Mamma the other day when she imagined I was not listening. And that patronizing air of her's!

And her own gawky girls, whom she insists are aristocratic and distinguished looking! Well, I shall lose my temper if I contine; only really, Diary, dear, I told Mamma that I should be civil to them in the house, but if she wished to keep me a member of her household she would not ask me to be seen in the street with them!

What have I been doing? Nothing hardly—in comparison with other weeks. Shopping chiefly, with occasional dances, theatre-parties and luncheons thrown in. On Friday I went to the Fortnightly Dancing Class. It was exceedingly well attended, and I don't think I ever saw the girls looking prettier. I like the simple way they dress, too. The organdie frocks are so girlish and sweet-looking. Who were the prettiest? Well, there are several of the girls I admire. Annie Voorhies looked really bewitching; she carries herself well, too, and is a great favorite. Fannie Baldwin is always attractive. Margaret Salisbury is not only pretty, but is well poised and delightfully independent. Max McNutt led the german and did not especially distinguish himself. The figures were at fault, or something, but in some of them we were most amusingly tangled up. Allen Wright should always manage them, I think—he is especially adapted for organizing things and engineers them very successfully. On Saturday afternoon I assisted to receive at Bernice Landers' tea. It was quite the best arranged event of the season. The Occidental Hotel parlors were as if the Christmas fairy had touched them with her magic wand. The decorations of holly and berries were exquisitively arranged. The floor was canvassed and the rooms lighted with myriads of tiny red lanterns, which were strung from one side to the other. Mrs. and Miss Landers were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Fred Tallant and Mrs. Stone. Bernice looked very well in white silk. She carried a big bouquet of American Beauty roses. The street in front of the hotel was literally lined with carriages, which to my mind establishes the importance of a function. Of course everyone was there. I noted the Stubbs girls, the Morgans, Davidsons, Clara Hamilton, etc. Then Oakland was also well represented.

On Saturday evening I went to Muriel Atherton's theatre party at the Columbia. There were thirty of us invited and we had a capital time. As a hostess, Muriel is a decided success, and acts more like a belle with several seasons' experience than an unsophisticated debutante. The "tea" crowd was there in force. Oh, and there was such a pretty girl, Miss Camp, (a niece of Walter Camp, the eminent Harvard football coach). She is bright and intelligent, too, and has pleasing manners. Of course, she is an Eastern girl, and I must admit, dear Diary, when it is a question of manners we Californians may learn much from our Atlantic sisters. The social *faux pas* some of us girls make, in a more critical community would be fatal. I notice this especially at dances. You know since programmes have been consigned to the masses it is no longer the "correct"thing to engage more than one or two dances ahead. In New York the girls never do it. But here—I have simply been convulsed with merriment to see the men scrambling for their dances and treating a girl as if she were a football. It is not respectful, for the appearance of the thing alone. I cannot fancy how the girls enjoy having men literally tear them from the grasp of their fellows. But to return to Muriel's theatre party. After the play we were taken in carriages to the 'Varsity Club, where supper was served. The table looked very swell, indeed, such gorgeous roses and violets, and every one was in excellent form. On Sunday I went driving with my relations in the morning after church, and then returned home to attend my "Levee." I had stacks of callers as uaual. You know Mr. McCaleb—well, he comes regularly every Sunday, and amuses me very much. It is not so much what he says, but his delightfully superior air. Some of the girls say he patronizes, but I'm sure he does not intend to—it's only his way, you know. Anyway, I think he dresses admirably, and I do think a man ought to take some thought of his clothes. I always notice how he is arranged and talk to Arthur about

MISS JANE WHITBECK
of the "Gay Coney Island" Company
at the Columbia next week

it. Another thoroughly pleasant characteristic about Mr. McCaleb is his fondness for practical jokes, and the girls have consequently to consider his invitations before accepting. You know he invited several of us to a theatre party and said the carriage would call at 7:45. Well, we all dressed, but neither carriage nor Mr. McCaleb arrived. A few days later he rang us up and asked us how we had enjoyed his little joke! In my opinion he has an unusual sense of humor and I try to appreciate it. Another of our men has departed. Mr. Williams has gone to South Africa and several of us are weeping our eyes out. He played checkers remarkably well and used to spend whole evenings doing little else. I heard a rather amusing experience of one of the girls. She was passing a house on California street, where resided a certain fair one in whom he had developed an interest. The blind was up and there was a light in the drawing room. She said to the crowd who accompanied her:

"I shall run up and tap on the window."

She ran up but did not tap. At a table sat a man and a maid gazing with the utmost seriousness at a checkerboard. She rejoined her friends; they went to the theatre and to supper and returned. The light was still in the window, and the Eve-like young person's curiosity caused her once more to ascend the steps. The same man and maid in exactly the position she left them four hours before! Can devotion further go? And now he is on his way to South Africa, and checkers delight her no more.

I hear, Diary dear, of at least four engagements to be announced after Lent. Some of the prettiest of the belles of two seasons ago are to take unto themselves partners, so that means several weddings in the spring. In two or three instances the men have been attentive for a protracted period; in others the attachment is of more recent date. The Martin boys are back; Andrew has quite recovered from his illness and Walter is as chippier as ever. I was so much afraid we would have to have our play without him—the one in aid of the Children's Hospital. The rehearsals take up so time, but the result will fully justify its expenditure, I fancy. There are to be a series of scenes from American history—from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers up to our own day. Mrs. Grant, Mrs. W. P. Shaw, Mrs. H. P. Miller, Mrs. Bothin, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Fonda, Mrs. Harrington and Miss Hoffman are in charge of the scenes. I think our one under Miss Hoffman will be quite the prettiest of all. It is to represent the ball of peace which Washington gave after the war. We are to dance the minuet in costume, and have already managed to overcome all the difficulties of curtsies and steps. The girls who will take part are Mrs. Whittier, Gertie Carroll, Therese Morgan, May and Eva Moody, Bernie Drown, May Hoffman and Mrs. Bain. The men are Larry Van Winkle, Mr. Duperu, Mr. Greenwood, Clarence Follis, Ray Sherman, Percy King, Ben Holladay and Mr. Veeder. We are to have our next rehearsal at the California Theatre. Ella Goodall and Marguerite Jolliffe are in Mrs. Bothin and Mrs. Oxnard's scene—which represents the Civil War. Marguerite is a nun and Ella a flower girl. Mrs. Merrill has the Fresh Air Excursions, with myriads of children—the little Merrils, Deanes and my little cousins all take part. The dresses are to be simply gorgeous.

On Monday I went to Fannie Baldwin's luncheon at the 'Varsity Club. It was eminently enjoyable and not at all stiff. A number of last year's buds and a sprinkling of this were present. In the evening we went to Marie Messer's party. It was too charming for words. Bessie Ames, Ethel Patton, and I agreed we had the time of our lives there. The tableaux were well arranged. Muriel Atherton made a stunning picture. She fascinates me, that girl does, and is so picturesque. Addie Dibble, too, looked awfully well. She is tall and slim and made a very effective tableau. But Marie was the belle of the occasion. We had a blissful time the entire evening, and I wish Marie's debut were still to be anticipated. The pictures were wonderfully well thought out, and Mrs. Messer deserves many congratulations upon the success of the affair. Marie is the sweetest sort of girl, and when she dances one really realizes what is meant by the "poetry of motion."

On Tuesday evening I went to rehearsal as usual. On Wednesday, rested all day, to be fresh for the Cinderella in the evening. I wore a lovely gown there, and Mamma says I never looked better. It was the truly smart dance of the season—all the Menlo Park people were in full force—the Macondrays, Athertons, Eyres, Rathbones, Josselyns, etc. There were but few of the debutantes. Muriel Atherton was there, of course, and the Hopkinses. The Moore girls looked exceedingly well. But I never have seen in my short debutantish experience so many of the young matrons. Mrs. George Howard looked fetching as ever. The gowning, too, was in excellent taste. Edith McBean looked very well. I never knew a girl to improve in appearance as she has. You know, when she came out no one thought her pretty. Now she is really handsome I think Gertie Carroll's gown was one of the prettiest at the Cinderellas—it was pink satin covered with baby rosebuds and trimmed with bright green ribbon. She looked very pretty.

The Assembly on Friday evening is to be an awfully swell affair. All of us girls have the most charming of fancy frocks. Mr. Greenway is going to introduce all sorts of quaint new figures. I am going as a Cricket, Ethel Keeney is to be Carmen, Marie Wells a girl of the First Empire, Therese Morgan is to wear a Louis Quatorze costume, Gertie Carroll a French shepherdess—but I shall tell you all the rest next week.

On Saturday the Hoopers are to give their usual Christmas party at the Occidental Hotel. Mrs. Hooper is to be assisted by Mrs. Jouett in receiving. That is all this week, Diary dear, and I fear my confidences are rather lacking in interest. Next week, too, promises to be dull.

Your own MISS CRICKET.

P. S.—I fear I am becoming more essentially feminine each week, Diary dear, for I generally have to add my most important items in a postscript. There are two events of paramount interest next week which I entirely omitted to mention. They are balls, too, think of that? The first is a cotillion to be given on the evening of the 29th by Miss Herrin. It is to be a tremendously swell affair—the favors all lovely little trifles from Shreve's. There are only sixty invitations, so Arthur and I deem ourselves rarely lucky to have received a bid. Then we are all going to a house party at Aunt Caroline's in Burlingame for New Year's. There are to be the races and then the ball. It is to be the gathering of all the strictly fashionable element, and not to be there means that you are really not "in it." I am to have a most bewitching toilet for that occasion. And now again adieu.

Your sportive CRICKET.

* *

An event of considerable interest is the engagement of John S. Maxwell, of the First National Bank of San Francisco, and Miss Freda Cox of Sacramento. Miss Cox is a daughter of the Hon. Fred Cox, of the California State Bank of Sacramento, and one of the very wealthy citizens of the State. She is an interesting girl and a general favorite. Mr. Maxwell is a promising young business man. The date of the wedding has not yet been fixed but will probably take place in the latter part of January.

An engagement of much interest is that of Miss Rebecca Jennings (generally known as Sister Jennys) and Colonel Jefferson Doolittle. Miss Jernings is a charming girl and a general favorite. She is petite and blonde. Miss Jennings is a daughter of the late James H. Jennings. Colonel Doolittle is a very prominent mining man, and a director of the State Mining Bureau. The marriage is to be celebrated early in February.

Mrs. Joseph Moody entertained the various chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames and Descendants of Colonial Governors on Saturday afternoon. It was the anniversary of Washington's Farewell to his Generals at Francis' Tavern, then the Delomicos of New York City. The house was decorated with palms and ferns, and the portrait of Thomas Jefferson by Rembrandt, painted in 1779, was wreathed in autumn leaves. Mrs. Moody was assisted in receiving by her daughters, Misses Eda, Mae and Eva Moody, and Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Cretien, Mrs. T. Hopkins, Mrs. Elwood Brown and Miss Alberta Bancroft. An interesting program was given, after which refreshments were served.

### An Idea tor a Holidav Gift.

Pretty shades in note papers, with monogram in delicate water-colors, make one of the most desirable gifts imaginable. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the art stationers, excel in this respect, and reliance can be placed in all orders of this character.

The music of Huber's Del Monte Orchestra adds greatly to the success of all entertainments. Telephone, care of Benjamin Curtaz, Main 1247.

For Irritation of the Throat caused by cold or use of the voice, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are exceedingly beneficial.

Holiday neckwear and hosiery at J. W. Carmany's, 25 Kearny street. Shirts to order.

## THE THEATRES

### Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

The Frawleys have made peculiarly their own plays of the morning-room, of the drawing-room and of the library, to say nothing of the conservatory and the garden. They seem to be more at home in the doings of the elect than in anything else, all of which betokens, not limited possibilities, but rather a gravitation to one particular standard, which should not be the exclusive aim of our local organization. This week they are fairly reveling at the California in "The Railroad of Love." Frank Worthing and Blanche Bates as Lieutenant Everett and Cousin Val give their lines easily and naturally, their work in the third act being especially good. Miss Bates wears some rather pretty gowns. Harry Corson Clarke gets all the humor possible out of his part, and Elenor Robson as Vina is amiable and attractive. Another pleasing figure is Effie Bond as the maid.

* *

The Tivoli is coming to the front rather gaily this week with "Mother Goose" and her varied adventures, and those of her different children. The main interest in the piece is the stage-setting and the dancing. Both are above the Tivoli average. The transformation scene at the end is fine enough to keep the audience seated until the fall of the curtain, which is sufficient recommendation. Edith Hall is Jill, in a short skirt and a big hat, and finds time between looking bright and pretty to turn a few cartwheels and to bring in a ditty about a piece of string. Mr. Stevens makes "Mother Goose" a bit livelier than the illustrious original, but for stage purposes and spectacular ones at that, the impersonation is likely enough an improvement.

* *

"The War of Wealth" at Morosco's gives attention rather to people and affairs of finance than to anybody or anything else. Incidentals are brought in now and then, such as an attempted murder, an explosion, and the breaking of a balcony from which the heaoine falls fifteen feet, but money is the real motive and stimulus of the piece. The scenery is well up to the Morosco standard, and is quite effective. The run on the bank is a good bit of realism. The acting is satisfactory, W. H. Pascoe and Maud Edna Hall acquitting themselves creditably, but the honors belong to Fred Butler, who gives a really clever sketch as the old Colonel.

* *

The Alcazar is making another bid for public favor in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and manages to receive it, although the acting for a good portion is hardly holding the glass to nature. Wright Huntington, Frank Fanning and Venie Castro are about the most satisfactory in the entire cast, Miss Castro in particular as Fawn Afraid giving a dainty, artistic performance. The scenery is ambitious and well managed, and herein Mr. Paulding, who plays Scar Brow, shows excellent judgment. Miss Foster, as Kate, wears some fetching gowns, and Miss Kingsley, as Wilbur's Ann, is pretty and pleasing. H. S. K.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the best** of all remedies for Children Teething. 25c. a bottle.

### Attractive Display for New Years.

The bewildering array of calendars this year presents numerous inducements to purchasers. All the leading publishers are represented by Cooper & Co., of 726 Market street, and many new and novel designs can be seen there exclusively.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

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**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.**

**Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.**

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HE MAKES HIS BOW

A SUDDEN CHANGE

DISAPPEARANCE OF A CANE

SERVAIS LE ROY AT THE ORPHEUM
Marceau, photo

# Mons. Le Roy Explains

AN INTERVIEW BY JUSTIN STURGIS.

I talked to Servais Le Roy in his tiniest of dressing-rooms with the Xmas ballet thumping and shuffling mysteriously just overhead, and the orchestra braying out a waltz step a hundred miles away. Mr. Le Roy is the sleight-of-hand man now at the Orpheum, and, though it sounds irrelevant just here, he has a wife who is one of the prettiest little women I have ever seen. A manager of the the theatre loomed in the back ground—if there could be said to exist such a thing in so small a box—and lent an official atmosphere to the affair.

Interviewing is either a new business with the conjurer or else he is immensely clever at it. He began by opening a bottle of Moet and Chandon, and *I* began by asking him about the most effective tricks.

"The tendency is," he said "to less and less machinery, less and less pharaphanalia."

There can be "tendencies" then in conjuring as well as in—literature, let us say.

"Herrmann," said Le Roy, "was, of course, a great entertainer, a better entertainer than conjurer, especially in his last years. But he used the "trap-door" and "trick tables" and that sort of thing. It's all gone out of date now."

"And what takes its place."

"The man who has no more machinery about him than just the clothes he has on."

"Then the 'tendency' must cease to 'tend' after a certain fixed point."

"Naturally."

Still one has one's doubts. If you have seen Le Roy's turn you will remember that one of his tricks is the removal of his trousers. But it is accomplished in the sense of *de bas en haut*, and the amneities are preserved.

"No," says he, "the best conjurer is the man who can be most independent of his properties, who can do his little tricks in the very heart of the audience and fool them. Almost any one—if he has big enough and complicated enough machinery—can conjure well enough. But it is not cleverness. The machine does it all. The man goes for nothing."

A little later when we were talking of palming things, Le Roy gave me an illustration of what he meant. He took up a pack of cards (they were not trick cards either) and holding them in one hand stroked them with the other and made whatever card he wished come to the surface. I could have touched his hands from where I sat, but as for explanations I might as well have been miles away.

Le Roy was a little bitter in the matter of the article and illustrations on palming that was contributed to one of the local Sunday papers by the younger Herrmann recently. At first I thought of "professional jealousy," but it was not that.

"Palming with the thumb down, is clumsy palming at best," said Le Roy. "It's old style and don't deceive at all. Herrmann palms that way, as the illustrations showed. But *tenez*——"

He picked the cards up again and palmed one after another with the thumb raised and the fingers extended, till the cards seemed to dissolve and melt into each other on the face of the deck.

Then Mme. Le Roy said:

"It was very unprofessional to describe the manner of doing tricks. Of course, it can't hurt conjurers of assured position, but it would hurt plenty of struggling young beginners—some that have families to support, too."

"I don't see," hazarded the interviewer, "why it could not affect the big men as well."

"It don't, though," said Le Roy. "Once when we performed in London, a fellow did a burlesque conjuring act the same night. He came before us on the programme, too. Even he did some of my tricks, and exposed them—"

"But," broke in his wife, "we have seldom played to a more enthusiastic audience than we had that same night."

Le Roy has performed almost everywhere. In Tangiers, where he gave an exhibition in a local theatre before the consuls and foreign colonists, the gallery was crowded with Arabs, some who had their camels waiting for them in the street outside. The Arabs, he says sat stolid in their places until he was done with the trick where he "disappears" Madame Le Roy. Then one big Arab jumped up with a whoop, and made for the door. In three minutes the gallery was stampeded clean. Not an Arab was left. Le Roy has no great admiration for the magicians, fakirs and conjurers of the half-civilized countries. He said as much, and it occurred to me to ask him what explanation he had of the well known trick of the Mango Tree as achieved by the Indian fakirs—a trick that justified the Psychical Research Society in the dispatching of an investigation committee. This committee brought back an elaborate, ingenious and most far-fetched explanation of the trick. Le Roy laughs at it.

"The thing is simple enough. I've seen it done a dozen times."

"And how *does* the fakir do it."

"Simply buries a tree in that spot beforehand, and pulls it up through the sand little by little each time he raises the cloth."

It is curious that no one has ever thought of this explanation before.

MME. LE ROY IN SPANISH COSTUME
Marceau, photo

## DRAMATIC NOTES

For next week the Orpheum announces four new numbers. Of these the great novelty will be Mlle. Rowbello, sand paintress, from Drury Lane, London, who is said to excell all others in her particular line. Another feature is De Marce Felix's trained ponies and educated Baboon, who give a very funny imitation circus. The Elinore Sisters, character change artists, come from Tony Pastor's where they have been successful. Musical Dale in his specialties completes the number of new people. Others on the bill are the Three Avolos, Caroline Hull, Ophelita and the grand ballet, "The Birth of the Pearl."

At Morosco's next week "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will be revived with all its old-time glory of bloodhounds, breaking ice and escaping slaves. Will H. Bray has been engaged to play Uncle Tom and sweet little Baby Ruth will impersonate Eva. There will be a clever trick donkey for Lawyer Marks, colored jubilee singers, negro specialties and all the other requites of the popular play.

The Baldwin reopens Monday evening for the winter season with Stuart Robson in "The Jucklins." The piece, which is a sort of dramitization by Augustus Thomas of Opie Reed's novel of the same name, is said to furnish Mr. Robson with opportunities for good work. The scene is in North Carolina. Mr. Robson will be supported by Thomas A. Wise, Edwin Holt, Lida McMillan, Edna Brothers and Mrs. Robson.

Matthews and Bulger, the comediaus and song-writers, open at the Columbia Monday evening in their new comedy, "At Gay Coney Island. The piece is said to be all the title suggests, a lively arrangement of songs, comedy and specialties. The company numbers among others Jose De Witt, the violinist, and Jane Whitbeck, the original "Pas-Ma-La" girl.

The programme of the second Symphony Concert, which comes off at the Tivoli next Thursday afternoon, December 30th, will include Schumann's Symphonie in D minor, No. 4, Delibes' Suite, "Sylvia," Varspiel from "Lohengrin," and Overture to "William Tell."

The Frawley Company commences its second week at the California Monday evening, presenting another Daly piece, "An International Match." As the play has not been seen here for some years it will be somewhat in the nature of a novelty. Frank Worthing will play Cline and Blanche Bates, Doris.

Miss Villa Whitney White, the soprano who will shortly give two recitals at the California, has a number of German classic and folk songs which she is said to sing with charming effect.

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## CHESTERFIELD '98

### Advice to a Nephew About to Go to San Jose.

My Dear Nephew—I send you out to my aunts, and pray my counsels be your guide to you[illegible] honored and respected among [illegible] by your contemporaries, and held up as a model of virtue by admiring posterity.

First of all—Never do unto others the good [illegible] expect to your own advantage, were they to do it unto you.

When [illegible] an assault upon your neighbors purse or valuables, be careful that no policeman be in sight. (If he lives in San Francisco there will be no necessity for the above advice, as the policeman is always elsewhere.)

Never swear falsely if there be danger of the perjury being discovered, or unless it be well, very well, paid for.

Never risk your own money in uncertain speculations; rather risk somebody else's by becoming the agent of some anonymous society [illegible] by having a seat in the stock exchange.

If you should be the administrator of some one's estate, the evil-minded and envious will say that you became rich at your ward's expense—therefore do not allow them to calumniate you.

The ways by which Providence leads men to fortune are numberless; but the easiest way is the one that leads your hands to your neighbor's pockets.

Truth offends; be therefore careful of the feelings of others and you will always be popular.

Never forget a note—for when it falls due the irregularity is likely to be discovered, unless before its maturity you leave for a tour in Enoville (Canada).

When you bestow ten cents in charity, be sure you compensate yourself a hundred-fold in the next business contract you engage in; because it is written he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, at the rate of 100 per cent, ten cents, therefore, becomes ten dollars.

Should your neighbor smite you on one cheek, and you think you may have need of him some day, turn to him the other as the gospel advises. But, on the contrary, if you think he will never be of any use to you, give him a ponderous *coup de pied* where it comes easiest.

Never forget that bread baked in the devil's oven is always most savory.

Do not live by the sweat of your brow—recollect that a neglected perspiration may result in a cold. This may conduct you to your grave, which you must visit the last.

L. D. VENTURA.

### The Trickster.

With trembling lips and tear wet cheeks
A gentle child for shelter seeks.
A pleasing, sad-eyed, little chit he;
"Pray, master," cries he, "in thy breast
Let a poor, harmless infant rest."
"Thy name?" I ask. He answers, "Pity."

"Sweet Pity, welcome guest thou art!"
I cry and open wide my breast.
When lo! my wets thy better shelter
I look, and, freed from Pity's guise,
I see a boy with laughing eyes
'Tis Love himself I've given shelter.

*Life, Parts Love in Life*

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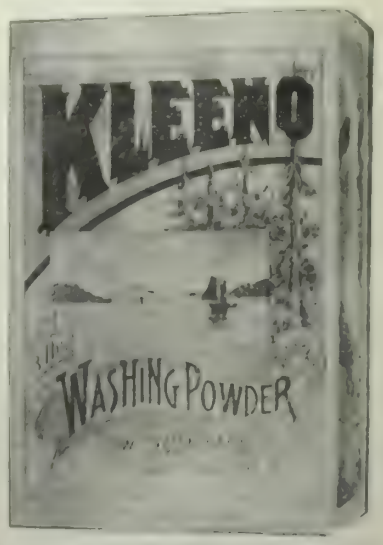


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## REVIEWS IN BRIEF

### Crisp Comment on New Books, Christmas and Otherwise.

There are some twenty or twenty-five books on the reviewer's table this week, every one of them new and still crisp from the press. They are the usual crop of Christmas fiction that comes with the holly and the mistletoe, growing on the Xmas tree, as it were. Many of them are bad, a few are good, and the rank and file even worse than bad, *i. e.*, passable, with no good errors and no bad graces—the books that do not fail because they do not attempt. One wonders why they were ever written. One marvels how an author *could* write a book or novel of any kind without enthusiasm — how he could fail to warm to his work. There is pleasure in a fine failure. Mr. Nansen did not reach the Pole, nor did John Jones, who remained at home. The difference is that Nansen made the attempt.

The first book on the pile is *Sixty and Six*—edited by Will M. Clemens and published by The New Amsterdam Book Company of New York. The idea of *Sixty and Six* is very good, but the book itself is disappointing. It is a collection of sixty-six very short paragraphs—Mr. Clemens calls them "chips"—most of them tell a story, so-called. The only drawback about the stories is that they are not good. They are not interesting, and they fail to make a point. Stories told in such short space as this must be pungent and forcible, or they have no excuse for existing, and in all the sixty-six thus edited by Mr. Clemens I can find not one that might not as well have been left untold. The book is neither good nor bad—its simply fails, and fails flatly, dully, of its own inertia.

I am not sure that Mr. W. F. Anstey has not created a new type in the person of *Babtoo Hurry Bungsho*, the native Indian law-student residing in London. Mr. Anstey makes this amusing person tell of himself and his own adventures. His name gives the title to the book and the Appleton Publishing Company give the book to the public. It's merely London life seen through the spectacles of the Anglicized Indian. The best part of the humor is the curious mixture (Latin quotations, misquotations, mixed quotations, obsolete words, up-to-date slang, extraordinary compounds and misplaced words) which make up the speech of the Baboo, and which is very natural and plausible. As for instance, where he speaks of the "hardihood" of his bicycle seat, and his undergoing "total abstinence" from his umbrella in the "vestibulum" of the Royal Academy, or his exclamation at the birthplace of Shakespeare, "It was here that the Swan of Avon was hatched!" Mr. Anstey's book is a fair specimen of English humor, which finds amusement in ludicrousness rather than in wit and which delights less in a pun than in the fall of a stout gentleman on a slippery pavement.

Never was there more lovable man surely than Eugene Field, and never surely has he written anything more lovable than *Lullaby Land* (Charles Scribner & Sons, New York, and John Lane, London). *Lullaby Land* is a collection of charming little song-poems, to be crooned, for the most part, at the cradle-side and the bed-side. Not all are lullabies. The best one of the book, to our grown-up notion, is "The Duel" between the gingham dog and the calico cat; but as the poems were written for little tots—or as Mr. Field would say—tads, one has no right to express an opinion. That the little tads will be delighted with the cradle songs is a foregone conclusion. We venture to predict that the book will gain a wide popularity and a large circulation among those who are still in their years of indiscretion.

But not all the children are young. There are some men who follow a circle and after a certain lapse of time return to the ways and walks of the children. *Doc Sifers* was no doubt of this stripe—*Doc Sifers*, whose Rubaiyat by James Whitcomb Riley, is published by The Century Company. "Doc" is the country physician par excellence. No other village doctor can be created or imagined by fiction writers that will not now be referred to Mr. Riley's poem. Also it is true that in a way all stories and character studies of the country doctor seem now to have been leading up the odd, gentle, impractical, kindly old fellow, who drives his two-wheeled chaise through the pages of Mr. Riley's last poem. The dialect-painting of the Doctor is a fitting companion to the much-loved Parson of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. It is as though we all knew "Doc" Sifers; he is to be found in almost every village in the land. His goodness of heart and devotion to duty have long been a favorite theme of the story-teller; and now that a popular verse-maker has let his memory and imagination play about the homely character, it has become more winsome, as well as more lasting, than it was before.

The Appleton Company have just published a book by James Barnes that reminds one of the saying anent marriage, "No family should be without it." No American household surely should be without Mr. Barnes' story of the *Life of Commodore Bainbridge*. We are all too apt to forget the fact that the naval war of 1812 by the young United States against our ancient and hereditary foe was one of the most brilliant, daring and successful struggles ever undertaken. In almost every action between English and American ships the latter showed themselves manned by better sailors, commanded by more able officers, handled in more seamanlike fashion and fought with more conspicuous gallantry. That these sea-fights were a boundless humiliation and aggravation to the mistress of the seas is amply attested by copies of the London papers of the years of 1812-13-14. Bainbridge was one of the most conspicuous and heroic figures of the war. The story of his career by Mr. Barnes has all the fascination of a romance, and cannot but make every good American thrill with pride when he recalls the fact that he belongs to the only country that has ever fought England to an ignominious standstill on her own element.

*White Man's Africa*, by Poultney Bigelow, is the collected series of papers on South Africa that have been running in *Harper's Magazine*, and that are now gathered into book form by the same firm. Mr. Bigelow is not a graceful writer, and he has none of those little tricks and charms of style that make Mr. Davis' books of travel so immensely popular. Bigelow may be defined as a journalist of the better sort, seeking to give information rather than record impressions. The personal element is eleminated entirely from *White Man's Africa*, but, perhaps, for that reason, the book gains in value in another direction. It is plain, straightforward, unadorned. The best chapter is, no doubt, that in which Mr. Bigelow explains the feeling of the Dutch towards England and the causes that have led to it. In his estimation the Great Trek was a critical point in the history of English colonization, only second in importance to the battle of Lexington. The outrageous injustice on the part of England in refusing to allow the Boers to retain possession of their cattle and wagons, which, after desperate fighting, they had retaken from the plundering Matabele, is a fair sample of this treatment as cited by Mr. Bigelow. The book, taken as a whole, is quite the clearest statement of the condition of South Africa that has yet came under public notice.

A more appropriate and more interesting Xmas present could not be made to a boy than the bound volume of *Harper's Round Table*. There are 1270 pages full of just such reading and pictures as the American boy delights in. The stories—continued and serial—are clean, manly and spirited, and the illustrations are quite up to the mark set by the Big Four. There is quite a year's uninterrupted reading in the volume of 1897—and more, for the average boy will re-read its stories a second time and a third.

Everyone who has gone to school or bought coffee has heard of Java, but not until Eliza Ruhama Scidmore visited the Island (one of the most populous and productive in the world) has there been any serious attempt to "write it up." Miss Scidmore's *Java, the Garden of the East* (The Century Company) fills an actual want on the part of all lovers of travel and of the literature of travel. The author has gone through the island with a keen eye for the picturesque, an artistic appreciation of the beautiful, a certain feeling for humor, and a witty and vivacious pen. There is evidence of much studious research in the pages of the book, but it is indirect, and information is cleverly imparted hardly before the reader is aware. The whole world must be, in a sense, in the author's debt, for her *impressions de voyage* in a hitherto untried field field not only create a desire to follow in her footsteps, but act as a charming and accurate guide for all future travelers to that strange, tropical island. It is quite possible, besides, that Miss Scidmore has contributed a work of real and lasting worth to the artistic world in calling its attention to the exquisite and almost forgotten art of such temples as Boro Boedor and Brambanam in the interior of the island. N.


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# An Elopement.

By Ferdinand Bloch

"Hello, you here again, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, General."

"Have you come here to ask me a second time for my daughter? I refused you yesterday and I refuse you to-day, that's certain."

"Then you wish, sir, to have Mlle. Hermance die an old maid?"

"My affair, not yours' Lieutenant."

"*Passons de cela*. I have come, General, to ask your advice."

"You've got to ask for something always it appears. Well?"

"Well, I am in love with a little girl——"

"*Encore*—you are in love with *all* little girls it seems to me. How absurd. Never mind, go on."

"I have asked her in marriage. Her parents refuse me."

"And why?"

"They don't say."

"Idiots; don't try to defend them. They are idiots if they can't or won't tell you why. *What!* a young officer like you—rich—good name—in line of promotion—and give you no reasons. Idiots, I tell you."

"Aren't they."

"Aha! If I were in your place!"

"You would do——"

"What I have done. Listen."

"Listen to this little tale and profit by the same—if you can. I was 25 years of age, and a Lieutenant, as you are now. One ovening at a ball I noticed an exquisitely beautiful girl, waltzed with her, adored her and told her so—proposed, was accepted. Father was there—big, bourgeois, smelling of pork, hideous, yellow—hideous as his daughter was lovely. After the waltz I returned Mademoiselle to her corner, went up to the old fellow, her father, drew him into an angle of the wall, and said:

"'Sir, I have not the honor of knowing you, but I am Bauperthois, of the 229th of the line 25 years of age, 16,000 *livres* income, son of the late Colonel of the same name, hope in time to wear the five galons of the Colonel, and—I love your daughter.'"

"Very flattered," says the beast, but I have not as yet thought of giving my daughter in marriage. I must have time to think it over."

"How long?"

"Some days?"

"I'll give you ten minutes."

"Ten minutes. You're crazy!"

"In ten minutes I'll come for your answer," and I hurried off without giving him time to respond.

Ten minutes later I returned.

"Sir," said the beast, "your insistence is flattering, and if you will honor me with a call in about a week, you may have an answer."

"A week," I exclaimed. "You give me a week's notice like a valet. It's charming. You won't answer me before a week."

"Impossible."

"Six days then—you last chance."

"No, sir."

"*C'est tres bein.*"

Two hours later I had eloped with the daughter, and the next day her father, informed of the affair, consented to call me his son-in-law.

"Voila, my dear lientenant, that is how we act when we wear epaulets. Don't stop here looking at me like a tortise. Get along with you and elope with the girl."

"But——"

"'Tention, by the left flank—a-r-r-rche!"

"Then you advice, General, is to act——"

"At once"

"And if her father is obstinate."

"You're talking drivel. The girl will be compromised. The father can't refuse."

"My cause will be won?"

"*Parbleu!*"

"I would be wrong to hesitate another second, I see."

"Of course you would."

"That's your sincere opinion."

"Without the least doubt."

"Well, then, General, I've done it."

"Done what?"

"Eloped with Mademoiselle Hermance, your daughter."

"My daughter! You have ——, you,——my daughter!"

"You just told me to."

"Yes—*but not with mine*."

"However, sir, you were married under the same circumstances."

"But I didn't ask the advice of my future father-in-law.

"I beg you to notice, sir, that I ran off with mademoiselle before asking your advice."

"*Eufin*, monsieur, where is my daughter."

"With my mother, General, at home."

"And have you acted honestly with her."

"General!"

"*Bien*, I'll give you ten minutes to bring my daughter back to me and eight days to publish the bans."

"General, this generosity——"

"Rot! my generosity! And you booby, with tears in your eyes, pah! Get along with you, and bring me your wife instantly, son-in-law."

—*Translated from the French by Frank Norris.*

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## BOOK NOTES

The *Traveler* for December comes out with a very pretty cover picture entitled "A Christmas Reverie," otherwise Miss Gladys Wallis. Walter J. Kenyon has an article on house boats, and Lillian Ferguson a sketch "Christmas in California Homes." The Tourist continues his Oriental talk, and Elaine Hollis holds forth on "Angling as a Pastime for Women." An interesting article is "Three Decades of the Drama," a few reminiscences of Mrs. F. M. Bates. The theatre and society have their usual bright notices, and the illustrations are well beyond the average.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for November contains a complete story by John Strange Winter entitled "The Price of a Wife." The tale is very much in the author's usual vein and is as interesting as any of its predecessors. J. C. De Leon contributes "The Day of Dialect," a well written sketch, and Fred Perry Powers "Government by Gentlemen." Ella Higginson has a poem, Frances Courtenay Baylor a short sketch "On Small Courtesies." Eva A. Madden writes of "Novelists as Costumers," and Adeline Knapp a Hawaiian incident, "For His Own People."

A recent addition to California literature is *Aila*, by Kate Thomas, published by William Doxey. The theme of the story is love and ambition, ordinary enough, but the method of treating it is rather out of the passing. Miss Thomas has brought into her story some clever and original ideas and has succeeded in developing them agreeably and with much dramatic effect. The characters are well drawn

Kate Thomas

and carry themselves consistently to the end, notably Dr. Nina Rostraver, a lady physician with a penchant for killing off the incurable. Aila, the heroine, is a lovable, spirited young woman with a dash of Spanish blood which probably accounts for the spirit. A pleasing feature of the tale is its California coloring, which, by the way, has the rare charm of being true to nature.

Notable in the array of work from the hands of the younger artists of San Francisco are the sketches of Chinatown done in pen and ink by Mr. J. O. Brubaker of this city. Mr. Brubaker is a careful observer as well as a clever draughtsman, and is bound to attract attention to his work in time. His little sketch of the alley back of the Chinese theatre—St. Louis Place—is quite as clever as many vignettes and tail pieces to be seen in the Eastern magazines.

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

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The prompt and proper use of a pure stimuoant has saved many a human life. The famlus old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and eat.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Among the many great Financial Corporations on the Pacific Coast, none rank higher than the

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Its Agents are found throughout America and its Record for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of All Honest Losses is Firmly Established

D. J. Staples, President — Wm. J. Dutton, Vice-President — B. Faymonville, 2d V.-Pres. and Sec'y
J. B. Levison, Marine Sec'y — Louis Weinmann, Asst. Sec'y — Stephen D. Ives, General Agent

NEW YORK

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

COMPARISON FOR FIVE YEARS

1891-1896

| | Dec. 31, 1891 | Dec. 31, 1896 | Gain in 5 years |
|---|---|---|---|
| Assets | $125,947,290 | $187,176,406 | $61,229,116 |
| Surplus | 15,141,023 | 26,657,332 | 11,516,309 |
| Income | 31,854,194 | 39,139,558 | 7,285,364 |
| Dividends of Year to Policy-Holders | 1,260,340 | 2,165,269 | 904,929 |
| Number of Policy-Holders | 182,803 | 299,785 | 116,982 |
| Insurance in Force—Premiums Paid | $575,689,649 | $826,816,648 | $251,126,999 |

CHAS. A. McLANE, Agency Director

MILLS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny — Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital, $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital, $300,000

JAMES D. PHELAN, President.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.
S. G. MURPHY, JOHN A. HOOPER, Vice-Pres.

DIRECTORS—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, C. G. Hooker, Frank J. Sullivan, L. P. Drexler, Robt. McElroy, Jos. D. Grant.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co., or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

California Title Insurance and Trust Company

Paid Up Capital . . . . $250,000
Cash Reserve Fund . . . . 25,000

OFFICE, MILLS BUILDING

CHS. PAGE, President. — HOWARD E. WRIGHT, Secretary and Manager

Policies of Insurance issued guaranteeing titles to be perfect. Abstracts made and continued

We have money to loan on Real Estate at reasonable rates of interest.

CONNECTICUT

FIRE INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD

Assets, $3,300,000. — BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager

COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco
501 Montgomery Street

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital $2,250,000 — Assets $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT

204-208 Sansome Street, San Francisco

VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., S. F.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus - $2,040,803 66
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash - 1,000,000 00
Deposits December 31, 1896 - - 27,710,247 45

OFFICERS

President, B. A. Becker
First Vice-President, Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President, H. Horstmann
Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier, Wm. Herrmann
Secretary, George Tourny
Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, E. Rhote, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt
Attorney - W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union

532 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits June 30, 1896 — $22,168,372
Paid Up Capital and Surplus — 1,614,134

ALBERT MILLER, Pres. — E. B. POND, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, W. A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, George Tasheira, E. B. Pond

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate, and Farms and Farming Lands in the country. No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

OF LONDON

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1726

Capital Paid Up, $3,446,100 — Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders $5,180,281

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT — Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL Building and Loan Ass'n of California

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and Gen. Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

## Baldwin Theatre

Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers
Two Weeks
Beginning Monday, December 27th

MR. STUART ROBSON

And His Admirable Company
Presenting Augustus Thomas' New Comedy-Drama

THE JUCKLINS

Suggested by Opie Read's novel

Monday, Jan. 3d, Last week of Stuart Robson

## California Theatre

Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers
To-night and Sunday, Last Times
SHENANDOAH
Beginning Next Monday. Second and Last Week

THE FRAWLEY CO.

Presenting Every Evening and Saturday Matinee
Augustin Daly's Comedy

An International Match

Staged with the same careful attention which marks all of the Frawley productions

## Columbia Theatre

Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., Lessees and Managers

Two Weeks, beginning Dec. 27th
First time in San Francisco — the Real Funny Stars
MATHEWS & BULGER
In the far-famed farcical fete

AT GAY CONEY ISLAND

It is to laugh, and you do laugh.—*New York Journal.* . The lines are bright and the situations laughable.—*Herald.* . Fun, without vulgarity.—*Times.*
Coming—Jolly Nellie McHenry.

## Orpheum

Week beginning Monday, Dec. 27th

Another Sensation DE MARCE FELIX, assisted by two Horses and a Baboon
MLLE. ROMBELLO, Sand Modeler
MUSICAL DALE, Grotesque Comedian
ELINORE SISTERS, Character Artists
THE THREE AVOLOS, Novelty Acrobats
CAROLINE HULL. Triple-voiced Vocalist
OPHELITA, Chic Character Dancer
Grand Spectacular Ballet, **The Birth of the Pearl.** 36 Coryphees and 3 Premiere Danseuse
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

## Tivoli Opera House

MRS ERNESTINE KRELING : Proprietor and Manager

This Evening!
Our Holiday Spectacle—A Positive Novelty!
Help It Along!

MOTHER GOOSE

**Or, The Strange Adventures of Jack and Jill**

Great Cast! Grand Ballets!
Superb Specialties! Gorgeous Scenery!
Concluding with the Magnificent Tranformation
**Our Childhood's Fancies.** A treat for everyone
A Happy New Year to All!

**Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cents**

## Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO : : : Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager.

A cast of fifty people
Genuine holiday treat
Realism in every scene
Each climax is a beautiful picture
All the scenes are new in
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
Secure your seats—avoid the rush
Houses crowded nightly
One of the finest ever produced
Will run another week

Usual prices 15, 25, 33, 50c., Reserved. Phone Main 254

## MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

WALTER MOROSCO : : : Sole Lessee and Manager

Last four performances of **The War of Wealth**
Commencing Monday, Dec. 27th, Grand Revival of the Pathetic Comedy-Drama

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Special engagement of everybody's favorite, **Will H. Bray** in the role of Uncle Tom. Maud Edna Hall as Topsy. Baby Ruth as Little Eva. Balance of company in a strong cast. Ferocious Bloodhounds! Trick Donkey! Colored Jubilee Singers! Grand Apotheosis of **The Gates Ajar.**
Grand Matinee New Year's Day

Evg. Prices, 10, 25 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SOCIETY

**FRITZ SCHEEL, Musical Director**

THIRD CONCERT

Tivoli Opera House, Thursday, Dec. 15, at 3:15

PROGRAMME

1. Overture. "Egmont".....*Beethoven*
2. Symphonie D moll.....*Schumann*
3. Suite, "Sylvia".....*Delibes*
4. Vorspiel, "Lohengrin".....*Wagner*
5. Overture, "William Tell".....*Rossini*

Prices, including Reserved Seat, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c.
Seats on sale at the Tivoli Opera House, commencing Monday, Dec. 27th


## TURF TOPICS

### Racing at Oakland — The Best Yearling Sale of the Season.

Towards the end of last week the weather became settled again and the short spell of wet has been followed by bright days and frosty nights. The Oakland track has once more become fast, and many of the events have brought out unusully large fields.

Saturday last furnished an excellent day's sport. In a seven-furlongs race for two-year-old fillies a field of five went to the post, quality being represented by St. Calatine, 115 lbs., Napamax, 110 lbs., and Martha II. 100 lbs. The first-named shewed an improved appearance since last seen out, the second, who ran in bar plates, seemed hardly herself, and Martha II. was admitted by her owner to have hardly done well of late in the stable. Ridiculous odds were laid on Napamax on the strength of her victory over St. Calatine in the match at even weights a few weeks ago, which for reasons partly explained at the time, was not a reliable test of the respective galloping abilities of these fillies. On this occasion the St. Carlo filly assumed command from the start, Napamax lying second until nearly home, when Martha II. drew up and passed the former with a strong run that carried her within a length of St. Calatine as the judges' stand was passed. Time, 1:27. Thus St. Calatine must be considered the best two-year-old filly to-day in California. The Burlingame Stakes, $1,000, one mile, brought out a field meagre in members, though good in quality. Four only sported silk—Senator Blaud, 122 lbs., Buckwa, 119 lbs., Altamax, 106 lbs., and Bliss Rucker, 87 lbs.—the two last-named representing the Burns & Waterhouse stable. The two-year-old Bliss Rucker made all the running, and won handily by four lengths in 1:40. Altamax, who had held the other two safe all the way, finishing about the same distance in front of Buckwa, and Senator Bland being unable to travel in any kind of form for more than half the distance. Buckwa showed a dash of his natural speed on the back stretch, and when he gets a bit stronger than he looks just now may return to something like the fine form he was in here last season. Senator Bland was certainly off, both in appearance and style of going, and, by the way, his action is never of the most desirable kind. Altamax in point of condition looked grand, but I fancy his fetlock joints give his trainer a good deal of anxiety. The winner has greatly improved since he returned from the East. The day's proceedings were brought to a close by a rattling three-horse finish in a six-furlongs sprint, Yankee Doodle, 110 lbs., Break o' Day, 102 lbs., and Midas, 106 lbs., being placed in this order by the judges, with little or nothing separating them.

On Monday Salvado, 107 lbs., a Rancho del Paso bred horse by Salvator out of the imported mare Oran by Bend Or, won a race of 1 1-16 miles with little difficulty in the fast time of 1:46¼, notwithstanding that he was forced out wide in the stretch by H. Martin on Bernardillo, 106 lbs., who finished up second. Two successive two-year-old sprints were landed by St. Cuthbert and Tiger Lily, both the produce of St. Carlo, a timely advertisement of that sire's merits, were such needed, seeing that his yearlings were to be sold the same evening.

On Tuesday Buckwa, carrying 115 lbs., won at 1 1-16 miles in the quick time of 1.46½, Grady, 114 lbs., being a good second, after having had considerable difficulty in getting through until well into the stretch. The two-year-old Marmion ran very fast in a 5½ furlongs sprint, for which a pretty good field of seven went to the post, and won with ease.

The chief feature of the card for Christmas Day at Oakland will be the Flood Handicap, 1½ miles. It is to be hoped the Southern Pacific Railway will make better traffic arrangements for the crowd that may be expected to go across the bay that afternoon than they did on Thanksgiving Day, when the crush was dangerous, and no attempt whatever was made by the railway authorities to regulate things at the ferry.

The coming fortnight at Ingleside should provide some interesting sport, and the Pacific Coast Jockey Club intends making special efforts to attract society to the races.

It is most gratifying to be able to record the successful sale of Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough's small but select consignment of yearlings, fillies and geldings, ten by St. Carlo and one colt by imp. Watercress, at the Occidental Horse Exchange on the 20th inst. The ten St. Carlos averaged $980, and the Watercress colt made $850. The highest price, $2500, was for St. Kristine by St. Carlo out of imp. Kissing Crust, dam of Orestes, now dead, the first native son of imp. Ormonde. This filly was bought by James Coffey, who also took the filly Violence by St. Carlo out of the imp. Sir Modred mare Anarchy for $1600, and another filly by the same sire out of the Hanover mare Sloe for $1250, these being the highest priced lots in the sale. This is one of the best results obtained in America this year, and should put fresh heart into breeders of the best class of stock from winning strains.

I am informed on good authority that the report which appeared in a morning paper to the effect that the yearlings purchased by Mr. Coffey will be raced by Prince Poniatowski is unfounded. The Prince does not intend to race in America.

The Pacific Coast Trotting Horse Breeders' Association held a meeting on Tuesday, at which, after the election of officers for the ensuing season had been disposed of, several suggestions in the line of progress were considered and favorably entertained. The most important of these, perhaps, were the institution of single dashes, instead of heat races, and the employment of professional starter and judges. A very proper recommendation was made that the use of hobbles in pacing races should be prohibited. There is no doubt of the need for infusing new life into the sport of harness racing, if it is to retain the favor of the public.

BENEDICT.

## FINANCE AND TRADE

*Wednesday Evening.*

The general trade position continues to be highly satisfaciory, and there is a seasonable increase in the volume of business being transacted locally. In financial centres the money market presents a strong appearance, and in New York especially rates for money at call have visibly hardened, having a tendency to check any speculative movement in stocks.

As we go to press in the early part of the week, owing to the Xmas holidays, a report on the local stock market will not appear in this issue.


### New Designs in Dresden.

The many dainty designs in seals this season offer many suggestions for the holidays. These make an acceptable gift when engraved with the monogram, and can be seen in large variety at Cooper's stationery store on Market street.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the East at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quailty of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch Whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

## CITY OF PARIS

DRY GOODS CO.

LACE DEPARTMENT

NEW AND SEASONABLE

The New Lace Scarf, in Net, Chiffon, and Mousselaine de Soie, and Lace Applique, 75c. to $5.00 each.

Oriental Feather Boas, 18 to 72 inches, $3.00 to $24.00 each.

Real Duchesse Lace Handkerchiefs, $1.00 to $25.00 each.

Novelties in Lace and Chiffon Jabots, Fronts and Bows, $2.50 to $5.00 each.

All widths and colors in Shirred and Plaited Liberty, for draping.

Real Duchesse and Point Laces and Flouncings.

Novelties in Fans, $1.00 to $30.00 each.

City of Paris Dry Goods Co.

S. E. Corner of Geary and Stockton Streets
UNION SQUARE
Prompt attention to Country Orders

## LADIES!!!!

Before buying anywhere else, if you want to be astonished, come and look at my windows and see marked the biggest bargains in **Jackets, Suits, Fur Capes, Silk Waists, Feather Boas, etc.**

Terrific reductions during the holidays.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

## ARMAND CAILLEAU

Corner of Geary Street and Grant Avenue

BOOKS
ENGRAVED CARDS
H. R. WILLIS'
107 MONTGOMERY STREET

In the front rank of advertising directors of the Pacific Coast, there are none so well-pnown and so often prominently before the public as Charles H. Lombard and Charles H. Farrell, composing the firm of Lombard & Co. Directing the advertising of over fifty of San Francisco's leading business houses, and numbering among their clients firms reaching from Seattle to San Diego, and as far east as Denver, they are called upon in the course of each year to expend vast sums of money entrusted to their judgment. They have introduced wideawake and up-to-date ideas in advertising—they are aggressive and progressive, and a recognized success.

CHAS. H. FARRELL CHAS. H. LOMBARD

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IN THE UNITED STATES. A book of two hundred pages, containing a catalogue of about six thousand newspapers, being all that are credited by the American Newspaper Directory (December edition for 1897) with having regular issues of 1,000 copies or more. Also separate State maps of each and every State of the American Union, naming those towns only in which there are issued newspapers having more than 1,000 circulation. This book (issued December 15, 1897), will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of one dollar. Address The Geo. P. Rowell Advertising Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

### French and Italian Instruction

By **PROF. L. D. VENTURA**, late of Boston
Formerly secretary to Tomasso Salvini

University endorsement, and highest references on application. Class and Private Lessons. Address by mail, **727** Gough street, between Golden Gate avenue and McAllister.

## PACIFIC COAST JOCKEY CLUB

### INGLESIDE TRACK

Racing from Monday, December 27th, to Saturday, January 9th, inclusive
Five or more races daily, rain or shine
First race at 2 p.m.

S. P. R. R. Trains 12:45 and 1:15 p.m. daily. Leave Third-street station, stopping at Valencia street. Returning immediately after the last race.
Electric Car Lines—Kearny and Mission-street cars every 3 minutes, direct to track without change. Fillmore-street cars transfer each way.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary. S. N. ANDROUS, President.

## California Jockey Club

### OAKLAND TRACK

Winter Meeting 1897-8, beginning Monday, December 13th.

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Five or more races each day. Races start at 2:15 p.m. sharp.

Ferry leaves San Francisco at 12 m., 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2.30 and 3:00 p.m., connecting with trains stopping at entrance to track. Buy your tickets to Shell-Mound. Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p.m., and immediately after the last race.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS JR. President.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the famous orator, statesman, railroad president and millionaire, in an interview said of his recent visit to Del Monte; "I visited Monterey, and I call it the most beautiful place in the world. Monte Carlo cannot compare with it. Its seventeen-mile drive is unparalleled for fineness."

When Mr. Depew says it is the most beautiful place in the world he knows what he is saying, and means it, for he has seen pretty much all the beautiful and interesting places in the world many times over.

Address GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.



## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska 9 a. m. December 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 and every fifth day thereafter.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound Ports, 9 a. m. December 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, 2 p. m. December 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28; January 1, 5, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 31.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and Way Ports, 9 a. m. December 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28 and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), at 11 a. m. December 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30 and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ports in Mexico, 10 a. m. the 2d each month.

The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.

**Ticket Office:** Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.

General Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S. S. "Australia," **Honolulu only**, Tuesday, Dec. 28 at 2 p.m. Special party rates.

S. S. "Moana," **for Australia**, Thursday, Jan. 6th, at 2 p.m. Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

**Ticket Office 114 Montgomery St.**
**Freight Office 327 Market St.**

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO General Agents


### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF DUNCAN B. McMILLAN, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Duncan B. McMillan, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Duncan B. McMillan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 29, 1897.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street. For the half year ending December 31, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4.26) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3.55) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1898. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits, and three and five tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1898.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

BULLION MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventeenth (17th) day of December, 1897, an assessment (No. 51) of five cents (5c.) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-first (21st) day of January, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the twelfth (12th) day of February, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.

Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Belcher Mining Company**

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 57 |
| Amount per share | 20 cents |
| Levied | November 20, 1897 |
| Delinvent in office | December 24, 1897 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | January 14, 1897 |

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office, room 35, 3d floor, Mills blg., San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 29 |
| Amount per share | 10 cents |
| Levied | December 7, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | January 11, 1898 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | February 1, 1898 |

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office, room 69, Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

**Alta Silver Mining Company**

| | |
|---|---|
| Assessment | No. 58 |
| Amount per share | 10 cents |
| Levied | December 3, 1897 |
| Delinquent in office | January 7, 1898 |
| Day of sale of delinquent stock | January 28, 1898 |

J. E. JACOBUS, Secretary.

Office, room 33, Nevada Block, San Francisco.


**A. K. DAGGETT**

Drawing of Deeds and all Legal Papers a specialty

NOTARY PUBLIC
14 Montgomery St., S. F.
Telephone 305



## JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR

**Makes the best fitting clothes at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast. See Prices:**

| PANTS TO ORDER | SUITS TO ORDER |
|---|---|
| $3.50 | $10.00 |
| 4.50 | 13.50 |
| 5.00 | 15.50 |
| 6.00 | 17.50 |
| 7.00 | 20.00 |
| 8.00 | 25.00 |
| 9.00 | 30.00 |

The firm of JOE POHEIM is the largest [illegible] in the United States. Rules for self-measurement and samples of cloth sent free.

201 and 203 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.
844 & 846 Market St. 1110 & 1112 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO
485 Fourteenth St., Oakland. 603 & 605 K St., Sacramento.
143 South Spring St., Los Angeles.



## REMOVAL

Rountrees English Chocolate, Kohlers Swiss Chocolates, and all brands of Foreign and Eastern Confectionery, imported by . . . .

**W. L. GREENBAUM,**

of 205 SUTTER ST., will, after December 1st, be found in large and commodious quarters at

**128 POST ST.,** Bohemian Club Bldg.



**Brushes** For barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath houses, billiard tables, brewers, book binders, candymakers, canners, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paperhangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

**BUCHANAN BROS.**

TEL. 5610 609 SACRAMENTO ST

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS



THE LATEST STYLES IN

## CHOICE WOOLENS

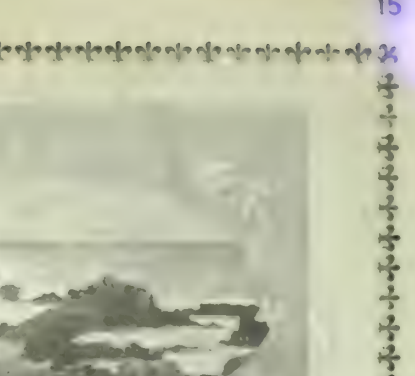
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors

623 Market St. (up stairs) opp. Palace Hotel

Bicycle and Golf Suits





BAJA CALIFORNIA

## DAMIANA BITTERS

"Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable, and leading physicians recommend them as the greatest invigorator known. Long-winded testimonials are not necessary. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits. (Send for Circular.)

NAHER, ALLES & BRUNE, Agents
323-325 Market St., S. F.



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Fine Coated Papers a Specialty

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San Francisco, Cal.



CHARLES P. LANE C. WHITTELL LANE

## LANE & LANE

Attorneys and Counselors

Room 212
Crocker Building, San Francisco



## THE PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

510 MONTGOMERY ST., S. F.,

Reads all papers on the Pacific Coast, and supplies clippings on all topics, business and personal.

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Aeolians suitable for parlors or music-rooms cost from $75 up to $1,500.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Among the assets of the Jersey Lily is a ranch near Carson, Nevada, sold by Sam Davis of the Carson *Appeal*. Sam was on the train which brought Mrs. Langtry and her company to San Francisco and they struck up an acquaintance. He told her about the ranch and she intimated a desire to purchase. Still she had not made up her mind and Sam was worried for fear the deal might not go through. So one night he went to the stage door of the old California, and, owing to his editorial position, was admitted without question. He waited until Mrs. Langtry took up her position as the statue of Galatea, and then, calling three stage hands to witness, he whispered from the wings to her: "If you hear me wink the eye which is further from the audience." Galatea winked. That established Davis' case. "Now, if you don't want to buy the southwest quarter section for $8,000 shake your head," he said. Galatea, the marble statue, with the eyes of the audience, was, of course, immovable. "All right," said Davis, cheerfully. "I and these witnesses understand that you want it at that figure." The next day he gave her the deeds and took her good money. She probably might have made a contention in court, but she decided that such diplomacy deserved recognition, and so accepted the situation.

Sir Aubrey de Vere, grandfather of the poet, had a strong affection for the poor Irish, and always helped them when in trouble. A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a faction fight. The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death, on account of his youth, turned to him and said, "Is there any one in court who could speak as to your character?" The youth looked round the court, and then said sadly, "There is no man here, my lord, that I know." At that Sir Aubrey entered the courtroom and determined to help the prisoner. He called out, "You are a queer boy that don't know a friend when you see him." The boy was quick-witted; he answered, "Oh, then, it is myself that is proud to see your honor here this day!" "Well," said the judge, "Sir Vere, since you know that boy, will you tell us what you know of him?" "I will, my lord, said Sir Aubrey, "and what I can tell you is this, that from the very first day that ever I saw him to this minute I never knew anything of him that was not good." The boy escaped being hanged.

Charles Mathews was well known among his friends and admirers for his remarkable powers of rapid imitation and characterization off the stage as well as on. He was invited once with his manager and two others to dine with a citizen, who, though he carried on a pawn-brokering business, was an amusing fellow. It seems he kept but one assistant, and during the dinner hour the host was called out of the dining-parlor at the back of the shop to attend a customer, Mathews, altering his hair, turning up his collar and putting on another man's hat—of course with suitable change of countenance—took a large silver gravy-spoon from the table, ran into the street, and entering one of the little boxes that universally shield one customer from another at pawnbrokers' counters, pledged to his unsuspecting host his own piece of plate, and returned to his place at table as the pawnbroker re-entered the room.

Herr Scheel tells of a conscientious cornet player in one of his orchestras who gave an unexpected rendering of a well-known passage. "Let's have that over again," requested Scheel, surprised at hearing a note which was not in the score. The note was sounded again and again. "What are you playing," he asked at last. "I am blaying what am on ze paper," said the cornet player, "I blay vat is before me." "Let me have a look." The part was handed to the conductor. "Why you idiot," he roared, "can't you see that this is a dead fly?" "I don't care," was the answer, "he was there, and I blayed him."

Dean Hale tells of Archbishop Tait, who, when preaching once at the Chapel Royal, was much perplexed by the conduct of the verger, who, at the close of the sermon, opened the door of the pulpit and suddenly closed it with all his force, so that the noise rang through the building. "He informed me in a whisper," reports the bishop, "that his Grace the Duke of Wellington was asleep, and that, not liking to touch him, they adopted this method of rousing him from his slumber." This ingenious simulation of a bombardment never failed to stir the old warrior.

General Sherman was once a patient of the late Dr, Bliss. The Doctor had been treating him for some time, when one day the General said: "Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better, for all your medicine." "Well, General," replied the Doctor, jocosely, "perhaps you had better take Shakespeare's advice and throw physic to the dogs." "I would, Doctor, replied the sick man, as he turned his head on the piilow—"I would, but there are a number of valuable dogs in the neighborhood."

Joaquin Miller's handwriting defies detection. He goes quite often to a certain house is Oakland, and the family there is acquainted with the peculiarities of his chirography. A fly had fallen into the inkstand, and the small boy of the family rescued it and dropped it on a piece of paper. After watching it intently for a while, he called to his mother: "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like Joaquin Miller."

Professor Corfield was lecturing to some students on hygiene at South Kensington a few years ago, when a student from the provinces asked him how he—the student—could safe-guard himself in drinking London water. The Professor rather startled him by replying, "First boil it, then filter it, and, after that—drink beer."


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# Your Old Men Shall Dream Dreams

By GERALDINE BONNER.

Jeremiah Byrne in his early manhood had the fortune to marry a good woman, with whom he spent fifteen years of poverty and happiness. Jeremiah Byrne in middle life had the misfortune to fall under the spell of a bad woman and was brought to wreck.

During the earlier part of the fifteen years that belonged to his wife he had been very poor. They had had a bitter struggle, and had battled hand to hand with poverty—not the easy-going, shabby-genteel poverty of Eastern cities, but the genuine, nipping poverty of the educated poor in San Francisco. Toward the end of the fifteen years Jeremiah Byrne's luck had changed, and slowly at first, then with ever-increasing rapidity, he began to make money. At forty-five he found himself a rich man with a wife still charming, though faded from past hardships, two children, a comfortable home and a wearing incumbrance in the shape of a guilty conscience.

The woman who was not good never could forgive the woman who was good. That goodness was an eternal reproach and insult, an ever-rankling grievance. It irritated the woman who was not good to a point where discretion and prudence were forgotten. Jeremiah Byrne's infatuation, which at first had been secret and shamefaced, became open for all men to see. Most people saw it long before Mrs. Byrne, and, for a long time after she did, in the agonized bewilderment of the knowledge, she pretended not to see it. This was not what the woman who was not good intended at all. She had obtained a divorce from her husband, and she determined that Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne must follow her example. Possessed by this idea she set herself to work to force Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne into the divorce courts.

It took her over a year to do this, and during that time she had the assistance of Jeremiah Byrne to drive his wife out of her home. Two souls with but a single thought, and that thought the crushing and subduing of a third may generally be relied upon to succeed, especially when the the aggressors are unscrupulous and merciless, and the aggressed is simple, unsuspecting and helpless. The pressure brought upon Mrs, Jeremiah Byrne to force her into seeking a divorce from her husband would have broken a more resolute spirit than hers. At the end of a year and a half her resistance was beaten out and the divorce obtained. Mrs. Byrne was granted a fair income, and her husband, to salve a sore conscience, gave over to his children two houses which brought in good rents. The mother retained the care and custody of the children, a boy of twelve and a girl of fourteen. This did not cause the father any pain, as he did not wish to be reproached by their presence, or bothered by their care. With these two Mrs Byrne crept away and hid herself in a suburb across the Bay. Mr. Byrne kept quiet for two months and then married the lady who had ensnared his middle-aged affections.

This person; installed as the second Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne, the wife of a gentleman of means and standing in local political circles, resolved to wipe off all blots which might be found upon her tarnished 'scutcheon, live down all records of her too lively past, and become an esteemed member of society, and most punctilious and particular of dignified matrons. Respectability was to be her hobby. Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, was not more vigorously severe on all moral lapses, all smirched reputations than Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne, second. She resolved to set out as a very dragon of propriety, whose main business in the scheme of creation was to ferret out any damaging story that might stain the past of those persons to whom an unsuspecting society gave harbor and refuge.

But to have the world see and understand what a real passion for respectability she had developed, it would be necessary to become a member of that exclusive society in which Mrs. Byrne desired to play the part of an instrument of public weal whose business it was to expose whited sepulchers and detect frauds. To pry into the inner life of rich and respectable people, to see the wheels of fashionable existence go round, to be invited to good houses and eat the salt of the wealthy and well-bred became the dream of her life. And why should it not be realized! She was a married woman, rich enough to buy people's toleration with dinners and dances and theatre tickets. If society would close its doors to her because she had no entrance ticket as a member of that close corporation, she would pay her way in. Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne had a great belief in the sovereign power of money. If she had heard that fashionable people went there, she would have been satisfied that she could have bought her way into Heaven.

So, confident in the power of her marriage and her money, Mrs. Byrne set about becoming a prominent person of importance and consideration. She made Jeremiah move from the little house that his first wife had thought so luxurious into a newly-elaborated gim-crack mansion on California street, with numerous bay windows and filagreed wooden trimmings. Here she kept two men servants and a maid, and furnished the long, narrow drawing rooms in a dazzling combination of gilding and plush. She started a carriage with a coachman in fawn-colored livery and gilt buttons, and went driving every afternoon with her card-case in her hand, returning before dinner with the exhausted air of a woman who had been discharging her social obligations. She had a "Day" and a parlor-maid in a cap to open the door to the distinguished visitors, and a great many very brilliant house-gowns to wear when she was receiving.

Then, too, in her character of a matron of unassailable present, whatever envious scandalmongers might say of her past, she was always devoted to Jeremiah. Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon they drove to the park together in his buggy, a pair of slender-limbed, long-tailed trotters whirling them over the smooth, red road. Jeremiah, in his big frieze coat, which strained at the buttons, looked a burly, middle-aged, Irish Californian. His tight-mouthed face, the upper lip smooth shaven, was shadowed by the peak of his soft hat which he wore drawn low over his eyes. He was always silent and engrossed while driving.

His wife, however, was talkative, and amused him with highly-flavored anecdote and gossip about the people they passed. She was generally good tempered on these occasions, for the foot passengers stared at her, and the admiring glances of the common herd delighted Mrs. Jeremiah Bryne. The saunterers, looking up at this pair whirling behind their fleet-footed horses, caught a glimpse of a woman approaching forty, rather fat, her flushed face thickly powdered till it looked unhealthy, purplish white, her dark eyes, full and having a somewhat glassy suggestion in their sinister, slow stare, her glossy yellow hair cut and curled in infantile rings about her face, her deeply-tinted cheeks emerging from high velvet and furred collars that rolled up nearly to her ears.

Yet despite all the luxury of the new menage, the willingness of Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne to spend money and entertain with profuse splendor, the people to be entertained did not present themselves with the eager precipitancy to be desired. Mrs. Byrne's "Day" was not patronized, and while the mistress of the house sat alone in a superb creation of silk and lace in the long, empty drawing-room, the white-capped maid yawned in the pantry, waiting to show in the visitors who never came.

To her dinners and parties Mrs. Byrne could manage to beguile guests, but these were not of the class that she desired in the role of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi. People came—divorced women with queer records, impoverished teachers of music and painting who excused themselves for frequenting such company by the assurance that their art required them to make incursions into Bohemia, inferior journalists who reported Mrs. Byrne's entertainments with flowery wealth of language, men who would go anywhere for a good dinner, and warmed their famished stomachs with Jeremiah Byrne's fine wines, unkempt foreigners, with long hair and soiled linen, who fancied they were seeing American life and manners, and a few innocent, fourth-class respectabilities, who thought Mrs. Byrne was a queen of society and much preferred an evening in her brilliant salons when the talk was gay and the dinner toothsome, to their own dreary evening gathering round a leathery steak and a dish of boiled potatoes.

But this was not according to Mrs. Byrne's ambitions, and, as the months went by and the world of fashion did not come knocking at her door, the expectant amiability which had distinguished her during the early days of her marriage, slowly departed. Her outbreaks of temper were at first infrequent. There were many cheerful evenings when Mrs. Byrne, in a sumptuous dress, diamond rings plentifully displayed on her thick fingers, diamond earrings in her ears, diamond pins in the meshes of her golden curls and coils, sat at her end of the dinner table and with good-humored, uninterrupted fluency, regaled her lord with that day's gathering of gossip.

Now and then, however, there were evenings when the household realized that things had not gone well with Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne. The pet skye terrier felt it in the high crys of execration directed toward him and the kick administered in his well-covered ribs. The servants felt it in the shrill note of shrewish fault-finding, which followed them from bedroom to parlor, to kitchen and cellar. But most of all did Jeremiah Bryne feel it. He saw it in the thickly powdered visage of his consort, when, on his return from business, he met her in the hall, and the sight of her made him quail and cower.

When they sat down to dinner the presence of that scowling face at the other end of the table took the spirit and heart out of Jeremiah Byrne. His fellow-men would not have recognized him, for he was at best a rough-mannered, loud-voiced sort of man. Now he was docile and timidly deprecating. He asked with the solicitude of a lover about the health and welfare of his wife. Her short and surly answers—at times lengthened by an acidulous comment on the absurdity of Mr. Byrne affecting a pretended interest in her well-being—did not appear to discourage him. He made conversation—that scandal-spiced conversation to which Mrs. Byrne so seriously inclined, but even this did not dispel the cloud upon his oompanion's brow. Finally he would say in the piping tones of fawning conciliation:

"Well, little girlie, it seems to me you're pretty quiet this evening. What's wrong?"

To this the little girlie would reply with extreme ferocity that if Mr. Byrne had a single ray of affection for her he would try to soothe her troubled spirit, aud not aggravate her by asking idiotic questions. Then, in an even-rising crescendo, would follow a disertation on Mr. Byrne's generally brutal treatment of his second wife. By means of some very complicated and subtle reasoning it would be shown that Mr. Byrne was directly responsible for the social slights offered Mrs. Byrne. After this the lady, her wrath even gaining in shrillness of tone and force of adjective, would veer off and begin a vigorous attack on the first Mrs. Byrne, who had formed a cabal against her and was seeking to ruin her absolutely. Mr. Byrne's feeble protests were quite drowned, and he sat silent, staring down at his dinner with sick apathy. The servants in the kitchen stood about silently listening, and mightily enjoying the strife. They did not care which was the victor, but they took a sportsmanlike interest in the fray.

In the course of the three years following his second marriage the outside world noticed but little change in Jeremiah Byrne. It was in the fourth year from this event that a mishap overtook him which changed the whole current of his life and transformed him into an old man. Without warning or preparation, Fortune, that had so long smiled on him, suddenly frowned. In one dizzying revolution of her wheel Jeremiah Byrne came to financial wreck. His collapse was sudden and com-

plete. The money with which his second wife was to conquer society and be respectable upon vanished like dew on the grass.

It came upon them suddenly, and stupefied them in the sweeping directness of the calamity. To both of these two poverty was the most acutely detestable ill that life could inflict. There was still enough money to render them meagrely comfortable, but meagre comfort is not prodigal luxury. Four years of French gowns and good dinners and choice wines and costly jewelry had not fitted the second Mrs. Jeremiah Byrne for a life of ill-made woolen wrappers, cheap flats, one overworked servant and four-bit Zinfandel.

During the moving and the hiring and fitting-out of the little flat in that unfashionable quarter of the city which is known among the vulgar as "Cow Hollow," Mrs. Byrne was too much occupied to have time for indulging her temper. But when the flurry and excitement was over, and life had shaken itself down in the new, narrow groove, when the remains of her fine wardrobe began to look shabby and frayed, and the slip-shod servant woman was boldly impudent and enunciated some rankling home-truths; when the wretchedly cooked dinner was partaken of opposite a silent, broken-down man, with neither courage or heart left in him, then Mrs. Byrne's never very tightly fettered temper broke its bonds, and rampant in its rasped irritability, crushed and ground the terrified household into cowering silence.

A year of this life broke down Jeremiah Byrne completely. His former friends supposed his loss of fortune had worked the transformation, and went about saying that "the poor old boy had lost his grip." Mrs. Byrne caught the expression, and, liking it, sounded it constantly for her husband's delectation. She was also fond of expatiating to him on her poverty, of refusing to go out with him because of the ragged condition of her wardrobe, of deploring the coarsened aspect of her once fat, white hands. She felt very bitterly that he had not picked himself up again and remade his fortune. The first wife had had fully five years of plenty; she had had only three. This thought filled her with a gnawing envy.

One day, while walking on Montgomery street, in the pretense of being still a man of business, Jeremiah Byrne saw a vision, a vision of his old life. A woman, a lad and a young girl advanced up the street together, and this young girl seemed to be his first wife as she had been in the days when he had courted her. He stood staring for a moment in stupified bewilderment, then crept into a doorway, and from this point of vantage watched them as they approached.

He knew them by this time—his wife and two children. They advanced, walking rapidly, the two younger ones laughing and talking. It was only five years since he had seen them, but they had changed almost past recognition. His wife had passed into a saddened middle age. The youth of the [illegible] was stamped on her faded face. But the children had blossomed into a splendid youth, full of vigor and a brilliant prophecy. Their clear eyes swept him with an unrecognizing gaze, bright with lingering laughter and all-conquering hope. The girl was as her mother had been, feature for feature. As she passed him by, fresh as a rose in her gracious youth, it was like a vision from another life—a life which had passed away for all time.

Jeremiah Byrne emerged from the doorway and stood looking after them, staring blankly through the glare of afternoon. Men jostled him, but being "a poor devil who had lost his grip," he was getting used to this and paid no heed. With a motionless glance he followed the three figures down the street until they had passed out of sight, then turned, and with hanging hands and vacant eyes walked away.

That evening at dinner he found his wife more than usually bitter. She had quarreled with the servant, and had been threatened with a lawsuit by her dressmaker, and the woman in the flat below, a poor music teacher, had refused to respond to her friendly advances. The rasped spirit of Mrs. Byrne seethed with anger. Through dinner she was spasmodically fierce, throwing into the heavy silence an occasional remark, which she hoped would provoke Jeremiah to a show of hostility, when she might vent the full venom of her spleen upon him. But Jeremiah was silent, wrapt in some dull memory which made him imperious to her thrusts. Finally, as they sat drearily over the remnants of the ill-cooked feast, she made a last effort, and broke out violently into that subject which to her was ever fraught with a secret smarting pain—the first Mrs. Byrne.

Then Jeremiah raised his head, and for the first and last time spoke out all the misery within him. The vision of that afternoon had rekindled a flash of fire in his deadened heart, and he spoke with the energy of hatred and despair. With the realization of all she had done burnt into his brain, he gave full vent to his passion, and the voice of his accusing indignation was fierce and hopeless. It was a terrible indictment, and Mrs. Byrne heard him out, sitting white and still.

That was the last flicker of the candle, however. It was Jeremiah Byrne's last revolt. In one white-hot moment of unbearable bitterness he had slipped his bonds. Then the old habit of fear and submission settled back upon him, and rebellion was swamped forever in waves of hopeless inertia.

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

# Where No Man Pursueth

By W. S. B.

John Renton stood in the living room of his flat and gazed around him. It was half-past eight in the evening. He had sent his servant across the bay on a manufactured errand, and he was alone—but not for long—for he was waiting—waiting for the woman who filled his life with fragrance, none the less sweet because she bloomed in another's gardens, and to-night she was coming. Already he seemed to hear her light footsteps upon the stairs, her swift touch upon the electric bell, when he would open quickly the door, and the next moment she would be in his arms, her cheeks cold with the breath of the night wind, but her lips warm as her throbbing heart, half triumphant, wholly in love, wholly his—and alone.

She had written to him that she would come at nine. Her husband, she said, had been suddenly called out of town and the evening was her own. Her loving husband who idolized her, but—he was sixty and she was twenty-four. Renton was thirty-five and her husband's partner in literary work. For twelve years now they had collaborated in plays, and success for long had been theirs. No drama was so sought by managers, none so eagerly expected by the public, as one of those that bore the cachet of Palgrave and Renton. This very night two of their plays were in process of presentation at rival theatres on the avenue, and at both every seat had been long before sold. Palgrave was already rich. Renton rapidly growing so. Renton knew that everything he had was due to Palgrave, and that Palgrave loved him as a son—with a love second only to that he lavished upon Madelaine. He knew that every law of honor and of civilization called upon him in trumpet tones to respect the home of his collaborator, his benefactor, his best and dearest friend. Hundreds of resolutions he had made, only to break them all. How often in the silence of the night, as he lay awake, his head and heart pulsing with the realization of his moral degredation, he had determined to end this affair suddenly and forever. Determined it with all the strength of a nature naturally forceful and healthy. But the next view of Madeline was enough to swing the pendulum back again. The turn of her head, the glisten of her eye, the fragrance of her hair, the touch of her hand in a moment destroyed every resolution; the carefully rehearshed speech of cold and moral platitudes vanished into the inarticulate murmers of love, and all his passions called from deep unto deep. * * * * * *

He had resolved again that to-night would end it at last; but that he must see her to-night, To-night should witness the crowning glory of a passion great as any of the loves of history and to-morrow—it made him shudder to think of it—but to-morrow they should pass from each other's lives forever. To-night should be all his and all her's, to-morrow should belong to the proprieties. So he stood waiting for his friend's wife, and looked around to see that all was prepared for her reception. Always of an educated luxury of taste, Renton, since he had begun have the means to supply it, had indulged his artistic sense to the utmost. The rugs, tapestries, pictures and bronzes were of the rarest—even his working table, where he and Palgrave had often sat late into the night working out some new thought, some dramatic inspiration, was of the most precious Florentine carving. The very knife with which he sharpened a pencil or opened a letter was a gold inlaid and jeweled handled stiletto which in a bygone century had been plunged into the side of a Bourbon Prince. On this table now stood a great vase of jasmine—Madelaine's favorite flower, upon the mantle stood another; roses were everywhere—here a great handful of Souvenirs de Malmaison—there a single glowing American Beauty in an artistic vase.

On an antique sideboard stood a bottle of Tokay—Madelaine liked a sweet wine—together with a silver dish of grapes and a Royal Sevres plate piled with macaroons and marrons glace—for she was delicate in her taste, this Madelaine. She could not deceive her palate, as she did her husband. All was ready, nothing had been forgotten. The stage was set for the entrance of The Queen of Love.

With a sigh, half satisfaction half impatience, Renton looked around the room, and his glance rested on the clock—quarter of nine now. In a few minutes more—ah! by heavens, it was the bell! She had stolen quietly to the door while he was in his reveie, and he had not heard the dear footsteps. To make up for his stupidity he hastens to the door; he throws it open—but it is not Madelaine. A messenger-boy stands there instead, and with professional calmness offers him a note. A glance at the superscription is enough. It is from Madelaine. Something must be wrong, she must be ill, she must be afraid. He tears it open. It is without preface or signature—a mere hasty sctawl an yellow messenger paper, but every unwavering stroke of the pencil shows the deadly heartsick fear that quivered in the writer's hand. It read: "*I cannot come. He has returned, and [illegible]. I do not understand. Take care.*" He read it again—not that he needed to, for every line seemed seared upon his brain. "He goes at once to see you." "Take care." Renton was physically brave enough, but the horror, the defenselessness of his situation and of her's struck him like a blow in the face. He crushed the wretched little note in his hand and leaned against the wall. The door was still open into the street, and a cold wind blew in that made his nerves shiver, though he did not feel it. The messenger regarded him incuriously. "Any answer," he asked. "No," said Reton. "Then sign here," said the messenger, and presented his trip-slip that Renton mechanically signed. The boy turned and walked down the steps. Still mechanically Renton closed the door and stood for a moment in the hall. Then he turned to ascend the short flight of stairs. He had slowly passed up two or three steps when the door bell rang again—a loud, prolonged, insistent peal. Hardly knowing what he did, Renton turned, retraced his steps and opened the door again. As he did so, Palgrave stepped into the hall. Even at this supreme moment mechanism of custom moved within Renton, although somewhat rustily, and he said, with an approach to his natural manner and voice:

"Good evening. Glad to see you."

Palgrave did not look at him or answer, or even remove his hat, but brushed by Renton, and, in silence, but swiftly, mounted the stairs and passed into the sitting-room. In silence Renton followed him. On slow feet he seemed to drag his heavy heart upwards. "Does he suspect—does he *know*," he asked himself with each step. In the sitting-room he found Palgrave standing, his back to the fire, his hat still on his head.

"Won't you sit down," asked Renton tentatively. He had determined to appear to notice nothing peculiar in the other's manner.

"No," said Palgrave, shortly. "I will not," and he fixed his eyes on Renton with a gloomy stare. "But do you sit dowu. I would rather you reposed while I talk to

you. It will take some time." Renton fell into, rather than sat down, in the chair at his writing table. His stomach heaved with a deadly nausea. Was this haggard man with eyes of fire who stared at him so fixedly his patient, studious old friend and fellow workman? Yes, it was he, surely, but transmuted in some terrible crucible. The question, "Does he suspect, does he know," that had been ringing through his head, as the sleighbells of the murdered Jew jangled in the conscience of Matthias, since Palgrave stepped across the threshold seemed to furnish its own answer with a sickening certainty. "He suspects, he knows," and then with the insistence of self-preservation, "My God! what shall I do?"

"I have called, said Palgrave, speaking with intense repression, to consult you about a new play."

Renton almost screamed aloud with sudden relief. "He does not know."

"Yes, and what is it? A comedy, a——"

Palgrave interrupted him. "Do I look like a man who had a comedy in mind? No, sir. My play is a tragedy, dark and terrible."

Again that curious nausea swelled Renton's throat. "The subject?" he asked.

Palgrave regarded him unwinkingly. "The eternal subject," he answered. "My tragedy has but three parts to be filled. The trusting husband, the faithless wife, the false friend." An electric current seems to shoot down Renton's spine, leaving his body as cold as ice. He felt that even his lips were like the lips of the dead. He could scarcely gather them together to articulate. "An old subject, and worn out. Now, I have an idea of a comedy——"

"Stop, sir," fairiy thundered Palgrave." and then with the same repression, "Do not dare to interrupt my thought. I say it shall be a tragedy, and we shall work it out together, you and I. You say it is a worn-out subject. I deny it. It is old, but as I said, eternal. Imagine me as the unhappy husband, imagine Madelaine as the erring wife, imagine—for illustration merely—yourself as the false friend. Imagine the husband—easy-going fool that he is—to have discovered all. Take those for your hypothesis. I have thought all that out. I do not need your assistance for that part of the story. Where my imagination fails is in the revenge that the husband should take upon the lover. It must be no ordinary revenge. It must be terrible, merciless as hell and mysterious as the act of God. A revenge that will make women scream and men turn ghastly. Furnish me with that and we will furnish the world's greatest modern tragedy."

Palgrave never took his eyes off Renton while he was speaking, nor moved from his position. All-knowing as a deity, implacable as fate, he seemed to Renton to read his miserable secret as it writhed in his convulsed soul. In one of the drawers of the table at which he sat was a revolver, a mere toy which he had purchased on account of its beauty, but fully loaded, and within its limitations, deadly. His hand moved toward it. Slowly as it moved Palgrave saw it instantly. In a stride he stood by Renton.

"Sit still," he said, fiercely. "Your movements interrupt my thoughts. What are you reaching for?"

The room reeled around Renton. "I am faint," he muttered.

"Faint," said Palgrave, and looked around the room. "I do not wonder. Look at those flowers, That jasmine is enough to make anyone sick by itself. I had to stop Madelaine from using it in our house. Permit me." He swept the jasmine and the roses into a glowing armful and flung them into the wide fireplace. "Let me give you something to drink—a glass of brandy." He stepped to the sideboard. "What's this? Tokay, grapes, macaroons, marrons? It is no wonder that you are faint if you use such stuff as this. You have a woman's taste, Renton," and he stood frowning at him.

To Renton the room whirled more and more; spasmodically his hand closed on the jeweled dagger of the Bourbons; he half rose from his seat, and then all was darkness. He was aroused by feeling the air cool on his face. He was at his open window, and Palgrave was supporting him.

"You are all right now," said the other more naturally. "Your liver must be in a beastly condition. I will leave you now. Madeline will be expecting me. I will see you to-morrow and talk further with you about my tragedy." He pressed his hat down over his eyes and left the room. As in a dream Renton heard him descend the stairs, open the door, pass through, close it after him, and listened to his steps sounding fainter and fainter down the street. He had gone! In his revulsion of feeling he fell upon his knees.

Thank God! He does not suspect; he does not know."

* * * * * *

That night Renton wrote a short letter to Palgrave. He said his health was more greatly undermined than he had believed. He was a creature of impulse, he was going, then, at once. He would be gone an indefinite period. Palgrave must get another collaborator. Perhaps he would never see him again. Then he left, and the next morning was speeding eastward far from the scene of last night's horror.

* * * * * *

"Curious young man, Renton," said Palgrave next morning to Madelaine. "Given up great prospects to go off like that. They had just finished reading Renton's letter. What do you make of it?"

Madelaine was pouring coffee, but her hand never trembled, though her heart was tolling a requeim for her lost love. She seemed to see her husband sitting a thousand miles away. In a voice that sounded to herself to be small and far off, she answered: "I think, dear, he is going to get married."

"I hope not, sweetheart," said Palgrave, tenderly, "for marriage is a lottery, and and there are few such prizes as you."

And he kissed her on the lips.

## COSMOPOLITAN SAN FRANCISCO

### The Remarkable Confusion of Races in the City's "Quarter."

In a way San Francisco is not a city—or rather let us say, it is not *one* city. It is several cities. Make the circuit of these several cities and by the time you have come to the severalth you may say with some considerable degree of truth; "I have seen Peking and have walked the streets of Mexico, have looked on the life of Madrid, have rubbed elbows with Naples and Genoa, glanced in at Yokohama, even—though more remotely, perhaps—have known Paris and Berlin.

What is true of San Francisco is true of California. As yet we, out here, on the fringe of the continent, with the ocean before and the desert behind us, are not a people, we are peoples—agglomerate rather than conglomerate. All up and down the coast from Mexico to Oregon are scattered "little" Italies, "little" Spains, "little" Chinas, and even "little" Russias—settlements, colonies, tiny groups of nationalities flung off from the parent stock, but holding tightly to themselves, unwilling to mix and forever harking back to their native lands.

But it is a rather curious fact that, though the Anglo-Saxons are the great mining peoples, and though the confusien of nations in California is due almost solely to the rush for gold, it is, nevertheless, the *Latin* and not the *German* races are in greater evidence among us. Ireland has stopped in New York and Boston and on the Atlantic sea board, and it is hard to coax Germany across the Mississippi.

It is not hard to understand why Mexico should be here, and Spain is readily accounted for. But why the Chinaman? There are two almost iron-clad tendencies *against* his presence. First, the tendency in obedience to which nations move from East to West, and second, the bred-in-the-bone tendency of the Chinaman to stay where is put, to live and labor and die within a ten mile radius of his birthplace. No nation in the world is more tenacious of the hearthstone than the Mongolian. Yet, of all the foreign colonies in California and San Francisco, none are larger or more distinct than the Chinese. A curious state of affairs when you think about it, and for which you can offer no explanation.

By way of parenthesis—and though they are only apparent by traces of former occupation—think for a moment how narrowly California escaped an influx of the Russians. Somewhere in the interior of Big White Land there must have been a tremendous crowding force along in the middle of the century, crowding the Russians up and up and up on to the shoulder of their country till they slid off and over into Alaska. They spread phenomenally and came steadily southward. There is even record of a clash between them and the early settlers. Sutter's fort, so an old guardian of the place once told me, was built ostensibly against the Indians, but in reality to resist the encroachment of the Russians. The Russian himself has left indications of himself in a block house or two or a fort or two, and even in the geographical names such as the *Russian* River. But no doubt the Alaskan purchase checked immigration from that quarter.

The aggregation of "little" Mexico, Italy and the like that makes a place for itself in San Francisco lies over on the other side of Chinatown and beyond the Barbary Coast. A good way to reach it is to follow the alleys of Chinatown, beginning at Waverley Place and going on through Spofford Alley and Gamblers' Alley, till you come out near Luna's restaurant. Strike out in any direction from Luna's and in a sense you will travel a thousand miles at every step. The best time to see "The Quarter," as Anglo-Saxon San Francisco has come to call the place, is on a Saturday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, along in August or early September. "All the world" is on the streets at that time, and not a store has its shutters up. The very fruit stalls are open for business.

There is no suggestion of the Anglo Saxon; neither in the speech of the sidewalk strollers, nor in the shop windows, nor in the wording of signs and advertisements; nor, fortunately in the general demeanor and behavior of the people. They are wine-drinkers essentially, and they know how to drink. There must be some—as yet unexplained—connection between malt drinks and truculence. Occasionally—at large intervals—an inhabitant of San Francisco's Quarter knifes or pistols his fellow, but there is no fighting in the Quarter. The Latin is disputatious rather than quarrelsome, and when angry with his brother, with or without cause, prefers unostentatious murder to brutal thumpings, swung chairs and hurled bottles.

Then, too, our Mexicans, Italians and other people of the Quarter, take their pleasure in a different way. It is a grim and significant fact that when the German and the Irishman set about their amusement they go away from their homes. The Irishman, besides, goes away from his wife and children—one is speaking now of the mass of them. He forgathers with individuals of his own sex and disports himself in saloons and bars and the public parks, and his enjoyment is not complete unless he embroils himself in a fight. The German organizes interminable, more or less solemn, "basket picnics" on Sundays, locks up his house and goes "across the bay" for the day. You may see these families coming home by the score on any of the ferry boats late Sunday afternoon. The children's hats are stuck full of oak leaves, and the lunch baskets are crammed with wilted wildflowers.

The Latin inhabitant of San Francisco's Quarter takes his holiday at home. He—or she—lives in the street. Even when indoors the windows are wide open. The doorstep and open windows answer the purposes of the club. They are coigns of vantage where one may see the world go by. The women on the doorstep, the men on the sidewalk and the children in the street, is the arrangement most frequently met with.

On Sundays, the Anglo-Saxon goes to the country, the Latin goes to church and to mass. In the afternoon he amuses himself *chez lui*, goes to the theater, if he can, and crowds the gallery if there be an opera in town. In the evening he dines with his family at a restaurant, staying there, be it understood, until bedtime. Occasionally you will find him in one of the Bocce courts underneath Telegraph Hill, absorbed in the game, which one is inclined to believe is the stupidest game ever conceived by the mind of man.

Little Japan is more scattered, Yokohama is broken into bits of marquetry and set here and there in San Francisco, in back courts and *cul de sacs* and streets that have no outlet. The Jap is too eager for Western customs to keep his individuality long. He becomes Americanized as soon as he may. However, he organizes fencing clubs, which seem to be quite a feature of his social life among his fellows. On Sundays these clubs meet, (there is one of them in a court off Geary street, not far from Powell, and another in a small Japanese colony in Prospect Place, off Pine, between Powell and Stockton streets). The Japs get into their native regalia and fence with bamboo swords from dawn to dark. It is a strange idea of amusement, but no stranger than the Celt's love for actual fighting.

And the Chinaman. One leaves him to the last, for the sake of the last word, if ever there can be a last word said of the Chinaman. He is in the city but not of it. His very body must be carried back to Canton after his death, whither his money has gone already. He has brought to San Francisco and implanted here the atmosphere of the Mysterious East, that—short stories and Chinese plays to the contrary—must always remain an unknown, unknowable element o the West. No two races the world round could be more opposite than the Mongolian and Anglo-Saxon that are placed side by side in the streets of this strange city of the Occident. The Saxon is outspoken, the Mongolian indirect; the one is frank, the other secretive; the one is aggressive, the other stealthy; the one fears neither God, man nor the devil, the other is ridden with superstitions; the one is brusque, the other patient to infinity; the one is immoderate, the other self-restrained. But—it is well to remember this—the Chinaman is high-tempered and passionate to a degree, with finely-tempered nerves and much more sensitive temperament that the Westerner would care to give him credit for. His policy of self-repression is deceiving. In every Chinaman there is something of the snake and a good deal of the cat. If one knew him better one would hesitate longer before injuring him. He remembers things. The Presbyterian Mission is all very well, the police force and special detectives are all very well, but we can never know anything of the real Chinaman, can never have any real influence upon him, either to better his moral condition, or punish his crimes. Where else, in what other city in the world, could the Tongs fight with impunity from street to street? Where else would Little Pete have been shot to death in a public place and his murderers escape beyond all hope of capture?

With the Chinaman curiosity is considered a vice—almost a crime. Chinatown in San Francisco is as foreign to us—much more so—than a village in the interior of France or Spain. As a consequence Saxon visitors must be equally foreign in the eyes of the livers in Chinatown. If you went through a hamlet in France or Germany, far enough off the railroad, you would be stared out of countenance. Every doorway and window would be filled after your passage, and the very dogs would bark at your heels. But how is it with the visitor in Chinatown? Get down into the very lowest quarter, where the slave-girls are kept, where the Cantonese live, where Chinatown is most Chinese: Of the hundreds of silently shuffling Chinamen, not one will turn to look at you—they will hardly make way for you. You may go into their shops, their tea houses, their restaurants, their clubs, their temples—almost into their very living rooms—to those thousands of slit-like, slanting eyes you do not so much as exist.

F. N.

# Perverted Tales.

EDITED BY FRANK NORRIS

*The discovery of California by the editors of the Big Four Magazines of the East has had the lamentable result of crowding from their exalted places, heretofore so secure, a number of the world's most fascinating story-tellers. Their places have been filled from the ranks of that little army of youthful volunteers known as Les Jeunes. As a lamentable result old idols have been overthrown, old gods forgotten, and the children in the market place no longer dance to the tune of the old pipes. Where once the old favorite received a check, he now receives a printed form with veiled reference to availability, guarded allusions to the plans of the editor—and his story. With the view to stemming the perverse tide of popular favor—whose ebb and flow are not reducible to any known law—and, if only for a moment, sounding again the old notes once so compelling, the editors of this paper have secured for publication a few of these rejected tales and here submit them to the public of the West. Their genuineness is as Caesar's wife, and if intional evidence were wanting the opinions of experts in type-writing have been secured, which place their authenticity beyond fear and beyond reproach.*

## THE 'RICKSHA THAT HAPPENED.

By R————D K————G.

Ching-a-ring-a-ring ching-chaw
Ho, dinkum darkey.—*The unedited diary of Bahlamooca Tah.*

Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow
But never jam to-day.—*Native Proverb.*

"*Who's* all right? Rudyard! Who? *Rudyard!*"
—*Barrack-room ballad.*

There was a man once—but that's another story. Personally, I do not believe much of this story, however, you may have it for what it is worth, to me it was worth five thousand dollars per thousand words.

A friend of mine, who is a *jinricksha* down by Benares, told me this tale one hot evening outside the Tiddledtypore gate. In the telling of it he spat reflectively and often into the moat. *Chaprassi simpkin peg*, as Mrs. Hawkseye says.

Mulligatawney, who is a private soldier and who dines with me at table d'hote on Thursdays, and who shares my box at the opera, says the tale is cheap at a gallon and a half of beer.

"Pwhat nex!" exclaimed Mulligatawney, when he heard it, shifting his quid to the other side of his mouth (we were at table). "It's *jaddoo*, that's phwat ut is. 'Tis flyin' in the face uv natoor to trifle with such brutil and licenshous soldiery as me and Orf-of-this an' Lear-eyed." Here he stole a silver spoon to hide his emotion. "*Choop*, sez oi to im." said Mulligatawney, filling himself another *jinricksha*, "*choop*, an' he chooped, like *ghairun* gone clane *dal-bat* an' *Kipiri* in hot weather. I waz only a recruity then. But I waz a corpril wanst. I was rejuced aftherwards, but I waz a corpril wanst," and he stared mournfully at the dying embers in the *jinricksha*.

We are a terrible bad lot out here in Indiana, but we can't help that. Here a man's whole duty is to lie *doggo* and not help that. Here a man's whole duty is to lie *doggo* and not *ekka* more than once a week, and to pray for a war. Also he may keep a *jinricksha* in his stable if he can afford it. As that wonderful woman, Mrs. Hawkseye, says: "It better to *bustee* in a *jampanni* than to have your *jinricksha puckarowed*." But that's her affair.

Stepterfechit had just come out from *home*. Now when a man comes out from home, if he is not *jinrickshaed* at the pier landing, he generally does one of three things (*jampanni chorah simpkin bungalow*), either he dies with swiftness, which is bad, or lives with swiftness, which is worse or marries, which is the worst of all. "A single man," says my friend Mulligatawney, "is an ornamint to the service." But as Lear-eyed observes, "when a mon is tewed wi' a lass he's *lokri* in a *bunder*, nothing but *dikh*," and he flung himself (seven foot four of British soldier), full length upon his *jinricksha*.

Stepterfechit knew as much of Life (Life with a big L) as a weaning child, until I, who have seen everything worth seeing, and done everything worth doing, and have known everything worth knowing, from Indian magic to the cleaning of codfish, took him in hand. He began by contradicting his colonel, and went on from that to making love to Mrs. Hawkseye (till that lady told him he was a *bungalow*, with no more *pukaree* than a *dacoit*), and wound up by drinking too much *jinricksha* at his club.

Now, when a man takes to the *jinricksha* he is very likely to end at the *shroff*. So I spoke to the Major. You may hit a *marumutta* over the head at the beginning of your acquaintance, but you must not soap the tail of a kitten that belongs to a *Ryotwary*, unless you are prepared to prove it on his front teeth. It takes some men a life time to find this out, but the knowledge is useful. *Sempkin peg, do re mi fa, ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching-chaw*, but that's another story. We arrived—the Major and I—at Stepterfetchit's dak-bungalow on a red hot evening, when the heat blanketed the world like a hot towel round a swelled head. We nearly killed the *jinricksha* in getting there, but a mountain bred can *gawbry* more *jhil* than you would care to believe.

"Hark!" said the Major. We paused on the threshold and the silence of the Indian twilight gathered us in its hollow palms. We both heard a sound that came from Stepterfetchit's window. It was the ticking of an eight-day clock.

People write and talk lightly of blood running cold and of fear and all that sort of thing, but the real sensation is quite too terrible to be trifled with. As the Major and I heard the ticking of that eight-day clock, it is no lie to say that the *bhisti mussick* turned *shikary* in our *khitmatgar*. We were afraid. The Major entered the *bungalow* and I followed and *salaamed* the door behind me.

The *jinricksha* lay dead on the *charpoy* in Stepterfetchit's room. Stepterfetchit must have killed it hours before. "We came too late," groaned the Major. We made no attempt to keep from crying—I respected my self for that. But we gathered up the pieces of the *jinricksha* and sent them to Stepterfetchit's people at Home.

So now you know what I know of the Ricksha that never was.

Stepterfetchit is now a plate-layer somewhere down near Bareilly, on the line of the railroad, where the *Kharki* water tanks that the Rajah of Bathtub built out of stolen government money, when the commissariat bullock train was *puckarowed* by Pathans, in the days of the old *budmash* Mahommud Dinare, and Mulligatawney is away annexing Burmah. When he heard of the affair he said:

"If a *punkah* is goin' to *ayah* niver loose your grip, but I waz a corpril wanst, I was rejuced aftherwards," which is manifestly unfair.

Mrs. Hawkseye says that a "*jinricksha* in the hand gathers no moss"—but that's another story.

## THE GREEN STONE OF UNREST.

By S——N CR-- —E.

A Mere Boy stood on a pile of blue stones. His attitude was regardant. The day was seal brown. There was a vermillion valley containing a church. The church's steeple aspired strenuously in a direction tangent to the earth's center. A pale wind mentioned tremendous facts under it's breath with certain effort at concealment to seven not-dwarfed poplars on an un-distant mauve hilltop.

The Mere Boy was a brilliant blue color. The effect of the scene was not un-kaleidoscopic.

After a certain appreciable duration of time the Mere Boy abandoned his regardant demeanor. The strenuously aspiring church steeple no longer projected itself upon his consciousness. He found means to remove himself from the pile of blue stones. He set his face valleyward. He proceeded.

The road was raw umber. There were in it wagon ruts. There were in it pebbles, Naples yellow in color. One was green. The Mere Boy allowed the idea of the green pebble to nick itself into the sharp edge of the disc of his Perception.

"Ah," he said, "a green pebble."

The rather pallid wind communicated another Incomprehensible Fact to the parenchymatous trees. It would appear that the poplars understood.

"Ah," repeated the Mere Boy, "a Green Pebble."

"Sho-o," remarked the wind.

The Mere Boy moved appreciably forward. If there were a thousand men in a procession and nine hundred and ninety-nine should suddenly expire, the one man who was remnant would assume the responsibility of the procession.

The Mere Boy was an abbreviated procession.

The blue Mere Boy transported himself diagonally athwart the larger landscape, printed in four colors, like a poster.

On the uplands were chequered squares made by fields, tilled and otherwise. Cloud-shadows moved from square to square It was as if the Sky and Earth was playing a tremendous game of chess.

By and by the Mere Boy observed an Army of a Million Men. Certain canon, like voluble but non-committal toads with hunched backs, fulminated vast hiccoughs at unimpassioned intervals. Their own invulnerableness was offensive.

An officer of blue serge waved a sword, like a picture in a school history. The non-committal toads pullulated with brief red pimples and swiftly relapsed to impassivity.

The line of the Army of a Million Men obnubilated itself in whiteness as a line of writing is blotted with a new blotter.

"Go teh blazes b'Jimminey," remarked the Mere Boy. "What yeh's shooting fur. They might be people in that field."

He was terrific in his denunciation of such negligence, He debated the question of his ir-removability.

"If I'm goin' teh be shot," he observed; "If I'm goin' teh be shot, b'Jimminy——"

* * * * * * * *

A Thing lay in the little hollow.

The little hollow was green.

The Thing was pulpy white. Its eyes were white. It had blackish-yellow lips. It was beautifully spotted with red, like tomato stains on a rolled napkin.

The yellow sun was dropping on the green plain of the earth, like a twenty-dollar gold piece falling on the baize cloth of a gaming table.

The blue serge officer abruptly discovered the punctured Thing in the Hollow. He was struck with the ir-remediableness of the business.

"Gee," he murmured with interest. "Gee, it's a Mere Boy."

The Mere Boy had been struck with seventy-seven rifle bullets. Seventy had struck him in the chest, seven in the head. He bore close resemblance to the top of a pepper castor.

He was dead.

He was obsolete.

As the blue serge officer bent over him he became aware of a something in the Thing's hand.

It was a green pebble.

"Gee," exclaimed the blue serge officer. "A green pebble, gee."

The large Wind evolved a threnody with reference to the seven un-distant poplars.

## A HERO OF TOMATO CAN.

By B——— H———TH.

Mr. Jack Oak-hearse calmly rose from the table and shot the bartender of Tomato Can, because of the objectionable color of his hair. Then Mr. Oak-hearse scratched a match on the sole of his victim's boot, lit a perfumed cigarette and strolled forth into the street of the camp to enjoy the evening air. Mr. Oak-hearse's face was pale and impassive, and stamped with that indefinable hauteur that marks the professional gambler. Tomato Can knew him to be a 'cool, desperate man. The famous Colonel Blue-bottle was reported to have made the remark to Miss Honorine-Sainte-Claire, when that leader of society opened the Pink Assembly at Toad-in-the-Hole, on the other side of the Divide, that he, Colonel Blue-

bottle, would be everlastingly "—— ——ed if he didn't believe that that —— ——ed Oak-hearse would open a ——ed jack-pot on a pair of ——ed tens, ——ed if he didn't." To which Miss Ste.-Claire had responded:

"Fancy now."

On this occasion as Mr. Jack Oak-hearse stepped in the cool evening air of the Sierra's from out of the bar of the hotel of Tomato Can, he drew from his breast pocket a dainty manicure set and began to trim and polish his slender, almost feminine finger nails, that had been contaminated with the touch of the greasy cards. Thus occupied he betook himself leisurely down the one street of Tomato Can, languidly dodging an occasional revolver bullet, and stepping daintily over the few unburied corpses that bore mute testimony to the disputatious and controversial nature of the citizens of Tomato Can. He arrived at his hotel and entered his apartments, gently waving aside the half-breed Mexican who attempted to disembowel him on the threshold. The apartment was crudely furnished as befitted the rough and ready character of the town of Tomato Can. The Wilton carpet on the floor was stained with spilt Moet and Chandon. The full-length portrait of Mr. Oak-hearse by Carolus Duran was punctured with bullet marks, while the teak-wood escritoire, inlaid with buhl and jade, was encumbered with bowie knives, spurs and Mexican saddles.

Mr. Oak-hearse's valet brought him the London and Vienna papers. They had been ironed, and scented with orris root, and the sporting articles blue-penciled.

"Bill," said Mr. Oak-hearse, "Bill, I believe I told you to cut out all the offensive advertisements from my papers; I perceive, with some concern, that you have neglected it. Your punishment shall be that you will not brush my silk hat next Sunday morning."

The valet uttered an inarticulate cry and fell lifeless to the floor.

"It's better to stand pat on two pair than to try for a full hand," mused Mr. Oak-hearse, philosophically, and his long lashes drooped wearily over his cold steel-blue eyes, like velvet sheathing a poignard.

A little later the gambler entered the dining-room of the hotel in evening-dress, and wearing his cordon of the Legion of Honor. As he took his accustomed place at the table, he was suddenly aware of a lustrous pair of eyes that looked into his cold gray ones from the other side of the catsup bottle. Like all heroes, Mr. Jack Oak-hearse was not insensible to feminine beauty. He bowed gallantly. The lady flushed. The waiter handed him the menu.

"I will have a caviar sandwich," affirmed the gambler with icy impassivity. The waiter next handed the menu to the lady, who likewise ordered a caviar sandwich.

"There is no more," returned the waiter. "The last one has just been ordered."

Mr. Oak-hearse started, and his pale face became even paler. A preoccupied air came upon him, and the lines of an iron determination settled upon his face. He rose, bowed to the lady, and calmly passed from the dining-room out into the street of the town and took his way toward a wooded gulch hard by.

When the waiter returned with the caviar sandwich he was informed that Mr. Oak-hearse would not dine that night. A triangular note on scented mauve paper was found at the office begging the lady to accept the sandwich from one who had loved not wisely but too many.

But next morning at the head of the gulch on one of the largest pine trees the searchers found an ace of spades (marked) pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil with a firm hand:

Here lies the body
of
JOHN OAK-HEARSE,
who was too much of a gentleman
to play a
Royal-flush
against a
Queen-full.

And so, pulseless and cold with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his brain, though still calm as in life lay he who had been at once the pest and the pride of Tomato Can.

## VAN BUBBLE'S STORY.

By R———D H———G D——S.

Young Charding-Davis had been a little unhappy all day long because on that particular morning the valet of his head serving man had made a mistake in the matter of his master's trousers, and it was not until he was breakfasting at Delmonico's some hours later that young Charding-Davis woke to the painful consciousness that he was wearing his serving-man's pants which were made by an unfashionable New York tailor. Young Charding-Davis himself ran over to London in his steam yacht once or twice a week to be fitted, so that the consequences of his serving-man's valet's mistake took away his appetite. The predicament troubled him so that he told the head cook about it, adding anxiously:

"What would you do about these trousers, Wallis?"

"I would keep 'em on, sir," said Wallis, touching his cap respectfully.

"That," said young Charding-Davis, with a sigh of relief, "is a good idea. Thank, you Wallis," Young Charding-Davis was so delighted at the novel suggestion that he tipped Wallis a little more generously than usual.

"Can you recommend a good investment for this," inquired Wallis," as he counted out the tip.

"Make a bid for the Pacific railroads," suggested young Charding-Davis, "or 'arrive' at the Savoy Hotel."

That night he went to dinner at the house of the Girl He Knew, and in honor of the occasion and because he thought it would please the Girl He knew. young Charding-Davis put on a Yale sweater and football knickerbockers and the headdress of feathers he had captured from a Soudanese Arab while acting as war correspondent for an English syndicate. Besides this, he wore some of his decorations and toyed gracefully with a golf-stick. During the dinner, while young Charding-Davis was illustrating a new football trick he had just patented, with the aid of ten champagne bottles and the Girl's pet skye terrier, a great and celebrated English diplomat leaned across the table over the center piece of orchids and live humming birds, and said:

"I say, Davis, tell us how you came by some of your decorations and orders. Most interesting and extraordinary, you know."

Young Charding-Davis tossed the skye-terrier into air, and batted it thoughtfully the length of the room with his golf-stick, after the manner of Heavyflinger of the Harvard base-ball nine. Then he twirled the golf-stick in his fingers as a Zulu *induna* twirls his *assegai*—he had learned the trick while shooting elephant on the Zambesi river in South Africa. Then he smiled with becoming modesty as he glanced carelessly at the alarm-clock that hung around his neck, suspended by the blue ribbon of the order of the Pshaw of Persia.

"Really, they are mere trifles," he replied, easily. "I would not have worn them only my serving man insists it is good form. The Cham of Tartary gave me this," he continued, lightly touching a nickel-plated apple-pie that was pinned upon the sweater, "for leaving the country in twenty-four hours, and this chest protector was presented me by the French Legation in Kamschatka for protecting a a chest——but we'll let that pass," he said, enveloping himself with a smile of charming ingenuousness. "*This* is the badge of the Band of Hope to which I belong. I got this pie-plate from the Grand Mufti for conspicuous egoism in the absence of the enemy, and this Grand Army badge from a pawnbroker for four dollars. Then I have a few swimming medals for swimming across Whirlpool Rapids and a five-cent piece given me by Mr. Sage. I have several showcases full of other medals in my rooms. I'm thinking of giving an exhibition and reception, if I could get some pretty girls to receive with me. I've knocked about a bit, you know, and I pick them up here and there. I've crossed Africa two or three times, and I got up the late Greek war in order to make news for the New York papers, and I'm organizing an insurrection in South America for the benefit of a bankrupt rifle manufacturer who wants to dispose of some arms."

While Charding-Davis had been speaking young Van Bubbles, who was just out of the interior of Uganda, had been absent-mindedly drawing patterns in the tomato catsup he had spilled on the table-cloth.

"When I returned from Africa," he said, "this morning I had a curious experience." He fixed Charding-Davis with his glance for a moment, and then let it wander to a corner of the room and afterward drew it back and tied it to his chair leg. Charding-Davis grew a little pale, but he was too well bred to allow his feelings to overcome him. Young Van Bubbles contined:

"I met an old valet of mine on Fifth avenue, who has recently been engaged by the head serving man of one of wea ing a pair o trousers which seemed to me strangely familiar, and when I spoke to him about the matter, broke down and confessed that he had caused his master's master to exchange trousers with him. You see the point of the story is," concluded young Van Bubbles, untieing his glance, and allowing it to stray toward Charding-Davis, who drove it away with his golf-stick, "that the back-parlor hero wore his valet's trousers to-day.

There was a silence.

"What an extraordinary story," murmured the diplomat.

"Quite so," said the Girl Charding-Davis Knew.

"Of course," added Van Bubbles, "I took the trousers from him. Here they are," he continued, dropping them on the table. "You see they were no more use to him. I thought, perhaps—" and once more his glance crept slealthy toward young Charding-Davis—"*you* might suggest a way out of the difficulty." He handed the trousers to Charding-Davis, saying: "Keep them, they are a mere trifle, and they may be of some interest to you."

The Girl Charding-Davis Knew saw the point of Van Bubbles' story at once. Charding-Davis tried to catch her eye, but she refused to look at him, and said to her father.

"Why won't he go away; tell him to go away, please."

On the steps outside the house young Charding-Davis reflected what next he should do. He strolled slowly homeward, and, as he came into his rooms, his head serving-man handed him two notes which had arrived in his absence. One was from the Most Beautiful Woman in New York offering him her hand and fortune; the other was written on the back of a ten thousand dollar check, and was from the Editor of the Greatest Paper in the World begging him to accept the vacant throne of the Nyam-Nyam of Khooinooristan in the capacity of Special Correspondent.

"I wonder now," said young Charding-Davis, "which of these offers I shall accept."

## AMBROSIA BEER.

By A———E B———E.

Sterling Hallmark was one of the most prominent and enthusiastic members of the Total Abstinence Union of San Francisco. His enthusiasm was not only of the passive description. He took a delight in aiding the police in their raids upon the unlicensed beer halls of the Barbary Coast. He helped them break whisky and brandy flasks, and he himself often opened the spigots of the beer kegs and let the foaming liquid run out upon the sanded floor.

On the night of the thirtieth of February, 1868, Sterling Hallmark led the police in a furious attack upon the "Hole in the Wall," a notorious subteranean dive in the vicinity of Jackson street. The battle was short and decisive. The bartender and his assistants were routed and the victorious assailants turned their attention to the demolition of the unsavory resort. Bottles were broken, brandy flasks smashed, the contents of the decanters emptied. In the midst of the confusion Sterling Hallmark advanced with splendid intrepidity towards a large keg, bearing the inscription Ambrosia Beer, extra pale. He set his hand upon the spigot.

But at that moment a terrific crash rent the air. The frail building, in the cellar of which the "Hole in the Wall" was situated, collapsed because it was necessary it should do so at that precise instant for the purposes of this tale. The crazy edifice fell with a loud clatter and clouds of blinding dust.

When Sterling Hallmark recovered consciousness he was not for the moment aware of what had happened. Then he realized that he was uninjured, but that he was unmovably pinioned beneath a mass of debris, and that something was weighing heavily upon his chest. Looking up and around him he perceived in the dim light a ring of metal protruding from a dark object that lay upon his chest. As his senses adjusted themselves to his environment he saw that the dark object was the keg of Ambrosia Beer, and that the ring of metal was the mouth of the spigot. The mouth of the spigot was directly in the line of his lips and not two inches distant from them. The terrible question that now confronted Sterling Hallmark was this, Had he opened that spigot before the collapse of the building, was the keg full or empty? He now found that by great exertion he could move his right arm so that his fingers could touch and clasp the spigot. A horrible fear came upon Sterling Hallmark

THE OLD ADOBE IN WICH RAMONA WAS MARRIED

drops of cold perspiration bespangled his brow; he tried to cry out, but his voice failed him. His mouth was dry. A horrible thirst tortured him—a thousand fiends seemed shouting to him to open the spigot, unseen hands tugged at *his* free hand. He raised this hand to cover his eyes from the sight, but as he withdrew it again it dropped upon his breast two inches nearer the fatal spigot. At length the strain became too great to be borne, Sterling Hallmark became desperate. He laughed aloud in almost insenstiate glee.

"Ha, Ha!" exclaimed Sterling Hallmark

He reached up and grasped the spigot and turned it with all his strength.

* * * * * *

An hour later when the rescue party wit 1 axes and hatchets found their way into the celler of the "Hole in the Wall," the foremost of them hauled out Sterling Hallmark.

"Thash a' ri' girlsh,' screamed the unfortunate man as his rescuers tried to keep on his feet. "Thash a' ri', I ne'r him feelsh sho 'appy, az-I-do-t'-ni'. Les op'n n'er li'l' bol, girlsh." The patrol wagon was rung for, and the raving inebriate was conveyed to to the City Hall. The ride in the open air, however, had the effect of sobering him. He realized that he, Sterling Hallmark, temperance leader, had been *drunk*. He also realized that he could not stand the disgrace that would now inevitably follow him through life. He drew his revolver, and ere the policeman who accompanied him could interfere, had sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

* * * * * *

A few moments after the patrol wagon had departed one of the rescue party discovered the keg labelled Ambrosia Beer, that had been rolled from the breast ef Sterling Hallmark. With a few well-directed blows of his ax, he smashed in the head of the keg, and thrust his hand down to the bottom, groping about.

The interior of the keg was full of dust and rusty nail-heads.

"Empty for over a year," he exclaimed, in tones of bitter disappointment.

## I CALL ON LADY DOTTY.

FROM THE POLLY PARABLES
BY AN——Y H——PE

Like most women, Lady Dotty is in love with me—a little. Like most men, I am in love wlth Lady Dotty—a great deal.

Last Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, as I was strolling in St. James' Park (you may have remarked that I always stroll—in St. James' Park—on Thursday afternoons) it occurred to me to call on Lady Dotty. I forthwith presented myself at the house (it is by Van Burgh).

After I had waited some five minutes in the drawing-room Lady Dotty appeared.

"But I am not at home," she said on the threshold. "I am not at home, Mr. Carterer."

"Nor am I," I replied.

"And my husband is——"

"At home?"

"At his club."

"The brute," said I, "to leave you alone."

"There are others," she sighed, with half a glance at me.

I had not called in a fortnight.

"I have languished in self-imposed solitude," I murmured with some gallantry.

"Why have you not been to see me in so long.

"My laundress——" I began.

"Your *laundress*, Mr. Carterer?"

"Refused to relent."

"You poor dear. Tea?"

"You are too kind," said I, with a bow.

"Lady Dotty's maid, a delicious young creature named Negligee, appeared with the tray and smoking cups and vanished.

Lady Dotty handed me my cup.

"Sit down," she ordered.

There was but one chair in the room. I sat down Lady Dotty—also sat down.

"Clarence is a beast," she said.

"Most husbands are."

"Sometimes they are not."

"When?"

"When they are other women's husbands."

"Wives," I remarked, "of other men are no less so."

"Why can't other men's wives marry other women's husbands," suggested Lady Dotty.

"The question is worthy of consideration," said I.

Negligee hurriedly entered at this point of our conversation.

"The husband of Madame," she exclaimed.

"Good heavens," said Lady Dotty.

I took my hat.

"Fly, Mr. Carterer," cried Lady Dotty.

"This way," murmured Negligee. "Follow me." She led me out into the dark hall, where the back stairs were.

"It is rather dark, sir. You were best to give me your hand."

"And my heart," I answered.

Our hands clasped.

It was, as Negligee remarked, rather dark.

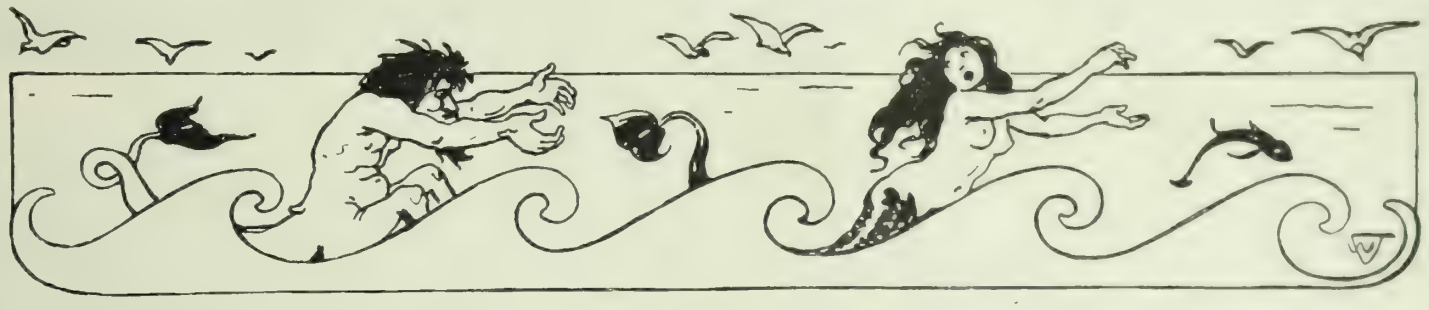
The charming creature's face was close to mine.

"Were you ever kissed?" said I, boldly.

"I don't know how to kiss," said Negligee.

"We might put our heads together and find out how," I suggested.

As I say, Negligee is a delicious young creature. But a man never knows the usefulness of his watch until he is without it—to say nothing of his scarfpin.



## LITTLE DRAMA OF THE CURBSTONE

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

This is really the setting forth of a little drama that I did not see—that is with my actual material eyes, and I presume that one should not see little uglinesses at Christmas time, far less pinion them in cold type. However—

It was rather late on the afternoon of the day before Christmas. The streets were crowded, everyone had parcels in their arms. The street lamps had just been lighted. There was a note of gaiety in the air, and a certain exhuberant nimbleness.

Near the corner of a side street I came across a fairly-dressed respectable woman of the middle class, gowned in black, (naturally) bonneted and veiled. In her arms she carried a number of parcels and packages, a doll or two no doubt, to judge from appearancee, a box of lead soldiers (one could fancy them lying on cardboard over a layer of excelsior) and one particular toy that was not wrapped up—a wooden horse, dapple gray, like all wooden horses, with very erect ears and goggle eyes. Just as I passed her, the woman turned up the side street with, I cannot define just what peculiarity of gait and demeanor, that made me turn and watch her. She stopped a moment and leaned her hand upon a bit of iron railing. Then I saw that she was drunk. She moved on almost directly, but stumbled and fell upon the sidewalk, spilling the lead soldiers upon the pavement and breaking the forelegs of the goggle-eyed horse.

JUSTIN STURGIS.

## WHEN DREAMS DERIDE

(RONDEAU)

When dreams deride, and Fancy's train
Throngs to enthrone her in the brain;
  When Reason—Ruler of the day—
  Her sober sceptre down doth lay,
And leaves her Regent free to reign:—

The memory builds a wondrous fane,
Her organ rolls its mimic strain,
  And through the past's dim aisles I stray—
    When dreams deride.

Ah, fictioned fabric! it were vain
Thy weird devotions to explain,
  Oft in thy shadowy shrine I pray
  That Sleep might steal my soul away,
Some morn before thy cloister's wane—
    When dreams deride.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

## LOVE.

All the peaceful day, the Male's echoed body shadows on the
  Female's breast—the crystal lake of love.
The Female guards all the secret gates of mirth for the Male.
  Here, lady, hide thine own key of Silence where Anger
  kneels unto Tears.
Fear not, Male whom darkness loves, for the light of Female-
  Beauty drives the night forever from the sinful Sultan!
Thou, Female, Mother of Christ, mould an earthly paradise
  wherever the Male is a sorrowing Christ.

YONE NOGUCHI.

## AN ENCOURAGING SIGN

### Public Life Begins to Attract the Best Americans.

Among the most enconraging signs of the times is the attention which certain men who represent the great material interests of the State are beginning to give to political affairs. It is the complaint of foreign critics that our best citizens keep out of politics, and that the high duties and responsibilities of administering the affairs of the nation are entrusted to mercenary professionals, devoid of patriotism, who manipulate the business of government with a single eye to the benefit of their pockets. As long as our leading men refrain from participation

SENATOR THOMAS FLINT JR.
Elite, photo

in politics, so long will the worst element of the community convert politics to their profit.

The time is coming, however, when the attitude of the best Americans to governmental affairs will be similar to that which one finds in European countries, where the highest distinction attaches to official life. Then men of the type of Senator Thomas Flint Jr. will be the rule, rather than the exception. It is an honorable ambition which Senator Flint has announced. He desires to be Governor of California, and intends going before the forthcoming Republican convention as a candidate. He will certainly have the support of the best elements in our community, and rightly so. Senator Flint is manager of one of the most extensive fruit and grain ranches in California, situated in San Benito County, near the town of San Juan, his birthplace.

Mr. Flint was born in '58, and was educated at the Golden Gate Academy in Oakland, and later at Dartmouth, where he graduated with the class of '80. On leaving college, Senator Flint undertook the management of the family estate, and proved himself to be a far-sighted business man as well as a clever student. He soon became interested in the politics of the State, with the result that he was elected State Senator from his district. For the last two sessions he has served as president pro tem of the Senate. The degree of distinction that Mr. Flint has attained is not any mere compliment to his wealth or position. He has earned it by his intelligence and good sense as exhibited at Sacramento. He is capable, thoughtful and painstaking, gives his mind to public affairs, has considerable foresight and caution, and would make a most reliable and conservative executive.

Senator Flint is a prominent figure in Masonic circles, and was recently elected Grand Master of California. This is the greatest distinction that can be conferred on a member of the Masonic Order in his own State, and the fact that Senator Flint was elected to this position at the early age of thirty-nine makes his achievement none the less notable.

## LIFE AND JOY.

I.

A wayside inn, and two who loved
"Life!" they cried, "and joy!"
(Who poured the wine laughed out and echoed, "Joy!")
Each saw the soul beyond the other's eyes,
And soul to soul cried, "Joy, my comrade, joy."

II.

A drinking space, and silence
Long silence
Purple lipped, with furtive eyes each seeks the other's face;
Then strained and tense the greeting comes,
"Drink! 'Tis well!
Drink! Drink! Forget and laugh!
Laugh! Laugh and drink!"
(Who pours the wine stands by and echoes, "Drink!")

III.

A drinking space, and silence
One long hour,
One dead, leaden, soundless hour.
Then helpless,
Staring eye to eye, with crimson lips,
Hoarse throated,
Each whispers forth across the filthy lees,
Dregs!
Ay, dregs! 'Tis well to drain the chalice dry.
Ay, 'tis well!
Drain! Drain and die! my comrade die!
Come wet your eager lips and drink.
Drink!
(Who pours the wine stands by and laughs a soundless laugh.)

IV.

The nerveless hands relax.
There rings abroad the crash of one more shattered cup,
And he who pours the wine looks up to echo,
"Life, my comrade, life and joy."
And then,
He falls to laughing once again.

ROBERT PORTER.

HEADQUARTERS RANCHO: A SCENE ON THE MILLER-LUX PROPERTY IN KERN COUNTY
Photo by Watkins

## THE NEW PRIMARY LAW

BY SENATOR FRED. S. STRATTON.

I have been asked to give some personal observations regarding the enactment at the last session of the Legislature of the new primary election law. I accept this invitation the more willingly because it enables me to disclaim the too great credit which is given me personally for the passage of this law, and further it affords me an opportunity of endeavoring to check the too optomistic hopes which are entertained relative to the practical workings of the measure.

Although I was the author of the bill, and expended energy and time for several months prior to the convening of the Legislature, and afterwards labored to secure the passage of the law, still I was but one of many senators who were interested in the question of better primary election laws, while in the Lower House the bill was carried through by the conscientious and well applied zeal of still others, who were hearty supporters of and interested in good government. And particularly I might mention that Mr. Hart H. North, as chairman of the election committee of the Assembly, was as instrumental in passing the bill there, as I was in securing its prior adoption by the Senate. It has been urged that certain interests must have been inimicable to the bill, and that, therefore, much influence must have been exercised to have secured a victory of this character. This is true. But, if I were called upon to mention the most effective influence in favor of the new primary election law, I would unhesitatingly name the support of the press, which was given to this measure while it was pending in Sacramento. Politicians and even statesmen bend before public opinion. The platform of the Republican party demanded the enactment of a new primary election law, but the measure was supported by editorials from the press regardless of political affiliation. Nearly two thousand bills were introduced in both Houses, of which, fortunately, only about ten per cent became laws, and therefore no great measure could be successfully enacted into a law without cordial support against all opposition, both in the Legislature and from influences without. Certainly the "bosses," so-called, were interested in the matter of this law. I had many conferences with the political manipulators from San Francisco, and while I always profited from their observations, I naturally looked with suspicion on the multitude of their suggestions relative to amendments to the bill.

This new law makes participation in primaries compulsory upon everyone. The regulation and control of primaries is taken away from parties and from County Committees. The election officers must be non-partisan in character, and appointed by the Election Commissioners for the county or city. All primaries are held at the same time and place, and under the same officers. In fact, the primary election is conducted under practically the same regulations and surrounded by all the safeguards and dignified to the plane of a general election. The practical workings of the measure involve but little expense, and, further, the purity of elections law limiting the use of money by candidates is made applicable to primaries. The law is a voluminous one, and I need not go into its provisions in any greater detail. Most of the newspapers unduly eulogize the measure, and the public are very generally led to expect altogether too favorable results. Politics and morality are not to be altogether changed by any law. A step forward and upward, it is true, has been made, but while human nature remains as it is, political parties and factions will strive for power, and those who devote themselves to politics as manipulators or bosses must inevitably be, if not leaders, at least enormous factors in determining any result. We will still have bad methods, bad nominations and bad officials. The public will never be fully satisfied if the public continue to expect somebody other than themselves to reform politics. The new primary election law permits the public to reform matters; it does not and will not in and of itself work a reformation. The remedy is given to the people and placed in their own hands. It is for them to exercise and use it, and with them will rest the decision as to whether a great reform has been made, and as to whether American citizenshisp is, as far as California is concerned, to march forward on a higher plane. In any event there will hereafter be no excuse for the failure or refusal of citizens to participate in primary elections. The day, however, will never come when party bosses will not be great powers, but they must now count upon the general public as active factors, and they will be no longer left untrammeled to manipulate primaries and conventions by default.

Some have criticised the law as going too far; some have criticised it as not going far enough. For my own part I believe that both criticisms are in part just. The law may prove to burdensome in its machinery for the interior of the State and away from centers of population. Therefore as to them, where primary election abuses have not heretofore flourished, the law may be said to go too far. On the other hand, for the metropolis of the State and for other large cities, the law does not, in my opinion, go quite far enough. I will always believe that the greatest reform in primary politics will be secured by the adoption in this State of the Kentucky principle, which has proved efficacious there of registration by party affiliation; that is, all citizens who care to do so, register themselves as affiliated with a certain party, whether Democratic, Republican or otherwise, and only such are thereupon entitled to vote at the respective party primaries of the party with which they register as so affiliating. This feature was originally a part of the bill as introduced by me at Sacramento. The innovation was, however, too pronounced, and received but little support and encouragement from either the press or party managers. I, therefore, compromised by eliminating that provision. I wrote quite generally throughout the State to the leading newspaper men of my acquaintance, urging them to support the new primary election law, and urging, among other things, the adoption of the Kentucky principle. The State, however, could not be at that time sufficiently educated to the advantages of this system.

Feeling, however, that the interior of the State might complain under the burden which this law imposes, I prepared a constitutional amendment, which passed both houses, and which will be submitted to the people at the next general election for their ratification or rejection, whereby for certain purposes and in certain particulars home rule is given to counties. Among other things, each county is permitted by county charter to determine all the detail of its own method for regulating primary elections. I consider this a most important proposition, for the reason that under the present organic law the constitution now provides that all election laws must be general and apply equally all over the State. If the present law proves a boon and a benefit in the centers of population it may be retained there, whereas in sparsely settled counties different primary election methods may be employed as may be determined by them respectively in their county charters.

Meanwhile, under the Constitution as it at present exists, I asked the sacrifice of the Legislative representatives at Sacramento that they should permit this law to be enacted, and its operation tested, and that they should for the benefit of the whole State, permit a primary election to be framed and adopted, which, while possibly onerous to the interior, was absolutely needed in the great cities of the State. Much has been said about the constitutionality of this law. While no one will guarantee in advance the constitutionality of any complicated measure which is original in its character and had never been fully tested in the Courts, still without seeming unduly confident, I may be permitted to state that, in my opinion, and it is an opinion shared in by all with whom I have discussed the principles involved, there is no question as to the entire constitutionality of this new primary election law. I entertain no apprehension whatever as to the ultimate decision of the Supreme Court upon any of the questions involved.

In closing I would add that this law has been termed a reform measure, and I have been designated as a reformer. The law may be one for better government and higher citizenship, but I certainly do not desire to appear as a reformer. This law reflects the sentiment of the State; it was the result of a demand for some such legislation. I became through circumstances and my own inclinations, the instrument, and then only in part, by which the demand of the people in this direction was answered.

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THE BYRON MAUZY PIANO WAREROOMS

1. Show Window. 2. Byron Mauzy Piano Rooms. 3. Building. 4. Main Warerooms. 5 Sohmer Upright Piano Room 6 Sohmer Grand Piano Room

## FORGOTTEN HISTORY

### Judge Waymire's Fight With the Snake Indians.

In such a big country as ours, with a Government so stable and all danger of "foreign complications" eliminated, things can, and do, happen almost unnoticed that with almost every other nation would be shouted from the house tops and trumpted at the street corners.

In the matter of frontier fights—some of them veritable bat-

W. J. Biggy
Bushnell, photo

tles—the difference between us and Europeans is singularly noticeable. Wilson and his twenty-one men of the B. B. P. are destroyed on the banks of the Shanghani in Matabeleland, and the event is copy for nearly six months in every journal and weekly illustrated the world round. But to how many Americans is the word "Alamo" suggestive? Dr. Jamieson raids the Transvaal and has a man or two shot, and the affair assumes international importance, and a flying squadron is organized. But "Wounded Knee Creek" and the "Pine Ridge Agency" were but a nine days' story with us. Who commanded the U. S. troops in the business? It's fair betting that you cannot tell.

This forgetfulness of, or rather indifference to, our best men was suggested to me by a recent article in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* relative to ex-Judge James O. Waymire and one of his Indian fights in Oregon in the sixties.

He was teaching school in Oregon when the Civil War broke out. There were some companies of regulars in the county, but they were withdrawn from the frontiers of Oregon, Washington and Idaho and sent East. They had to have men to take their places, for the Indians were very bad. Young Waymire adjourned school and took a good part of the money he had saved up against going to Harvard, bought an equipment, and enlisted as a private soldier in a newly formed cavalry regiment. That was in '61. They made him a Corporal early in '63, and in April of that year he was promoted to Lieutenant. They had some little fun with the Indians that summer, but it was not until along in February of '64 that the real show began. There were some settlements along John Day's river, extending over a length of 100 miles or more. The Indians had been raiding these, cutting up a few settlers, burning houses and acting nasty generally. General Alvord, who commanded the department, thought it was about time to stop it. He ordered Waymire to protect the settlers, and gave him twenty-five men to do it with. He was twenty-one at the time. It was a pretty big order for a boy, one that would now call for a general and a regiment. Alvord had said, "Act on your own judgment." Waymire hadn't any more than got upon the river when he got news that the Indians had jumped a camp near Canyon City, killed six miners and stampeded all the horses they could find. They had gone to the south. No one knew where their winter quarters were. He saw it wasn't any manner of use to attempt to protect the settlers by waiting till the Indians attacked them. The only thing to do was to get after them in their own country. A volunteer company of fifty-four miners was raised, and started in pursuit of the band One of the volunteers was made Captain, and a good Captain he was, too—Joaquin Miller, our poet of the Sierras. That expedition was one of the hardest and roughest ever made. It was through and over the Blue Mountains, covered with snow. Every day it stormed and snowed. The men had no tents, and had to carry every ounce of their supplies on pack animals. When they wanted forage for the horses they dug under the snow to get it. Then when the snow ceased the cold rain began. When the rain quit they had an epidemic of measles. Most discouraging of all, twenty-two of the volunteers backed out and went home, unable or unwilling to endure such hardships. The Lieutenant went on with what was left, marching on week after week. All of a sudden, when least expecting it, he marched right on to an Indian village. They didn't wait to form, but rushed in just as they were. The Indians cut, and left everthing but their horses and arms. It was just before dark. By 3 the next morning the Lieuenant was hot on their trail. He followed them for about 20 miles to the south all that day, and by noon the scouts brought in word that within a quarter of a mile there were about 450 bucks, who wanted to fight so bad it made them sick. To meet them Waymire and Miller had about 50 men. Older men would perhaps have hesitated; but those boys never thought of delay. The show began at once. Why they weren't massacred where they stood is hard to explain. It was one of the hardest fights in the history of Indian warfare. The soldiers lost five men and as many horses. The Indians lost 23 killed and as many wounded. One charge after another was repelled, until it was so dark to see the rifle sights. The little army rested with rifles in hand through the night, or rather laid down on arm, ready to begin next morning. But next morning the Indians were gone. They'd had enough. And after that fight they let the settlers alone for many years. It was for this service, as the *Post-Intelligencer* says, that Lieutenant Waymire was "mentioned in the dispatches" and complimented by his chief in the general orders. Writing of this same expedition the Adjutant-General of Oregon said:

"The report of Lieutenant Waymire, of Co. D., First Oregon Cavalry, will be found very interesting, and his encounter with the Snake Indians near Harney Lake was undoubtedly the hardest fought battle in which our troops participated, and evinces a coolness and courage on the part of the Lieutenant and soldiers worthy of notice. Should any future occasion call Lieutenant Waymire again to the field I have no doubt he would rank high as a military leader."

## MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

### A New Charter as an Agency for Pure Politics.

Even for an optimist it is hard to feel satisfied with politica conditions in San Francisco. However agreeable it may be to declare that whatever change there has been is for the better, the fact remains that our municipal affairs are in as bad hands as ever before, and their administration throughout is not only weak and inefficient, but corrupt. How long this is to continue is a problem for the tax-payer. As long as we are to be governed under the wretched patchwork which serves as a charter, there can be little improvement. The first reformatory step is—to have a new charter—a simple, practical instrument, devoid of demagogic concessions or socialistic "isms"—a business-like law, under which our city may be ruled economically, intelligently and honestly. That obtained, it is purely a matter of finding good men to take office, and with such an instrument as this, the task should not be difficult.

Of course, it is true that almost any law administered by honest men can be made serve a good purpose, but how much better could such men as Mayor Phelan selected for his Supervisors do under a new charter than with the Consolidation Act. However, we may not yet get a charter, but it is still possible to find good men. For instance, there is ex-Senator Biggy, who was one of Mayor Phelan's appointees and, at the last election, was one of the Supervisors nominated by the Non-Partisan convention. Had he been elected the city would have been much better off, but our citizens, like children, are too often ignorant of their best interests. Senator Biggy is a clever business man, and is at the head of the United States Laundry. He commenced poor, worked his own way and has made a success. His career in the Legislature demonstrated the steadfast calibre of the man, for he withstood all the forms of pressure and

Eugene N. Duprey
Thors, photo

influence brought to bear on a legislator, and emerged with an honorable reputation and a fine record. His is the type of man that is needed in municipal affairs, and there will be misgovernment until politics attract the best rather than the worst citizens in the community.

Another man who is giving time and thought to the cause of pure politics is Eugene N. Duprey, who is rather before the public at the moment as attorney for Theodore Durrant. The cause may not engage our sympathies, but it is impossible not to approve the earnestness and persistence of the lawyer battling for his client's life. For some time Mr. Duprey has given much of his time and thought to political affairs, has participated in municipal conventions, has presided at meetings, and has given the party the benefit of his brain and personality. In every instance he has been allied with the honorable element of the party, has fought bossism and political corruption, and deserves the thanks of the community and its gratitude for his labors.

## SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.

Santa Clara College is situated in the town of Santa Clara, which is justly celebrated for the beauty of its surrounding scenery, and the mildness and salubrity of its climate. The Southern Pacific and the South Pacific Coast railroads pass through the town.

The College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. They are the successors of the Franciscan Fathers, the pioneers of civilization on this coast, who, as early as 1777, founded the Mission of Santa Clara, and labored zealously to elevate the moral character, and develop the material prosperity of the inhabitants. On the 19th of March, 1851, Santa Clara College was established in the old mission buildings for the purpose of affording to all who might desire it, the means of obtaining a liberal and Christian education. On the 28th of April, 1855, it was chartered with all the rights and privileges of a university.

In subsequent years extensive additions were made to the premises, and now there are seven large buildings, besides others of less importance, enclosed in a quadrangle of nearly ten acres. With most complete and appropriate accommodations in every department, and a full staff of professors, this institution presents uncommon advantages for the moral, mental and physical training of young men and boys.

## AN ENTERPRISING CONCERN.

The E. D. Taylor Company, whose shop is located at 23 Stevenson street, San Francisco, is deservedly known as one of the most enterprising and up-to-date concerns engaged in the printing business in this city. Starting in July of 1896, at 523 Mission street, the character and individuality of their work soon attracted the notice of lovers of good printing, and their business developed so rapidly that they were soon compelled to seek more commodious quarters. These they secured at 23 Stevenson street, to which place they moved in May of this year, augmenting the capacity of their plant, at the same time, by the addition of a large Miehle cylinder press and large additions to their composing room. The Wave and other publications are regularly printed at their office. In the past sixty days they have completed some of the largest contracts in printing let this year, including 200,000 almanacs for the Clinton S. Worden Co., the Press Club Souvenir, the Commercial Travelers' Souvenir, the programme and tickets for the Inter-Collegiate football game, several important books for Mr. William Doxey, etc.

It is curious to note, says *The Chap-Book*, that as the necessity for the establishment of a definite and purposeful foreign policy grows on the people, the quality of our diplomatic service is steadily deteriorating. It is true we have no "Bob" Schenks or "Pat" Egans nowadays, but neither have we any Lowells, Phelpses, Washburnes, or Edwardes Pierreponts. The best that can be said for Mr. Hay is that he is colorless; for General Porter that he is a graceful speaker at dinners. Andrew D. White, although a person of a high order of intelligence, is pettish, quarrelsome and almost hysterical at times—the last man in the world to deal with delicate international questions. Charlemagne Tower is what his name might indicate. General Woodford is a frayed politician who took the Spanish mission after it had been kicked from pillar to post. Mr. Draper is almost unknown, and will be less than a cipher at the Roman court when it becomes known that the secretary of the legation is an ambassador on his own account, accredited by his grace the Archbishop of St. Paul to the papal court. In the East we have fared even worse. Mr. Buck's appointment was a sad blunder. He is a Georgia carpet-bagger whose whole distinction arises from his leadership of the Black Republican vote in two States. He is William Pitt Kellogg or Warmouth slightly amplified. If the activity of the Germans and Russians in China should lead to complications with Japan, we would be delightfully represented in the storm center by a man whose knowledge of diplomacy ends when he has voted forty negroes in a National Convention. As for Mr. Bryan, the new minister to China, he is an amiable young man, and nothing further can be said in his favor. He was a representative in the Illinois Legislature, and is a friend of Congressman Hopkins, in whose district he lives. He will hardly shine in comparison with his predecessor, Mr. Denby, or with the British envoy, Sir Claude M. Macdonald, who, although not yet forty-five, has earned distinction both as soldier and diplomat. He left the army in 1887, and was appointed consul at Zanzibar. Later he became commissioner on the west coast of Africa. His appointment to succeed Sir Nicolas R. O'Conor was generally applauded.

## A MAGNIFICENT PROSPECT.

Among the many beautiful residences of San Francisco, none has attracted more attention, both for the artistic elegance of its design and the beauty of its situation, than the one now being erected by Mr. Livingston Jenks, the well-known attorney. It is located on Washington street, north of the Presidio, over which it commands a sweeping view of the bay, with Mount Tamalpais in the distance.

THE OLD FIDDLER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MARCEAU

*A CHINESE FISHING VILLAGE*

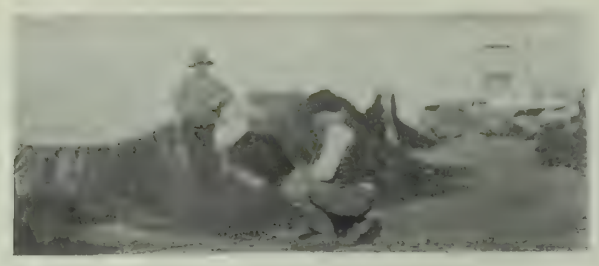
Life of the Mongolian fishermen, who catch and dry shrimps at San Pedro.

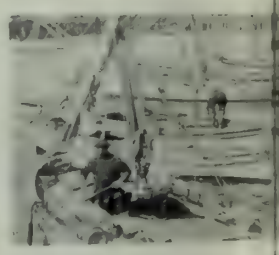
Photographed by Arnold Genthe

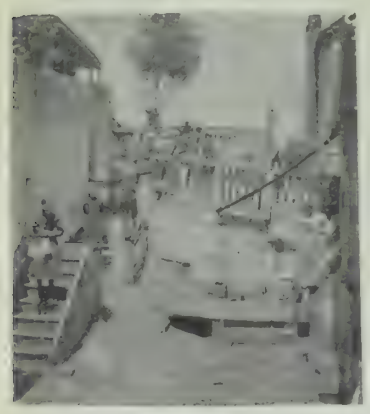
*PHASES OF CHINESE LIFE*

Showing the metal workers, bakers and opium smokers of "Little China"

Photographed by Nielson







SCENES IN TH

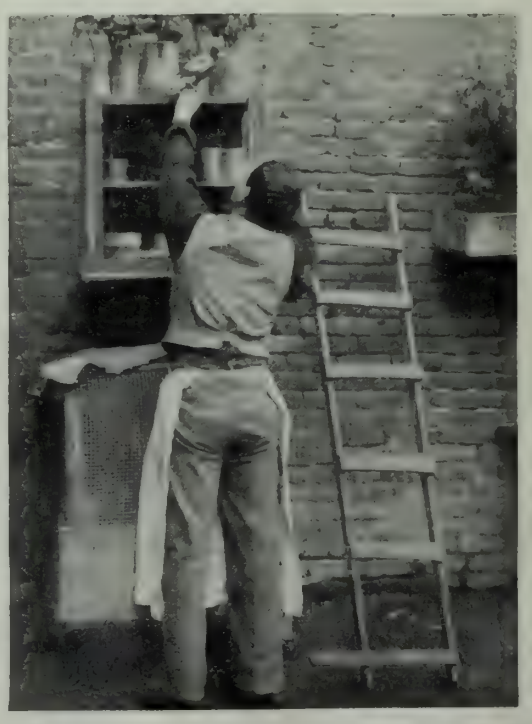
LIFE IN LITTLE ITALY, SHOWING ALSO THE ITALIAN VEGETABLE GARDENS, TH

Photographed by Arnold Genthe, N

*LATIN QUARTER*

CLIFF DWELLINGS ON THE VERGES OF TELEGRAPH HILL, AND FISHERMAN'S WHARF

M. Faucompre, Taber; and W. S. Hochstadter.



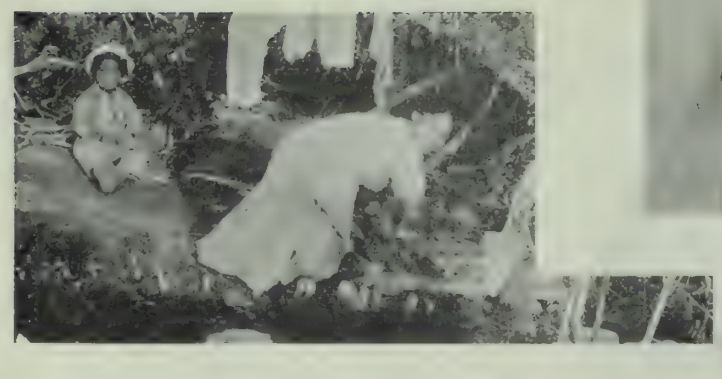
*VISTAS IN LITTLE MEXICO*

Life in the Mexican Colony on the south slopes of Telegraph Hill.

Photographed by Arnold Genthe

*STREET LIFE IN CHINATOWN*

Photographed by Arnold Genthe



*ORIGINAL SETTLERS*

Mexican and Indian life in Southern California, being views in Sonora Town, Los Angeles, San Diego, at the home of Ramona, and in the Mojave Desert.

Photographed by Taber

SCENES IN THE PALACE HOTEL

1. Entrance to the Grill Room. 2. The Rotunda. 3. A Vista in the Central Court 4. The Tapestry Room 5. The Ladies' Grill 6. The Palace from Rincon Hill

BUSINESS OFFICE WITH RECEIVING AND DELIVERING DESKS

## THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH

### Its Web of Wires Extend the World Around.

That familiarity breeds contempt is a saying so familiar that we are in danger of entertaining a contempt for the saying itself. Half a century ago the statement of the fact that by stepping into a certain office we in San Francisco could talk to Paris or to Vienna would have landed the fellow making it in an asylum. But to-day the globe is wrapped in telegraph wire as a boy's baseball is wrapped with string, and continent and city gossip together as so many old maids on a hotel veranda, often about matters no less trivial.

The Pacific Postal Telegraph Company's offices on Market street, in this city, are a never-failing wonder to anyone who has his mind open for impression and suggestion. Inside it rattles and hums and clicks like an army of crickets or like a vast and continuous discharge of tiny rifles, rifles that fire shots that are quite literally "heard around the world." This office is the center of a web of wires so long, so complete, so infinite in their ramifications that even the heads of the company cannot say within three or four thousand miles just how long they are. With their connections it has been estimated that these wires would, if put together in a single line, circle the world eight times.

The sender of a dispatch, let us say, to Durban, on the east coast of South Africa—for even that remote spot can be reached by the Postal Telegraph Company's wire web—steps into the splendid offices on Market street, shining with marble and mahogany and polished brass, writes his message and passes it over the counter. In due course of time the message is put on the wire. The sender of the dispatch can go his way assured that the company will see his message through. One mistake in a thousand chances is, perhaps, a fair average.

San Francisco takes the message and aud flings it across the layers of sand and sage brush to Chicago, and Chicago to New York. Then down it goes under the Atlantic—on the Commercial Cable Company's line with which the Postal Telegraph has connections—under the Atlantic and on to Southampton. Southampton relays it to Funchal, on the Maderia Islands, and a lazy, straw-hatted, white-pantalooned Portugese whips it across the ocean to the equator past the Peak of Teneriffe to the French station on the Senegal coast of Africa. Then relay after relay sends it down the coast. It doubles the Cape of Good Hope, and Cape Town throws it on to Kimberley, and Kimberley—at last—passes it over to Durban. And this about the time the sender of the message is sitting down to supper on the day of the sending.

It would be hard to find a corner of the world which could not be reached by the Postal Telegraph Company. The office is a ganglia, a nerve center on the body of the earth not only for the transmission, but also for the reception of news and messages. Not an important event happens between the five oceans that the reverberation of it is not instantly felt in the Market-street office. Sometimes we are apt to underestimate the value of such a colossal invention as the telegraph. But at a time like this it would be well to try to imagine what we would do if every wire on earth were cut to-morrow, or if even half of them were cut. It would have much the same effect upon the world at large as a stunning blow on the back of the head has upon an individual. It would not be far from paralysis.

Mrs. Wu, the wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington, is of ancient lineage, her pedigree extending further back than that of the Emperor's, and as her gorgeous court costume indicates, is pure Chinese, unadulterated by any admixture of Manchurian blood. She is of equal official rank with her husband, and may upon all occasions enter and leave a room at his side, rather than behind him.

"The Times of India" declares that tea-drinking is the curse of Thibet. "The people," it says, "have such an insatiable craving for the beverage that they will sell their houses, their flocks, their very children to procure it. If

THE FACADE OF THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH BUILDING

ever an apostle appears in Thibet to regenerate the nation he will have to preach a crusade in favor of whisky-drinking in order to wean the inhabitants from the national vice."

The consolidation of the Equitable Gas Light Company with the New York and East River company makes the great New York gas trust an accomplished fact, and completes another victory for the Rockefeller-Morgan syndicate. The new organization, which will be known as the New Amsterdam Gas Company, is capitalized for twenty-three million dollars, and will almost practically control the New York gas supply, its only rival being Russell Sage's Standard company.

THE MAIN OPERATING ROOM

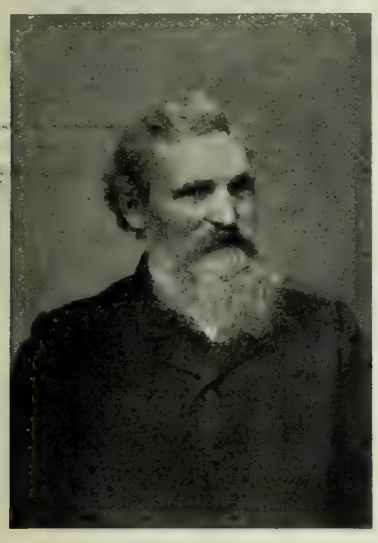
## JUDGE FOX'S CAREER

### A Story of Early Struggles, with Great Success at the End.

When a boy begins to support himself at the age of fourteen years, it is well to put a mark upon him and watch how far he will go. It is very probable that he will go farther than you can see him. The story of the life of Charles Nelson Fox should be told by W. D. Howells. It is essentially American, and is thoroughly typical of a certain phase of American progress. It is much the same kind of life that Lincoln led. Begun in the backwoods, and by sheer force of character, strength of will and power of determination carried on and up, through the phases of school teaching, and law and politics to varying stages of wealth or power or prominence.

Mr. Fox is a type of the American of the better sort, a strong man, intellectually, morally, physically, a man who is not to be repressed by force of circumstances or checked by the inertia of obstacles, a man who "arrives," who "gets there," who succeeds."

A wide—and to most men—an impassible gulf separates a log cabin in the heart of a Michigan forest from the Supreme bench of the State, but long ago Mr. Fox has traversed it. He was born in 1829 in—as stated—the heart of a dense forest in the interior of Mich-



CHARLES N. FOX
Taber, photo

igan, separated from the nearest school-house by a hard tramp of two miles. Until he was fifteen years old Mr. Fox attended this school, working on the outside at the same time, so that his parents were relieved of all burden of his support. At fifteen he made up his mind to go to Ann Arbor University, and did go in fact, working his way, and studying his classics simultaneously till the effort broke him down.

The printing office and the editorial chair figure very largely in the early history of America's big men. Fox started in or started over again as a printer, and in a little while became noted as a country editor. Next came his friendship with General Lewis Cass and an offer of a place at West Point. It was declined and, afterward, regretted. The war came along a few years later, and if Fox had been a West Pointer, but that, as our friend Rudyard says, "would have been another story." However, twice before he was old enough to vote, Fox was offered certain legislative positions, also declined. But later we hear of him serving ex-officio as Mayor of Ann Arbor. The reading of law came after this. In 1856 he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Michigan, and in 1857 came to California.

He came to San Mateo county, and almost immediately began to fight the Spring Valley Water Company, who were at that time attempting to get into the county. It was in these cases against the company that he first began to show his great legal ability. The company was blocked and checkmated at every point. They were at a standstill. There was only one thing to do—retain the clever young lawyer on their side. It was done, and at once and without any litigation in the matter whatever, the company secured all the rights it had for so long been fighting to obtain. More than this, Fox so handled the company's relations with its clients and enemies that for twelve years there was not even a suit instituted against them.

His great case was the suit brought by the City of San Francisco against the Spring Valley Water Company in which the issue was the right of the city to tap the company's mains for water during a dry season when a water famine seemed imminent. Fox, acting for the company, fought the claim. Long after the danger was gone the fight was kept up. It lasted for years. But in the end Mr. Fox was splendidly and unequivocally victorious.

## AN HONORABLE OFFICIAL

### A Brief History of the Life of Assessor Siebe.

There are few pioneers residing in this city who are better or more favorably known than John D. Siebe, the present Assessor for the City and County of San Francisco. Mr. Siebe was born at Hanover, Germany, March 22, 1833, and at the age of sixteen he arrived in New York to make his fortune. The news of the gold discovery in California reached the metropolis, and young Siebe determined to visit the El Dorado, and accordingly took passage on board the pioneer ship "John L. Stephens," for California, arriving in this city in 1852. Instead of going to the mines as he expected to do, Mr. Siebe accepted a position in a business house. One year later, in 1853, being without friends, and possessing little money, he opened business on his own account, at the corner of Sacramento and Stockton streets. He succeeded beyond his own expectations, and in 1856 returned to the fatherland, remaining there about eight months, and marrying during the interval. On his return he entered into the wholesale liquor business at North Beach, and in 1876 the house of Siebe Bros., at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets, was founded. Mr. Plageman was afterward admitted. In commercial circles the house of Siebe Bros. & Plageman stands very high.

Mr. Siebe has been a leading factor in politics for many years. In 1871 he was elected to the Assembly by a large majority, and in 1881 was again returned, being the only Republican elected in the old Ninth District. Despite the most bitter opposition of political enemies at the election of 1890, Mr. Siebe succeeded in being elected by a handsome majority. The confidence of the community in his character and integrity has been shown by his re-election, for he has been Assessor ever since. There have been many fights organized against him; sensational journals have endeavored to obstruct him in the execution of his duty, but he has in each instance held to his own way, and in his sturdy honest fashion, has shown his adversaries that he was right and they wrong. It is not too much to say that John D. Siebe has been the best Assessor the city has ever had, and he can be re-elected as often as he cares to run.

## SOHMER PIANOS

### The Great Musical Establishment of Byron Mauzy.

The illustrations presented in this number of the magnificent piano warerooms of Byron Mauzy in the Pacific-Union Club Building, Union Square, this city, will be a surprise to many who had no idea that there were any rooms devoted to the sale and display of musical instruments on quite so large a scale outside of New York or Chicago. Mr. Mauzy has been in this building for eleven years past and has each year made improvements that has kept him abreast of the times. The large central room can be turned into a hall with a seating capacity of 500. Many concerts and recitals have been given here during these years, and many who made their debut in this hall are now treading their way to fame and fortune. The chairs are conveniently stowed away underneath the stage.

The various rooms are filled with different makes of pianos, of which Mr. Mauzy is the sole representative. Especially attractive are the two large rooms devoted to the display of the Sohmer piano. The Grand room is complete with Parlor, Baby and Bijou Grands in mahogany and oak cases. The Upright room has cases in mahogany, walnut, birdseye maple and oak, all of the choicest and finest woods. It is needless to add that the Sohmer piano to-day stands in the front ranks of the leading pianos. During the past fifteen years Mr. Mauzy has placed them in the homes of hundreds of our leading families, in public institutions and halls, and with the leading teachers and musicians—no better testimonial of their durability and worth could be asked. The room devoted to the display of the Byron Mauzy Pianos is also an attractive one.

With extensive facilities for manufacturing in New York and 20 years of retail experience in handling all the prominent makes of pianos, Mr. Mauzy is enabled to cull out the strongest points of all these instruments, and combine them in a piano in every way adapted to the use and needs of this climate.

The Byron Mauzy Piano is made on the latest scientific plans, and has all the new improvements. The most beautiful woods are selected for the casings, and these are double cross veneered, with handsome etched and carved panels.

The sounding board is made to produce the fullest volume of tone; the action the latest improved; the hammers of the best felt; the white keys are ivory and the black keys are ebony.

The backs are open and of hard wood, nicely finished. There are three pedals, one of them a muffler, so arranged that a child can practice in the same room without disturbing anyone.

Every piano is warranted for ten years.

The show windows have been made especially attractive for the holidays, and on account of their commodious size, you can find everything from a church organ and grand piano to a mandolin, guitar, banjo, violin, music rolls, cases, etc., displayed there.

### Taber in London.

"The past season has seen introduced into London from San Francisco," says London *Sketch*, "the most perfect development of the photographer's art as yet attained—the Taber bas-relief portraits and pictures, which are to be seen in the Studio, 38 Dover street, Piccadilly. These are a combination of sculpture and photography, attained by a patent process, the rights of which, for the United Kingdon and the whole of Europe, are vested in Mr. Taber. The process consists of making a mould of the figure from the negative, and then covering this mould with the silver-plate proof and pressing it until the picture stands out in the beautiful high-relief which makes it at once so unique and so lifelike. It is then printed on platinum-paper, which gives softness and makes it permanently durable. The process is carried out with equal success in portraits of people and animals, and is also admirable for scenery, as may be seen by a visit to the artistically decorated and luxuriously furnished suites of rooms in Dover street, where visitors are always welcomed and shown numerous examples of these marvels of photography."

By the way, Mr. Taber is expected in San Francisco at the end of the month. Unfortunately, he will not be able to reach here in time for Xmas.


# NAPA SODA SPRINGS

THE HOME OF NAPA SODA WATER

California is well known as the best producer of fast horses, pretty women and good wine in the United States. Also, is she celebrated for the number and excellence of her Mineral Springs. Of these

**NAPA SODA IS THE PRINCE!**

It is a purely natural mineral water—palatable and popular, being clear, sparkling, and of a pleasant, grateful taste, as well as being a keen appetizer. Universally recommended by the medical fraternity, and being, besides, a pure healthy drink, a refreshing beverage, and an invigorating tonic. It has been extensively used, and with universal success, as a cure for Bladder, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Indigestion, General Debility and Nervous Prostration It is the greatest corrective ever discovered for excessive eating or drinking. In cases of emaciation and debility, an increased nutrition of the body is the result of the use of this water. Its components are so perfectly united by Nature that for a health-giving and grateful beverage this water surpasses any other mineral water in use. A Napa Soda Lemonade is the perfection of luxurious drink for old or young, male or female.

**SOBER UP ON NAPA SODA!**

This water is bottled and sold just as it flows, pure and unadulterated, from Nature's laboratory, with all her sparkling freshness still upon it.

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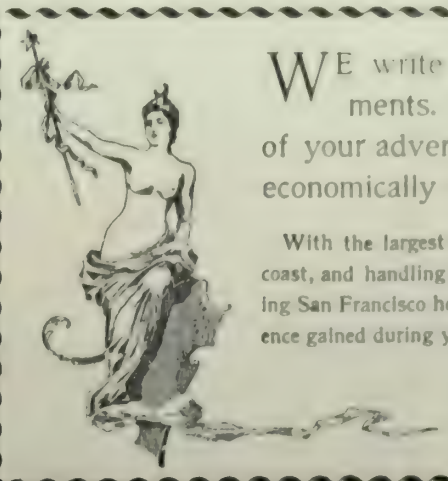

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LOMBARD & CO.

20-24 Geary Street, S. F.

## A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

### Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

I have come to the conclusion, Diary my dear, that as a debutante I am a failure. It is a sad awakening, after all my visions of social triumphs—but, alas, the fact remains the same. Here it is Christmas already, my first season half gone, and not one proposal worth accepting! Is not that a confession? In my secret heart I am positively disgusted. I have had crushes without number. All the youths have cast their bonbons and bouquets at my feet. I have been rushed by Larry Van Winkle, "Airy Eyre," Harry Stetson and even the Dibblees. But what are these when one is seeking a genuine triumph. Of course, my Sunday afternoons do resemble a Prince of Wales' Levee, and I have not had to buy a solitary bud since I was first introduced, still that sort of attention is merely fragmentary, illusive. I want something tangible. I have watched my admirers closely to find any signs tending towards complete capitulation, but, alas, success has not smiled on my efforts. There is not a man who really considers me as a probable bride.

And what makes it worse I cannot find one whom I should seriously contemplate taking for better or worse, and in matrimony, as I have seen it, the worse usually predominates. When I see my dear gentle father pestered to death by darling mamma, and Aunt Caroline reduced to almost transparent fragility by Uncle Harold, I hesitate about cultivating the most desirable assiduously, and Aunt Sybil, who is an authority on such matters, having been married three times, says that is the only way to catch a husband in these degenerate days. It is sad, and were it not for the feeling of failure to do what is expected of me, I had much rather be a spinster all my days. Think of it! Arthur and I could live in a dear little cottage with cats and rabbits and birds and dogs and have a capital time. He could have all his men friends and I my girls—but, I suppose, they would be crusty old bachelors and old maids then. So what can a poor girl do?

The Assembly, which I had contemplated with so much fear and trembling, turned out a great success. I must say this for Mr. Greenway, he knows how to give a ball. The ball was charming. In the center there was hung a fish-net with myriads of little lanterns depending from it. Then, fan-like effects were arranged in pink and green round the balcony. The musicians were hidden behind a screen of palms and ferns and the floor was covered in canvas. I prefer to dance on a polished floor, but the canvas looks ever so much prettier, and sets off the gowns to advantage. Nearly all the girls were accompanied by their mothers. Mrs. Hopkins looked so stunning in a low-necked gown of some creamy material. I don't think either of the girls will ever make as striking a looking woman as their mother. Mrs. L. L. Baker also looked handsome in severe black. She chaperoned Marie Oge and Marie Wells. Of the younger matrons Mrs. George Howard looked especially well in a yellow gown, with a coronet of diamonds. Mrs. De Ruyter was effective in purple and black. But I don't think we debutantes ever made a better showing than on this occasion. We looked simply beautiful. Which was the belle? I am afraid it is a little early in the game to decide, but—well, anyway, I should be the last to say. I shall tell you what we girls all wore. Leontine Blakeman had a particularly swell frock of white tulle spangled in silver, the waist suggested armor, the spangles being arranged somewhat in the form of a corselet. Marie Wells wore a charming gown of white duchess muslin, spangled in silver with innumerable ruffles. Arthur says "that she pleased him," and higher praise I cannot comprehend. Edna Hopkins wore a sweet little frock; Helen Thomas was in pink striped silk. I thought Helen Thornton's gown in excellent taste—it was of peacock-blue striped silk very deftly fashioned. Marie Oge looked really lovely in pure white silk with Arabic designs in gold. Ethel Keeney's was one of the most striking costumes in the room. It was of white and silver. Therese Morgan was stunning in white tulle, spangled in gold, which harmonized charmingly with her hair. Gertie Carroll wore a lovely frock of some filmy material. I wish she would not wear ribbon round her neck, it spoils the lines, shortening the neck and making the shoulders look square. There were hordes of men, so it would be hard to say which girls were the most popular, although the Terpsichoreans seem to hold the winning colors.

I must say I do like to dance with Southard Hoffmann, he is so sweet and knows so much about things in general. With regard to gowns he is simply an authority second to none, and has so much taste. If only Arthur were like him. Then there is dear Bert Dibblee—he is my special, at present, and is ever so charming to dance with. Bert has a delightful laugh, and would be nearly perfect if he would only talk sense to us girls. I suppose, though, he thinks we prefer sweet nothings—so few men seem to consider it worth their while to converse with us on topics of real interest. The only man I know who does is Harry Houghton, and he is tremendously popular and a first-rate fellow.

But, to return to our pleasures. After the ball we all remained home on Saturday and rested. Then, on Monday, Mrs. H. Scott gave her dinner and dance in honor of Edna Hopkins. It was a very lively affair. About fifty of us were there. The table was decorated in red vines and la France roses, and looked stunning.

On Tuesday Laura McKinstry gave a girls' tea to about twenty of us. Both Leila and I were invited. It was capital fun, as all Laura's affairs are. On Tuesday evening we all went to the hop at the Presidio. It was enjoyable. All the debutantes were there. Charlotte Ellinwood and Gertie Oge looked particularly well. Mrs. Bent never looked better; she wore a perfectly gorgeous gown of white satin. Bernie Drown wore a pretty frock of white organdie, ruffled up to the waist; Grace Sanborn, one of the buds, also looks well. She is tall and striking, and a perfect tailor-made girl. Little Mrs. O'Hearne, the most recent bride at the Presidio, was very pretty in a red and black combination. She has deep brown eyes, and lashes that almost hide them. There were but few civilians present—Mr. De Haven, Mr. Harry Houghton and Mr. Sanborn. Lieutenant Douglas was over from Angel Island (he is one of my chums). Then, on Wednesday, Mamma went to Mrs. Morgan's lunch in honor of Mrs. Senator Jones. It was a particularly smart affair, and some of the gowns of the ladies were really magnificent. Mamma is devoted to Mrs. Jones, and is delighted to hear that she intends spending next winter in San Francisco, when her daughter will make her debut.

On Thursday I went to a big luncheon given by Caro Crockett in honor of Miss Cadwalder, one of the debutantes. There were about twenty of us—the usual crowd. The table was ever so pretty, and we had a fine time. Then I fled away and went to an afternoon dance at Angel Island. About a dozen of us went over, chaperoned by Mrs. Bent and Mrs. Powell. Then we flew back and went to the Tevis and Stubbs teas. After that home arrayed myself in my "satin and orange blossoms," and went to the Stubbs dinner dance, which followed the tea. It was the jolliest affair I have been to this season, and the girls looked radiantly pretty.

On Friday is the Fortnightly, to which I am going; on Saturday a big tea at the Occidental. Mrs. William Landers and Miss Landers are to have a reception there from four to six. It is to be a very smart affair. About five hundred invitations have been issued. They will receive in the parlors, which will be decorated in Christmas berries and greens.

On Saturday evening Muriel Atherton is to give a theatre party to twenty-seven of us. Later supper is to be served at the 'Varsity Club. On Monday Fanny Baldwin is to give a luncheon at the 'Varsity Club. That is the extent of my doings for a week. So wishing those that I love, and especially those that love me, a happy Christmas, I shall say adieu for another sennight.

Your most devoted,
MISS CRICKET.

* *

Oakland society is at last being awakened to a sense of its responsibilities, and the Christmas season is to be a very gay one. There are the usual Christmas family parties. The Miller clan, with its multitudinous offshoots, is to hold high revelry. Then the McKees, Pierces and Watkinsons will have a gathering under their rooftree. Mrs. Norman Lang has come from Portland to be with her mother, Mrs. McKee, for the holidays. Then, on New Year's there is to be a perfect round of pleasure. A big Charity Ball has been arranged for New Year's Eve by a number of prominent society women. Mrs. C. W. Howard, Mrs. Mhoon, Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Requa, Mrs. Garber, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Wetherbee are among the patronesses. It is to be given in aid of the Ladies Relief Society. The management is to be entirely in the hands of the younger set, who are to make out the list of invitations, arrange for the catering, etc. About five hundred invitations are to be issued.

On New Year's Day Mrs. Geo. G. Whitrey is to keep open house from two until six. She is to be assisted by Misses Ethel Kittredge, Mary Barker, Florence Starr, Laura and Mona Crellin, Grace Holt, Margaret Knight, Emma Mahoney, Lillian Strong, Elsie McElrath, Louise Simmons and Carrie Ritter. No invitations will be issued, but the friends of the various girls are expected to call and wish them the compliments of the season. Mrs. Whitney anticipates having a real old time New Year, with Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce assisted by a number of the younger people, will also receive on New Year's afternoon.

The Saturday Evening Dancing Club held its regular meeting last week at Reed's Hall. Mr. Ben Bakewell and Miss Genevieve Fore led the German. The figures were pretty, and the young people carried them out in excellent style. Among the prettiest of the girls were Miss Ione Fore, Miss Sallie Quinan and Miss Lillian Strong. The affair was generally conceded to have been the jolliest of the season.

Great are the changes that have taken place in Oakland this year. The Harry Millers now occupy the residence of Mr. Chris. Miller, who, with his children, has returned to his paternal home. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crellin have purchased the Kimball house, on Jackson street. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, with their daughters, have gone to San Jose to live.

Of the events of the future Miss Juliet Garber gives a girls' luncheon on Thursday, and Miss Berenice Landers a big tea on Saturday afternoon.

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The music of Huber's Del Monte Orchestra adds greatly to the success of all entertainments. Telephone, care of Benjamin Curtaz, Main 1247.

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The prompt and proper use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. The famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey is the purest and best.

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**Dr. G. A. Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street**

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For latest styles in fall neckwear and hosiery J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny st. Shirts to order.

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**Kelly's Guranteed Corn Cure, 25 cents Sold only at 102 Eddy street**

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**The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.**

## HOLIDAY GIFTS!

We have in our showrooms an unrivaled assortment of pretty and attractive pieces of Furniture especially suitable for presents, embracing

Tea Tables
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Chiffoniers
Parlor and
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SOLE AGENTS MARKS' ADJUSTABLE FOLDING CHAIRS

A MOST APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Book Cases
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CARPETS, FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY

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GENERAL ARTHUR AND LELAND STANFORD **Clear Havana Cigars**

Special Christmas Cigars, Pipes, Tobaccos, Imported Cigarettes and Smokers' Articles Canes and Umbrellas

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203 Kearny Street

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

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## TURF TOPICS

### The Racing at Ingleside and Oakland—Notes.

That genuine little two-year-old racehorse Count of Flanders, one of the best of St. Carlo's progeny, has been purchased by Mr. T. Ryan, the price being reported as $3,000.

The concluding days of the fortnightly meeting at Ingleside were productive of capital sport, although the track was somewhat heavy, the same condition attaching to the course at Oakland, to which racing was transferred on Monday last.

Yesterday week, in a race of 1¼ miles, the Eastern horse Howard Mann made his debut on this coast carrying 114 lbs., the other runners being Senator Bland, 114 lbs., Wheel of Fortune, 111 lbs., Sweet Favordale, 106 lbs. and Billy McCloskey, 100 lbs., and with the going just in the order that has proved to his liking captured the purse without difficulty. Senator Bland went to the front early in the proceedings, but Holmes having been instructed to keep him in reserve, if he could, never got the Montana champion settled down to work comfortably, with the result that when Howard Mann challenged him just as they were about to enter the stretch, Senator Bland made no show and the winner of the Brooklyn handicap came along and won at his ease in 2.15¼, Sweet Favordale very nearly nipping out Senator Bland for second place. Howard Mann looked in as fine fettle as any horse I have seen out this season and he was judiciously ridden by young Clawson.

Saturday's racing was severely under the weather and a thick fog obscured the two last essays, one of which was the Hobart Stakes $1500, 1¼ miles, for three-year-olds. The form-bookmakers did what they could by placing men at intervals to report all they could see of the running, and their returns showed that Fleur de Lis, 104 lbs., and Altamax, 122 lbs., were the only contenders, the former winning in easy fashion, the latter second, and Personne, 104 lbs., third, four lengths behind Altamax. Time, 2.11½. Both first and second are the get of imp. Maxim and do great credit to the Musket blood. Altamax ran a fine race considering the weight he was giving away and that he was taken a rather long course.

At Oakland on Monday, Montgomery gave the fast Tea Rose III 10 lbs. and outfooted her in a five and a half furlongs spin. Rubicon put in an appearance in the same event and, though backed as if it were a moral for him, ran badly and only got going in the last 100 yards. Roy El Santa Anita sported silk in a mile handicap and again proved a fraud. The horse looks well but goes short and as if he intended to keep out of the racing business. Still, as of old, he may win when least expected. Ostler Joe captured the purse with 112 lbs., the two-year-old Spunwell, 85 lbs., running a good honest colt.

The same afternoon, in a race at 1 1-16 miles, Garland Barr, 107 lbs., won through Piggott riding Clawson, on Double Quick, 105 lbs., pretty nearly off the track. The proceeding was deliberate, repeated more than once in the stretch, and should have been severely punished.

The Burns & Waterhouse stable seem to have struck a fresh streak of luck for two-year-olds, for B. & W., a great big colt by imp. Darebin, has won twice in succession since last report, and Odds On by Torso thrice in the same interval. The latter is uncommonly smart. The stable was beaten, however, in the Racine stakes, $1,000, six furlongs, for two-year-olds, on Wednesday last, Morrelito getting the best of Eddie Jones and Torsida in a hard drive. The same day Valencienne lost his maiden, Count of Flanders won an all-aged purce and Lord Marmion ran second in another race, a fine showing for the progeny of St. Carlo in five events one afternoon.

Mr. Corrigan took Lucky Dog out of a selling race for $1,200 this week. If this horse were retired and put to the stud he ought to get nice stock. In point of breeding, size, shape and make, as well as racing qualities, he has great recommendations.

The sale of Mr. J. B. Chase's small lot of yearlings at Ingleside on Saturday last by Messrs. Killip & Co. resulted in an average of $520 for five head by Morello and $350 for one filly by imp. Mariner. This is the best average obtained at any auction sale this season. At the same time the speedy two-year-old filly Novia, by Imp. Islington, was disposed of for $850.

Fifteen head of yearlings bred by Mr. A. B. Spreckels sold at an average of $230 on Tuesday last, the best prices being $675 for a gelding by imp. Watercress and $605 for a filly by imp. Crighton.

On Monday next the St. Corlo yearlings bred by Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough will be put up for auction at the Occidental Horse Exchange. I looked over these youngsters at the farm early in the month and do not remember ever having seen in California a more level looking lot. Seeing that everything by St. Carlo that has ever started has proved a winner the competition ought to be keen, and buyers should not fail to note that the present offerings are, as a rule, out of a superior class of mares to those which are the dams of the St. Carlo get now racing. A few brood mares are to be sold at the same time.

Foul riding as a practice has been under the special consideration of the Ingleside and Oakland officials, and they have publicly notified their intention to deal with offenders as the circumstance may require, reserving to themselves the right to award positions to horses interfered with as the judges may think proper. Jockeys fouling designedly will be severely treated.

BENEDICT.

Poodle Dog Restaurant, southeast corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone 429. Blanco & Bruno, proprietors.

## FINANCE AND TRADE

*Thursday Evening.*

With a more settled feeling in political circles since the opening of Congress and indications of present and future prosperity in the railway and iron industries of the country, the trade outlook is most encouraging. Money in New York and London has of late hardened in some measure and the stock markets show marked enhancement in the case of most of the leading lines of investment. Locally silver is weak and little doing.

In the bond market the position remains unchanged, the demand for good bonds still continuing and the supply being exceedingly short. Northern Railway of California 5 per cent have been selling at 101½ to 101¾ to strong purchasers, and an advance may be shortly looked for.

In the stock market Spring Valley are strong at 100. Gas stocks are weaker, owing to fresh rumors of opposition and press attacks. Market Street R. R. is steady.

In the Miscellaneous section the dealings in Sugar stocks have been extensive and quite toe feature of the week. Hutchinson have advanced to 40⅝, the highest price in the history of the company, which has increased the dividend from 30 to 40 cents. This quotation is still offering, but there seem to be but few shares obtainable. Hawaiian sold as high as 29, but have receded to 27⅞, at which figure they are firm. In case of any favorable news with regard to annexation, both of these companies' stocks will take a jump.

In the Grain market Wheat is quiet, buainess being greatly curtailed by the scarcity of tonnage. Any change in this respect would lead to renewed enquiry locally. In the meantime prices are firm, and very many holders in the interior seem disposed to await the result of a better supply of freight.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple and convenient remedy for Brochial Affections and Coughs. Sold only in boxes.

### A Christmas Suggestion.

Monogram seals in dainty Dresden designs are to be seen in great variety at the stationary store of Cooper & Co., on Market street. For the holiday these make an acceptable gift, and engraved with the monogram are extremely *en regle*.

Maison Tortoni French Rotisserie, 111 O'Farrell street. Private dining rooms and banquet hall. S. Constantini, proprietor.

Maillard's Chocolates, half- and one-pound boxes, at Roberts', Polk and Bush.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

For fine custom-made Footwear, go to Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

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ELEVEN YEARLINGS
Ten by St. Carlo, One by Imp. Watercress
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EIGHT THOROUGHBRED BROOD MARES
Property of W. O'B. MACDONOUGH
AT THE
Occidental Horse Exchange, 225 Tehama St.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1897
Commencing at 7:30 p.m.
WILLIAM FITCH, Auctioneer
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Catalogues ready.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two tenths (4.2) per cent on term deposits, and three and five tenths (3.5) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1898.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

AUNT ABBEY'S ROLLED O[illegible] ONE MINUTE PANCAKE ME[illegible]
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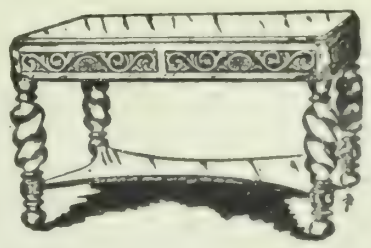
HOPS AND DRIED FRUIT A SPECIALTY

This is our last Christmas talk with you this year.

What shall we say—that "we've the finest stock of gift furniture in town"?

No. We'll leave that for you to say. We'll invite you to see and decide.

These two pictures may suggest something you had not thought of:



Library table.

For the family to enjoy, for friends to admire.

Notice the massive twisted posts and the exquisite hand carving on the drawer-fronts. The drawer handles have tiny settings of mother o' pearl.

It's the fashion these days to have entrance halls as cozy as possible.

Oddly-shaped chairs are helpful furnishings.

The picture shows a peculiar shape that we have in rich old mahogany.

Comfort in the high back, comfort in the spreading arms—more comfort in giving it, at Christmas.

Open every evening till Christmas.

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California Jockey Club
OAKLAND TRACK
Winter Meeting [illegible]
Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
R. B. MILROY, Secretary. T. H. WILLIAMS Jr. Superintendent

California Theatre
Beginning Next Monday Night Dec. 20th with An Entire Engagement of the Popular Favorites
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY
Presenting on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, and Wednesday Matinee
RAILROAD OF LOVE
Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, Harrison's Last Success
SHENANDOAH
Monday, Dec. 27th, Last Week of the Brilliant [illegible]

Columbia Theatre
FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO., Lessees and Managers
Only One More Week!
Monday, Dec. 20th, Harris and [illegible]
A Milk White Flag
Presented in a superior manner to the original production!
Magnificent Scenery, Superb Costumes
Fifty People in the Cast—the best ever
Monday [illegible], At Gay Coney Island

Orpheum
Week beginning Monday, Dec. 27th
Ballet Spectacle, The Birth of the Pearl
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Tivoli Opera House
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietress and Manager
Every Evening, One Hundred Specialists
MOTHER GOOSE
Or, The Strange Adventures of Jack and Jill
Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cents

Alcazar Theatre
Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
Commencing Week Monday, Second Regular Matinee of Popular Romance and Effective Drama,
The Girl I Left Behind Me
Matinees Saturday and Sunday

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
WALTER MOROSCO, Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Week but One of Bootle's Baby
Commencing Monday, Dec. 20th, Magnificent Production of the Stupendous Melodrama
THE WAR OF WEALTH
By C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky"
Wonderful Stage Effects and Scenic Realism
Grand Christmas Day Matinee
Prices [illegible] Matinees Saturday and Sunday

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Dividend No. 52 (Forty Cents per share) of the HUTCHINSON SUGAR PLANTATION CO., will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market street, on and after Monday, December 20, 1897. Transfer books will close Tuesday, December 14, 1897, at 3 o'clock p. m.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

## Some Facts About AEOLIANS And Some Prices

Aeolians suitable for parlors or music rooms cost from $75 up to $1,500

The $75 Aeolian, the Princess, is an excellent instrument, and since its first introduction last winter nearly five hundred have been made and sold. Its tone is good, and its size renders it available for use in places where there is not sufficient room for one of the larger styles

Style 1450, price $350, is an Aeolian designed to meet the demand for an Aeolian of fine tone and action. Attractively cased, that can be bought on moderate terms of payment. We sell Style 1450 on deferred payments, at $10 per month.

The Aeolian Grand, price $750, is our standard instrument. This is the style most favored by musicians because of its wonderfully orchestral tone. We have supplied Aeolian Grands to Paderewski, the De Reszkes, Nordica, and others.

Our latest and best instlument is the Aeolian Orchestrelle. Its distinguishing feature is its tone. It is constructed on the celebrated Vocalian principle, by which system each different reed is enclosed in a separate cell, and the tones are qualified by tubes of different shapes and sizes. All traces of the coarse, raw quality of the ordinary reed are entirely removed and a richness and purity is obtained only equalled by a pipe; in fact, many of the tones are so like those produced from pipes that even experts are deceived by them. The price of this instrument is $1,500.

We have for rental a few Style 1500, price $500. The terms are $15 for the first month, and $10 for each subsequent month.

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28 & 30 O'FARRELL ST., S. F.

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## THE OCCIDENTAL

### Success of a Modern Hotel Under a Progressive Management.

A recent visit to the Occidental has proved that the management continues its system of improvement, both with regard to sanitation and comfort.

During the past year material changes have been made in the interior of the hotel. New suites have been arranged by the tearing down of partitions and additional windows. Even in the smaller rooms stationary washstands with the modern open plumbing have been provided. The Bush-street side of the house is now undergoing a complete renovation, and the rooms that were formerly dark are now as bright and pleasant as any in the building. General satisfaction has been everywhere expressed over the system of telephonic communication by which each room is directly connected with the office. The Occidental is the first hotel in this city to introduce this system, which has been in vogue some little time in the East.

Radical changes have been made in the domestic department of the hotel. The management found that it would require more attention than could be given to it by one housekeeper, and in consequence three capable women have been placed in charge under the supervision of a manager, who also attends to the various interior improvements in the hotel.

The individual comfort of each guest is looked after with care one rarely receives outside of one's own home. Major Hooper sees to it that each and all receive the thousand and one little attentions that make up the luxury of living.

The hotel is in a most prosperous condition; the Australian and colonial trade has made rapid strides in the last year, while the number of permanent guests is steadily increasing. There is no attempt made to draw custom by outward display, the conservative spirit of the management preferring to look for substantial results.

The facilities for entertainment are perfect in every particular. The cuisine and service are excellent, and the parlors and banqueting hall afford ample opportunities for dancing, etc. The lower portion of the building is lighted by both gas and electricity, arranged to suit the convenience of the guests.

The management desires to keep abreast of the times in every particular, and not any one of the newly erected hotels has any advantage over the Occidental, with regard to material comforts.

As a family hotel the Occidental is generally conceded to be unsurpassed. The rooms are so constructed that they may be thrown from small suites into numbers of apartments.

Especial provision has been made for the giving of private dinners, luncheons or receptions, and in these latter days when home entertainment is the exception rather than the rule, the management of the Occidental has arranged numberless affairs of a greater or less degree of magnitude. An efficient corps of assistants is employed to attend to the table decoration, catering, etc., and the whole responsibility is taken off the hands of the hostess.

Major Hooper is now completely restored to health and is able to attend to the most minute details of the management.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff-Gordon sherries, the most celebrated of any in the world, being specially noted for their superior qualities of character, style, delicacy and purity.

### The Requisite of Ladies of Fashion.

Ladies know the comfort of using good toilet water when taking a bath, and the difficulty of finding preparations that leave an agreeable feeling to the skin with a pleasant odor. To meet the demand for such an article the Pacific Ammonia Bottling Company, of which Mr. George Herrmann is president, supply Greer's Toilet Ammonia, with violet or lavender perfume, which is unexcelled for toilet and bath purposes. This ammonia is rapidly coming into general use by ladies of fashion and all who appreciate the elegancies of life. At the same time its use is beneficial to health, invigorating to a tired body, and refreshing to the senses. The preparation is for sale by all druggists and grocers, and the price has lately been reduced to the very moderate price of 35 cents per bottle.

### New Piano House.

The large and elegantly appointed warerooms of the Gardner & Glassell Piano Company, No. 208 Post street, were opened for inspection by the public on December 1st. It would pay those intending to purchase an instrument to call at the above address; they will find, coupled with reasonable prices, the finest and most varied assortment of pianos and organs in the city.

Professor O. A. Lunt wishes to announce that he is now located in his new and beautifully furnished hall, 320 Post street, where he has set Monday evenings at 8 o'clock for adult classes and Saturday at 2 o'clock for juveniles. Private lessons daily from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

### Calendars in High Art.

The Christmas Cards, and especially Calendars for this year, far excel the productions of seasons past, and artists everywhere have competed for honors as well as the rich prizes offered for new and original effects. The consequence manifests itself in the vast display to be seen at Cooper's, No. 746 Market street, where small, delicate cards of the amateur are mingled with the works of celebrated artists.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

THE Management of the PALACE HOTEL announce a

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LONDON BANKERS

Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co.
The Union Bank of London, Limited

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

At close of business July 31, 1897

ASSETS

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans | $6,912,858 47 |
| Bonds, Stocks and Warrants | 1,361,207 15 |
| Real Estate | 1,081,724 99 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 19,845 29 |
| Miscellaneous Assets | 3,103 50 |
| Due from Banks and Bankers | 391,501 77 |
| Cash | 4,148,588 06 |
| | $12,988,978 03 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital, paid up | $5,000,000 00 |
| Surplus | 5,750,000 00 |
| Undivided Profits | 688,343 81 |
| Deposits, Banks and Bankers | 1,482,358 26 |
| Deposits, Individual | 4,571,276 56 |
| | $12,988,978 03 |

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|---|---|
| Capital Stock, paid up in Gold Coin | $750,000 |
| Reserve Fund | 175,000 |
| | $925,000 |

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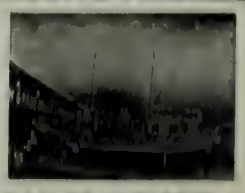

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## THE BETH BOOK

### A Review of Sarah Grand's New Treatise on Sex.

To be clever enough to write *The Beth Book* (D. Appleton & Co.) Sarah Grand's last hot treatise on sex, and yet not write it better is strange—almost as strange as this bright woman's amazing heroines. Though not so glittering as the *Heavenly Twins* which has the brightness of a new tin can, it is a much better piece of work, is sounder, saner, less phantasmagorial. In fact, if she could be induced to give up the abnormal and turn her attention to human nature as it generally is, Sarah Grand could, I believe, write a book of some real literary value. A passion for freaks is the rock upon which she splits. Her books leave an impression similar to that of a freak museum or the side shows at a circus. The reader seldom says delightedly "now that's just like so and so," or "haven't you felt that often," but he does say impatiently, "whoever heard anybody talk like that," and skips a paragraph or two.

In the matter of character studies we are much like children selecting dolls. Given the choice any child will prefer the most ordinary of simpering young lady dolls with hat and muff to the fairest of unfamiliar angels with the best fitting halo ever made. If Sarah Grand could only see this and feel that novelists interest us not so much when they outline the unusual and abnormal as when they throw a flashlight on some human universal trait which we interpret feebly or not at all, so varied is its outward expression. Boileau says that "the mind of man teems with a host of confused ideas and vague half glimpses of the truth"; he says, too, that "we like nothing better than to have one of these ideas well elucidated and

SARAH GRAND
(From a late photograph.)

clearly presented to us. Without doubt we prefer to read human nature as it is rather than as it might be, for the keenest delight which can come to a reader of books is to have his vague impressions intensified, to find there his half-thought whole and illumined, to find some characteristic of his neighbor (which before he felt rather than knew) standing out clear, in the light of genial analysis.

It is a poor book which does not make one say, "I have felt this," "I have almost thought that." Emerson says that "in every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a sort of alienated majesty." In Sarah Grand's stories we recognize but little; we are in a strange world where the minds and hearts of men are congested, their thoughts and emotions turgid. Sometimes for a minute or two we fancy that one of the minor characters seems pleasingly natural and familiar, but about the time we become a little friendly with him, along comes the heroine, or some other high and mighty superlativeness and put us all out with her gymnastics.

The *Beth Book* is a distinct advance on the *Heavenly Twins* from a literary standpoint. We are kept, for the most part, quite comfortably on this earth; true we meet Idala and Angelica—subdued by years and criticism—but only at the end and intermittently. There are several real human beings in the book, for instance Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Sammy, Harriet, and that dear old gentlewoman, "Aunt Victoria." Beth herself is interesting, not because of her freakishness, but for her more human and commonplace attributes. Of course, if we believe everything her creator says about her we would not be so fond of her, but we don't, we can't. I for one feel sure that Beth simply could not have choked the pigeon or have said in her infancy, "You can't sing a thing you think it is when a thing comes you can sing it,"—that came from a maturer mind. However, the major part of Beth's remarks in her youth is amusing if improbable. At times the note is forced and some of the best pages spoiled, but the less pretentious bits are very clever pictures of a child's mind. In the period of Beth's girlhood, Sarah Grand breaks away it seems to me, and shows us an altogether different

[illegible]

[illegible] child she was and her manner of speech are suggested here:

[illegible]

"Not at all," Beth answered for herself cheerfully. [illegible]

"May I ask," said Uncle James politely, "by whom you were informed that I had 'bottled things up'?"

"Ah, that would be telling," said Beth and recommenced gobbling her pudding, to the intense relief of some of the party.

[illegible]

Beth finished her pudding, dropped her spoon with a clatter, leaned back in her chair, and sighed with satisfaction. She possessed a horrid fascination for Uncle James. Almost everything she did was an offense to him, yet he could not keep his eyes off her or let her alone.

After a little sparring about the pudding, Uncle James prepares for Lady Benyon's visit.

[illegible]

Beth made no sign.

When Lady Benyon's carriage stopped at the door, Uncle James stood [illegible] on the steps, ready to receive her.

"So glad to see you, mamma," he [illegible] as he handed her out. "*Do* take my arm."

But the little old lady waved him aside unceremoniously and hobbled in with the brisk stiffness of age.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed when she saw the party arranged in the drawing-room. "You all look as if you were having your [illegible] taken—all except Puck [illegible] in the piano stool."

When Uncle James had manœuvred Lady Benyon into the seat of honor he [illegible] her to take in order to complete the picture, she frankly inspected each member of the group, ending with Beth.

"And who may you be?"

Beth smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Why don't you speak?"

Beth made another gesture.

"Goodness," Lady Benyon cried, "is the child an idiot?"

"Beth, answer Lady Benyon directly," Mrs. Caldwell [illegible].

"Uncle James requested mamma to request me not to speak when you were present," Beth explained [illegible].

The old lady burst out laughing. "Well, that's dead," she said. "Requested mamma to request me—why it's James Patten all over. And who may you be, you monkey?"

"Riley said I was one of the little girls the devil put out when he gave up housekeeping," Beth remarked casually.

H. B.

For more than a quarter of a century the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey has been the favorite with connoisseurs.


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[illegible]

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

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M. B. HOOPER, MANAGER

The Hotel Richelieu

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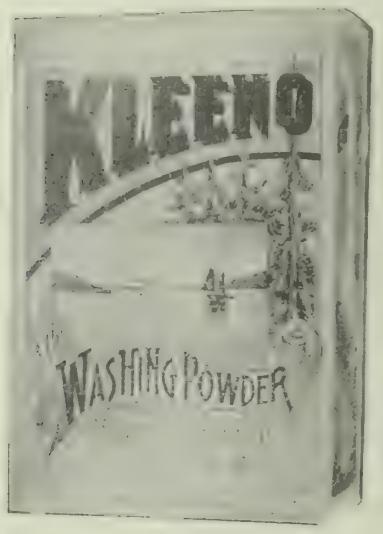


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## THE THEATRES

### "The Milk White Flag" at the Columbia—Prospective Shows.

It has always struck me that Hoyt's "A Milk-White Flag" was not only the most amusing, but in every other way was, and is, the best of all Hoyt's farce comedies. John S. Marble as the undertaker carries off the honors among the comedians at the Columbia this week. Mary Marble as Pony Luce, the orphaned daughter of the contractor, was easily the favorite among the ladies. Miss Marble possesses a thin little voice, but she makes more out of it than many a more gifted songstress, and earns repeated recalls. "A Milk-White Flag" is worth witnessing a second time. The Columbia was well crowded during the week, and the audiences highly appreciative. Many of the people with the original company are with the present combination, and none of the vim or dash of the original is missing.

The Alcazar is making a rather pretentious production this week of Clinton Stewat's "Will She Divorce Him." The piece is a drawing-room scheme, punctuated with problems and comedy, the latter quality bountifully supplied by a couple of garrulous parents-in-law. The problem in question touches on matrimony and its ins and outs, principally the outs. Mr. Stewart handles the subject charmingly, give it a good plot and novel situation, and finally evolves a happy conclusion. Frank Denithorne, who makes his first appearance has good presence and an excellant voice, but is a trifle sticky in movement, a defect he will easily overcome.

* *

## DRAMATIC NOTES

The Tivoli announces for this evening the initial production of the holiday spectacle, "Mother Goose; or, The Strange Adventures of Jack and Jill." The piece has been in preparation for several months, and from all accounts ought to prove as popular as any of its predecessors. The book is by Edwin Stevens and the music composed and selected by Max Hirschfield. A number of new ballets have been specially arranged. The cast includes Mr. Stevens as Mother Goose; Miss Hall, Jill; Miss Salinger, Jack; Miss Wolcott, the fairy queen and Mr. Leary the policeman.

At the Baldwin this evening the Italian Opera Company presents the new opera, "The Little Hayden." It is by Cipollini, and will be sung in conjunction with the second act of "Manon Lescaut", and the third and fourth acts of "La Boheme." The farewell performance to-morrow (Sunday) evening will consist of a repetition of "The Little Hayden," "Pagliacci," the third act of "Aida" and special numbers for the orchestra.

The Orpheum presents for next week an unusually attractive holiday bill. A feature will be a ballet spectacle, "The Birth of the Pearl," in which 36 coryphees participate. The new people are the Three Avalos, Australian acrobats; Caroline Hull, descriptive singer; and Ophelita, character dansuese. Professor Doherty's Canine Circus is held over; also, John Kernell, the Six Picchiani Sisters, the De Filippis and Servais Le Roy.

Prior to its eastern trip the Frawley Company plays an engagement of two weeks at the California, commencing Monday evening, opening in "The Railroad of Love," which will be repeated Tuesday and Wednesday. The balance of the week, including Saturday matinee, will be given to "Shenandoah."

The second week of "A Milk-White Flag" commences at the Columbia Monday evening. The next attraction will be the comedians Matthews and Bulger, in the new musical comedy, "At Gay Coney Island."

"The War of Wealth," by C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky," is the attraction for next week at Morosco's. The piece is a stirring American drama, taking its characters from the business and financial world.

The last performance of "Unsano-Tokef" by the German-Hebrew Opera Company will be given at the California to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

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### American Crystals Taking the Lead.

In no instance has American manufacture competed more successfully with foregn goods than in the line of glassware. American cut glass has actually taken the lead in this country of Belgian, French and English makes. This was first exemplified at the World's Fair, where Libby, the great American manufacturer, operated a complete factory. Never was a large business so thoroughly exhibited.

Libby's exclusive agents in San Francisco are Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., 122-132 Sutter street, who also carry an immense stock of all American crystals. To exhibit them to advantage, they have added a crystal-room to their establishment, which excels in richness that of any in the country, and one can spend an afternoon advantageously in looking over their wonderful display.

They also carry an extensive line of bronzes, Bohemian ware and china of every description, from the costliest Sevres to the most humble Japanese ornament. There is certainly nothing more acceptable for a holiday gift than something in this line, and Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. take great pleasure in showing them.

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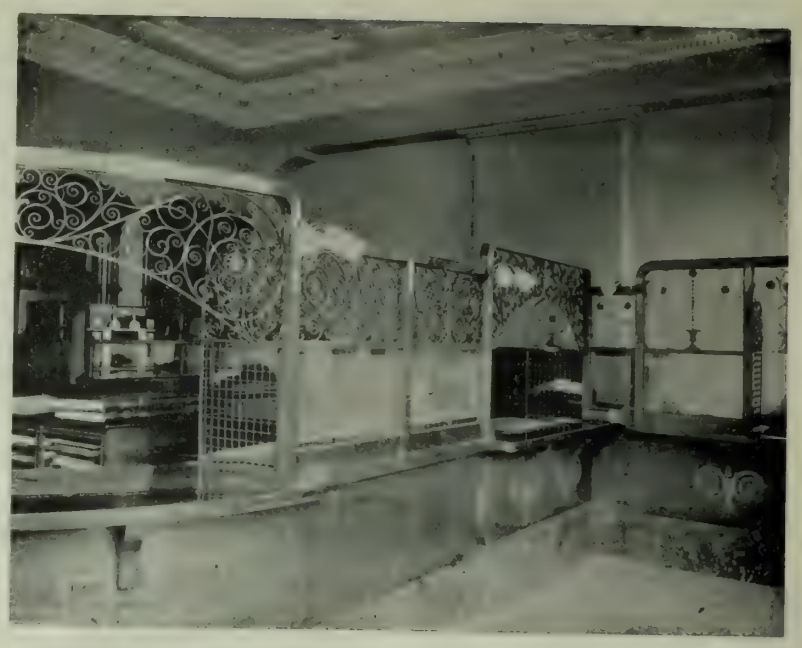

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## ROYAL AND QUEEN

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The Pacific Coast department embraces California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands.

The premium income of the department is about $400,000 per year. The Royal is the greatest fire insurance company in the world, has the largest premium income and an enormous net surplus. The business on this coast has made rapid advances during the past few years.

The Queen Insurance Company of America is under the same management, and is the successor of the old Queen of Liverpool. This company has already taken a leading position among American companies. The Royal and Queen have assets exceeding $52,000,0000.

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## NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

The highest grade of negro is the private car porter. It was such a negro, young and with many fine mannerisms and some money, who decided to take a trip to Europe. In London he made the acquaintance of several English bred negroes. By these he was shown the sights and introduced into society. One evening he was invited to "sit in" a little poker game. He was well acquainted with the game as played at home, and did not hesitate to play. His limited acquaintance with English money cost him several good pots. At last he got four aces and knew exactly where he was, for four aces have their value the world over. His opponent "skinned" his hand carefully after cards had been "doled" and said: "Ah'll just bet yo' a pound, Mistah Johnsing." "Well," said the American, "Ah don' rightly know how much a pound is, but Ah'll just raise you a ton."

When Lord Brougham was a young and comparatively unknown barrister, he was asked to a dinner at which the Prime Regent presided. Mr. Brougham's hands needed washing. The Regent's keen eyes rested on them. He beckoned to a waiter and gave an order which the man heard with a scared face, and then going out he speedily returned with a ewer full of water, soap, and a towel. He carried them to Brougham, presenting them with the Prince Regent's compliments. The barrister instantly withdrew and never afterward referred to the insult. Years later, when the Prince, now King, tried to divorce his wife, Brougham, as her defender, so vehemently sustained her cause that she triumphed.

At the end of the Long Walk at Windsor, there is a very poor example of sculpture representing George III on horseback, which the habitues refer to as "copper horse." Tennyson was stopping at Windsor with the Queen, and in the afternoon he had gone for a long tramp. Her Majesty asked at dinner if the exertion had not tired him. "Not at all, thank you, ma'am," he replied; "I got a lift back as far as the 'copper horse.'" "What 'copper horse'?" repeated the Queen, in astonished tones. "Why," replied Tennyson, "the 'copper horse' at the end of the Long Walk." "That is not a 'copper horse,'" said Her Majesty, "that's my grandfather."

A certain Protestant minister on taking possession of a new parish asked the clerk if there were any Pusyites in the community. "Naw, sir," said the clerk; "there used to be some, but for the last two years the boys have took all their eggs." This is on a par with the answer of the Georgia "cracker," who replied to a Sunday-school missionary that he did not know whether there were any Presbyterians in the neighborhood or not, "but there was some varmint around which was catching the chickens and lambs.

A colored woman found her way into a Ritualistic church and was given a front seat. During the service, moved by the music of the boys' voices, she began to sway to and fro. The usher rushed up and asked if she was ill. She promptly replied that she was not, but that she felt so queer that she thought she must be "getting religion." "Then," whispered the usher excitedly, "you must get right out of here. This church is no place for that sort of thing!"

Paul Louis Courier, the well-known Frenchman, is a true philosopher. Having been recently assailed with great bitterness by a French professor, he quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He called me Jacobin, rebel, plagarist, thief, prisoner, forger, leper and madman, impostor, libeler, a grimacing ragpicker. I gather what he wants to say. He means that he and I are not of the same opinion, and this is only his way of putting it."

The sexton of a certain Scotch country parish was lately much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman, who, when the ceremony was about to begin, took an eartrumpet, in two parts, out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The sexton watched him until the process was completed, and then, going stealthily up, whispered: "Ye mauna play here! If ye dae, I'll turn ye oot!"

The unfortunate objection to soap which was a leading characteristic of Lord Brougham's, was well understood in Parliament. On one occasion he was denouncing a measure in the House, and after exhausting objections, he raised his arms, exclaiming, "Do as you will! I wash my hands of it." "Time you did it!" exclaimed a malicious political opponent.

Professor Drummond once told a story of an officer of an Italian coast-guard who reported to his government a shipwreck in these words: "We saw the wreck, and we attempted to give every assistance possible through the speaking trumpet; notwithstanding which, next morning twenty corpses were washed ashore."

Rev. Dr. Haweis related at a dinner in London the strangest version of the marriage service which had come to his observation. He was officiating at a wedding in Hampshire, and the bride, when it came to her turn, vowed "to 'ave and to 'old from this day fortni't for betterer horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay."


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF EUDORA A. CHAMBERS (sometimes known as Eudora T. Chambers) DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, R. C. Chambers, Executor of the will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the office of Franklin K. Lane, rooms 201-202 Crocker Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

R. C. CHAMBERS,
Executor of the Will of Eudora A. Chambers, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November [illegible], 1896.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF DUNCAN B. McMILLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Duncan B. McMillan, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at [illegible], corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Duncan B. McMillan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November [illegible], 1896.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Belcher Mining Company

Assessment [illegible] No. [illegible]
Amount per share [illegible] cents
Levied [illegible]
Delinquent in office [illegible]
Day of sale of delinquent stock.....January 14 [illegible]

C. L. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office, room [illegible], Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Occidental Consolidated Mining Co.

Assessment [illegible] No. [illegible]
Amount per share [illegible] cents
Levied ..... December 7, 1896
Delinquent in office [illegible]
Day of sale of delinquent stock [illegible]

A. K. DURBROW, Secretary.
Office, room [illegible], Nevada Block, San Francisco.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Alta Silver Mining Company

Assessment [illegible] No. [illegible]
Amount per share [illegible]
Levied [illegible]
Delinquent in office [illegible]
Day of sale of delinquent stock [illegible]

J. J. DAGGETT, Secretary.
Office, room [illegible], Nevada Block, San Francisco.


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## GAS AS A FUEL

### The First Use of Gas in San Francisco in the Year 1854.

The "Annals of San Francisco," published in 1854, chronicles many an interesting fact now forgotten. Turning its pages some days ago, I came across an entry dated February 11, 1854: "The city was first lighted by coal gas on the evening of this day. The occasion was celebrated by several hundred citizens at a banquet given by the trustees of the San Francisco Gas Company in the Oriental Hotel. Already, about three miles of pipe were laid. . . At first, only a few principal streets and some of the leading hotels and large mercantile establishments were lighted with gas, but every day the number is increasing. The Metropolitan Theater, a few weeks after this date, adopted the new light. It will, of course, soon become general, and prove a great benefit to the city." En passant I may say the price per thousand feet in that day was $15; coal, $36 to $40 per ton; labor, $6 to $7 per day, and interest 36 per cent per annum.

The chronicler of those days prophesied the general use of the "new light," but he did not dream that the price of gas would ever be reduced by a liberal management to nearly one-tenth the then current price. Nor did he foresee then that the "new light" would also, in short space of time, furnish a "new heat," if one may be pardoned the expression, and that this same coal gas would become one of the cheapest fuels for heating and cooking purposes. Nowadays, in modern houses, in those apartments consecrated to bric-a-brac and fine furniture, coal is never used for heating purposes. The gas-log grate has supplanted it entirely, and the unavoidable dust, smoke and dirt of the open grate no longer settle upon the surrounding articles de vertu to be "grimed in" by too industrtous housemaids.

The individual who has never inquired into the gas-stove question—I mean now gas-stoves for cooking purposes—little dreams of the improvements which have been made in their manufacture. Ovens, water-backs, boilers, everything accompanies the best of them, and everything in the way of cooking may be done upon them; and the secret of their popularity lies in this: The fire is never lit until it is needed, and a match touched to the patent burners produces the requisite heat at once. When the cooking is finished, the expense ceases at once. There is no large fire left there to burn out and waste itself up the chimney. There is absolutely no waste. Now, many people of an economical turn, after adjourning to the sittingroom for the evening, find a fire burning briskly there, with the knowledge that there is another fire going to waste in the kitchen. Adjourning thence to the bed-chamber, there is a chill in the bedroom, a chill in the bathroom, and still all this heat is going to waste below stairs. How different with gas heat! The kitchen fire is turned off when its use has ceased, and transferred to the sittingroom, and from thence to the sleeping or bathroom, long enough to "take the chill off the air." Cleanly comfort has been obtained without a penny of waste, and the problem of cheap, cleanly fuel has been solved.

I suggest that the reader examine into the question. Call at 415 Post street, and look at the large variety of heating and cooking stoves on hand. Don't imagine that you know it all until you have inquired into the cost; then try the experiment. You will thank The Wave for having directed your attention to what will prove a boon to the housewife and a comfort to the household.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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